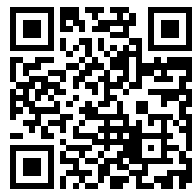
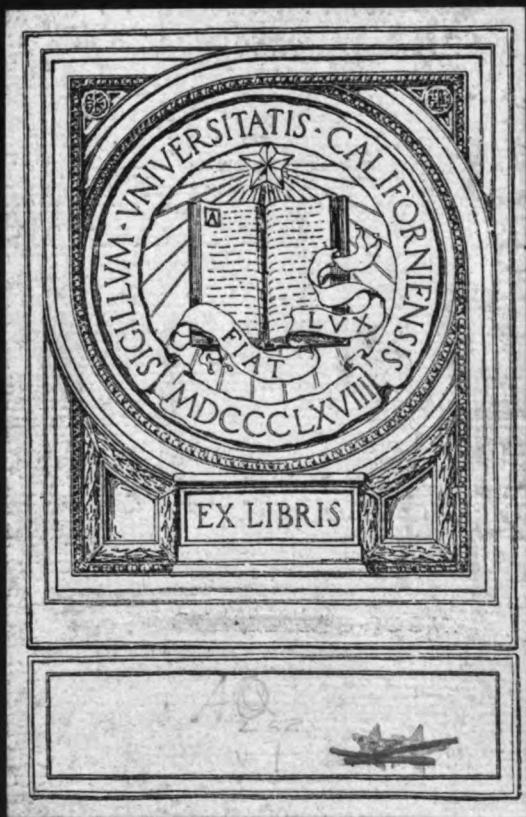

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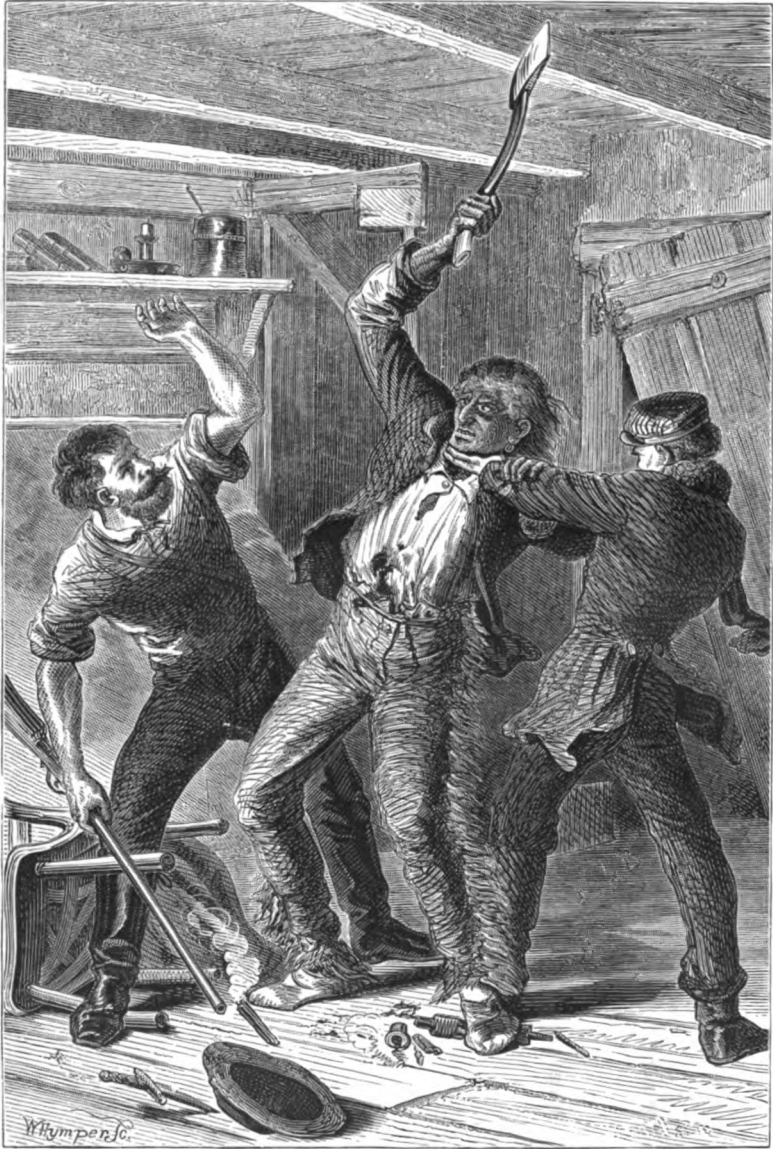
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THE ATTACK ON THE "PANTHER."

[The Red Fox.]

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

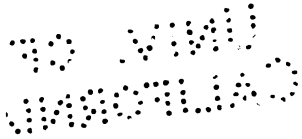
LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

VOLUME VII.



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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

JANUARY, 1871.

THE RED FOX:

A TALE OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

IT was New Year's Eve, 184-. I and my two little boys, children of five and seven, were alone in the house. My husband had been unexpectedly called away on business, and the servant had gone to her friends to spend the coming holiday.

It was drawing toward night. The cold shadows of the winter twilight were already falling. A dull red glow in the west told where the sun was going down. Over the rest of the sky hung heavy gray clouds. A few drops of rain fell from time to time, and the wind was rising, coming round the corner of the house with a long, mournful howl like that of a lost hound.

I am not a very nervous person, but I did not like the idea of spending by myself the long evening that would come after the children's bed-time.

We were living then in a very new place in Michigan, which I shall call Maysville. My husband, an ex-army officer, had resigned the sword for the saw-mill. Our house was the oldest in the village, which does not speak much for its antiquity, as five years before Maysville had been unbroken forest. The house stood outside the cluster of houses that formed the little settlement:

it was a quarter of a mile to our nearest neighbor.

Now, Maysville calls itself a city, has an academy and a college, and a great quantity of church in proportion to its population. Then, we "went to meeting" in a little white-painted, pine box of a thing, like a barn that had risen in life. The stumps stood about the street: the cows wandered at will and pastured in the "public square," an irregular clearing running out into indefinite space. Here also the Indians would encamp when they came to town from their reservation about five miles away, and here also, I regret to say, they would sometimes get drunk, and add what Martha Penney calls "a revolving animosity to the scenery." The squaws, however, would generally secure the knives and guns before the quarrelsome stage was reached. Not infrequently the ladies would bring the weapons to Mrs. Moore or myself to hide away till their lords and masters should be sober. Then, feeling secure that no great harm could happen, they would look on with the utmost placidity at the antics of their better halves until they dropped down to sleep off their liquor.

There were no Indians in town that

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night, however, and if there had been, I was not at all afraid of them, for we were on excellent terms with the whole reservation. My feeling about staying alone was merely one of those unreasonable sensations that sometimes overtake people of ill-regulated minds.

I went to the door and looked out at the gray, angry sky. It was not cold, but chill. The wind howled and shivered among the leafless branches: everything promised a storm.

I was not at all sorry to see Mr. and Mrs. Moore drive up in their light buggy, with their two high-stepping, little brown horses. Mrs. Moore had in her arms a bundle in a long blue embroidered cloak—a baby, in short. She and her husband firmly believed this infant to be the most beautiful, most intelligent and altogether most charming creature which the world had ever seen. They had been married three years, and little Carry was their first child.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore were by no means ordinary people. Mrs. Moore—born Minny or Hermione Adams—was a very small woman, exceedingly pretty, with light brown curly hair, dark blue eyes and a complexion like an apple blossom.

Mr. Moore was the son of a Seneca mother and Cherokee father, with not a drop of white blood in his veins. So he thought, at least, but I never could quite believe it, because he could and did work, and never so much as touched even a glass of wine. His parents had died when he was very young, and he had been brought up and educated by a missionary, a gentle, scholarly old Presbyterian minister, whose memory his adopted son held in loving reverence.

The story of our acquaintance with Richard Moore is too long to be told here. Four years before he had come with us from the Pawnee country. He had married Minny Adams with the full consent of her parents and the opposition of all her other friends. Contrary to all prophecies, and with that inartistic disregard of the probable which events often show, they had been very happy together.

Mr. Moore—otherwise Wyanota—was a civil engineer, and stood high in his profession.

"Look here, mamma," he said as he drove up. "Will you take in the wife and the small child for to-night? I must go away."

"Certainly," said I, overjoyed. "But where are you going, to be caught in a storm?"

"Oh, they have got into a fuss with the hands over on the railroad, and have sent for me. I might have known Robinson wouldn't manage when I left him?"

"Why not?"

"English!" said Wyn, most expressively. "No one can stand the airs he puts on."

Now, such airs as Mr. Moore possessed—and they were neither few nor far between—were not put on, but were perfectly natural to him.

"Can't you come in and get your tea?" I asked as he handed me the baby and helped his wife down.

"No: I must go over directly and compose matters. Good-bye, little woman: by-bye, baby! Do you know, we think she's beginning to say 'papa?'" said Wyn, proudly; and then he kissed his wife and child and drove away.

I carried the infant phenomenon into the house and took off its wrappings. She was my namesake, and I loved the little creature, but I can't say she was a pretty baby. She was a soft, brown thing, with her father's beautiful southern eyes and her mother's mouth, but otherwise she certainly was not handsome. She was ten months old, but she had a look of experience and wisdom in her wee face that would have made her seem old at twenty years. She sat on my lap and watched me in a meditative way, as though she were reviewing her former estimate of my character, and considering whether her opinions on that subject were well founded. There was something quite weird and awful in her dignity and gravity.

"Isn't she a wise-looking little thing?" said Minny. "She makes me think some-

times of the fairy changeling that was a hundred and fifty years old, and never saw soap made in an egg-shell."

"This baby never would have made such a confession of ignorance, you may depend. She would not have acknowledged that anything lay out of the range of her experience. Take your chicken till I get tea, for I am my own girl to-night."

We had a very merry time over the tea-table and in washing up the dishes. Until the boys went to bed we were in something of a frolic with them and the baby, and it was not till the little one was asleep in her crib and Ed and Charley were quiet in bed that we noticed how wild the weather was getting.

The rain, which had at first fallen in pattering drops, was now driving in sheets before a mighty wind, which roared through the woods back of the house with a noise like thunder. The branches of the huge oaks in the front yard creaked and groaned as only oak boughs can. The house shook, the rain lashed the roof, and the wind clawed and rattled the blinds like some wild creature trying to get in.

"I hope Wyn is safe under shelter," said Mrs. Moore.

"He will have reached the end of his journey long before this. I hope he will have no trouble with the men, but he is not apt to. I pity poor Mr. Robinson. When Wyn chooses, his extreme politeness is something quite awful."

"I will say for my husband," observed Mrs. Moore, "that when he sets himself to work to be disagreeable, he can, without doing one uncourteous thing, be more aggravating than any one I ever saw in my life."

"It is perfectly evident that he never tries his airs on you, or you would not speak so. Hear the wind blow!"

"It is no use listening to the weather. The house will stand, I suppose. Have you got your work? Then let me read to you. It will seem like old times, before I was married."

Minnie Moore was in some respects a very remarkable woman. Though little

Carry was her first baby, she *could* talk on other subjects. She did not expect you to listen with rapture to the tenth account of how baby had said "Da-da," or thrill with agony over the tale of an attack of wind. She had been her husband's friend and companion before the baby was born: she did not entirely throw him over now that it had come. She had always been fond of reading, and she continued to keep up her interest in the world outside of her nursery. She thought that as her daughter grew up her mother would be as valuable as a guide and friend if she did not wholly sink the educated woman in the nurse-maid and seamstress. These habits may have been "unfeminine," but they certainly made Mrs. Moore much more agreeable as a companion than if she had been able to talk of nothing but the baby's clothes, teeth and ailments.

I took out my work, and Minny began to read *Locksley Hall*, which was then a new poem on this side the water. I had never heard it before, and I must confess I was much affected—more than I should be now. Mrs. Moore, however, chose to say that she thought Amy had made a most fortunate escape, that she had no doubt but the hero would have been a most intolerable person to live with, and that their marriage, had it come to pass, would have ended in Amy's taking in sewing to support both herself and her husband. As for the Squire, why we had no word for his character but his disappointed rival's, and his drinking might be all a slander. As to his snoring, why poets might snore as well as other people. If he loved his wife "somewhat better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse," "Why what more," said Mrs. Moore, "could any woman ask of a man given to horses and hunting? If Calvin Bruce ever cares more for a woman than he does for his brown pointer and his fast trotter, she may think herself happy indeed."

At that instant a sudden and furious blast rushed out of the woods, and tore and shook at the four corners of the

house as if to wrench it from its foundations.

"It's quite awful to hear the wind scream like that," said Minny. "It is like the banshee. Hark! is not that some one knocking at the back door?"

I listened, and amid the rattling and shaking of blinds and timbers I heard what sounded like a hurried, impatient knock at the side door. "Who can it be on such a wild night?" I said, and took the candle and went to open the door. I set the light in the hall, for I knew the wind would blow it out. In spite of this precaution, however, the flame was extinguished, for as I drew back the bolt and lifted the latch the blast threw the door violently back on its hinges, and rushed into the hall as though exulting in having finally made an entrance.

"Pretty bad weather, mamma," said some one in the softest, sweetest voice, like a courteous flute, and there entered my old friend the Black Panther.

This gentleman measured seven feet in his moccasins, and as he stood in our little entry he looked gigantic indeed. He closed the door with some difficulty, and I relit the candle.

"You are quite wet through," I said, for the water dripped from his blanket and woolen hunting-frock. He carried his rifle in his hand, and I thought the old man looked very tired and sad, and even anxious.

"You all well?" he asked, earnestly.

"Certainly. The captain has gone away, and Minny and the baby are here for the night. My dear friend, where have you been in this weather? There is a good fire in the kitchen. Come and get dry there, and let me make you a cup of hot coffee and get you something to eat."

Here Minny came out into the hall and held up her hands in surprise.

"Oh, uncle," she said, calling him by the name she had used toward him since her childhood, "how could you come out in all this rain, and bring on your rheumatism? How do you think any one is ever going to find dry clothes for such a big creature as you?"

The Panther gave a little grunt and a smile. He was used to Minny's lectures, and he followed us both into the kitchen, where she made him sit down by the fire and took off his wet blanket, waiting on him like a daughter, and scolding him gently meanwhile. The old gentleman had of late years been subject to rheumatism, and it was too likely that this exposure would bring on another attack. The Panther patted her two little hands between his own. Like most of his race, he had beautiful hands, soft and rounded even in his old age, with long taper fingers that had, I dare say, taken more than one scalp in their time.

"Pooh!" said he, lightly. "You think old Ingin melt like maple sugar? You well?" he asked, anxiously.

"Quite so."

"And little one?"

"As well as a little pig, fast asleep in the other room."

"Where your husband?"

"Gone over to the railroad on business."

"And yours?" he asked, turning to me.

"Gone to Carysville. Do you know anything about him? is anything the matter?" I asked, a little alarmed at his persistent questioning and an indefinite something in the old man's tone and manner.

"Oh no," said he, earnestly. "I come right over from our place."

"Walked from the reservation in this storm!" said I. "What could have made you do such a thing?"

"Nothing—just to see you. Not very strange come see two nice women," said the old gentleman, with a little complimentary bow.

The Panther was somewhat vain of his knowledge of what he called "white manners," but I never saw a white man who could be so gently dignified, so courteous, so altogether charming in manner, as the old chief when he chose. He hardly knew one letter from another, but he had had sixty-five years of experience in war and council. Many a man "got up regardless of expense"

in college and society might have taken lessons in deportment from this old Pottawatomie. He had known Minny from her childhood. Her father's farm had been the first clearing in all that part of the country. Deacon Adams had always been on excellent terms with the Indians, and his little daughter had found her earliest playmates among their children. The Panther had carried Minny in his arms when she was a baby; and as his own family of boys and girls died one after another, he clung closer to the child who had been their pet as well as his own.

The Panther was one of those big, soft, easy men who seem made to be ruled by one woman or another. He was greatly respected in his tribe, and had much influence. When they had been a nation he had been one of their most distinguished warriors, and his word had been law. He had always maintained toward the "young men" a somewhat imperious manner. He had conducted himself with dignity and decision in all his visits to Washington, where he had been a great lion, and in all his dealings with the United States he had shown much wisdom and ability. But report said that when once within the domestic circle and before his squaw, the diplomatist and warrior was exceedingly meek. He bore his wife's death with resignation, but he had never married again. He loved Minny Adams better than anything on earth, and the girl had great influence over him. She, in her turn, was very fond of him. From her earliest years he had been her friend, confidant and admirer. He looked so fierce and dangerous, and was so kind and simple, that the alliance between the girl and himself was very much like that between a little child and a big mastiff—the child protected and leader, the dog protector and led.

Minnie made flannel shirts for him, and he wore them: she trimmed his moccasins, and the dainty cambric ruffles which he wore when in grand costume were got up by her hands. The Panther, however, did not often appear in

full dress. She tried to teach him to read, and she did get him through the alphabet, but he greatly preferred hearing stories read to learning to do it for himself, and was especially fond of the *Arabian Nights*, which he quite believed. She even coaxed him to go to church with her, and might have made a convert of him but for the interference of an exceedingly silly young clergyman. The Panther rather liked to hear the Bible, but I fear he was more attracted by the sound than the sense: his favorite chapter was the story of David and Goliath. He used to say that "Ingin religion was good for Ingin, and white religion was good for white man." However, he never offered the least opposition to the missionary who had settled among his people: indeed, he rather patronized that gentleman.

He and Wyanota were excellent friends. It was good to see the deference and respect with which the younger man treated the elder. I always said that it was the Panther who made the match between Minny and Mr. Moore. Their house was one of his homes, and he was a frequent guest at our own. He petted and spoiled my two children: he was very soft and kind to me, whom he called "Mamma," after Wyn's example, and he considered that my husband "understood good manners"—a compliment which he did not pay to every one.

A dear little daughter whom we had lost had been very fond of him: the child had died in his arms. I was alone at the time, and the old man's sympathy was such a comfort to me in my trouble that for his own sake, as well as for our little girl's, he had become very dear to us.

For an Indian, the Panther might be called almost a sober character. He was seldom drunk more than four or five times a year, and when he was, he always was very careful to keep out of the way of his white friends until he was sober, when he would lecture the young men on the evils of intemperance in most impressive fashion. He was a good deal of an orator, possessing a

voice of great sweetness and power; and though he was such an immense creature, all his movements were light and graceful as those of a kitten. He could speak perfectly good, even elegant, English when he chose, but he did not always choose, and generally omitted the pronouns; but his voice, manner and gestures in speaking were perfectly charming when he was in a good temper. When he was not, he was somewhat awful, but it was only under great provocation that he became savage. In general, he was an amiable, kind, lazy creature, whom it was very easy to love.

I could not but wonder that night, as I set out the table and made the coffee, what had brought the Panther so far in such wild weather. He did not seem like himself. He was usually very conversable, and would chat away by the hour together, in a fashion half shrewd, half simple, often very interesting; but now he was silent and *distrain*.

"Carry," said Mrs. Moore, "are there not some of Wyn's things here yet in that old trunk in your lumber-room?"

"Yes. Perhaps you can find something the chief can put on, and bring down a pair of the captain's socks and slippers."

"Oh, never mind, never mind," said the damp giant.

"But I will mind," said the little woman; and she went out and soon returned with the things, which she insisted he should go and put on.

"Well, always one woman or another," said the Panther in a tone of resignation: "always squaw git her own way. You see that little girl, mamma? Could squeeze her up just like a rabbit. Always she order me round since she so high, and I just big fool enough let her;" and he went into the next room, and presently came out arrayed in dry garments, as to his upper man at least. I set the table with the best I had in the house, and Minny and I sat down to get a cup of coffee with our guest.

At any other time the old gentleman would have purred and talked over this little feast like an amiable old cat, but now he was rather silent; and I noticed

that in the pauses of the wind he would stop as though listening for some expected sound. I began to think he was concealing from me some misfortune or danger, and the same thought was evidently in Minny's mind, for she watched him anxiously.

When we went back into the parlor the Panther walked to the baby's crib, and stood for a moment looking at the sleeping child with a tenderness which softened his whole aspect. Then he asked for the little boys.

"They are fast asleep in the next room," I said. "Go and look at them, and you will be sure."

The Panther smiled, but he went into my room, which opened from the parlor, and bending down softly kissed the two little faces resting on the same pillow.

I drew a large chair to the fire for him, and Minny filled his pipe, for I had "followed the drum" too long to object to smoking. The giant stretched his length of limb before the fire, but he did not seem quite at ease, even under the influence of the tobacco. He looked a little troubled and anxious, and lifted his head once or twice with a sudden motion, like a dog who has misgivings that something is wrong out-doors.

The baby stirred in her sleep, and the chief began gently to rock the cradle. "'Spose she order me about too, by and by," he said, "like her mother."

"Oh, you like to make that out," said Minny, "because you are such a great big, strong man. If you were a little bit of a creature, you would always be standing on your dignity to make yourself look tall. The last time Wyn and I were at Detroit we went to church, and I heard the very smallest man I ever saw preach a tremendous sermon about the man being the head of the woman, insisting mightily on the respect we all owe to the other sex. When we came out I asked Wyn what he thought, and he said he thought it was exactly such a sermon as such a very tiny man might be expected to preach."

"Ah! and he heard you both, my dear," said I; "and he says Mr. Moore

has no element of reverence in his character!"

Here the Panther dropped his pipe, and starting from his chair looked like his namesake just ready for a spring, as the sharp, quick bark of a little dog was heard from the nearest house.

"Only dog," he said in a tone of relief, and resumed his smoking.

"Uncle," said Minny, "I do wish you would tell me what the matter is, or what you are listening for. You make me think there is something wrong."

I looked up and seconded Minny's request.

"'Spose I tell you, you think it all Ingin nonsense," he said, looking a little embarrassed.

"Even if I did, sir, I should feel more comfortable," I said.

"Yes, do tell us, please," said Minny, earnestly.

"Well, then," said the old man, speaking with an effort, "last night went out after a coon—up in the woods right back of here—"

"Yes: well?"

"And went up on that little hill over your pasture, and then," said the old man lowering his voice and speaking with great earnestness, "hear *red fox bark*—one, two, three times out loud, and then again farther off. There, now!"

I was greatly relieved at finding that I was threatened by nothing worse than the oracle of the red fox. I knew the Indian superstition that if this animal is heard to bark anywhere near a dwelling, he foretells death within twenty-four hours to some one beneath its roof.

"But," said I, "the red fox is only a sign for Indians. He does not bark for white people, and you were not under a roof at the time, so it cannot apply to you."

"Don't know!" said the Panther, shaking his head. "Never know that sign fail. Then here this little woman and this baby—all the same as Ingin now."

Minny looked a little troubled. In spite of his reading, his college education and mathematics, Wyanota had

sundry queer notions and superstitions, about which he very seldom spoke, but which nevertheless had some weight with him, and it is possible that he had in some degree communicated his ideas to his wife.

"I don't believe in signs," said Minny, but nevertheless she looked annoyed.

"So I thought," said the chief with a little smile. "Know mamma here think it all nonsense, or else come over this morning to tell her. Then think she not believe it and not mind, and so keep quiet. Then storm come up and wind blow, and couldn't stand it; so set out and walk over here to take care of her; and she—maybe she laugh at me?"

"No indeed, sir," said I, greatly touched by the anxious affection which had brought the old man so far in such weather. "How good you are to me! You mean to stay here to-night of course, and in the morning you will see that the red fox was simply barking for his own amusement; but I am sorry he drove you to take such a toilsome walk, though we are glad to have you here."

"My business take care of you when your men gone. Got no one my own blood," he said, rather sadly: "boys dead, girl dead, squaw dead—no one but you two care much for old man."

Minny went and kissed him softly. "You know I belong to you," she said, "and baby has no grandfather but you."

"Ah! your father!" said the Panther, rocking the cradle. "He and I always good friends. 'Member when you come, your mother she got no milk for you, poor little starved thing! My squaw she lose her baby—nice little boy too," said the old man, with a sigh—"she tell your mother she nurse you; so she did. You git fat and rosy right off. You all the same one of us after that. No spoil your pretty white skin, though," said the Panther, patting Minny's cheek with his brown fingers. "Seem just like that happen yesterday: now you got baby yourself. Ah! your father—mighty well pleased he be 'spose he see that little one."

"How often I wish he could!" said

Mিনny with a sigh, for both her father and mother were dead.

"You 'pend upon it, he comfortable somewhere," said the chief, consolingly. "Deacon Adams, he real good man. Look here, mamma! Like to ask you question. You say when we die white man go to one place, Indian go to another—"

"I don't say so, sir. I don't pretend to know all this world by heart, much less the other."

"Well, that what Indian say, any way. Now 'spose that so, what come of half-breed, eh?"

"What do you think?" I asked, for neither Minny nor I could venture an opinion on this abstruse point.

"Don't know," said the old man. "Saw young Cherokee in Washington: he marry pretty little schoolmistress go down there to teach, and their little boy die. Then that young man feel bad, and he fret good deal 'bout where that baby gone to, and he ask me, and I no able tell him. Guess me find out when get there: no use to trouble till then. You make these?" he asked, changing the subject, and looking with admiration at the captain's embroidered slippers which I had lent him.

"Yes. They were pretty when they were new. I'll make you a pair just like them, if you wish. Shall I?"

The old gentleman looked greatly delighted, for he was as fond of finery as any girl, and took no small pride in adorning his still handsome person.

I brought out all my embroidery-patterns, and the giant took as much pleasure as a child in the pretty painted pictures and gay-colored wools and silks. I made all the conversation I could over the slippers, willing to divert him from the melancholy which seemed to have taken possession of his mind. Over my work-basket he brightened a little, and chatted away quite like himself, and listened with pleasure to Minny's singing. We did not rise to go to bed till eleven o'clock, which was a very late hour for Maysville. When the Panther spent the night at our house, as was frequently the case, he never

would go regularly to bed, but would take his blanket and lie down before the kitchen fire. With great politeness he insisted on getting the wood ready for morning, a thing he never would have dreamed of doing for a woman of his own race.

As he came back into the kitchen from the shed he took up his rifle, which he had set down by the door. As he did so an angry look came over his face. "Look here," he said: "somebody been spoil my rifle!"

I looked at the piece in surprise, for the lock was broken. "It cannot have been done since you came," I said. "There is no one in the house but ourselves."

"Of course not, of course not!" said the Panther, eager to show that he had no suspicion of his friends.

"Did you stop anywhere on your way?"

"Yes," said he with some slight embarrassment. "Stop at Ryan's," mentioning a low tavern on the borders of the reservation, which was a terrible thorn in the side of all the missionary's efforts. "Stop a minute light my pipe, but no drink one drop," he added with great earnestness; "but they ask me good deal."

"Did you put your gun down?"

"Guess so," he said after a moment's reflection. "Yes, know did put it down a minute or two."

"Then that was when the mischief was done, you may be sure. This lock was never broken by accident. It must have been a mere piece of spite because you would not stay. I wonder you did not notice it when you came out."

"In a hurry, and kept the buckskin over it, not to git it wet. Wish knew who did that," said he, with a look not good to see. "Guess not do it again."

"I am very sorry, but it can easily be mended."

I spread out on the floor for him the comfortable and blankets I had brought for his use, and hung up his woolen hunting-frock, now quite dry.

As I took it into my hand, I felt something very heavy in the pocket.

"I hope you have nothing here that will be spoiled with wet?" I said.

"Oh, nothing but money," said the chief, carelessly. "Mean to tell Minny to take some of it and buy clothes for me."

He took out as he spoke a handful of loose change—copper, silver and two or three gold-pieces—and a roll of bills a good deal damp, and put it all into my apron. I counted the money and found there were seventy-five dollars. Strong indeed must have been the attraction which had brought the old man away from the tavern-fire in his sober senses with such a sum of money in his pocket.

"Just got that," he said. "Part from Washington, part sell deer-skins."

There was no need to tell me that it had not been long in his possession. Money in the Panther's hands was like water in a sieve.

"You give me five dollars, give the rest to Minny," he said; and as this was by much the wisest arrangement for him, I did as he wished.

"You got captain's gun?" he asked me. "Never like to go to sleep without something to catch up: hit somebody 'spose somebody come."

"I am sorry to say the captain has his rifle with him, and I lent the shotgun to Jim Brewster this afternoon."

He looked annoyed, but he went out into the woodshed and returned with the axe, which was new and sharp. "Have something, anyway," he said, doggedly.

"Why, what do you think can possibly happen?"

"Don't know. Always like to have something to catch up. Good-night, mamma. You go to sleep."

I went to bed and fell asleep almost on the minute, but I could not have slept long when I was wakened by the noise of the wind against the shutters. The rain had ceased, but the blast was still roaring without. Minny and her child were in a room which opened out of the parlor opposite my own. The lamp which was burning there threw a dim light into my chamber, and showed

me each familiar object and my little boys asleep beside me.

Some one says that between the hours of one and four in the morning the human mind is not itself. I fully believe it. In those hours you do not "fix your mind" on melancholy subjects—they fix themselves upon you. If you turn back into the past, there comes up before you every occasion on which you made a fool of yourself, every lost opportunity, every slight injury you ever experienced. If you look at the future, you see nothing but coming failure and disappointment. The present moment connects itself with every tale you ever heard or read of ghosts, murder, vampires or robbers.

That night, either because of the wind or because I had taken too strong coffee, I fell into "the fidgets," as this state of mind is sometimes called, and selected for immediate cause of discomfort the Panther's presentiment about the red fox. Who could explain the mysterious way in which animals are warned of approaching danger? Perhaps the old science of divination was not so entirely a delusion; and then I remembered all the old stories in Roman history of people who had come to grief by neglecting the oracles. The old idea that whatever incident is considered as an omen will be such in reality, seemed to me at that hour of the night not wholly an unreasonable theory.

I had known, to be sure, some fifty presentiments which came to nothing, but then I had known as many as three which had been verified: perhaps the present case might be one of the exceptions to the rule. Then I remembered all the stories in Scott's *Demonology*, which I had lately read, and quite forgot all the arguments intended to disprove them.

I thought of the broken gun-lock: I thought it not improbable that the Panther had, when at Ryan's, mentioned that he was coming to our house, and that it was very likely he had let it appear that he carried his money with him. Ryan's was one of the worst places in all the State. I remembered

that the money was in the house, and I began to wish, like the Panther, that I had something to "catch up." Then there were so many noises about! I heard footsteps, which you will always hear if you listen for them on a windy night. When our petted old cat jumped from his place on the parlor sofa to lie down before the fire, I started up in bed in a sudden fright.

I must have been in this uncomfortable state of mind and body for the best part of an hour before I remembered that in a drawer in the front parlor lay two little old-fashioned pistols, unloaded but in good order.

I had grown so excited and uneasy that I felt as if I could not rest unless I got up, found those pistols and loaded them, though nobody had ever heard of a burglary in Maysville, and half the time the doors were left unlocked at night. Rather despising myself for my nervousness, but yielding to it nevertheless, I rose, put on my dressing-gown and slippers, lit my candle and went to find the two little pistols. I stepped very softly, not to disturb Minny, for I should have been quite ashamed then to have her know my cowardice. I looked in at the door as I passed. She was sound asleep, with her baby on her arm. The baby, however, was broad awake, but lying perfectly still, with her little finger in her mouth. Her eyes shone in the lamplight as she turned them on me—not startled like another child, but simply questioning. The little creature looked so unnaturally wise and self-possessed that I was reminded perforce of a wild tale Wyanota had once told me about a remote ancestress of his who had married some sort of a wood-demon. The legend ran that Wyanota's family was descended from the offspring of this marriage, and I think Wyn more than half believed the story.

I passed on, and going into the next room found the pistols, carried them back to my own chamber, and loaded them carefully. I was quite accustomed to the use of firearms. There had been times in my life when I never sat down

to my work or went to rest without having rifle or pistol within easy reach of my hand. When I had loaded the weapons, I put them on the table by my bed and lay down again. My excitement seemed to have subsided, and I was just falling asleep when I heard a door in the kitchen violently burst open. I thought the wind had done it, and waited a moment to hear if the Panther would rise and shut it.

The next instant there was a shot, a wild cry as of mingled pain and fury, the sound of a heavy fall and a struggle. Before I had well realized that the noise was in the house, I found myself at the kitchen door with my pistols in my hand. I was greatly startled, but my one idea was to help my old friend. The miserable door resisted me for a moment. Seconds passed that seemed hours. When at last I tore it open, I saw a man in his shirt sleeves lying dead on the floor, his head shattered apparently by a blow from the axe: another, a large, powerful Irishman, was kneeling on the Panther's breast, with his hands at the old man's throat.

I sprang forward, but something swifter than I darted past me with a savage cry, and, tearing and biting with claws and teeth, flung itself full at the ruffian's face and naked throat. It was our big old brindle cat, Tom, roused from his place before the fire. The unexpected fierceness of Tom's assault took the man quite by surprise. Before he could tear the creature away I had the pistol at his head.

"If you move," I said, "I'll kill you;" for, as I saw that my old friend was hurt, wrath took the place of fear.

He gave in directly. Indeed the cat, a large, powerful animal, had almost scratched his eyes out. In the most abject tones the fellow implored me to let him go.

"Don't you do it, mamma," said the Panther, faintly.

"I don't mean to," I said.

Under the kitchen stairs was a dark closet with a strong outside bolt. I ordered the man into this place. He obeyed, and I drew the bolt upon him.

His face and throat were streaming with blood from Tom's teeth and claws.

All this passed in much less time than it takes to tell it. Roused by the noise, the children, and Minny with the baby in her arms, were already in the kitchen.

"Oh, my dear, my poor darling!" said Minny, kneeling by the old man's side, "you are hurt!"

"Yes," he said, quietly, "pretty considerable bad. Charley, you fasten that door;" for the door into the shed, which had been secured only by a button, was wide open. "You get the hammer and two, three big nails, and drive 'em in," he continued. "Maybe more them darn scamps round."

Charley obeyed directions in a way which did him credit. Little Ned, with wide, surprised eyes, clung to me in silence; little Carry, seeing her mother in tears, put up a piteous lip and sobbed in her unbaby-like, sorrowful fashion; the old cat, in great excitement, went purring and talking from one to another.

"Tell me where you are hurt," I said, holding the chief's hand.

He had been shot through the stomach with a great, old-fashioned smooth-bore musket, which lay on the floor—a gun not carrying less than twenty-five to the pound. I had seen gunshot wounds before, and I knew that this was serious. It did not bleed much externally, but the edges of the wound were torn and discolored.

"That fellow dead?" asked the Panther.

"Yes indeed!" for the man's head was split like a walnut.

The old warrior looked gratified. "Mamma," he said, touching his hunting-knife, "you take that fellow's scalp."

"Don't think of such a thing," I said, not so much shocked as I might have been had I not lived on the Indian frontier. "Do you know who they are?"

"See them to Ryan's. Guess they some folks that mizzable railroad bring into this country. 'Spect they follow me. Mamma," said the Panther, looking up into my face, "tell you, red fox not bark for nothing. Better be old man than you."

"Oh, my dear old friend, if you had only not come to us to-night! It was all your love for us that has done this, but I pray God you may get well. Charley, do you think you can go for Doctor Beach?"

"Yes, mamma," said the boy, though he turned pale.

"No, no," said the Panther. "You no send that little fellow out in the dark. Besides, no good. You go wrap yourselves up. You two, you git bad cold."

At that moment we heard the sound of wheels and horses' feet.

"Go, Charley," said Minny. "Stop whoever it is, and tell them what has happened."

Charley ran out, and soon returned with Dr. Beach, who, happily for us, had been out on one of those errands which are always rousing doctors from their beds.

Dr. Beach was a burly, rough-mannered sort of man, but he could be very kind and tender in the exercise of his profession. He wasted no time in questions, but looked grave when he saw how the old man was hurt.

"Needn't tell me," said the Panther, quietly. "Know it's the end. Kill one of 'em, anyhow!" he concluded in a tone of calm satisfaction.

"And I wish with all my heart you had killed the other," said the doctor, bitterly. "He got off, I suppose."

The Panther showed his white teeth in a laugh. "No," he said, pointing to me: "she got him—she and the cat. Pretty well for one little squaw and pussy-cat. Mamma, you keep that kitty always."

"Where is the scoundrel?" asked the doctor.

"Shut up in that closet."

Here the man within cried out that he was "kilt" already, and should be hung if we did not let him go.

"I hope you will, with all my heart," said the doctor.

With some difficulty we helped the Panther into the parlor and laid him on the sofa.

He told us the story in a few words.

He had been asleep when the door was burst open. The man whom he had killed had fired the shot. He had kept his feet to strike one blow with the axe, and the other man had sprung upon him as he fell.

The doctor did what little he could to ease his patient, and then went away, but soon returned with some men from the village, who were quite ready to lynch the criminal when they heard what he had done. They took the man away, however, and I am happy to say he afterward received the heaviest sentence the law would allow. He confessed that, knowing the chief had a large sum in his possession, himself and his companion had broken the lock of the rifle, intending to waylay the old man and shoot him in the woods. They had not, however, been able to overtake him till he reached the clearing, and then, fearing to encounter him, they had followed him at a distance and watched him enter our house. Knowing that the captain was gone, they had waited until all was quiet, and then made their entrance as described.

The Panther asked that some one might go to the reservation and send over three of his friends, whom he named. He was very anxious to see Wyanota, and Calvin Bruce, who had come with the doctor, instantly volunteered to take his trotting mare and do both errands. The chestnut did her work gallantly, though unhappily in vain, for the old man did not live to see his friends.

"Don't you fret, you two," he said, softly, as Minny and I watched over him. "Great deal the best way for old Ingin. Die like a man now: not cough myself to death, like an old dog. Minny, little girl, you tell your husband be good to our people, well as he can. Not much of our nation left now—not good for much, either," he added; "but you tell him and the captain stand their friends, won't you?"

"Indeed, indeed they will," said Minny in tears.

A Methodist clergyman of some kind, who preached in Maysville at that time,

hearing what had happened, came in to offer his services and to pray with the dying man. The Panther thanked him courteously, but he clung to the simple creed of his fathers and his belief that "Ingin religion was good for Ingin;" and Mr. Lawrence had the sense and feeling not to disturb him by argument.

"Want your Charley to have my rifle," he said to me. "Nobody left of our people but my cousin's son, and he most a mizzable Ingin. You 'member that, please," he said to Mr. Lawrence, who sat quietly at the head of the sofa. "Do you think," he asked wistfully of the clergyman, "that I ever see these two again where I go?" The minister—Heaven bless him!—answered stoutly that he had not a doubt of it. "All right, then," said the Panther, quietly. "Now, mamma, you see red fox know, after all."

Minny brought her baby for him to kiss. Little Carry's dark eyes were full of tears, for, like most babies, she felt the influence of sorrow she could not understand. She did not scream, as another child would, but hid her face on her mother's bosom and sobbed quietly, like a grown-up woman. My two little boys, understanding all at once that their old friend was going away, burst out crying.

"Hush! hush!" he said, gently. "You be good boys to your mother. Say 'good-bye.'"

We kissed him, keeping back the lamentations which we knew would trouble him.

"Good-bye," he said, softly, and then he spoke some few words in his own tongue, as Minny told me afterward, about going to his lost children. Then a smile came over his face, a look of sweet relief and comfort softened the stern features, the hand that had held mine so close slowly relaxed, and with a sigh he was gone.

The old minister gently closed his eyes. "My dear," said Mr. Lawrence to Minny, who was in an agony of grief, "God knows, but it was His Son who said, 'Greater love hath no man than

this—that a man lay down his life for his friends!"

When we buried the old chief we wrote those words on the stone we placed over his grave.

Since then the New Year's Eve brings back to me very vividly the memory of the augury that so strangely accomplished its own fulfillment.

CLARA F. GUERNSEY.

AN AMERICAN'S CHRISTMAS IN PARIS.

MY cousin, Benjamin Duffy, was many years my senior. I had just left school when business called him to France and England. My father thought this a good opportunity for me to see a little of the world before entering upon the serious duties of life, and so sent me abroad with Ben. The latter could not speak a word of French, while I had studied it for many years, and thought I should have no trouble about the language.

We reached Paris on Christmas Eve. An American, Mr. Wilson, with whom my cousin had business relations, had engaged apartments for us, to which we drove from the station. We were to dine with him the next day.

On Christmas morning Ben said he felt too tired to go out with me, but that I needn't stay in to keep him company: he should lie in bed until time to dress for dinner, and would meet me at Mr. Wilson's. We were to take our meals at restaurants, and he said that he would get his breakfast somewhere when he wanted it. I started out to get mine. At the door of our little salon there stood some one who spoke to me in French. I couldn't tell, at the first glance, whether it was a man or a woman, owing to the face and head being masculine-looking, and the body being covered with a long, narrow, tightly-fitting black alpaca dress. He or she carried a large market-basket on his or her arm, with a single loaf of bread in it.

"It must be a man," I thought, "because women wear hoops and petticoats,

and this creature has neither;" and the light just then happening to shine through his skirt, I saw he wore knee-breeches and stockings.

But what was it he kept on saying to me? I couldn't make it out. I did really know a good deal of French as it is written, but it seemed another language when spoken familiarly. He ran his words together, so that they sounded like one immensely long word: besides, I had in my own mind mapped out what I should say to people—that I would invariably address them first, and so get just the replies I expected, and could therefore comprehend. I had never calculated on any one's speaking to *me* first, and was consequently unprepared and bewildered. When he stopped a moment for breath, I stammered out, "Bang!" I meant "bien," but my French teacher had always told me I pronounced the word wrong.

The Frenchman smiled, which confused me more than ever, and I couldn't think of a single sentence, either to ask him what he meant or to explain my own ignorance of his language.

It seemed to dawn upon him, at last, that I didn't understand; and to give me a clew he took the loaf of bread out of the basket and pointed to it. This was a clew indeed!

"It's the baker," I said to myself; so, wrought up to desperation by his volubility and my inability to answer him, I snatched the loaf out of his hand and shut the door quickly, leaving him in the entry. A pause, and then he began

talking louder and faster, and rattling and knocking at the door.

"Who's that making all that rumpus?" asked Ben from under the bed-clothes.

"The baker, with a loaf of bread. Where shall I put it?"

"On the floor, or anywhere you like: it's a matter of indifference to me."

But it proved afterward not to be of indifference to him.

After a while the jabbering and thumping ceased outside, and I heard heavy footsteps go clattering down the stone steps.

"The coast's clear," said I, peeping out.

"Tom!" called Ben.

"Well?"

"Tell that man in the hencoop down stairs — porter fellow — what d'ye call him?"

"Concierge."

"Kongsheares—not to let the fire go out, or I shall freeze."

"All right!" I said, and went whistling down to the porter's room, congratulating myself that I now had an opportunity of putting my own theories of speaking French into practice. To this man I would speak first, so directing the conversation and obtaining understandable answers. It was as good as the first move in chess. Emboldened by my advantage, and assuring myself that that harassing baker was nowhere near, I loftily remarked to the concierge, "Do not let the fire go out up stairs."

"Good God!" he cried, starting, "is there a fire up stairs?"

That's what I thought he said, wondering how Frenchmen could be so theatrical in their ways, jumping and staring and swearing over such a commonplace order as not to let the fire go out. But perhaps he thought the whole house was on fire; so, to reassure him, I said, "Yes—only a fire in the bed-room."

"*Only* a fire! You are cool enough about it; but perhaps you are used to it."

"Oh yes: we always have a fire in the bed-rooms in our country," I said, inwardly despising the poverty-stricken

French ways, so unused to bed-room fires. Why, he couldn't have looked more astounded if I had told him that we made a bonfire nightly of New York, and found it still intact, phoenix-like, in the morning.

"A fire in the bed-room *always!*" he reiterated, as if unable to credit his hearing. "How dangerous!"

"Yes: don't let it go out, on any account."

"I'll take care of that! Do you see that arm, that muscle? It won't go out, except over my dead body!"

He clenched his fist, and I walked away proudly. Had I not always felt sure that if I only got the first word I could understand any Frenchman alive, even the baker? But what demonstrative people! how they get up their enthusiasm over trifles! The fire shouldn't go out except over his dead body! Why, a man going into battle could say no more than that. Anyhow, he would keep Ben warm.

He did.

I sauntered around Paris, first going to the Madeleine to hear mass. I was delighted with this lovely city, so different from any I had ever seen before, and I never gave a thought to Cousin Ben until I found myself at Mr. Wilson's, a few minutes before the dinner hour. He greeted me with great cordiality. After a few commonplace remarks he said, "I hope we shall see your cousin to-day."

"Why, isn't he here?" I inquired, for the man-servant had just announced dinner.

"No."

"It's strange! He said he would meet me here."

"Perhaps he has forgotten, in sight-seeing, how time goes."

"No, that's not it, for he was not well to-day and stayed at home. He is usually so punctual that this delay makes me uneasy. Hadn't I better go and see what's the matter?"

"Oh no: we can't spare you both. He may join us before dinner's over. If not, I'll send to see what has befallen him."

And with an apology for not being able to keep his guests waiting any longer for Ben, Mr. Wilson led the way to the dining-room.

There was a large party of people assembled, principally Americans, all in a right merry mood to enjoy a good old-fashioned Christmas dinner. Every one had wondrous tales of travel to tell; and my neighbor, a very far backwoodsman, laughingly told me that he had been a year in France, and until this dinner he had eaten nothing but ham. I asked him how that had happened. He said, from knowing only one word of French, *jambon* (ham); so he could ask for nothing else, and ham or starvation stared him in the face. He intended that night to eat a good square meal—enough, in fact, to last him till he got home.

Every man and smiling woman seemed so light-hearted that "dull care" had begoned, as people in the old song "prithed" him to do. With me alone I thought he tarried, for in the midst of all the festivity I was secretly fidgeting about Cousin Ben. Why didn't he come? where was he? could he be sick? But for these conjectures I could have been as jovial as the rest.

As we were rising from dinner a footman came in and whispered something to Mr. Wilson, who quietly laid his hand on my arm, signifying I was to remain after the others had left the room. Now, though Ben was full twenty years older than myself, I wouldn't have had anything happen to him for all the greenbacks in the Treasury.

"Prepare yourself for bad news," said Mr. Wilson when we were alone.

"My cousin," I faltered—"sick?"

"Worse!"

"Not—dead?"

"No—worse!"

"What *can* be worse than that?"

"Gone mad!"

I was aghast, but laughed constrainedly: "That's impossible. I left him as sane as you are, this morning."

"That may be, but madness often develops itself very suddenly, and in

the last persons we think likely to end that way."

"I'll go at once to him."

"I'll go with you. It wouldn't be safe for you to go alone, as John here says that the concierge told him he had been very violent all day, raving and struggling so that he had to lock him in, to prevent his bursting into the streets."

I waited for no more news, but seizing my hat rushed into the street, shouted for a hack, bounded into it, and with Mr. Wilson at my side tore along as if I had been a madman myself.

Arriving at the house, I glanced in at the porter's lodge, the "hencoop," as poor crazy Cousin Ben had called it. An old woman dozed before the fire, and just opened her eyes as I scampereed up stairs, three steps at a time, guiding Mr. Wilson.

Before the door of our little apartment of four "pieces" (as our French friends have it) the concierge was pacing up and down like a stern sentinel at his midnight post with the enemy's pickets within range. He wiped his forehead, dripping with perspiration, and on seeing me cried out with his usual "sensation" voice, "Thank Heaven, you've come at last! I wouldn't pass such another day, not for five thousand francs! My Christmas spoiled, to say nothing of being nearly driven mad guarding this fearful lunatic! He's strong too, though he *is* old; and but for this brave muscle," giving his arm a resounding slap, "he'd have got out in spite of me. He's too much, though, for one single keeper, young gentleman: you had better clap him into the asylum and be done with it."

"Into the asylum!" I echoed, fairly bewildered.

"Who's that?" asked my cousin from inside. "Is that you, Tom?"

Hearing his voice, I breathed more freely. It didn't sound crazy, and the question was perfectly rational.

"Yes, and Mr. Wilson."

"Thank Heaven, you've come at last!"

Now that was exactly what the porter

had said, only one spoke in French, the other in English, and neither understood the other.

"Come in, do, if you can coax the key from that crazy ruffian outside: don't force it, for he's too strong for you, the wild beast! My life's been in danger all day. Come in, somehow, for the love of Heaven!"

Mr. Wilson looked what people incorrectly call thunderstruck. But thunder don't strike: it's the lightning that attends to the pugilistic part. He asked the porter for the key, which he instantly handed him, with the remark that he had better go in too, for fear the crazy man might kill us; so, three to one, we marched in.

There sat Ben, with his evening shirt showing signs of a tussle. His shirt was torn open, and his cravat lay in two pieces on the floor. The shreds of a pair of white kid gloves were flung on the table beside the remains of the very same loaf of bread which the baker had left in the morning.

"I must beg you, Mr. Wilson," said Ben, with the urbanity which distinguished him when sane, "to accept my regrets and apologies for not being present at your hospitable dinner and merry-making to-day, as I had hoped to be. You see by my dress—the disorder of which, I trust, you will excuse, as I had not expected your most timely visit—that I had prepared myself to come, but was prevented by this man from going out. On opening the door I found him parading up and down—as it proved, mounting guard over *me*! He said something which I did not understand, not being so fluent in the language as my young cousin. Instead of explaining, he jabbered away till I got tired of listening—I was a little late anyhow—and tried to pass him. He immediately seized me very roughly, and hurled me with brute force back into this room. In the scuffle which followed I was worsted, I am ashamed to say. At last, when I was too exhausted to struggle any more, he rushed out and locked me in; and here I've been in close confinement ever since!

Now, either he is a dangerous lunatic or an agent of the police. If the latter, I can prove that I am a most peaceable American citizen, here in France on my own private business, with no inimical intentions toward the emperor; but I will have ample satisfaction for this rough handling and solitary confinement. Though I should be loth to acquire notoriety, yet the liberty of the subject must not be tampered with, even by despots, and I will make the tyrant tremble on his rotten throne, with the whole United States at my back, for I too am a sovereign!"

Ben was a remarkably reticent man, and seldom strung more than half a dozen words together at a time; so, when I heard him deliver this long harangue in an excited way, flourishing his hands about, I sorrowfully concluded that he had found his tongue and lost his head, as the Frenchman alleged.

What with the alarm and surprise, all the little French I knew flew out of my memory; so Mr. Wilson was obliged to interpret for me as well as the belligerents. He turned to the porter: "This gentleman says you prevented his going out."

"I did," proudly.

My cousin broke in, testily: "But why? Why should I, of all the strangers in Paris, be selected by him to be kept in confinement? On Christmas Day, too!"

"Be calm, Ben!" I said, soothingly, not wanting him to have another attack.

"Calm! the d—! I'll take it out of his hide yet!"

Poor Ben! The elegance of his diction was rapidly deteriorating with loss of mind.

Mr. Wilson, *loquitur*: "He says because he's an old soldier, must obey orders, and was charged not to let you go out except over his dead body."

"How fond he is of his dead body!" I thought.

"Why, *why* did that ruffian lock me in?"

Friend interpreting: "Because that was the only way to keep you in. You

were so bent on going out that he had to use force to prevent it."

"What business was it of his whether I stayed in or went out?"

"Because he had been ordered not to let you go out."

"I should like to know who by? If I wouldn't— Who was the meddling scamp?"

"He says he has no objection to telling if the young gentleman has not."

"I? Why, what have I got to do with it?" I asked in amazement.

"He insists that you enjoined upon him not to let your cousin go out."

"I? Never!— never thought of it, even."

"He repeats that you did."

"But why?"

"Because he was crazy."

"I crazy? Was it a practical joke?" inquired Ben, savagely, turning on me.

"No, on my honor, Ben. The fellow must be crazy himself."

"He wants to know if you will deny that you came down to his room this morning and spoke to him?"

"I shall not deny it."

"What did you say to him?"

"I told him not to let the *fire* go out."

"Will you be kind enough to repeat, in French, exactly the words you used?" Mr. Wilson asked, smiling.

"With pleasure. I said, '*Ne laissez-pas sortir le feu.*'"

"The man's right! You *did* tell him not to let the crazy man go out."

"How? how?"

"By mispronouncing the word *feu* (fire). You inadvertently used *fou* (fool' or madman), instead of *feu*—a very easy mistake to make, as there is only one letter's difference. The misunderstanding was kept up by the pronoun *le* meaning in French either *it* or *him*. He supposed you meant *him* when you meant *it*."

"I thought it funny he said he would only let the fire go out over his dead body," I said.

The mistake being explained to the Frenchman, he began to laugh, and laughed till he cried, though I had always heard that Frenchmen were too

polite to laugh at people's mistakes. Then Mr. Wilson caught the infection, then Ben began to melt, and at last they made a laughing trio that would have done credit to a drinking chorus. I couldn't see the joke, and was covered with mortification. What a triumph for my French master, who always said I murdered the vowels! The porter was voluble in his expressions of regret, and my cousin graciously bade Mr. Wilson tell him he forgave him, and that all was well that ended well.

"And now," he continued, "I must really go and get something to eat, for I'm almost starved."

"Haven't you had anything to eat?" Mr. Wilson inquired.

"Nothing but this dry bread. Still, I am grateful, Mr. Wilson, for if you had not had the forethought to order the baker to serve us, I should not have had a morsel the whole day."

"I ordered a baker to serve you with bread? Never!"

"You said a baker left this loaf of bread," said Ben to me.

"And so he did."

Mr. Wilson turned to the concierge: "The gentleman says a baker left a loaf of bread."

The man rolled up his eyes and crossed himself, muttering, "The saints sit upon him! To call Father Ambrose a baker!"

"Father Ambrose! Was it a priest?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was he doing with the bread?"

"You know it is the custom for the priests on Christmas morning to beg bread or alms from door to door. On the first floor Madame d'Aumont put a loaf of blessed bread in his empty basket when the holy father started on his pious errand. He came here and besought the gentleman, in the name of the Virgin, to put something in his basket; instead of which he robbed him of his only loaf and slammed the door in his reverend face. The father said, with meekness, that he did not complain, as he expected he would take the basket too. And then, thinks I, the young one's as mad as the old one;

but since he's escaped I will not let the other out into the streets, or he will murder the first man he meets."

Again Mr. Wilson nearly choked with laughter, and, after he had explained my first mistake, the laugh again went round at my expense. Nor did it end

here, for we returned to Mr. Wilson's for the rest of the evening, and Ben revenged himself by telling the story of his imprisonment, and therewith enhanced the fun of all the American guests that merry Christmas night.

CELIA LOGAN KELLOGG.

"WHOM ALL THINGS NAME."

AN ARAB STORY.

I.

THREE times our world hath been in deadly strait,
Plucked shuddering from the verge of horrid Doom.
This is the legend :

Few there be but know
The great just mandate of the Lord of life,
That if there come a moment when no voice
In all the idolatrous, forgetful earth
Speaks the dread name of Allah, swift shall fall
Chaos and black destruction everywhere.

II.

Once in long ages past there fell a time—
A summer noon, when all the lands lay still,
Drunk with hot suns and palpitant sweet airs
That wandered languid from the Land of Gul—
Through length and breadth of habitable space
Not one soul called on God. Strange lightnings lapp'd
The southern firmament, when, lo! it chanced
An outcast woman, idiot, leprous, starved,
Lay dying by the city's outer gate.
Fevered, she dreamed of waters walled and cool,
And beings plashing in them with white feet,
Who called to her, "Come wash, be whole, and live!"
Such gladness overcame the sleeping wretch
Some memory, remnant of a brighter day,
Slipped its dry cerement within her brain,
And from the unclean portal of her lips
Leaped forth the one all-hallowed, saving Name!
So, as she died, the awful Doom passed on.

III.

A thousand years thereafter lowered again
The threatening besom. Then a three-months' babe,

Swinging, cool-hammocked, from an almond tree,
 Woke from its slumber, saw its mother's face,
 Struck out its happy feet and curved its neck,
 While "Lalla-al-la" gurgled from its lips
 Betwixt the hindering kisses. Once more Fate
 Was cheated of her errand.

Yet again!

And now more near and dreadful seemed the end,
 For terrible agues shook the sickened earth,
 And from the loftiest tree-tops jarred the fruit.
 Dumb with great fear were tongues of men, when, lo!
 A petted parrot, chattering on her perch
 For joy to see the ripe dates rattling down,
 Shrieked "Praised be Allah!" in the nick of time.

IV.

So runs the Moslem legend; ending which
 Our guide brought fruit to wash our wonder down.
 Then spoke our jolly traveler, bleeding out
 A red pomegranate's heart upon his lips:
 Sure we may rest in safety unalarmed;
 The crack of doom will sound not in our time,
 Since babes and dreaming idiots everywhere
 Are on the increase: parrots too, we know,
 Praise well in Christian as in Moslem tongue."

V.

Answered him thus our gentlest spirit: "Nay,
 There is a dash of sweetness at the core
 Of this odd tale. What could they speak but God?
 Is aught that lives so ignorant, weak or vile
 It cannot lend the All-in-all a tongue?
 'If these spake not, the very stones would cry,'
Our prophet said; and were the fable true
 Of such a mandate, I do think the flow'rs,
 The very daisies, parting their white lips
 To greet the blessed rain at eventide,
 Do speak enough of Allah to make safe
 The golden chain that holds the farthest stars."

HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

THE PANHELLENIC DREAM.

EUROPE and Asia are not well dove-tailed together. On the north, Europe laps over Asia across a vast monarchy with Aryan aggressiveness; in the middle, Asia overlies Europe with Turanian barbarism; while on the south, the Mediterranean leads out eastward the noblest of Western civilizations, lured on by the riches of the gorgeous India. Plainly, there is need of a new jointing.

The question of this new jointing is the "ever-living Jew" of the politics of Europe. Like the ancient giant who was hurled under Mount Etna, but who ever and anon, to this day,

"Starts and lifts
His head through the blackened rifts,"

this Moslem monster has been buried under mountains of treaties, but will not rest. This question is not only the barometer of peace and war on the Continent, on whose indications enterprises of great pith and moment (as the Paris Exposition) stand or fall, but on its vernier the anxious powers read the rise or decay of their own greatness. England's influence was not potent enough to rescue the *Levant Herald* from a month's suspension; hence England's power—so they make haste to argue on the Continent—is declining. French Napoleons will purchase broader lots in Stamboul than Austrian florins; therefore Gallic counsels are more powerful in the Seraglio than the kaiser's. His twenty-two thousand Sardinians won for Victor Emanuel in the Crimea his first European spurs, and the campaign against Sebastopol was the first bridge over which Italy passed in its grand march to national union.

But, thanks to the disenchanting hand of Time, and the departure for ever from about the green table of some great but baneful dreamers, this problem is somewhat simplified, and several factors are canceled. Let us consider briefly some of these factors.

The baleful English traditions of the

inviolability of the Sublime Porte were buried for ever in the grave of Palmerston. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and Mr. Layard still live, it is true, but the former is only a ruin of his ancient self, and the latter is a dreamer and an enthusiast, to whom Englishmen now listen as little as the Germans did to the great Fallmerayer. Ten years ago no ministry could stand before Parliament that was not willing to stake the last shilling and the last ship to secure Abdul-Aziz in his tranquil promenade among the oleanders of Bujuk-dere; but in the height of the Cretan insurrection the *Times* placidly declared that the English nation would view the partition of Turkey with indifference; and still later the mercurial Athenians crowned that paper with a wreath because it contained a leader advocating the annexation of Candia to Greece. England has an Oriental question, but its pivotal point is in Cairo, and not in Constantinople. The decorations of the Order of the Bath were not carried down to Egypt and bestowed with regal magnificence on the Khedive in vain: it was an egg laid in the desert sand, which the British will leave, ostrich-like, to be hatched by the sun of opportunity, but will not suffer to be crushed by the tread of armed Moslems. The sultan has shown himself incapable of guaranteeing the Overland Route (which is all sea-way now), and Englishmen are only too well pleased to undertake that task for His Majesty. It will not answer to entrust to any man, not even to our sometime "well-beloved cousin" of the Tuileries, the road to that forty-five million pounds which constitute the annual Indian budget, because four-fifths of it go into the hands of officers, judges, advocates, etc., who are in need of "social influence" in order to be elected to Parliament. It only needs seven years to acquire the necessary "social influence" in India now-a-days, as Lord Macaulay

demonstrated in person. That is the regulation time. The job is sooner despatched now than it was in the days of the grand old hapless Colonel Newcome, with his Bundelcund Bank. The English factor, then, is easy of adjustment in the computation.

The Russian may be ascertained and defined with scarcely less certainty. From the days of the imperial chronicler who dictated from the throne of Byzantium his simple annals of the nations, and, among them, of "the never-resting Russians, who are, with fanatical persistency, ever pressing toward the south and west," even down to this present, Zargrod, queen of the Bosphorus, has been the unfailing guiding-star of the Muscovite. St. Petersburg leads the Western or European movement—Moscow, the Southern and Asiatic. The great Peter saw that he should never be able to emancipate Russia from the Asiatic traditions of Moscow, and he removed the capital to St. Petersburg, at the cost of one hundred thousand laborers lost in its marshes; but neither he nor any other czar has been able to attract thither the old powerful nobility of Moscow, which is so potential in the empire that the policy of the government is reduced to the matter of trimming between it and St. Petersburg. While there is probably no Russian who would not rather behold the Cross than the Crescent glittering over the splendid dome of the Hagia Sophia, not even Moscow would seek the removal of the capital thither. If the politicians of Western Europe based a judgment on the phrases one might hear in a fraternity of Moscow students or by the tea-table of a second-rate St. Petersburg customs officer, they might be led to believe in the Constantinopolitan mission of Russia, as laid down in the supposititious testament of the great Peter, which historical criticism has demonstrated to be mythical. A progressive Russian statesman, however, as well as the great and ancient aristocracy, would regard it as a calamity of the first significance if the capital should ever be removed to the Bos-

phorus. Even the attempts of the czar to remove the court for the season to some point in the Crimea have always been regarded by his subjects with distrust and displeasure.

And yet the dreadful climate of St. Petersburg is destroying the imperial family like some hidden poison in the blood; the Scandinavian mission of Russia, which was one cause of the removal of the capital to St. Petersburg, is for ever ended; and the only future of Russia, as of England, lies in the populous old barbarisms of the gorgeous East. Thither her vast young energy and the wonderful tenacity of her Slavonic race are steadily pouring their younger blood; the now silent and useless waters of the stormy Euxine are tempting to a great marine; and the sailors who man it, and whose keels shall plough the Ægean, must dwell unchallenged in Stamboul, the mistress of the waters more than of the solid land. But the home-loving Slavonian is a *pavidus nauta*: he never can acquire his sea-legs, and, far from home on the lashing ocean, he bitterly curses his folly, *et oppidi laudat rura sui*; while the Greek rejoices in the rolling sea, and his petticoated babes loudly laugh with him amid the drunken, staggering masts.

Here, then, is the point of union: Let the mighty Slavonian give to his brother in the Church, the sea-loving Greek, Constantinople, the mistress of the Eastern seas, and guarantee to him only the isles of Greece and a thin crescent of the two shores of the Ægean for his little sea-hollowed empire, and how gladly and deftly the Greek will do his fetching and carrying! As for himself, let him push on his vigorous young civilization by land into Asia, and be content with the ancient Kremlin for his capital.

The famous programme for the partition of Turkey, originated semi-officially in St. Petersburg immediately after Sadova, and telegraphed over Europe, to the no small alarm of Paris, is worth rehearsal here, because it shows that Constantinople is not necessarily to be taken for the Russian capital:

1, Independence of Egypt under an hereditary sultan; 2, Emancipation of all the Greek-speaking islands, they then to elect between independence and annexation to Greece; 3, Annexation of Thessaly and Albania to Greece; 4, Independence of Montenegro and the Danubian Principalities; 5, Bosnia and Herzegovina to be made a duchy under an Austrian archduke; 6, Independence of Servia; 7, Bulgaria to be made a Russian dependency under a grand prince.

In the above plan, Russia only plants her flag a day's march from Constantinople, which would enable the czar to exact from the Sublime Porte toleration and protection for his co-religionists of the Greek Church, and at the same time avoid that which would be so odious to St. Petersburg and a great part of Russia—the transfer of the capital to Constantinople. I insist there are strong grounds for believing that the Russian policy does not necessarily include the addition of that great city directly to the empire, but only indirectly, through Greece, for the reconciliation and pacification of Europe. In 1867 the official *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* thus declared, *ex cathedra*, the Russian Oriental policy: ". . . In relation to Russia's policy in the Orient, it has ever followed, and still follows, the same aim, viz.: the free and gradual development of all Christian peoples in the East, without distinction as to their creed or race." The semi-official *Correspondenz*, speaking with less authority but more explicitness, thus expounds that policy: "No concessions would suffice to attach the Christians to him [the sultan], and any concessions he might make would remain null, because unsatisfactory. . . . *The Christians must become masters of the land they inhabit.*"

Stamboul is too grand a prize in the world's lottery to be suffered by the jealous nations to fall to the lot of so vast an empire as Russia. And will it be asked, What power is able to prevent such a consummation, now that England has become indifferent and France a republic? Let nobody be deceived

as to the real effective strength of the Northern Bear. There is not a more egregious error prevalent in the average American mind respecting that "great country"—of which we really know so little—than that of its supposed invincibility. Russia is vast, impenetrable, gloomy, mysterious, and *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. Russia is emphatically not a martial nation, but the contrary: it has an ever-present and fearful skeleton in its Polish cupboard; its civil administration, as well as its military, is the most corrupt in the world, save the American alone; it has not, at this time, more than three hundred thousand effectives at its disposal; and its navy could not cope with the puny flotilla of the North German Confederation. It is mighty for defence, because its natural horrors swallow up armies like the Serboman bog, but for aggression it is nothing, except as against the wretched despotisms and the barbarous nomads of Asia. The incubus of the great horror which seized the minds of men after the fearful holocaust of 1812 is not yet lifted from the nations. Austria alone, if her Magyar and German troops had a good heart in the business, is fully competent to baffle any attempted Muscovite occupation of Stamboul.

And this brings us to a consideration of Austria's interest in the Oriental question, which is really far more vital than that of Russia or any other great power. When guided by a strong hand, like Metternich's, Austria has always had more influence with the Sublime Porte than either France or Russia, and Austrian official wax was more valuable not only to the traveler in the Balkan Peninsula, but also to the pilgrims in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, than any other Christian passport, though to-day Beust is hardly lifting it from a long contempt. If Metternich sometimes was guilty of the folly of sending ambassadors abroad who would tell him the things which he wanted to hear, in Constantinople he always kept a man who would tell him the truth. Metternich's skeleton would rattle in its grave to-day, if it did not positively stand on

its head, if his soul could know the wretched paltering in the Orient to which Russian-sympathizing Slavonic premiers have led his kaiser. It was Austria that gave the *coup de grace* in the Crimea, lending herself as a cat's-paw to pull the chestnuts from the coals, though she only earned the devil's thanks thereby, and soon enough saw Napoleon ogling with the czar, and presently received the last installment of her reward at Solferino and Magenta. The firm though moderate and quiet remonstrances of Beust—though he was a *novus homo*, and therefore snubbed at Paris in his proposal for a European Congress—had far more effect in procuring the autonomy of Servia than had the blustering dictation of France and England; and Prince Obrenovitch, understanding that full well, thanked him alone in a warm personal letter. Notwithstanding the dreadful defeat of Sadowa, and the fact that Prince Charles of the Danubian Principalities is a Prussian, this diplomatic triumph of Beust so convinced the prince of Austria's strength Orientward that he eagerly solicited an alliance, as against Russia on one side and the Sublime Porte on the other.

Austria's great mission is to carry German civilization and commerce down the Danube, and with it Magyar empire; and, though Bismarck has sought to dam it by interposing a Prussian prince, if the Austrian craft is only piloted always by a man as astute as Beust it will yet reach the Euxine. Austria can by no means tolerate either a Russian or a French occupation of the mouths of the Danube. Let the Danube be blockaded by either French or Russian batteries, and let Dalmatia and the Bosnian land in the interior, back of Triest, yield obedience to a Muscovite or Gaul, and then Triest is gone, and Austria is sealed up from the world as effectually as were the ancient Phæacians who had sinned against the gods. "They are walling us in!" cried Demosthenes as he contemplated the fatal activity of Philip on every hand. "They are walling us in!" loud-

ly cry the few far-sighted Austrians who watch the progress of Græco-Italian intrigue in Dalmatia aiming at Triest, and French and Russian activity on the Lower Danube. Austria cannot, and dares not, permit the Russians to occupy Stamboul, for with that would come a demand for right of way to Russia across the Danube, and then the fatal occupation of its mouths. And what is more, Austria is able to prevent it for ever with the assistance of the gallant Magyars and the Danubian Principalities, whose inhabitants, though Greek in religion, are hostile to the czar.

This necessity (to Austria) for the maintenance of a power in Constantinople other than Russia, in order that her commerce and civilization may float tranquilly down the yellow Danube, has generated among Viennese publicists a most offensive Turkophily and an unreasonable hatred and disparagement of the unhappy Greeks. It is not within the limits or the intent of this article to point this out in particular instances; and it must suffice to say that, of the few German crimes against liberty, there is hardly one recorded in history so flagrant and so gratuitous as the Austro-Germanic persecution of little Greece. A Greek empire skirting the two shores of the Ægean, having its capital in Constantinople, and guaranteed for a few generations by the protecting powers, would answer Austria's purpose just as well as does the Turkish monstrosity; but in reply to such a suggestion straightway there issues forth from Vienna such an amazing volley of jibes and sneers upon hapless Greece as makes that city more odious to freemen than the Seraglio itself. Vienna has lived from the paps of despotism too long.

The policy of France in the Orient, if as a republic it continues to have one, will be simply and always a negation of the Russian, but less sincere. The great modern principle of nationality, of which France claims the discovery and the peculiar deputed championship, is very convenient to that nation

when its operations are perfectly harmless, and at the same time add to the glories of "the great nation," as in the unification of Italy; exceedingly inconvenient and altogether absurd, if not positively "arrogant," when it threatens to create a great and invincible United Germany along its border; and an utter vacuity and meaningless thing when it would unite the oppressed Greek tribes and co-religionists, and possibly thus be of some remote and indirect advantage to the Muscovite. O consistency! thou art a jewel.

As for Italy, although the campaign in the Crimea first whetted her appetite, and showed her the possibility, hitherto unknown to herself, of playing an equal hand in the great games of Europe,—Italy breaks a lance no more for the besotted heir of the Caliphs. The sweet atmosphere of perfected power and of restored nationality, which has now swept for the first time in fifteen centuries across her sunny plains, has purged the refuges of foreign lies, and swept her fair dominions for ever of the baneful traditions of the Napoleonic incubus. Italy is no more, as Garibaldi characterized it with bitter scorn, "a French province." In the face of a national debt of two thousand six hundred and thirteen million francs, the Italian Chambers cheerfully vote a naval budget of forty-six millions "to put the fleet in a condition to maintain in their integrity the new and great interests of Italy in the Orient." Significant language! Greek and Italian consuls began in common to preach a crusade against all the Turks in the Balkan Peninsula as soon as the sultan commenced withdrawing troops for Candia. "The heart of Italy is with you," wrote Garibaldi to the Cretans, and the government set its official seal upon the word by refusing to detain volunteers for Crete.

And now we arrive at last at a consideration of the interest of the Greeks in this matter, whose claim, however, European statesmen generally audit after every other. If, under the teachings of modern Chauvinism, we accept

the hateful doctrine proclaimed by Napoleon on New Year's Day, 1867, that "the influence of a nation depends on the number of soldiers it can summon under arms," how stands the argument, then, between Greece and Turkey? Let no Austro-German or English sycophant flaunt in our eyes the idle boast that the sultan has iron-clads, breech-loaders, Armstrong cannon and eight hundred thousand effectives. What boots it? If the newspaper correspondents did publish many Munchausen bulletins in the Athenian journals during the Cretan war, and narrate several circumstances which smacked strongly of the tremendous adventures of Major Gahagan, and if Crete itself does belong to the famous Kappa-triad of the liars of antiquity (Kreta, Kilikia, Kappadokia), nevertheless the Cretans can be content with the admissions of the Turks themselves. Innumerable months did they drag out their infamous campaign in that unhappy island, and accomplished—what? They gained one side of the island and lost the other, reduced the plains to a blackened and bloody desert, murdered seven hundred and fifty women and children, diminished their own army from forty-five thousand to fifteen thousand, consumed in advance the enormous tribute due from Egypt up to 1871 inclusive, and then went out into the hedges and byways and drummed together a crew of traitor fishmongers and snake-charmers, to whom they gave a free pass to Constantinople and back to make a "treaty of peace"! The Turks cannot complain of civil interference at home, for absolute power was in the hands of Mustapha Pasha, the best military head in the empire.

And then that daring little craft, the "Panhellenion" (*Sheitan vapori*, or Devil's ship, as the Turks well called it), running the blockade fifteen times within four months, with a new commander every time, that the Greek captains might get in practice; escaping scathless, though thirteen Turkish steamers were specially commissioned to run it down and sink it; bringing off

women and children, and carrying supplies to the glorious defenders of the little island!—what honest American does not feel a thrill of pride in contemplating it?

But the Greeks have a more noble interest in the Oriental question than any that founds itself on mere military success—more noble than any sickly Parisian sentimentalism of nationality or Viennese selfishness of commerce—more sacred than Russian schemes of aggrandizement, Prussian dreams of power on land or Italian visions of empire at sea,—the interest of race, of religion, of justice, nay, of self-preservation.

First, as to race. Göhlert, the best and latest authority, says the population of European Turkey is 15,242,000. Of these, only 700,000 are Turks, of whom only 200,000 are in Constantinople; and the entire race is constantly decreasing, from their abominable and unmentionable social crimes. On the score of nationality, then, the claims of the Turks to rule disappear at once. Göhlert distributes the remainder as follows: Bulgarians, 4,000,000; Wallachs, 4,450,000; Greeks, 1,200,000; Albanians, 1,500,000; Bosnians and Croats, 1,100,000; Servians, 1,500,000; Montenegrins, 92,000; Gypsies, Jews, Circassians, etc., compose the remainder. Greece itself has 1,330,000. Add Greeks and Albanians together (for Hahn and Camarda have proved them to be of the same origin, and they coalesce), and we have 4,030,000; so that, on the score of race, the sovereignty would still fall to the Wallachs. But add the Greeks of the Archipelago (2,500,000), and those along the shore of Asia Minor, who ardently desire to be united to Greece (2,000,000), and the Greeks would then have a right to the empire, for they would number 8,530,000. A Greek empire could be formed in the shape of a crescent along the two shores of the Ægean, with all the thousand island-stars included within its horns, and Stamboul for its capital, which would contain twice as many Greeks as people of any other national-

ity, and more Greeks than of all others together. Albania is fierce and warlike, but Greek in its sympathies, and slowly becoming Greek in its language; Thessaly and Epirus are Greek; Macedonia is well affected toward the Greeks; Bulgaria is intensely stupid and sluggish, and would accept their government as readily as any; the Danubian Principalities, being in the great valley of that river, will naturally fall to the future Magyar empire; likewise Servia.

Second, as to religion. Among the fierce and fanatical, or besotted and priest-ridden, populations of European Turkey, community of religious belief is, if possible, a more potent and necessary bond of union than even nationality. The ancient creed, "He is a Greek who holds to the Anatolian Dogma," would erect European Turkey, the western coast of Asia Minor, Greece and the Archipelago into a Greek empire by a preponderance of worship. There are only 3,000,000 followers of Mohammed in European Turkey, and their number is constantly diminishing. Urquhart estimated them at 4,500,000 in 1830; Boué, at 3,500,000 in 1840; and Göhlert, at 3,000,000 in 1867. Aside from the Turks themselves, it is only the higher classes in Bosnia and Bulgaria, and the warlike mountaineers of Albania (called the Arnauts), who accept the Moslem religion. The Catholics have only three archbishoprics in Albania (Durazzo, Antivari, Skopia); and the lower classes of Bosnia are almost universally Greek, as the Catholics themselves know since Hilferding traveled there. The Catholics have only one bishopric and some Franciscan cloisters in that province. A vast majority of the Bulgarians are Greek, in their beastly and besotted way. In Constantinople itself the Greeks number nearly two-thirds as many as the followers of Islam, being so numerous and powerful that the sultan feels it necessary to provide for the splendid salary of their Patriarch from the public treasury, and receive him in solemn audience upon the occasion of his appointment. To sum up, then: in Greece and Eu-

ropean Turkey the Greeks number 12,030,000; the Mohammedans, 3,000,000; and the Catholics, only 1,142,000.

As to religious feuds in European Turkey, it is not true, as the Austrian Ultramontanes assert, that the Greeks are apostatizing to Popery, for the Greek Church is strong enough to wrench from the sultan better protection for its communicants than the Catholics enjoy. The upper classes of Bulgaria sometimes protest against the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople and his authority, but this is to please the Turks, not the Catholics; and the masses dedicate what little besotted energy they have to St. Demetrius and Old Mother March. Only let the hated Turks attack a Greek convent, as at Sistova, and the Bulgarian peasantry demonstrate quickly enough, with their lives even, who has their sympathies. The fierce Albanian mountaineers are nominally Mohammedan, but they are true to their blood and fraternize with the Greeks, while they rush with almost frenzied joy to battle with the Turks. There is an undying hostility between the Greek and Catholic Slavonians in Servia and Croatia, but that would fall to the inheritance of Austria, rather than to our proposed Greek empire. French Lazarist monks and Greek bishops leave much to be desired in urbanity of intercourse, and the relations between Miridites on the one hand and orthodox Papas on the other are not a model of brotherly love. The Shernagerzians sometimes quarrel with their neighbors because the latter do not see fit to snip off the ends of their noses; the Arnauts, because they have not a delicate perception of the right of *meum et tuum*; the Turkish peasants, because their Koran allows them four wives. But this is no worse than that the Germans of Geneva should beat out the brains of six men, and wound twenty more, on election-day, because part of them lived on the left bank of the Rhone and part on the right. It is hardly worse than the superlative absurdity of the Frankforters, who refused to send to the North German Parliament a

man who had averted from them the twenty-five million "war-contribution," because, forsooth, he was born in Cologne and was a "foreigner!"

The Greeks in the days of Demosthenes, unhappily, were not harmonious; so was not the English Heptarchy once; but England is not solidier to-day in fact than are eight million Greeks in wish. From the day when Agamemnon, *anax andron*, led the "long-haired Achæans" to battle under the walls of Troy, to the present hour, there has lingered in the thoughts of all Greeks the grand dream of a conquered Asia; and they could conquer all they want of it to-day if the protecting powers would hold aloof. As in the days of St. Paul, when the man of Macedonia stood and called across to him, so now the Greeks on either side of the Ægean, and on all its hundred isles, stretch out their hands to each other and cry, "Come over and help us." The researches of Reinhold, Hahn and Camarda have demonstrated a common origin for the Ionic, Doric and Æolic races on the one side (Greek), and the Illyrian, Macedonian and Epirotic on the other (Pelasgic). The best culture of ancient Greece did not begin till the Pelasgic branch overran and occupied the Peloponnesus. When united, these two branches have made an illustrious history, but when separated, as they are studiously kept by the Turk, they are powerless. Camarda, although an Albanian (Pelasgic), says: "It is a peculiar fate, and it appears like a special providence, that these two twin races in their separation from each other have not been able to effect anything of great significance in history; but perhaps it will be permitted them again, united, to exert a powerful influence on the history of mankind."

A very favorite sneer of the Austro-Germans, as of other Europeans, at the capital of unhappy Greece, is "the bankrupt of the Iliissus." But people who walk on tight-ropes should not be too anxious to sell their neighbors chalk. According to the latest statistics I have, the debt of Austria is at the rate of

\$39.50 for every man, woman and child in the empire; that of Italy is \$21; while that of Greece is only \$8.75! The heavy debts of Italy and Greece are explained by the fact that they are recent governments, which came up amid the throes of revolution and war; but what explains the debt of Austria? If the Greeks have not yet learned to be as good financiers in public as in private life, they are at least as good as the Austrians, and infinitely better than the Turks, notwithstanding the latter are forbidden by the Koran to contract debts. Surely no people on earth except those who took the Confederate cotton bonds could perpetrate the amazing folly of fighting at Inkermann and at Balaklava to uphold a government whose scrip they will take only at a discount of seventy-one per cent.

One of the strongest bonds of this proposed Greek empire would be its language. Modern Greek is spoken more purely in the Phanariotic quarter of Constantinople than in Athens itself. Greek is the French of the Levant, the language of culture, of commerce and of literature, alone cosmopolitan. The Moslems are expressly forbidden by the Koran to learn any foreign language except Arabic, and for four hundred years there were no interpreters for the Sublime Porte but Phanariotic Greeks. Notwithstanding the fact that Turkish is the language of the court, of religion, of law and of the nobility, the Turkish empire has three Greek newspapers to one in Turkish or Arabic.

The Greeks are too fond of city life and of trade and commerce to be eminently successful in self-government or in any kind of government, for that success requires a great reserve of rural virtue and steadfastness to countercheck the corruption of cities. But they have at least attained to the form of popular elections and representative assemblies, and it were pitiable indeed if they could not govern as well as do the Turks with their sabre regime. As for their policy toward the brigands, alas, alas! they leave much to be desired. But let it never be forgotten, while the English

are filling the world with clamors over the bodies of some murdered lords, that it is the infamous, rotten, slave-driving power which their bayonets maintain on the Dardanelles which makes the extirpation of brigandage impossible. If the Greeks make a movement against them, they have only to flee across the border. Italy could do nothing against the brigands while it was split into twenty states, and even until this year these villains have found secure retreats in the very basements of Roman castles, whence they could sally, and to which they could return and be inviolable. If we should say that the Turkish authorities purposely harbor the fleeing brigands in order to bring odium and disaster upon Greece, it would not be a hazardous assertion.

If there is corruption profound and hopeless in every branch of the Greek civil service, it is not worse than the Russian, for the Greeks, though they have an unenviable notoriety for sharp and unscrupulous practice, are not equal to the Russians in straightforward thievery. And what are all the corruptions of the civil administration, even the most flagrant, compared to the unspeakable rapacities of the Turkish governors, which make the people of the provinces cry out, when they hear a new one is appointed, "Pray let us retain the old one, for he is full"?

And now, at last, let us ask, What has Europe to hope from a continuance of the Islam power? French and English fawning sycophants, following in the train of visiting princes, have regaled us, *ad nauseam*, with descriptions of the gorgeous Oriental palaces, glittering retinues, obsequious slaves, flashing jewelry and magnificent entertainments (a poor pension for the widows and orphans of the "six hundred"); but do these persons forget that they can scarcely lay their finger on a single item of that which really constitutes Western progress which is not in terms forbidden by the Koran? Turks are forbidden to follow painting or sculpture, to learn a foreign language, to allow foreigners to teach in their

schools or even drill their armies (Prince Charles had to procure special permission from the sultan to bring in enough Prussian officers to instruct his army, and sent them away directly their task was done), to sell land to foreigners or allow their testimony in the *tidjarets*. They have pretended to translate three school-books from French and English, but specimen re-translations show that the "knowledge" they impart is worse than ignorance itself. To the anger of the dervishes, and at the imminent hazard of their souls' salvation, some Turks have learned a smattering of French, but about the only result is that the newspapers lie more glibly. Twenty-five years ago, there were only two journals in Constantinople, while there are now nearly thirty, but there are seven or eight in profane tongues to one in Turkish. The adoption of European costume does not extend beyond Constantinople, and its principal benefit there is, that the thinner veils offer less inducement to love-intrigues, and curtail somewhat the almost universal infidelity of which Lady Mary Wortley Montague accuses the Turkish wives.

And what has been the fruit of the great Hatti Humaïum of 1856, the so-called "Magna Charta of the Christians of Turkey," in regard to which the Frank diplomatists made such a boastful flourish? It proposed to secure to foreigners the right to acquire real estate in Turkey; and in Constantinople, as a matter of fact, they have this right in a certain quarter, but simply by sufferance, and because they are too numerous to be ousted. Fuad and Aali have at last consented to the erection of a Bible-house. But twenty miles out of Stamboul the Hatti Humaïum is nothing; for, though the sultan and the provincial *vilajets* may acquiesce, the intense prejudice of the priests banishes all colonists. Our colony at Jaffa perished by its own folly, but the Austrian at Burgas was literally starved out by the fanatic dervishes. It is notorious that the testimony of a Christian is inadmissible against a Moslem, even in Constantinople, except at the pleasure of the

judge, who in allowing it exposes his soul to the torments of hell-fire. The Turks have thorough Asiatic impenetrability to all conceptions of justice; they know no government but that of the sabre; they regard every concession as something lost in a moment of weakness, to be regained at the first opportunity. For instance, the Christians of Syria some years ago made a compromise with the authorities, paying a sum of money as a special tax in lieu of army service. This exempted them for a year or two, but presently they began to be drafted again, and now they do full service and pay the tax besides. In the district of Ismid, hard by Constantinople, the peasants were disabled, by three successive failures of the crops, from paying the crushing taxes, whereupon the officers seized their ploughs and asses, so that they could pay no taxes at all.

The last refuge of the apologists of barbarism is, that Turkey is necessary as a foil to Russia. There is not a more mysterious and stupendous farce in Europe than that same portentous solemnity and ponderousness with which Russia—does nothing; neither is there anything more excessively ridiculous than the ease with which astute diplomats allow themselves to be humbugged and scared by that vast human iceberg, which can do no harm unless men dash themselves against it.

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves."

Said the great emperor to his stepson, when he made him king of Italy, "Keep your mouth shut, and people will think you are a philosopher." On the same principle Russia has become a nightmare to the world simply by doing nothing. From Charles XII. down to Bonaparte, everybody has wandered through Russia at his pleasure, but nobody ever did any hurt, because he could find nothing in the vast emptiness to hit, and so killed himself at last, like the man who struck at an empty sandbag.

It is the one standing and indelible infamy of European diplomatists that they have maintained that ineffable rottenness and insult to Europe on the Bosphorus to protect them against this mighty bogey, and kept the Greeks from their inheritance. The African idolater prostrates himself before a beast, and when it cannot help him he beats it. What do European statesmen better? They set up an image to protect them, and pray to it to deliver them from the Northern Bear: it is dumb, and they beat it. It cannot save itself, yet, when they have beaten it, they pray to it again.

If, indeed, it be absolutely necessary to maintain a power for that purpose, then let the form alone be changed. Stratimirovitch, the greatest statesman of Servia, sets the whole matter in the clearest possible light. "The true significance of the Oriental question," he says, "is in general entirely misunder-

stood, and in the few places where it is understood utter silence is maintained toward the people. Europe, especially the western part of it, has the greatest interest in maintaining in the Orient a state organization that shall be able to preserve a balance between the Slavonic North and the Romanic West. Such a state is Turkey—*i. e.*, the group of peoples that make up the present Osman empire. . . . In this we agree with the Western and Central European cabinets entirely. But that in which we differ from them is in respect to the form—*i. e.*, we wish the state in the East which is to keep the peace of Europe to be a Christian and federal one, while there are certain cabinets who wish to continue its existence as an Islam power. . . . The Oriental question consists in nothing but a change of the governing elements, and not in any remodeling of the geographical elements."

STEPHEN POWERS.

A TRIP TO DAHOMEY.

I.

"NOW this is what I call jolly! I don't wonder a bit that the poets are for ever singing of sailing on a summer sea. It's the true *dolce far niente*, my boy."

This was what the doctor said as we were running down the West African coast about midway in the month of June, with a splendid bit of wind out of the westward. All day we had been bowling away, close-hauled, with every rag of canvas out, making about twelve knots an hour. Our hammocks were swung upon deck, under the shade of a great awning, and there we rocked and talked, slept and drank our claret; I, to the utter disgust of the doctor, mingling my tippie with short pulls at a flask of diluted palm wine that hung beside me.

"Yes," was my response, "if you make a sure thing of that same summer sea for a permanent engagement. But for my part, Doc, while the thing is going on, I must confess I don't see much poetry in a blow like that of Tuesday last. It's all very fine to poetize on when over, but confoundedly earnest while in progress."

"Pooh!" was his contemptuous answer. "When I was down the coast in '47—"

"Now, Doc, I protest! Didn't we make a bargain that no more hard stories were to be told after we hauled out of Freetown harbor?"

The doctor clapped the claret bottle to his mouth with a long grunt, and was silent. I had no direct wish to break

off his story, but the truth was, that on the previous Tuesday night, when we were all in serious doubt whether the good brig Maria would weather out the effects of a tremendous norther, the doctor did not come up to the mark as a first-class seaman. Of his medical skill and his good honest heart I never had doubts, but of his courage there were sad misgivings. On the night in question there was good reason for fear, and I liked very little to hear afterward its perils underrated. Our skipper, with twenty years' experience on the coast, and a strong suspicion of having once been a slaver, declared it the heaviest blow he had ever seen. Without an inch of canvas spread we went plunging on through a sea white with foam at a rate that would have put an express-train on the Hudson River Railroad to shame. Sometimes I thought we were not *on* the sea, but going through it direct, perhaps to come out on the other side, where the fine weather was. I had good reason for this hypothesis, from the fact of our diving bodily into a great mass of foam, and rising, with a long, shivering moan, divested of everything that lay loose upon decks. It was my first experience on the West African coast, and it was a baptism that I am confident will never be forgotten.

The brig Maria was a staunch Eastern-built craft, of three hundred and sixty tons, and was cleared from the port of New York for Sierra Leone or a market on the West Coast. It was not under the expectation of a market that I had taken the vessel into Sierra Leone—or Freetown, as it would be more proper to call it—but simply that we might water and take in whatever might be necessary for the down trip. Our leading point was trade at the stations along the Gold Coast—to pick up, in exchange for our cargo of rum, tobacco, fancy dry goods, gunpowder, muskets and Yankee notions, all the ivory, palm oil, hides, gold, and other knick-knacks, exclusive of "niggers," that could be had. Be it known that we were lawful traders—commodities that are generally supposed to be scarce on that West Coast.

Our good brig carried rather a mixed assortment of humans, as well as a mixed cargo. Not to be modest, there was, firstly, myself, by my own impudence and the grace of the owners supercargo of the brig.

Next in the list came the doctor, a good-natured, boasting Englishman, who by some strange taste made one of our party without any definite duty or purpose. I had often questioned the doctor as to his motive in embarking on so singular a trip as the present, but my questions, though answered freely, always ended in the one response, that "he had come aboard." The simple fact was, that the doctor had more money than he had time to spend it in, and was consequently *blasé*. He had been on the coast many years before, when a younger man, as surgeon on board of one of Uncle Sam's ships, and having suffered from the fever and various others mishaps which ought to have kept any other man away for life, he had returned to the only place where he believed he could get up a sensation.

Next on the list came the captain—a tall, wiry, slab-sided New Hampshire man, totally impervious to all weather and equally cool under all circumstances. I am confident that Captain Jonas Cook, had he been present at the earthquake of Lisbon, would have taken up a good position, chewed tobacco and made an accurate calculation, to a hair, what price he could afford to pay for the ruins that he might make a safe speculation on them. I have heard many men swear in my lifetime, but I confess that I never heard the rival of Captain Jonas Cook. He did not swear from anger. There was no flush upon his face or frown upon his brow. He swore as a flowery political orator would address a crowd. There is not an oath that ever was invented, in all the languages under the sun, that Captain Jonas was not familiar with. He could swear at every man in his own tongue, and with a volubility that put all answer at defiance. They did say in the fore-castle that the captain swore at a mark a hundred yards off, and hit it

every time. Outside of this our skipper was a good fellow, and quite as ready to join us in a drink as anybody, so long as the liquor was not his own.

Then our mate. He insisted on being called "first officer" and "*Mr. Evans.*" Evans was a Londoner, with a strong cockney twang and something of a stutter, which made it oftentimes a matter of painful uncertainty whether he would get his order out before it was executed. The men understood this failing so well that it was always a matter of peculiar pride with them when by the exercise of their powers of perception they could anticipate his commands, as thereby they excited *Mr. Evans* to the highest pitch of frenzy, sending him dancing about the decks with his cheeks puffed like a great scarlet bladder. When at last the words did come, they came like an avalanche, tumbling one over the other and bearing everything before them. On the whole, *Mr. Evans* of London was rather a favorite, especially when in a state of repose.

There was no one among the crew of a marked character or worthy of notice, with the exception of a Krooman we had taken in at Freetown, who had attached himself especially to me, and watched with a quick and jealous eye my every movement, that he might anticipate my wants. Accoo was a bright, lively boy, who, according to his own account, had been engaged in a little of everything. He had been up the coast on slave-stealing expeditions, and he had helped ship the living cargoes by canoe through the everlasting surf that extends all along the Gold Coast. Accoo, as I afterward had occasion to test, was a proficient, even among his skillful countrymen, in this accomplishment. The frail canoe, made from a few shreds of bark and reeds, seems too slight to bear even the weight of the one man who propels it. The Kroos, with the same confidence that a boatman would feel plying upon a placid lake, send their tiny craft flying into the boiling surf. If it chanced to upset, this is looked on as a matter of course: the black head is seen popping about amid the white

foam for a few moments, and then, quick as lightning, the canoe is righted, the Krooman springs to his place, and away he goes.

Accoo was rather a talented specimen of his race. He spoke English with tolerable correctness, to say nothing of two or three of the dialects of the country, and informed me, with some pride, that though his name at home was Accoo, he had received a new name since, and was now known to all traders coming on the coast as the "*Dukey Wellington,*" which name, he begged me, if it was not too much trouble, to call him by. I compromised this matter with *Mr. Accoo* by agreeing to recognize him from that time forward as "*The Duke.*"

We had one passenger, a Londoner, whom we had picked up at Freetown, and to whose presence the public will please lay all the blame of this record. This gentleman came on board bearing the patronymic of Brown, but before we had got well out of the harbor our New Hampshire captain had by some means, known only to New Hampshire men, found out, as part of the history of *Mr. Brown*, that he had once, during a prolonged residence in some of the rural districts of Great Britain, held the office of major in a volunteer corps. The result of this inquiry was, that *Mr. Brown* soon lost his name, and rather to his own satisfaction was rechristened "*Major.*" In this instance it is my firm belief that *Mr. Brown* endorsed the American fashion of a handle to the name.

The major, I have said, is blamable for this record. Let me explain how. He was bound on some mission to the king of Dahomey. What that mission was, to the end of our career in company I never was able to discover. I only knew that *Mr. Brown* had applied, while we lay at Sierra Leone, for a passage on board the brig to the nearest landing-place to the river Lagos. I stated to him the difficulty, which was that, being on a trading voyage, the delay might be very great before we reached that point. *Mr. Brown* did not care. He had been two months at

Freetown waiting for a proper chance, and he would go, taking the risks of delay; and accordingly Mr. Brown came on board, bag and baggage—the latter a pretty heavy lot.

Our passenger made no secret of his destination, but not even to the captain's inquisition would he impart the nature of his errand. Whether it was to demand the hand of the young princess for one of the European scions of royalty, or to negotiate a secret treaty for the reopening of the slave trade, it was alike wrapped in impenetrable mystery. The major, like a good fellow as he was, told all that should have satisfied our curiosity, displayed the presents he was carrying to His Majesty, and ended, before he had been on board three days, by inviting us, individually and collectively, to accompany him to the capital of the kingdom, the city of Abomey, a place which the major had once visited, and which he described as a city of superior attractions and fifty thousand people. On my part the invitation was accepted without hesitation. The doctor was not so rapid. He could not altogether make up his mind to penetrate a hundred and fifty miles into the interior without an assurance of something stimulating. I believe it was not until the major had related that he was once present when His Majesty had got up a grand *battue* and slaughtered some two hundred of his subjects, that the doctor consented to go.

That evening the captain took me confidentially into his state-room, and after producing a bottle of Jamaica—the first chance I had yet got at his "stores"—asked whether I was in earnest in my resolution; and on my declaring myself immovable on that point, he held *in terrorem* over me all the bugbears his imagination could suggest. Not the least of these was the probability of fever, coupled with the certainty of death if I should fall sick in the upper country. The next was the chance of falling into the hands of some of the bush tribes, who would hold me for ransom; and last, that far-off terror

of the mariner who is entrusted with the wealth of another, "the owners." It was all of no use: I had determined whenever the brig reached the Bight of Benin to run as far into the river Lagos as possible, and there to let her remain while I went up to call on the king, taking with me the captain and the doctor for company. From this arrangement the skipper dissented with a terrible horn of Jamaica, and a string of oaths that must have made the fore-castle men jump if they heard but the echo.

This was the state of things on that same June morning as we swung in our hammocks, the *Maria* rolling through the water at a stunning pace. We had all begun to feel the lassitude of the coast, though up to this time there had not been any excessive heat, such as we knew was coming and afterward experienced to our hearts' content. The greatest heat we had felt so far was while lying at Freetown, when the thermometer stood at 110° Fahrenheit. Now we had the fresh western breeze, and nothing to complain of. Occasionally we ran in until the long line of white sandy shore was in view, here and there broken by some scorched, fierce gray rocks. We never came within sight of shore that Kroomen did not spring as it were from the very hollow of the wave. They were everywhere. In those little paper nut-shells they came, even when the shore-line was down upon the horizon, bringing us fish and yams, fruit and game. While the brig was tearing through the water in a way that would effectually have dismayed any other boatman from attempting communication, the shout of the Krooman would be heard, the Duke, with an alacrity beyond description, would have a line, which he kept in constant readiness, aboard the little craft, and in less time than I have taken to tell it his countryman would be on deck, chatting away, and giving as much news in five minutes as the fifteenth edition of an evening paper. A bottle of rum, a roll of tobacco or a bit of white cotton cloth would send the ad-

venturer away happy, leaving behind him as many fish or yams as were needed for all on board for the day. Small recompense was his for so great an apparent labor and peril.

Few and far between were the sails flitting across our path for the first few days out from Freetown, but as we crept farther south they came faster. The trader, going steadily on her way, saw the American, English and French men-of-war bearing down on every sail that passed, and scanning it carefully over, or perhaps following for days in its track. Then there was the rakish-looking craft, with a quiet, sleepy, creeping air, always running off with her best foot foremost, or lounging lazily about, as though she had just come upon the coast to idle away a month or two, and behaving as innocently as possible.

There is something rather amusing in the actions of the different vessels upon the coast. First, the eager, prying way of the cruisers. Then the sneaking, guilty look of those lean, long-legged schooners—the first on the continued watch for slavers, the last equally on the watch to ship a cargo and be off.

But I am going to see the king, and have no right to linger by the way. Fortune, I think, favored me this time, for at each station as we called along the coast nothing was scarcer than the very commodities we sought. Here and there we would pick up a little lot of ivory, a few ounces of gold, a few barrels of palm oil, or other trifles, but every one bade me keep on, and assured me that the farther I got down the coast the better would be my chance. With these assurances we kept on until, one Sabbath morning in July, we cast anchor at the mouth of the Lagos River, a spot once famed as the principal lurking-place of the slaver. In these days, when no civilized nation recognizes the slave-trade, and England and America have done their best by treaty and otherwise to break up all chance of its perpetuation on the coast, it may easily be supposed that the old system, so openly followed, of a trader building his bar-

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racoons and factories on the shore, has been done away with. At one time, not so very far distant but it is yet in the memory of young men, the slave-trader who had reached any point of prosperity would sometimes have a thousand negroes at one time in barracoons—which are simply large huts and sheds surrounded by a high fence—awaiting shipment. Now, whatever is done in the traffic is done direct from the interior: the negroes are brought by rapid marches to the coast, the vessel that is to receive them lies well off shore, and the cargo is shipped by the aid of the Kroomen and by small feluccas. Whatever is done must be executed with great rapidity and on an unguarded part of the coast by night.

The day on which we cast anchor at the mouth of the Lagos was one of intense heat. Everything was scorched and burned. The pitch from the seams in the decks was bubbling and boiling up, and the very planks seemed to shrink under the rays of the sun. The thermometer stood at one hundred and thirty-two in the coolest and shadiest spot on deck, and all hands, having rigged shelter, each for himself or in groups, lay dozing the day away. Labor during the hot hours is unthought of. From nine in the morning until four in the afternoon there is nothing but stagnation. Even the natives succumb to the influence, so that it would be strange if the white man did not. He sleeps and vegetates. He yields himself willingly to the great absorbing power of the physical nature around him, the lazy *insouciance* of everything. He sees the great wealth of tropical vegetation: he sees the crowds of apparently happy people living without labor, having no care for the future, and no want beyond what Nature supplies at every step, except those wants which they have been taught by the Europeans. The native craves rum and tobacco, and to obtain these he will work, an indolent, lounging work, just so long as is necessary to make palm oil, to gather a little grain-gold from the streams, or any other occupa-

tion that does not require too much exertion. These he will bring to the factory or station and exchange for stimulants or for a bit of cotton cloth, a musket or gunpowder. The day has gone by when he can be brought to exchange his valuable commodities for whatever the trader pleases to give him. He has learned to know the value of the articles he offers, and that value he will have or he will go elsewhere to those who will give it.

It is sheer folly to talk about the American or European doing anything toward bettering the condition of the negro race. White men do not go to Africa from any philanthropic motive. If we except those self-sacrificing men, the missionaries, they all go to make money, and make it they must in the shortest possible time. Men go, but they do not take wives and children. There is only the society of men with men, or the demoralizing mixture with the natives. A very few months and they yield to the enervating luxuriance of the climate. They feel no incentive to exertion. Fever perhaps breaks down the animal forces, and the white man falls naturally into the mere vegetable: he eats, he drinks and sleeps, losing all interest in the outside world, except as it acts upon his personal comfort.

The first act of the major on dropping anchor was to get ashore and send two of the fleetest runners the country could produce to the king, announcing his arrival. This act convinced me that His Majesty at some past time had known something of the major. There was a confidence in all that gentleman's movements which showed he knew his position, and felt that the king was looking out for him and would be glad to see him. These runners were pledged to reach Abomey in six days or sooner, and might be expected to return before we set out.

Twelve days flew by before circumstances allowed our little party to think of their journey. The first drawback was commercial. There were ivory, gold, hides and beeswax at the factories near, and it was but policy, in the

scarcity of these articles at other places, to secure all that could be got. To this end I sent out my brokers, and in less than a week the goods came pouring in from every quarter, and the greater portion of the cargo was made up. But there was still a necessity for more, and this salvo I particularly laid to my conscience, congratulating myself that the deficiency in my cargo could be made up by my journey, and at one and the same time I should be pleasing myself and serving "the owners."

Everybody was now ready but the major, who was down with a slight touch of the fever—not enough to be dangerous, but quite enough to keep him from traveling. On the breaking out of this fever he was loth to trust himself in the hands of the doctor, preferring rather to call in some of the women-nurses from the native villages. This the doctor would not allow, and, by way of assuring the major of his ability to take the case in hand, promised to treat him according to the system of the native school. In this we were all called to assist, and to the major's entire satisfaction we put him through a course of sweating and dosing that proved his physical endurance beyond all question, and set him so completely on his legs that he declared himself a better man than ever.

Before the major was up and stirring the runners had returned, bearing a string of messages from His Majesty longer than a Presidential missive, the most important part of which was that we need not provide ourselves with guides and bearers at Lagos for land-travel, as His Majesty would despatch all the men necessary to meet us at a certain point on the river, from whence we could strike westward to the city of Abomey. Twelve men and an officer of the household of the king accompanied the runners on their return, adding assurances of most distinguished consideration, and their readiness to go with us up the river and point out the spot for debarkation.

Then was there hurrying to and fro along the river, with anxious faces every-

where. The negro can do nothing without noise. Even those who were not concerned directly or indirectly in our embarkation joined in the shouting or beat tom-toms, and blazed away with their muskets. One enthusiastic individual, who possessed neither of these instruments of racket, appropriated a pig of rather healthy proportions, upon which he performed by catching the animal between his knees and holding on with a double turn to the ears. Amid all this the Duke was omnipresent. At one moment up to his neck in the river, bearing a laden canoe out to the waiting flotilla, at another clearing the inquisitive negroes away from too close proximity to the "stores," the Duke already began to show himself a valuable auxiliary: as a diplomatist I class him with Metternich and Palmerston; as a cook, with Soyer; and as a purveyor, with himself.

At last everything was on board, and the flotilla of canoes lay awaiting the Duke, who stood surveying the scene in a fit of meditation, as though something had been forgotten. At last, while the captain was letting out a farewell volley of oaths that paralyzed all sounds but that of the pig performer, the Duke, awakened as it were from his trance, cast one glance at the shrieking porker, and then with a ferocious dash made toward that object. There was a short struggle, a wonderful mixture of pig, Krooman and negro, yells, shrieks and hoggish remonstrances, and next moment the Duke came dashing through the waters, bearing the pork triumphantly on his shoulders. That pig was eaten before many days, but to this moment I cannot reconcile my conscience to the act, though the Duke vehemently asserted that he had identified the animal as part of my "stores."

At last we were away. Twelve large canoes, under the command of the Duke, made up our squadron. Mr. Evans had been left, much to his own satisfaction, in command of the brig. He had no desire for exploration. Our party therefore consisted of the major, the doctor, the captain and myself.

We each occupied a canoe of our own, with four rowers and our necessary stores, the balance of the flotilla being composed of the attendants and baggage, among which latter I had not forgotten to supply myself with a variety of articles such as I thought would be acceptable in the realm to which I was going—not only to the lords of creation, but to the gentler (I will not say fairer) sex also.

For the first ten miles there was a rivalry between our boats' crews for the precedence, each struggling to take the lead. The Duke stood, with his rather undersized form dilated to its full capacity, in the bow of my canoe, cheering and inciting the rowers to action, while I lay stretched at full length under the awning, reading and looking out upon the shore. We were passing through a line of the richest vegetation, vast groups of the baobab, the largest tree in the world, the date-palm and the mahogany. Covering the ground, and extending far up the trunks of the trees, were long, rank creeping vines and gigantic grasses, that with luxuriousness of growth touched the lower branches. The river in some places seemed to run through a mass of trees, their long sweeping branches dipping deep into the water, making a dwelling-place for millions of small shell-fish and land-crabs. I was feasting upon this gorgeous beauty, and likening it to that of a woman destitute of the warm light of intellect and possessed only of physical loveliness, when I heard a peculiar shout from the canoes behind, and a long grunt from my own rowers. I turned my head, and in a moment the excitement was explained. The Duke, in his anxiety to keep my canoe in advance of all others, had forgotten the perilous position in which he stood, and in some extra effort had lost his footing. My rowers were not to be stopped or dismayed by such a trifle as the disappearance of Mr. Accoo. They kept straight on, and as I turned my head that gentleman, having, after an exploration possibly as far as the river bottom, risen again to the surface, was

clambering into the doctor's boat, which was the farthest behind. No sooner had the Duke reached the same position in that craft as he had before occupied in my own, than he commenced the same encouragement to the doctor's crew. Their boat picked up rapidly under the treatment, and the race became rather interesting. My men pulled bravely, but the artillery was on the other side, and the doctor's boat gained fast. At last it crept slowly up, laying its bow over our stern: a few desperate struggles and we were neck and neck. Just at this moment the Duke gave one mighty spring, and landed safely back on the old spot from which he had so ignominiously tumbled. There was a long yell of horror from the doctor's boat and a shout of triumph and derision from mine, and we shot ahead, the motive-power being with us again.

I knew that this rivalry could not last long, nor did it. In little over an hour the negroes began to tire of the fun, and we went gliding up the river smoothly. I bade Accoo order the rowers to run quietly and reserve their singing and shouting for a while. I wanted to see the birds, of which the woods were full, but which, under the alarm created by the noise, would all fly before our approach. The doctor brought out his gun and we detailed a canoe as a retriever. The first bird shot was like the Irishman's—an antelope. We had reached the first opening on the shore we had seen for many miles, and as the head canoe rounded the point the beautiful little animal was seen drinking. As quick as thought the doctor fired, and the graceful creature made one spring, its last. As we proceeded the woods were full of life. We saw partridges and woodcocks, guinea-fowls and cranes, in hundreds. At each opening, as far as the eye could reach, there were swarms of birds gorgeous in color and many of large size. We saw the antelopes grazing in herds in the distance, with their sentinels posted, and the leopard stealing cautiously along the bank, looking sufficiently innocent to induce one to walk

confidingly up and stroke his beautiful coat. I cannot tell whether it is so in all cases, but to myself the fear of the beast of prey is greatly removed when seen at large in the forest. It only seems to present an aspect of the terrible while in the cage. Here and there was to be seen the harte-beest, sometimes singly, sometimes in herds, fierce-looking and immense, but harmless unless attacked.

As the sun began to sink we kept a bright lookout ashore for a spot to camp. It was not our intention to ask hospitality at any kroom. We had provided against this by bringing everything with us for camp service, and trusting nothing to the negroes, who recognize no power in this part of the country but that of superior strength. If we had come away trusting to them, scarcely a morsel of food would have passed our lips but would have had to be paid for ten times over. If, on the contrary, we made ourselves independent of them, they would proffer everything for a trifle of tobacco or a drop of rum.

Scarcely had we got ashore at the spot selected for our night's rest when we were surrounded by groups of natives from the neighboring krooms. These krooms are two, three or more huts gathered together, the social compact being entered into as much for defence against other parties as against the beasts of prey. In traveling, the location of a kroom may be known as far as the eye can reach by the appearance of the cocoanut palm tree, near which it is always built, this tree being meat, drink and everything else to the African.

The natives crowded around our encampment, watching eagerly the preparations for cooking, but without offering assistance. The Duke was major-domo, and with a long stick of not very delicate proportions kept back the inquisitive negroes. They were Koosies, a large and powerful tribe, and I sat in my hammock admiring the physical beauty of many of them. One girl, not more than thirteen, of great beauty, if the idea can be associated with the

color, stood apart from the groups looking with an air of deep interest at the white men. It was a sight she had perhaps never seen before. I watched her motions, which were grace itself. No superabundant clothing confined the play of her limbs—a strip of cotton cloth about the waist doing duty for all the elegancies of a Broadway belle. Yarada was a fully-developed woman, though only thirteen years old: in Africa it is not uncommon for a girl to become a wife at eleven and a mother at twelve. I looked at the girl admiringly, as I would have looked at any other thing of beauty, and it was not many minutes before she became aware of my observation. Ah! then what a study it was to watch the little airs put on by the Koosie belle! Yarada was as well versed in the masonry of the sex as if born with a white skin and brought up in Madison Square. There was no difference in the mode of action—the only difference was in the effect. I was not exactly in the mood to be charmed by Yarada, as I very freely told the old rascal who called himself her father, and who offered to sell her to me for the trifling price of a gun, a few pounds of powder and unlimited rum. I set the Duke to scourge the old scamp away from the spot, and after giving Yarada some very excellent advice on her general behavior in good English—which, as she did not understand it, she undoubtedly thought a love-story—backed up by the present of a gay little cotton shawl and a bunch of beads, which she did understand, I sent her on her way rejoicing.

It turned out as the Duke had predicted, that these Koosie warriors, finding we wanted nothing, were ready to supply us with everything at trifling rates. I was desirous to eat a meal cooked exclusively in the African style, and to this end the Duke, after buying sundry of the native offerings, impressed into his service several Koosie women, whom he set to work at different scullery occupations. One was busy picking the meat from the claws of the land-crab, another was engaged in

pounding groundnuts— or, as we call them, peanuts—in a mortar, the third making, with the aid of two knives very skillfully used on a board, a hash composed of the flesh of the antelope, mixed with shallots, okra and red peppers. I lay in my hammock watching the preparation, with a strong inclination to protest against the components; but, on second thoughts, I was to eat an African supper, and I judged it would be better to leave the cooks to follow the bent of their genius.

I was messing alone, under the superintendence of the Duke. The captain, the doctor and the major preferred the European style, and superintended for themselves. It was a strange sight to watch the culinary operations. There was as much bustle and jabbering as though the preparation was for an army, while our party of whites, four in number, swung listlessly in their hammocks and looked on. On the Duke devolved the task of managing the whole heterogeneous mass, keeping up the fires, looking after the preparation of food and the cooking, and last, though not least, beating back the natives that crowded in upon us. Yarada had returned to her kroom, and paraded, to the admiring gaze of the belles, her cotton shawl and beads, and the result was that we bade fair to have all the beauty of the Koosies around our camp.

At last supper was served, and I had a good opportunity to taste African cookery. First came soup made from the large black snail, a solid, meaty crawler, often weighing a couple of ounces when alive, making, prejudice aside, a most delicious dish when cooked with the pounded groundnut in the soup form. Next there was kish-kish, a hashed mixture of antelope meat with shallots, palm oil and okras, well seasoned with red pepper. Then came kata-kims, the meat from the claws of the land-crab, mixed with kan-kee, palm oil, red pepper—always red pepper—and tomatoes, after which it is baked. Kan-kee is a paste of the pounded maize, and answers as bread.

My curiosity was satisfied. I had

eaten an African supper, and my mouth, throat and stomach felt like a mass of fire. I groaned in very agony of spirit, and kept the Duke busy for hours bringing me draughts of claret and a weak dilution of palm wine. This palm wine is the sap of the palm tree, which, if drawn at night and used as soon as drawn, is a deliciously cool and fragrant drink; but if left to stand it ferments, and becomes an intoxicating beverage of great power.

At last the night settled down and silence reigned in the camp. The fires were kept burning, and four men as watchers sat beside them, heaping on fuel to keep off the animals. The chatter of the monkeys and the call of the tree-cricket, with now and then the distant screech of the hyena, were the sounds that lulled me to sleep—a good sound, wholesome sleep in the very midst of the African jungle, that spot where Death lies in wait to strike unerringly the white man who dares enter its bounds.

Before sunrise Accoo stood by my hammock, and awakened me with a can filled with the milk of the cocoanut, as clear as water and cool as though it had been kept on ice. We made a hasty breakfast, principally of fruit, and were away. Let me digress to give one word about African fruit. Whether it is the heat of the climate, and the dry, scorched condition of everything through certain months of the year, that give the peculiar charm, I do not know, but I am obliged to confess that never have I so enjoyed the flavor and delicacy of fruits as in Africa. The magnificent pine, the exquisite mango, the cream-fruit, the sour-saps and the sweet-saps, the paw-paw apple and the water-wine are all beautiful, bountiful and grateful.

On this day's travel we got more into the open country, and passed plantations of corn and cassava, fields of tomato, okra, besides other vegetables which from the distance we could not identify. Here and there we would glide by a kroom located upon the shore, sometimes a house or two with

considerable pretensions to architecture, built square of logs, thatched, and well plastered in with clay and mud, perhaps with an elevated piazza or balcony running all round it.

We were looking forward to reaching our point of debarkation long before sundown. The river was growing to be an old story, the very richness and magnificence of everything doing as much to satiate us as though our line of travel had been through a desert. It was one scene of perpetual life. When once the sea-shore lay behind us there was no scorched aridity. Wherever the forest opened were long lines of cultivated land or meadow in rich, luxurious green. There were flocks of cattle upon the cultivated slopes, and wild life on the wild lands; monkeys by thousands chattering and gibbering at us from every point; parrots with their shrill half-human calls, and the beautiful cranes, dipping to the water and away, casting the spray from their wings into our very faces.

The temptation to shoot was strong, but I repressed it, not only from my own repugnance to slaughter what we could not use, but in deference to the prejudices of the negroes, who refrain from taking animal life in any instance where it is not necessary. As strange as this may seem when stated in reference to a nation so bloodthirsty and setting so little value on human life as the Dahomans, it is entirely true. The negro consumes very little animal food, and his "fetish" commands him to spare the life of all birds and beasts save only such as he is obliged to kill from motives of safety or necessity. We had about mid-day a good opportunity to learn this fact. The rowers were pulling lazily along, chanting a dull, monotonous song, which the Duke was translating to me as he beat time upon the shells of the oysters he was opening—a rather good style of bivalves, of which we had brought a plentiful stock from the lower river. It was a tale of some fair maid of Abomey, the city of the king of kings, who loved a soldier, one who was very brave, but

unfortunately had not been able, up to that time, to get together enough skulls to set up housekeeping with. The result of this poverty was, that the "cruel parent" of the young lady was just on the point of making a trade for her with a more fortunate "operator," when who should turn up but the king himself! who—as kings do in fairy tales—soon settled the matter, perhaps by advancing the requisite number of skulls, and taking the gentleman's note for the amount. To go back to my starting-point: I was listening lazily to all this, and eating oysters, when a great grunt went up from the canoes, with a great splash in the water as an accompaniment. The Duke sprang to his feet and shouted *Koo-flah!* and in a moment the whole chorus of rowers broke in with the shout, *Koo-flah!* I cast my eyes in the direction to which all were pointing, and saw standing, half submerged, an immense hippopotamus, his head raised, his mouth wide open and his eyes staring, as I then thought, directly into mine. My gun was a fowling-piece, and at that moment loaded with shot. I was therefore a very ineffective enemy for the monster. The doctor was better provided, and with the click of his rifle the *koo-flah* shut his mouth with an ugly grunt and ducked under the water. He was struck, I was sure, in the very mouth, and with a shout of exultation both the doctor and myself urged our rowers to the pursuit. We could see the long line of swell where the huge beast was swimming under water, but to our astonishment the rowers absolutely refused to move after the retreating animal. On the spur of the moment I emulated the deeds of Captain Jonas Cook in language, and called my gondoliers cowards, sneaks, etc. When the excitement had cooled down, I was mollified by the explanation made by the Duke on behalf of the non-combatants, that religious scruples hindered them from attacking the enemy.

About three o'clock we came in sight of our port of entry. This was a village or kroom of no inconsiderable size, call-

ed *Dag-bee*, which is synonymous with *beautiful*. We were still among the *Koosies*, who flocked around us in hundreds, but it did not take long to perceive that they were much superior to those among whom we had encamped the night before. The farther the traveler in Dahomey gets away from the sea, the more the natives improve both in physical and mental characteristics. We were now among those who looked upon the white man as a being possessing more than human attributes. Many of them, however, had never before seen one, and watched our every motion with mouths agape and eyes staring wildly.

At the landing of *Dag-bee* we found our escort waiting—three officers of the king's palace and twenty-four attendants. The officers bore as their tokens of authority each a "king's stick," a rod acting like a free pass, and making its possessor a deadhead to every part of His Majesty's dominions. As we landed from our canoes, *Turondlee*, the principal "stick," a tall, muscular, white-headed negro, stepped forward to welcome us, which he did in a set speech, informing us that we were now in the kingdom of the greatest monarch upon earth; that this wonderful potentate had sent him to say that he would be glad to see us; and that he, *Turondlee*, hoped that we appreciated the honor, and were prepared to show it upon reaching *Abomey* by coming down with something handsome in the way of a present to him. This, at all events, was the construction that I placed on the winding up of the old fellow's speech as it was interpreted to us by the Duke, and I mentally resolved that whatever I might have to distribute in that way when I reached *Abomey*, none of it should go into the coffers of Mr. *Turondlee*.

After the speech-making was ended the "sticks" led us to a banquet prepared in our especial honor. We were taken to a large hut, unenclosed, where, with much ceremony and "after you, sirs," the party, consisting only of the dignitaries, was seated, while the mob

crowded around and watched eagerly. Then came the courses: first, a stew made from meat heavily flavored with garlic and served with little balls of baked sugar; then fruit, peeled and cut, of every kind, after which soup—a very palatable soup, dark and gravy-like. I watched the major and guided myself by his movements. He ate heartily of the soup, and I followed suit. When we had finished our bowl the major turned on me with the short, emphatic question, "How do you like that?"

"Very good," I answered. "What was it?"

"Monkey," said the major, laconically.

It was rather a shock, for though I was preparing my gastronomic powers for almost any surprise, I had openly confessed my objections to killing or cooking any of these half-human specimens. I shook off my prejudices, and candidly avowed that I had eaten worse things than monkey soup. Next came spitted and roasted parrots, destroying at a bite my belief that these birds were naturally tough and stringy. There was a peculiarity of flavor, which I was told came from the fact that the pepper-pods were just ripening, and the parrots feed greedily upon them—so greedily that at some seasons their flesh is unpalatable. My right-hand neighbor at the feast was one of the officers of the king, who had joined us at Lagos—a good-looking, courteous, gentlemanly fellow, to whom I took a great fancy, but who spoke not one word of English. He did not, however, seem deterred by this, and would give me a great deal of very useful information in pure Dahoman, which no doubt, if I could have understood it, would have been of great service. For a long while I bore his delicate attentions at dinner with a good grace, contenting myself by answering in any complimentary way that suggested itself; but finally, determined not to lose the good things he was saying, I despatched a messenger for the Duke, who was away on some flirtation with the belles of the kroom; and on his

arrival I installed him by my side as interpreter. After this I got on swimmingly with my friend See-dah-dah and the other dignitaries and "sticks."

The dinner was despatched; and as it yet wanted several hours to dusk, the major was urgent for a forward movement; but, in compliance with the advice of the guides, who doubted our being able to reach a kroom before nightfall, we decided to remain at Dag-bee for the night. Rejecting all offers of shelter in an enclosed hut, we had the shed under which we had dined cleared, and swung our hammocks and set up camp under its roof. When these preliminaries to our night's rest were complete, there was much talk among the chiefs and "sticks," and I soon saw that something was in the wind. See-dah-dah communicated to me through the Duke that if it was agreeable he and the remainder of our escort would do their best to amuse us with singing and dancing. Of course it was agreeable, and after some farther palaver, the entertainment opened with a dialogue, interspersed with songs, between one of the "sticks" and the chief of the kroom, which was intended to typify the arming and going forth to war, the defeat and pursuit of the enemy, the capture of prisoners, and, as a matter of course, their decapitation. Next came a party of six women, who went through a complicated dance, beating time on a species of rude tambourine. They moved slowly at first, but increased the rapidity in response to the grunts of the audience—now twining together in one compact mass, now swinging off to the extremity of the hut, now in a web of utter entanglement, now upon their knees, beating their tambourines and chanting wildly all the time; and then, at the very moment when I expected from the violence of their contortions to see these six maids of Dag-bee tear off the little clothing they wore, the dance ceased and the bayaderes vanished among the populace. After this Turondlee did something which consisted in sneaking stealthily around the assemblage three times,

whispering to himself, shaking a musket in an ominous manner, and performing a few gyrations in the centre, while he balanced the musket above his head. The Duke said he was hunting the lion, but I doubt whether he had ever seen a lion without running away. When our escort had furnished all the amusement they had to offer, I suggested to the captain that we should do our share, and that he should begin with a song. The captain, nothing loth, began roaring out "The Steam Arm," with all the accompaniments. At first our audience

bore it with wonderful gravity, no doubt thinking it a strong tragical ditty, but awaking to the fact that it was to be laughed at, they forced their risible muscles into action, and the captain closed the recital of the fall of the prison walls, "and out popped the arm," under the most terrific applause.

"Time to turn in," was the major's suggestion, on the plea that we were to "turn out" early, and in half an hour the whole camp was in a somnolent state, with sentinels set and watch-fires burning.

J. W. WATSON.

HATHAWAY STRANGE;

OR, THE SECOND OF JANUARY.

I.

CHAPTER I.

HATH AND MATER.

THEY said he had the right name, the girls of St. L——, but still they did not cease wondering at the coincidence of name and nature. The conclusion was easily arrived at that he might be a lineal descendant of Ann Hathaway, otherwise the unfortunate Mrs. Shakespeare; but the *Strange* part—where did he get *that*? Was it inherited, picked up or imported to suit the oddity who bore it?

And how did Hathaway Strange's name come to fit him so exactly? To an ordinary observer there was nothing strange in the physical man. He carried his head on his broad shoulders like common bipeds. He had two eyes only, and though they were, it must be admitted, generally half closed, he managed to see many things in a very clear light. He possessed the usual number of hands and fingers, and actually walked on his feet instead of his head. We must dig farther for the solution of our query, "Why was he Strange?"

Let us state a few commonplace facts in the history of this provoking puzzle, for such he was to the womankind of St. L——. Nor will we go farther back than his first appearance in the aforementioned city. At that time he was introduced to public notice as a genteel-enough-looking person, of a very decided business-despatch kind of manner, and was rarely seen beyond the range of the brown-stone front of the substantial banking-house of Drewry & Co. If, in those first years, he parleyed at street corners with his fellows, or nodded recognition to anything in the shape of woman, it never came to the knowledge of mortal.

In a crowd he was never seen, if we except the congregation of Rev. Mr. Breck. There, indeed, you might count to a certainty on meeting him, at precisely 10.30 A. M. on the first day of every week from January to December. Those who sat immediately behind him surmised that the poor fellow might be the victim of a painful Sunday crick of the neck, as he had never yet been seen

to turn his head from the right angle of Pew No. 27, let the attractions be ever so overwhelming, right or left, fore or aft. The service over, he threaded his way through the large or small congregation, the unobserved of all observers; for who is going to be for ever bowing to and looking after a deaf and dumb man? Are you not out of all patience with the fellow?

Let us leave him alone, "wrapped in the solitude of his own originality."

On the highest ground in the most beautiful street of the city stood a crazy, blackened building known as the "Jackson Corner." Perambulators on this fashionable promenade all said the same thing of the unsightly nuisance—"What a pity some of our long-pursed capitalists do not invest an idle twenty thousand in the improvement of this handsome spot!"

There it stood, year after year, the wretched cumberer of the lovely grounds. But it has numbered its last decade. The weather-stained veteran of fifty winter storms has gone down, vanished before the magic wand of internal improvement. Busy workmen ply their cheerful, noisy craft through the long spring and summer days succeeding, and on the ruins of the past uprises a model of architectural beauty and elegance. Carpenter and mason give place to plasterer and fresco painter; these, in turn, make way for the upholsterer and paper-hanger; while landscape gardener and conservatory florist give the finishing stroke of external embellishment.

To the oft-repeated query, "Who is to be the occupant of this palatial home?" no one seemed prepared to give a positive answer, and no two surmises agreed. But on the very first morning on which profound stillness had reigned since the initial stroke of demolition the wheels of an elegant phaeton rolled up the graveled carriage-way and stopped before the silent portal.

Hathaway Strange stepped slowly from the vehicle, as deliberately ascended the marble steps, adjusted a key

to the lock of the carved oaken door and pushed it gently open. Then returning to the carriage, he seemed carefully to lift a large black bundle from the back seat, and with the utmost solicitude assisted it to stand upright on the gravelly walk.

"Strange-looking young wife, that!" muttered Mrs. Seall, just over the way, as she stood behind the drawn curtains at her window, showing only her black peepers. "Fine cages don't always catch fine birds. It looks much more like his grandmother!"

The black silk bundle disappeared slowly from Mrs. Seall's eager gaze down the wide hall, and was most carefully deposited in a small but cozy chamber opening into a larger one. In each of these rooms a grate threw a rosy coal-glow on comfortable surroundings. In the smaller chamber stood, as if in waiting, the great cushioned, armed rocker, capable of being converted by simple machinery into an invalid couch. Into this repose-inviter our venerable bundle was tenderly ensconced. Even the small feet, muffled in woolen overalls, were assigned their places on the yielding footstool. The only effort the bundle essayed was a fumbling attempt to untie its hood-strings.

"Don't worry, Mater. That's my business," said the attendant; and the hood and numerous outside wrappings were removed.

By this time the contents of the rocker had begun to assume something of the contour of a female form.

A pair of soft gray eyes came into view from beneath the pure white crape cap border, but ere their expression could be caught they closed, and the head gently rested on the back of the chair, while the thin hands, by a slight movement, interlocked the fingers over the lap.

"Are you so very much fatigued, dear Mater? What can I do for you? Which of these do you take now?" said the anxious Hathaway, opening the traveling-bag he still carried on his arm, and rattling the contents—vials, silver cup

and spoon. His tall form stooped, and the trembling hands of his charge now rested on his hair.

"Oh, Hathey, God is so good to your poor old Mater! She could not trust Him to bring her to this moment, so faithless was she all the while; and yet he has done it, and you are at my knees again, my little Hathey—just the same! God bless and reward you, my boy!"

And he *was* the boy again—ay, even to tears.

"Now, Mater," said he, "promise me that you will not speak or move until you have slept a little or feel rested. I must run down to the *dépôt* for a very little while, to look after our baggage. Hetty will sit quite near you while I am gone." He touched his lips to her wrinkled cheeks, and walked softly out of the room.

Ah, she could sleep now—such a sleep as she had not known in long years: anxious care was for ever lulled in the perfect repose of his love and tenderness.

Hathaway Strange's father had come to his death by violence in the full tide of earthly success. From the fearful blow his fond wife never recovered, and by a quick consumption passed away, leaving two children, a son and a daughter, at the ages of four and six.

At the time of this terrible stroke a half-sister of the elder Strange was a member of his household, and in a few weeks was to have become a bride. But the brimming cup of happiness just touching her lips was put aside. She could not see the children of such a brother as she had lost left to the care of paid domestics; nor would she consent to impose what she feared might, in time, prove a burden upon him who would gladly have borne it rather than relinquish her and the happiness she would confer. Her future was plain before her—a life-consecration of thought, time, soul and body to rearing the motherless ones. But the girl, who had inherited the mother's frail constitution, faded away in her seventeenth year, and left the stricken brother

and aunt to find in each other their stay and consolation. Having his aunt to sympathize in his young griefs and share his lighter moods, Hathaway cared to form no other attachments. No lover, after long years of separation, ever hastened more promptly to the side of his charmer than did Hathaway to his aunt's in the college vacations. Since then he had nursed one darling thought—to make her a life-home of quiet comfort. He had no other incentive to effort, no higher aim of existence. In his eyes she was the sum of all perfection; and before the pure, steady radiance of his Mater's life and character—as unspotted from the world as Alpine snows—there was no court beauty but must have paled her ineffectual fires.

With practical good sense Mater combined a highly intellectual taste, and his conversations with her at night, after the distasteful duties of the day were over, were looked forward to with eagerness. Reading, as too great an effort for her feeble eyesight, he had interdicted, but this great source of pleasure to her he himself liberally supplied.

"I won't be so selfish as to make you talk any longer to-night," he would often say. "Which of your bookshelf entertainers shall I select for your hearing—Payson, Wilberforce or Robert Hall? Or may I, as usual, fall back on *my* charmer, past, present and future, the incomparable Hannah More?"

The health of Hathaway's beloved guardian had failed very sensibly in the last year—had given him cause indeed to fear that the new home would never know her presence. But the best medical attention, his devoted care of her and the recent change had inspired fresh hope.

One mild October afternoon, about three weeks after her arrival, she made, with his assistance, a tour of inspection through the house and grounds. To inaugurate the event he had ordered fires in the front and back parlors, dining-room and sitting-room. The brilliant hall chandelier threw its gaslight on statuettes and paintings, while flower-

vases full of rare exotics, brought with his own hand from the green-house, added their generous offering to delight the senses. The large oval tea-tray glittered with delicate china and an elaborate silver service, before which he placed her after their grand round, for the proud host was making a royal banquet on the first night his guest had honored his board. He knew that her invalid regimen would ignore all but her souchong and dry toast, but even that should not prevent the display of his commissary department stores. A cup of coffee at *his* table made by *her* hands was all that passed his own lips. The sumptuous meal was borne back untasted to the kitchen by domestics attired in their best in honor of this their first introduction to the newly-installed mistress of the house.

Now the two are at home again. Mater has suffered herself to be placed in her cushioned receptacle, and Hathaway is at his post, book in hand, for the hour's reading before evening worship.

With the book as yet unopened in his hand, Hathaway said, "Well, my Mater has complimented my taste in the general arrangement of hot-house, kitchen and flower-garden, but not a word has she given me about the house."

"Oh, Hathey dear, it is all so beautiful, comfortable and nice that I could find no words to suit it; and yet—it seems too bad—" She paused, then sighed, then took up her knitting-work, but did not go on.

"Too bad," said the other, "to drag you around when you were so fatigued! Are you so very tired?"

"Oh no, no! The exercise has done me good, and gives promise of a sound night's sleep; but I was thinking, wondering, wanting to ask you, all the while, what I wished to know so much—" Another break and a longer pause.

"Why, Mater, you make me very curious to have you finish. I fear you are not perfectly satisfied: you find something omitted, something lacking, after all. Now, please do be candid and let me know what it is."

A faint smile, almost the only one that had recently lit up her calm face, played around her mouth, and was caught up in a just perceptible twinkle by the soft gray eyes.

"Ah, you have already answered your own question: you have omitted something—just one thing."

"Seems to me, Mater, you are right. There is a lack which I too felt for the first time to-night. At first, I thought it was that we kept the house too dark, and that is the reason I ordered Henry not to turn off the gas in the rooms to-night. Please remind me to-morrow to direct him to let more sunshine through the south windows. And I was thinking, too, that we are a bit too quiet here. Why, do you know I can hear my mantel-clock ticking all through the house? I reckon that is why some people have canary birds and goldfinches hanging around in their pretty cages—to make a noise, you know. Well, I will get half a dozen to-morrow, Mater: see if I don't."

By this time the listener's smile had culminated into a little chuckle resembling a bona fide laugh. She dropped her clicking needles and looked straight into his serious, inquiring face:

"Singing birds are very well in their places, but, Hathey, my boy, has it never occurred to you that in a complete house-furnishing a *wife* is always taken for granted?"

"Oh, ho, ho, ho!" said or rather roared out the astonished house-furnisher, bringing both hands down on the book he held with a terrible explosive sound, throwing his head back against the chair and lifting his widely extended eyes to the ceiling. "A *wife* is it, Mater? And where do people get that piece of furniture? Is it kept in a dry-goods establishment? And how much does it cost?"—taking his purse from his pocket. "More than canaries? And will you tell me where to hang that kind of bird of Paradise?"

The smile was now all gone from her face, and, looking very much as a judge would in pronouncing a sentence of doom, she replied with impressive slow-

ness: "They are bought with love, my son, and hung in the heart."

"Neither of which can I spare from the present occupant and possessor," said Hathaway quickly and tenderly, kissing the soft, pale brow before him. "But if my Mater tells me such a bird sings in the topmost branch of the tallest tree that waves on the loftiest pinnacle of Chimborazo's peak, I'll have it if 'twill add one note of pleasure to *her* existence."

"Mater has a bird the music of whose voice, for her ear at least, you need not try to match. It is Hathey that needs a bird now, not Mater."

"I wonder how long it takes to get a wife?" exclaimed Hathaway, pensively, settling his chin on his bosom and looking into the fire as penetratingly as when he was contracting with his builders. "How many days did it take Cousin John Drewry to cage his Annie bird?"

"People do such things now so much quicker than was the case in my day that I cannot tell you exactly; but, at any rate, so far as your case is concerned, I don't think there is any time to be lost, Hathey dear. Let me see!" she added, musingly: "this is the third week in October. Hathey, I'll give you until the second day of January next."

He rose and drew out his watch: "It is your bed-time, and past, Mater. You wake, the first time, about five: will you just pull your bell-rope, that rings the bell over my bed, at that time? Now I will call Hetty to put you away for the night."

Then the Bible chapter was read to her, the nightly blessing invoked by her, he kneeling at her side while she still sat with low-bent head, and the good-night kiss was left with her.

After he was gone she reflected upon the solemn seriousness of his countenance, and almost regretted the conversation.

CHAPTER II.

HATH'S STYLE.

FIVE A. M. Not a whit too soon for Chimborazo's peak-climber. Indeed,

said climber was awake before Mater's bell tinkled.

Tinkle! tinkle! Hathaway fairly leaped from under the bed-clothes: the nearest window-sash was quite as desperately thrown up. In the gravel walk beneath a matin songster was getting his breakfast, pouncing greedily upon a worm.

"Ah, it is true," said he, "the early bird catches the worm. Wonder if the early bird can be caught so easily by the worm?"

There was also some despatch in the mysteries of his morning toilette on this occasion, and an extra glance at his wardrobe mirror as to the *tout ensemble*.

Save the usual cheerful morning greeting, "How is Mater finding herself to-day?" the breakfast hour passed mostly in silence. He paused once only during the matutinal meal and leaned back in his chair, knife and fork arrested in their office, while he gave a smiling glance at the head of the table, just to imagine how a "canary" would look up there, perched by the shining coffee-urn.

Breakfast finished, he strode rapidly through the hall, snatched his hat from the rack in passing, and with determined vim ground the unoffending gravel beneath his heel as he stepped quickly to the front gate, swung it open and walked hastily away.

Poor deserted Mater! She was sure now that the bird-talk had gone wrong. "He thinks I am discontented. I must not be so meddlesome after this."

And all during the day she lay pondering that hasty departure, and wondering what Hathey Strange's strangeness would evolve next.

As for that strange individual himself, he took an air-line course for the St. L— and M. R. R. Dépôt, bought a ticket, and in due time was deposited at M—, one hundred miles distant. An obsequious hackman was ordered to take him to the corner of Fourth and Cherry streets. Mounting the steps of a handsome private residence, he rang the front door bell, and to the polite

colored porter who opened the door, said, "I wish to see Dr. Hanney."

"He does not live here now, sir."

"Ah, indeed! Has he disposed of this place?"

"Well, not exactly, sir, I reckon. He just kinder give it up to Mas' Reuben, after he and Miss Sue were married."

"And who is your Mas' Reuben?"

But why should he wish to know who Mas' Reuben was if he had married Miss Sue? But some very natural occurrences *will* surprise us sometimes.

He was turning to recall the hack, when the waiter said, "Won't you leave your card and call agin, sir? The doctor usually drives in durin' the afternoon."

"No; it doesn't matter."

Doesn't matter, indeed, with our strange one, that he had lain awake half the night, ransacking his brain to think up a girl he knew, and had come a hundred miles to see her! As the playmate and visitor of his lost sister he remembered Sue Hanney. In fact, he had sent her a valentine on his return from college, and that was the utmost extent of his reminiscences in that way. In the mean time, he had not been getting married himself, and had never reflected that she might have been so occupied.

Straight back to the *dépôt* he goes.

"When does the down-train pass?" he inquired.

"In twenty minutes, sir."

In twenty minutes Hathaway Strange was speeding homeward, and at 8 P. M. sat down at the tea-table as quietly as if he had just stepped in from the office. Indeed, Mater thought such was the case, for he had placed two large red apples by her plate, saying, as he gently touched her white forehead with his lips, "I got these for you on my way home, Mater."

Everybody is supposed to have a "familiar," and if any one stood in that relationship to Hathaway, it certainly was Ben Hall. On the day succeeding Hathaway's unsuccessful journey he

was thundering at the barred door of his friend, just at the delicious hour when Ben was wrapped in the elysium of his morning nap: "Let me in—business!"

"Business hours, then, sir." Ben had recognized the voice.

"Let me in, I say! If you don't, I'll break the door down!" and a strong shoulder pressed so sturdily against the panel that the door did seem about to give way.

"Hold on there, Hathyerway, till I can get my eyes open and reach the bolt." Unbolting the door, Ben sprang back into bed, covered himself up and pretended to be fast asleep. The fashionable caller opened the door, walked in and seated himself on the side of the bed without saying a word, while Ben snored fervently.

"Ben, what girls do you know?"

That woke Ben. "What?" said he, sitting bolt upright with a suddenness of movement that indicated a galvanic shock. "What did you say, Hath?" laying his hand on his visitor's shoulder and giving it a good shake.

"I'm going to get married by the second of January, and wish you'd dress and help me!"

"All right, my friend!" replied Ben, lifting the cover quietly and moving gently out on the other side of the bed, while keeping his eye rolled around steadfastly toward his too-contiguous bedfellow—"All right! I'll do it. But look here, Hath: while I'm dressing just take an Havana and seat yourself by the table, and run over that calculation—old Skelton's chancery suit, you know. I found it pretty tough last night, and am not sure it's right."

Ben had a double purpose in view—first, by the complexity of calculation to test his friend's sanity; and second, to keep him busy and at a safe distance if *non compos mentis*.

Hath took the seat and cigar, and verified the calculation, his lips moving between his nonchalant puffs. When through with the task, he had filled a page of letter paper with figures.

Ben, having completed his toilette,

ventured near, and on comparing the two calculations found that they tallied exactly. "Now, Hath," he exclaimed, "what about the girls?"

"Well, I am going to be Mrs. Hathaway Strange by the second of January—no, somebody else is going to be her, and I'm to carry her home and hang her up to look at—no, to sit at the head of the table. But the trouble is, I don't know any young ladies, and if I did, I'm afraid I could not tell the birds—I mean the girls—from their mothers; and you know I wouldn't like to get them mixed up. Now, as I don't know 'tother from which in women-matters, and you know all of them, I thought you could tell me all about them, introduce me and give me such help as I need. You understand?"

"Bound to get married, eh?"

"Mater has given me till the second of January to get a wife."

"And who is *Mater*?"

"Mater!" answered Hathaway, regarding Ben with a stare of dumb astonishment, and pausing for about ten seconds, as if in wonder that *anybody* should need information on that subject—"Mater—is Mater."

Ben was perfectly satisfied. He required no further information. "By the second of January, did you say, Hath?"

"Yes."

"Well, the time is rather limited."

"By no means. All we have to do is to find the girl and ask her."

"Think so?"

"So tell me where we can see some and have an opportunity to examine them."

"I've got it!" broke out the delighted Ben. "There is to be a 'hop' at the Commercial this very night, and I am one of the committee of managers, and will be at your service for the entire evening."

"And what's a hop? Something that grows on a pole, I believe. But you say *to-night*. Why, I thought we could look at two or three this morning, between ten and twelve o'clock, and see as many more this afternoon, between four and six."

"Oh no; that won't do at all," replied Ben, making a most desperate effort to look as serious as the business demanded. "They show much better by moonshine and gaslight. Just leave it all to me."

"Why do you say *show*, Ben? That ain't what I'm looking for. But I was out of town yesterday—got more on hand to-day than usual on that account—so can't stay another moment. If it suits, I'll call for you after supper and we'll go to the hop."

Thus Ben carried his point, and, to his credit be it told, did his best for his charge. He managed to get Hathaway into the elegant suite of apartments dedicated to the evening festivities, but on no account would our Cœlebs consent to any introductions. For two hours he stood in the hall, clinging with his right hand to the knob of the door against which he took his stand, as if fearful of being carried away by the prismatic current of white, blue and pink gauze that swept by him. "They are all very nice-looking birds—girls, I mean," he said to his cicerone in a half-nervous whisper; "but somehow I feel that they have the advantage of me here, there are so many of them and but one of me. I'd rather take them single-handed, at their homes. See that pale one sitting on the sofa? I don't feel afraid of her; but, poor thing! I guess she's lame, as nobody offers to hop with her. But I believe I'll go home to Mater, for I never was so tired in my life. Going to hops is awfully hard work. After all," he added sotto voce, "I don't think the one for me hops at all."

Regarding so much of the evening as virtually lost, he resolved to make it up by a talk with Mater, although she had retired for the night.

Now, is it to be supposed that this failure Number Two was a deathblow to the efforts of our modern Ajax? About as much so as a gopher-hill would be in the way of our Pacific Railroad push-a-heads. The only lion in the way was that absence from home and Mater which the new undertaking seem-

ed to necessitate; and this difficulty must be remedied.

You would have supposed that the fatigues of the past night had entitled poor Ben to his morning repose, but Hathaway had grown strangely selfish of late, as is sure to be the case with a one-ideaed man. He was the prince of good housekeepers, and to secure the few late vegetables that Mater cared anything for, he was in the habit, basket in hand, of attending the early market opening. Consequently, it was quite convenient to invade Ben's night-quarters at a most unseasonable hour.

What was Ben's astonishment, the morning after the hop, to have his half-open eyes soon after the dawn greeted by a sight of the inevitable Hathaway standing near the bedside, wash-bowl in hand! His ears were also greeted with the exclamation, "Come, Ben, it's late. Get up! I don't believe you'd think enough of me to be my valet; but souze in, old boy, and get your eyes open. I want to talk with you for ten minutes."

"Most efficient and peerless valet, I duly estimate the transcendent honor you confer upon me—at least I hope I do," said the poor victim—"and from the profoundest depths of my moral being render thanks the most sincere; but allow me to state, with all due gratitude and respect, that I shall be in a much better frame of mind and body to appreciate the favor three hours hence."

His grandiloquence was all lost upon Hathaway, judging by the preoccupied expression of the latter's countenance as he proceeded kindly to slap the cheeks of his somnolent friend with a moistened corner of the towel, having, with admirable forethought, squeezed out some of the ice-cold water.

"Ben," he inquired with flattering interest, "ain't you your ma's *only* baby?"

"Yes; and for that reason I've been always gloriously let alone till the breakfast-bell waked me."

"I'm glad to hear it. You see I shouldn't like to have any baby noise about Mater," continued the amiable

and fascinating valet in a tone as pre-occupied as his expression.

"Hath, what in the mischief are you talking about?" exclaimed Ben, as he sprang into a sitting posture and jerked the towel from his friend's hand.

"Oh, sure enough! I began at the wrong place. I stepped in to obtain the address of your mother and father. Didn't I hear you say they wanted to break up housekeeping and go to boarding?"

"Yes."

"Well, while I'm bird-hunting—ahem! getting married by January the second—I shall have to do more or less running around, and I can't bear to leave Mater so much alone, with only her faithful Hetty. I think your mother's will be just the company she needs; so I must know this very morning if your parents won't make my house their home."

"I will see them and let you know, and so save you the trouble of going to them."

"Well, do. Good-morning." After closing the door, he opened it again just enough to admit his head, and added, "Of course, Ben, I include you with your pa and ma."

"Well, I say, Hath, is it one of your domestic duties to arouse your boarders in the morning? I want to know that beforehand; and also whether or not there is to be a key to the domicile appropriated to the baby?"

"All right about rooms!" returned the obtuse landlord, vanishing down the steps.

Doctor and Mrs. Hall, before deciding, solicited an interview with their son's eccentric friend. The proposition made to them by Hathaway was simply this: that they should make his house their home, becoming to all intents and purposes members of his family.

"My object," said he, "is to provide suitable companionship and attendance for Mater during my frequent absences looking for a bird—wife, I mean."

"Wife!" ejaculated Mrs. Hall.

"Yes, for the second of January, when I'm to be married."

One objection only prevented the immediate consummation of the plan, which was the more acceptable to Dr. Hall as he was on the eve of a journey to Old England, his native land, where he was called by urgent family business. "Before my departure," he said, "a favorite niece of ours—Ethel by name—is to make us a long-promised visit. In a few days she will arrive. Were it not for her presence we would accept your kind invitation at once."

Hathaway replied that he was not going to allow such a slight obstacle to hinder the success of his schemes and mar his interests. He vowed that the young lady's presence would be an advantage rather than otherwise, as affording help to Mrs. Hall, who had agreed to assume the responsibilities of house-keeper as well as friend and companion. "The young lady," he added, "may have as many rooms up stairs as young ladies require, and both parlors all to herself and her callers; only I fear she will find it dull."

"Not for so short a time," Mrs. Hall thought.

"Do you know whether she plays and sings?" asked Hath.

"Oh, splendidly! She has supported herself for three years solely by those accomplishments."

So it was settled that the Halls should move immediately to "The Bird-Cage," as Hathaway had dubbed his residence.

On his way home he stepped into a music store and ordered the best piano in the establishment to be sent to his house. "Mater's love for music can now be gratified," he murmured. And the thought lent elasticity to his steps and buoyancy to his spirits as he hastened home to acquaint the invalid, for the first time, with his new arrangements for her comfort.

Dr. Hall, relieved of the cares of hospitality and greatly inconvenienced by the suddenly-effected arrangement, left for England immediately, and the day after his departure Mrs. Hall was duly established in an apartment of her own selection at the Bird-Cage. She was not a stranger to the invalid. At Ben's

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solicitation she had called upon Mater frequently of late, and the two ladies, discovering an unexpected congeniality, had become quite friendly.

Ben chose for his quarters an upper room in the remote wing, far removed from early morning bustle.

"I hope you will excuse my remaining so far from you," remarked Hathaway, feelingly, "as my post of duty is near my beloved Mater."

"I will excuse you," responded Ben with solemn sympathy in his tones and great gravity of mien. "I hope that my presence here will not cause you to neglect your duty to her, especially at early morn."

In a few days the expected niece arrived, and, though much surprised at finding herself the guest of a lady she had never seen, she made no serious objections, in consideration of her aunt's feelings and wishes.

Mrs. Hall was requested to preside at the head of the table, and upon poor Ben were forced the carving responsibilities of the foot. This was rendered somewhat necessary by a habit Hathaway had, when feebleness confined Mater to her room, of taking her meals to her himself, and eating with her.

The first morning after the last arrival, while Ben and his fair cousin still lingered at the table, Mater suggested to Hathaway that he should go and make the young lady's acquaintance, as he had not yet seen her. Taking the beautiful little key-basket in his hand, he entered the dining-room, and was just on the point of extending his hand very cordially, when the lady drew back with some degree of surprise and *hauter* and glanced inquiringly at Ben, who rose hastily and uttered the words of formal introduction.

Going up quite near her, Hath said, "Miss— What is your name? I didn't catch it?"

To cover his cousin's confusion, Ben here put in: "Don't be at all surprised, Cousin Ethel. Mr. Strange could not remember his own name if it was like anybody else's."

"Ah, it's Miss Ethel, then! Well,

Miss Ethel, I am at present under a great stress of important business, and am compelled to be much from home. I think young persons should relieve old ones as much as possible. My aunt is an invalid, but will, I hope, receive you in her room in a day or two. You will make her comfort your chief care—after that you can consult your own convenience. You will open that door this morning and give her some good old-fashioned music: no operatic squalling, if you please. Here are the keys. The servants will carry out any orders you may give. Luncheon at twelve; dinner at four. Good-morning!" And he strode down the hall without another word and without even looking behind.

Ethel rose quickly and said to Ben, "Where is my aunt? I must see her." The glow on her cheek and the sparkle in her eye plainly indicated the state of her feelings and the nature of her intentions.

Ben, gently detaining her, said, "Now, coz, I know what's to pay with you. I have just told you that fellow is strange, but that's the worst of him, for a nobler specimen of the *genus homo* does not exist. He knows no more how to talk to a woman than you do to a gorilla. The fellow is dead in love with somebody, it is to be hoped, for he tells me that he is to be married before long; so you can make all due allowance for his oddities. Just humor them as I do. Treat him like an old woman, and we'll have rare times at his expense. You will be charmed with the mistress of the house, Mater, as Hath calls his aunt; in regard to whose comfort I may say he is crazy. She is one of the sweetest, loveliest, most intelligent beings you ever saw, and you have but to know her to love her. And now let me open the piano for you, for you must obey orders, and you'll soon feel perfectly at home here, and find the place every way agreeable."

LIFE.

OVER the crests of the sombre hills,
 Out from the stretches of eastern skies,
 The first faint glory of sunlight breaks,
 The last pale glimmer of starlight dies:
 Gleams of splendor the mountains crown,
 And into the valleys drop gently down,
 And the Day has come.

After the respite that Night bestows
 The eyes that slumbered must wake to weep;
 A new beginning of dreary tasks
 Must follow the briefness of dreams and sleep:
 Hands are folded and hearts grow still,
 Mirth and sorrow the moments fill,
 And the Day goes by.

Down through billows of cloudy gold
 The sun sinks into the waiting west,
 The tender shadows of peaceful eve
 Gather over the still Earth's breast:
 Friends have parted, and friends have met—
 The hours that were are a vague regret,
 And the Day has gone. M. H. K.

SCRIBBLES ABOUT RIO.

IN November, 1841, I sailed from Norfolk in the Delaware seventy-four for Rio de Janeiro, where I was to be secretary of legation. Commodore Morris and Captain McCauley were the chiefs, and Lieutenant Farragut was the executive officer. What an active, energetic officer he was! and in what apple-pie order everything was kept under his keen and vigilant eye! How popular, too, he was with all above, beside and below him! When chatting with him on the quarter-deck or hobnobbing with him in the ward-room, I little thought I was being hail-fellow with the hero who was to out-Nelson Nelson, though I might have felt certain that there was no bound to his possible development if opportunity were ever given him for fighting it out on his own line. The next in rank was Lieutenant Barron, whose winning manners and professional accomplishments made him the pet of the navy. Taking the Confederate side, he was the first naval prisoner of the war, and had no chance of exhibiting his remarkable qualities. The other officers were all capital combinations of seamen and gentlemen, and made the voyage as agreeable to a landsman as is compatible with "mountain waves."

On the forty-second day we sailed into the bay of Rio, the most beautiful in the world. The Sugarloaf and the Corcovado, the two sentinel mountains which guard its entrance; the lovely little islands that gem its bosom; the Organ peaks, rising in regular rows until the highest pierced the clouds; the magnificent metropolis wandering over leafy eminences and along the shore on one side, whilst the other, spreading out into a plain, sparkles with villas and gardens and groves,—all harmonized in a spectacle which almost brought tears into my eyes from the overflowing fullness of its beauty. At the time it was crowded with fleets

belonging to the great maritime powers; amongst them a squadron of four corvettes and a frigate, which welcomed its expected chief with an immensely star-spangled display and a very furious popping of powder. The other vessels soon joined in the salute, as did the forts on terra firma, making as big and smoky a noise as could be desired by the eagerest seeker of sensations. Then, of course, the Delaware had to fire back its grateful acknowledgment—a politeness which it performed to the decided discomfiture of land-lubberish nerves which had never before experienced such damnable iteration. When the performance concluded it was perceived that there had been not only much waste of ammunition, but also of time, for

"In the west, where sank the crimson day,
Meek twilight slowly sailed and waved her banners
gray;"

so, getting into a boat, I was rowed to shore, and deposited my luggage in a chamber of Monsieur Pharoux's famous inn, having stumbled, as I mounted the stairs, over more than one recumbent nigger of the female sect. These members of the fair sex were not at all decomposed as I leaped over their prostrate perfections, the fatigues of the previous hours having evidently been too many for them.

The minister was William Hunter of Rhode Island, an old gentleman of the old school, whose stately presence, distinguished manner, eminent ability and varied learning made him *facile princeps* of the diplomatic corps, of which his long residence at the Brazilian court would have made him also the *doyen*, had there not been a Papal internuncio. His position was equally creditable to himself and his country, the boy emperor, who had known him ever since his imperial legs were in pantaloons, looking up to him with almost filial consideration. Dom Pedro II. was

then about sixteen years old, and by no means a sample of youthful comeliness. Hobbledehoyism of the fattest and clumsiest sort was his predominant characteristic. His natural intelligence, however, and careful education, made him very good-looking, if there be truth in the theory that handsome is who handsome does; in which respect his beauty has been steadily increasing with his years. Take him for all in all, he is perhaps the most respectable sovereign alive; and I have a shrewd suspicion that Mr. Hunter's counsels to his early mentors should count for something in his reputable career. At the outset of that career he was almost indecently decent in the balls at court, bringing to mind Swift's aphorism that nice people are people of nasty ideas. The first time I went to one I was struck on entering the grand saloon by a separation of the sexes which a Quaker meeting might have envied. The emperor sat on a sofa opposite the door between his two sisters, one of whom was his junior. From either side of the sofa ran rows of chairs filled with flounced and feathered females, whilst lining the walls were embroidered males so squeezed back by the last rows of seats as to be in regular durance vile. After making my bows to the imperial trio I backed round to play wallflower, like the rest of my gender.

"What's the meaning of all this?" was my inquiry of a French attaché near whom I had contrived to wriggle: "it's very odd."

"Wait a little," said he, "and you will see something odder still;" and I did see it.

The music struck up; the princesses beckoned to a couple of ladies, and were led by them to the top of the quadrille; other ladies followed suit, and the floor was soon occupied exclusively by dancing dames and damsels, who kept it up all night. Not a man was allowed to demoralize their diversion; and when the ingenuous potentate retired it was doubtless with the glow of a self-improving conscience. His satisfaction, however, would have been somewhat

disturbed if he could have appreciated the sentiments of the foreign portion of his guests. At first I was astonished, then amused, then disgusted by the unnatural spectacle, which provoked indignant utterances, warmly echoed by sympathetic neighbors.

But this mockery of modesty was not long-lived. Soon afterward the Prince de Joinville came to Rio to marry Francesca, the younger princess. He was not a man to stand any nonsense, and at his bridal ball he "changed all that." The sexes were permitted to intermingle as at all other virtuous festivals, as I well know, for I danced a quadrille with the elder sister and a waltz with the bride, double duty being imposed upon me in consequence of the venerability of my chief, whose nether understanding wasn't at all as well preserved as his upper. That waltz was the cause of a comical *équivoque*. Having quadrilled with the elder princess, I thought that my official part was played, and went to the farther end of the salon to dance with a less dignified but more attractive partner. Whilst engaging her for the next set, I was accosted by an emblazoned chamberlain in a very *empresé* manner, with the announcement that I was to return at once to the charmed if not charming circle, and go round with "Son Altesse, la Princesse Francesca." Following him, I was met by Mr. Hunter, who astounded me by the intelligence that the emperor wished to speak with me in his private cabinet. Assuring him there must be some mistake, I hurried to the spot where the imperial damsel was waiting, the music having already begun. How she ran round, to be sure, as if she were afraid of masculine contact or scorned the clasp of unroyal hands! I could scarcely touch her waist with the tips of my fingers, and almost, like panting Time, toiled after her in vain. When the race was over my chief approached me and told me I must accompany him at once. "Obedient Yaymen answered Amen, and did as he was bid." Puffing and puzzled, I was introduced into a little room, where

the emperor was standing in confab with some of his ministers. Their astonished look as we entered I shall never forget. In for a penny, in for a pound. Making the usual salaams, I advanced, as directed, toward His Majesty—whose eyes seemed to ask, "What the d—I do you want?"—until I got as near as was expedient, and then awaited the imperial pleasure with anxious face and spirit. The Minister of Foreign Affairs stepped up to me and inquired my business. I replied that I was there by order of my chief, who was under the impression that His Majesty wished to speak with me; but presumed there was some mistake. "There is indeed," said the smiling statesman; on which I intimated I had better retire. "The best thing to do, undoubtedly," was the response; and so I bowed back as fast as I could, and envoy and secretary disappeared with a grand salute. "A pretty scrape, sir, you got me into!" I ejaculated as we re-entered the ball-room. "Why, what do you mean? It went off beautifully." The dear old man was under the impression that my dialogue with the M. F. A. had reference to the flattering compliment paid to our glorious country in my humble person. Before the evening was over I discovered how the mistake had occurred. The chamberlain, when in quest of me for the waltz, had encountered my chief, and hurriedly stated in French that I was wanted in the imperial quarter, which the other, hearing indistinctly, interpreted as has been told. Emperor and cabinet must have had a nice giggle at our expense.

De Joinville did not make a long stay at Rio. Frightened at the elaborate programme of the festivities which were to celebrate his nuptials, he one day quietly slipped off with his wife to the Belle Poule, and when they ought to have appeared at the evening banquet they were bounding over the billows on their way to France. Such, at least, was the current story, and it was so characteristic of the sailor sansfaçonism of the prince that, however improbable, it was credited as true. Very different was

the deportment of the Comte d'Aquila, brother of the king of Naples, when he married the elder princess, who was only pretty *par droit de naissance*, whilst her sister was so in fact. There was no end to his bridal feasts, which he seemed to consider quite royal fun, especially when laying his commands upon some pretty girl to be honored as his partner. What an ugly couple, to be sure, he and his wife made! Years afterward I was brought again in contact with them at Naples, just previous to the expulsion of the Bourbons from that bit of heaven on earth, and their outward aspect did not appear much improved. She was an excellent woman, however, and much beloved for her amiability and benevolence. Braganza and Bourbon are sounding names, but they will soon cease to fill the trump of Fame, by which they were so long blown to the ends of the earth. It can scarcely be expected that even Portuguese Braganzaism will make much resistance to the manifest destiny of the Iberian peninsula. Like that of Italy, it must soon be one and indivisible, at the head of which will not be the lord of Lisbon.

The marriage of the emperor with the sister of Bomba was, of course, the biggest bridal of them all. When the preliminaries had been settled, he sent a frigate for her magnificently caparisoned, and on her arrival hastened on board to give her appropriate welcome. Running into the cabin, he beheld the very ugliest woman ever created for royal or peasant couch, and back recoiled, he well knew why. With no little difficulty was he made to behave with due decorum. Had it been in his line he would doubtless have asked for brandy and water, as the prince regent did when he first saw his capacious Caroline. Poor royalty has often a hard time of it in matters matrimonial, and may well ask for all possible extenuation of consequent weakness. The empress, however, proved as good as she was broad, and has been an exemplary wife and mother and colleague. She couldn't have been more enraptured than His Majesty when she cast eye

upon his putty cheeks and disjointed frame, so that it was six of one and half a dozen of the other.

Society in Rio was not very active or brilliant. Few of the natives ever opened their houses, and foreigners, accordingly, had to entertain one another. Once a month there was a sort of public ball of rather promiscuous description, at which one had an opportunity of meeting the varieties of Brazilian life; but these were not so fascinating as to cause much regret at not coming into more frequent contact therewith. A less attractive womankind could nowhere be seen. Little beauty, little animation, little education were its general characteristics, though undoubtedly there were charming exceptions—gems that sparkled like diamonds amid pebbles. There was one damsel especially, the daughter of an eminent statesman, who had only to come and be seen to conquer, as was satisfactorily shown when she brought to her feet at once a very distinguished diplomat who had escaped unhurt from the fiercest artillery of European optics. The first ball at which he encountered her settled his destiny, though not Benedict himself could have felt so confident that he would never live to be married. He didn't want to give up his blessed singleness: he did all he could to conquer Fate, but needs must when Cupid drives, and the lady is now Madame la Marquise de Blank. Never was there a face more worthy than hers of being lauded as

"fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars,"

for there was dusk in the complexion as well as splendor in the eyes. Almost every woman of Rio, in fact, was a bit of darkness visible; and if the blondes want to set a city in a blaze, let them depart incontinently (no double entendre is meant) for the metropolis of Brazil. The loveliest maiden, when I arrived there, was an American, but she was engaged, and a few days afterward changed both her local habitation and her name, her happy husband being a dweller on the river Plate.

In consequence of this indigenous inhospitality, the diplomatic families were much more social and intimate than they can be in capitals where the inhabitants keep open house, and where an Excellency is a hunted lion, and even the pettiest attaché isn't a neglected bore. The British ministress (isn't that as legitimate as ambassadress?) was the queen of all foreign reunions, not more from her position than her delightful manners and cultivated intelligence; whilst her husband, if not the brightest, was still less the meanest, of mankind, for there was no end to his festive doings. A funny scene occurred at one of them, in which the chief actors were a couple of Yankee midshipmen, who had accompanied their commodore. Seeing two gentlemen of very odd as well as very foreign aspect playing *écarté*, they went to the table, and says Tom to Hal, "Hal, who'll you bet on?" Says Hal, "I'll bet on this little monkey-faced fellow." "All right!" cries Tom: "I'll go this cock-eyed old buster in the red wig." The words were hardly uttered before up jumped the distinguished couple—a brace of envoys—with fury in their faces and menace in their mouths, to the terrified amazement of the middies, who had no notion they would be understood—a fair inference from the single-tongued capabilities in general of their own national representatives. Flying from the storm they had evoked, they encountered the amiable Britisher, to whom they told their mishap, and who, choking with laughter—for they had perfectly photographed the infuriate pair—carried their humble apologies to their victims, and contrived to restore peace. The story, of course, soon spread through the assemblage, and great was the consequent mirth. The little scapegraces became quite conspicuous for the nonce, which, perhaps, didn't displease them, bad as was the eminence they had attained. To the credit of the Excellencies, they soon joined in the laugh themselves, only cautioning their photographers to look for the future before they leaped.

What a magnificent spectacle was to

be enjoyed from the balcony of the British Legation, situated as was the house on the glorious bay, so as to command all its varied loveliness—especially by such moonlight as we can have no conception of in these northern climes. To emerge from the heat and glare of “the festive scene” into the refreshing coolness and mellow radiance of that same balcony when Diana was queening it in the skies was quite enough to awaken fine frenzies in the most prosaic; so you need not be surprised at the following sonnet extorted from my “entussymusy” on one never-to-be-forgotten midnight:

Shine on, shine on, thou full-orbed, golden moon!
 No scene more goodly meets thy hallowed ray:
 Well mayest thou love to gaze upon this bay,
 This mountain-girded port—the noblest boon
 Accorded e'er to ocean-beaten town;
 Capacious, deep, from storm and peril free,
 And beautiful with peerless beauty. See
 Where Corcovado looks serenely down,
 In verdant contrast to the rocky cone
 Which, like a sleepless sentinel, doth watch
 The harbor's entrance; while, in distance dim,
 The Organ peaks the fleecy vapors catch.
 Oh, 'tis a scene all vocal with the tone
 Of Nature's holy, soul-enkindling hymn!

Not so very bad, is it?—though some of Wordsworth's are better. But this *entre nous*.

There was one sense, however, which at that same witching hour was not so apt to be delighted as the sense of sight: I mean the sense of smell. It was the horrible custom of the Rionians to make use of their slaves as substitutes for sewers, so that the evening dews that were showered by troops of negroes into the waters of the bay from one end of the town to the other would often produce such effects upon olfactories as to drive away in horror the most zealous “votary of vision.” “Shut the windows, quick!” would often be heard in heat-oppressed rooms when suddenly assailed by pestiferous perfumes, as any sort of stifling is preferable to that which nauseates the nose. The progress of civilization, I trust, has brought Rio into better odor after nightfall, and shamed its citizens into sweet-smelling decency. It is no wonder that Yellow Jack was at last exasperated into firing their veins,

although he did not begin to do so until a month after I had bid them an eternal good-bye. My successor in the secretaryship, poor fellow! was one of the first victims, so that I had some reason to thank the party influences which removed me for his intended benefit from the fatal post. “Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuri.” I was angry at first at what perhaps saved my life; so little do we know of “what the unsearchable dispose of highest wisdom brings about,” and so blindly presumptuous are we in arraigning Providence for troubling us for our good.

The pleasantest society was aquatic. In no harbor of the world was there such a congregation of ships of war of every flag, and nowhere could there have been such delightful and frequent festivities of quarter-deck and cabin. Beginning usually in the afternoon, so that the exquisite scenery and delicious breeziness might be fully enjoyed, they would convert a frigate into a paradisiacal a structure as any in which life and mettle were ever put into heels and toes fantastic. It almost turns my brain now with remembered ecstasy when I think of the turnings of all kinds it was wont at such moments to undergo. There is something instinctive in naval tact and taste in getting up a ball, besides that recklessness of expense which is generated at sea, and horror of everything shabby.

The first water-fête after my arrival was given by Commodore Morris on board the Delaware, to the emperor and his sisters. An imperial fête it was, to be sure, for the Washington government had given him ample funds to do everything in the best possible style, as there was a cloud at the time between Jonathan and John Bull, which rendered it advisable to conciliate Brazil. His Majesty, however, didn't seem to relish two parts of the entertainment—namely, the salute of the big guns and the coldness of the iced tipples. He winced very perceptibly at the uproarious fury of the former, and rejected the latter with a sort of shuddering chill. At that time ice was regarded at Rio as alto-

gether insalubrious, though subsequently it came to be considered an indispensable necessity. The bay made a great show when the emperor honored its waters, every vessel being dressed up in its flags and exploding from its portholes in reverberating chorus, until one's very blood began to dance to the exciting din. Man and nature combined can get up a bigger thing at Rio than anywhere else, not excepting even Naples or Constantinople. If His Majesty had only not looked so amazingly like the fat boy in *Pickwick*, an ultra radical might almost have felt the enthusiasm of such a display; but his ponderous plumpitude was something of a quencher, and the loyalest of his subjects would doubtless have viva'd one half of him with more satisfaction than the whole. Like Sydney Smith's voluminous female, who was wife enough for a village, Dom Pedro was emperor enough for a continent. According to the same Smith, you might have read the riot act and dispersed the fat feminine, but no such plebeian process could have been practiced on the sacred frame of a sovereign. Later in life, however, His Majesty's proportions became more harmonious, and he is now said to be rather an imposing personage in appearance; so that he has his comfort when ejaculating "*labuntur anni*," that saddest of sighs.

The boating pic-nics to the islands were pre-eminent frolics, and were never spoiled by that envious weather which is sure in less favored regions to interfere with every party of pleasure. You always knew there what to expect from the sky, and could lay your plans with perfect confidence in its smiles, at least during eight months of the year, when clouds are never to be seen. The rainy season is quite a relief to the eternal sunshine. At that season you must be always on the lookout for squalls, however fair may laugh the morn and soft the zephyr blow, as from one damp remembrance I very well know. A party of us once ventured on a sail to a distant isle when the heavens were so temptingly "all tranquillity" that our

fears were not strong enough for restraint. Everything went off in charming style until we were within half a mile of the shore on our return, when winds and waters got into such sudden and fierce commotion that the stoutest sailor of the man-of-war's boat began to look serious. To reach the usual landing-place was out of the question, so it was determined to beach the boat at the nearest spot, in spite of the ugly breakers ahead. The sensation was not agreeable as we bounded through the surf with a motion that felt fearfully like upset. But she was driven high and dry by the stalwart arms at the oars and the steady hand at the helm, and only a copious sprinkling of clothes was the penalty of our rashness, although it was dark as *Erebus* when we leaped on land, which we felt quite as much inclined to kiss as did Brutus on a certain occasion not unfamiliar to school-boys. How well Mr. Midshipman Harrison, who was in command of the boat, behaved! How calmly he gave his orders! and how comfortingly he told the ladies not to be afraid, though they didn't all obey him! I wonder if he be now alive and unforgetful of that occurrence? There are sterner perils that would not so seriously try a youth's nerve. If he has been as quiet and self-possessed in the midst of fire as he was then in the midst of water, he may safely set both the elements at defiance.

Receptions at court were very frequent, the emperor seeming to derive great satisfaction from standing on his imperial platform, an empress and a princess on either hand (after he was married), and responding first to the diplomatic bows and then to the *besamanos* of his subjects. A very glittering show it was. If fine feathers make fine birds, Brazilian courtiers were ornithological rarities only surpassed in my memory by the flutterers around the throne of His Imperial Majesty Faustin I. of Hayti, as it existed Anno Domini 1851. There, indeed, was an exhibition of plumage and embroidery which would have paled the splendor of Solomon

himself; but I must reserve an account of it for some other occasion. The diamonds of the Brazilian dames were especially remarkable, as might have been expected from the indigenous abundance of the article. Multitudinous too were the titles of the emblazoned crowd. Anybody who wasn't at least a baron was, *ipso facto*, a nobody, unless it was some distinguished statesman who wanted to be distingué, after the fashion of Lord Castlereagh at the Congress of Vienna, by the absence of decoration. It was told of the father of the present monarch, the first Dom Pedro, that after the revolution which severed the tie between Portugal and Brazil, he threw titles out of the palace-window, as it were, to be scrambled for by the heroes of that rather rose-water rebellion. One unlucky man, however, who failed to pick one up, was so wretched that, meeting His Majesty in the Passeo Publico, he accosted him with representations of his services, lamentations at his disappointment and supplications for the coveted gift. "Why," said the emperor, "it seems to me that I've bestowed every title I can find. But wait: we're in the Passeo, and I now create you Baron of the Public Walk;" with which exalted epithet the happy individual strutted through his little life.

Very strict also was the etiquette of the court. When the emperor lost his son and heir, an infant of a few months, the little thing was laid in state with all the imperial paraphernalia upon him, his right hand alone being uncovered. The whole court in succession approached the bed, kissed the hand kneeling, and then backed out of the room. The diplomatic corps were only required to make a sort of reverent inclination and retire. The next day was celebrated as a festival in honor of the new angel that had been admitted into heaven. The body in sumptuous attire was carried on a triumphal car through the principal streets to its sepulchre, all the houses festooned with flowers and flags, all the ships in the harbor and all the forts around firing salutes, and the people shouting as the procession passed

along. It was an impressive though saddening spectacle, for, much as one might rejoice that the little mortal had put on blissful immortality, one could not but feel for the poor mother weeping, as it were, alone in her deserted palace, and listening to sounds of rejoicing over what must have filled her with such grief. She has never had another son, but in her son-in-law, the Comte d'Eu, she may well find consolation for the misfortune. The glory he has acquired by his Paraguayan exploits, the evidence he has given of qualities that fit him for successful rule, combined with the blood of a family that is noted for its domestic virtues, must have enabled her to "stifle the mighty hunger of the heart" even for the child that might have worn the imperial crown as worthily as it has been borne by her consort. The recent adoption of the Orleans prince clearly indicates his succession to the throne.

Before his appointment as full minister, Mr. Hunter had been only chargé-d'affaires. Accordingly, he had to present his new credentials in regular form—a ceremony of which the following account, sent by me at the time in a private epistle, is submitted for your edification:

"We got into a chariot drawn by mules, with a coachman and postilion who beat us out and out in gorgeousness of equipment, the whole equipage being hired for the occasion. Driving to the city palace, we descended amid a crowd of admiring gazers, and made our way up to the reception-rooms, meeting on the stairs hosts of emblazoned officials. The emperor had not yet arrived from the country palace where he usually resides, so that I had an opportunity of investigating the premises. That was no wonder-raising operation for one who had gone through the Tuileries and the Vatican, or even the White House at Washington. After a time a flourish of trumpets announced the approach of the imperial cortége, and the emperor came dashing by in a handsome carriage and six, preceded and followed by a glittering body-guard.

His sisters were in the same carriage: other equipages, containing the household, brought up the rear. In a little while the ceremonies began. As Mr. Hunter was to present his credentials as envoy, etc., we were the first to be ushered into the grand saloon, where stood the emperor on a raised platform, with his sisters on his left, the court dignitaries lining the walls. It was a long walk from the door to the throne, on reaching which we made three bows, and got a bow and two curtsies apiece in return. Mr. Hunter then held forth for some fifteen minutes, while His Majesty answered in about as many seconds. The minister told the emperor how the President loved him, and how the people of the United States loved the people of Brazil; and the emperor told the minister he was delighted to hear such agreeable intelligence, and no less delighted that Mr. Hunter was the organ through which it was conveyed. We then performed a second trio of bows, and retreated backward toward the door, it being considered as indecent to show your back to a monarch as it is cowardly to show it to a foe. The angle that I made before arriving at the place of exit must have caused some of the dignified visages in the room to relax, as I was not well practiced in the crablike performance. During the speech I stood on the right of Mr. Hunter, and could scarcely help smiling at the spectacle of a venerable gentleman of seventy haranguing a boy of sixteen with all the earnestness of a set speech to the Senate, of which the speaker was once a distinguished ornament. The imperial face is fat, the imperial body is fatter, and the imperial legs are fattest of all: the whole imperial person, in fact, is a fac-simile of the fat boy in Pickwick. Of the princesses, one is short and plump, and the other tall and thin, the latter being the younger and prettier, and both during the speech appeared to be absorbed in wondering what the old gentleman in shorts was talking about. As to their toilettes, I tried to study them for the purpose of

gratifying your laudable curiosity, but I can't recollect anything more than that they were white, with trains richly adorned. After we had got through, the doors were thrown open, and the diplomatic corps advanced in due order with the various persons to be presented, the presentation consisting in making the three bows and backing out. The commodore and several officers were presented by Mr. Hunter. When the diplomats were exhausted, the chief personages of the country began their march, and besides the bows were compelled to kiss the emperor's hands, and allowed to do the same to the hands of his sisters, which must have been almost 'bussed up' by the multitudinous operation. Royalty has no sinecure on such occasions, however flattering may be homage to human pride. The whole spectacle was not very impressive, as the Brazilian court is devoid of that prestige which is requisite for the full effect of such exhibitions. Majesty, when stripped of its externals, may be everywhere a jest, according to the bon-mot of Burke, but here the externals themselves are calculated to make it ridiculous. Fuss and pomp are ludicrously in contrast with weakness and the want of all that illustration in the titled plebeians who surround the throne without which there can be no real aristocracy. Put pygmies on pyramids, and their pigmyism is made too patent for patience. The monarchical plant, too, has such little vigor here that you can almost see its roots on the surface of the soil. It will only be the *vis inertia* which will permit it to grow."

The truth of these last remarks is not much affected by the fact that Brazil is still an empire, and does not as yet manifest any disposition to change its political status. The population is still too scattered and sparse and indolent, and foreign influences are still too weak, for revolution; but the throne is only on sufferance. Dom Pedro is perfectly well aware that he has always been on his good behavior, and he has had the good sense to behave well. A foolish

or oppressive sovereign would soon enkindle the latent heat which burns in the lazy blood of the Tropics into a blaze that would have little difficulty in consuming the palace and the throne, of which genuine loyalty is by no means the basis. Another war like that against Paraguay would be a hazardous undertaking for the empire. The emperor was compelled to bring it to a successful issue, for the cost of failure might have been the loss of his crown.

When Mr. Tyler became President, George Proffit, one of the "corporal's guard," was made minister to Rio, not only to the dissatisfaction of the existing legation, but to that of almost every one else. If a man had been hunted after to play foil to Mr. Hunter, no more fitting person for the purpose could have been discovered. As insignificant in appearance, unpolished in manner and uncultured in intellect as his predecessor was the reverse, he was the very envoy to exhibit to wondering Brazilians the inscrutable capers of American politics. Fortunately, his appointment was not relished by the Senate (a line, you know, must be drawn somewhere), and he was rejected at the beginning of a session. By some odd fiction, however, a rejection is not supposed to take effect until the end of the session. Of that fiction he availed himself to the last moment, in spite of the brand upon his diplomatic brow, which required a good deal of cheek for public display. It is not such kind of adversity that wears a precious jewel in its front: it is ugly and venomous all around. The emperor couldn't have felt flattered by the continued presence of a minister at his court who had been pronounced unfit to be there by the highest authority of his own government. In ability of a certain sort Mr. Proffit was by no means deficient, but it was much better adapted to the stump than the cabinet. His conversation was humorous, if not refined, and he once had quite a *succès de société* by an account of his haranguing "an acre of citizens" in the West—a

performance as novel as it was amusing to some of his colleagues. His heart, too, was not habitually in the wrong place, except so far as his whole person was so when in Brazil instead of Indiana. The length of his sojourn was about eight months.

His successor was Henry A. Wise, a gentleman who has played so prominent a part in American story for more than a generation that it is impossible to deny his intellectual prepotence, whatever may be thought of his political action. A more vigorous mind has rarely been enshrined in a more energetic spirit and untiring frame. It was too vigorous indeed, as his poor secretary soon found out by an appalling increase of work. With a despatch of a hundred pages to be copied thrice, and the thermometer blazing near the same number of degrees, he began to comprehend the significance of earning bread with the sweat of the brow, and often did he mutter mournfully to himself, "Old Virginy nebbber tire!" Young Pennsylvania did, though, I can assure you—to such an extent, in sooth, that a portion of the secretarial salary was often bestowed on an amanuensis. The efforts of Mr. Wise to break up the slave-trade of Brazil were earnest and persistent, entitling him to the gratitude of all real friends of humanity. His mission was brought to a sudden end by a difficulty with the Brazilian government, arising from ill-treatment of some of our sailors by its police. The affair created great excitement, and for a while it seemed as if the guns of the frigate Columbia would be compelled to make a belligerent noise. But it was smoothed over somehow by the powers at Washington; Mr. Wise demanded his passports; the Ohio seventy-four arrived with a new minister, Governor Todd of Ohio, on board; and a few days afterward the previous legation took its departure in the Columbia, one of its members, at least, casting longing, lingering looks behind at the lovely land he would probably never see again.

R. M. WALSH.

I R E N E .

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

ON a bright day in October Mrs. Stone received a letter from Mr. Henry Stone, then absent in Europe. After reading it, she turned to Irene Williams and said, "Your guardian will be here in one week: he returns home three months sooner than he had expected."

"Will his brother come also?"

"Certainly: he says business brings him back, and that Decatur chooses to return with him."

Irene had been with Mrs. Stone since June. They had found in each other all the one could wish for in a mother, the other in a daughter.

Though it had developed during this interval, Irene's form was still slight, making her appear taller than she really was. Her features were not very regular, but a pensive expression, which suited well her large dark eyes, the pearly whiteness of her skin and her soft brown hair, invested her appearance with no ordinary charm, which was heightened by the natural grace of her movements and her sweet but somewhat shy demeanor. She had indeed become a "star" in the circle into which she had been introduced as "Mr. Stone's ward."

For the last few weeks she had had a schoolmate staying with her, Ellen Chester by name, a bright, black-eyed gypsy—rather pretty, very gay, and a general favorite. Previously to her visit, Irene had gone but little into general society. Mrs. Stone had kept her with herself as much as possible, seeking at once to study and to fortify a character which the world, it was to be feared, would do its best to spoil.

Irene sat, after Mrs. Stone had left the room, lost in thought, until aroused by the entrance of Ellen Chester. She imparted the news just mentioned, on

which Ellen exclaimed, "How jolly!—a beau apiece in the house! Won't we have grand times, Irene?"

Now this, it may be remembered, was a sore subject with Irene, and she answered indignantly, notwithstanding she had learnt something in regard to such matters during the last year, "A beau, indeed! Why, Mr. Henry is old and grave: he'll soon teach you not to think of him in that light."

"And his brother?"

"I have never seen him, but he is much younger, I know."

The household was set in order, and all looked forward to the day destined to bring back the absent ones. The three ladies were in the parlor when the carriage drove to the door. Mrs. Stone hastened to the front gallery to meet and welcome the brothers, while Irene passed through another door and ran up stairs.

Henry, who was extravagantly fond of his stepmother, did not hurry from her side to seek even Irene, but Decatur, ever impetuous, darted into the parlor, where he was startled at finding a lady with black eyes and long black curls. He knew at a glance this could not be his brother's ward, for that brother had often described her to him as soft-eyed and so fair as to deserve the name of "Lily." His embarrassment, however, did not last long, as Mrs. Stone soon entered and introduced Miss Chester.

Meanwhile, Henry had caught a glimpse of Irene running up stairs, and, without saying a word, had hastened after her. Several doors were open, and he looked hurriedly into every room, but did not find her. Passing out to the side gallery, he saw her standing in a corner which was quite enclosed with vines. She glanced timidly up, but, seeing he was alone, came

forward holding out both her hands. He took them in his, and looked intently at her: then, gathering her in his arms, pressed her to his heart, exclaiming, "My sweet Irene! my little daughter! I have seen nothing so fair as you."

"I am glad you have come, Mr. Henry," she replied in her usual soft tone, while a smile of rare sweetness beamed from her eyes.

"Are you happy here, Irene? Tell me—do not be afraid."

"Yes, yes! I have everything to make me so." She was interrupted by a strange voice, exclaiming, "Oh, I have found you at last! It was selfish in you, Henry, to take her away: you knew I was dying to see what she looks like. Come," continued the speaker, taking her hand, "I don't want any introduction, but I am going to have a kiss: I claim it as a brother." He kissed her affectionately as she stood at Henry's side, encircled by Henry's arm.

The trio returned to the parlor, where Henry was presented to Miss Chester, and some hours passed in the recital of events at home and the description of scenes and incidents of travel. When the others retired, Henry stayed to talk with Mrs. Stone on more private subjects.

His first inquiries related to Irene, and he listened with evident delight and pride to the warm terms in which his stepmother, whose keen and candid judgment he so highly estimated, spoke of his charge, dwelling particularly on the truthfulness of her nature and the strong affection veiled beneath her sensitiveness and reserve.

"And now, Henry," Mrs. Stone concluded, "tell me what has become of Will Maury?"

"He is in Paris, mother, but I can hardly bear to tell you where his wife is."

"I am prepared to hear anything of her. I never expected the match to result in any good."

"She is in an insane asylum in the south of France."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, and the physicians assert that she has been mad for years."

"And Will?"

"Crushed! I was surprised when I found he had so much real feeling. I don't believe I ever appreciated him as he deserved."

"Is it public? did any scandal occur?"

"No; but I'll tell you the whole story. When they first went to Europe they fixed themselves in Paris. There I met them. I saw at once that Laura was acting just as she had done here. Feeling assured such reckless conduct could have but one end in such a place as Paris, I hastened my departure, and when in Germany wrote to Will, imploring him to take his wife away from Paris. Somewhat to my surprise, he did not resent this interference, but left very soon with his wife for the south of France, where they took up their abode in a retired village.

"During the autumn he wrote, begging me to come and see him; and I went. He was in great distress. I need not give you the particulars of Laura's folly: it is enough to say that her conduct had made Will, who truly loved her, very miserable. He had reasoned, or tried to reason, with her, but she listened with her old air of cold indifference, shrugged her pretty shoulders and went her own way. I hinted then at the possibility of her being insane, but he would not hear of it. During my visit she at first persistently avoided me, but one day, while Will was absent on business and I was sitting in the parlor alone, Laura, who I thought had gone out, came in elegantly dressed and began to upbraid me. Oh, mother, I hate to tell you what passed! She declared that she loved me, and that it was *you* who had come between us, but that she would have her revenge. 'What revenge do you want, Laura?' I asked, feeling certain she was insane, and thinking it best to humor her. 'Her death!' 'Why, Laura, you cannot commit murder?' 'I can't, but father can: he did for me before, and will again. Listen!' She came close to me and whispered, 'He killed Dr. Cartwright because I willed it.'"

"Good Heavens, Henry!" exclaimed

Mrs. Stone: "do you think that can be so?"

"Hear me out. Mother, you can't imagine how beautiful she looked, her eyes flashing and her exquisitely moulded arms and neck bare, gleaming cold and white; but her ravings were so horrible that I sat shocked and stunned. I soon, however, detected that when I humored her she grew more calm; and when Will came in her old manner suddenly returned, and her ease and composure were such that I could scarcely credit my senses. Will noticed my pre-occupied looks, and inquired the cause. I gave him an evasive answer, and as she did not evince the least interest in the subject, he remained unsuspecting.

"Next morning he told me Laura had tormented him the whole night about going home. 'Don't you go, Will,' I said. 'Why?' 'Ask her why she wants to go?' He did so, but she was too wily to be caught.

"I saw now that if anything could be done for her, it must be done at once, but I dreaded to broach the matter to Will. She sometimes raved before the servants, but only in English, so that they had no suspicion of her state. The crisis occurred one day when they had had company at dinner. After the guests had left, Will began bantering me about a very pretty woman who had been of the party. Suddenly, Laura broke out in one of her terrible spells. I felt the moment had come; so, while Will looked on speechless, I encouraged her to talk—to tell about Dr. Cartwright and about you. Strange to say, she did not bring in me, except to curse me. I was not sorry, for I pitied Will, and was glad he was spared the scene of a few days before, when she had sworn on her knees that she loved me better than life. She declared I had instigated the murder, and that I had told her to make Will take her home to murder you. The end of the scene was, that Will sank senseless on the floor, and this brought her to herself: she kissed him and wept over him as only a woman who loves can. If she ever has really lucid moments, in those moments there

is no doubt she loves her husband. We called in medical advice, and there was no difficulty in getting a certificate of insanity."

"Poor Will!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone. "What a terrible fate!"

"Yes, and no hopes of release. He went, at first, very often to see her, but it did her no good, and him as little. When she found she could not persuade him to take her home, she grew furious. She does not appear to suffer, and is seldom dangerous, though very destructive. She will take a handkerchief, for instance, and pick it to pieces, thread by thread: her watch was found in a drawer not only taken apart, but with every little wheel and chain divided into the minutest parts, and that so carefully and neatly as to show that the employment must have occupied days."

"Have you an idea that she really knows anything of Dr. Cartwright's murder?"

"Oh yes, without doubt she does. The physician says that the destruction of small things shows the form her madness had taken, and that she had probably instigated or planned the deed. I am going to pursue the matter cautiously, and see whether a case against Mr. Charlton can be made out. Her evidence, of course, cannot be taken, and her physician thinks she has never told the name of the one who is most implicated. Until the fall court is over, I shall have no time to attend to the matter: at present I must content myself with closely observing Mr. Charlton's conduct."

"Has Will Maury written to Laura's family that she is in an asylum?"

"No. They seldom wrote to her, and do not seem at all interested in her whereabouts. If they mention her to me, I shall only say I saw them in the south of France. Good-night."

CHAPTER II.

THE autumn passed pleasantly away. The two young ladies and Decatur went out a great deal to parties and concerts

and spent their mornings in riding or boating. It is needless to recount the admiration excited by the two pretty girls, so very opposite in appearance, while Henry watched closely to see if Decatur showed any preference for Irene.

One cloudy afternoon toward the end of November he met them all three in a maple grove on the outskirts of the town, and stopped to inquire where they were going.

"To the river," said Irene.

"I think we shall have rain, perhaps sleet, before night."

"I don't," answered Decatur. "We are to have our boating race this evening, and I have been watching the weather all day."

Irene looked uncertain, but Decatur and Ellen seeming confident, she merely asked, "Where are you going, Mr. Henry?"

"To visit a gentleman living about five miles beyond the ferry. You had all better put off your boating frolic for another day."

So saying, he gathered up his reins and drove on. The others stood still a few moments, discussing the question he had started. Impatient of the delay, Decatur exclaimed, "Oh, come on: we can start, and if it clouds up we can come back: who cares for a ducking?"

"I say come on too," said Ellen. "We are neither sugar nor salt, nor anybody's honey."

And on they accordingly went.

The point for which they were bound was nearly a mile from the town, but could be reached, by a little path through the woods, somewhat sooner than otherwise. It was a quiet, secluded place, and here Decatur had a row-boat. He and the young ladies had often rowed together, but lately he had introduced a novel amusement. He had had three canoes made, each too small to hold more than one person, and having taught Irene and Ellen how to paddle, had challenged them to a race. They had gone out once before for this purpose, but the girls were not in sufficient practice to compete with him in any de-

gree. Since then they had improved very much, and were anxious to display their proficiency.

For more than three miles below their starting-point the river flowed gently and evenly, with a very winding course, but then began some natural obstructions to navigation, greatly augmented by driftwood; so that at a certain clump of trees (which formed a miniature island) the main current turned abruptly to the right, and became very rapid and dangerous. On the other side of this island the water was shallow, and the channel, if such it could be called, impassable from logs and undergrowth so closely matted together as to give the island the appearance of a point of land extending out from the shore. Below this the stream again spread itself out, flowing freely for several miles.

Our party reached the river, and, giving no further thought to the weather, launched their canoes. After various delays the race began, in which all were so absorbed as not to observe the increasing darkness, until a flash of lightning, followed by a loud peal of thunder, awoke them to the fact that a storm was about to burst upon them. Hastily turning their tiny craft, they began pulling up stream with the wind against them and the water rippling around them.

"Pull fast, girls! It is getting dark, and the rain will soon be upon us."

"I am so tired!" said Irene. "Don't go so fast: I can scarcely see you."

"Don't give up: paddle hard and keep talking, so that we may know we are together."

It would have been easy for Decatur to get back before the rain began to fall. But the girls soon grew fatigued with their unaccustomed exertions, and Irene, who complained of feeling cold, fell gradually behind the others. Suddenly she called out, "Oh help me, Decatur! I've lost my paddle."

Her companions heard this exclamation with horror. It was already quite dark, the rain falling slowly, mixed with sleet, and they were still nearly a mile from the landing-place. Some time

was taken up in useless questions and expressions of regret and dismay, Irene bitterly deploring her awkwardness and the trouble she was giving.

Decatur at last essayed to go back and seek for the paddle, but in the confusion all three got separated. Ellen's loud screams soon guided Decatur back to her, but their joint efforts to find Irene were unavailing: they called her name, but no answer came.

"What shall we do, Ellen?" asked Decatur. It was the first time he had ever thus addressed her.

"I don't know. Poor Irene! how frightened she must be! Irene! Irene!"

At length Decatur said, despondingly, "We can do her no good here, Ellen: let us go ashore and return to town for help."

They did what they should have done at first—made for the shore at the nearest point. Leaving the canoes to float at random, they started on a half run toward the town. The rain and sleet were falling fast, but fortunately there was very little wind. When they came to Mrs. Stone's, Ellen went in, while Decatur continued his course, and soon collected a number of people to go in search of the lost girl.

The news spread fast in all directions. "If she has gone to the 'obstructions,'" observed one of those who were commenting on it, "she is drowned: no chance for her in that current." "It may be," remarked another, "that the canoe has drifted ashore at one of the sharp turns of the crooked river. Anyway, she'll be frozen if she is out much longer in this weather."

Meanwhile a party of young men had followed Decatur back to the river with lanterns. He had got out his large boat, which in a few seconds was filled with a crew whose powerful strokes sent it rapidly down the river, while his other companions walked along the bank, searching carefully.

Soon after the news had been spread through the town, Henry Stone, having hurried through his visit, reached the ferry on his way home. The ferry was a long distance below the point known

as the "obstructions." The "flat" happened to be on the town side of the river, and while waiting for it he observed a man, commonly known by his Christian name of Jasper, talking earnestly with the ferryman. As they neared him he heard the ferryman exclaim, "She's drowned: what could have saved her?"

As Jasper jumped ashore, Henry caught him by the arm, demanding what had happened.

"Oh, Mr. Stone, is it you?" asked the man.

"Yes. Tell me instantly what has happened."

"I know nothin', but they tells me to come to the ferry and see if a little canoe had floated down."

"Was Miss Irene Williams said to have been in the canoe?"

The question was too imperatively put to admit of any evasion, and Jasper, more loth than his "betters" sometimes are to communicate painful news, stammered out a reluctant "Yes."

By close questioning, Mr. Stone learned the particulars of the accident, and it did not take him long to decide upon his course.

He got the ferryman's skiff and a lantern, and began rowing up the river, while Jasper drove the buggy up the bank on the town side. Henry kept near the right bank, meeting the current: as he neared the "obstructions" his progress became more and more impeded by darkness and the increased swiftness of the stream.

He kept a good lookout, and was sure no canoe had passed him floating in the strong current, and his hopes began to rise, but he shuddered at every sound.

When he reached the "obstructions" he was in doubt how to proceed. It would be useless to attempt going round the point, for the eddy was too strong to be stemmed by a man rowing up stream; so, running his boat into the shallow water, he urged it forward until it stuck fast, and then abandoned it to continue his search on foot.

He crossed in the mud and weeds to



“He sprang forward, and leaning across the boat threw the lantern’s rays into the hollow.”

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the other side, where it was drier and firmer, from logs and timber having accumulated here during successive years. Raising the lantern, he looked to the right and to the left, but the darkness prevented his seeing ten steps ahead. An impulse which he did not strive to resist decided him to return toward the right bank, and he had gone but a short distance when a canoe, lying on one side, met his sight. It was drawn up between two logs, in a position which convinced him that it had not come there by accident. He had never seen these little boats of his brother's, but he felt no doubt that this was one of them—the one of which he was in search.

"Where was Irene?" He shivered as he asked himself this question. If she had remained in the boat, she must by this time be frozen—dead! He did not call her or go farther, but stood for some moments rooted to the spot. Suddenly, as a thought occurred to him, he sprang forward, and leaning across the boat threw the lantern's rays into the hollow nook beyond. He had guessed right: the space was occupied by a form lying, or rather crouching, to shelter itself from the storm.

He placed the lantern on the ground, and jumping over the canoe, knelt down beside the unconscious girl and clasped her to his heart. But a shuddering cry burst from him as he felt how cold and lifeless her form lay in his arms. Her clothes, of a texture ill suited to such weather, were wet through and beginning to congeal. He pulled off his own half-drenched cloak, and having wrapped it around her, began to rub her hands. A gleam of hope shot across his mind as he remembered a flask of brandy which had been given him that evening as something very choice. He drew it from his coat-pocket and poured some of the liquor over her head. He was afraid to put it to her lips; but as the minutes passed, which in that awful suspense seemed hours, and she gave no signs of reviving, he at last saturated his handkerchief and pressed it to her half-parted lips. She shivered, choked, and, after struggling

a few moments, opened her eyes. There was no expression of surprise in them—rather a look of expectation gratified. "Oh, Mr. Henry," she said in her usual soft and quiet tone, "I knew *you* would come. I was sure you wouldn't leave me here to perish."

If ever her voice had sounded like music in his ear, it was then. But he was too excited, too anxious, to reply. He set himself to think how he could get her home.

"Irene," he said at last, "if I leave you a moment, you won't be afraid?"

"No—only not for long, I am in such terrible pain."

He wrapped his cloak closer around her, and having placed her in the most sheltered position, started in search of Jasper, who was happily within hail, and who brought the buggy down to the bank. Some time was consumed in ascertaining the depth of the intervening water. The rain continued to fall, the wind was rising, and the darkness was almost impenetrable. Jasper waded in, lantern in hand, and expressed his belief that the stream was fordable. Then Henry raised Irene in his arms and bore her to the shore. She moaned several times, and was half insensible by the time he got her into the buggy and started for home, while Jasper continued his course up the river on foot, to meet the exploring party and make the announcement that Miss Williams was safe. A loud cheer greeted the news, and soon collected the scattered members of the party.

"Quite right!" remarked one of them: "Mr. Stone was the proper person to find her."

"How very romantic!" drawled out another. "I should not be surprised if there had been an understanding between guardian and ward that she should get lost and he know where to find her."

"That's real ill-natured, Lawrence: she's too young for such freaks."

They continued to joke until Decatur, who had stayed behind to secure his boat, joined the group, and noticing their high spirits, said, "Don't laugh: it is

nothing to joke about. My brother will not easily forgive me. I can't believe all is as well as Jasper reports. Let us return to town."

"All right! and when you have been home and convinced yourself that the fair one takes it as coolly as we do, come up to the club-room and join us in some egg-nogg, which will soon make you forget the ducking you have sustained in the cause of chivalry. Say, Decatur, didn't it wash all the love out of your heart?"

He made no reply, but hastened toward home, where Henry had arrived before him.

Mrs. Stone and Ellen had gone out to the side gate when they heard the buggy, to meet, as they supposed, Henry returning from his visit—each dreading to tell of the accident, but both feeling that he must be informed at once. With a mixed feeling of relief and dread they saw him get out and lift Irene from the vehicle. She lay in his arms as if dead, and Ellen, supposing her to be so, gave vent to a loud scream. He carried his burden into the house, and seeing a large fire in the dining-room, went in there and laid her on the rug before the glowing grate. He called for various restoratives, and kept rubbing her hands, looking all the while so grave and stern that Ellen's fright took a new turn.

"I wonder," she thought, "what he will say to Decatur? I wish I had stayed at home. Oh, if we had only come back after we met him! What will he do?"

Mrs. Stone, who had regained her self-possession, and was aiding her stepson, said at last, "Nothing will do her any good while she has on these wet clothes. Henry, fetch her across the hall into my room, and Ellen and I will get her into bed while you go for the doctor."

He obeyed, and soon returned with a physician, to whom he gave a hurried account of what had happened, ending with inquiring what was to be feared.

"Either congestion of the lungs or inflammatory rheumatism."

By midnight it was decided to be the

latter. Her sufferings were intense. Henry was sitting by the bedside when Decatur came in pale and excited. The two brothers were on opposite sides of the bed, but neither looked at the other. Mrs. Stone noticed it, and spoke kindly to the younger one. Irene too looked up at him, and when he bent over her to say "Forgive," she replied, "Do not blame yourself: we were all in the wrong."

Decatur returned to the parlor, where Ellen Chester was.

"Didn't I tell you he wouldn't speak to you?" she exclaimed. "Indeed, he has scarcely spoken to a soul since he came home."

"He has a right to be angry," replied poor Decatur: "he never approved of our boating frolics. The other day he told me some mischief would come of them."

"Why didn't he say that to Irene?" Ellen felt tempted to ask, but she refrained, and only said, "Poor Irene! Do you think she suffers *very* much? Her face is dreadfully pale."

"Yes, and what I fear is, that she will never get over it. Oh, Ellen, why didn't we come back when warned?"

After some further talk, Ellen left the room, saying she had always been afraid of Mr. Stone, and now she dreaded to go where he was. She lingered in the hall until Henry came out, and then went and stayed with her friend till morning.

Decatur felt, as was natural, more remorse than Ellen, but it was not from this cause alone that he shrank from encountering his brother. His temper was hot and impetuous, and, though he could acknowledge to himself that Henry had "a right to be angry," he yet knew that a very few words of reproach would be liable to drive him to some harsh recrimination.

Henry, on the other hand, had refrained from speaking until his excitement had subsided. He now walked up to his brother, and, holding out his hand, said, "Decatur, what has been done cannot be recalled, and regrets and reproaches are alike useless."

The answer was short, but manly and

unaffected: "I am sincerely sorry." After a silence, Decatur said, "I was afraid you would never forgive me."

"I am sorry you should have thought so hardly of me; but," he added, "I have no hopes of her recovery."

"Oh, don't say that, my brother! Do not say I am a murderer!"

"Calm yourself, Decatur. It is best to be prepared for the worst. I have come to say this to you, and to add—for it will be very hard for me to give her up—that if in a moment of grief I lose self-control and reproach you, remember that I have assured you, in calm moments, that I entertain no feeling toward you but affection."

She did not die, but the days grew to weeks, the weeks to months, before she knew any cessation of pain. Dr. White visited her night and day, doing all that medical knowledge could suggest to allay her agony.

Her patience was admirable: no murmur ever escaped her lips—only a low, continuous moaning whenever the fever rose and added its burning torture to the ceaseless pain.

CHAPTER III.

ELLEN CHESTER remained with her friend until the middle of January, and was untiring in her assiduous devotion. On the evening of the day she left, Henry was speaking of her to his ward, praising her kindness, and remarked she must have had a dull time while with them.

"Yes: it was too bad I should be sick, for Ellen loves me so much she would seldom go out and leave me."

"It was more than unfortunate, but you have been the greater sufferer."

"Bodily, yes; but I do not care so for going out as she does. Did you like her, Mr. Henry?"

He was a little puzzled at the question, but answered, "Yes; yet after that boating frolic I felt very hard toward her. I was ashamed to think as I did; so, when I found you liked to have her

near you, I wrote to her mother, begging she might remain longer."

"She used to say she was terribly afraid of you."

"Did she? I was not aware that any one was afraid of me."

"I don't see why they should be: I'm sure I never was."

"I am glad to hear that: fear is the last feeling I should wish to inspire."

Irene turned her head from him, murmuring, "Oh, I do wish I could go to sleep once more free from pain!"

"I hope you will now, before very long. You are improving: you have had no fever for three days."

"My hands have hurt me very much, and I can't help fearing they will get bent. It is vain to think about it, I know, but I cannot help it."

"It is very natural," was all he could say as he took the pretty hands held out to him, and rubbed them gently for a long time.

Neither her hands nor any of her limbs became bent: remedies had been too promptly applied with a skillful hand, and she recovered entirely from the attack.

The weary winter was at last gone, and spring nearly over, when Irene once more moved about the house, looking almost like the ghost of her former self, the roundness gone from her limbs and the color from her cheeks. The dark hair had grown very much, making her features more pale by the contrast, and deepening the pensive expression of her countenance.

One morning, when breakfast was over, Mrs. Stone reminded the young gentlemen of a dinner-party to come off that day.

"I had not forgotten it," said Henry, "but it is impossible for me to go: it will be five o'clock before I can leave the court-house, and that is the dinner-hour, with ten miles to ride to reach the house."

"Then it is out of the question to expect you. Irene, suppose I were to go: do you think you could get along by yourself for one day?"

"Yes indeed, Mrs. Stone! Please do not remain on my account. I have an interesting book, and shall not mind being alone at all."

Henry glanced at her with a somewhat keen look, and urged his step-mother to go. Mrs. Stone and Decatur accordingly went to the party, and Irene, after eating an early dinner, remained in the dining-room reading until the middle of the afternoon: she then went out on the side gallery. The weather was lovely: the plants and flowers in the garden seemed inviting her to come and be with them. "Come into the garden, Maud," she quoted with a sigh. "But no: I will be wiser than Maud—I'll stay out of the garden." Then, as she resumed her book, she murmured, with a half smile, "There's nobody waiting among the roses for me."

An hour before sundown Henry returned home, and immediately came to her. "Give me the book," he said, taking a seat by her side: "I'll read to you." He read in a clear voice until the shadows grew long and the air cool, when he closed the book and took her hand: "Come into the parlor, Irene: I am afraid you may take cold out here." He led her in, and placing her on the sofa, sat down beside her. The room was already partially dark—only the outlines of objects could be seen.

Irene proposed opening a window or lighting the lamp.

"There is light enough to talk by," he replied, "and I want you to tell me how you got lost: I have never fully understood it."

Whether this was but an opening to another topic of conversation was a question she did not ask herself. She proceeded simply to give him the information he had asked her: "While we were looking for my paddle we got separated: it was so dark we could not see each other at any distance. My boat, of course, kept floating down, and I heard Ellen screaming and begging Decatur to come back. He answered her, and passed close by me, rowing up, and continued to answer Ellen's calls, while his voice grew fainter to me; and

I was too excited to call until I suppose there was a considerable distance between us. I heard them when they called me, and knew that they were uneasy, which added to my terror; but I was so cold I could not answer loud enough to be heard.

"Then all grew quiet and I no longer heard their voices. How terribly I felt! I knew then it was of no use to scream—that there was no one to help me. Soon I felt that the boat moved faster—that the current was stronger. I sat up: before this I had been leaning down, hiding my face like a coward, and uttering a prayer half aloud. Decatur had often described the river to Ellen and me, and it came into my mind that my only chance lay in preventing the canoe from going to the right of the little island. I saw nothing until a willow limb struck the bow: it hung from the island banks. I caught it with both hands and pulled backward. I could just see the limbs and weeds around me, but I kept pulling and jerking at everything I could grasp, until I found the boat was still: then, by holding on to the little trees, I pushed it to the left. The next thing I knew it was free again, floating slowly, and in a few moments it struck the logs at the 'obstructions.'

"With the rope in my hand I jumped ashore, or rather into the darkness, for I had very little idea of where I was. I drew the canoe after me, for I did not like to have it lost. Then, as the sleet was falling, pelting me, I thought of turning it down for a shelter, for, being so small and light, I could manage it very well. Decatur had taught us a good deal about boats."

"You were very brave and very thoughtful." Henry pressed the little hands between his. "Irene, do you remember what you said when you revived?"

"Something about you," she replied frankly, "for I remember thinking only about you."

He passed his arm around her and drew her closer to his side: "Tell me, Irene, if you meant *all* your sweet voice implied that night?"

"It is said that in dire extremities we say only what we feel."

These words, low spoken, thrilled his heart as none had ever done before. He pressed her hand to his lips, murmuring, "My worshiped idol! my beautiful flower! will you indeed be my 'heart's-ease,' sweet Irene?"

She did not answer, but suffered him to press on her lips the first kiss he had ever dared to imprint there.

"Never before," he said, "because I had not the right as a lover, and I could never kiss you innocently as your guardian. I have loved you long, dearest, but tried to hide it, and fear now I shall not have the approval of any one."

"Who is there to object?"

"Oh, you don't know how the world will judge me. I shall be accused of having taken advantage of my position and relationship: you will be thought too young and inexperienced. The relationship, to be sure, is nothing: your mother was my uncle's stepdaughter. She was a little older than myself, and married young. I was fifteen when she sent for me to be your sponsor: it pleased me, of course, as it might have done any other boy, and I took the vows, making all the promises she exacted without hesitation, but I did not see you again for ten years. Then she sent for me, when on her deathbed, and begged me to remember my promises. I had always loved her very much, and I heeded the directions she gave about you; all of which, I think I may say, have been fully carried out. That winter mother and I came to see you I felt, when I left you, that you were more to me than my cousin's daughter, and for that reason I went to Europe before you came home. I encouraged your going out, that you might meet others, and, if it were to be, love some one else. At last, that night decided me: I need not tell you what I suffered while rowing up the river—how I started at every sound, and feared to touch you when at last I discovered you. It revealed how much you were to me, and your words and conduct made me hope I was not indifferent to you. In all

those terrible nights that followed I would go, when I could, to your side and rub your hands, lingering and hoping some accident, some word, would betray you; but I was disappointed. I only discovered that my presence did not displease you. Oh, my sweet girl! you have kept your heart well locked; but I do not complain: it is too great a treasure to be guarded carelessly."

Irene listened, too happy to speak except in reply to direct questions.

"Irene, did you need the terrors of that night to learn your heart?"

"Yes."

"But you said then you knew I would come."

"When I thought I should die from cold before any one got to me, I tried to pray, to say I was willing to die, but I could not: I could see you looking sad, and the words were unsaid. Ah! we can't even think an untruth, Mr. Henry, with death staring us in the face."

"Go on, dearest—tell me."

"Then I grew so cold, and I wished for you: I cried too. At last I became sleepy, and dreamt you came, calling me pet names, and that I was very happy."

"Enough, Irene! It makes you nervous now to recall that night; and no wonder. Yes, I came, thank Heaven! and, if you say I may, I will remain to love and serve you all my life, my fair 'queen of hearts.'"

He waited a few minutes for a reply, but she made none, and he said again, "Tell me I may, dear Irene."

"If I say you may, who shall say nay? I think I am the one most interested."

It grew dark in the room. The house was wrapped in silence: no sound could be heard but the murmur of their low voices as they repeated to one another those words which have lost none of their old beauty and sweetness, though they have rolled down through the discord of six thousand years—"I love you."

They were finally aroused by the house-servant coming through the hall

to close the front door, and talking to himself: "I wonder where Miss Irene be? She hasn't rung for lights, and I don't know if I must have supper or not."

"Have supper," called out Henry: "bring it in and ring the bell: then we will come."

"Don't you want a light in the parlor, sir?"

"Not till after tea."

"Let me go," whispered Irene, "and attend to the table."

"No, I will not," he replied, playfully. "Who cares what there is to eat?"

When the bell rang he led her in by the hand, and entertained her gayly during the meal, for fear the newness of their position would make her uncomfortable in the presence of the servants.

After tea they returned to the parlor, now brightly lighted: he read, while she leaned back in a large chair and listened. When they heard the carriage coming he got up and bent over her chair, for he noticed her change color: "I'll tell mother to-night. I did not mean to frighten you when I said no one will approve of my course. Be brave and queenly."

He hastened out and met the returned party.

"Had a splendid time, Henry!" exclaimed his brother. "Everybody was wishing for you, though: they did not seem to consider that I filled your place at all."

After they had reached the parlor and talked a while, Mrs. Stone went toward her bed-room. Henry followed her.

"Mother," he began, "I want to see you a moment."

"Come in: I am going to lay off my bonnet and wrappings. But why didn't you send Irene to bed? She looks tired."

"I'll tell you, for it is of her I wish to speak;" and he related what had occurred. Mrs. Stone listened in silence as she stood before her glass arranging her dress.

"Is it wise?" she asked as he concluded.

"I can't see that it is unwise," he replied. "Have you no congratulations?"

She took a seat on the sofa and motioned him to one beside her: then asked, gravely, "Which is your first duty—her interest or your gratification?"

"There cannot be two opinions on that subject: her interest, assuredly."

"Do you think it will be furthered by marrying you?"

"If her happiness is my happiness, my pleasure and her interest become one and the same thing."

"It is an unsuitable marriage," continued Mrs. Stone, speaking more to herself than her stepson.

"Tell me the objections."

"Too great a difference in your ages."

He remembered that there had been a greater between his father's age and hers, but he answered, gently, "She is eighteen, and I am not thirty-three."

"She is too young and inexperienced."

"I am willing to wait, if you think it advisable. Do you?"

"I am no advocate for long engagements."

He was silent.

"Henry, she is very pretty, and might have made a brilliant match."

"Very true. A marriage with me will not be brilliant. I can give her only a comfortable home and devotion."

"I can't think that she loves you disinterestedly."

"Why, mother, she is too honest and pure-hearted to dissemble."

"Yes, but does she know her own feelings?"

"I think so."

Mrs. Stone did not like it, and very soon said so candidly. She left him, going to the dining-room for some tea, and he laid his head on the window-sill with the moonlight streaming over him. He was miserable. He had expected outsiders to censure him, but not his own family. His stepmother and he had been companions and confidential friends, and he knew that she had none but good motives in opposing him. Then he thought of the vow he had made to Irene's mother to protect and care for her. He asked himself the question again and again, "Am I sacrificing her?" and he wondered if it was only

his love that assured him he was not. He could not acknowledge it to be so : his was a steady devotion that had grown slowly and taken deep root. Yet now, as he was obliged to confess to himself, he was intoxicated with the thought of having realized the sweetest dream Hope had ever painted for him.

During this time, Irene and Decatur had remained in the parlor. The latter soon noticed the prolonged absence of the other two, and asked where they had gone. Irene blushed crimson : she could not but know what detained them so long.

"You know!" he exclaimed, quickly. "What's to pay now?"

It was impossible for Irene to equivocate, so she replied, "I know, but cannot tell."

"Can't? or won't?"

"Both."

"I can guess; so you had better make a virtue of necessity, and tell me, for you will thereby make a friend, and it's my opinion you will need one."

She looked up frightened: "Oh, Decatur, would you be my friend if I were to be your sister?"

"That I would!" he exclaimed, embracing and kissing her. "I knew Henry was after you, he was always in such a fever of anxiety about you; but if he don't catch it to-night from the old lady, I'm mistaken."

Irene shivered and covered her face with her hands: "Does she not like me, Decatur? I love her very much, and I am very grateful for her kindness."

"Don't know, but a storm is coming: that confab has lasted too long: it don't take many words to tell of happiness. But stop crying: I'll stand by you and fight well for you, if only to show that I didn't mean to run off and leave you to perish last winter."

"I never thought you did: I never felt hardly toward you."

"Hush! don't talk about that: I can't bear it. Kiss me again, and promise to come to me when you want a friend. I could scream, I'm so glad you love Henry. I will say, Hurrah!"

He went off to get his supper, which he was still boy enough to enjoy, whatever might be going on. Irene thought she would retire, for it was long past her usual time for doing so. She knew this would not be putting off her interview with Mrs. Stone, for she had slept in that lady's room from the time she had first been ill.

The dining-room door was closed, and she saw no one until she was in the chamber, when she discovered Henry. Her first inclination was to glide quickly out, but, on observing his bowed head and his whole attitude, expressive of perplexity and grief, her instinct told her that her place was at his side. Laying both hands on his head, she said, pleadingly, "What is it, darling?" He did not reply, but the dear little hands were drawn down from his head, and he passed them caressingly over his face. "Won't you tell me, Mr. Henry?" Still he did not answer, and she drew herself up, half playfully, half imperiously, and said, "You have called me your queen, and by the right you have thus given me *I demand* to know what has happened. You have no right to torture me with suspense."

She seemed indeed queenly in her pure girlish dignity, and he looked up at her with pride: "Irene, would you be willing to wait a few years?"

"If you think it best, yes. I am your ward, to be guided by you *until* we are married." There was a tone of archness in this last speech, which was something new in Irene.

"I am thinking of resigning the guardianship."

"To whom?"

"To Mrs. Stone."

She turned her head away and tried to withdraw her hands, but he held them firmly: "Don't leave me, Irene: I am troubled. God knows I meant to do right by you. Will you obey me if I ask a hard thing of you?"

"Have I ever disobeyed you?"

"Never! Now listen. You shall not be bound by any promise to me: you are free to go and to act as you please, while I pledge my honor to you to be

and remain your plighted lover, never acknowledging my allegiance canceled except by your command."

"I do not understand it," she answered, doubtingly: "what is your object?"

"To satisfy mother that I have not taken advantage of my position, and that your love is not gratitude."

"And you are going to give me up to her?"

"I haven't brought myself to say 'I will,' yet."

"Then please do not;" and she fell on her knees beside him.

He sprang up and raised her in his arms: "You shall never have to ask me twice for anything. Give you up? No, I swear I will not, 'queen of hearts.'"

Mrs. Stone at that moment entered the room. "Henry," she said, "it would have been advisable to leave this conversation until to-morrow: you have excited her far too much already. Come, my dear, you must retire."

"Let me tell you," said he, "what has been agreed on?"

"Nothing to-night. To-morrow you will both be calmer and better able to talk. Come, Irene," she continued, kindly, taking her from Mr. Stone, who had kept his arm around her. "You certainly are not afraid I shall be unkind to you."

As Henry left the room he saw his stepmother kiss her affectionately.

"I will assist you to undress, Irene; then read to you if you wish, but not a thing shall you tell me until to-morrow."

It was late the next afternoon when Mr. Stone returned from his office. He met Mrs. Stone in the hall, and asked where Irene was.

"In my room. There is company in the parlor."

That did not stop him. He went to Irene, sent the maid out of the room and closed the door. "What has made you so nervous, Irene?" he asked as he drew a chair close to the couch. "You are pale and half crying."

"Mrs. Stone and I have had a long talk. She was very kind, never blamed me, but said that under the peculiar circumstances it was her duty to ascertain positively if my happiness was dependent on this marriage."

"What did she ask of you?"

"She wants us to consent to an entire separation until the autumn, and says she will take me to the Virginia Springs, where I can see more of society. But I do not want to go: I have no taste for society. If we are contented, why should she be so exacting?"

"She is perfectly conscientious, and wishes to do the best for us both. I know it is hard, dearest," and he pressed his lips on hers to conceal his own emotion, "but you will go if I ask you to? I had intended, in any case, that you should travel this summer for your health; only I thought to have been sometimes with you. 'Queen of hearts,' you are not afraid to trust me?"

Tears prevented her answering, but he felt that she had full confidence in him, and he thanked her a thousand times in words of sweetest eloquence.

INDUSTRIAL AND FINANCIAL EFFECTS OF THE WAR.

IT is proposed in this paper to ask attention to some considerations respecting the industrial and financial influences of the French and German war, suggested, in part, by recent personal observations in Great Britain, Germany, Belgium and Holland, and in part by a comparison of data collected from a variety of independent sources.

On entering Germany in August last the most unobservant of travelers could hardly fail to be impressed with the fact that war, for the time being, had become the first and almost sole business of the nation, or, more properly, of the confederate Germanic states. In Rhenish and North-eastern Prussia production seemed to have been in a great degree arrested; few civilians were to be encountered, either upon the cars or at the hotels; while the transportation of merchandise by rail or boat, except for military purposes, was also apparently entirely suspended. Private letters written as late as the middle of October describe also this same condition of affairs, and make mention of the difficulty of even finding a blacksmith to shoe a horse in many of the German villages; with the further incident that even the sextons had left their churches and gone to the actual war districts in the capacity of *Krankenträger*, or hospital attendants whose special duty is taking care of the dead.

The opinion of German authorities, more competent to judge than a transient observer, and since communicated to the writer, has been, however, to the effect that production is not really interrupted by reason of the war in Germany, as a whole, to a greater extent than *thirty* per cent.; the interruption being greatest in Prussia proper, where the military conscription has been the most extensive, and least in the allied states, as Saxony and Bavaria, where a smaller proportion of the young, able-bodied men are drawn into the army;

and in the German states and "free cities" which, like Nassau and Frankfurt, have been incorporated with Prussia since 1866, and where the Prussian military laws have only been made applicable to those who have become of age since the date of incorporation.

In Holland and Belgium, although these countries have not engaged in actual war, the interruption of industry and of production, owing to the calling out or "mobilization" of a great portion of their military strength, and the general disturbance of commercial and industrial relations with France and Germany, is probably nearly as great as in the latter country. Thus, for example, the greater part of the iron ore used in the Belgian furnaces is derived from mines in the district of Saarbruck; and since this district has become the scene of extensive military operations and railroad occupation the supply has at times been entirely cut off. The same district supplies coal also to Switzerland, especially for its cotton factories; and the interruption of supply by reason of the war has to a very considerable extent impaired the aggregate of manufacturing production in this country also.

The districts of Saarbruck and Saarlouis, are the districts, moreover, in Prussia in which the disturbance of industry, mainly in coal and iron, has been by far the greatest. As an illustration of this, particular reference may be made to the iron-works of the Messrs. Stumm of Neuenkirchen in the district of Saarbruck, which are well known as among the most extensive in Germany, and which, previous to the breaking out of the war, alone furnished employment to nearly ten thousand workmen. In September, however, the whole number employed was reported at only two hundred and fifty, the majority of the remainder, including one of the proprietors of the establishment, having been called into military service.

Again: the general effect of the interruption of industry in Germany by reason of the war may be inferred from the earnest appeals that have recently been made to the charity of all Germans in behalf of the working population of Rhenish Prussia, Hanover, Baden and Hesse especially. One of these appeals brought to our notice, under date of September 28, uses the following language: "The towns in these districts are crowded with helpless women and children, coming in to beg for bread; the fields are left untilled: the villages are swept clean of food; while the prices of all the necessaries of life have gone up threefold." At a period as early as the last week in August the appearance in every German city, town or hamlet of considerable numbers of men in uniform hobbling upon crutches, or with their arms or heads bandaged, testified most eloquently to the terrible results of the recent battles; while at the railway stations, or in the vicinity of the rooms or buildings appropriated for use as hospitals, the spectacle of women clad in mourning or weeping bitterly was not by any means unfrequent. There is also reason to believe, owing to the practice of grouping the local or district conscriptions into companies, battalions or regiments by themselves, that the almost entire destruction in some instances of such military integrals has been equivalent to the destruction of almost all the young, able-bodied men of certain small towns and villages. And as regards the comparative losses of the two armies, the opinions expressed to the writer by numbers of Prussian officers who were wounded in the battles before Metz were almost uniformly to the effect that the losses of the Prussians were greater than those of the French, inasmuch as the former were nearly always the attacking party, while their opponents, until routed, fought under cover or behind buildings, hedges or entrenchments.

But, however great may have been the interruption or diversion of industry in Germany, the interruption and diversion in France must undoubtedly have

been much greater. In fact, throughout a great part of North-eastern France there has been not only a suspension of production, but also, to a great extent, a destruction of the *means* of production, both in the form of money capital and of implements—*i. e.*, buildings, tools, animals, etc. In the whole of this district there has been no important production in any of the great cotton, woolen or leather industries since the middle of July; while the yearly product of agriculture, with all previous accumulations and stock, has been undoubtedly in great part consumed by the military forces or the unemployed people.

Of the number of persons in this section of France who have, by reason of the war, been deprived of employment, and consequently of the means of livelihood, some idea may be formed from the following statistics respecting places well known to have been the scene of active military operations. In Sedan and its immediate vicinity there were employed, previous to the war, in the woolen industry *alone*, fifteen thousand workmen; in Rheims and the adjacent districts, sixty-two thousand; at Orleans, in woolen, cotton and hosiery, thirty thousand; in St. Quentin and the vicinity, in the manufacture of cotton, seventy-five thousand; at Strasburg, in various mechanical industries, fifty thousand; at Nancy, twenty thousand; at Metz, twenty-five thousand; at Orleans, thirty thousand; while in Paris the number of persons engaged in manufacturing industries has been estimated at not less than five hundred thousand.*

* In the decree of the government: at Paris, dated September 30th, the declaration is made "that the investment of the capital has interrupted commercial relations, suspended labor, and thereby dried up the sources of wages and of revenues;" and that consequently "citizens who devote themselves entirely to the defence of the country must be provisionally protected against ruinous and useless proceedings." Accordingly, "a delay of three months in payment of the rent falling due October 1st, and of the quarters previously due remaining unpaid," is granted to tenants in the department of the Seine who may declare that they have need of it; and tenants of furnished lodgings are allowed the same delay for "the current rent due." This decree, it will be observed,

As an example of great branches of industry which for the time being may be regarded as wholly destroyed in France, that of the manufacture of kid gloves may be particularly referred to. This industry, although having its centre nominally in Paris, is really distributed over the whole of Northern France, and affords occupation to a large number of people in widely distant localities. Thus, the skins, a large number of which are imported from Italy, Switzerland and Germany, are tanned and dressed at Besançon, Beauvais, Lunéville and a multitude of other places, and then sent to Paris, where the gloves, after being cut to pattern, are distributed throughout the provinces to be sewed by women, who work at their homes. It is thus obvious that with all means of intercommunication and transport broken up or prevented between Paris and the provinces, this industry must of necessity be brought to a complete stand-still, even though the export demand continues unabated and the price in foreign countries becomes greatly augmented.

Two other reported circumstances, illustrative of the condition of French industry, are also worthy of notice. The first is, that before the evacuation of Alsace and the Vosges by the French, the military commander of these districts officially ordered that all workshops and factories should be closed; the second, that a manufacturer of Mulhouse having, in spite of great difficulties, made arrangements for getting cotton from Switzerland in October, so as to give occupation to his factory operatives, received a rude order from the government at Tours to give up his project, for the assigned reason that "it was the duty of the men at Mulhouse to fight and not to work." Now, in the case of all these people deprived of employment, it must be remembered that while ceasing to be producers they have not ceased to be consumers, and takes small account of the interest of landlords, and must fall very hard on that considerable portion of the Parisian population whose sole source of maintenance is derived from the renting of furnished lodgings.

therefore to a corresponding extent destroyers of capital accumulated as the result of previous labor, except so far as their ability to consume has become impaired either through lack of supplies or deficiency of means wherewith the supplies, greatly enhanced in price by reason of scarcity, may be purchased. Unfortunately, both means and supplies—which among the working-classes of Europe are never, even in the most prosperous times, in any great excess—are now known to be wanting to such an extent that the inhabitants of whole districts are actually threatened with destruction by starvation. Thus, the recent appeal of a committee formed for the relief of the peasantry in an arrondissement of Sedan states that in the department of Ardennes alone there were on the 1st of October not less than two hundred thousand persons in the condition of the utmost misery; and in Lorraine the number in want of immediate aid was said to be even greater. "Skilled workmen in the manufacturing towns, especially those devoted to the woolen industry," says the report of the Sedan committee, "who formerly gained from five to ten francs per day, are now glad to earn ten or twenty sous by any jobs in which the municipality can employ them; which sum they instantly spend in buying a little bread. Persons who were in comparatively easy circumstances are, we are assured, absolutely reduced to begging for food. The most immediate want is food—bread, biscuit, potatoes, bacon and coffee."

And even in those portions of Northern France farther removed from the scenes of actual conflict the condition of industry is represented as most deplorable. "I was greatly struck," writes Doctor Russell to the London *Times*, "throughout my long course at the desolate appearance of Normandy. Those extensive plains about Rouen, which are generally peopled with herds of oxen thick as daisies in a meadow, showed now only a very few, just enough for the immediate reserve of a large city. Farther on, among the rich, beautiful meadows of Normandy, three

or four bullocks or cows were quite a rare sight; and literally I only saw ten flocks of sheep in all the distance between Rouen and Alençon."

As an illustration of individual suffering and loss among the French peasantry, a friend who has visited the battle-fields of Woerth and Forbach relates that he met in one of the half-ruined and desolated villages of that district an old woman, belonging apparently to the better class of the rural population. Her simple story was to this effect: That in July last she was the owner of a cottage, clothes and furniture, two cows, a pig, some fowls, sufficient flour and meal to last until the next year's harvest, and a little money. Since then, in the military operations, her cottage had been burnt, and her clothes, furniture and little store of money destroyed with it, while the cows, pigs and poultry had all been appropriated; leaving the poor old creature at the age of seventy or more, after having once acquired a comparative competence, to commence again the struggle for life, with little hope of aid or charity from her friends and neighbors, for the reason that all, through similar disasters, had become as impoverished as herself.

Such a partial and incomplete review of the material effect of the war on the population of the two great countries, France and Germany, numbering in the aggregate nearly eighty millions, naturally suggests the further inquiry as to the influences of the war, immediate or prospective, upon the progress and prosperity of other nations, or upon mankind in general. And to this there can be but the one answer which the experience of other days and of other conflicts has again and again presented—viz.: that of all the calamities with which mankind are from time to time afflicted, there are none so disastrous as war and its invariable accompaniments.

It was an old idea, which formed the basis of much of the policy of nations and statesmen in days gone by, and which still embodies itself in many of the existing prejudices of modern times,

that what is one nation's or individual's gain or loss must be the measure of the loss or gain of some other; and, even more, it was held that some nation or individual must be made to lose in order that some others may profit. In fact, during the whole of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the leading political philosophers and statesmen of England and France did not hesitate to declare that a general and devastating war between other nations was desirable as a means of increasing the trade and commerce of their own. The poet laureate of England was not ashamed to begin one of his noblest poems by invoking the thunders of war upon Holland for the sole purpose of reducing her commercial prosperity (Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis*, 1666); and in 1743 an eminent statesman of England declared in the House of Lords that "if our wealth is diminished, it is time to ruin the commerce of that nation (Holland) which has driven us from the markets of the Continent, by sweeping the seas of their ships and by blockading their ports"—a declaration which in heathenism and barbarism finds, we are ashamed to say, a counterpart in our own day in the recent repeated public assertion of the leader of a school of American economists, that the best possible thing which in the last half of the nineteenth century could happen to the United States would be the occurrence of a seven years' war with Great Britain. How closely, however, such principles were lived up to in old times is further exemplified in the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, which provided that one of the best harbors of France, that of Dunkirk, should be filled up and for ever destroyed, and which forbade the citizens of Antwerp to use the deep water that flowed close by their walls for purposes of navigation. How closely they are lived up to in modern times is proved by the fact that the leading idea which to-day forms the basis of the whole financial policy of the United States is, that the wealth and prosperity of the country may be increased and developed by the maintenance of taxa-

tion, which is always, under every condition, an act of deprivation and obstruction.

By the disciples of such a philosophy, whether they belong to the old school or new, a war like that between France and Germany, which, by destroying or interrupting the industry of the two countries, gives opportunity and stimulus to the industry of some other, must be regarded as in some sense a benefit; just as upon a smaller scale the loss of a ship at sea with a rich cargo, the destruction by fire of a block of stores filled with merchandise, or, to come down still lower, the breaking of all the windows of a town by a hail-storm, is often popularly regarded, and spoken of, as *being good for trade*.

Now, it is very true that when ships are wrecked, goods burned up and windows broken some branches of industry must for the time being be stimulated to replace or restore the articles destroyed; but it is equally true that the ships, goods and windows in question represented a portion of the general wealth or capital, the product of much previous labor, which, if it had not been destroyed, would have remained to stimulate the production of some other objects or articles of industry; for mankind in general do not accumulate for the mere sake of accumulation, but in order to use, either by themselves or through others. Labor can indeed replace the ships, goods and windows, but the owners of what has been thus used up to no profit must, in order to pay for their losses, retrench in some other outlay, which would have afforded benefit to other producers or other consumers. It is a principle of political economy, which no one at the present day would think of disputing, that accumulation or capital is absolutely essential to the profitable employment of labor and the progress of civilization, and that the greater the accumulation, the greater the extent of the opportunity for profitable employment, and the greater the abundance of what mankind need or wish. Whenever capital is destroyed, therefore, unnecessarily and without

profit, industry and trade generally are injured to the extent and measure of that destruction. And the only difference of pecuniary result between the effect of shipwreck, fire or storm, and the effect of war, is, that the latter, as compared with the former, absorbs capital for the maintenance of labor, trade and commerce in the proportion of a million to a hundred.

To carry out the argument to the fullest extent, it is only necessary to suppose the energy of production to be continually arrested by the continuance of war or the occurrence of disaster from natural causes. The end would evidently be, that consumption would sooner or later exceed production, and civilization and mankind would go down together.

It may seem unnecessary to have entered into such an extended argument to prove what are apparently self-evident propositions, but their truth has nevertheless been at times formally denied by speculative writers—such, for example, as Rousseau—and, what is still more important, is practically denied to-day by the conduct of both nations and individuals in their financial and business transactions.

Whether the remote and long-continued influence of former great European wars has ever been made the subject of extended investigation cannot be affirmed; but certain it is that no more important or interesting contribution could be made to the history of social science or political economy; and it is also certain that such influences admit of being easily traced long after all physical evidences of the actual conflict and the actors themselves have passed away. Thus it has been stated during the present year, by one of the leading economists of Europe, that the effects of the terrible "Thirty Years' War" which devastated Germany from 1618 to 1648 are yet to be distinctly recognized; the population and the productions of certain cities and districts which were then ravaged being actually less at the present time than they were two hundred and fifty years ago. And

of our great war, which closed in the spring of 1865, if we measure its remote industrial influences by the continuance of the debt and taxation which it occasioned, the period of such influence will not probably be less than the remainder of the present century; while the direct and immediate influence is shown by a great variety of economic facts, one of the most significant of which is, that the amount of cotton cloth consumed in the United States during the year 1869, with forty millions of population, was less, if measured in pounds, than it was in the year 1859, with a population of thirty millions.

As regards the influence of the present war on the industry and development of countries not engaged in it, all the evidence thus far available fully confirms the truth we have before enunciated—viz.: that whenever and wherever there is an unnecessary and unprofitable destruction of capital available for the maintenance of industry, which capital labor has previously produced, industry, trade and commerce generally must be injured to the extent of such destruction.

Coming down to particulars, we find that the effect of the war upon cotton and the cotton manufacture has been to almost entirely stop the British export to two of the chief European markets of yarns and goods; the total annual exportation of which for the last few years has been over thirty million pounds of yarn and one hundred and five million yards of cloth. The exportation of raw cotton also to the continent of Europe from Liverpool and the American ports has greatly diminished, and in place of it a reverse movement has to some extent taken place; one hundred and eighty thousand bales of cotton in store at Havre, France, for the use of French manufacturers, having been mainly reshipped to Liverpool. The diminished consumption of raw cotton on the Continent for the year, in consequence of the war, is variously estimated at from three hundred thousand to five hundred thousand bales. Under such circumstances, with an increase

of product in the United States and an average crop in India, the price of raw cotton has since midsummer steadily tended downward, occasioning to the producers in the United States a loss which is likely to far more than offset any realized or prospective gains to the country from any increased demand for breadstuffs and provisions.

Another significant illustration of the effect of the war upon general industry is to be found in the statistics of the export of coal from Great Britain to Germany. Thus the export to Prussia, which was 78,655 tons in August, 1869, ran down to 492 tons in August, 1870; while the export to the Hanse Towns fell off during the same period from 75,743 tons to 18,798. The export of gunpowder from Great Britain, contrary to what might have been expected, shows a decline for the month of August, 1870, as compared with August, 1869; while of small arms only 15,999 were exported in August, 1870, as compared with 40,509 for August, 1868.

The war would also appear to have occasioned a large decrease in the demand for certain staple articles of food. Thus the Continental demand for the product of the Scotch herring fisheries was reported in September to have fallen off to the extent of more than three-fifths, occasioning much loss and possible suffering among a class of laborers whose means of support under any circumstances are generally regarded as limited and precarious. In a country even so remote as Newfoundland the effect of the war has been also most apparent; for although the catch of fish along the shores of that island and of Labrador has been good, yet the usual European demand for the same has been very small, even at reduced prices; and this, too, not only in the south of France, but in Spain, Portugal and Italy.

In still another department of industry—the publication and printing of books—the *American Booksellers' Guide*, in its review of the fall trade, thus reports: "The war in Europe has caused almost a complete cessation in the publishing

of books in both Germany and France. In England fewer books will be published, and there will be fewer books brought into competition with those of our own production. 'At the present moment,' says the London *Publishers' Circular*, 'but for the so grave interruption and momentous crisis of the war, our booksellers would have been busy. . . . But it is to be doubted whether at any time within man's memory the prospects of the book-trade were so dull and its performances so little.' "

One branch of British industry has been abnormally stimulated for a somewhat curious reason. Thus, the *Local Trade Report* of Birmingham, England, under date of October 15th, says: "The military buttonmakers of this city are in full activity, the declaration of the Prussian authorities of their determination to shoot every French volunteer not in uniform having created an urgent demand for the Gallic buttons which constitute the chief distinction between civilian and military dress."

But the general effect of the war on British trade and the financial condition of Germany are alike well depicted by the London *Times*, which, in its trade review of October 17th, says: "Since the raising of the blockade of the North German ports there has been a partial revival of trade with that quarter, but as money payments are not to be had in Germany until the close of the war, only those firms which are able and willing to give indefinite credit, with proportionate risk, can profit by the market."

Now, it would seem that a country in which "money payment" for goods wanted or essential cannot be obtained by reason of a war, must be disturbed to its very centre, industrially and financially, by the influence of that war.

Several attempts by various authorities have been made, in both France and Germany, to estimate the aggregate of what may be called the direct war expenditure of the two nations from the breaking out of hostilities until October; and although all such estimates must of necessity be wanting in any accurate basis of statistics, yet as ap-

proximations they are not unworthy of attention. In three of these estimates which have fallen under our notice, and profess to be carefully made up, the direct cost of the war to Germany is given at about one thousand millions of dollars. The direct cost to France is estimated at a similar figure, to which an equal sum is added to represent the destruction of property in the latter country; the whole making an aggregate of three thousand millions.* But, whether we accept these estimates or not, it is not to be questioned that the expenditure account of the military operations, and the loss of capital from the destruction of property, have, taking time into consideration, been vast beyond all precedent, and that if the aggregate has not yet reached the sum above named, it will probably have done so before the termination of hostilities. It cannot, furthermore, be doubted that the destruction or diversion from production of this vast amount of capital must also, for the present, greatly restrict the growth of the two countries, impair the ability of their people to purchase and consume the products of other countries, and tend to raise the rate of interest throughout Europe.

How war affects the growth of a state is strikingly illustrated by statistics derived from our own experience. Thus, in Massachusetts, one of the most prosperous of the States of the Union, whose

*The French *Journal de l'Agriculture* says, in speaking of the losses sustained by France, "We cannot estimate at less than two hundred dollars a hectare (two and a half acres) the losses sustained by our agriculture in the invaded departments, if we reckon lost crops, stock carried off, work and seeding which cannot be done. These are the superficies of the seven departments at present ruined: Aube, 609,000 hectares; Marne, 817,037 hectares; Upper Marne, 625,042 hectares; Meuse, 620,552 hectares; Meurthe, 608,922 hectares; Moselle, 533,796 hectares; Lower Rhine, 464,781 hectares; total, 4,278,134 hectares. Thus French agriculture has already lost above eight hundred millions of dollars in the invaded departments. These unexaggerated figures, nevertheless, give only a very incomplete idea of the losses superinduced by the war, for in them no allowance is made for men killed, Prussian requisitions, ruined fortunes, etc., etc. Among these etceteras I may mention the two hundred million dollar loan, which is rapidly melting. At the battle of Sedan alone the Germans captured ten thousand horses, worth at the least six hundred thousand dollars."

population was fully occupied during the period of our war, the increase of population during the five years from 1860 to 1865 was only 35,965—six out of the fourteen counties in the State actually receding in population—while from 1865 to 1870, a period of peace, the population showed an increase (according to the census of 1870) of 190,354. Now, if such was the influence of war on the growth of a State like Massachusetts, whose industry was rather stimulated than depressed by the strife, and whose population was continually reinforced by foreign immigration, how must the same agency affect the growth of states like France and Germany, whose annual increment of population, even in the most prosperous years of peace, is very small, and from whose borders the tide of emigration flows continually!

The gross indebtedness of France at the commencement of hostilities is believed to have amounted to \$2,590,000,000. With the exception of a single year, when there remained a balance of unexpended loans, owing to the termination of the Crimean war six months sooner than was anticipated, the annual receipts of the Second Empire have never equaled its annual expenditures; the average deficit being reported as equal to at least £15,000,000, or \$75,000,000, per annum; the estimated debt-tax, *per capita*, of the Empire for the last year being \$2.14, as compared with \$4.30 in Great Britain and about \$3 in the United States, the interest alone in the latter case being taken into account.

It may be interesting to remark here that the actual condition of the French finances under the Empire has been less accurately known than that of almost any other of the states of Europe, it having been seemingly the object of all the recent French ministers of finance to make up their annual budgets in such a way as to prevent alike their own people and the world outside from clearly knowing the extent and increase of the national liabilities. The distrust which such a course of proce-

sure has naturally left upon the European public mind was well illustrated during the past summer by the circumstance that when the English and Continental journals began discussing what course the Bank of France, in view of present and prospective French reverses, would adopt for the protection of the two hundred million dollars of bullion reported as in its vaults, the writer found that there was a general feeling of disbelief among London and German bankers that any such vast sum had ever been actually in the bank's possession.

But make such allowance as is necessary for our lack of accurate information respecting the French finances, and allow further, as we must, that France has greatly increased her wealth, her commerce and her productiveness under the Second Empire, it is yet certain that, in view of her annual large treasury deficit, the evil day of financial, if not of civil, disaster to the nation could not have been indefinitely postponed. In the spring of 1867, John Bright found himself side by side with M. Fould at one of the splendid military reviews given by the emperor in honor of the opening of the great Exposition; and when the former, after commenting on the evidence of excessive expenditure for military purposes thus presented before them, and also upon the regularity of the national deficit, finally asked the latter what would be the ultimate result of it all, the great minister of finance shrugged his shoulders with the significance which only a Frenchman is capable of giving to this gesture, and pithily replied, "The end is only a question of time and endurance."

Now, with the addition of the expenses of the war to the aggregate of previous liabilities, coupled with the money indemnity which will probably be demanded and enforced by Prussia, the national debt of France is certain to become not only the largest owed by any of the states of Europe, but the largest in all history, entailing a burden of interest, even under the most favorable conditions of funding, of not less

than from one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty millions of dollars per annum. How the nation with its diminished population, and possibly with diminished territory, together with a lessened ability to produce the various commodities that have heretofore contributed to the national wealth, can bear this enormous burden of debt and taxation, is a problem which French statesmen and economists must find very difficult to answer.

Austria, some years since, weighed down irremediably with debt, arbitrarily reduced the previously stipulated rate of interest on the evidences of its indebtedness; but such a reduction in France, where the whole ante-war debt is held by its own citizens, and constitutes alike the savings bank and an element of support of nearly two millions of annuitants, would be a measure so fraught with calamity that no government that hoped for stability would venture to propose it.

Another result of the war will probably be an increased hoarding of gold by the French rural population—a practice to which, in the absence of savings banks and similar institutions, they have, always been addicted, but from which in late years they have been somewhat dissuaded by the opportunities for profitable investment which the prosperity of the state and the popular loans of the government have afforded. With a return of peace, the experiences of the war and a distrust of the future will probably revive the old popular tendency, and thus cause a continual absorption and withdrawal of the precious metals from the channels of European trade and commerce. On the other hand, if France is driven to the use of legal-tender paper money, as she has already been locally and bids fair to be nationally, gold for another great state will become demonetized, and will tend to accumulate and be in greater supply in those nations or states which may retain or return to its use as the standard circulating medium—a condition of affairs which may have an important influence in facilitating the re-

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turn to specie payments in the United States.

It should here be remarked that notwithstanding the course of the United States in suspending specie payments some nine months after the outbreak of the rebellion was more severely criticised in France than elsewhere in Europe, yet the Bank of France, with the largest coin reserve ever accumulated anywhere, made haste to suspend almost upon the outbreak of hostilities. Gold and silver, as was to be expected, almost immediately disappeared from circulation; Bank-of-France notes fell to a discount; and as no notes for a less sum than twenty-five francs, or nearly five dollars, had ever been issued, the want of small change at once occasioned very great embarrassment, especially as the French people do not seem to have been as fertile in devising expedients as were the people of the United States under similar circumstances. Gradually, however, the matter was taken in hand by various local authorities; cities, chambers of commerce, private banks and individuals issued their own paper, and in some instances manufactured coin; and finally, the government at Tours (October 12th) decreed the creation of treasury bills, but fixed their amount at one hundred francs, or multiples of that sum. But the currency in use in France to-day is as hopelessly confused and multifarious as it is possible to imagine, and has contributed not a little to the disorganization of the trade and industry of the country.

In Prussia, although the losses of the nation from diminished population, suspended production and unproductive expenditures must be far greater than any possible indemnity which may be paid by France, the result of the war will not occasion any material derangement of the Prussian finances, inasmuch as the debt of Germany is not excessive, and the debt-tax previous to the war was only about 68 cents annually *per capita*.*

Another result of the war will be,

* DUDLEY BAXTER: "Essay on National Debts"—British Association, Economic Section, 1870.

most undoubtedly, to put an end to all the expectations which our over-sanguine administrators—we will not say statesman and financiers—have indulged in, that the United States would be able to fund a considerable portion of its debt at a lower rate than five per cent. No one thing is more certain than that the rate of interest in Europe on all time-loans has of late, and especially since the introduction of the United States war-stocks in foreign markets, been steadily rising. The explanation of this in a few words is, that there has been during the last ten years a greatly increased demand for money capital, growing out of the enormous military expenditures of the United States and other nations, as well as the great expenditures required to carry out numerous special industrial operations, such as the Pacific Railroad, the Suez Canal, and railroad constructions generally in the United States, Canada, Russia and India. At the same time, the extension and use of railroads, steamships and telegraphs, by breaking down the barriers of nationalities, and by bringing people geographically remote into close communication with each other, have made the whole world one, and capital, everywhere freed from restraint, tends to a common rate, or interest, as water freed from confinement everywhere tends to a common level.

Previous to the war no nation in Europe or elsewhere could borrow in any foreign market at a lower rate of interest than five per cent. We use the term foreign market, for the only nations of Europe (Great Britain, France and Belgium) which have of late borrowed at a lower rate have borrowed in their own markets and of their own citizens; and of these three, Belgium has comparatively no debt, and Great Britain is the monetary centre and reservoir of the whole commercial world.

The popular mind is very apt to deceive itself as to the abundance and cheapness of money in Europe by the quotations of rates which are from time to time given as prevailing at London, Frankfort, Amsterdam and other money

centres; but these quotations are the rates current for merely temporary loans—*i. e.*, the very best paper on very short time—and afford no indications whatever of the rate at which money can be borrowed in any large amount for any considerable length of time. Indeed, it is not unfrequent that the most unfavorable time for negotiating state loans is when the nominal bank rate is the lowest; as is the case at the present time, when, with money over-abundant in London and Amsterdam, Prussia, with all its military success, finds it very difficult to float an inconsiderable five per cent. loan at even twelve per cent. discount. The best European authority on this subject, the London *Economist*, estimates that the interest on a majority of the foreign and colonial stocks owned in Great Britain is equal to six or seven per cent.; and places the amount of them at not less a figure than five hundred and seventy million pounds, or two thousand eight hundred and fifty million dollars. The credit of Russia never stood higher in Europe than at present, and all accounts represent that empire as developing in a manner that has no parallel in history except the case of the United States; yet the Russian five per cents. can be bought to-day at less than 90, while the certificates of Holland, whose financial soundness is not to be questioned, sell for 88. The course of the late loans negotiated by the Prussian government also indicates very significantly the recent rise in the price of money in Europe when required for state purposes. Thus, just previous to 1860, Prussia was able to dispose freely of a five per cent. loan at par and a small premium (—2 per cent.). After the Austrian and Danish wars, which brought to her large additions of territory and national strength, she could not borrow at five per cent. at par, but sold her loans at a discount of four per cent.; while during the past summer and fall, as has been above mentioned, a new five per cent. loan offered at 88 has not been fully taken.

It seems therefore obvious that after the war, unless progress is to be arrested

in France and Germany, and the losses occasioned by the war in respect to the means and agencies of production are to be left unrepaired, capital, or money, will be in greater demand than before, and the tendency will be to an increase in the rates of interest. New loans in large amounts must be pressed upon the European markets; France must be a borrower to a large extent, Prussia to a smaller extent; Italy, which has hitherto been saved from national bankruptcy mainly by French credit, must hereafter look elsewhere; while Russian railway construction loans, backed by the credit of the state, and now regarded in Germany with great favor, and held by many in equal estimation with the American Five-Twenties, will continue to be offered in large amounts.

Now, the source of supply for these prospective loans must be mainly three: 1st, from floating capital, or capital not now permanently invested; 2d, from new capital derived from profits on business or previous investments; 3d, from a change in existing investments. And as to the proportion which these several sources are likely to furnish, the conclusion would seem to be that, as the floating capital in Europe is not likely to be permanently diminished, and as the profits on business and investments have been generally impaired and much business capital destroyed by the war, a change of investments in Europe is not unlikely to occur under the stimulus of the higher rate of interest which must be offered to command the supplies of money needed. Whether United States Five-Twenty bonds will be among those investments likely to be thus affected cannot be predicted; but this much may be affirmed with certainty, that no bond of the United States, or of any other state, bearing less than five per cent. interest can be sold in a foreign market after the war at any premium, and that to place any large amount of such securities at even par will be somewhat difficult.

The plan, therefore, first suggested, we believe, by the Hon. George Walker of Massachusetts, that the United States should now endeavor to refund only the oldest available portion of its debt—viz., the Five-Twenties of 1862—at five per cent., and be content with this effort for the present, would seem to be not only eminently judicious, but in fact the only thing at present, or in the immediate future, at all practicable. "Any other tentative measure," to use the language of Mr. Walker, "which might prove impracticable, could only reflect on the wisdom of Congress, expose the government to disappointment and mortification, and tend to the injury of the public credit."

We have thus endeavored to present some of the results, present and prospective, of the French and German war. As one reflects upon them, and especially as one recurs to our own great conflict so recently ended, and remembers that the money-cost *alone* of that war stands represented by the ordinary labor of at least *two millions* of men working continuously for a period of nine years, what is to be thought of the conduct of those occupying high public position who popularly advise an appeal to the "dread arbitrament" on the occasion of every real or imagined national grievance? Foreign jealousy and interference, Alabama claims and the right to catch fish between certain headlands are entries of no small account on one side of the ledger; but when we come to place against these war and its results—life wasted, homes made desolate, hearts broken, capital destroyed, industry paralyzed, civilization arrested and Christianity practically denied—on which side stands the balance? Were it rightly estimated,

"The warrior's name would be a name abhorred,
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain."

DAVID A. WELLS.

MY HOUSEKEEPING IN ROME.

AND so it was decided that we were to go to housekeeping in Rome. It was the 19th of November: we had arrived on the previous evening, and taken up our quarters in the Hotel d'Inghilterra, where we were very comfortable, though the rooms were small and dark. *Non ci è sole*, but neither was there any trouble. This evening we were assembled in solemn conclave beneath the highest and most hospitable roof in Rome—a charming apartment when reached, with a view and a “loggia:” we were taken possession of, and formally instructed that it was clearly our duty to go to housekeeping—that none of our friends could come to the hotel to drink tea when they knew they were all charged so much a cup! Every offer of help was made us, everything done for us: we only had to follow instructions.

And so it fell out that an apartment was taken, a servant engaged, and on the evening of the 24th, I, never before having inspected the premises, was conveyed to No. 16 Quattro Fontane, stopping on the way at the English baker's to engage bread, and at the grocer's to purchase a pound of tea and one of sugar, having been informed that these were the only branches of the commissariat department to which it was needful that I should give my personal attention; for from the beginning I had distinctly declined any housekeeping responsibility, and having always been of the opinion that a well-regulated house ought to keep itself, here was a good opportunity to ventilate my theory. This view of mine had furnished one of the arguments urged to induce me to consent to the undertaking. Who knew? I might have a “mission” to demonstrate to heavy-laden sisters how much trouble they took only to make themselves miserable, and to show them what a pleasant thing dilettante housekeeping might be made.

The second *piano* Quattro Fontane had been taken for six months. There was a porter at the door, and a broad, clean stone staircase—two rather uncommon advantages at Rome. The house was modern, the furniture perfectly fresh and new. We entered a small vestibule: to the right was a narrow passage leading to a large bed-room and dressing-room, and opposite them the kitchen, about twelve feet square, with a balcony looking into the yard, and a receptacle for wood and *carbone*. Directly in front of the entrance was the dining-room, very nice: passing through that, was the drawing-room, *salone*, a very pretty room with gilt furniture covered with dark green velvet: everything in the room green and gold. On the pier-table between the windows stood a bright red flamingo, one “bit of color,” and a very effective one. Between the *salone* and the bed-room was a large, dark, windowless space, curtained off: this was to be the sleeping-room of the servant. Fires were already lit in all the rooms, sheets were airing, and trunks being accommodated to suit circumstances. Our new *padrona di casa* was there, very voluble in Italian, and saying “*Gia, gia,*” to every remark made. Our sculptor had left his studio, where Cleopatra was in an embryo state, to assist us, and was doing his best to bring the *padrona* to a realizing sense of what she was expected to do, and of our privileges and prerogatives; while she was evidently trying to find some loophole which might keep her in the course of iniquity, injustice and plunder which she had laid down as her line of action toward *forestieri*. On the table in the parlor lay the written agreement between the mutual enemies; and after much talking, gesticulating, counting of dishes and spoons, investigation of different articles of furniture—she trying to find something to subtract, and we looking for deficiencies—it was

at last signed, and she was to call on the morrow to see if we had all we wanted. Then, feeling quite oppressed with so much Italian and business, we went out to tea, leaving everything at sixes and sevens, in the charge of an unknown woman who had been engaged for us. Thus far we were beginning very comfortably and in strict conformity with our principles—no responsibility, no care. After a charming evening at the Barberini Palace, next door to us, we came home and went calmly to bed, leaving to the morrow the evil thereof.

We had thus started in life (Roman) with the intention of having only a *donna di faccende* — maid-of-all-work, in the vernacular—and our meals sent from the trattoria; but one day's experience showed us the fallacy of this view, and so Francesco became an integral part of our establishment, remaining this winter and the next in our service as cook, waiter, footman, valet-de-chambre, maître-d'hôtel and everything else, and filling all these multifarious offices with zeal and alacrity, and with a suddenness of transformation which was the most surprising part of all. We felt settled now for the winter, but our first difficulty was the language. I had studied "Italian with a Master," had stumbled and dictionary-ed through Goldoni and *I Promessi Sposi*, and had read much Italian poetry; but none came to my aid now. Of the *Gerusalemme* I could only recall "Succhi amari ingannato intante ei beve" as we sat down to breakfast; but there was no practical comfort here. We were rather crestfallen: the table was deficient in several articles. How could we express our wants when words were wanting also? Suddenly a bright light flashed over us. There was an insufficiency of spoons: holding one up, "Non bastan cinque," quoting from Lucrezia Borgia (though her remark applied to coffins!) The difficulty was solved! the only trouble ended! We spoke in Italian opera, and Edgardo, Lucia and Genaro did the state some service, the great difficulty being to stop the quota-

tion at the right point, though Francesco would not have been at all discomposd at being addressed as "Bel'alma innamorata," and Anunziata would have responded with propriety to any impassioned remarks appropriated from Edgardo. They always seemed characters out of a play, and ready to assume any part.

'Nunziata was tall, lean, elderly and cadaverous, with a gold-bead necklace round a very scraggy throat. Francesco was bright, active, young, black-eyed, and dramatic by nature. There were constant passages-at-arms between the two, and they came constantly before the high tribunal, explaining their difficulties and gesticulating in the most vehement way; 'Nunziata always beginning, "Madre Santissima! vedete cara signora mia;" Francesco interrupting, "Corpo di Bacco! signora mia." They never varied this form, and apparently enjoyed these skirmishes where nobody was hurt; and I found the advantage of not understanding the claims of the belligerents, being thus enabled to remain perfectly impartial. The padrona made frequent domiciliary visits, generally appearing upon the scene at a critical moment and crushing the combatants; while I stood by in mute admiration to see this stern Roman matron order both slaves off to instant execution, she standing in an attitude with outstretched arm, and the culprits walking away; 'Nunziata tearful and tremulous, Francesco with his head bent forward, exposing his neck to the axe, and his hands clasped behind him as if tied.

The wood had a miraculous way of disappearing and burning out before its time. They said the *portiere* took his percentage of it before it came up stairs; so we set Francesco to watch the porter, and then the porter said 'Nunziata carried it home, till we came to the natural conclusion that they all helped themselves. Oil, too, being cast upon the troubled waters, did not tend to smooth them. Francesco accounted for the short measure by saying that 'Nunziata was partial to it with her bread: he him-

self always tasted it before pouring it into the lamp. This lamp had nearly proved a source of trouble with a neighbor *al terzo piano*, a countrywoman who also belonged to our padrona. That Roman matron had endeavored to convince us both that one extra lamp was sufficient for the two apartments; but our neighbor had no idea of allowing her light to shine before other men, and, sending down, had seized it *vi et armis*, leaving us in the dark as to her future intentions. Finding her invulnerable, the padrona sent us a new lamp for the *salone* by her husband, who placed it on the table with a sigh of despair, as if the light of his life had departed. We had heard of the downtrodden people of Europe, but this sad, depressed creature was an incarnation of them all, looking as if he had passed his life "posing" in that character. He seemed incapable of speech, but followed his wife, "fetching and carrying" like a pointer dog, with a look of dumb entreaty in his eyes, his head slightly on one side and the tip of his tongue protruding. We always felt a deep though unexpressed sympathy for this downtrodden one.

Our dinners were popular. Francesco was such a capital cook: his ricotta puddings, uccelleni pies and cinghiale con agra dolce sauce were especially attractive. When only two friends were with us, Francesco cooked, arranged everything, and, flying into a coat, waited as if he had no concern whatever with the culinary department; but he felt unequal to the occasion when our table gathered more around it. Then he suggested that he should be aided by the "servitore di un cardinale," an amico suo who would be pleased (for a certain consideration) to lend his services for our benefit. Accordingly, the next day a giant announced "È in tavola, signora." What situation he may have held with distinction in the cardinal's household I cannot say, but his mind had not grasped the first principles of waiting as we understand them. He poured the water as if giving to drink in buckets, and handed the bread

after the manner of pitching hay into a manger, standing very far back and bending his immense length of body forward, apparently afraid that some of the party might kick. Francesco ordered him about audibly, punched him, bullied him dreadfully, but he bore it all in the meekest, most uncomplaining way, as became a son of the Church. He never spoke save the formula, "È in tavola." We called him "Cardinal," for his name was never heard. His wages were always paid him by Francesco in heavy rolls of baiocchi: why this form of filthy lucre was selected as a legal tender we never knew: it involved going out to get the change; but so it always was, and we never interfered. There may have been some political significance intended, some Papal allusion to Peter's pence, or the cardinal his master may have exacted tithes, but we had no sure clew to the mystery.

On one evening in the week we were "at home," and our Italians took great pride in these "sere di società," as they called them. What gay, lively reunions they were! There were bread and butter, cakes and unlimited tea all the evening: the kettle with boiling water stood on the table; everybody made tea, sloped and drank, and the capacity of some human stomachs for the Chinese herb was then first made manifest to my admiring eyes. Sometimes we were but five or six; sometimes over twenty: then some friend always lent us extra spoons, the regulation number in apartments being apparently but one dozen. All our friends were distinguished by the name of the house or street in which they lived, and la Signora Villa Negroni, il Signor della Piazza Mignanelli, Mada ma del Corso were duly announced. We found out that when they had been two months with us neither of our servants knew our names.

So the tide flowed smoothly on until Christmas Day. Early in the morning we had gone to St. Peter's, and then had some visits, returning home only to dress for dinner at the Villa Negroni, where we were to keep high holiday.

It is the custom in Rome for servants to accompany their masters to a party, and spend their evening in the ante-chamber of the friend's apartment or house; so, when we were ready to depart, we found Francesco awaiting us; but, alas! he had been paying more than his customary devotions to his tutelary saint, and Bacchus had accepted his votary's oblations. He started up confusedly as we appeared, and without any apparent motive seized a large glass lamp-shade and dropped it on the marble floor, where it crashed with a loud report, and then stood the image of despair, with hands clasped, in silent consternation, perfectly himself: the catastrophe had sobered him. Giuseppe, an austere veteran who was rented with the apartment, and was responsible for its belongings, seized the culprit and administered a severe reprimand: the Villa Negronis and ourselves at once commenced an Italian recitative, adapted on the spur of the moment from an opera—"Che disgrazia! che disgrazia! Maladetta sia il giorno!" etc., etc. (where the signor of the village has done some nameless deed, is discovered and all the peasants gather round and point at him, singing in chorus). A council was then held. The culprit, being interrogated, vowed by the Madonna and all the saints that it was an accident which should never happen again, pleading in excuse that this was il Natale (Christmas), and he had met an old friend, a tambore-majore Francese, who had taken him to an osteria, where they had drunk too much Rosolio. The Signor della Piazza Mignanelli, who had experience, instructed us that we must be firm, and at least not forgive at once. Next day came the poor fellow bringing his wife to intercede for him: they wept, they entreated, they knelt, kissed my hands; but discipline must be kept up, inquiries made, the affair investigated: if a first offence it should be pardoned.

The dinner that day was calculated to melt a heart of stone. All the dishes we preferred were set before us: the poor prisoner on the rack waited at

table, expressing the acuteness of his sufferings by feeble moans and clasped hands, with penitential blows on his breast, "mea culpa," whenever he was opposite me. It was a very oppressive dinner to us all for various reasons. Nunziata had pranced through the piano all day in a state of conscious virtue and superiority which was very irritating: she looked down upon us all, deceived and deceiver, and was evidently prowling round now in expectation of a crisis which would result in some way in her favor. At last the dessert came—a crema which was his capo d'opera, and which in happier days we had cordially praised. It tasted very oddly: I looked up inquiringly—"Corpo di Baccho! O scusatemi, signora mia, ho scordate il zucchero!" In his agony of mind he had forgotten the sugar! Now he felt that his crime was indeed unpardonable, and threw himself into an attitude which was unequaled in expression; but we could contain ourselves no longer, and laughed immoderately. The culprit rebounded: he felt himself forgiven. Words were not needed: he rejoiced, we felt the glow of a virtuous action, peace and harmony reigned throughout the piano. Next day the wife, Betta, came with a large bouquet to present in gratitude to the benedetta signora. The tambore-majore Francese was probably avoided for the future, for, except figuratively, Francesco called no more on Bacchus.

But that pleasant winter passed as all pleasant things will, alas! and we wandered off to Paris, going immediately to housekeeping there. We went to the apartment engaged for us about midnight, and were requested by the cuisinière, as a personal favor, to breakfast next morning at a café near by—"Le Petit Moulin Rouge." Our breakfast was served by an ancient, grizzly garçon, who, turning to me, said, either as warning or as encouragement, "Madame sait que nous sommes historiques? toute la galanterie vient ici;" and went on to relate what notabilities had supped there the previous evening. The breakfast

was unexceptionable, and there being no contamination in that, we ate it calmly; and, agreeing that it was only by inscribing our own names upon the page of this history that we could become historical characters, determined not to relate the adventure, and did not—until dinner. Félicie, our Parisian ally, was an excellent cook and servant, but too fond of astronomy: at least we had good reason to think so, for she sat every evening at the window watching the comet with deep interest. She read a little book on the stars, which she recommended highly to me; and on several occasions she did not seek the shelter of our roof until morning, detained, as we were given to understand, by her scientific pursuits. But Paris, monotonous Paris, all shops, hacks and gaslights, became wearisome by November, and we returned to Rome.

Next morning Francesco appeared: he had haunted the hotel, watching for "i mie signori"—welcomed us rapturously, and at once engaged himself to us, bringing Betta, carrying a small mummy very tightly swathed and lighted with lustrous eyes, the only things which seemed lifelike about it, which he presented with much pride as "Filomena, la mia figlia." In a few days we were established at Porta Pinciano, in a pretty apartment with everything perfectly fresh and new, the sala in deep crimson, walls, furniture and curtains, and the smallest dining-room imaginable, somewhat like a green-house, for one side was glass, looking into a small garden. The house stood on the side of the Pincian Hill, and the second piano opened into a garden, where there was no room for plants or shrubs, but, *en revanche*, the wall was covered with frescoes of vines and an arbor which looked quite natural. In the garden was a well of the "acqua Salustiana," one of the best waters in Rome. The previous winter all our drinking water had to come from the Fountain of Trevi, a long distance: here it was in the house, and a great point our padrone made of this. He had

a set speech, which we made him repeat to appreciative auditors, and which our poet-sculptor has commemorated in his "Roba di Roma." Opposite was the kitchen, with its usual queer counter full of holes for the carbone fires, every hole having its own particular stew-pot; and one window, out of which I was startled to perceive, soon after our arrival, volumes of flame and smoke issuing. I rushed across the garden to inquire the reason of the conflagration, and learned that as there was to be an arrosto for dinner, and there was no kitchen chimney, the fire had been made in front of the window, as was subsequently the case whenever we had roast meat for dinner. I had never felt the kitchen to be my department, and concerned myself no further with the incendiarism practiced in it. This plan of being only a passenger in the house-keeping boat saves much wear and tear both of mind and body.

Our padrone resided in the terzo piano, just above us, and the house always seemed as if in a state of siege: there was no porter, and the front door could only be opened from where he sat habitually in the terzo. You knocked: he instantly surveyed the besieger from his window above, pulled a rope and the door opened: the enemy then mounted a very narrow stone staircase, and found his way to that part of the citadel he wished to enter. As is the custom of forestieri, we nailed a visiting-card on an outer door. Our padrone had met with trouble or been very much scared in the revolution of 1848, and to the best of our belief had never left his house since, sitting at that postern window all day in dressing-gown and slippers. He received us in this guise the day we took formal possession, and said, when I expressed some disappointment at there not being as much sun on the windows as I wished (you pay extra for sun in Italy), "Signora, sei è troppo gentile! mira Eccellenza! gira el sole e fatta parabola;" so that daily we should have more sun. We felt, fated to be with astronomical minds. Once a month, with great cere-

mony, he called with the bill, and always made his parabolic speech with unparalleled slowness: "Vede, signora!" pointing to the sun with the air of a Joshua. The language was easy this winter, and Francesco no longer placed phrase-book and dictionary on the breakfast-table: we thought he took them for our Protestant prayer-books!

One day we had a dinner of eighteen persons. We had only to supply guests: everything else came from the restaurant—table, dinner, china, silver, service, all arose at a word. But more room was essential; so we called the padrone to our aid, and found him a master-mind in the emergency. Our large bed-room was cleared for action, and the fray over and the company in the drawing-room, the padrone moved all the furniture back again, and we slept upon the battle-field, much to our

own as well as the padrone's satisfaction. He alluded to this event ever after with much complacency as the "sera della gran festa," and dated from it—a second edition of the "disjune" at Tillietudlem. Such dinners pervaded our little circle that winter; and as they were invariably the same everywhere, the same "service" going to everybody, they had a good moral effect in preventing any competition in display; but the difference in arranging the order of the guests made a variety which was astonishing, and all soon discovered that unless the circle was "just so," no electric sparks could be elicited, and the magnetic chain was broken.

But the links are broken now, and give no sparks, save in bright flashes of blessed memories which can never burn out. Eheu Roma!

PAULINE E. HENRY.

OLD AND NEW.

I WATCHED a storm-hued ocean flash and change;
 I watched in gold and pearl a sunset die:
 Far on their pilgrimages drear and strange
 The mighty blasts went by.

It was the farewell twilight of the year,
 And, looking sadly oceanward, there came
 A vision to mine eyes, distant yet clear—
 Two spirits vast of frame.

Lo, on the dark waves as on stone they trod!
 A massive helmet gleamed from either head,
 And either was in stature like a god,
 Either a shape to dread.

And both were clad in warrior-mail, and bore
 Blades that are brandished but by giant thews;
 And both a mien of stubborn conflict wore,
 Grandly to win or lose.

One spirit's face was as the face of him
 Who knows the world's full depths of woe and crime:
 Care had not made his eager look more dim,
 Though blanched his locks with time.

The other's face was youthful as the morn,
 And radiant with divinest hope. Then past
 A wrack of gloomier cloud my dream was borne,
 Oceanward on the blast.

But later, just at midnight, when the clocks
 Were sounding twelve, I, seated all alone,
 Heard—was it the dull boom from shoreland rocks,
 Or the Old Year's death groan?

EDGAR FAWCETT.

BOYS.

BOY, in his most general and comprehensive sense, signifies—confusion! For he has no department provided for him in the economy of domestic things. There is no place for him in the house, and a worse place out of it: inside, he is "around loose," in everybody's way; and outside and out of reach, he takes to what we call mischief as naturally as a duck takes to water. Having no niche of his own in the internal arrangements, he is always in, or trying to get into, that of somebody else: it is a kind of game of puss-in-the-corner, in which he is always "out;" and the only place for him seems to be away from home, at school, where he and a multitude of similar "confusions," by jostling together, may neutralize each other, and so evolve some kind of order.

Some one—I think it was Charles Lamb—once remarked, while passing through the grounds of Eton school, where the "confusions" aforesaid were playing cricket, that it made him sad to think that in a few years all those lively, frank boys would be transformed into "frivolous members of Parliament."

If Charles Lamb—if it was Charles Lamb—had raised a few boys other than his "Dream Children," I imagine that the much-enduring Mrs. Lamb—if there had been one—would have put it a little differently. I think she would have remarked that it made *her* sad to think of what the mothers of the frank, lively

boys would have to go through in attending their erratic course to the said Parliament.

For your average boy is an irrepressible being, with large vitality and small discretion, who whistles and roars and finds fault and domineers and contradicts, and wants to know "Why?" who shuffles and stamps and pounds out the carpets; who never wipes his shoes, and always sticks them up on the sofa, with his chair tilted back; who leaves doors open when they ought to be shut, and bangs them to when they ought to be left open; who goes down stairs three steps at a time, with a vicious plunge of his heels in the stair carpet at each leap; who learns slang in an inverse ratio to Latin, and talks it to the baby, and teaches the little innocent to make faces, and use its pudgy fists, and stand on its head, and endure a degree of mauling that would dislocate anything but a baby or a rag-doll, and in a general way makes it do all manner of things that are manifestly improper for a baby to do; who smokes on the sly because he is not allowed to; who makes a carpenter's shop of the family sitting-room and a hurrah's nest of his bed-room: who loses his umbrella and one of his gloves and all his handkerchiefs, and is always in tribulation about his shirts, and bursts his buttons off, and outgrows his pantaloons, and kicks out six pairs of shoes a year, and wants

long boots! Whether he gets them or not, he strides, roughshod, with a serene selfishness, over all Mrs. L.'s refined little notions.

He is a daily-recurring grief and exasperation to her at table, for he shovels his food into his mouth with his knife when she has a prejudice in favor of forks, and helps himself to salt and butter and molasses and gravy, all with the same utensil; he splashes his coffee and upsets his egg-glass on her fresh, immaculate table-cloth, and tilts over his full plate upon his new trou—that is to say, pantaloons.

His fingers are always dirty, his face in need of washing, and his handkerchief, if he have any left, in a deplorably like condition in his "t'other" pocket: his shoes are stringless and down at heel, and his hat is a marvel to contemplate.

He is an inquisitive being, who asks all manner of improper questions at unseasonable times, and pries into all manner of places and things where and wherewith he has no possible business.

He is a "rackety" being, who makes his bed-room a howling wilderness, and composes himself, and the inevitable other boy who sleeps with him, to rest by pitched battles with pillows, bolsters and boots, which occasionally develop into a game of fisticuffs, bringing Mr. L. up in wrath to quell the disturbance by the strong hand.

He is a practical joker. He will burn the nose off his little sister's wax doll, and set fire to its floss silk wig, and shoe her pet kitten with walnut-shells, and hang the old cats together by the tails across the clothes line, to claw each other to death—all because his idea of fun seems inextricably mixed up with that of discomfort to somebody or something else; an element, by the way, essential to the success of a practical joke, which is a very poor and pointless thing if it don't hurt somebody.

He is the most self-reliant creature in the world. He will "tackle on" to anything that comes in his way—except his lessons—with a faith in himself and his power of accomplishing impossible im-

proprieties that is sublime. He never counts noses till he gets his own put out of joint.

After he has left school, and is put at something whereby he may be or become of some use and find his appropriate niche in the system of things—say, at seventeen or thereabouts—he suddenly becomes a man, and mysteriously acquires a degree of judgment and experience which puts those of Mr. and Mrs. L. to shame. He is then a law—unto himself—in all questions of art, science, literature, religion and politics, settling them all with a right royal imperiousness as exhausted topics when his dictum—not opinion—has been uttered. Verily, I have known some grown-up boys, well advanced in years, who had the same peculiarity.

He becomes independent of the opinion of Mrs. Grundy, and rather takes delight—so far as such a blasé individual as he has become can take delight in anything—in doing violence to her little prejudices.

He also wears tight boots, and stunning cravats, and coats of indescribable ugliness, and preposterous hats, and talks wildly about shaving. He wants to stay out late o' nights, his social duties, which are becoming onerous, requiring his frequent presence at evening-parties which don't "go home till morning;" and when Mr. L. interposes a mild objection on the score of having to wait up for him, the "boy" kindly suggests that he needn't do that: just leave the front door unlocked and he can let himself in with his latch-key, without disturbing anybody. No one need be uneasy, as he, the b— (that is, the young man), is perfectly capable of taking care of himself; adding with refreshing tenderness, that he never feels comfortable about coming home late when he knows that any one is kept up waiting for him.

It is astonishing how much more he knows at this stage than his father does, how much riper his experience and clearer his judgment, and with what an utterly dominant and assured superiority he will dispose of the old gentle-

man's fossilized notions. It is a disease which attacks him about that age, as the measles and whooping-cough attacked him in babyhood. Then it was Mrs. L.'s turn to fight the diseases only, baby being passive. Now it is Mr. L.'s turn, and he has to fight both disease and patient, boy having changed his base and gone over to the enemy.

The next antic of this domestic whirlwind takes the form of susceptibility to female blandishments: not his sister's; bless you, no! Blandishments between boys and their sisters at home are scarce articles. His susceptibility is to what Josh Billings calls "sum other fellers' sisters." He now yearns more intensely than ever for a beard, and is finical about the color and fit and condition of his gloves, and polishes his boots with a thoroughness and whole-souled earnestness that would make his fortune if he would only get a box and go into the business.

In his present stage of advancement he looks down upon girls who are of his own age or younger as children, whose rawness is disagreeable to him: he devotes his attentions to those older than himself, and is very apt to end by falling desperately in love with the oldest of them, going through all the

" Delicious deaths, soft exhalations,
Dear and divine annihilations,"

incident to this unfledged state of development.

He is usually brought up "all standing" by the marriage of his charmer to some hirsute monster or other, and retires from the field, blighted, desolate and misanthropic, but cured. Generally, the blight is not serious, only affecting the epidermis; but it hurts like death when it first strikes, for all that.

It is curious to us who have gone through it and have got into our Parliament, whatever it may be, to watch the development of this disease of self-reliance in our own boys, remembering, when *our* crisis was passed, how rapidly our expansive confidence and self-sufficiency wilted down into a prudent distrust of our judgment, and a disposition to doubt whether anything was what it

seemed to be. We have grown wise, after a fashion, at fifty-seven—as wise, probably, as we shall ever be—wise enough, at any rate, to know what awful fools we were forty years ago.

The boy now becomes extremely "bumptious," stands upon his dignity, and has no idea of being questioned as to where he has been or what he has been doing there; sees in every question and every remark a personal assault upon this funny dignity; and is kept in perpetual hot water by the difference between other people's estimate of it and his own.

He is just now an embarrassing possession for Mr. L., who does not know what to do with him. If he keep a uniformly tight rein, there is danger that the animal will break the traces by a mad plunge and go headlong to the bad. If the rein be slackened, there is, perhaps, equal danger; and Mr. and Mrs. L. catch themselves fervently wishing that he were the man he supposes himself to be, and they relieved of all responsibility for him. It occurs to them that it would be very nice and comfortable to be rid of the anxiety and turmoil, and they look forward to his settlement in a home of his own as their time for beginning to live; and under the present smart and worry have grim presentiments of the sweet time he will have with his own boys when they come.

But, my dear sufferers, when that time has come, the confusion, as you look back at it, will seem less confused: then you will have niches enough, and no boy to fill them; the echoes of the loud whistle and the roared-out snatch of song, flourished off with a comic howl, which jarred your ears and jangled your overstrung nerves, will float down to you across the buried years with a sad music in which is no jar nor jangle; you will listen yearningly, in the calm and quiet and exceeding peace which possess the old home, once so stormy, for the bang of the door, the scuffle of boots dancing a hornpipe in the hall, and the tearing rush up stairs, and you will not hear them; there will be no

more litter of carpenter-work in the sitting-room, now so prim and clean and orderly, and no more hurrah's nest in the bed-room; there will be no more buttons to sew on nor torn clothes to mend; and all the hurry and worry and fret and fidget will be over, and the Babel in the house will have given place to rest and order, and there will be no more confusion, because no more boy. But the peace will bring with it a vague unrest, and an unreasoning wish to have the boy back, with all the old troubles and cares and weariness, which seem very small so far away.

You will see, perhaps all too clearly, that you did not always deal wisely with his many defects; that you sometimes used the power from which there was no appeal and no escape a little selfishly, taking counsel too often of weary body and brain and rasped nerves; reining up and checking in hasty anger, without stopping to consider whether the faults were due to overflowing spirits and thoughtless impulse or to positive wickedness; reproving, scolding, punishing the one as vehemently as the other. And you will perhaps wish you could go back and train him over again, flattering yourselves that you would do it in a very different way.

But you wouldn't: you would just go over the same old track, for you would have no more time nor temper to be wise and patient and considerate than before; and I think, to put it mildly, that it is at least questionable whether the boy would be any less aggravating or any more considerate.

Those of us who are grandfathers can do something toward easing our consciences and repairing the old errors by spoiling our boys' boys now; and in fact they are apt to be as absolute autocrats over us as they are snubbed Pariahs at home. As a general thing, I think we can get along with them better than their fathers can: perhaps it is because, not having them constantly around, we are not kept in such a chronic state of bewilderment and exasperation by their tangled and contradictory perversities; and not feeling re-

sponsible for any particular result as to quality of boy, we can afford to make allowances and wink with both eyes at a great many shortcomings. I have known grandfathers, however, who did not spoil their grandsons by any such weakness. Not they! They made no allowances, and did not wink at all, but kept a bright lookout for all delinquencies, and never failed to see them and let their sharp-sightedness be known. They had become "sot in their way," and were conscientious in repressing and frowning down all effervescences. Instead of being mellowed by Time, they had been toughened into fidgety peevishness and selfish irritability at everything not as grave and sedate and wise as themselves; and it was not a beautiful sight.

But to get back to our candidate for Parliament. This interregnum from sixteen or seventeen to twenty-one or two—when he has cast off the weakness of the child and has not taken on the strength of the man—is just the most hazardous time to him and the fullest of anxiety to his parents. He is restive under control and impatient of restraint just when he sorely needs both. Home has become monotonous and uninteresting. Other faces and other associations, which have the charm of novelty, call him off. Temptations bristle around him. The Bottle-Imp leers and smirks at him, and he does not see, behind, the shadow of the ghastly "man with the poker;" the "Tiger" stretches out his velvet paw and purrs a dulcet challenge, and he does not see the savage claws ready to fasten upon the hand that dallies with it; the Sirens sing around him, and—well, God help him if he listen to them!

Ah me! Many a Mrs. L. keeps tearful vigil for her miserable boy broken loose from control and holding high revel with the Imp, or "fighting the Tiger," or dancing down the hours among the Sirens; and many another mourns in blank despair over the scarred and battered wreck that has come back to her shorn of its young manhood, dragged down and trampled in

the mire by the Perditions he has been fool enough to tamper with.

Now is the time to guide him wisely and carefully. Do not *govern* him too much. Keep the rein in your hand, but do not use it to jerk him up at every movement you would not allow a boy of ten to make: trust him a little to pick his own way, at least until you see that he is stumbling upon danger.

He is an argumentative being: he is also very apt to start with false premises, and to draw wrong conclusions from them. Never mind if he does: you can show him the right, and leave the matter there. If you undertake to compel a conversion to it, you may succeed, but it will be all husk and no kernel.

You are quite as likely to fail, and commit him to a defence of the wrong, to which he may afterward stick from sheer pride.

Let him have his opinions. If they are wrong, and are not nourished into strength by unnecessary opposition, the chances are that they will gradually die of inanition, and something stronger and better will grow up in their place. By no possibility let the idea get possession of him that he is out of control, but let him, nevertheless, feel sure that he may enjoy a fair and reasonable liberty until he shall abuse it. If he have it now, I think he will be less likely to abuse it after he gets into his Parliament.

A. G. PENN.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

EIGHTEEN Hundred and Seventy goes to his account with a heavy burden of bloody deeds. Doubtless there will be a *per contra* to exhibit, for war is never an unmixed evil, and however it may retard the stream of progress cannot turn it back. In the present instance it may simply have diverted it into a new channel, and that with an accelerated flow. The overthrow of France, the ascendancy of Prussia, will mean that the AGE OF REVOLUTION—that era which has lasted a century if we count back to the prophetic utterances of Rousseau, its herald and apostle, which has changed the political system of the world, which has been reflected in a brilliant literature and attended by scientific triumphs greater than any in the past—has closed.

It will not do, however, to sing its requiem yet. France has an elasticity and a power of recuperation which no other nation has ever exhibited.

"De par le Roi (de Prusse), défense à Dieu
De faire miracle dans ce lieu"

should have been placarded on the outer

walls of Paris by König Wilhelm while he was demonstrating, as well as repeating, that Providence was on the side of his exceedingly heavy battalions. For want of this simple precaution the miracle may yet be performed, causing His Majesty to desert the side of the gods and go over to that of Cato.

CHRISTIAN IX. OF DENMARK.

THE victim of Fate and Bismarck in the crisis which marked the beginning of his reign, Christian IX., king of Denmark, has been in his domestic relations the happiest monarch of the age—fortunate alike in the qualities of his children and in the illustrious positions he has secured for them. The year of his own accession saw the election of his second son to the throne of Greece, and the marriage of his eldest daughter to the Prince of Wales; while the subsequent marriage of his second daughter to the heir-apparent of Russia makes it probable that four scions of the house will wear regal or imperial titles at one time.

A countryman of our own, Captain Alexander Murray, U. S. N., had an opportunity a few years ago of seeing the royal circle in its domestic privacy, and of witnessing the simple and affectionate intercourse existing between its members. Captain Murray, it may be remembered, sailed for the Baltic in May, 1866, in the *Augusta*, with the Miantonomi in charge, conveying Mr. Fox, our government messenger to the emperor of Russia. After touching at Queenstown and at Portsmouth, he sailed up the Thames, gave an entertainment to the Prince of Wales and his royal brothers, and a few days afterward was presented at Buckingham Palace. Thus it will be seen that when he reached Denmark in July he was not unfamiliar with the manners of courts, even had this been his first hob-nobbing with royalty, which was by no means the case. When, therefore, while he was lying off Copenhagen, an elegant little steam yacht was put alongside the *Augusta*, and a lovely girl of seventeen sprang on board, and running up to him, placed her hand upon his arm, saying in the easiest and most graceful English, "I want to see everything about this vessel: you must show me every part of it, from the anchor to the studding-sails," he knew her to be a lady of the highest rank, though it was not until some time afterward that he discovered she was the Princess Dagmar, the eldest daughter of the king of Denmark, the sister of the Princess of Wales, and now the wife of the czarowitch and future empress of Russia.

While investigating the minutest details connected with the *Augusta*, the Princess Dagmar remarked to Captain Murray, "You are coming to dine with us on Sunday;" and the king, who had previously joined them, reiterated the command, for it is not the custom of crowned heads to request, but to order, the presence of their guests. As, however, not even the most democratic mind has any invincible objection to regal entertainments, the commanders of the *Augusta* and Miantonomi accompanied Mr. Fox on the following

Sunday to a country residence of King Christian's, where the party which sat down to dine was about seventy in number, including the ladies and children of the royal household.

The king remarked to his guests that this was a residence he had owned while a private gentleman, and he was sure they would appreciate his receiving them there as a higher compliment and a greater evidence of his friendship for their country than if he had treated them with more ceremony. This country-house was built of white marble, with French windows opening upon a verdant lawn, and in size and appointments not much superior to the country residences of some of our merchant princes. After the preliminary courses had been despatched, His Majesty filled an immense goblet, and, with a grand sweep of his arm, designed as a signal to the band stationed on the lawn in full view of the windows, he proposed "The United States of America!" Crash went the instruments, but, to the horror of all present, instead of pouring forth, as had been intended, one of Columbia's national airs, they struck up a ponderous melody of Scandinavia.

The king said "never a word," but putting down his glass, he strode through the open window on to the lawn, and seizing the band-master by the collar, kicked him around the enclosure three several times, and, dismissing him at last with a vigorous shake, walked quietly back to his seat. As may be supposed, a sudden silence fell upon the assembled company, the code of etiquette furnishing no rule or precedent whereby guests might guide themselves when royal hosts kicked their band-masters. Our worthy representatives relied upon a state of masterly inactivity; and fortunately the delinquent leader soon scrambled to his place and gave them a full blast of democratic harmony.

It was noticeable at this table that the most exquisitely painted china replaced the vast masses of gold and silver plate upon which our countrymen were regaled in England and elsewhere. Im-

mediately after coffee was served, the Princess Dagmar arose, and taking her little brothers and sisters by the hand, led them to their sleeping apartments, where she personally superintended their disrobing and retiring for the night. It is worthy of remark that this young lady was the governess of the younger children, and that Queen Louisa mentioned with evident pride that amid all the festivities and gayeties of the court her eldest daughter was eminently a domestic character.

The Princess Dagmar was, in fact, the central figure of the Danish royal family. A most accomplished and beautiful woman, she possessed also that exquisite tact which enables one always to say the right thing in the right place. At a later period, when her marriage had removed her to St. Petersburg, our friends of the Augusta and Miantonomi were again presented to her, and she received them as old acquaintances. While presenting Captain Murray with her photograph, upon which she had just written her name, "Give me yours," said she, "for while it shall be the object of my life to preserve the integrity of my adopted country, I desire to remember every man who has fought to preserve the unity of his native land."

E. S. B.

YOUNG RUSSIA.

IN the beginning of 1863, when the last Polish insurrection broke out, the Russian nationality movement, to which the accession of Alexander II. had given birth, reached its culminating point. A number of Russian publicists, especially Messrs. Katkow and Leontjew, the editors of the notorious *Moskau Gazette*, took advantage of the movement, first to extend the circulation of their respective journals, then to gratify their own personal ambition. With these objects in view, they joined the so-called "Young Russia" party, whose avowed mission is the Russification of all foreign nationalities within the empire. Having succeeded in conciliating the czar by a liberal programme, favoring his well-known reformatory schemes, they soon

became as influential with the imperial government as they were popular with the nation. Proofs of the political ascendancy of this party were not long wanting. Moderate men, like Golownin, late Minister of the Interior, Walujew, Minister of Public Instruction, and others who opposed its policy, were displaced, and the more important state and cabinet offices filled with men who either supported or acquiesced in it. Among the earliest converts to a party which grew at last so powerful that even Prince Gortschakoff, the imperial chancellor, did not disdain to court its good-will, were Miljutin, the present Minister of War, Timashew, Minister of the Interior, Count Tolskoi, and other disciples of that Russian Ultramontanism which is closely affiliated with Moscow Liberalism.

The first seven years of Alexander's reign—from 1855 to 1862—were signalized by a series of initiatory reforms which would no doubt have borne substantial fruits had they been carried out in the spirit contemplated by their imperial author. But the statesmen of the "Young Russia" school, who strove to make up in extreme radicalism what they lacked in genuine liberality and breadth of view, were not the men to whom such a delicate task should have been entrusted. Instead of carefully and gradually preparing the way for the new order of things, they relied upon brute force to accomplish the desired changes. Every measure of reform became thus within its own sphere a revolution in miniature. A striking illustration in point is the emancipation of the serfs. In Poland and Lithuania this measure was enforced in such a harsh and wantonly oppressive manner that it not only ruined nearly all the large and small landed proprietors, but seriously crippled agriculture and reduced the revenues.

Short-sighted and ill-judged as the course pursued by the dominant party in introducing the monarch's well-meant reforms obviously was, that which it followed in dealing with the foreign nationalities in the empire can be regarded

as little less than blind and suicidal. To guard against the recurrence of another Polish rising like that of 1863, the organs of Young Russia proclaimed the extermination of all non-Russian elements to be the paramount duty of every true patriot. Nor must it be supposed that the enunciation of this atrocious sentiment was intended to be a mere idle threat. Miljutin, "the regenerator of Poland," brother of the Minister of War, sternly reduced it to practice in White and Red Russia, Lithuania and Poland. Next came the turn of the Baltic provinces—Livland, Estland and Curland—the loyalty of whose German population had often been ridiculed by the Moscow wits, though it was now suspected, slandered and assailed with persecutions. After this the hostility of these nationality fanatics was directed against the inoffensive Protestant-Swedish element in Finland—a province which previously had lived in happy seclusion under its own constitution and ancient laws. Why should these people, said the party organs, be suffered to enjoy privileges denied to the czar's other subjects? Is there not danger that they may some day seek reunion with consanguine Sweden?

The legitimate fruits born of this senseless, bitter national proscription were, of course, death, decay and a widespread misery. The material prosperity of the former Polish provinces was blighted for decades to come. In the Baltic regions the same causes were producing the same ruinous effects, and Finland must be prepared to experience, sooner or later, a similar fate. The objects at which Young Russia aims may be concisely expressed thus: All non-Russian elements in the czardom must be rendered so incapable of resisting denationalization that they may hereafter be Russianized or crushed without the least difficulty.

Intoxicated by its temporary success, this party, to whom no means appear too brutal, actually believes itself destined to accomplish its self-appointed mission. Ignorant of the first princi-

ples of politico-economical science, it overlooks the ominous fact that its policy has already reduced hundreds and thousands from comparative affluence to absolute poverty. It ignores or disregards the logical sequence of that insecurity in all the relations of life which flows from a long interruption of agriculture, industry and commerce. Hundreds of millions would not pay for the injury inflicted in this way on the national prosperity. More millions have been lost to the state in the falling off in taxes and revenue. Other millions have been taken from the public treasury to be wasted in futile attempts at Russification. And all this has been done in the face of the existing financial embarrassment. The question why a state with Russia's well-known unlimited natural resources should not have overcome her pecuniary difficulties long ago has often been asked with amazement. Here we have a clew to the seeming mystery. It also explains the cause of the constantly increasing deficit in the budget.

This same Russification mania, so fatal internally, reacts no less fatally on the standing of the empire abroad. Young Russia fancies that the country is menaced, not by Austria, France or England, but by the ambitious Prusso-German nationality, its energetic neighbor. If this be actually the case—as the *Moskau Gazette*, the *Golos* and other journals of that stamp maintain, all the more vehemently since the French war—the occasion for it will be found not so much in the victorious advance of the Prussian eagles to the gates of Paris, not so much in the altered state of the European balance of power, as in the very policy adopted by Young Russia. It is this party which has deprived Russia of the prestige it enjoyed in the days of the Polish revolution, when Prince Gortschakoff could presume to reject haughtily the joint interference of France, England and Austria. It is this party, so intensely patriotic, which has labored more effectively in the Prussian interest than Prussia itself. It is this party which is more

to blame for the straitened condition of the national exchequer—with which loss of influence goes hand in hand, and which has now assumed a chronic form—than all the corruption and extravagance of the Russian bureaucracy. Like its ancestors, the Scythians of old, this party has created a broad belt of desolated provinces in the western part of the empire, which, unwilling and unable to make resistance, would fall an easy prey to Prussia in the event of hostilities. Germany could in such a case secure with comparative ease the object for which Young Russia will vainly strive in attempting to supersede by brute force a higher by a lower culture. This is a task of which the history of the world affords not a single successful example, for it would violate one of the first principles of morality. Russia might perhaps denationalize the wide domains that lie in the west of the empire between the Polar and the Black Seas, but to absorb their populations into its own must always remain an impossibility. On the other hand, Germany, should she really desire to reclaim her rightful heritage, would infuse a new and higher life into the peoples of these provinces, and Germanize them in an exact ratio to their physical and moral capacities.

Intimately connected with the Young Russia policy is an inner fermentation, the latest evidences of which were supplied by the recently-discovered St. Petersburg conspiracy. No friends to the monarchy, either in its constitutional or absolute form, this party seeks to impart to the state a democratic tendency which borders closely on socialism. Its mouthpieces and leaders are, in fact, revolutionists, differing little from the so-called Nihilists, represented by men like Bakunin, Tschérkesow and Netschajew. Their machinations, exposed last December, sufficiently indicate that the ascendancy of Young Russia in the councils of the nation bodes danger to the government, and that the continuance of its influence may lead to fatal complications both at home and abroad.

W. P. M.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THACKERAY.

“ You have asked me, dear Gossip, to give you my recollections of Thackeray, but not, I trust, with the expectation that they would consist of a string of piquant anecdotes and witticisms, or contain any new and striking revelations in regard to his life or character. For the former object a better memory and more pointed pen—perhaps I might rather say, a more active imagination—than mine would be required, and for the latter a more extended and intimate knowledge of the man.

“ I saw him for the first time a day or two after his arrival in America on his first visit, and I saw him for the last time a few weeks before his death.

“ Like the rest of the world, I had exclaimed, on reading the opening chapters of *Vanity Fair*, ‘ Fielding redivivus ! ’ and it was therefore with a feeling of curiosity and elation, the capacity for which has been seriously impaired by time, that I accepted the invitation of a friend, himself a man of eminence in the world of letters, to meet the author who had given me so much delight and whose fame had just reached its zenith.

“ It is rarely that the appearance of a distinguished man corresponds with our expectations; but the fault is in ourselves, or rather in the nature of things. People are often disappointed in their first view of the Alps: they expect to be enraptured or stunned *before* their eyes or their minds have grasped the features which constitute the beauty and sublimity of the scene; whereas this effect can only *follow* a process in which the first step is to get rid of one's false impressions, and there is nothing more jarring to the mind than a rectification of its misconceptions. Let us afterward compare the reality, full of force and character, with the vague and colorless image we had formed for ourselves, and we shall know what we have gained.

“ Good portraits of Thackeray are so common, and so many of your readers saw him in the lecture-room, that I need not describe his person. The misshaped nose, so broad at the bridge and stubby at the end, was the effect of an early accident. His near-sightedness, unless hereditary, must have had, I think, a similar origin, for no man had less the appearance of a student who had weakened his sight by application to books. In his gestures—especially in the act of bowing

to a lady—there was a certain awkwardness, made more conspicuous by his tall, well-proportioned and really commanding figure. His hair, at forty, was already gray, but abundant and massy; the cheeks had a ruddy tinge and there was no sallowness in the complexion; the eyes, keen and kindly even when they wore a sarcastic expression, twinkled sometimes through and sometimes over the spectacles. What I should call the predominant expression of the countenance was courage—a readiness to face the world on its own terms, without either bawling or whining, asking no favors, yielding, if at all, from magnanimity. I have seen but two faces in which this expression, coupled with that of high intellectual power, was equally striking—those of Daniel Webster and Thomas Carlyle. But the former had a saturnine gloom even in its animation, and the latter a variety and intensity of expression, which were absent from Thackeray's.

“On the evening of which I speak I sat beside him some time in the library—an apartment of which he has made mention in the opening sentence of *The Virginians*. A variety of topics, chiefly literary, were discussed. His own manner soon made it impossible, even for one who in every sense looked up to him, to be otherwise than familiar in tone. No one was more thoroughly highbred, but no one more averse to formality, and there was consequently no fencing required before one could feel at ease with him. His expressions at times were tolerably blunt. Speaking of Carlyle, he said, ‘Why don't he hang up his d—old fiddle?’ adding, however, in reference to the *Life of Sterling*, then recently published, ‘Yes, a wonderful writer! What could you or I (!) have made of such a subject?’ He went on to praise Carlyle's dignity of character: ‘He would not go round making a show of himself, as I am doing.’ ‘But he *has* lectured.’ ‘He did it once, and was done with it.’

“When I was going away, and had reached the farther end of a vacant drawing-room, a voice, which had already grown familiar to my ear, called after me from the half-opened glass door of the library, ‘I say! come and dine with me to-morrow at two-thirty.’ While I was gladly accepting the invitation the host came out and took us both back to smoke, the ladies and other guests having in the mean time left. We sat till a late, or

rather early, hour. Thackeray was at that time a furious smoker, choosing the strongest cigars and despatching them in rapid succession. Part of the talk ran on Dickens, of whom he spoke in a somewhat different strain from what he used in public. Our host had introduced the subject by saying, after some censure of that popular novelist's extravagancies, ‘But I like Dickens personally: he is so genial and frank.’ ‘Genial, yes,’ was the reply; ‘but frank’—and a twinkle came from over the spectacles—‘well, frank as an oyster.’—‘Dickens,’ he said afterward, apropos of some remarks on literary genius, ‘is making ten thousand pounds a year. He is very angry at me for saying so, but I *will* say it, for it is true. He doesn't like me: he knows that my books are a protest against his—that if the one set are true, the other must be false. But *Pickwick* is an exception: it is a capital book. It is like a glass of good English ale. I wish I had it to read before going to bed to-night.’ And he made a slight inaudible motion with his lips, as if tasting the beverage he had mentioned.

“During his stay in Boston at that time, as well as on his second visit, I saw a good deal of him, both in company and tête-à-tête. In his general manner he gave one the impression of having a very large amount of vitality, without that excess which makes some people restless and others boisterous. I never heard him laugh heartily or talk vehemently, nor do I believe that breeding or a deep experience of life had so much to do with this as natural temperament. But neither was there any appearance of ennui, though a lassitude—the effect of ill-health, from which, though you would never have suspected it, he was seldom free—came over him at times, especially in the small hours. In society he was almost always animated, and he had the power of diffusing animation over a somewhat frigid circle.

“One evening, when he was expected at a large dinner-party, where the other guests were already assembled, a general conversation sprung up—we were sitting in a semi-circle before a bright coal fire—in reference to his lectures. Two or three extremely well-read men, of a rather formal turn of mind, did most of the talk, and indulged in a good deal of carping criticism. It was not his depreciation of Swift and Sterne, or his exaggerated laudation of Addison, of which

they complained, but of his calling Sir William Temple a prig—whereas Temple was in truth the very model of a gentleman, who had written in a style which was charming, though a little incorrect—his talking of ‘a place in the Pipe Office’ in evident and deplorable ignorance of what the Pipe Office was or had been, and similar matters. At the height, or rather depth, of the discussion the subject of it entered, and going round the circle shook hands with those he knew, and finding they were by far the greater number, turned back to exchange the same greeting with those to whom he had merely bowed when introduced. In a moment it seemed as if a new spirit had taken possession of the company. It was not that the theme was changed: on the contrary, though dropped for a moment, most of the mooted points were again taken up. But there was a life in the conversation which it had wanted before. It was no longer a dry debate. On some of the questions Thackeray owned himself wrong. He admitted with a quizzical look his lack of information in regard to the Pipe Office. But he stuck to the assertion that Stella was a natural daughter of Temple, went over the facts from which the inference was drawn, and in answer, not to a counter-statement, but a demand for more sufficient proof, said, ‘I cannot prove it: it is apparent, like the broken nose in my face.’

“The French draw a distinction between *l’homme de génie* and *l’homme d’esprit*, meaning by the latter term not so much the witty man, or the man of talent or even of intellect, but rather the man whose powers, without being great or profound, are always at his service, who is never embarrassed or at a loss in his particular line, which line, in a land where the salon is an institution, always includes sparkling conversation. Thackeray was a man of genius, but he possessed as much of *esprit* as is compatible with genius. If seldom brilliant, he was always self-possessed and ready. It is doubtful whether those who knew him best and longest could make out a list of his bon-mots which would bear repeating; but he could always say a thing sufficiently good for the occasion, and in a manner which set it off to advantage. Being challenged by a lady for a rhyme to *liniment*, he replied immediately, with a reference to the customary physician’s fee in England,

‘When the doctor writes for liniment,
There is nothing but a guinea meant.’

Another fair one going into raptures, on shipboard, over the appearance of the foam-crested waves, and demanding a simile in default of imagination on her own part, he said, ‘They look like white ponies racing over green fields.’ With a sly look he would take quick advantage of any slip of the tongue committed by another. He told a story on one occasion of the head-master of Eton having flogged over a hundred boys in continuous succession for some joint offence. ‘One would have thought such a performance would have raised a rebellion,’ said a listener. ‘What were the boys’—meaning the rest of the school—‘about? Didn’t they know what was going on?’ ‘No, not till the next morning, when they woke up and found they had been flogged.’

“Such things, I well know, are not at all worth citing for themselves, but, like his bright look and springing gait, they were, in their abundance, indications of a quality which is obvious enough in Thackeray’s writings—at least in the earlier ones—but which was more conspicuous in his conversation—a quality which, for lack of a better term, I must call animal spirits, though this carries with it a notion of effusiveness and loud gayety that would not at all suit the description. When a subject was seriously discussed he could talk gravely, though with diminished fire, and was apt, when pressed, to have recourse to banter. I doubt whether any one ever induced him to say much about matters of religious belief or feeling. What is called his cynicism showed itself occasionally. He defined the difference between Shakespeare and an ordinary mind as a difference in the length of two maggots. But much of his light talk was intended, not so much to conceal as to keep down a sensibility amounting almost to womanliness which belonged to his nature, and which contrasted, one might almost say, struggled, with the manliness which was equally its characteristic. He could not read anything pathetic without actual discomfort, and was unable, for example, to go through with the *Bride of Lammermoor*.* I have heard him allude to

* Yet Hawthorne expresses his surprise that Thackeray should have been able to read some of his own pathos—the final number of *The Newcomes*—aloud, and compares this coolness with his own emotion when he had read the last scene of *The Scarlet Letter* to his wife.

some early sorrows, especially the loss of a child, in a way which showed how sharp and painful was the recollection after the lapse of many years. That he could sympathize warmly with others I infer from much that I have heard. His well-known sensitiveness sprang perhaps from the same root as his sensibility. 'I like Thackeray,' an English critic once said in my hearing, 'but I cannot respect him—he is so sensitive.' But his sensitiveness made harsh things distasteful to him even when he was not himself the object of them. 'You fiend!' he said to a friend who was laughing over a sharp attack on an acquaintance of both, and refused to hear or read a word of it.

"Hawthorne says in his *English Note-Books* that he had heard Thackeray could not endure to have servants about him, feeling uneasy in their presence, and he goes on, *à la Hawthorne*, to analyze the feeling. On his second visit to America he brought with him an attendant who looked like a good specimen of the best English domestics. 'I don't call him my servant,' he told me: 'I call him my companion. I found he didn't like the company down stairs' (this was at a hotel), 'so I make him sit beside me at the *table d'hôte*.' Yet Thackeray was a man of aristocratic feelings, and the last person in the world to be *hail fellow well met* with every one who chose to accost him. A touch on the shoulder from a railway conductor—after the manner of those 'gentlemanly' officials—made the blood tingle in his finger-ends, and left a feeling of indignation which burned anew as he recounted the occurrence. He demanded civil treatment, but hauteur or condescension was not in his disposition. Standing in no awe of the highest, he had no wish to inspire awe in the lowest. One day, after we had lunched together at Parker's, he handed a gold-piece to the waiter, saying, 'My friend, will you do me the favor to accept a sovereign?' 'I am very much obliged to you, *Mr. Thackeray*,' was the man's reply: he had not read *Vanity Fair* or *Esmond*, I imagine, but he had probably tasted their author's bounty on former occasions. Yet Thackeray would sometimes be whimsically economical for others. 'Don't leave this bit of paper,' he would say to a visitor who was laying down a card on the table; 'it has cost you two cents, and will be just as good for your next call.'

"It was on a bright day, though the month was November and the place London, in 1863, that I called upon Thackeray at his red-brick house—the only one of the kind (so he thought) in the metropolis—looking out on the old oaks of Kensington Gardens. There had been no correspondence between us since I had seen him last, but two or three kindly messages had reached me, and I had read a passage in a letter to a friend at whose house we had met, in which he wrote, 'How often I think I should like to be sitting with you and Z. at the table in — street, with that old butler putting on another bottle of the '35!' It was a little past noon, and I was shown up to his bed-room, a large and cheerful apartment, with little furniture besides the bed—the bed in which so shortly after he was to be found lying calm in death. There was a dressing-room behind, to which he went at times while making his toilette, keeping up the conversation through the open door. His appearance showed a change for which I was not prepared. It is hard to understand how his medical men should have allowed him to continue writing with signs of impending apoplexy so apparent to the unprofessional eye. In answer to my inquiries about his health, he said he felt 'infernally old.' What was missing in his manner was a sort of light glee with which in former days he had been wont to tell an anecdote or say a good thing. The twinkle, too, was less bright, the lassitude more decided, and the sadness which lay deep in his nature, and against which, I think, he always fought, seemed to be gaining the upper hand. However, the sarcastic power was not extinct, and he expended several flings on the editor of a well-known literary paper—a person of infinite conceit and of never-failing ignorance. The war in America formed, of course, one of the topics of talk. Thackeray expressed no decided opinion, but his leanings were evidently on the side of the South. Speaking of letter-writing, 'I had left off,' he said, 'corresponding with everybody but Sally Fairfax, and you have killed her—sweet creature!' He asked whether I thought the North would ultimately beat, and on my assurance that its superior resources, combined with its persistent spirit, admitted of little doubt on that point, answered, with a half sigh, 'I suppose so: you will tire them out at last.' He took a volume from a book-case to show me the autograph of Washing-

ton on the fly-leaf. 'You have forgotten all about *him*,' he said: 'you care nothing now for his warnings.' I laughed, reminding him that I had always protested against his idolatry for Washington. After chatting for an hour or more, he changed his dressing-gown for a coat and asked me to go down to his library—or rather to the room he had built for this object, but which was not well suited to it, making him consequently discontented with the house. An old lady in black entered: 'My mother,' he said, and presented me to her. There was no strong resemblance that I noticed; but her face had a look of placid resoluteness inherent, I fancy, in the stock, and she gave a vigorous description of a combat she had carried on in the night with the agile insects that disturb slumber. She was the widow of a second husband, and bore the name of Smith. She looked likely to survive her son, and did in fact, though only by a few months. After a while she went out, and Thackeray produced a box of Manillas, but did not smoke himself. 'I envy you,' he said—and I cannot help thinking, if the doctors had taken away his pen instead of his cigar, they would have done at least equally well. It was on this occasion that he mentioned the child who had died so many years before. 'Even now,' he said, 'I cannot bear to think of it.' When he shook hands with me on the doorstep, he pointed to the oaks and said, 'You have no such trees in America; but they are dying.' The appearance of the top branches indicated as much; and he too, from indications not less apparent—he in whose character and intellect the strength of the oak was united with the beauty and the sweetness of the lily—he too was dying.

"It was with a shock, but not of surprise, that going into Galignani's on Christmas morning I received the announcement that Thackeray was dead. Returning through the Rue Rivoli, I passed a tailor's shop, which I had sometimes entered without recollecting till then that the name of the proprietor, M. Arendt, stands at the head of a characteristic dedication in one of the great novelist's books.

"This is but a feeble contribution to the knowledge of such a man. Print or suppress it, as you please. I cannot think I do wrong in sending it. Thackeray belongs to the world, and the scruples of delicacy which refuse us a biography of him, however natural and par-

donable, are scarcely commendable. There is no poorer way of honoring a man's memory than seeking to efface it. A. Z."

M. GUIZOT.

IN the autumn of 1829 (ehé! Posthume, how fugacious are the years!) there was a numerous assemblage beneath the hospitable roof of General La Fayette, at La Grange, of French, English and Americans. Among the last was this deponent, and among the first was the then Professor Guizot, a grave but not ungenial gentleman, who seemed to have got about midway upon the journey of our life. One morning the château was in great commotion. There was to be a *grande chasse*. Guns and dogs and huntsmen and sportsmen mustered in such slaughterous style that terrible would have been the trepidation of the intended victims could they have guessed what was going on. Garrulous Gauls do certainly know how to make a fuss, and are always delighted with much ado, even about nothing. I remember feeling quite confident, from the stir, that we should perpetrate an amount of murder which would almost 'file our minds—that beasts and birds would at least be bountifully bagged, if not, perhaps, destroyed to wasteful excess. Fair laughed the morn, and we began the march in magnificently blithe array. Chance put me by the side of M. Guizot and his son, a boy only a few years my junior. We blazed about all day, and truth compels the statement that a rabbit and a couple of *cailles* were all our evening prey. My popping was bad, that of the professor wasn't better, and that of the youngest wasn't the best. Fortunately, however, none of the other parties had much more to brag of, so that I came to the conclusion that a *chasse* might be grand without being great. How much more attentive should I have been to the words that dropped from my companion's lips than to the birds that I hoped to see drop before my gun, could I have foreseen what future interest and value they would possess! He was quite as communica-

tive as my bloodthirsty feelings at the time could have wished; but even if he did say anything worth remembering, it certainly made no impression between the conflicting sensations of aiming and missing. Nevertheless, it is a satisfaction now to look back and see the illustrious man in his shooting-jacket, with more anxiety upon his philosophic face in regard to the result of his shot than perhaps he ever exhibited as to the consequences of an oratorical discharge—to behold him with mental optic as "he cocked his eye and gun," to quote the masterly translation of *oculum telumque tetendit*. Various and abundant was the talk at the late dinner about the events of the day, every one, of course, having satisfactory reasons to extenuate his want of success. On returning to the salon the old general called me to his side and introduced me to a handsome youth, whom he called the grandson of his old companion-in-arms, General Nathaniel Greene. Much pleasure did he seem to take in making the announcement, and no less in going on to tell about his Revolutionary relations with that eminent celebrity, as well as with Washington and his other fighting friends and acquaintances. Upon one of the latter, General Charles Lee, his remarks were not so complimentary as to show that he had ever felt for him any particular affection—*au contraire*. Very interesting was his narrative of the scene at Monmouth, of which he was witness, between Lee and Washington in reference to Lee's extraordinary retreat, by which the battle had been nearly lost. The dear old gentleman seemed never to tire of talking about the times which we are informed so tried men's souls; and his auditors, however sleepy they may have been on the occasion in question after the fatigues of the grand hunt, were sufficiently interested to keep both their eyes and ears open till a late hour of the night. The general's English was still quite intelligible, although the accent was not weak. He never succeeded in perpetrating so delightful a mistake as that of one of his belligerent countrymen,

who declared, in our vernacular, that his regiment always rushed into action with the greatest intrepidity and reluctance.

These pleasures of memory have been awakened by reading in the papers a recent letter of M. Guizot upon the war, the responsibility of which he throws upon Napoleon, in spite of the latter's attempt to put it upon his people—an attempt which certainly does him little credit. Qui s'excuse s'accuse, is a proverb which, if reversed, may also tell a truth. How different was the conduct of Lee at Gettysburg, when, after his defeat, he rode among his troops taking all the fault of the disaster upon himself! Napoleon's wish for the war may almost be deemed madness, if the Ciceronian dictum be correct: In mare tranquillo tempestatem adversam optare dementis est. But men who sow the wind have no right to complain of crops of whirlwind. If France was not prepared for the war, it was Napoleon's duty to tell her so, and she would have waited, impatient as she may have been to pummel *les Prusses* just as she had pummeled *les Autres-chiens*, to repeat the *gauling* joke of former days. It is no excuse for him, but the contrary, to say that he was deceived—that he was not aware of the truth himself. It was pre-eminently his duty, "situated as he was," to know all about it. A man who assumes the whole responsibility of government cannot be permitted to plead ignorance as an excuse for incompetency—Qui prend le gouvernail doit connaître l'écueil. It won't do for him to imitate the Irish pilot, who declared that he knew every shoal in the harbor, and cried out, as the ship struck, "There's one of them!" His ex-Majesty is so completely on the horns of a dilemma that the less he wriggles the less he will be gored. He cannot be saved as the bishop of London, according to an amusing anecdote, will be. Said dignitary was examining a school in which was a little cockney damsel of the Roman Catholic persuasion. Quoth the bishop, "My little lady, Catholics believe (don't they?) that no Protestants can be saved?"

"Yes, your lordship." "Well, then, I'm to be lost?" "Oh no, your lordship." "No! why how am I, a Protestant bishop, to be saved?" "By your lordship's invincible hignorance," was the delicious response. It is by the doctrine of "invincible ignorance" that the Catholic Church proclaims that heretics who have fruitlessly taken all possible pains to ascertain the truth may escape the eternal consequences of error. But the ignorance of the emperor could not have been invincible, and he must pay the full penalty.

It will be a joyous day for M. Guizot when the Orleans princes get, as now seems probable, what he deems their own. His *nunc dimittis* will then come from a contented and grateful spirit, for he has clung to them faithfully through good and through evil report. Well did he serve them, and his reward was not small. The leap from the professorial chair to a seat in the cabinet by no spasmodic effort, but from the natural vigor of his limb, is sufficient evidence of the stuff of which he was made. He was not one of the ministerial mushrooms of whom it may be said the earth has bubbles as the water hath, and these are of them. His greatness was not thrust upon him, as sometimes happens, any more than it was born in him. It was the legitimate result of his magnificent endowments—achieved and won sans peur et sans reproche. It is inspiring to contemplate such a noble individuality as his amid the multitudinous mediocrity of the day, to say nothing of its multifarious dishonesty. What a characteristic and smashing reply was that which he once gave to his revilers in the Chamber, who had been hurling foul scorn at him without stint!—"You may heap insult upon insult, outrage upon outrage, but the pile can never reach the height of my contempt." It was finer than Lamartine's famous answer to the accusation of conspiring with the radicals when he was at the head of affairs: "Yes, conspire with them I did, but it was as the lightning-rod conspires with the lightning—to prevent disaster from the bolt."

Unsentimental as M. Guizot may seem to be in the cast of his mind, there must be an undercurrent of romance in his composition ready to well up whenever adequately moved. The story of his marriage would make a charming page in a modern novel, and be a useful antidote to the poison of Sand or Balzac. Born of a distinguished family which had been ruined by the Revolution, Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan had found resources in an education as solid as it was varied, and to support her family had become editor of a journal called the *Publiciste*. A serious malady, brought on by excess of toil, obliged her to desist from her labors. Her situation was a cruel one. She was almost in despair, when one day she received an anonymous letter, in which, while she was urged to preserve her tranquillity, an offer was made to perform her task during her illness. The letter was accompanied by an article admirably written, the ideas and style of which were exactly modeled on her own. She accepted the article, published it, and regularly received a similar contribution until her restoration to health. Profoundly affected by the incident, she related it one evening in the salon of M. Suard, where the distinguished wits of the epoch were wont to assemble, exhausting herself in conjectures about her unknown friend, and never thinking of a pale, serious young man in the room, with whom she was scarcely acquainted, and who listened to her in silence. Earnestly supplicated through the columns of her journal to reveal himself, the generous incognito at last went in person to receive the thanks which were his due. It was the young man just alluded to, and five years afterward Mademoiselle de Meulan became Madame Guizot. "Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments," sings Shakespeare; and assuredly he would not have forbidden the banns between the intellectual couple in question. What a happy marriage indeed of true minds must have been theirs! Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony, and other anthropophagi, would

do far more good in the way of matrimonial reform by holding up such an example of genuine connubiality than by holding forth upon the right of women to put asunder what God hath joined together. *Tempt* men, dear ladies, to do right, and don't bother them into doing wrong. One woman has more power over all men, than all men could have over one woman. Who ever heard of various tribes of females uniting under one queen of women, as Agamemnon was king of men, to deliver a captive male or bring back a runaway husband?

How sad to think that this true marriage de raison lasted but fourteen years! that this good and great man should so soon have been deprived of the companion whose lofty intelligence and moral strength were so useful to him amid the agitations of his career! And when a son soon followed her to the tomb he might well have asked the insatiate archer why one would not suffice. Deeply, after two such blows, must he have learnt the lesson of the Italian poet—

Il conoscer chiaramente
Che quanto piace al mondo è breve sogno;

and bravely did he show how impressed it was upon his soul. When he is contemplated reading Bossuet to his dying wife, and throwing soon after, with steady hand, the last piece of earth upon the coffin of his child, he preaches as eloquent a sermon as ever was delivered upon that most momentous of texts: "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!" And there he is still, in his frosty but kindly old age writing books for his grandchildren, and uttering words of wisdom to his unhappy countrymen, for whom and with whom he must so earnestly grieve. R. M. W.

PARINGS.

NOT long ago the Parisian dames had a numerous meeting to arrange the formation of an embattled host, though it was unfortunately, however naturally, dispersed by an unpleasantness regarding the uniform; and we have learned since that the maids and matrons of

Rambervillers defeated a horde of Uhlans who wanted to impoverish that place, driving them out with sticks and brooms and forks, and, perhaps, spoons, in most heroic style. Who the Jeanne Hachette may be that frenzied them to the strife in the absence of their husbands and brothers is not mentioned, but her name will doubtless be revealed on the page of history as a pendant to that of the immortal Pucelle. If those husbands and brothers should ever have the courage to run away from the Prussians, they will surely be d—d to everlasting fame, at least among the folk of the vicinage. A man must certainly be less afraid of death than of flying from a foe who has been scared by his spouse. She might, to be sure, receive him with open arms, but not of the sort that are sacred to matrimony. Those warriors, therefore, are in for a peirage or Westminster Abbey—they must come home with their shields or upon them. *Va vic-tis* indeed when such Spartanism shares their couch and spins at their hearth.

The regimental priests in the French army are described as peculiar types of the pulpit drum ecclesiastic, talking the tongue of the bivouac and fishing for souls in the best way they can. The Abbé Parabère is one of the most popular of them, and is the hero of the following story: There was a hardened old Zouave whom he wanted to catch; so one day he accosted him with, "Well, old *chacal*, you look cold." "Quite truc, M. l'Abbé." "Take a drink?" "Quite willing." "Parisian, ain't you?" pouring him out a stiffish tippie. "Oh yes: I live in Gros-Gaillon, passage César." "You have a mother?" "Yes, poor woman! and who loves me, I tell you." "And whom you have often put in a rage, you rascal?" "Oh yes, and I'm sorry for it indeed, she's so good." "Drink again, *ivrogne*, to her health." "Here you are, sir!" "I'm sure you've been a passionate, brutal, lazy loafer?" "Sometimes, M. l'Abbé." "You've all sorts of vices, haven't you? You've marauded too, some, I reckon?" "Well, a leetle." "So that I'm pretty sure if I were to call the roll of the seven

deadly sins, you could answer to most of them, eh? And yet it's said you never confess, even before going to fight." "No, indeed. M. l'Abbé, you're a fine old cock, but as for confessing, you can't come it, nohow." "But, you jack-ass!" shouted his reverence, slapping the sinner on the shoulder, "you've just made a general confession without knowing it; so here's absolution: go and sin no more." It is quite possible that this new mode of conversion may have had a more potent effect than a regular assault *secundum artem* on the citadel of sin.

The incident of Junot at the siege of Toulon rejoicing in the dust which was scattered over his manuscript on which the ink wasn't dry by a ball that struck the ground in perilous proximity, has its duplicate in the recent conduct of a Parisian volunteer. Whilst the firing was furious in the battle of Orleans, which has so revived the drooping spirits of the French, the hero asked a comrade for a drink. The latter filled his cup and handed it to the thirsty warrior. He drained its contents, and was giving it back when a ball smashed it out of his hands. "What luck," he coolly exclaimed, "that it was empty!" To be sure, there may have been some animating influence in the liquid that had excited his spirit as well as moistened his clay, but he must have had good nerves nevertheless.

. . . Philosophers are not always galling. Socrates averred it would be more tolerable to live with a dragon than a woman; Plato rejoiced that he was not born a woman; Mohammed excluded women from the paradise into which he admitted sheep, whales, ants and parrots; Seneca vowed the only thing which made virtue probable in a woman was her ugliness; Thucydides asserted the best woman to be she of whom least could be said, either good or bad; Montaigne declared that good women are not to be counted by dozens; and Swift considered women to be only a little higher than the monkeys. A

French defamer of the sex has vented his spleen in this epigram:

A son réveil, d'Eden le premier hôte,
A ses côtés en place de sa côte,
Vit "la chair de son chair et les os de ses os,"
Et son premier sommeil fut son dernier repos.

Which may be anglicised as follows:

Eden's first occupant, awaking fresh,
Saw near him, 'stead of rib (O source of woes!)
"Bone of his bone and flesh, too, of his flesh,"
And his first slumber was his last repose.

Another Frenchman, however, and a greater poet than the author of the foregoing, protests that if our first father had lived one whole day, richer by a rib, alone, he would have prayed, notwithstanding the blissfulness of his abode, that the next day should be abridged. Like Spenser, he rejoiced in the pleasant calm of womankind, and believed with him that a lovely face "could make a sunshine in a shady place." What true man does not?

. . . Thomas Sully, who abides with us yet, a veteran of our old art-army, was half a century ago in London as the pupil of Benjamin West, who warmly welcomed the young artist fresh from the city which West still called his home. Fifty years had elapsed since the elder artist had seen Philadelphia, but his recollections were still vivid, and he eagerly described his old rambling-grounds, while his skillful pencil assisted his words with happy touches that portrayed the places with which he had been once so familiar. Young Sully would in turn present by word and line the changes that the half century had made. Proud of his accuracy, West sketched the well-known watchman's box that so long marked the corner of Second and Market streets, while Sully triumphantly retorted with the outline of the imposing structure that had already obliterated the memory of that antiquated landmark. Then gleefully delineating the other new buildings, the younger artist would await with amusement West's amazed exclamation, "So far out! Have they built so far out already?"

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Merman and the Figure-Head: A Christmas Story. By Clara F. Guernsey. With Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

If there be any one who doubts generally the existence of mer-people, and more particularly that of a mer-country lying submerged not far from the Massachusetts coast, with institutions of its own, political and social, peace societies whose members constitute the most aggressive portion of the community, and irritable professors who discuss the question whether human beings are undeveloped mermen or simply undeveloped walruses, we advise this skeptical individual to read the ingenious little book of which the title is given above, in that open, candid spirit with which every one should approach a question of such gravity and importance. We do not guarantee an absolute conversion: we know something of the force of prejudices, the reluctance to abandon old errors, the slowness to receive new truths, the general disinclination to have one's ideas of the Universe turned topsy-turvy, which constitute the great impediments to the progress of knowledge. We can conceive that readers of the weaker kind, after laying down the volume and reverting to their own ordinary experience, may summon up courage to deny the force of the testimony adduced and be ready to declare that their convictions are unchanged. But no one, we venture to think, will make any such protest while engaged in the act of perusal. On the contrary, every one during that interval will feel that nothing can be more natural than the conversation and conduct of these sea-people, and, as a necessary sequitur, nothing more evident than their existence. *Cogitant, ergo sunt.* One pauses a moment and tries to recollect where it was that one saw some of them once, and if the remembrance be somewhat dim and hazy, one is fain to conclude, in accordance with the doctrine of Plato and Wordsworth, that it was in some prior stage of existence, when one had a tail of one's own.

The story—for Miss Guernsey has wisely condescended to clothe her revelations in

the garb of fiction, calling art to the aid of science—divides itself into two distinct parts, which run their parallel course through alternate chapters, until at last they deflect in order to meet, and are firmly united with an artistic clasp. The scene of one of these narratives is on the solid land, that of the other in the briny deep; the actors in the former are human beings, those in the latter mer-people: what is literal and palpable in the one is delicately reflected and symbolized in the other.

A young merman of distinguished birth takes a fancy to spend his summer vacation in the North Seas, and soon after setting out enters the harbor of Salem, then a famous seaport having a direct trade with the Indies. At the prow of a fine brig, newly launched and preparing for a distant voyage, he sees in the bright moonlight a full-length figure-head representing a Sea-Nymph. "She stood on a point of rock leaning lightly forward. Her rounded arms upheld a silvered vase of antique fashion; her head was thrown back; her hair, crowned with seaweed and coral, streamed over her shoulders, as though blown by the same breeze that wafted back the thin robe from her dainty feet and ankles; the face was of the regular classic type, yet not quite human in its cold purity; the eyes looked out over the sea toward the far horizon." This work of art was the production of Job Chippit, who, had he lived in our day, would have gone to Rome and become a sculptor in marble and bronze instead of employing his genius in carving wooden images. He had modeled the Sea-Nymph in compliance with an order from Master Isaac Torrey, a young merchant of Salem, and a worshiper of the classical style in poetry, in art, and also, alas! in living forms—a taste which led him to prefer the cold and expressionless features of Anna Jane Shuttleworth, "a beautiful, still image of a girl," to those of Lucy Peabody, in which sense and feeling were displayed. And a like mistake was made by our young merman, who, seeing the wooden Sea-Nymph inclining its head with the rise and fall of the waves, and smiling faintly as

the moonbeams played upon its face, but ever preserving its dignity of posture and cold serenity of look, believed it to be a goddess, a real sea-nymph, and in one moment fell desperately, hopelessly in love with the senseless, lifeless thing. Abandoning his intended trip to the Arctic regions, he followed the brig to the Mediterranean, forgetful of his home and a sweet mer-girl, the playmate of his childhood, who pined during his absence, though she put on brave little airs of indifference, deaf to the warning screams of the sea-gulls, the rebukes of sage old Moby Dick, and the entreaties of his best friend, who, hearing of his infatuation, followed in hopes of inducing him to return, but received only that ungrateful repulse which is the customary reward of disinterested kindness under such circumstances. Off the coast of Sicily the poor fool fell in with a company of real sea-nymphs, Arethusa and two lovely companions, who, after an absence of two thousand years, had come back to view again the familiar scenes and mourn over the changes which had taken place. Pitying the love-crazed merman, and perceiving his case to be hopeless, they would fain have helped him by inducing Aphrodite to animate the painted figure-head—even as such things had happened in the olden time. But the stupid wooden thing resisted the divine influence, stiffened itself against the incoming breath of life, which consequently died away, leaving it, if anything, more wooden than before.

We shall say nothing of the dénouement, except that, like the whole course of the incidents, it is most happily and ingeniously contrived; nor have we space to exemplify by extracts the simple grace of the style, the clearness and symmetry of the groupings, the neatness of the allusions both to classical story and modern theories, and the charm and interest of the story predominating over all the details, and leaving a sense of completeness and satisfaction at the close. The book is not a mere "juvenile." It is called on the title-page "A Christmas Story;" but, whether read by the winter fireside or in the summer shade, it will be grateful to all readers, young or old, who are susceptible to the attractions both of the fanciful and the real, and can appreciate the artistic combination of the two. The illustrations, five in number, seem to us not unworthy of the text.

Why and How? By Russell H. Conwell.
With Illustrations by Hammatt Billings.
Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Our country has the proud distinction of having furnished the Celestial Empire with two bran-new gods—the most recent, and doubtless the most worshipful, objects of Chinese adoration. On earth they were yclept Ward and Burlingame: what their appellations may be on the pigtailed Olympus has not yet been revealed. Ward was the eminent filibuster who helped the wonderful Walker to give an extra earthquake to Central America, and then helped the Brother of the Sun to stop the progress of Taeping illumination, such as it was. Burlingame, whose spirit can hardly rejoice in the canonized companionship to which it has been doomed, has departed too recently in the fullness of repute to need more than the mention of his name. It is evidently easier in the East to raise mortals to the skies than to draw angels down; nor, considering the conflicting characteristics of these two last concoctions of deity, would there seem to be a very clear conception of angelic nature in that portion of the globe. However, even Ward was as estimable a god as any of those to whom the Parthenon and Pantheon were dedicated; so, *requiescat in Joss!* As for the divine Anson—that very magnificent three-tailed mandarin—did he not introduce his worshippers into the family of nations, and haven't they shown their appreciation of the fact by massacring as many of their new-found relations as they could lay their consanguineous hands on? Sursum corda! The deification of the curious pair is the more flattering from the circumstance of all other foreigners being branded as devils by the Flowery folk—outside barbarians devoted to the infernal gods. As there are three different religions in China, the deified Jonathans may pick and choose the altars on which they are to be adored, in doing which it is to be hoped they will not set a bad example to their immortal colleagues, who have heretofore agreed pretty well among themselves. Forms of faith, we believe, have not had so many graceless zealots to fight for them in the Celestial Empire as in the infernal regions of America; so that it may be hoped there will not be any dissension among the three sects as to the proprietorship of the new gods. Their godships will make but an ungrateful return by in-

roducing Christian discord into the prayer-meetings of the heathen who shall kneel before their hideous presentments in wood or stone.

The three sects referred to are the Buddhists, the Taoists and the Confucians. Buddhism teaches the reward by a divinity, in connection with inferior spirits, of good works in a happy or oblivious hereafter; also the transmigration of souls, previous existence in beasts, birds and reptiles, and a sort of purgatory to prepare souls for future existence as earthly beings. Taoism is a kind of materialism that believes in the possession of an intelligent soul by the earth, the planets, etc., and rejoices in lots of gods, the chief of whom is named Laooots, or the Old Boy—no relation, it is to be hoped, of the Old Boy of Christendom—and amongst whom, probably, his holiness, pirate Ward, will be enrolled. Confucianism inculcates the doctrines of the great philosopher, who recognized no God ("The fool saith in his heart, There is no God"), but taught morality as the best means of earthly welfare, although one of his sayings was hardly in keeping with that theory: "There is Hwuy: he has nearly attained to perfection; he is often in want." These three sects, however, are said to have few followers among the Coolies—the part of the Chinese population in whom we feel the most interest here—who, having little time for learning anything, believe everything or nothing, as the case may be, and come to our shores as well prepared as possible for receiving the worst impressions that can be made upon groveling ignorance. This is a fact which would seem to demand immediate and energetic action on the part of patriotic philanthropy, quite as imperiously as the advent of another "Yellow Jack" of even a less feverish and perilous description. Better physical than moral poison; better all the ills that mere flesh is heir to than those which embrute every faculty divine; better become a hospital of incurables than a common sewer of perdition. To that condition of common sewerism we are going quite fast enough as it is, with the tremendous yearly increase of polluted immigration. The sooner we construct moral breakwaters against the billows of filth that are rolling in upon us from the four quarters of the globe, the greater our chances of preserving the virtue which is said to be indispensable for the safety of republics. "Nullum numen abest si

sit prudentia." A sorrowing Chinaman in California is reported to have said, "In China robbers are promoted, rapine and arson are winked at, pirates are applauded, Coolie traders are aided in their kidnapping, property is confiscated without excuse, and the poor are reduced by official exactions to a state of wretchedness to which exile or death is a welcome alternative." There's a nice *officina gentium* from which to receive millions of hipeds per annum. Why, it's worse than New York; and what will New York be when adequately supplied with confusion from the infernal Celestials? Deep indeed will be calling unto deep, until the Hibernian bottom of the bottomless pit will be visible to the naked eye.

The lowest possibilities of corruption would seem to be reached in a government where "competitive examinations" are a source of dishonest profit. It is like poisoning the drugs that are meant to cure—giving calcined magnesia well doctored with arsenic. These possibilities, however, are reached in China, where, by a small bribe to the commissioners by whom the compositions of the candidates are examined, any person can obtain a diploma. The special attention of Mr. Jenckes of Rhode Island is called to this momentous fact. What will be the good of his Civil Service Bill if evil communication with the East should ever corrupt our own Occidental manners? It really may be affirmed that, as yet, our boards of examiners would not be practisers of the dogma, *virtus post nummos*, and that if the bill aforesaid should be passed there may be a fair prospect that, for a while, cobblers may be compelled to stick to their lasts instead of being awlmighty in the land. But let us beware of the wretches whose soles are perpetually pegged at by pilfering pretenders, who don't even know how to wax the thread which they steal—a state of things very different from what exists in this our happy and enlightened commonwealth. Is not a chief magistrate, by the way, guilty of *perjury* who takes a solemn oath before high Heaven to act with a single eye to the public interest, and yet makes appointments for the exclusive purpose of promoting party or personal objects? If A can prove that he is better qualified than B for a particular office, has he not a constitutional, as well as a moral, right to that office? If a man who can truly say, with Boileau's hero,

Je ne sais ni tromper, ni feindre, ni mentir,
Et même si je le pouvais, je n'y puis consentir,

is displaced by a potentate to make place for a man of pliant conscience, is it not a perversion of potency as criminal as that of the unjust steward, and does not the perverter render himself obnoxious to law and obnoxious to punishment? Is it not lamentable that public honors can rarely be obtained except by the sacrifice of private honor? What is an honest man to do, with democratic Tweedism rampant in New York and anti-Coxism flagrant in Washington? Who is for an honest man's party, with an honest and able man for its candidate? It may perhaps succeed by way of variety, for always partridge may become tiresome to the gameist.

For the Chinese mysteries adverted to above we are indebted to the author of the volume named at the head of this notice, which contains much interesting matter, though not always in unexceptionable English. The title is also somewhat bothersome. "Why" and "How" standing in solitary grandeur at the top of a book on China had such a celestial look that at first we almost fancied they were a couple of divinities with infinite pigtails, and might have cherished the notion but for the explanatory politeness of the title-page, "*Why* the Chinese emigrate, and the means they adopt for the purpose of reaching (*how* they manage to reach) America." None but an author knows an author's cares, and one of the worst of those cares, now-a-days, must be to invent or steal a taking title for his work, for even the newspapers are obliged to fill enormous space, which might be much better employed, with sensational headings, to act like oysters or bitters on the appetite. Neither do we much relish Mr. Conwell's dedication, "To My Aged Parents." Disraeli may be permitted to frontispiece the important literary aid derived from his wife, but it is rather overdoing domesticity to herald the unceasing devotion of parents to a gentleman unknown to fame, even in such beautiful type and on such admirable paper as Messrs. Lee & Shepard have devoted to the volume. It is pleasant indeed to see one's self in such charming print, and a book so capitably got up is doubly a book, even when "there's nothing in it" — which is, happily, not the judgment we are compelled to pass on Mr. Conwell's work.

R. M. W.

Man and Wife. By Wilkie Collins. New York: Harper & Brothers.

With the pen of a practiced writer and the ardor of a new-born reformer, Mr. Collins has assailed the iniquities of the Scotch marriage law, and undertaken to laugh down and argue down the tendency to excessive indulgence in athletic sports which he insists is producing moral and physical degeneracy among the young men of England. Both these objects are embraced in the present story. The scene is laid principally in Scotland, and the characters are taken from the highest society. The hero, Geoffrey Delamayn, has nothing to do but smoke and keep his muscles in perfect condition. His features are perfect, and perfectly unintelligent, indicating the mind of the man, who is never known to read anything but a newspaper or a Newgate Calendar, who is never backward in settling a debt, never conquered by argument or influenced by moral force, because he does not understand them, never vanquished by brute force, because himself a champion of strength. Such is Delamayn the athlete, deep in the chest, thin in the flanks, firm on the legs, a magnificent human animal — the *bête noir* of Wilkie Collins. This amiable creature betrays, under promise of marriage, a lovely and accomplished woman, and sends his most intimate friend, Arnold Brinkworth, with a letter to the Craig Fernie Inn, where the young lady has fled, and where she is waiting to be claimed as Delamayn's lawful wife. While at the inn the friend is obliged to personate Delamayn for a few hours, to avoid arousing the suspicions of the Presbyterian landlady.

The question arises, Did this personation, by Scotch law, make them man and wife? and on this point turns the whole story. Sudden events make Geoffrey wish to prove the affirmative—Arnold, the negative. Both resort to the intricacies of the law, and but for the sharpness of Sir Patrick Lundie, a retired lawyer, the marriage would have been held good. A letter in the possession of Bishopriggs, head-waiter at Craig Fernie, reveals a promise of marriage from Geoffrey to Miss Silvester, the unfortunate lady.

This settles the matter, for "a written promise of marriage exchanged between a man and woman in Scotland marries that man and woman by Scotch law." Outrageous as such a law is, it has been pronounced

good in English courts of justice, and confirmed by the supreme authority of the House of Lords.

Thus compelled to recognize his wife, Delamayn takes her to an obscure house kept by an odd character who professes dumbness and has periodical fits of madness. Here he meditates revenge, takes to brandy, and is in the act of murdering Mrs. Delamayn when he is attacked by his landlady. Just as he is raising his mighty arm to wipe her out of existence, a dispensation of paralysis is mercifully granted, and Geoffrey conveniently dies off. This event removes many obstacles: Arnold is made happy with Blanche Lundie, and Sir Patrick marries Miss Silvester.

So much for an outline of the story. The plot, as developed from chapter to chapter, is intensely interesting and highly dramatic. The scenes are frequent which reflect more strongly the glare of the footlights than the light of Nature. The muscular mania is handled without gloves. Mr. Collins believes in combining mental and physical development, but complains that popular opinion in England now puts the latter first. When nothing excites the nation's enthusiasm like a University boat-race, he thinks the character of the nation is endangered, the great social questions of the day are put aside, the code of commercial morals is corrupted. "The present rage for exclusively muscular accomplishments begets a coarse tone of mind and manners, and a lamentable lack of feeling any of those higher and gentler influences which sweeten and purify." Of the athlete himself he says: "All his strength and skill will not enable him to endure temptation. The essential principle of matches and races has been to teach him to take every advantage of another man his superior strength and cunning can suggest." Other equally potent arguments are supplemented by the physical objection that a man's vital power will not bear many courses of training for severe contests.

Although a reformer in his purpose, it is a sweet relief to find Mr. Collins saying so little about women's rights simply because they are women's. He has done good work for the cause in calling attention to the looseness of the marriage laws, to the unequal distribution of property under the marriage contract, and the helpless condition of women generally. In a work so widely

read as *Man and Wife* has already been, the sensible and moderate discussion of these subjects will accomplish more than can be done by fiery-tongued agitators, who forget that the abolition of wrong is of more importance than the so-called emancipation of woman.

Yet all the oil and wine he pours into their wounds would not procure forgiveness from the most violent of these "epicene theorists" for certain unpardonable utterances: "The natural condition of a woman is to find her master in a man. Look in the face of any woman who is in no direct way dependent on a man, and you see a woman who is not happy: the possession of a master is the only possible completion of their lives." If this is levity, what follows is cruelty: "A woman who can't talk and a woman who can cook is simply a woman who has arrived at absolute perfection." The chilling propriety of Lady Lundie, who sits brooding over so much impropriety, is touched with an amusing pen. While we learn to admire the character of Miss Silvester, Blanche is the only one we like. In her we have what we are told is the English ideal—youth, health and plumpness—an ideal in which the spiritual element, the charm of intelligence and delicacy, is often forgotten.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Collins is so apt to let his enthusiasm or indignation get the better of a many-sided judgment. When the characters undertake to tell a story or to write a confession, they do it in short, epigrammatic sentences, with a deadly emphasis on the personal pronouns. They indulge too much in the acid amenities of social intercourse. Even the society novel should turn sometimes to the green pastures of thought, even if it cannot leave the dominion of brutal facts. If it dwells chiefly or wholly on the dark side of human nature, its effect on character must be at least doubtful. *Man and Wife* is fascinating, and therefore will be read, but its greatest admirers will not suspect it of being a work that elevates the general moral tone of the class it addresses.

We must be thankful for the insight it gives us into English law or rather lawlessness, for a terseness of expression and directness of narration which are sometimes indicative of force, but oftener of mere mannerism, and for the humor of Bishopriggs, the best character in the book, but vastly inferior to the deathless original that will for

ever illumine the pages of a great master of English fiction.

Whatever Wilkie Collins may have done in other fields, he has done little to abolish, or even to alleviate, the miseries of the sensational novel. H. C.

Books Received.

- An Address Commemorative of the Virtues and Services of Abraham B. Hutton, late Principal of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Delivered at the Request of the Directors, on the 4th of October, 1870. By James J. Barclay, Secretary of the Institution. Philadelphia: Published by Order of the Directors. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 54.
- The Flying Mail, by M. Goldschmidt; Old Olaf, by Magdalene Thoresen; and The Railroad and the Churchyard, by Björnsterne Björnson. Translated by Carl Larsen. Boston and Cambridge: Sever, Francis & Co. 12mo. pp. 132.
- The House on Wheels; or, The Stolen Child. By Madame de Stolz. Translated from the French by Miss E. F. Adams. With Twenty Illustrations from designs by Emile Bayard. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 12mo. pp. 304.
- A School History of the United States, from the Discovery of America to the year 1870. By David B. Scott. Illustrated with Maps and Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. xii., 425.
- The Social Stage: Original Dramas, Comedies, Burlesques and Entertainments for Home Recreation, Schools and Public Exhibitions. By George M. Barker. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 281.
- Tom Brown at Oxford. By the author of "Tom Brown's School-Days." New Edition. With Illustrations by Sydney P. Hall. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 251.
- Letters Everywhere: Stories and Rhymes for Children. With Twenty-eight Illustrations by Theophile Schuler. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 12mo. pp. viii., 228.
- An Index to Harper's New Monthly Magazine, Vols. I. to XL., from June, 1850, to May, 1870. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 433.
- The Castaways: A Story of Adventure in the Wilds of Borneo. By Captain Mayne Reid. New York: Sheldon & Co. 16mo. pp. 237.
- The Heir-Expectant. By the author of "Raymond's Heroine," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 167.
- Estelle Russell. By the author of "The Private Life of Galileo." New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 177.
- The Boys of Grand Pré School. By the author of "The B. O. W. C." Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 348.
- The Mystery of Edwin Drood. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 104.
- Double Play. By William Everett, author of "Changing Base." Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 244.
- A Dangerous Guest. By the author of "Gilbert Ruggie," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 116.
- The Story of a Workingman's Life. By Francis Mason, D. D. New York: Oakley, Mason & Co. 12mo. pp. 490.
- Home in the West. By the author of "Charley Roberts Series." Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 285.
- Pinks and Blues; or, The Orphan Asylum. By Rosa Abbott. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 214.
- Notes and Vocabulary to accompany Whitney's German Reader. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 16mo.
- The Whole Armor; or, Fifteen Months at Jumbleton Hall. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 297.
- Mental Arithmetic. By John H. French, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 180.
- Light at Eventide. By the editor of "Chimes for Childhood." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 240.
- Little Folks Astray. By Sophie May. Illustrated. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 24mo. pp. 203.
- Eleanor Willoughby's Self. By Annette L. Noble. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 300.
- The Little Maid of Oxbow. By May Manning. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 207.
- Wilson's Intermediate Fifth Reader. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 372.
- Tom Bentley; or, The Story of a Prodigal. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 368.
- The Proverb Stories. Second Series. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 3 vols. 16mo.

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ON THE ICE-BELT.

"I THINK nothing is to be hoped from you if this bit of mould under your feet is not sweeter to you to eat than any other in this world or in any world." So said Thoreau, who had a whim of extolling his own town and neighborhood as the most favored centre for natural observation. He found the red snow in one of his walks, and expected to find the *Victoria regia*. He was, to be sure, a little envious of the Pole for the coincident sunrise and sunset; but he returned Kane's *Arctic Voyage* to a friend of whom he had borrowed it, with the remark that "most of the phenomena noted might be observed in Concord." He may have given exaggerated expression to his conviction of the indifferency of places, and that the best place for each man is that where he stands, but it would be well if we were all imbued with more of the same spirit; and the following are a few notes of one of many walks taken with a view to see what confirmation of the idea could be found here. True, Milwaukee is not Concord, and unfortunately Thoreau's trained faculties do not form any part of our outfit. Our vision is dim; our eyes are blurred with dust—the accumulated dust of long years passed in the paved streets of cities, in the confined air of shops, stores and counting-

rooms, of churches, theatres and parlors. They have improved a little of late under vigorous treatment with a brush-broom, so that now there comes an occasional glimmer of light that encourages us to keep at them. Let us bathe them continually in the morning and the evening dew, in the soft waters that in the deep recesses of the woods drip from the trees and bubble from the springs, in the showers of spray that are flung upon the now ice-bound shores of our grand old lake; and the time may come when we shall be able to see some of the phenomena of Nature that have been hidden from us hitherto.

All night, through the hours made wakeful by the thought of turning out unusually early, has the surf been talking to us with ceaseless din, now rising to loud remonstrance, now dying away into reproachful murmurs; and the north wind, finding the crevice that moans, and taking up the refrain, intensifying and making it human, has joined in upbraiding us with our recumbency; telling us of an energy that never sleeps, that needs not to spend one half its hours in rest, but persistently works on; until, partly for shame and partly in emulation, we rise, and, making our hasty preparation, sally forth into the clear cold of a January morning. Si-

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lently and without any demonstration, no one evincing interest enough to even wish us God speed, we take our departure. The party is not large, our only associate being Trouble—a dog, a necessary accompaniment to Arctic expeditions, and one which warrants the use of the plural pronoun without trespassing on the prerogative of rulers and editors. Our outfit consists of a pair of skates, a thermometer, note-book and pencil, a drinking cup and a small lunch. The moon has gone down, and there is no token of the rising day in the east: we have no light or heat save from the stars, unless we except a few dim, straggling lights that have been kept burning low through the night by some timid sleeper or anxious mother. But presently brighter lights flash out here and there through the curtainless windows of attic and kitchen, showing that Bridget is about to begin her round of drudgery or is hurrying off to early mass. We have the streets wellnigh to ourselves, though here comes a jolly sleighload of all-night revelers, who, stopping to put down one of their number, send their good-nights after him as they move on at five o'clock in the morning.

The city at this time seems a very different place to walk through from what it is when we usually perambulate it. As we come to the business quarters the stone pavements sound strangely hollow under our feet, and our nail-clad heels awaken echoes that never can be heard by day or early in the night. The stores, with shades raised and gas burning brightly, showing deserted floors and long lines of curtained goods, present a novel appearance. Instinctively we early or late walkers give each other a wide berth, keeping the whole sidewalk between us when we meet, and we look sharply at this poor staggering wretch, as he surges toward us, to see if his drunkenness be real or assumed. When we come to the lower parts of the city, where all is dark and sombre, the deeper shades, burnt ruins and vacant lots suggest thoughts of roughs and garroters. But we hurry on

unmolested, save by the barking of an occasional cur, across the bridge, down past the elevators and the dingy foundries, machine-shops and dépôts, and striking the railroad, we leave the shadows of the streets behind us and emerge upon the "bayou" just in time to catch there the first slant rays of the rising sun.

This bayou is one of the few spots in this vicinity on which the spirit of improvement has made but little impression. Its purity is not polluted nor its wildness much impaired. It is our everglade, covering a tract of three hundred acres or more in the southern part of the city's limits, fed by the Kinnick-kinnick from the west and debouching into the Milwaukee River near the "straight cut." Its waters are from six inches to six feet deep, kept pure by frequent flooding from the lake—a favorite haunt for water-fowls in the spring and fall. Among the bulrushes still lurk the swift pickerel and the yellow perch. A goodly portion of it goes to grass in the summer-time, affording a fine covert where the scolding mudhen and the clapper-rail raise their broods in semi-domestic safety. Innumerable turtles bask and lay their eggs in the clean sand of the narrow strip of beach which separates it from the lake, and a few dwarf willows are there working their way, serving only to intensify its barrenness now, but holding with tenacity every inch they get, till, gradually gaining ground, they will make the sands less shifting, and perhaps in time transform the spot into a fertile peninsula. The southern border of the bayou stretches away into a low savannah, where great crowds of bullfrogs congregate, wisely blinking through the sunlight hours, resting their broad jowls upon the lily-pads as they patiently wait for the night, which they will make musical by their concerted bellowing. Here, too, occasionally, some young fisherman pulls up a naked, loathsome creature, covered with dirty spots, and, afraid to take him from the hook, is glad to cut the line and throw him back. Every year or two some of our papers

tell of the capture of one of these water-puppies, and always describe it as some huge monster hitherto unknown and baffling the most scientific observer. They are our largest and most disagreeable-looking saurian—the nearest approach to an alligator which our lagoon affords.

With every north-easter this body of water is augmented, and at times its waves run high. Several years ago a fore-and-aft schooner, of a hundred tons or more, was driven against the railroad bridge of ties which crosses it somewhat to the west or land side of its centre; yet, if you look at a map you will see that the city is here laid out into lots and blocks, whose owners must sometimes gaze on them with rueful countenances. To find their real estate they would need a boat and a ten-foot pole.

But now the bayou is decked with ice, and strapping on our skates we scud before the wind over its smooth surface at a rate that fills Trouble with despair. It is not often we can run away from him, but his swift feet are poorly shod for this kind of work, and a glance behind shows him slipping, sprawling and whining as he tries his best to keep up. He is not used to this sort of thing, and does not like it. Ah, old fellow! many are the times you have served us so, circling lightly about us or bounding off ahead, to turn round and with ill-concealed impatience and contempt wait for the poor, plodding plantigrades to come up, even as we now wait for you. For once we are able to leave you behind, and feel inclined to exult over your discomfiture.

We have said that the bayou is decked with ice: it would have been more exact to say that its waters are congealed, for the ice is very thick, with but little water under it, and under large portions none. As we slacken our speed to wait for Trouble, we see what we have overlooked in our haste—that it is full, so to speak, of frozen fish. We count thirty fish in a space not exceeding a yard square, and they are almost as thickly distributed over a space of many acres—some lying singly, but mostly in clus-

ters of ten or twelve, packed together, heads and tails, like sardines in a box; suckers and sunfish, bass, bull-heads and perch seeming to have made a common cause in the struggle to avert their doom. Was it swift and sudden? Did the rapidly congealing waters imprison them, gradually lessening their supply of oxygen till they died? Or did death close down on them more slowly from some other cause, and the clear crystal embalm them like flies in amber? We think the former must have been the case, for while a few of them are closely impacted in the transparent ice, exhibiting their fins and scales and iridescent tints in great perfection, by far the greater portion are enclosed in air-bubbles, looking like delicate cases of white metal—burial-caskets profusely ornamented with frosted silver in filigree, though no one of them bears an inscription that we can read to tell us aught of its occupant—his name, his virtues or his age. No doubt they discharged their dull, cold, fishy functions faithfully, and Nature has made them more beautiful in death than is her wont; but she writes no eulogies—one epitaph suffices for them all, cut by our ringing skate-irons upon the glassy face of their common tomb.

Far over the ice yonder, looking like an Esquimaux or Laplander, is a fisherman chopping out the ice which has since yesterday closed the openings to his nets. They are set in the deepest water, and marked by a row of slanting poles. We go to him as he hauls up the wet net hand over hand, and ask, "What luck?" "Not much," he says. The ice is so thick outside that the fish cannot get up to his net: he only wants a few for his Sunday dinner. It is well that his desires are moderate, for he finds but a scanty catch: two suckers dead and worthless, four small bull-heads alive—these are all that are tumbled out. The bull-heads, warm-blooded and tenacious of life as they are, cannot long resist contact with the ice with the mercury at zero. After a few spasmodic struggles, they become stiff, and are soon glued fast—sooner than

we should have supposed, remembering their activity, when headless and disemboweled, in a frying-pan. But though in the "act of death," death has not absolutely supervened: it is only conditional or simulated. Consciousness is gone, and if allowed to remain as they are it will not return, and dissolution will follow; but throw them back into the water, or, if you would watch the process more closely, carry them to a fire and expose them to its warmth. The heat will set the molecules of matter vibrating, and they will fall into their natural forms again: harmony will be restored once more, and, slowly coming back to take cognizance of the racking, painful intensity of the vibration, consciousness will return—that is to say, they will begin to flop!

Veering from our course and working a little to windward, we come to the outlet of the bayou. This, though sometimes it freezes solid, never remains so long, for every north-easter breaks up the ice and forms the uneasy, restless "middle pack," with its "crushing floe and grinding hummock," and to-day we have in a minor key the various sounds which may be likened to groans, to the growling of wild animals and the whining of young puppies. There is no vessel nipped, but an old brig at the outer edge of this ice has been badly worsted in some encounter with the elements, and her looks are in keeping with the scene as she lies upon her beam-ends, with the seas breaking over and through her stove bulwarks, her tattered rigging encased in ice till the lines are like cables and the cables like logs.

Interesting and suggestive as is this, in the resemblance to scenes described by Arctic navigators, we have but to unstrap our skates and pass over to the lake side of the beach to come to far more imposing sights. Each heavy blow has formed a tier of ice-hills of considerable elevation, with a shoreward slope of a hundred feet or more, their seaward faces being almost perpendicular. There are several ranges of these hills, and, clambering to the edge of the outermost, we find ourselves

walking over arched crystalline floors, feeling the jar and hearing the heavy thud of the seas and the roar of the rushing torrent under our feet. See this fissure, how it yawns before us!—an abrupt cañon with perpendicular walls, running down through twenty feet of solid ice to a cavern which must be considerable in size, judging from the reverberation of the sound of the waves as they rush into it. Beyond is a circular chasm or crater fifteen feet in diameter, having on its lake side a well-arched natural bridge that would safely upbear a loaded team, 'under which the waves dash with great force, and, finding vent upward, fling great showers of spray, pebbles and stones high into the air in volcanic mimicry. The spray freezes as it falls in pellucid drops, filling the little valleys with glittering heaps of gems, to which no lapidary's art could add lustre. They flash like diamonds in the sunlight as you spurn them with the foot. We feel tempted to load ourselves with them, although we know how evanescent is their brilliancy. They would not bear setting, and will never flash with artificial light from bosoms less white than this on which they lie. They are born to glow almost unseen, for few will take the pains to see them here. Some of them are almost perfect lenses, and concentrate the sun's rays like burning-glasses. Here is a chasm into the clefts of which the waves are driven with a force that squeezes dry the thick slush they bear, making it look like fine white snow for an instant, only to become saturated again and settle back into the "yeast of waves." It is as if we were watching the rapid alternations of crystallization and liquefaction in some great mass of deliquescent salts.

Icebergs are not wanting—are numerous in fact: some, just disengaged by *débacle* from the parent glacier, lie not many feet from it, rocking on their broad bases; others, smaller, yet whose weight would be reckoned in tons, have capsized, and the waves, thus able to get a better hold of them, seem to be trying to carry them off. A huge comber

seizes one of them, flings it into the cleft from whence it was torn, and there grappling it anew, bears it bravely away for some distance, until compelled to drop it as if from exhaustion, but only receding to gather fresh strength for another attempt, and so the effort is renewed again and again with a persistency that almost seems to be inspired by conscious volition, or which furnishes us who boast of such will with an example of perseverance worthy emulation, for the waves, we know, will not desist until their aim is gained. Perhaps the best representation of icebergs that we have is furnished by the ice which has frozen into fantastic shapes upon the few piles of the old harbor piers that are yet standing well out to sea. There are cones, needles, double-headers, and square, castellated forms, fixed, yet having the semblance of motion given to them by the waves. Hovering over these, the strong-winged winter gulls (*Larus argentatus*) are sporting defiantly with the gale, seldom alighting. Just now a flock of snow-buntings (*Plectrophanes nivalis*), their mossy breasts and wings glistening in the sun, pass over our heads like a flash of white light, with the same chirruping, cheerful note that two months hence may enliven the solitude of some Arctic voyager. A winter landscape has few features more interesting or inspiring than a flock of these same brave little birds. Dr. Kane says of them: "The snow-birds are the only ones in numbers, crowding our rocky islands, and making our sunny night-time musical with home-remembered songs." Geological analogies well worth consideration present themselves at every step, but we must pass them by, for our expedition has no scientific corps. The different ranges of ice-hills are everywhere intersected by fissures and chasms made by the action of water: some of them are formed into cañons and ravines half filled with mixed snow and gravel; others into grottoes having sides and a roof, and as pure and fair as crystallization can make them.

It may be well to describe some of

these exactly, in view of the possible thought that the imagination has been allowed to play too important a part in these notes. Here is a grot twenty-five feet long with an average width of ten feet. In the centre a man can stand erect, and could walk nearly its whole length without stooping were it not for the icy stalactites with which the roof is thickly hung: there are no stalagmites; the water congealed too rapidly for their formation, and the floor is tessellated with blocks of ice cemented with snow. The walls on three sides are perfect, and are hung with arras of frost-work, wrought into patterns of marvellous beauty, for Nature makes no distinction, and nowhere, in the perfecting of what men call her fairest works, has she worked more deftly or elaborated more patiently than in the adornment of this little crystal palace, which has been formed and will be dissolved unnoticed. The light which reaches here is strained through the translucent roof, and the tempered rays are grateful to eyes fatigued by the glare of the outside ice and snow. It is a very pretty specimen of ice-architecture, and the ventilation is perfect.

Here is another less beautiful, but perhaps more curious, which probably we should have overlooked had not Trouble found it for us, for its entrance is only twenty inches in diameter, and as we crawl in after the dog we are surprised to find ourselves in a perfect cavern. It is oval in shape, ten feet wide by fifteen long, with an arched roof, which in the centre is five feet from the floor. The inner surface is nearly smooth, the arch almost perfect, and the walls so thick that it is doubtful if any light reaches here save that which comes through the narrow and tortuous opening. It answers very closely to the description of the Esquimaux huts: about one half the floor is raised into a *breck*, which in those structures serves for a common seat and bed, and over this another jog forms a shelf two feet broad. The place is exceeding snug; and if there were only a dozen of us, with an oil lamp and plenty of blubber,

how cozy and comfortable we might be! We will rest here for a little anyway, for the hut extends to us the warmest hospitality, seemingly absurd as that may sound. On reaching such a shelter as this—affording as it does entire protection from the wind, which has been blowing so hard outside as to make us think that we had found the Etah, or wind-loved spot, of this region—there comes a sensation of warmth that is most comfortable. The large amount of heat which accompanies active exercise, and which has been radiated so freely and borne away so rapidly as to be imperceptible, becomes apparent in the quiet of this shelter, and produces a sense of sultriness hardly exceeded by the warmest corner of the fireside or the sunny side of a paved street in August; and the mercury crawls up five degrees in as many minutes.

The situation is somewhat novel. We are still far inside the city's limits, and have had to keep our faces persistently turned seaward to forget its smoke and bustle, to banish the shop and counting-room, and yet we find ourselves inside a house not made with hands, which doubtless we are the first to enter, and whose interior, it is more than probable, will not be looked upon by other human eyes than ours. Surely a thirst for discovery finds satisfaction here. This is, to us, as much an unknown region as we could hope to find in any quarter of the globe with months or years of toilsome and expensive journeying. If a man can get outside of himself, he may tread virgin fields and see fresh landscapes in every afternoon walk: wanting the ability to do that, he must travel far and widely indeed to get a new sensation or rid himself of thoughts of the moiling life at home with its petty troubles. We have closed more than one book of travels feeling as if we had been listening to the complaints of some tired, fretted housewife about inefficient servants, troublesome children, muddy shoes, bad luck with bread or a poor day to dry clothes.

It will be well to revert to such thoughts when with the returning spring the old

feeling of unrest comes strong upon us; when the cares and responsibilities that at other times sit lightly become oppressive, and the daily task grows irksome; when all the vagabond blood within us rises in rebellion against the enforced monotony of home-life, and demands release, with liberty to travel and see the world—that desire so common to us all from childhood's days to the end, though with many of us it is repressed even to the end. When planning our impossible excursions a little self-examination is well, to see if there is not much yet to be done before we can, with profit, set out upon our journeys. It is well to ponder upon the words and emulate the spirit of him from whom we have before quoted, in whom

"The wisdom of a just content
Made one small spot a continent,
And turned to poetry life's prose."

Well, let us *cache* what is left of our provisions, with an account of our journey thus far, and be off: if we should have successors, they shall find a greeting here, and know that the country has been taken possession of. From this point the sandy peninsula grows higher and wider, and in consequence the icy shore loses much of its boldness, is lower and more uniform, though its outline is more complex—now jutting far out into capes and headlands, now deeply indented by inlets and fiords. To these we, by right, give names, and we claim for our nomenclature this excellence at least—that we affix such names as are suggested by the time and place, and with a due regard to euphony and propriety. There shall be no "Smith's Sound" nor "Boothia Land," nor shall our chart perpetuate the name of any other brewer or distiller; not even royalty itself shall be thus honored. It is true that future explorers may not recognize our right to name these points—may even deny their existence; but we console ourselves with the reflection that in such event we shall fare no worse than many who have braved all the perils of Arctic navigation, naming their new-found

lands, only to have their right to do so ignored, or the existence of them questioned and even disproved. Did not Lieutenant Parry, passing up Lancaster Sound in 1819, sail directly through the impassable Croker Mountains of Sir John Ross? They were nothing but fog-banks, less real and more easily dispersed than our dissolving landmarks. And then, too, in what bitter controversies have later rival navigators been engaged!

We are not sailing under orders—except such sealed orders as every man is said to carry—and have no report to make to Navy Department or Lords of the Admiralty, so we are not very particular. We don't determine our latitude and longitude very often, and our meteorological observations extend no farther than to note that it blows a gale from the north-north-east, the mercury now stands $+10^{\circ}$, and Trouble is shivering yonder on a hummock. We see no signs of animal life save the birds, the furred life probably confining itself to more inland haunts, though perhaps, had we the patience of an Esquimaux watching a seal-hole, it would be rewarded. From the point where we now stand, and which shall be our Point Turnagain, the shore of the bay trends to the south-east, and we have a fine view of the coast to the south point, some miles away. All along it showers of spray are flying high in the air, the nearer ones arched by rainbows. Scores of water-jets are to be seen at once, taking on, in the distance, illusory shapes. Some shoot out like puffs of smoke from the guns of a battery, the reports of which are furnished by the concussion of waves nearer by; others arise with the regularity of steam from the escape-pipe of a propeller working a full head. From a narrow fissure rises a spiral column, looking, we may fancy, like the solitary jet of a sperm whale; while off the point, where the boulders abound, the seas are heavier, and are thrown up, seemingly, to the dull gray clouds, which lie low in the horizon. Occasionally, when the wind lulls, there comes to us across the water the querulous cry of

yonder gull, gorging himself as he rides the seas lightly and gracefully upon a white and glistening cake of ice. There is something weird and wild in his looks and cry.

We have spoken only incidentally of the dash and roar of the waves, perhaps because they are ever present and have become familiar to us; but they are, after all, the grandest feature of the scene, the one that impresses us most profoundly. It may be necessary for the imagination to exalt some of the objects which have been referred to in comparing them with descriptions of grander scenes: to appreciate them fully we must perhaps remember that grandeur and sublimity, like all things else, are relative; but not so with the lake that comes thundering against these icy barriers or tumbling tumultuously into the caverns itself has wrought. No open Polar Sea rolls more majestically, or can ever reward the adventurous explorer with an outlook upon a purer, fairer, nobler expanse of water than this which lies before us now.

We linger long at this point, for the view is imposing; and, moreover, we are in no hurry to turn about and face the gale, which has in nowise abated, but blows so strong that we have been "leaning our backs against it as against a post;" but it must be done, and as we retrace our steps it may be pleasant to recall some of the varied and less boisterous aspects of this scene. When the present storm subsides we shall find the whole ice-foot hung with a fringe of icicles. Rods of small ones, uniform in size and shape, will be relieved at intervals with great fellows six or eight inches in diameter, which when broken will show concentric layers like the annual rings of trees, a careful counting of which might tell us just how many seas washed them in the making. Then there will be some having large pendent nobs at their tips, and others with a gradual slope from the bottom to the top, the reverse of the common shape. A still more curious variety, rarely seen, are white, slender and wand-like, attached both above and below, nearly

uniform in size and crooked like a grapevine. It is not easy to say how they came to assume this shape: it is probable, however, that it is the result of very gradual changes in the relative positions of the masses to which they are fixed, ice having, as we know, some elasticity, and another property, that of instantaneous cohesion when it is cracked or broken under pressure, and which is known under the name of regelation. The bent and downhanging masses of icy snow which we sometimes see projected from the edge of a roof are due to this property, which enables snow and ice to bend as if they were viscous. The discovery of this property has led to a satisfactory explanation of the sinuous motions of glaciers. At the beginning of a cold snap, before the water reaches the low temperature of the air, the surface of the lake looks like a prairie on fire, or, as they who have visited Greenland tell us, "the sea smokes like burning turf-land, and a fog or mist arises called frost-smoke." When seen in early morning this vapor is surpassingly beautiful, scurrying before the land breeze, turned to pure gold by the alchemy of the rising sun, or a little later looking like waving fields of amber grain which we would fain gather in sheaves.

Upon a mild, still winter day the ever-present swell, gently playing with the frail, freshly-formed ice at the water's edge, produces many pleasant and suggestive summer sounds. You can fairly hear the humming of bees across the meadow, the pleasant lapse of brooks, the impulsive music of the eolian harp, or a low, muffled whistle as of some propeller whistling in the offing. On one occasion the last illusion was so perfect that we scanned the horizon repeatedly, feeling sure that the sound could not proceed from any other source, till, as we listened more attentively, we heard it decline into a low musical, cadence that we knew came from no screaming metallic throat, and listened again until able to trace it to its cause—a little dome-shaped piece of shell-ice, under which, as the swell receded, the

air would gather, to be imprisoned by the returning wave and forced out through a small hole at the top, producing flute-like tones. If a slight wind rises as the day declines, this crisp shell-ice will be broken and gently rustled upon the surface of the water, with a sound as of a summer breeze whispering through the leafage of a grove, and, lifted on larger waves farther out, the glancing edges of small cakes of ice will give an intermittent glow, like fire-flies, in the red light of the setting sun.

It is well worth one's while to be here in the dim twilight of a driving snow-storm, when the clouds are scudding low overhead and the lake is an uneasy mass of pancake ice—ice worn by attrition into round pieces, each with a wreath of snow circling a little pond of inky blackness, regularly decreasing in size, until far out they present a mass of crushed ice and snow rolling upon the water like boiling suds—or in those still and quiet hours when wind and lake alike are hushed, and no sounds break the deathlike stillness of this solitary beach, but all the air is alive with the friendly, feathery meteor falling into the dark lake.

A few weeks later and all this ice-architecture will have lost its purity and beauty, and in its stead will be dirty, treacherous drifts of snow, with sand and gravel, on which we may be borne up for a little way, to suddenly find ourselves sunk to the middle in the sodden mass. Yonder icebergs on the piles, now so sharply defined and picturesque, will be smoothed and rounded by the sun, their bases worn by the waves, till they look like rows of huge mushrooms, suggestive of the vegetation which their disappearance will herald. Then, after the rains of early spring, we can only reach this spot by a long, circuitous way, for the "waters that are now hid as with a stone" will be uncovered. The booming of the surf in the caverns and the soft sounds of the ice-foot will be replaced by the sharp, quick stroke of the caulker's mallet coming across the bayou, and the unmistakable screaming of the busy tugs towing their charges

into the bay and sending them one by one adrift as they spread their broad wings to catch the breeze. In the bright dreams which May-day airs inspire these become our ships, set sail for Spain, and, regardless of what their manifests may show, we lade them with warm fancies and bright hopes. We become the heaviest shippers from the port, though we know that all our cargoes will go down and none will insure them. As we watch our vessels laying their courses for the islands or the east shore, our vision seems extended and pierces the soft haze of the horizon. Those islands and that hither shore disclose themselves—not the low white sand-hills of the Manitous or of Michigan, but beautiful and promising lands, with airs as balmy and spice-laden as ever Columbus dreamed of—with golden sands and fountains of eternal youth, and inhabited by as favored and happy a race as that with which Utopia was peopled, the wonders whereof the limpid waves, on

which the sun has laid his golden finger as if to silence them, are revealing to each other and to us as they run murmuring on.

But the sun has not reached the vernal signs yet, and it needs a vivid imagination to dwell long upon such scenes in the teeth of this north-easter. In fact, the downright exertion which is necessary to make head against it occupies us fully. So we will not dwell upon this most disagreeable, though perhaps not most unprofitable, part of our journey, but hurry along as we may, across the bayou and up the river, until forced from it by this tempestuous Euroclydon, who at last succeeds in heading us off and driving us homeward. He is no gentle herdsman, but a rude old drover, full of loud talk, with puffed cheeks and a biting lash; so we hurry meekly on before him, and are not sorry when fairly housed, leaving him to go blustering on. E. R. LELAND.

THE MARQUIS.

MRS. RUGGLES lived near Crawfish Creek. Crawfish Creek ran near Thompson City. Thompson City was in a Western State, but now is in a Middle one. It was always in the midst of a great country—accepting local testimony and a rank growth of corn and politicians as the tests of greatness. The earth there was monotonously parched in summer, and monotonously muddy at all other times. The forests were gigantic, the air carbonic, and when the citizens wished to give Thompson City the highest commendation, they did so by saying that "fevernagur" was worse in some other places.

In the parlor of Mrs. Ruggles, which was also her kitchen and dining-hall, hung a frame containing a seven-by-nine mirror, which was the frame's ex-

cuse for being, although a compartment above and one below held squares of glass covered with paint instead of mercury. The lower one was colored like the contents of a wash-tub after a liberal use of indigo; and in the centre was a horizontal stroke of red, surmounted by a perpendicular dash of white, intersected by an oblique line of black—all of which represented a red boat, with a white sail and black spar, making an endless voyage across the lake of indigo. The black crosses in the sky were birds. The black lips on the left were bulrushes. And among these bulrushes a certain gloomy little object was either a Hebrew prophet or a muskrat.

Above the mirror was painted a long-tailed coat, from behind which extended

a hand holding a bell-crowned hat, to whose scarlet lining the holder seemed inviting the spectator's particular attention. There were also a pair of legs and boots, a heavy shock of hair, a labyrinth of neckcloth and a florid human face. Under the boots were the words,

MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE.

And the beholder was ever in doubt whether the marquis was trying to stand exclusively upon this title or was unconsciously trampling it into the ground.

Mrs. Ruggles admired this picture. Her knowledge of French was not great, but her ear was delicate; and thinking the words "sounded handsome," she had deliberately conferred them in full on her first-born. When in good-humor she was content with calling him "Marquis-dee." In fact, it was only when chasing him into the street with a lilac bush in her hand that she insisted on addressing him by his full name. At such times, between each flourish of the lilac bush and each yell of the young nobleman, she pronounced with significant fullness, with fearful exactness, the handsome-sounding name of Marquis de la Fayette Ruggles. His playmates, however, had not the delicate ear of the mother, and as the son had brown specks on his face, he was popularly known as "Frecky Rug."

Mrs. Ruggles and her late husband were pioneers in the Crawfish Valley. Subsequent settlers knew little, and apparently cared less, about her. They knew, however, that she had been a Peables, and that Peables blood was still doing its duty in her veins. And from her independence and reserve they argued that the Peables must have been "high up"—at least in the estimation of Mrs. Ruggles. After Mr. Ruggles had been overcome by malaria in clearing the creek bottoms the pride of the Peables blood had sustained her in a long, brave fight with circumstances.

It was while he lay one night upon his deathbed, mistaking a watching neighbor for his wife, that he started up, saying, "Becky, if I could prove it to you afore I died!"

"Out of his head," was the quiet remark of Mrs. Ruggles to the watching neighbor by the bedside. There was no further sign of delirium. That exclamation of the dying Mr. Ruggles was a mystery to the women of Crawfish Creek, and remains so to this day.

It may be that the pride of Mrs. Ruggles was in excess of her wisdom. It may be if that pride had been a little more respected by the irreverent Crawfish settlers, they would not have had occasion to wonder, as they did wonder, how a heart so true, an honesty so stocial, a discrimination so acute could exist with an independence so absurd, a mind so uncultured, a sense of dignity so ridiculous as were found united in her character. It may be that the Peables blood was worthy of receiving honor as great as the ridicule it did receive. It may be if the world had known the Peables it would have been as proud of them as she was.

She was a person of scrupulous neatness, careful never to be seen by strangers except in a tidy dress, and with her hair in a Grecian knot, gracefully secured by a leather string and a wooden peg. "Weak creepings" were her main reliance in the way of disease. She was also troubled, at times, with a "fullness of the head." In addition, there were other times when her right side "felt separate." But she seldom complained of anything belonging to herself. Even her maladies, she took pleasure in knowing, were very different from those enjoyed by certain other women. Unwilling to be too familiar with any one baser than a Ruggles, she usually dined, as she lived, alone with her noble son.

On a certain summer evening she stirred her tea a long time in silence. She stirred it vigorously, creating a maelstrom inside her cup, where, very like a whale in the story-books, a little crust of bread disappeared and reappeared, and sailed round and round as if very much perplexed. Then she unconsciously reversed the current of the maelstrom, sending the baked and buttered whale to the bottom.

"I never see that air Miller, no odds

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“She smilingly waited a moment for the composure of the young naturalist’s feelings.”

[The Marquis. Page 131.]

how well I be," she remarked mechanically to the tea-pot, "but what I feel weak creepin's come over me. He puts dye-stuff on his baird. An' when a man's whiskers is gray an' his head keeps black, it's a sign he uses his jaw more'n he does his brains. An' that yaller-headed doll-baby o' his'n—the peert thing!—I'll lay fifty cents she never washed a dish. To think o' her sayin' a thing like that about Markis-dee!—an' there's more o' the Peables in him to-day— But I s'pose she don't know no better." And Mrs Ruggles rose from the table, while the corner of her apron made a sudden journey to the corner of her eye. It was evident her moral nature had received a wound that rankled.

A year before this time the marquis and his playmates had watched several vigorous fellows plant a theodolite on the bank of Crawfish Creek, very much as the natives must have watched the Spaniards plant their first cross on San Salvador. The contract for grading the new railway bed was in the hands of a stranger named Miller, who was said to have known better days, and in the time of his prosperity had been thought a proper person to be called Colonel. He was a bluff man of forty years, who appeared to have known both the ups and downs of life, and whose determination to wear a black beard was equalled only by its determination to be gray. Rumor said that he had been a railroad president, that he made and spent vast sums of money, and that his home was somewhere in the East.

His only child, Alice, ten or twelve years old, bright, fair, full of animal spirits, who was indulged to the last degree by the roughly generous colonel, sometimes accompanied him about the half-developed country, searching for strange birds and blossoms in the woods or watching demurely the laborers ply their picks and shovels while he inspected their work.

The two rode almost daily between Thompson City and the line of excavation, passing the house of Mrs. Ruggles and a cool spring by the roadside near

it, whence that lady had obtained the water which made the tea which was stirred into the maelstrom which has been described. While obtaining it, clad in her working garb, the patter of hoofs and a clear girlish laugh—sweet as the carol of a meadow lark—came ringing along the road. As the colonel and Alice halted to let her high-mettled pony and his heavier Morgan drink, Mrs. Ruggles, who could not otherwise escape observation, with becoming pride and modesty stepped behind the thick willows, leaving the marquis with a pail of water between his legs and a bunch of mottled feathers in his hand.

He stood dumb before the lovely girl, with her face sparkling from exercise and enjoyment, and her golden hair escaping from its prison of blue ribbons. While the horses drank she espied a cluster of cool violets brightening the damp grass near the spring. The marquis had presence of mind enough left to step forward and pluck them. Her "Thank you!" added greatly to his embarrassment, which he expressed by vigorously twisting the mottled feathers.

"What bird are those from?" asked Alice.

The question so increased his embarrassment that now the marquis could express it only by chewing his cap, and she smilingly waited a moment for the composure of the young naturalist's feelings.

"She was a low, chunky hen," said he, at length—"she was a low, chunky hen, an' she laid a hundred an' seven eggs, an' then she had spazzums an' whirled roun' till she died."

A burst of irrepressible laughter escaped Alice, with the exclamation, "Did anybody ever see such a boy?" as she and her father rode away. And those were the exceptionable words concerning her son which so rankled that evening in the heart of Mrs. Ruggles.

The marquis gazed with hungry eyes after the airy little figure as it dashed down the unlovely, worm-fenced road. The golden hair, overflowing its boundaries of blue ribbon, was more glorious to him than the golden sunshine over-

flowing the blue sky. They met no more at the spring, but several times a week, from a respectful distance, he watched her riding by. From Thompson City to the little log bridge over Crawfish Creek the road lay for four miles through heavy woods. Then came cleared fields, and soon the house of Mrs. Ruggles.

So the summer days went by. The season was waning, the grading was almost done, and soon the contractor would be elsewhere. Then came one particularly warm and sultry day. The screams of locusts everywhere suggested that they were frying. The colonel, riding once more slowly out toward the workmen with his daughter, was near the middle of the forest. The trees on either hand were tall, and the road was so straight and narrow that the sunlight scarcely touched it. The marquis, in the top of a tall chestnut that overhung the road near the edge of the wood, was overhauling a nest of flying squirrels—perhaps in the hope of finding mottled feathers on their wings. From his elevation he could see for a great distance down the level, dusty road between the trees, and far across the surrounding country.

The sun did not shine bright, yet no cloud was in the sky. The atmosphere, thick, oppressive, opaque, veiled the horizon with strange gloom. Not a leaf could stir in the vast forest. Not a dimple nor the semblance of a current broke the surface of the sluggish creek. Not a sound, save the interminable frying of the locusts.

The colonel slackened his pace, surprised that his horse should so soon begin to drip and pant—Alice, familiar with the road, in the mean time riding a mile ahead. The marquis clung to the topmost branches, looking at the still sky far above him, the still stream far below him, the still tree-tops far around him, till he caught a glimpse of the only interesting object to be seen—a black pony bearing its usual burden, if Alice Miller could be called a burden, and pacing leisurely up the road beneath him. He gazed as far as the

palisade of trees permitted, but her father was not yet in sight.

Suddenly, in the west, a single vein of lightning darted down the sky. A few trees shuddered as if to shake the gathering shadows from their bosoms. Then tenfold stillness. A bird flew past with a scream of terror, the marquis looking in vain to see a hawk pursuing it. The distant moan of a cow came from the fields. Not another sound, it seemed, was in the world.

In an instant the south-west was black. A strange, remote murmur smote the colonel's ear. Overhead he could see but a strip of hot, hazy sky. Had he seen the whole heavens, he could have done nothing but go on. Quickly the murmur became an awful muttering, then a deafening roar. The clatter, the rush, the crash of a tornado were behind him. The groans of the very earth were about him. The darkness of twilight was upon him. Alice and Death were before him. A cloudy demon, towering high as the heavens, in whose path nothing could live, was striding near and nearer.

Farm-houses were overthrown. Trees were twisted off from their roots and torn to pieces. Wild animals and birds were dashed to death. Streams were emptied of their waters. Human beings and horses and cattle were lifted into the air, hurled hither and thither and thrown dead upon the earth.

The whirlwind was following the line of the road! Colonel Miller had no opportunity to see this, nor could he ride aside from that line if he chose. He could but cry aloud, "My darling! O God! Alice!" and lash his horse forward. The high, close forest would keep the wind from lifting his horse from the ground or himself from the saddle. But the great trees crashed like thunder behind him. Their fragments whirled above him. Their branches fell before him. The limb of a huge oak grazed his face, crushed his horse, and both rolled to the ground, blinded with dust, imprisoned within a barricade of splintered trunks and shattered tree-tops.

The marquis, from his high lookout, saw, before any one else, the approaching tornado, and, descending like a flash, he yet noted its direction. As Alice reached the foot of his tree he was on the ground, had seized the pony's mane, was half seated and half clinging in front of her, had snatched the reins from her hand, and was urging the frightened animal to its utmost speed. Overcome with terror and confusion, Alice clung instinctively to the saddle and to him, without hearing his hurried advice to "stick like a old burdock."

They shot like an arrow up the road. The noise of the tempest was audible. Closer it was coming, crushing, rending, annihilating all before it. The way grew darker. The terrified pony scarce touched the ground. His only will was to go forward, and he still obeyed a firm use of the bit. But who could hope to outrun a hurricane? Twelve miles an hour against eighty! The marquis heeded nothing. Not far behind, the road was but a slash of fallen, writhing tree-tops. The sweat dropped from his face. He dared not look behind.

They reached it—the lane by the log bridge, running at right angles to the road—and in a moment, behind them, that lane was choked with whirling débris.

But in that moment they had cleared the track of the whirlwind. For the first time Alice comprehended the conduct of the marquis. For the first time he turned to see. A quarter of a mile each side the road the hurricane had carried complete desolation. But after passing the heavy timber it had veered several degrees, and was sparing the house of Mrs. Ruggles.

With a white face she met them at the gate. A word of explanation from the marquis—an ejaculation of mental anguish from the girl. Two fugitive tie-choppers from the woods turned back to find the colonel's body. Mrs. Ruggles, carrying Alice in her arms to the door—the yaller-headed doll-baby that never washed a dish—did what she could to soothe her, but did it as silently as possible.

Mrs. Ruggles intercepted the returning tie-choppers in the lane. A look of eager joy was in their faces. The bruised colonel, assisted to the threshold, sank into the big arm-chair, and Alice was in his arms. Mrs. Ruggles did not see their meeting, not at all. No, her back was toward them, but the corner of her apron made another journey to the corner of her eye as the father folded his lost child once more to his heart.

His desire to express his gratitude to Mrs. Ruggles and her boy was equaled only by her fears that he would do so. As a last resort he called the marquis to him, and, while a tear stood on his rough cheek, drew a handful of money from his pocket. But a bony hand appeared majestically between them, and a voice said, "Not by no means. We're not them kind o' persons. Markis-dee, put away the camfire."

Then a rickety gig rattled up to the gate: "Contusion—severe—no danger—there!—be lame a while—so!—the other bandage—bridge gone—creek half dry—bend your leg—so!—current turned up-stream—now the shoulder—not strange Crawfish Creek should run backward—he! he!" And the rickety gig rattled merrily off in search of broken bones.

Alice, meeting the marquis outside the door, approached him in a way that made him tremble. What was said will never be known, but she placed her white little hand upon his shoulder, the golden head bowed for a moment and her sweet lips touched his sunburnt face.

By remaining quiet that night the colonel would be able to get back to Thompson City in the morning. Before nine o'clock he was at rest in the bed-room. A couch for Alice had been prepared in the same room. In the other—kitchen, parlor and dining-hall—a blanket was thrown down for the marquis, and two chairs fixed for the bed of Mrs. Ruggles. Before retiring, however, she sat down at her lonely table, where, notwithstanding the tea she drank to keep them off, an unusual number of weak creepings came over her.

"I couldn't help it," was all she said to the tea-pot. Whether she referred to the tornado, or her kindness to the sufferers, or to the manner of rendering the kindness, no one knows. That was all she said to the tea-pot, but to her son, who sat for a while beside her, she spoke in a low tone: "Markis-dee, you could never c'verse with her. You're better'n she is. Put her out o' yer head. She laughed at ye."

"But she kissed me wi' tears in 'er eyes afterward," was his answer as he turned toward his bed on the floor.

An hour later the tea was exhausted, but Mrs. Ruggles yet sat at her lonely table, as still as the sleepers around her. The clock struck ten: she nervously drew a soiled paper from her bosom. Eleven: she rose with hesitation and set the tallow candle behind the door. Then she softly entered the bed-room and stood before the window where Alice lay. The sky was clear again. The moon shone on the face and form of the sleeping girl, making softer their graceful lines, richer the shadows in the golden hair, tenderer the tint of cheek and lip.

She stepped again into the shade and stole to the colonel's bedside. His disturbed mind had turned backward over the path of life from the sudden death escaped, and, sleeping or waking, his memory had been busy with the people and events of other days.

"John Miller!" she said, in a suppressed tone. He started. "John Miller, I know ye. Common name—I wa'n't sure afore to-day. When you pulled that money out o' yer pocket I see that in yer face that satisfied me. It's fer the good name o' the dead I've come. Elseways I never'd ha' troubled ye." The astonished colonel shifted his position painfully, prepared to speak or to listen. "There yer girl lies in the light o' heaven. Nex' room my boy lies in the shadder an' dark. He don't know, an' he never will. John Miller, I married as honest an' as good a man as ever you see. Folks has come to me in sickness an' trouble, an' gone behin' my back to talk. Some said I done

right to take him—'twas Christian in me. Some said I must ha' been a fool. Some said we wa'n't married a-tall. Wasn't I a Peables? Didn't I know 'twould be flung up to my face? Wasn't I prouder'n any on 'em?"

A moment's confusion and doubting of senses: then, as the suppressed voice went on, the colonel remembered. A dozen years ago; before he had meddled with railroads; back in the old town; soon after taking his father's shop; he was plaintiff; Ruggles worked in the first room; Porter's testimony; Becky Peables the sweetheart of both; burglary; loss trifling; George Ruggles, for one year; came back and married when released; went West. The old case had scarce crossed his mind for years.

"Yes, you sent him, an' I waited fer him. The day he come out I married him. We had to dig hard. I'd do it ag'in. Now his boy's saved yer girl's life to pay ye fer puttin' his father'n State's pris'n. Two year ago didn't Bill Porter—sick an' a-dyin'—hunt till he foun' me here? Didn't he go an' swear? Done fer spite. Didn't he sen' me the affydavy?—an' I've got it safe. Got it swore to by him, with the justice o' the peace's name signed, an' two witnessis, an' the judge's red seal on top o' that. Could I go back an' show that paper'n tell how 'twas? Too late! George was dead. I couldn't go. My folks a'most disowned me when I took him. I said then I never'd step my foot into their doors. Them that gives me the col' shoulder once don't do it no more. Come to me?—well an' good. Go to them?—never."

The bewildered colonel, promising every possible reparation, would have thrown himself at her feet, could he have done so, for the part he had taken in the prosecution. But she permitted no interruption, and continued: "He lay by the winder where yer girl lies. The moon come in on his bed as it does on her'n. In the night, when I see the light o' the sky shine there where he died, I feel his sperit in the room. I moved the bed to this corner, where it's

darker. I wa'n't good enough to lie there. But 'twas on his mind. He said, 'Becky, if I could prove it to you afore I died!' 'An' I say, George's sperit sent Bill Porter here, an' sent you here, an' sent me into this room to-night. Now, fer the sake o' him an' Markis-dee, go back an' tell the truth!"

Speaking the word "truth," she vanished across the light to her dark place of rest.

Next morning the colonel examined and copied the confession while a buggy waited for him at the door. Respecting the evident wishes of Mrs. Ruggles, he went away with no attempt to express the feelings that were uppermost in his heart.

She sleeps beside her husband in the orchard. Her old iog-house has been replaced by a large white box, of which

her son the marquis is proprietor. Each year adds to his acres or his stock. An able-bodied wife, whose industry and English are equal to his own, sits near him at the door on a summer evening, while he smokes his pipe, takes an oakum-headed child upon his knee, and gazes quietly in the direction of the spring and across the grain-fields where once he saw—or rather heard, without waiting to see—a forest swept down in a moment. He smokes and gazes as he sees again a dazzling creature ride down the dreary road, and wonders where on earth that face can be, and how much it has changed, and whether, through so many years, any memory of him can linger in her heart. He says nothing. But he hugs closer the oakum-headed child as he remembers the one romance in his hard, humdrum life.

CHAUNCEY HICKOX.

THE BEST SELF.

WHAT is this Presence, elusive and sweet,
 Haunting me rising and haunting me sitting,
 Hovering now on the edge of retreat,
 Now like a phantom in front of me flitting?
 Why does it haunt me, or rising or sitting?

Locked in my chamber it loiters unchid,
 Waits in the guest-room 'twixt me and my neighbor.
 Follows me forth to the highway unbid,
 Flavors my rest and inspirits my labor:
 Go where' I may, 'tis my faithfulest neighbor.

If it be of me, a mist of the brain,
 Or if without me, a tangible being,
 How can I tell?—for I grasp it in vain,
 And my eyes ache with the loss of not seeing
 If it be phantom or actual being.

It is no ghost of my shadowy dead,
 Restless and wan, into daylight shrinking:
 Far too subtle and tense the thread
 This twin self to my near self linking:
 Ah, 'tis no ghost into daylight shrinking!

Not my Ideal, with a touch that is fire
 Waking the soul into palpitant hunger,
 Out of the very despair of desire
 Making life leap up diviner and younger,
 Fed with the pain of her own deathless hunger.

Nay; for that white heat might scorch now and then,
 Fierce Discontent with its pangs might undo me,
 Courage would shrivel and blacken when
 Failure's hot furnace-blast drove through me;
 So my Ideal of itself might undo me.

But when the spirit is faint unto death,
 At the mid-crisis this Presence assures me—
 Urges me still in my Fate to have faith,
 Till by the might of persuasion it cures me:
 Like some cool tonic its counsel assures me;

Gives me back trust in my possible best,
 Conquers my doubt and rebukes my misgiving.
 Till it grows *I*, and no longer my guest—
 Blood of my soul's blood and life of my living,
 Helping me master Despair and Misgiving.

Shyest of Shadows! unveil me thy grace,
 Deign but one hint of thy wonderful beauty!
 Dimly I catch thy evanishing face,
 Brows that command me, eyes regal with duty,
 Answering mine, that so yearn for thy beauty.

What art thou not, my Beloved, my Star?
 What unbelievable grace does not crown thee?
 Lo! how I sigh toward thy light from afar!
 Yet with humility bold dare to own thee
 Mine, only mine, and so claiming to crown thee

Sweetest of singers, but *I* lack the lute;
 Poet of poets, while I have no lyre;
 Eloquent-lipped, that I listen to mute;
 Genius flame-smitten, but I miss the fire:
 Thine the rare melody, thine the rapt lyre!

Hero of God, while I crouch by thy side;
 Prophet, but, ah! not for me the anointing;
 Worker of wonders, yet these hands are tied:
 'Tis to thy future the sure Fates are pointing:
 Not mine the vision, not mine the anointing!

Yet in the ages that over us wait,
 As in this present that binds us together,
 Life linked with life and fate twisted with fate,
 Not hell shall snatch us the one from the other:
 Then, as now, rise we or fall we together.

Then, O my poet—then I shall sing too;
 Then, O my prophet, I too shall aspire;
 Then, O my hero, at last I shall do:
 Lit with thy fervors, and smit with thy fire,
 I shall achieve as thou—I shall aspire!

So I can bid my upbraidings depart,
 Since the real *I* gives the lie to this seeming,
 And deep within me the royal "Thou art"
 Waits to assert and interpret my dreaming,
 Proving the Fact that hides back of this seeming.

RACHEL POMEROY.

WAR RECORDS AT THE PATENT OFFICE.

THE inventions to which our late war gave rise are as multifarious as were its wants. At its beginning we found ourselves at every turn deficient in material. Carrying on war was like brick-making under the Pharaohs—straw was needed. Each day brought to light new wants for which we were unprepared.

Everybody will recall the improvised uniforms worn on those memorable days of April, 1861, by our first volunteers as they drilled on the commons or marched through the streets—home-made uniforms, with little stripes of red stitched on to give the military look; home-made soldiers too—the best sort, as they proved before they came back, for a home-made war. The same state of unreadiness existed everywhere. The wherewithal to carry on war, from heavy artillery and gun-boats down to tin cups and quinine, we had not. But Yankee mind proved equal to the emergency. It outdid itself in devising expedients. It tided us over for the moment, and then created the thing wanted. Little time was spent in hunting up precedents. It did not stop to ask, "How are these things done in the French or British army?" Possibly mistakes might thus have been avoided, but this is not the Yankee's way. He prefers to learn by experience, if it be

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a dear teacher. As far as was possible with the necessities of the hour bearing down hard—for he *had* a good many things to think about—he adopted his own untried plans and set about making them work in practice. He evolved out of his inner consciousness whenever he could. It was the only German method willingly borrowed. Surprise seized him when occasionally a tool was found ready-made which looked as if designed for his purpose. But when adopted a mental reservation saved his pride from acknowledging indebtedness. It was not as good as it ought to be, not as good as *he* could make it, and forthwith he set about the improvement. Very vexatious, no doubt, was this spirit to old army-officers, but it was not without results.

Some idea of its achievements may be gained by a look at the cases of models in the United States Patent Office. Shelf after shelf is loaded with inventions suggested by the necessities of war. Not a piece of ordnance, nor firearm, nor vehicle, nor tent, camp-chest, cooking-utensil, nor appurtenance of war of any kind, but was "improved" by the indomitable, self-confident, inventive, "tinkering" fellow. The caisson, gun-carriage, bomb-shell, gun-wad, the cap and the bullet, are all of new fashion. There are new modes

of working, packing, transporting, cleaning and loading such antiquated instruments of warfare as are permitted still to exist—new kinds of priming—new methods of igniting—and new-fashioned cartridges, with new machines for cutting, trimming, pressing, filling and packing. An officer's arms must be attached by a modern method; his shoulder-straps be fastened on with a spring; and even the old flag is expected to run up the staff and be unfurled to the breeze by means of some new-fangled, patent contrivance.

Hardly one-tenth of these inventions are more than seven or eight years old. The year eighteen sixty-two was prolific. The army found out what was wanted. It was noised abroad. Cunning workmen began to think. Models poured in like a deluge. These models tell us not only what progress has been made in the art of war, but give hints as to where some of the next steps, if we have to take them—which Heaven avert!—may land us. The *ultima thule* of inventors would seem at present to be a breech-loading cannon. Upon this they have set their hearts. Accepting these unsuccessful brass and steel models as prophecies, this much-desired piece of ordnance is not far in the future.

Another desideratum of inventors appears to be a gun which shall revolve at a touch, and at each inch of its revolution send forth a hailstorm of balls from myriad cylinders which bristle from its sides "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Numerous appliances at hand will, we are assured, secure unerring aim. Its range will be limited only by the explosive power of gunpowder. Then improved gunpowder is shown, which will send a ball to *any* distance, provided the charge be large enough. In case powder *should* give out, here is a centrifugal gun, utilizing in its place one of the forces of Nature to hurl destruction cheap and sure.

Several models of submarine projectiles are shown, designed to sink vessels by one silent, unseen shot, so powerful that nothing can resist it, doing its work so quickly and so surely

that the unfortunates on board shall never know what sent them down. Alongside is the model of an iron-clad which, so the label says, will repel the heaviest ball at the shortest range. A perfectly irresistible missile and a perfectly invulnerable ship! These are the results aimed at. Woe to the next generation, should it attempt to settle its "little unpleasantnesses" by an appeal to arms!

The more scientific war becomes, it is said, the more nearly perfect its enginery, the more deadly its missiles, the less brutal, less destructive and less frequent it will be. It is difficult to realize this while looking at these bristling models. One would never imagine they were peacemakers, or look upon them as evidences of progress toward the millennium. They are instinct with the idea of destruction. No other thought was in the inventor's mind. Perhaps he builds wiser than he knows. Behind his intention a power may work which shall turn his swords into ploughshares and his spears into pruning-hooks. Let us hope that in the mean time the brains of statesmen may be equally busy in inventing a substitute for war in the settlement of quarrels.

As great ingenuity, if not as great genius, is shown in models of apparatus designed to promote the comfort of the sick or wounded. In the beginning of the war there was no hospital tent which gave satisfaction. That used in France is the same which answers the ordinary purposes of shelter—the regulation tent, as it is called—by its conical shape giving to the tented field a picturesqueness gratifying, no doubt, to French love of effect, but enclosing too many feet of useless space to suit Americans. The English "marquee" serves an excellent purpose after it is pitched and ready for use, but the qualities of compactness, portableness, convenience in pitching and striking are quite overlooked. It is substantial, ponderous, costly, but it isn't *handy*; and this, to Americans, is objection enough. A score or more are there, of all shapes and sizes, but that finally adopted and

used during the war, the wall-tent, with sloping roof and straight sides, is pre-eminently superior. It is light, easily managed, portable and cheap. An umbrella tent was suggested and even made, having a central pole or handle, radiating arms upon which the cover is spread, a hoisting apparatus raising and shutting it. But it was too complicated.

Still pursuing our search, we see miniature ambulances, a procession of which adorns the shelves. The ambulance in use of old was bare of all comfort. Look now inside one of these new models, and you see every contrivance imaginable to lessen the suffering of the sick or wounded. The ambulance is no longer an instrument of torture. The mattresses, used as stretchers also, slide along the floor on rollers fastened to a framework resting upon springs beneath and at the sides. An immense amount of ingenuity is shown in economizing and utilizing means and space. Each appliance is made to serve many purposes. Seats are used as beds: iron wheels answer for legs. A second tier of berths is suspended from the sides by rubber rings. Seats, readily put out of the way, are placed outside for attendants. Each wagon is furnished with a chest for supplies, ice and water tanks, and has a cover of enameled cloth, light and impermeable. Two horses can draw it, while on European battle-fields four are required. The American ambulance combines strength and lightness—the European, with its wooden cover, enormous weight and small capacity, carrying but two persons, supposes strength and clumsiness inseparable.

Another interesting modern luxury is the hospital-car, also unknown in Europe. The thousand-and-one contingencies of illness and travel, every imaginable want of the invalid during transit, are foreseen and provided for. Beds, couches, easy-chairs, dispensary, wine-closet, warming and ventilating apparatus are of the most approved patterns.

Improvements are not confined to the more important appurtenances. Medi-

cine-wagons, litters, stretchers, mattresses, bedsteads, canteens, knapsacks, mess-chests are as nearly perfect as Yankee ingenuity can make them. Even an ambulatory kitchen, with every modern convenience except stationary tubs, is supposed to follow each brigade and to furnish at short notice any luxury which an invalid may desire. A friend, looking at its miniature likeness with me, remarked, "What a delightful affair war might be if it were not for the fighting!" But how could an army cumbered with all these sybaritic contrivances move at all? This thought puzzled me. A surprise would surely be fatal.

The number of useless inventions is, of course, tenfold greater than that of the useful. Many inventors appear to aim merely at a *different* method from the old. They forget that to be useful an invention must be labor-saving or time-saving, or must do the work better than it is done already. I once met an enthusiastic inventor selling a washing-machine. He had just begun his itinerancy, and saw a glorious future before him. "It is a great thing," he said, "for anybody who has sense enough to work it;" but pertinently added, "those thick-skulled Irish women *can't do a thing with it!*"—a fact which in his mind was damaging to the daughters of Erin, but not at all so to the machine. I was frequently reminded of this incident while in the Patent Office; the production of machines beautiful in themselves, instead of those which should save power or time, or both, seems to have been in so many instances the *ultimatum* of the inventor's thought. To operate them would require more labor and patience than to do the work for which they are designed without their aid.

Inventive genius does not desert the soldier after wounding him according to scientific methods and nursing him to health with the aid of its improved apparatus. It also does its best to make good his loss of members. The Patent Office shows a hundred model legs and arms, which seem so excellent, with all their springs and cords, tendons and

joints, that if it were not for a suspicion that we might be as stupid as the Irish women with the washing-machine, we should almost regret having no use for them. A dear old lady from the country, whose eyesight was poor, had her attention called to these models. Glancing at them without her "specs," she said in a tone of deepest sympathy, "And these are the limbs of our soldiers shot to pieces in battle? Poor fellows! And now their legs are brought up here for *koorosities!*" There are arms which bend backward to the shoulder and over the head—hands of which the fingers and palm act with such facility that a pen or a playing-card is held with ease. At the Paris Exposition the American specimens of this class were pronounced superior to all others. One is surprised to observe how greatly we are indebted to the use of caoutchouc for this degree of excellence. In this direction, as well as in the manufacture of surgical instruments and dentistry, it has effected a revolution. Contrary to the general rule too, that cheapening processes are inferior processes, this substance is superior for the surgeon's use to the costly metals it supersedes. Mr. Seward's face bears testimony to its utility, one of the bones broken by the assassin's blow being restored to shape by its help. The capability which caoutchouc possesses of hardness and elasticity, its susceptibility of moulding and coloring, the fact that it is incorruptible and inoxidizable, and cannot therefore poison or irritate the flesh, give it an essential advantage over any other material.

One is constantly reminded, in looking at the beneficent inventions to which I have alluded, of the debt we owe to the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. Who can tell how many of them are due to the inspiration of these wonderful charities? Touching little memorials scattered here and there tell us of loving care for those who fought our battles. Here is a parchment "identifier," to be worn upon the person, with a blank for the wearer's name and another for the address of friends; and a soldier's writing-desk, which says,

"Write a few words home: we will mail your letter." If a patent were issued for ideas, what a valuable one the American people would hold in that embodied in its "Sanitary" (the pioneer) "Commission!" Not only has it blessed us immeasurably, but since we put it in practice, using it long enough to prove it a success, this idea has gone on a beneficent mission round the world. Notwithstanding the havoc it made with traditions and opinions old as time, not a country in Europe but has accepted it—not an army in the Old World but has already felt its benefits. It has taught the nations how close a sympathy can be maintained between the people and the army, how much can be done by voluntary effort to lessen the soldier's sufferings, and the practicability of volunteer aid upon the battle-field. How great an inspiration the soldier received with the knowledge it gave him that his dangers and privations were appreciated at home, can never be known till the history of each heart be revealed.

Prussia established the pioneer society of Europe in the year eighteen sixty-six, during the Schleswig-Holstein war. From crowned heads down to the humblest peasant, something of the same enthusiasm was exhibited which prevailed among our own people. Every hamlet was roused to activity. Physicians and nurses enlisted eagerly in its work. In Austria, the countries of Southern Germany, and in Italy also, Commissions were organized. Unlike our own, they have been active in time of peace as well as war. Training-schools for nurses have been established; physicians are educated with special view to the needs of the army, and much attention is given to statistics. In all cases these societies have enjoyed the hearty sympathy of their respective governments: kings and statesmen have invited their co-operation. Perhaps it would savor of national vanity to say that these results are due entirely to the example of America; yet we know that formerly the sufferings of private soldiers were matters of great indifference

to the people of Europe. At the very outset of the Franco-German war we heard of a Sanitary Commission organized in Paris upon a grand scale, in which our plan was carefully studied and closely imitated. A like central

society, with numerous tributaries, like volunteer nurses, like hospital corps, like volunteer agents to distribute volunteer contributions, were features of its organization and working.

Laura M. Doolittle.

ROME ON THE TWENTIETH OF SEPTEMBER.

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY.

OF course we all knew when the pigmy, red-legged French troops sailed from Civita Vecchia that the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops was only a question of time. Yet it was with a strange feeling that we learned on Tuesday morning, the 14th of September, that General Cadorna with an army was actually near the walls, at Villa Torlonia, that he had demanded permission to enter the city in the name of the king of Italy, and that the Holy Father had refused. What next?

Sept. 15-18. Colonel Zannusi is in St. Angelo for refusing to fight the Italians. The Zouaves, over forty-eight hundred strong, all declare loudly they will fight to the death rather than surrender. Besides these, there are fifteen hundred French chasseurs, twelve hundred of the Antibes legion (so called because recruited at Antibes, just within the French frontier), and three hundred gentlemen organized into a city guard and officered by Prince Lanciotti, Marquis Patrizzi and Chevalier Frezza, the first chamberlain of His Holiness, whom many Americans will remember as so courteously introducing them. Lastly, three thousand brigands have been brought in, and parade the streets constantly in their scarlet waistcoats, Spanish jackets and thin sandals, their legs bound with ribbons in true contadini style. They make a brave show as they dash along, graceful, swaggering villains, the feathers in their hats waving

in the wind. Seven hundred of them came in at one time. There is no attempt to disguise the fact.

And Rome waits. True to her ancestral dignity, she waits calmly, like the figures of her sons, who toss their cloaks over their shoulders and stand in the *portoni* of her old palaces, giving them just the stately finish they want. We hardly expect her to be awake to the dramatic nature of the moment, so impressive to us strangers. Nor do people at a distance see it as they will in quieter times, when the absorbing struggle between France and Prussia is over. Then this sudden downfall of a power that rose a thousand years ago, that protected Rome from fierce feudal barons and set her on a pinnacle, with princes shivering at her feet and the gold of the whole earth pouring into her lap, will be seen as *the* event of the century. Sudden it seems, though circumstances have been long drawing in to this centre of conclusion. We had not looked for it just yet: we had even hoped it would not come in the day of the good old man at the Vatican, whom none can see without loving—"sweet Pio Nono," as the Irishman at Pialet's calls him.

I suppose that the Romans, having been patient so long, can well be so a few days longer, but the patience of the Italians in general has always provoked me. One April in Florence short showers were frequent, and from my window

in Via Montebello I used to watch the passers-by hurry to the shelter of the eaves of the opposite houses to range themselves there, gentlemen and laborers side by side, and quietly stand without a gesture of impatience, their dark, melancholy eyes looking straight before them, waiting till the rain ceased. Sometimes an unmistakable American darted into the line, and then the contrast was amusing between his nervous fuming and stamping, and unceasing interrogation of the clouds and of his companions' faces, and the placidity of the Florentines. I know this comes from an amiability very sweet in private life, but it irritated me as an emblem of the unresisting patience with which the nation has borne wrong and oppression for ages.

Knowing Pius IX.'s sincere and enthusiastic character, I should not be surprised to see him take the relics of St. Peter and St. Paul and go forth out of the gates in procession, like Pope Leo of old when Attila's hosts darkened the plain. I wish he would: it would be something to see and remember.

Our life is very different, now that the Piedmontese, as some people like to call them, are "encamped over against" us. No more charming villegiaturas of a few days to the Alban Hills, where we stroll by the worn, fern-draped sculpture of old fountains, and under huge stone-pines, with thick dark tops matted together, lifting to heaven a green platform high above the other trees growing under their shadow, between whose amber stems we look down on the rolling Campagna. Rose and purple lights flit across it, and silvery shadows melt into the delicate gray of the olive trees. It is spotted by dark moving masses, which we know to be herds of horses and soft-eyed oxen; acres of scarlet poppies flash back the glow of the sun of Virgil; and at sunset glory rains down into every hollow, and every old ruin stands transfigured—no longer of travertine, however warm and rich, but golden, with every tint of the rainbow nestling in the crevices, and the very atmosphere converted into

gold dust. At this season of the year a glowing, tremulous haze floats over all, which does not interfere with the clearness of the sky, but only makes the landscape seem drowsy with the length and excess of beauty of the long summer days. There is nothing like the Campagna of Rome. Aside from its loveliness, I think the short grass underfoot crisps magnetically. It is as if an American prairie, keeping its solitude and vast wildness, was also surcharged, permeated, transfused with human life and passion, invisible, unheard, yet more completely and consciously present than if visible and audible, because recognized by a power keener, intenser than any sense. And with this power awakened and grasping this world above the senses, so subtle and complex, exhaling at every pore the delicate, the tender, the solemn, the mysterious, the humbling, life has a keener, fuller pulse than ever before. Such are the hours one lives on the Campagna!

But we go no more. We used to take short drives just outside the gates, but a week ago we took the last even of these, stopping at one of the osterias near the pyramid of Caius Cestius, next to which are wine-cellars, to sit under the *pergola* and taste the red wine and watch the *contadini* carrying on their heads loads of brambles and vine leaves. They march off with the tread of a Juno, and the tendrils and drooping branches so nearly envelop them that you see only a pair of stout, firm legs below their blue petticoats, and would think of Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane if you could think then of anything gray and cold. Then we saw them dance the *saltarello*, their massy gold necklaces rising and falling on plump, firm olive necks as they snapped their fingers and beat their tambourines. Home, home, however, before the Ave Maria, for sudden and deadly is the chill that falls with sunset.

We lodge in Via Monterone, the very centre of the city. On our alighting late one night just before Holy Week at the Albergo della Minerva, the padrone

threw up his hands. Not a room in the house—"Niente, niente." But (after much delay) we could have a room in "*la casa di Camille*"—the house of Camillus. We liked the sound of it, so purely Roman: surely we would lodge there. And we have dwelt in the shade of his Penates almost ever since.

Camille is a sort of deputy at the Minerva, an *homme-de-charge*, and he has a young wife in Via Monterone—Giulia we learned to call her—with the level brows and ample proportions of the Roman women. How noble she looked on *fiesta* days with her scarlet bodice, and her snowy *tavaglia* folded on her head! The institution of a mother-in-law in the house prevails also in Italy, I perceive, for Giulia's maternal ancestor, old Pia, is *donna di faccende*, maid-of-all-work. She is the ugliest old hag I ever saw, but picturesque as she leans over the balcony between the large terra-cotta vases of scarlet verbenas and pinks, with pendent green weeds swinging down over her head from the vermilion-tiled roof of the *loggia*. She has a saffron skin, two fangs to match, dark cavernous eyes, and always something red about her dress.

Sometimes I chat with her by the stone trough in the court where she washes the clothes—that is, slashes them and rolls them against the edge with true Roman emphasis. She, as well as her daughter, longs for the entrance of Victor Emmanuel's men, but Camille says, with non-committal face, "*Che! che!* Women always like something new." The idea of hankering after anything new in Rome, where we all come to look up the old! Camille is not to be drawn out. A party of Frenchmen tried to interview him the other day: he quietly came to me and asked me if I spoke French: if so, would I be so good as to tell him what the gentlemen wanted? Yet I am sure I have often heard him speak French.

Camille's simple dignity I admire very much. I often see him standing at ease with the port of a Roman senator—nothing wanting but the toga—and anon sweeping out a room with the

same graceful ease. His ancestors were civilized long before mine had given up skins of beasts for clothing and their enemies' skulls for drinking-cups. His race has long been acclimated—is in perfect harmony with surrounding conditions. Hence his self-possession; hence, too, his dexterity, his lightning appropriation of an idea. All Italian workmen show a skill, a quickness and fineness of brain, a nicety of finger, particularly in any industry requiring delicacy of execution, which makes one recognize their kindred with Cellini and Vellochio and the old Etruscan workers, while wondering at their content with old-fashioned tools and imperfect methods, and their slowness to benefit by modern science.

I fancy Camille misunderstood some gentlemen who were questioning him yesterday, but his pathetic dignity was perfect as he replied, "*Ma, signori*, in my country it is not the custom for gentlemen to insult a poor fellow who is trying to do his duty the best he can." One of them turned to me laughing: "I too am a Roman citizen!" I take that as an exponent of the Italian democracy of the future: we in our station have rights and duties, and he the same in his, but there is no mingling of ranks.

We go about the summer streets innocent of strangers, penetrate to the Piazza di Spagna, where there are no more Americans looking at the jewelers' windows, no ruddy English faces bargaining opposite soft-smiling Italian ones. There are but two or three guests in the whole Hotel d'Europa. Think of that! And the Hotel di Londra is in the same case. At our old home, the Minerva, far from the strangers' quarter, they are more lively. The house belongs to the Jesuits, and the Romish clergy make it a great resort. Now, however, Roman life leaps out. Many streets around us are so narrow that when a carriage passes people on foot have to draw up against the wall—a palace wall, perhaps—and hold back their clothes; and these streets, when the cool evening air draws in from the

Campagna, serve as reception-halls, where all the world sings, laughs and shouts its private affairs to its neighbors leaning from the fourth piano windows. Poor people creep out from their caves on the ground floor, damp and brick-paved. Old women like our Pia forsake the courts where they rattle up the water-buckets all day, and the young girls have braided their shining black hair and walk up and down, while the little ones stand by coarse prints of the Madonna, tied to the back of a chair perhaps, and beg for money to keep her lamp ever burning. The men sit before the *caffés* or lounge around the fountains or the booths of orangeade, aniseed-water and other little *bibite*. They group themselves naturally in statuesque attitudes, with a simple grace that would be poisoned by the first taint of affectation. A motionless gravity is as natural to an Italian face as its ready smile. I think only the mobile races are capable of it. It is very different from the stolidity of a German or an Englishman, and would be ludicrously impossible to a self-conscious American. Certainly only statuesque features could preserve any beauty in this absolute repose. They talk in low tones now: one knows what they are talking about. I saw a knot dashed into and dispersed yesterday by a band of mounted brigands. I often catch flashing glances of intelligence from the watermelon-sellers or the *limonari* as the gaudy coach of a cardinal lumbers by on its way to the Pincian, the red umbrella on the box warning the soldiers to present arms. One even imagines a low murmur of expectation in the air.

Sept. 19. Another leaf in the Sibylline Book is about to be turned. La Charette and Tristran, *chef de bande*, are now lords and masters. The shops are all shut. There is a great pause.

Sept. 20. At half-past five I was awakened by the first gun of the attack. I sprang out of bed. A medley of Attila, Robert Guiscard, and the Constable de Bourbon was in my head. Which of them was it that was thundering at the gates? What century had I waked

in? Another and another report shook the air.

I was in a besieged city, and that city ROME! I shall never forget the next five minutes as I stood in the centre of the room listening to the repeated roars, all my consciousness bending, tingling with the rush of strange sensations.

I threw on my clothes and hurried to my friends. We could do nothing now but wait and watch. "Some must watch and some must weep," says the song. We did not weep, but we trembled slightly, for who knew what internal outbreak those cannons might be the signal for?—and we were in a city where the strongest force was three thousand pitiless brigands, and surrounded by people on whose faces one great observer had traced a capability of rejoicing in a renovated Coliseum.

We heard afterward that La Charette said to Cardinal Antonelli: "You go and say mass while we fight for you." We did not even go and hear mass, but one of our number mounted to the roof and played Sister Anne, but, like that maiden, she discerned only a cloud of smoke—in the direction of the railway station.

The fire opened simultaneously at six points. The Papal artillery replied. Fifty guns were manned by two hundred Germans, and the Zouaves, composed of young men of some of the first families in Europe, fought well, though one wonders they did not effect more. They say there was treachery within the walls. General Kanzler, the strict old commander of the native troops, whom all strangers will remember as grandly heading his men in the great square of St. Peter's on Easter Sunday beneath the Pope's benediction, was accused by La Charette of sending out details of the position and number of the troops in pills covered so as to be air and water-proof.

In a few hours the bombardment was over. Porta Pia, San Lorenzo and San Giovanni di Laterano all surrendered at once. At mid-day, Baron Arnim went in full uniform to beseech General

Cadorna, on the part of the Holy Father, to stop the bloodshed.

And now, now at last, Rome was free! Rome was once more the capital of Italy—united Italy! The Italian troops marched in through the Piazza Termini, where the fountains had kept on calmly sending their white streams up into the sunshine, and encamped on the Quirinal Mount.

The exiles were the first to enter the city, leaping the ditches and scrambling over the breaches in intense haste. A band of them ran immediately to the Capitol, to be the first to plant there the Italian flag. Around them gathered their friends, shaking them by the hand, embracing them, kissing them, and then hugging and kissing them again and again and again. The Romans forgot their usual stateliness: they laughed, they wept, they shouted, they clapped their hands, they danced around the soldiers, they cried "*Viva la Libertà!*" "*Roma il capitale!*" "*Viva l'Italia!*" again and again. It was a sight to be seen but once in a lifetime—a whole people rocked by a sublime joy, a lofty enthusiasm, worthy to throb beneath the shadow of the Forum, at the foot of the

"Rock of triumph, the high place
Where Rome embraced her heroes."

We have found a fiacre to take us round the streets. At half-past two the Piazza Colonna, to which we first drove, was streaming and dancing with flags of all materials and shapes, bearing, mostly, the arms of Savoy, evidently prepared beforehand. The Corso also was jubilant with every sign of gladness. There was one universal rejoicing.

At night I say to Camille, "It is over, Camille, this day; and all is glorious."

"*Chi sa?*" he replies: "they tell me that eight thousand troops of *il Santità* have gone over the river, and refuse to surrender."

In fact, they would not till positively commanded by *il Santo Padre* himself.

In the evening there was a procession in the Corso, with torches and flags. I thought I had seen the Corso at its gayest, with brilliant carpets out at every

window and scarlet draperies and flaunting ribbons and long poles of bright bouquets; but never, even on the last day of the Carnival, with confetti showering and the *moccoletti* sparkling and dancing, and the four-story façades of the narrow street one solid phalanx of wild, swaying mirth, and a stream of gaudy masks passing up through the middle,—never had I beheld a scene of such delirious uproar as this. There was an impromptu illumination in every piazza. The lights were not arranged with the symmetry and art of Easter Week, but the effect was better, looked upon as one spontaneous expression of joy bursting forth at every possible point. The stars looked down out of the tender Italian heaven on the famous city in one of its supreme moments.

The next day, at eleven A. M., we witnessed the entrance of General Cadorna and staff, the tricolor waving everywhere, the houses crowded to the very top, and all vocal with shouts of "*Vivano i nostri fratelli!*" "*Viva il Ré!*" "*I nostri liberatori!*" etc. The Italian troops are a fine-looking body of men. They marched in, calm and firm, their eyes lit with sympathy, evidently opening their hearts to drink in the shower of rejoicing from every Roman eye and soul.

The whole crowd was perfectly gentle and orderly to an extent an Anglo-Saxon can hardly conceive. There was happiness in excess, but no fierce passion. We and other ladies mingled in it with entire comfort. One lady of rank, whom I knew slightly, came up to me with tears rolling down her face, took both my hands, and kissed me on both cheeks. She and many other ladies had "*Si*" in large letters displayed on their dresses, referring to the expected answer of the Roman people when they are asked next week if they will join the kingdom of Italy. The men wore the same word in their hats, and it met you everywhere.

At three P. M. the French Zouaves filed off before General Cadorna, insulting the Italian army as they passed.

General Cadorna immediately ordered them to return and salute it.

The soldiers bivouacked in the open squares, around obelisks and fountains, and a striking sight they formed. In a lofty, lonely square before the Quirinal Palace stand the colossal horses of Phidias, almost quivering with life, and here one regiment was stationed. Another was in the Piazza Barberini, where a triton blows a stream of diamonds from a conch-shell, and the colors of glory darted down through it to meet the tricolor. Under the obelisk before San Giovanni Laterano, the loftiest in Rome, was another, and the Romans stood around gazing at the soldiers, patting them and handing them fruit and wine. It was the season of figs, delicious purple and golden lumps with the juice oozing through their satin skins; and the quantity of them offered and accepted was amazing. I saw one soldier eat a hatful. Every now and then were sudden and tender recognitions, for in these regiments, which were selected on that account, are most of the Roman exiles, of whom there are fifteen thousand in Vittorio Emmanuele's army.

The whole city palpitates with an unwonted soul. This subtle, strong influence ramifies and winds into every chamber, every channel of its multitudinous existence.

Would you feel the swell of a nation's life—a nation which once ruled the world? Would you share in an historical movement? Do you delight in sights and sounds which summon instantly divers troops of associations? Are you classical, mediæval, devout? Are you an artist? Would you seek in Rome accidents of light and shade, surprises of color, the picturesque in every

form? Now, then, is your time. It would seem like gilding refined gold to heighten the power of Rome in such respects, but it was done in that memorable week. Surely we are heirs of all the ages. The breath of those who watched the pomp of the conqueror of Jerusalem stream under the exulting bas-relievos on his triumphal arch, of those others who saw the honors paid to Pepin when he bestowed the kingdom fallen to-day, came not so fast and thick as ours, for we see their day and this too.

What follows this great change the Romans must manage in their own way. A stranger may not intermeddle, and cannot even wish to guide them by the ideas of another race. They have their own glorious traditions and their warnings.

The changes that concern us foreigners more closely are, that the Vatican is shut since the troops entered, that the brigands have escaped from Civita Vecchia and are out on the Campagna, and that prices of apartments, carriages, everything, in short, have risen frightfully. Indeed, the coachmen, with pleasant Italian knavery, laugh and say there exists no tariff any longer, and they can charge what they please.

We hear the prosaic footsteps of Progress. New journals have already sprung up—*Gazetta del Popolo*, *Roma Capitale*, etc.—and they talk of a line of omnibusses! Street-cars will be the next thing! I fear Rome will be spoiled in a picturesque and sentimental point of view. It cannot be at once a city of the Past and the capital of Italy. With this moan I conclude. C. C.

HATHAWAY STRANGE;

OR, THE SECOND OF JANUARY.

II.

CHAPTER III.

THE MODERN CŒLEBS.

THE golden moments of Hathaway's courting period were fleeting by, and it became a matter of urgent necessity for him to pursue some systematic plan to discover the one fair charmer who was to be the singing-bird of his Cage after the coming second day of January. It was arranged, therefore, that two evenings in the week should be devoted by the young gentlemen to calling; and this chapter of our story shall be dedicated to some of Hathaway's courting experiences.

Miss Clio Clisby was the first young lady upon whom the wife-hunters called. After sending up their cards they were ushered into an elegant parlor and told that Miss Clio "would be in presently." Two minutes had hardly elapsed before Hathaway asked, "Why don't she come along, Ben?"

"Why, my boy, you certainly would not expect a belle to make her appearance in less than half an hour? Miss Clio always tells me to bring some papers along *pour passer le temps*."

"Well, can't we go somewhere else, and get back here in time?"

"No. Just quiet yourself, young man;" which the "young man" essayed to do by settling his head on the arm of the tête-à-tête and resting his heels on the grate-blower.

After a time the opening and shutting of a door above, and the rustling of silk down the stairs, announced an approach. Hath very deliberately assumed an upright position, taking the everlasting watch from his side and glancing at it: "Twenty-nine and a half minutes! Half a minute ahead of schedule time!" Which observation,

let us hope, escaped the ears of the sweeping train-bearer, who glided slowly into the room with the cold and haughty dignity of a blue-blood aristocrat.

Ben, in the best of humors, advanced with his greeting, then turned to introduce his friend, who snapped his watch to just at the moment Miss Clio was preparing to receive his obeisance. The main subject discussed was the last and next "hop," a subject by no means agreeable to our strange hero. It may be surmised that the visit was neither pleasant nor satisfactory to Hathaway, for at the first allusion to leavetaking he rose quickly, and, accompanying his "Good-evening, ma'am," with a *very* low bow, was at the front door, hat in hand, ere Ben had given his assurances of the charming evening they had passed.

"How did you like her?" Ben whispered as they descended the steps.

"Like! umph! Why, I never thought of such a thing as *like*."

"You don't pretend to say, my dear sir, that you were not enraptured with the best-dressed girl in the city?"

"She took so long to put her dress on that I could not forgive her long enough to look at it. But we won't have to come here again, I hope?"

"Not unless she sends for us; but, really, you *must* have been somewhat impressed. She is considered the *crème de la crème* of society."

"She may be cream and sugar both, but she won't do to go into Mater's coffee, or mine either. Why, we should never get it hot the year round!"

Diagonally opposite the Strange mansion stood the scarcely less proud one of Mr. Daniel de Graw, graced by the presence of four daughters, three of

whom might fairly be considered as on the carpet. Ben had not failed to remark that Miss Scylla, the eldest, happened very frequently to be training vines in the front verandah just at that morning hour when the methodical Hath passed by on his way to habitual duties. He resolved, therefore, on the coming Friday evening to introduce his friend to the family, whose nice little soirées he had been attending for three years or more. Indeed, he was on very easy terms with Miss Chary, the second sister. Madame de Graw, in her scant reading, had stumbled upon the names "Scylla" and "Charybdis," and, in blissful ignorance of their classical reputation, had appropriated them as appellations for two of her daughters.

The following Friday evening found Ben and his wife-hunting friend in the handsome parlor of Madame de Graw, most cordially welcomed by the expectant Miss Scylla, who declared their coming very opportune, as several of her friends had also happened in unexpectedly, thus giving the family a most agreeable surprise.

Ben, feeling that Miss Scylla was entirely competent to take care of the uninitiated, contrived to place his charge immediately in her neighborhood. Now, Miss Scylla, whose carefully-cultivated flaxen ringlets lent youthfulness to her appearance, had noticed the arrival of the piano at the house over the way, and was consequently sure that the distinguished owner must dote on music. She was therefore soon leading him across the room in response to an expressed desire of his to hear her play. Hath, the tyro, not at all *au fait* as to the duties of a gallant on such an occasion, took his seat at some distance and gazed into the fire with an appearance of concentrated meditation. During the first pause after a brilliant operatic performance, without turning his eyes from their gaze into the fire, he inquired, "Can you sing any plain songs, like 'Twilight Dews' or 'The Soldier's Tear'?"

The performer's embarrassment was visible, and might have become painful had not Ben, ever watchful, hastened

to fill up the pause by an extravaganza of admiration for the "gem" with which she had favored them, and which she had executed "with such admirable spirit and brilliancy."

Our visitors took leave of the company at a late hour, Ben having, with that social tact of which he was master, managed to place Hathaway in convenient juxtaposition to each of the ladies, anticipating certain success in some quarter. On their return home they found a good fire in the green parlor, and Ben insisted on Hath's sitting down and giving the result of his evening's experiences: "Now I know, with *szx* to choose from, your fastidious taste must have been suited. How did you and Miss Chary get on?"

"Oh, first rate! Methinks maybe she's to be my Bird. By the by, Ben, which comes first—engagement or courtship? It strikes me that, if you've seen enough of a girl to know that she will suit you, the *next* thing is to see her father and get matters arranged. That being done, you can fill up with the courtship, more or less, according as you have time, till the wedding-day. What a deal of time and trouble is lost if, after a long courtship, you get No for your pains!"

"But," said the alarmed Ben, "I hope you did not get that far to-night?"

"Well, no! I only told her I was looking around;—and, oh, Ben, you ought to have seen what a beautiful pinkish color spread over her neck and jaws as she held her bunch of flowers before her face and said she would give me all the assistance in her power, as she had understood I was not a lady's man. It was very kind in her, and I felt like a vessel just launched from the dry-dock into smooth water. Just at that delightful moment who should come along but that chatty little lady in black! And—would you believe it?—just like some of Signor Blitz's sleight-of-hand tricks, before I knew it Miss Chary was gone and her place occupied by the little lady in black! Of course I asked her for whom she was in mourning. (You know I wanted to tell her

how sorry I felt.) But she really looked astonished at my very natural question, and put her embroidered handkerchief to her eyes to wipe away a tear. To talk to such a one about *gay* things I knew was wrong; so I discoursed of death and the fond memories that attach to departed loved ones, and said I could not see how any one could ever think of marrying twice. She did not seem to like that at all—I don't know why—for she looked at me sharply and said, 'That was not more unaccountable than the way some young ladies fancied those crusty, strange, fault-finding old bachelors.' "

"Hath, you consummate blunderbuss! that is the gay little Widow Witcher, and it is said she keeps to her weeds because they are becoming to her complexion. Well, who came next to her?"

"Let me see!" resumed the adventurer. "About that time refreshments were brought in, and I got swapped around somehow, and found myself beside Miss Ermine Belgart, on the opposite side of the room. As I could think of nothing else to say, I told her how pleased I was with Miss Chary. She was greatly astonished that I had not heard that Miss Chary was to be Mrs. Somebody in a few weeks. Then I began to observe Miss Ermine herself more close. If I am not mistaken, about the first thing I asked her was, if she liked old people. She said she supposed she *might* do so if they made themselves very agreeable to the young people. I then inquired if she could make gruel and do up cap-borders. What in the world, Ben, do you suppose could have made her give me such a strange look in reply to such a civil question? I looked in the fire a moment, waiting for an answer, and, lo! when I raised my eyes the chair was vacant. I beheld her on the other side of the room laughing immoderately about something while talking to Miss Scylla. Just then I saw that little De Graw girl standing near me, and I requested her to take the empty chair, which she did. I said to her, 'Well,

to whom do you go to school now?' 'That is a *strange* question,' she replied, looking at me in roguish surprise. 'Does your mamma usually allow you to remain in the parlor with grown company so late?' I asked, for she *is* young to be sitting up so long. With just the same sort of look Miss Ermine and the widow had given me she tossed her little head in a way that was laughable, and demanded of me, 'Do tell me, Mr. Strange, to which of your Revolutionary contemporaries you were most attached?' Poor child! Does not her assigning such a recent date to the Revolution show how very superficial is the course of female education at the present day?"

Ben dropped his face into his hands and would have exploded again, had not Hathaway begged him to be very quiet, for fear of waking Mater.

"Well," said Ben, "I saw you throwing away your time on the little miss, and so got your sixth and last subject into the chair—Miss Macaw, who this season is turning the heads of all her beaux. I am crazy now to hear about her."

"I don't know how it could be, but she seemed to know exactly who I was," Hath replied; "for she began by saying she had seen me riding out in the afternoon with our mutual friend, Mr. Hall, and oh what a charming span I had! A ride was *so* exhilarating these mild autumnal afternoons! So I told her that if she would promise not to keep me waiting I would call for her next Monday afternoon, as I had most leisure on that day. She said she had seen me at the hop, but only at a distance. Did I not leave early? Was I not fond of dancing? How did I resist the temptation on that occasion? We had a little argument on the subject, her strong point being the healthful exercise dancing afforded to young ladies. 'As to that,' I remarked, 'if girls would do more sweeping and dusting at home, beat up their own beds and biscuit, feed the chickens and take long walks in doing good among the poor, they would have exercise enough.' She had time only to say, 'Oh how cruel, Mr.

Strange!' when the company began to break up, and I left her.

"On coming away, Miss Scylla followed me into the hall and remarked that her attention to other guests had made it impossible to devote much time to any one of them. She hoped I would call again, as she should be happy to see me. I said, 'Maybe so—it depends on circumstances,' and bade her good-evening. She smiled sweetly with a 'Good-evening, Mr. Strange.' And I'm mighty glad it's all over, for I am tired and sleepy."

Hathaway did not forget his engagement to ride with Miss Macaw. On his return he took up Ben in order to report details. It appeared that he had treated the young lady to quite a lengthy ride on the turnpike.

"I thought I might as well prolong the ride, as it was the last she would get behind my span."

"Did you tell her so?" asked Ben.

"Well, no — not exactly; but I did ask her if she knew any other lady who wanted to ride."

"Did anything occur to mar her pleasure, do you think?" queried the uneasy Ben.

"As we came through the toll-gate on our return we saw a poor, wearied-looking woman seated on a stone by the roadside, with a young baby in her arms. Of course I drew up and asked if she was going into the city and would take a seat with us in the buggy. She answered that she should soon be rested, and could not think of crowding us. But I insisted on it, and, handing Miss Macaw the baby to hold while I put the woman into the buggy, I jumped up behind and drove on. It turned out that the child's mother was a sewing-woman going to collect a bill from the very Miss Macaw with whom I was riding. So I put them both down at the front gate of Miss Macaw's residence, and told the woman I would wait and carry her home, which I did. 'Did you get your money?' I asked. 'No,' said she. 'They told me to come again next week.' But I spared her the trou-

ble by footing the bill myself, under promise of profound secrecy."

"How did Miss Macaw seem to enjoy the latter part of the ride?"

"Why — would you think it? — she kept her flounces and furbelows held tightly over her lap, and never turned her head once toward her poor companion. To a pleasant remark of mine she did not even deign a reply."

Our two friends were beyond the city limits by this time, and Ben made the woods ring with his peals of laughter.

"Hath," he said in answer to the imploring look turned on him, "I am afraid you are too hard to please. There are spots on the sun even. You must not look for *perfection* in this world."

"Oh, Ben," he cried, with a tremor in his voice and unbidden tears starting to his eyes, "you know it's not *myself* I am trying to suit: I can get along with any of them, but poor Mater! If I could secure for her declining years the gentle, congenial companionship she needs, I'd esteem myself the happiest of mortals. To attain such an object I should deem no sacrifice too great. I'd crawl on my knees and lay my home and fortune at the feet of any woman who would prove such a companion, and whose warm, loving heart would beat in unison with mine in its efforts and determination to make my darling Mater happy."

Ben Hall's merriment ceased. He suddenly became aware that there was a method and an object in his friend's supposed lunacy, and a softer, holier feeling—a feeling not unmingled with a tearful admiration—took possession of him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE IDES OF MARCH.

THE presence of Mrs. Hall and her niece had demonstrated the benefit—nay, necessity—of just such companionship as Hathaway wanted to secure for Mater; for under the combined influences of pleasant society, congenial intercourse, thoughtful care and kind

assistance, dear Mater began slowly to improve, and to recover health, strength, color and spirits. She had completely won the hearts of her two female guests; and no wonder, for such a dear, sweet, lovable woman is rarely to be met with, even if she was an invalid. There was such an attractive charm in her voice, manner and words, so much cultivation and good sense, such amiable piety, such sweetly-expressed gratefulness for all favors extended and such a lively appreciation of all benefits conferred, that Hathaway's devotion ceased to be a matter of surprise. And unconsciously the entire household vied with each other in seeing who could add most to Mater's comfort and happiness. What wonder, then, that the roses began to creep back to her cheeks, and the old sparkle to flash in her eye, and the merry tones once more to well up from her lips, and the look of mournful languor to disappear! One of Hathaway's purchases for the benefit of his aunt was a large, low-swung carriage and the handsome but safe bays which had excited Miss Macaw's admiration; and several times Mrs. Hall and Ethel had taken the invalid out, well enveloped in wraps, to behold the woodland glories of the Indian summer.

The solicitous nephew hailed all such events with joy, and never failed to express his delight whenever he found the ladies relieving Mater of domestic cares. He had occasionally detected Miss Ethel preparing some culinary dainty with which to tempt his aunt's appetite, and frequently he had noticed her tripping about the room with cat-like tread, assisting Mater on or off her couch, smoothing the pillow, drawing the curtain to exclude the light, replenishing the flower vases, and doing fifty little things for her comfort which *he* never would have thought of.

What surprised both Mrs. Hall and Ethel was, that no allusion was made by the aunt to the expected change in the household. Ben, not so reticent, frequently mentioned the subject, and even alluded to the second of January as the set time. But nobody paid par-

ticular attention to what Ben said, albeit he *may* have known more than he chose to express.

True to the common apprehension on the subject, old Father Time waited for no man, and so the middle of December drew nigh, and, so far as the general knowledge went, Hath was no nearer the attainment of his object than when he began his search.

Miss Ethel's guardian, getting impatient at her protracted absence from home, wrote peremptorily for her immediate return. She quietly announced her early departure to her kind hostess, and was much surprised at the exhibition of grief that followed. Mater's door was closed for the night, and all entrance but Hathaway's forbidden.

"Do you know that Ethel is to leave us to-morrow afternoon at four?" she said when he was seated by her bedside.

"Why, I had no idea of such a thing. I supposed she was going to live with us always. I think it very unkind in her to leave you."

"You do not suppose, Hathey, that my pleasure is her business for life? But oh what shall I do without her? When she enters my room I feel that a white dove has flown in and alighted close at my side. But I cannot ask her to stay longer, although her presence and kind ministrations were bringing back the strength to this poor worn-out body of mine. Would you believe it, Hathey, I actually walked across the floor without assistance to-day!" Hath expressed his great joy. "But I believe," Mater continued, "that it was Ethel's words of kind encouragement that enabled me to do so. Last night I was thinking I would get you to select some token of affection and offer it to her for me, she has been so very kind. I know she would accept no other remuneration."

"Leave that to me—I will attend to it," was the sedate reply.

The following morning the topic at the breakfast-table was Ethel's departure. Mrs. Hall thought the green-house

flowers would suffer by her absence, for she had spent much of her time in tending them. "By the by, Mr. Strange, you will allow her to gather a bouquet by way of affectionate remembrance, will you not?"

"Certainly, certainly! I was just wondering what I could give you, Miss Ethel, as a token of my aunt's affection and gratitude for your kindness to her. Get the clippers and let us gather the flowers now."

Together they entered the conservatory, and soon her lap, as she sat on one of the rustic seats, was full of the choicest floral treasures.

"My aunt seems really grieved at your leaving," he said. "Don't you love her, Miss Ethel?"

"I hardly see how one could help it."

"I hope you will not forget her when you are away. To provide against that contingency, she wishes you to accept of some slight token of her appreciation of your kindness."

"Oh, I don't wish anything but that she should think of me sometimes."

"But, Miss Ethel, Mater's word is law, and she says I must give you something. The best of it is, she has allowed me the privilege of selecting the offering. Of course you will value it all the more if it is something *she* prizes very highly. I don't know what you young ladies *prefer*, but I know what *you* may have for the taking—her unworthy nephew;—truly a slight token, but one longing to be offered—tremendously anxious to be accepted. By his deathless gratitude to her, by all in him that is worthy of your acceptance, oh refuse him not, and, by the help of God, you shall never repent it."

"Are you going to invite me to your wedding on the second proximo, Mr. Strange?" inquired Ethel, archly. "I can make it so very convenient to call at that time, on my way to Virginia, where I am going to reside hereafter."

"That's what I am trying to do now, with all my might," he replied, a sickening fear taking hold of him that some more favored mortal already possessed a claim to her heart and hand. "That

blundering cousin of yours, Ben, has let me get things dreadfully mixed up by putting *first* what should have been last, and permitting *last* what should have been first; and a deal of trouble and uneasiness has he given me. It seems to me I am going to feel very awkward making a single-handed affair of the second of January. Indeed, I am beginning to fear the project will fall through entirely if Miss Ethel does not consent to be an interested party. But come off it must, according to Mater's fiat. And now all I need is to have something hanging on my arm—something, for instance, like this little hand of yours holding these flowers. May I have it? Oh, Miss Ethel, can prouder words be spoken by man than the sacred vow 'to love, honor and obey' the woman who, in sweet and loving trust, gives her heart and happiness into his keeping?"

"Then, I suppose," answered Miss Ethel, with the most delicious little smile that ever dimpled the face of Beauty, while she suffered the little bouquet-holder to resign its floral treasures, "the duty 'to love, comfort, honor and keep' must devolve on the other party taking the vow? Stupendous undertaking!"

But, dear reader, the whole of the young lady's packing is to be done, and we have been eavesdropping long enough behind these limes and lemons. Indeed, that unfair advantage would not have been necessary could the communicative Ben have got possession of the facts just related.

When Hathaway emerged from the conservatory the ground on which he walked was solid gold; each tree and shrub glittered with paradisiacal glory; the morning breeze was redolent with fragrance from Araby the Blest; the substantial mansion he had left but a few moments ago, "glamoured by a glare," was an air castle, reflecting from a hundred crystal points its rainbow hue; while above, from its azure bed, rose on his new life the Star of Love which was to know no setting.

Out in the verandah, where Mrs. Hall

met them and inspected the bouquet, Hath gave his hand to Miss Ethel in a hasty adieu, remarking that he should be too busy to see her again before she left.

Passing out at the gate with Ben, he glanced at the green-house, from which he felt that he never wanted to take his eyes, and inquired, absently, "Ben, did you ever know any one to look all over the house for his spectacles and then find them on his own nose?"

But Ben was getting so well accustomed to the vagaries of his young innocent as frequently to let them pass without query.

"Apropos of spectacles, Hath, I forgot to tell you that we received yesterday from Miss Scylla an invitation to meet a few friends there to-morrow night. And, as I live, there she is tying up that sickly clematis at this matutinal hour for the fiftieth time!"

"How sweet Miss Scylla looks this morning!" said Hathaway, giving *her* a graceful salute and his companion a bran-new idea.

"Is it distance or love that lends enchantment to the view—eh, Jemima?"

That was one of Ben's names for "the old woman," as he called our Hath.

"Hush, Ben! Don't talk of love! What do *you* know about it?"

"So you're on hand for Miss Scylla's invitation, I see plainly?"

"Well, yes—no. To tell the truth, Ben, Drewry & Co." (our Hath was "Co.") "have taken a new partner into the firm, and, preparatory to said arrangement, I shall have to take a run upon the Central Railroad every week or so till matters are consummated to my desire. For a time, therefore, I must sing truce to love and soirées—to ladies and matrimony."

"Take care, old boy, how you let your days of grace glide by! Remember, the Ides of your March are approaching!"

"Ah, ain't they?" replied Hathaway, rubbing his hands together in a perfect child's glee as he darted into his official brownstone front.

"Poor unwary voyager!" sighed Ben,

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looking after him, "on Scylla's rock to strand!"

The days rolled by. Mater continued to improve unaccountably, much to the joy and satisfaction of her nephew, and was now able to walk to and from the dining-room. A softer, sweeter light gleamed in her eye and irradiated her countenance. Was it because she was reaping the full, rich reward of her sacrifices, and beheld the long-desired consummation of all her life-hopes?

Of course Hath's little *business run*, the next week, upon the Central Railroad excited no suspicion—said business, on this occasion, being the formal transfer of Ethel's guardianship in a prospective point of view.

On the last day of the year Ben received a hasty note from his fair cousin, saying that instead of going to the State of Virginia she was going to the state of Matrimony, and would expect him to "assist," while it would devolve upon her just-returned uncle to give the bride away. In a postscript she added that he might bring his friend *Have-his-way* along too, as there was no telling what effect a good example might have on him.

The reading of that letter made quite a surprise party of the entire household but Mater, the information being withheld from her, at Hathaway's special request, until it was ascertained whether or not Miss Ethel had "done well."

The Halls were to go up the next day, as the ceremony was to be performed the day after. Hath, declining attendance, sent his "regrets" in the form of a press of business and care of Mater, and his "compliments" in the shape of a set of diamonds, with a promise to profit by the example whenever practicable.

The morning of the second dawned. The groom had been there a few days previous, they said, and would arrive by the nine o'clock train, and be received by Ethel and her guardian in the front parlor. He was heard passing in at the hour appointed, all things being in readiness for the ceremony—the

minister standing and the company all waiting.

The folding doors were pushed aside and the ceremony went on. So spell-bound were the spectators after its conclusion that not a word or movement broke the silence. The groom, wearing an expression on his face that would be disgraced by so weak a word as *ecstasy*, approached, with his shrinking bride, a few paces toward the gazing circle, then turning to her, said, "I believe, Miss Ethel, congratulations follow next in order—to which I think you fully entitled for having 'done so well.'"

"And kisses next," said Mrs. Hall, advancing, "though I am not sure but you deserve a tweak," taking the bride by the ear, "for cheating your auntie out of the pleasure of keeping a secret."

Dr. Hall next came forward with the observation that he thought the "occupation" of giving away the bride was "gone" when she hath-a-way of disposing of herself.

And where was the petrified Ben? Betrayed in his hasty retreat to the deep recesses of a bay window by the measured sounds issuing therefrom, "*Strange—if—true!*" Venturing nearer, he ejaculated with arousing emphasis, "Not too late for the gratulations, old Sly-boots," giving Hath a twelve-pounder slap on the back of his shoulder, "and just in time for the kisses, fair cousin."

"Which you shall have by the baker's dozen," put in Hath, throwing his arms around his poor victim, and giving him an embrace that would have done credit to a boa-constrictor; "and which are all you'll get, too, sir, for dragging me around so mercilessly for the last two months—"

"While the spectacles were all the time over your own nose," finished Ben, releasing himself from the anaconda-like embrace, and glad to do so, even at the price of the kisses foregone for that occasion.

Hathaway, longing to give Mater her share of the general joy, announced that but sixty minutes remained for wine and cake and for making prepa-

rations to leave. "We must all sup with Mater," he said.

CHAPTER V.

FINALE.

IT is the second day of January, and the sun, far down the western sky, is casting his last bright, happiness-boding beams upon a procession of handsome carriages that are driving rapidly up to the front door of the "Birdcage."

Mater is sitting in her parlor, the radiance of the day-god suffusing her sweet, smiling countenance with a glow of beauty. With a step anything but deliberate, Hathaway stalks into the room, leading his newly-found treasure, stoops and prints one fond kiss on Mater's cheek, and then triumphantly exclaims, "Here is my wife, Mater!" And he points to the date-card over the mantel-piece: "See, it is the second!"

"A very pretty joke, my dear son, but too delightful for a reality," replies the pleasantly shocked Mater.

"Which — excusing your impeachment of your nephew's veracity—happily can be substantiated by all these witnesses," pointing at the same time to a crowd of smiling faces that thronged into the room.

"Yes, Aunt Mater, I, the more veracious Ben, am here to certify that at Halcyondale, this morning at nine o'clock, the last day of grace, were united in the holy bands of wedlock, by the proper officiating authority, Mr. Hathaway Strange and Miss Ethel—Miss Ethel— Who, Hath? Miss Ethel—who?"

"Miss Ethel—I declare, I don't exactly believe I— Miss Ethel—*Hall*, I *guess*. Wasn't it, Miss Ethel?" stammered the dumbfounded Benedict.

"Well!" cried the revenged Ben, bringing his hand down on his knee with a tremendous slap, and his foot down on the floor with telling force, "ain't that old 'Jemima' over again?" And he rushed out into the hall and up to his room to express his feelings to their fullest extent.

"At any rate," said Mater, tenderly and lovingly, taking the nameless one's hand, "you know what the *new* name is, don't you, dear?" And she drew the happy Ethel down and kissed her fondly, adding, "And may you both be as faithful to the Giver of all good and to each other as you have been to your poor suffering but now happy Mater! And may a joy like that which now makes such sweet sunshine in my heart," added she, rising, "irradiate your lives and dispel every cloud of doubt and sorrow! God bless you, my children!"

She took a hand in each of hers, and pressed it gently, while her face seemed to overrun with happiness as Hath again stooped and kissed her, saying, "But it was cruel in me to leave you here entirely alone all day. Did you know, Mater, that when I stole away from my room in the night to take the midnight train, I smuggled in your good Dr. Neil for the rest of the night, in case you should get sick and need some attention? But I know you will forgive me now, since I have brought *her* back; and here she is, looking as much at home as—"

"I can't say that I *feel* that way, standing here all this while with my hat and gloves on," said Ethel. "If you have not been so demented in the last two days as to lose my keys (which you know you gave me long ago), I would thank you to hand them to me and let me go and look after supper and see that Mater's buckwheat cakes for breakfast are not neglected." And she slipped out of the prison which his arms were making for her, and disappeared, followed by Hathaway, her guardian and Dr. Hall, who had been deeply-moved spectators of all that had taken place.

Left alone now with Mater, Mrs. Hall stepped forward, folded her arms most affectionately around the invalid and

kissed her. "Brace yourself, darling; he is very near!" she whispered.

Mater straightened herself up suddenly. A mighty tide of feeling gushed from her heart-fountain and overwhelmed her whole being. For a moment a crimson glow animated her neck, cheek and brow, and then receding left her pale and trembling. But a strange light of hope, joy and quivering anticipation shone in her eye. Suddenly she saw in the doorway the manly form of one of middle age, whose deep blue eyes beamed with love, faith, constancy and holy devotion.

"Annette! my Annette!" he murmured; and instantly his arms were around her, and he bore her to a sofa, helpless, senseless, her head resting on his shoulder and her lips parted as though to speak.

A glance is sufficient to reveal the fact that the man is a brother of Mrs. Hall. For years he had been in England seeking to recover a family estate, and with the help of his brother-in-law, Dr. Hall, had just succeeded.

'Tis needless to say that Mrs. Hall's penetration and good sense had brought about the happy dénouement we have just witnessed, and had been the cause of Mater's gradually restored health through the agency of hope, sweet hope!

Joy does not kill. Reposing in his faithful arms, in less than five minutes Mater had forgotten all her troubles and sorrows in the bliss of hope and love realized at last.

To this day Ben affirms that Hath had to consult the morning paper for the missing name, which proved to be no other than *Byrd*; and he is sometimes ready to swear that as often as not Hath uses the polite prefix *Miss*. Usually, however, he prefers a personal pronoun denoting *possession*, which, plain to see and sweet to hear, makes it MY ETHEL BIRD!

SOUVENIRS OF SONG.

IN these days of wars and rumors of wars, and while the air is still thrilled by the vibrations of the tremendous roll of that great battle-organ whose pipes are cannon, whose keys are regiments and whose organists are the nations, a little gossip about foreign song and foreign singers may seem untimely, trifling, or perhaps even unwelcome. Mars has waved the Muses so sternly into the background that there is even danger of their past triumphs being forgotten. The cause of Art in Europe has undoubtedly received a cruel blow: her temples are deserted, her worshipers transformed into soldiers, and she herself, who so lately was adored as a goddess, now sits as a mourning queen, sorrowful, forgotten and forlorn. It is very possible that, for the lovers of music especially, the palmy days of their beloved science are to be reckoned among the sad sweet days that are no more, and with the sunset glories of those days still fresh in my memory I here record my reminiscences of the Opera of To-day.

The Italian Opera in London generally presents to the public in its two companies—one at Drury Lane and the other at Covent Garden—the concentrated attractions of all the other leading opera-houses of the world. Here may be heard the favorite tenor of Vienna, the pet prima donna of Berlin, the newest importation from New York, the latest Parisian success, and the freshest débutante from Florence; which last, however, almost invariably proves a failure. It is no easy task for a singer, for a prima donna especially, to win applause amid such a multitude of rivals, and the high position at once taken and maintained by our own Kellogg some few years ago is a source of legitimate pride and satisfaction to all who know and appreciate the artistic powers as well as the social charms of the love-

liest, most gifted and most successful of American prime donne. There is apparently a mistake in calling the Opera in London an *Italian* Opera, for Italy furnishes but a small proportion of the leading singers, and comparatively few of the favorite operas. When Titiens the Dutchwoman, Nilsson the Swede, Lucca the German, Vanzini the American, De Murska the Viennese, Faure and Naudin the Frenchmen, Santley the Englishman, Lewinsky the Russian, and Artot the Belgian appear in operas by French and German composers—Mozart, Meyerbeer, Gounod—the Italian element becomes almost inappreciable.

And yet, with all these attractions, the Opera in London is far less satisfactory than are the performances at the great opera-houses of Paris, Berlin and Vienna. A lack of ensemble and finish, a neglect of scenic effect and great carelessness as to costuming, characterize the stages of both the lyric theatres of England at the present day. English opera companies resemble English dinners: there is a superabundant amount of good material, but it is ill managed, ill arranged and ill presented; and the guest is gorged to repletion while his palate remains uncharmed. There is, too, a general inclination to neglect everything save the one need of presenting the reigning prima donna of the hour in a favorite part. This was strikingly displayed in the production of *Robert le Diable* and *Faust* for Mademoiselle Nilsson last spring. The Bertram in the first-mentioned opera and the Faust of the second were beneath criticism, while the scenery was shabby, worn and dingy beyond description. When the same operas were presented in Paris, with the same prima donna, the cast and the *mise en scène* left nothing to be desired, the *Robert* in particular presenting a superb mediæval picture, which in accuracy of detail and

splendor of coloring might rival the most gorgeous illuminated manuscript.

The operatic stage in England during the past season was adorned by the presence of nearly all the celebrated prime *donne* of Europe. Prominent amongst them was the once undisputed queen of Italian Opera in England, Madame Titiens, whose noble voice is fast departing, though her thorough artistic training and grand method still entitle her to maintain her rank as one of the greatest of living singers. The days are happily past when she could appear in any rôle that struck her fancy, for in bygone days she had a penchant for assuming characters for which by age and physique she was wholly unfitted. Extremely tall, with a fully-formed, majestic figure and dignified presence, and with a face whose massive features were suited to her grandly-moulded form, she was not content with making such parts as Norma, Lucrezia or Fidelio her own, but she must needs personate such characters as the childish and innocent Marguerite or the melancholy, distraught Mireille. Her appearance as Marguerite, with a Faust about a foot and a half shorter than the peasant maid he was about to betray, was ludicrous in the extreme, and marred sadly the effect of her splendid singing and really fine acting. The true reason of her assuming such characters is said to have been her jealousy of younger and fairer rivals, and for some seasons she struggled hard to sustain alone the leading soprano rôles in *all* the operas produced at the Covent Garden Theatre. But the struggle, naturally, was unsuccessful, and the once despotic queen has been forced to share her throne with such winsome young sovereigns as Patti and Lucca. Still, the old jealous bitterness and narrow-mindedness occasionally display themselves; as, for instance, during the past season, when Patti wished to appear as Valentine in *Les Huguenots*, on her benefit night. The part belonged to Madame Titiens by right, and on being requested to relinquish it for the one evening only, she flatly refused, and a

general "row" was the result, which was speedily chronicled in the daily papers.

The lovely, Spanish-looking Patti, the Persiani of the modern stage, with her sparkling eyes, graceful form and animated gestures, is as charming in person and acting as she is in voice.

"Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,"

is the quotation that springs spontaneously to the hearer's lips when first that caroling, bird-like song, poured forth with as much freedom and lack of effort as are the notes of a nightingale, falls upon his enraptured ear. One cannot but grudge to the Marquis de Caux the privilege of calling this world-renowned enchantress his wife, more especially as he is said to be a desperate gamester, who squanders at the faro-table the golden harvest of his fair wife's song. Yet malicious gossip whispers that the lovely Adelina has what is vulgarly called "a temper of her own," and that she quarrels most desperately with her fellow-artistes and much-persecuted manager. Witness the uproar she created in London last summer respecting a fancied insult from the greatest of German tenors, Herr Wachtel, who, after explaining the affair in a calm and temperate letter to the London papers, tendered his resignation to the manager and quitted the troupe.

Pauline Lucca, the petted darling of the Berlin opera-house, the only adequate representative now upon the Italian stage of Meyerbeer's Selika (in *L'Africaine*)—Lucca of the petite form, mobile features, heavy raven tresses and great black-fringed, sapphire-blue eyes—is as great an actress as she is a singer, and as beautiful as she is gifted. Wondrously potent is the charm of her passionate, sympathetic, yet strangely uneven voice—a charm that is lacking in all the silver roulades of Patti's incomparable execution. The latter sends you from the theatre delighted, enraptured and with every art-sense fully satisfied: the former lets you go forth with a throbbing heart and moistened eyes, incapable of questioning if the song that so thrilled you were perfectly

sung or no. There is a weird charm about her voice, her acting, her very beauty. She is undoubtedly the greatest dramatic artiste now upon the lyric stage, with the possible exception of Madame Titiens; and, like all great actresses, she is as perfect in comedy as in tragedy. I have seen her play Zerlina in *Fra Diavolo* one evening, and have deemed her arch sweetness and coquettish graces unrivaled, and on the next evening have listened in breathless emotion to her intensely passionate rendering of the remorse and despair of Marguerite or of the devoted love of Selika. Her Leonora in *La Favorita* is sublime—her Marie in *La Fille du Régiment* is delicious. Terrible and tragic is her Rachel in *La Juive*—winsome and witching is her Cherubino in the *Marriage of Figaro*. Mozart is not too heavy nor Auber too light for the vocal and dramatic gifts of this bewildering little prima donna.

But fairest, sweetest, most enchanting of all that sweet-voiced sisterhood was she whose song has so lately charmed our souls and whose loveliness so delighted our eyes—that celestial singer who, as Rachel seemed ever half demon, persuades us by the unearthly beauty of her voice and her person that she is almost an angel—that "Casta Diva" untouched by Parisian impurity, unassailed by scandal, good and pure as she is fair and gifted—Christine Nilsson.

It is hard to define the peculiar gifts which have raised Christine Nilsson to the very pinnacle of fame, and have made her the most celebrated prima donna of the day. Voices as pure and as finely cultivated, and dramatic fervor of equal intensity, are no strangers to the lyric stage of Europe. The secret of the charm seems to lie in her wonderful originality—in the stamp of creative genius which is set upon each of her personations. Of Patti, Lucca, Titiens it may be said that in such and such points they resemble other singers—they belong to the same class with the the great lyric artists of the past and their inferior rivals of the present; and

while they surpass the latter in vocal gifts and artistic culture, they still can be, and are, compared with them. But Nilsson stands alone—a new type, not an improved specimen of one with which we are already familiar.

The people of the United States have often been reproached with showering undue honors upon the foreign singers who have from time to time condescended to voyage hither to enchant our souls and replenish their own purses. Yet we doubt if, even in the days of the Jenny Lind excitement, we ever elevated the tuneful favorite of the hour to that pitch of importance at which Mademoiselle Nilsson arrived last summer. During the month of June, whilst fulfilling a brilliantly triumphal engagement in London, the fair Swede was taken suddenly ill, and was obliged for a few weeks to abstain from appearing on the stage. A rumor soon got abroad that her marvelous voice was gone for ever: the rumor reached Paris, and in process of time arrived at Baden-Baden, where the season, which was destined to end so disastrously, had just opened with unusual brilliancy. The manager of the Baden-Baden opera-house, grieved to the soul on hearing this report, telegraphed to Mademoiselle Nilsson to learn if it was true, and speedily received a reply informing him that the malady from which she was suffering was only a severe cold, and that she hoped in a few days to resume the interrupted series of her performances. "To relieve the public inquietude, which was naturally great," said the Baden papers with perfect gravity and good faith, "the manager caused a copy of this despatch to be posted up in a conspicuous place in the Kursaal, much to the general relief." Then followed some reproachful remarks respecting those heartless persons who by spreading such unfounded reports manage to throw a whole community into a state of anxiety and distress.

I saw Mademoiselle Nilsson for the first time at the Théâtre Lyrique in 1865. Her slender figure, fair, pure face and lustrous eyes were then almost childlike in

their immature loveliness and unconscious innocence of expression. But there was nothing immature or childish about that wondrous voice, so silver clear and diamond pure, nor in her acting, which even in so undramatic a rôle as that of the Queen of Night in the *Magic Flute* gave promise of the great dramatic excellence to which she has since attained. Her appearance in her first dress, a heavy, dusky drapery of a sombre blue tint, relieved only by an odd sort of square-falling white collar, embroidered with red hieroglyphics, was singularly weird and striking, nor shall I soon forget the sinister glance of the queen when in reply to the query, "Do you still desire his love?" she made answer, "Non—*sa mort!*" (In the French translation of the libretto, Pamina and Astriñammante are rivals, not mother and daughter, as in the original.) In her second costume, a star-gemmed azure robe, with starry crown and crescent moon and flowing veil, the lovely young prima donna looked like an embodiment in flesh and blood of Night when first she descended upon Eden and found neither sin nor sorrow in the virgin world.

A few weeks later I saw Mademoiselle Nilsson in *La Traviata*, at the same theatre. Musically speaking, nothing could have been more perfect, but she looked the character so little that, great actress as she is, she failed to present a satisfactory personation of the fallen, repentant heroine. How lovely she looked in the first act, arrayed in the most exquisite and tasteful of toilettes, and with the golden beauty of her hair displayed by the most artistic of coiffures! How lovely, and how unlike one's most sublimated visions of a lost woman, even though she were the most repentant of Magdalens! A modest young débutante receiving her friends at her first ball—that was what the fair Christine seemed, and not an erring, passionate, miserable creature—a woman acquainted with sin and remorse and shame. What had sin and shame and repentance to do with that candid brow, those seraphic eyes, that sweet, childish mouth?

The star was only rising then: the next time I beheld it it shone in the very zenith of fame, in the full blaze of its brightness. Shall I ever forget our wearisome pilgrimage through all the highways of London in quest of tickets? for we had set our hearts upon hearing the fair Swede that night in *Robert le Diable*, and tickets were at a ruinously high premium and woefully scarce. Let me rather remember the delights of the evening, when the rude men-at-arms hurried down the dingy stage of Drury Lane and brought to our gaze the fairest Alice that ever defied a Bertram or protected an unworthy Duke Robert. Her simple peasant costume of white and blue, with slight lines of red embroidery on the white underskirt, and a picturesque peasant coif crowning her rippled shining hair, could not divest her of the aspect of a guardian angel. White wings and a snowy robe might have seemed a more appropriate garb, but would have added in no degree to the faultlessness of the impersonation. There is something of the supernatural in the Alice of Mademoiselle Nilsson: she seems as little a being of this world as does the fiend Bertram himself; and this beautiful poetic conception is worked out with a perfection which leaves nothing to be desired. When the curtain fell upon Alice, kneeling with clasped hands and uplifted eyes at the door of the chapel wherein the rescued Robert is united to his bride, she looked like some fair seraph, her earthly mission ended, about to soar on invisible wings from an uncongenial world.

Equally perfect was her impersonation of Marguerite. Her first appearance in the dress of spotless white, which, like Miolan Carvalho, she wears as typical of the innocence of the character, gave to the eye the very embodiment and realization of Goethe's hapless heroine. Her singing on that night was beyond all praise. Whether she greeted the jewel-casket with a shower of vocal diamonds, or sighed out her love in softest, sweetest accents in the garden scene, or murmured to herself the olden ballad of the "King of Thule,"

she was alike enchanting. But something of a loftier, nobler, diviner Art rang in her marvelous voice, shone in her wild, uplifted blue eyes, and was revealed in every gesture, look and tone, in the closing scene, when Marguerite turns from the tempter and offers her repentant soul to the justice of Heaven. Like an *avant courier* of the rescued spirit, even then nearing its release, soared upward that silver-toned, seraphic song, unearthly in its sweetness, its wild devotion, its utter forgetfulness of worldly hope or love. Clad in the prison-robe of dusky gray, the wavy tresses of her golden hair falling over her shoulders, her fair pale face uplifted, and her blue eyes shining with a strange lustre, her appearance was as unearthly as her song. It was almost a relief when the curtain fell and the thunders of applause broke forth, and Mademoiselle Nilsson, pallid, exhausted and still trembling with the emotion of the scene, was led forward to be overwhelmed with bouquets and to bow her acknowledgments to the vast enthusiastic audience. One person only in that crowded house had listened with apathy and looked with indifference on the performance. That person was the heir-apparent of England, who, finding Gounod's music and Nilsson's voice, combined, of wondrous soothing power, had improved the occasion by falling sound asleep in the very front of his box, with his bald head resting on his gloved hand.

In all essential points the Opera in Berlin far surpasses even the traditional glories of the Grand Opéra in Paris. The natural voices of the leading performers are quite as fine as those of the French singers, while their artistic training is even superior, and the chorus and orchestra are simply unapproachable in size, training and general perfection. All the details of costume and scenery are worthy of study, so minutely have they been elaborated and so careful has been the supervision bestowed upon them. The *mise en scène* of such operas as the *Huguenots*, the *Prophète* or *William Tell* presents not only a gorgeous and effective stage-

spectacle, but a correct historical picture. Scene-painting and stage-costuming seem to be considered in Berlin as belonging to the fine arts, and to be treated accordingly.

Let us take, for example, one of the best-known operas on the modern stage—*Faust*. As it was first produced in Berlin, every scene was worthy of careful study, and was exquisite in artistic beauty. The morning light streaming through the lattice of Faust's desolate room, the vision of Marguerite's innocent loveliness, the bustle and crowd of the Kermesse, with its gay booths, noisy shows and animated spectators, were each incomparable in its way. Next came the garden scene, bathed in the golden and rose-hued light of a summer sunset. Gradually, as the scene proceeded, the rosy radiance faded away, and a cold gray twilight stole over the trees and flowers and the distant spires and buildings of the city seen beyond the garden walls. Twilight deepened into night, the sky darkened into a dusky, shadowy blue, the stars came forth one by one, and at last the moon rose, and the curtain fell on the embrace of Faust and Marguerite under a silvery moonlight that flooded the whole scene with so intense and real a lustre that, looking at the shining light and dark shadows, it was almost impossible to realize that Art and not Nature was the source of the brightness that illumined the stage.

The cathedral scene was equally beautiful, and even more impressive. The stage represented the interior of a vast Gothic cathedral crowded with worshipers, while far in the distance blazed the lights of the altar, and white-robed priests moved to and fro amid clouds of incense and the grand swelling harmonies of the organ. Behind the altar rose a vast window of brilliantly-hued stained glass: one of the upper divisions was open, and through this opening were visible the starry sky and the full moon, whose silvery splendor contrasted wondrously with the golden lustre of the lighted candles. In the foreground knelt Marguerite,

weeping, remorseful, despairing, while ever and anon the pillar at her side became intensely luminous and transparent, and the mocking face of Mephistopheles peered forth. In this scene Pauline Lucca surpasses her soft-eyed Swedish rival, though we doubt if the passionate intensity of her acting is as true to Goethe's original delineation as is the crushed, sad hopelessness of the Marguerite of Christine Nilsson.

The Walpurgis Night, though less poetic, was the most splendid of all the scenic effects which so charmed us. The scene was set transversely, so as to give the idea of illimitable distance, and it represented a gorgeous Eastern palace, through whose arched windows could be seen the glowing atmosphere and luxuriant vegetation of a tropical landscape, while crowds of bright-robed dancing-girls hovered around Faust or in the background, came and went, and floated to and fro to the pulses and pauses of the music. Suddenly, Faust called upon the name of Marguerite, and in an instant the splendid pageant vanished, and before us rose the dark, cold summit of the Blocksberg, with an unseen moon behind it lighting the heavens with unearthly radiance. And then along the side of the mountain glided a white form with unmoving feet and stony eyes, and a ghastly scarlet ring around the slender throat. Gounod was forgotten, and the influence of Goethe's genius reigned supreme.

It is like going from the Louvre to the Exhibition of Modern Artists in the Palais de l'Industrie to turn from the Opera at Berlin to that of Paris. That one spark of the fire from heaven which is wanting to make modern French poems and paintings perfection fails also to vivify the glories of the lyric stage of Paris. Very splendid is the scenery, very superb are the voices, very carefully studied and arranged is the ensemble, but something—an undefined, indescribable something, it is true—is felt to be wanting to make the whole artistically great. The French Opera is at present unusually rich in fine voices. Marie Sasse, the leading

prima donna (that is, when Nilsson is absent), possesses one of the most magnificent soprano voices that ever filled a great theatre with waves of sweetest sound. Full, rich and clear, without a break in its whole compass, powerful as an organ, sweet-toned as a flute, the very intensity of its physical power and sweetness holds the listener spellbound. Alas! that along with this glorious organ there dwells no artist-soul capable of imprinting upon its silvery waves the revelation of a loftier art. Marie Sasse, stout, rosy and good-humored in expression, is the most unæsthetic being on whom Providence ever bestowed the gift of a marvelous voice; yet so perfect has been her artistic training, so faultless are her natural gifts, that we listen enchanted and forbear to criticise. Art and Nature have done their best for the silver-toned throat, but there is no artist-soul within to lend its grand dramatic impulse to second their endeavors. Meyerbeer is said to have pronounced her voice the finest soprano in the world, and I think Meyerbeer was right. There is a touch of romance in the story of this most unromantic-looking songstress. She began her career as a public singer at a second-rate *café chantant* in Brussels, thence winning promotion to a larger establishment of the same character in Paris, from which, without further transition, she stepped upon the boards of the Grand Opéra and seated herself upon the long vacant throne of Sophie Cruvelli, that superb German singer who laid aside the regal circlet of a Queen of Song to assume the commonplace coronet of a baroness.

It is said that the manager of the Grand Opéra, on being informed what a treasure of song was hidden in the vulgar casket of a concert saloon in the Champs Elysées, besought Madame Ugalde, the once celebrated and charming prima donna of the Opéra Comique, to accompany him to hear this new vocalist, and to aid him with her judgment and advice respecting an engagement. Madame Ugalde, a thorough artiste, admired still, in the prime

of life and the maturity of her powers had seen the overflowing cup of success dashed suddenly from her lips by the loss of her voice, and she whose delicate vocalization and piquante acting in the operas of Auber and Massé had so often charmed the Parisian public, saw herself reduced to play the rôles of enchanted princes in the fairy spectacles at the Porte St. Martin. There was something tragic, therefore, in the situation. She whose sun had gone down at noon was called upon to salute the splendors of the rising luminary. As she, still young, still fascinating, in the full plenitude of her mental and physical powers, but driven from her profession by a terrible and irretrievable misfortune, sat listening to the fresh, powerful voice of Marie Sasse, what thoughts of past triumphs and present anguish must have dimmed her eyes and throbbed within her brain! But, to her credit be it said, she resisted successfully the temptation which must have assailed her of giving an unfavorable verdict, and her advice, enthusiastically uttered, was, "Engage her at once! Her voice is a marvel."

The next adventure which befell the fortunate cantatrice arose out of a slight difficulty about her name. For the sake of euphony she changed it, unauthorized by legislative acts or marriage contracts, to Saxe, and the family of the distinguished inventor of the Sax-horn took umbrage at this unceremonious appropriation of their patronymic. The law was called upon to compel the prima donna to relinquish the cognomen to which she had no right, and Marie Saxe became Marie Sasse once more, singing, however, as sweetly by this as she could have done by any more melodious name.

Unfortunately for her dramatic interests, she has become excessively stout, and her embonpoint, though not injurious in many of the heavier tragic rôles, produces a somewhat ludicrous effect in more juvenile characters, particularly in that scene in *Robert le Diable* where Alice clings to the cross and defies the power of the fiend. On one oc-

casation an incautious movement on the part of Madame Sasse (who in that rôle looks the very picture of a fat, jolly *paysanne*) came near oversetting the cross, steps and all, and an irreverent public incontinently giggled. But many of her fellow-performers are her companions in this misfortune. The latest addition to the celebrated soprano singers of the Parisian lyric stage, Mademoiselle Hisson, though still very young, begins already to rival the splendid Marie in size as she does in beauty and power of voice. Miolan Carvalho, the most finished artiste now on the operatic boards, and one whose voice, like costly antique embroidery, is unspeakably precious on account of the workmanship, though the original fabric be sadly frayed and worn, is, though a *chanteuse légère*, a very heavy woman. And the unfortunate tenor Villaret, a Falstaff with the voice of a woman—how can one become interested in the woes of a lover who weighs over two hundred pounds, and whose sword-belt must measure two yards at the very least? The great tenor Naudin, and the still greater baritone Faure, are, it is true, as handsome and dignified in person as they are splendid in voice and acting; and Capoul, of the Opéra Comique, is a veritable Apollo, the very beau ideal of a stage lover, and possesses a voice whose exquisite sweetness and purity are simply as indescribable as they are unsurpassable. Colin, the young but already celebrated tenor of the Grand Opéra, is unfortunately a small, insignificant fellow, with a sharp and inexpressive face, and a figure to which neither royal robes nor knightly armor can impart any dignity or picturesque effect. Let him but open his lips, however, and his personal defects are forgotten. His voice is a noble *tenore robusto*, soaring lightly and easily into those lofty regions to which most tenor voices only attain after much training and striving, and his singing of the celebrated aria "Sui-vez-moi" in *William Tell* is something to which one may hearken breathlessly, and which one must remember with that half-sorrowful feeling that always

accompanies our recollections of past delights.

To Marie Sasse belongs the honor of having been the first vocalist of the Second Empire who was permitted to sing the Marseillaise on the boards of the Grand Opéra. The occasion was, of course, one of far more political than dramatic significance, yet in both points of view it was deeply interesting. The house was crowded to suffocation, and though, on account of the summer season and the heat of the weather, but comparatively few members of the fashionable world were present, still the display of elegant toilettes and diamonds would have done honor to a gala night at the height of the season. Conspicuous among the audience, by reason of her beauty, sat the lovely Duchesse de Mouchy, the American princess whose fair face and winning manners are said to betray her Transatlantic origin by the irresistible nature of their charm. Other celebrated leaders of society and many dignitaries of the court were present, for the singing of the Marseillaise, so lately a crime against the Empire, had become an act of homage to the sovereign. The opera was *La Muette de Portici*, produced with all possible pomp and splendor, though Villaret, that luckless tenor *qui prend du ventre*, hardly looked the character of the revolutionary fisherman by reason of the undue prominence of his abdomen; and his fruitless efforts to mount the horse that was to convey him to regal dignities were laughable in the extreme. A fat basso is well enough, and a certain amount of embonpoint in a baritone is pardonable, but alas for the tenor whose sweet tones proceed from the figure fashioned after the model of a beer-barrel! But the chorus was superb, the ballet enchanting, and Mademoiselle Fiacre as Fenella was a vision of grace and beauty, notwithstanding the long-skirted peasant dress that concealed one of the divinest forms ever revealed in rose-colored silk and vaporous tulle. Still, the performance dragged heavily, for there was a hush of expectation, a sort of breathless anticipation prevalent

amongst the audience, which changed to a thrill of wild excitement when, at the end of the third act, the chorus turned as if to retire, and Marie Sasse, sweeping suddenly on the stage, stayed their retreating footsteps with uplifted arms and imperious gesture.

Never had the superb prima donna appeared to greater advantage. Her full, majestic form, white shoulders and rounded arms were perfectly suited to, and fully displayed by, her flowing classic robes of white and gold and royal mantle of azure-blue velvet spotted with golden bees. In her hand she held the tricolored banner, and as the thunders of applause that greeted her appearance died away, her voice rang out like the notes of a clarion in the long-disused but unforgotten war-song, "Al-lons, enfans de la patrie!" "*Debout!*" cried Emile de Girardin, rising to his feet, and the whole audience followed his example. And the songstress sang—sang of the legions of Louis Napoleon as the defenders of Freedom, and cried upon beloved Liberty to sustain their avenging arms in their struggle to wrest the Rhenish provinces from unoffending Prussia! Liberty, Freedom, in the France of the Second Empire, under the rule of Napoleon III.! O Rouget de l'Isle! if haply your spirit was hovering near to hearken to the resurrection of your peerless song, how exquisitely farcical must not the situation have seemed to you, grim ghost of a staunch republican!

Yet even in that most dramatic moment, and while pouring forth that most fiery of impassioned war-songs, the unsympathetic qualities of the otherwise perfect voice made themselves felt. None of the patriotic fire and fierce enthusiasm that breathed in the hoarse contralto tones of Mademoiselle Agar of the Comédie Française when she essayed the same task were to be heard in the rich, full notes that rang through the crowded theatre. *Vox et præterea nihil* should be the motto entwined with the laurel wreath with which criticism must perforce crown the brow of Marie Sasse.

But the very sound of the beloved words and music, so long unheard, seemed to drive the hearers wild, and the frenzied excitement that followed the conclusion of the song was beyond description. The elegant assemblage of refined, high-bred ladies and gentlemen was suddenly transformed into a howling mob, whose yells and shouts and frantic gestures would have done honor to the pit of the Bowery Theatre in its palmy days. And I, looking on the screaming, noisy crowd, remembered the solemn calm and heroic resolution of my own countrymen in the days of our republic's danger, and said to myself, Not from such clay as forms these madmen are patriots or victorious heroes moulded.

And when will the curtain rise again on the renovated glories of the Grand Opéra? When will arrive the evening on which the new and gorgeous opera-house will fling wide its hospitable doors to an admiring public and see the skies aflame with the glare of its encircling lamps? What ruler—king, president or restored emperor—shall drive in regal pomp up the wonderful sloping carriage-way that leads directly to the door of the royal box? What initials shall replace the N's and E's, what emblem the imperial eagle, now torn away by the eager hands of exasperated republicanism? The roar of hostile cannon has scattered the singing-birds far and wide. Colin and Capoul have entered the ranks of the French army, and perchance the Prussian falcons have already slain these sweet-throated nightingales. Lucca is scraping lint and tending the wounds of her Prussian husband, the Baron Rœhden. Patti and Marie Sasse are said to be *en route* for St. Petersburg, while Nilsson, fairest, sweetest, most gifted of them all, is enchanting us, Transatlantic barbarians though we be, with the witching voice that once drove Paris half frantic. But where are Hisson? Carvalho? Marie Rosé? Montaubry? Montjauzé? Gueymard? Roger? Faure? Roger's occu-

pation is gone, for he doubtless sings no longer that song, "Le Rhin Allemand," once the boastful war-chant of the French, now the bitterest mockery of their fallen state, and to whose ardent strophes his still noble voice, grand dramatic powers and artistic method lent such striking effect. With what a fine scorn he sang—

"S'il est a vous votre Rhin Allemand,
Savez y donc votre livrée!"

how confident, how exulting was his cry—

"Où le pere à passé passera bien l'enfant!"

and what a characteristic French sneer sat on his lip at the delicate and chivalrous lines, so worthy of the poet and of the France of to-day—

"Si vous oubliez votre histoire,
Vos jeunes filles, sûrement,
Ont mieux gardé notre mémoire!"

Who sings "Le Rhin Allemand" in France to-day, I wonder?

When last I heard of Marie Sasse singing before a French audience, she was chanting the Marseillaise on the Boulevards by command of an excited mob, who recognized her as she passed in her carriage, and forced her to descend and sing for them. This was on that memorable August day when all Paris broke forth into a flutter of flags and a frenzy of joy at the false news of a great victory—that victory which has not yet been granted to French bravery or desperation.

It is said to be an ill wind that blows no one good; so let us hope that the storm-blast now sweeping through Europe will bear to our shores some of the dispersed singing-birds whose wonted nests have been rent to pieces by the gale;

"And our nights shall be filled with music;"

and we shall for the first time fully realize how rich and perfect were the artistic enjoyments that Europe has exchanged for the fierce excitements of the great game of War.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

A TRIP TO DAHOMEY.

II.

BRIGHT and early we were on our way after the usual hubbub and bustle, every living creature belonging to the kroom taking an active part in our setting out. No horses or beasts of burden made part of our caravan, everything being carried by the natives, the greater part by women. I, as treasurer of the party (though the whole of my ready cash did not amount to over one hundred dollars), was obliged to employ ten women as purse-bearers. To explain this it is only necessary to say that the best—in fact, the only—circulating medium for small purchases consists of cowries, of which two thousand are considered equivalent to one dollar. We carried, therefore, two hundred thousand cowries, a weight fully equal to the strength of ten women on a long march. When the whole of our baggage was disposed for carrying, our caravan assumed very formidable proportions. The heavier articles were strung upon poles and carried between two men, the lighter given into the charge of women. There were twelve pole-slings, each with four bearers, only two of whom, however, worked at a time. These pole-slings were simply a cord and a few yards of strong matting stretched from end to end of the pole, the matting serving for a seat, and the cord as a rest for the feet. By this mode of conveyance the traveler always rode with the forward bearer at his right hand, thus advancing, crab-fashion, sideways.

When our caravan got fully under way it numbered nearly a hundred persons. Our only object now was to press forward. To successfully achieve this required constant urging, the negroes being always inclined to loiter. If one stopped to gaze and chatter at some object, the whole line would inevitably do the same, setting down burdens and

composing themselves into a halt that seemed like a stoppage for a week. At a moment like this the Duke, with his long stick, was superb: he administered rappings like a lively spirit or like the good priest in *Rory O'More*, who didn't care where he hit in a faction-fight.

The country through which we were passing was uninteresting, but, by the major's account, as we neared the city it would grow more novel, and we should be saved the necessity of the hourly watchfulness which we were now obliged to exercise for wild beasts. As we passed on the woods were alive with birds. We saw during a single day's travel civet-cats, baboons, monkeys, porcupines, ant-eaters, wild hogs and deer. We had opportunities of killing specimens of the deadly cobra and the equally poisonous whip-snake. It was my peculiar fortune to have the only snake-adventure that occurred in the party, and it happened in this wise: It was customary for the doctor and myself to vary the travel by coming down from our pole-slings, taking our arms, and trudging on a little in advance with only a couple of guides. On the second day of our travel we were thus engaged, though only about fifty feet in advance of the party. I was about twenty feet ahead of the doctor, when I heard a cry from our guides just as I was entering a bit of close hummock. I turned and saw them pointing to the sky, toward which, as a matter of course, I looked. There, directly over my head, I saw swinging to and fro, with a pendulous motion, the head and a few yards of the body of a snake. The glance froze my blood, and told me that the monster was a boa. Whether in terror, or a desire to do something before giving it up, I raised my gun and fired. Down I went upon my face, just in time to see the snake spring and hear the screams

of the flying negroes. Finding in a few minutes that I was still alive, I sprang to my feet and joined in the pursuit. The result was a slaughter of his snake-ship and an appropriation of his skin, which was forty-five feet in length, and said by the negroes to be the largest they had seen in many years. This, and the skin of a beautiful young leopard which we shot next day, were the trophies we bore on our march toward the city of the king of kings.

On the fourth day after leaving the bank of the river we sat down before the gates of the city of Abomey, and sent forward to announce our arrival to the king. While the "sticks" are doing this and making preparations for our entry into what our attendants gravely inform us is the most beautiful city of the earth, the city of the king of kings, I will take the opportunity to tell something of its history. The city of Abomey was almost a myth to the civilized world until the year 1724, when the then reigning king of Dahomey, running south on a war expedition, conquered the kingdom of Ardrah, and in one of its principal cities near the coast made prisoner a Mr. Bulfinch Lamb, an Englishman, the agent of the English African Company, whom he carried to Abomey and treated with great kindness and attention, though refusing to restore him to liberty. Mr. Lamb was the first white man ever seen at Abomey, and the king kept him pretty much as one would keep a pet dog or monkey. He had the privilege, however, of writing to his friends in England, and was finally liberated. This was the first opening of trade with Dahomey.

From that time the kings have seen that it is for their interest to keep on good terms with the white man, as by so doing they find a market for their slaves, which they did not before possess. The Dahomans are essentially a warlike nation, living by conquest and by selling their prisoners. The monarch of Dahomey is still the greatest—in fact, the only open—supporter of the slave-trade with whom the civilized na-

tions of the earth have not been able to treat successfully for its suppression. His revenues are drawn from this traffic, and the system is so embedded in the customs of the government that it would be like a revolution to break it up.

The kingdom of Dahomey was originally founded by Too-coo-doo-noo about three hundred years ago, and has remained in the same dynasty to the present time, when it acknowledges Gezo for its king. At the time of its foundation it was confined within very narrow limits, but by conquest has spread until it extends from north to south two hundred miles, and from east to west one hundred and eighty miles. Its population, as nearly as it is possible to compute, amounts to about two hundred thousand souls, of whom twenty thousand are free and the remainder slaves.

Long before the return of our messengers the news of our arrival had spread, and, notwithstanding we had encamped at a safe distance from the town, we were soon surrounded by thousands of people. Beyond the eagerness of their curiosity and their chattering comments there was no demonstration made. They were keeping their enthusiasm until the appointed time for it to blaze forth; in that point not departing much from the plan of some civilized nations whom it would not be hard to name.

Within a couple of hours our "sticks" returned and communicated the news of His Majesty's welcome and orders for our immediate admittance to the city. I was impatient to get on, and hurried up everything, so that in less than half an hour we were again on the march, and in still shorter time we entered by the southern gates, and stood fairly within that famous city whose praises for the last six days had been sounded hourly in my ears. I looked about, half expecting to see shops and bazaars teeming with Oriental magnificence, palaces of rude splendor, and a populace clothed in gay clothes and barbaric jewels. Instead, there were rows upon rows of squalid huts—bamboo, log and mud erections of every size and shape.

Occasionally one with a slight claim to notice, by comparison with the more wretched, would meet the eye or be pointed at as the dwelling of some minister of state or rich man. There were shops in which goods of various domestic manufacture were sold, but they sadly lacked the magnificence I was looking for. There were gaudy cloths displayed, matting from the fibres of the cocoanut palm woven with great beauty, besides rum and tobacco, gunpowder, and British muskets warranted to burst. There were also fruit and meat, vegetables in abundance, and water for sale at two strings of cowries for a measure holding about a gallon. A string of cowries consists of forty, and is worth two cents, and the day's wages of a laborer at Abomey are only two strings. From these facts the reader may infer the scarcity of water fit for drinking. In fact, none is found nearer than five miles, and the wells, or rather puddles, from which the supply is got for the large city belong to the king. Women go through the city from daylight till dark carrying the fluid for sale, and measuring it as carefully as milk is measured in America.

Amidst the shouts of the people, accompanied with the beating of drums, the blowing of horns and the firing of muskets, we went forward to the houses assigned for our quarters. Our host was Ah-dah-ree-see, said to be one of the richest men of the kingdom. He was a good-looking, erect negro, about sixty years old, very courteous and quiet, with all the characteristics, as I then thought, of a smooth, oily Yankee lawyer. Ah-dah-ree-see owned houses in Abomey and farms all about it. He had seven hundred head of cattle and as many slaves. His harem consisted of eight wives, and he was wooing the ninth when we left him. His children were of every age and size: in truth, it was always a matter of doubt in my mind whether Ah-dah-ree-see himself knew, when he passed a group of pickaninnies, which of them bore his name. It was in the private establishment of this gentleman that we—that is, the cap-

tain, the doctor and myself—were quartered, with the Duke as our major-domo. The major was lodged in a portion of the royal palace itself.

In the apartment to which I was assigned I found on entering two females, who were to act as my attendants. A scowl of rage passed over the face of the Duke as he looked upon the damsels and listened to the speech in which Ah-dah-ree-see presented them as my future waiting-maids. The Duke was in despair: his occupation was gone, and he could not refrain from giving way to his indignation in a mixed torrent of English, Portuguese, Ashantee and general lingo. The poor fellow had served me faithfully, and it was not my intention to see him thus displaced. Like a monarch bestowing lands and titles that do not belong to him, so did I give the Duke life once more, and as a token of my appreciation of his fidelity invested him with authority over the two handmaidens provided by my host.

My room was spacious, the walls of unburnt brick, well smoothed inside, and the floor of tiles of various colors, well arranged for contrast. The furniture consisted of a bamboo bedstead nearly eight feet square, and covered with mats of the cocoa palm fibre, and cushions stuffed with the same material; several stools of a box-like form, but with a deeply concave seat and a protruding step for the feet; tables woven of bamboo, and a chest of the same construction; mats of every color and size, and several pieces of pottery with some pretension to beauty of form and decoration.

With the aid of the Duke I was making my ablutions in a great basket so closely knitted of straw as to be water-tight, when a message was brought from His Majesty King Gezo that I was to eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow—he would see me. I had therefore no fear of being hurried into the presence of royalty that day. I was free to wander where I would, and to that end I despatched the Duke to my host for guides. In fifteen minutes I had a pair of stalwart, grinning ebonics at my service

with a pole-sling. Mounting my chariot, I set off on a sight-seeing expedition, accompanied by at least a thousand people of both sexes and of every age, and every shade of duskiness. On we went, amid crowds of staring, half-frightened, half-pleased Abomans, through interminable streets, where every conceivable form of hovel-architecture was exhausted. Some of the houses were all open to the street, the interior domestic economy being exposed to public gaze: others were walled up, so that it was impossible to conjecture how the tenants found ingress or egress, no door, window or hole being visible. Some there were boasting an elevation of two stories, with an attempt at a balcony, while others aspired to the dignity of something resembling a tower, with perhaps a pole, on which flew a strip of colored cloth, emerging from its summit. The streets swarmed with turkey-buzzards, who disputed possession of the offal with the mangy, masterless curs that sneaked in and out everywhere. We went to the market, a clean-kept shed, where all the gastronomic delicacies of Dahomey were displayed: lean, stringy meat cut in long strips and sold by measure; antelopes and monkeys skinned, dressed and skewered with the mechanical beauty of first-class butchering; the flesh of the iguana, wild hog and porcupine; vegetables of every variety, especially the tomato, a household article with the Dahomans for centuries, while it has been a stranger to us until within thirty years. There were fruits in profusion: a string of cowries (two cents) would purchase four of the choicest pines, about a peck of paw-paw apples or the sour-sap, or as many mangoes and cream-fruit as the buyer chose to carry away. Palm wine is sold by the calabash, or by measure, at about three cents per gallon; and though it is a prohibited liquor, it is consumed in great quantities, the consumer or seller not being interfered with unless drunkenness ensues. This vice is punished with rigor, and the king immediately dismisses in disgrace any of his ministers or officers who have been guilty

of it. That a good moral may be taught, His Majesty keeps a drunkard, who serves as a "frightful example," and who is fed with only so much food as is necessary to keep him alive. On fête-days this man, in the most disgusting state of drunkenness, is paraded before the people, and a herald proclaims aloud the horrors of this vice and the terrific penalties in store for those who practice it. Whether this exhibition is productive of any good, I do not know, but I can truly assert that while rum and other liquors, to say nothing of palm wine and the native beer, are drunk in profusion, a case of drunkenness is a sight of the greatest rarity.

To return to the markets of Abomey. Of eggs, eight or nine could be purchased for a string of cowries. Fowls were eight strings per pair, and butter two strings per pound, while the product of the butter tree could be bought for much less. The butter tree produces a soft, oily nut of a pleasant flavor, from which, by pressure, a substance is got which is very generally used in lieu of butter. The native who can obtain a dab of this luxury upon his kan-kee, with a handful of fruit and a glass of rum, would spurn a dinner of twelve courses on the china and plate of the Fifth avenue nabob.

That night the major was with us, drawing up the programme for the morrow. We were to call upon the king without a formal reception, and His Majesty would put us in the hands of "sticks" to show us whatever we wished to see. From our experience of that day, we suggested to the major that something must be done to relieve us of the overwhelming crowd which followed our footsteps wherever we went.

The next day, rather earlier than fashionable hours, the "sticks" stood at our door, awaiting our pleasure to conduct us to the king. There were no pole-slings: we were to walk into the presence of the greatest monarch of the earth. With slow and solemn steps the procession moved forward, headed by a serious old fellow named Boh-peh, who was a high and mighty functionary—

nothing less than the governor of the city of Abomey. We had no reason now to find fault with the attendance of the crowd. Whatever the means the major had adopted, they were effective to a fault, as not a native was to be seen. Occasionally a retreating figure, displaying a rear view, would skim by in the distance, but Lady Godiva did not ride through the streets of Coventry with fewer spectators than we had on the day we went to call upon the king.

The palace of Danze-la-cordah is a vast structure, guiltless of architecture, built of unburnt brick and thatched with straw. The main building is of an L shape, and extends over a space of nearly two acres. Within the enclosure, where the principal "customs" and reviews are held, several lesser huts are built. On the walls of this enclosure and on the roof of the principal building numberless poles are erected, each bearing on its point a human skull, while several of the smaller buildings are decorated with the same agreeable ornament. As we passed through the principal gate a sentinel was walking to and fro before it, stooping each time as he reached the farther wall, picking up a stone from a heap and bringing it to another on the opposite side. This was to mark time. When the heap of stones was exhausted he struck a gong—the sound was returned from the inside; and so is kept the record of the hours in the kingdom of Dahomey.

In a few moments we stood in the presence of Gezo, king of Dahomey. We had waited in the room to which we had been conducted, but His Majesty did not call upon us for any great exertion of patience. The voice of the herald was soon heard in the court, crying, "Ah-Haussoo lac beh, Haussoo" ("O king of kings!"), and his black Majesty swept in amid a flourish of tom-toms and the firing of muskets.

Gezo was a bright, proud-looking, gentlemanly negro of about fifty. His hair was just beginning to be streaked with gray, but his eye was full of vivacity and his whole appearance was agreeable. It was hard to believe that the

man who stood before me was esteemed the most bloodthirsty of despots—one who valued the life of a subject at about a dog's purchase. He was clad in a skirt of blue silk reaching to the knees, and spangled with stars, crescents and triangles. A light cloak or robe of purple damask hung over his shoulders, and a broad-rimmed hat with plumes of ostrich feathers covered his head. Sandals protected his feet, and rings, bracelets and anklets of no small weight completed his toilet. He shook us all by the hand, dispensing with ceremony—a thing which he would not have dared to do had he received us in public. We escaped the kotou therefore, and were elevated at once to terms of intimacy with the monarch.

Among the servants brought by the major from Lagos was one who spoke tolerable English, while the Duke got along pretty well with Dahoman. His Majesty dispensed with all attendance and sat down to an easy conversation. He was anxious to know something about America—a subject on which, geographically and statistically speaking, he was rather at sea, and, like others in the same condition, rather indisposed to believe the truth when it was told him. He brought out champagne and sherry, both excellent, and the lunch that was served spoke well for his cooks, as well as for the resources of his cuisine for supplying European dishes.

I am forced to confess to a feeling of discomfort during my interview with His Majesty—not from any fault of my own, but from the singular conduct of my friends. During the time that I was engaged in trying to obtain through the interpreters an insight into the political workings of the kingdom of Dahomey the doctor was zealously trying to make Ah-boh-peh, the king's brother, drunk. The captain was a still greater drawback on my happiness. He would wander away from the group, and look inquisitively into holes and corners which I instinctively felt were private. At one time I was certain that he had discovered the portion of the building

in which was the royal harem, and was busily engaged in peeping through the cracks. I dreaded his near proximity quite as much as his wandering, for he never approached the person of His Majesty that he did not volunteer some criticism that made me mentally calculate how my skull would look gracing the spikes of the palace of Danzelacordah. The captain discovered that the king squinted. He criticised the king's dress, and pronounced it a second-hand costume from the wardrobe of the Bowery Theatre; and, horror upon horrors! he counted the whole thing up, and decided that if he had the king in New Orleans "he'd make him fetch a thousand dollars, blasted quick." I have no fault to find with His Majesty. He was anxious that we should be pleased, and to this end, after putting us in the hands of his brother and several dignitaries that we might see the sights, appointed the next day as a time when he would have a review and hold a general fête in our honor.

Preceded by the king's brother and one of the royal treasurers, we started upon our expedition, the first step of which was a visit to the royal treasury. This was a long building attached to the palace, made safe by massive doors of wood and guarded by sentinels. Had the whole earth been ransacked for rubbish, I feel sure that a greater mass could not have been brought together than was here displayed. Of gold and silver there was little, but there seemed to be specimens of every conceivable article made by every nation. The great marvel was, how they had been collected. The first article that struck our attention was a model of a vessel of war nearly twenty feet in length, constructed, of course, by European workmen. There were French clocks and Yankee clocks, of which the use was as little known as if they had been of the latest New England invention. There were pieces of mahogany and rosewood furniture, chandeliers, trunks, liquor-cases, and boxes of every kind. There were parasols, wash-basins and washtubs, coffee-pots, cake-baskets, jugs, bottles, bits

of china, stuffed birds, an English barouche and a four-post mahogany bedstead. It would be as hard to tell what there was as what there was not. But amidst them all my attention was riveted on those things which appertained more nearly to the Dahoman nationality. The first of these was the state stool or throne of the king. This was a singular hollow square, about five feet in height, with a crescent-shaped seat, and a step on which to rest the feet. It was adorned with skulls, three on both back and front, and one on each side. These skulls were once the living property of Ardrah princes who fell before the victorious arms of the ancestors of Gezo. There were numberless baskets, resembling in shape a butcher's tray, filled with skulls, all of which had once belonged to personages of rank, who were thought to be of sufficient importance to have their sconces so preserved. There were state parasols decked in the same *recherché* style. There were staves of office and war-clubs of every degree, each tipped handsomely with a well-polished skull. There were great war-drums and little war-drums, the first handsomely decorated with twenty-four grinning heads. Conspicuous above all the rest was the national banner of Dahomey, a white flag bearing the figure, in black, of a man with a raised sword in one hand and the head of a prostrate figure in the other. Once every year, early in June, it is the custom of the king to parade all this wealth before his subjects in a procession of slaves, each bearing some one article, who file out from the treasury and make the circuit of the city.

From the treasury we went to the sacrifice-ground. This is a plot of about five acres in extent, and the spot whereon the king at the yearly "customs" murders a few hundred of his slaves, prisoners and subjects for the amusement of the rest. These "customs," as they are called, generally occur in the spring. The principal one is the watering of the graves of the king's ancestors. At this fête three hundred persons are slaughtered. Another, which had been

celebrated just before our arrival, is termed "The throwing of the presents." At this the king, from an elevated platform, scatters cowries, clothes, fruit, etc., among the people, and then, by way of indemnification to those who were unlucky in the scramble, a number of slaves lashed in baskets are thrown over, and the people are permitted to slaughter them.

Enough of horrors for one day. I was glad when I found myself once more within the peaceful abode of my host, Ah-dah-ree-see. That evening, over rum and water, the old fellow relaxed somewhat his lawyer-like manner, and became communicative. From him we learned something of the Dahoman fashions. Ah-dah-ree-see was willing to gossip on all subjects save one: he was mum on the affairs of the king, and only shook his head mysteriously at every question put to him on that point. We learned from this Astor of Abomey that no one grew rich without the royal permission or held his property except on the same terms, and that when a wealthy man dies he has the same privilege as an *attaché* of the court, which is to have a boy and a girl slaughtered on his new-made grave. Wealth has its privileges in Dahomey as well as in other lands.

That evening I took my first lesson in the Dahoman language; and in order that some charity may be shown to my refusal to proceed with the study I shall cite a few words in the tongue. The word *jug* is expressed by simply saying *see-noo-noo-ee-a-voo-long*. The moon is *hah-ee-hing-flah-doo-wee*. Should I wish to compliment a Dahoman belle, to express the sense of the single word *beautiful* I must pronounce *ee-nin-dag-bee-dag-bee*. Sixteen is *ah-fan-tong-noo-koo-noo-deh-poh*.

From my host I received a glowing description of the warlike deeds of his countrymen—their conquest of the Eyas, the Anagoos and the Ardrahs. But especially did the old fellow dwell upon the fight of his people with the Attapans, a battle of more recent date, at which Mr. Ah-dah-ree-see personally

assisted with his seven hundred slaves. The army of Dahomey numbers twelve thousand, of which five thousand are the Amazons who form the body-guard of the king. The soldiers are the property of the king or of his ministers and wealthy men. These poor wretches, when led to war, know that they must fight. If they do not, their fate is even worse as prisoners of the conquering tribe, as they would assuredly be sacrificed or sold into the hands of another master worse even than their present one. Should they fight and take prisoners or spoils, they belong to their masters, after paying the king's tax. It is from the prisoners taken in these raids on neighboring tribes and those who incur His Majesty's displeasure that the slave-gangs are made up which are perpetually being driven toward the coast to replenish the coffers of King Gezo. The value of an able-bodied prisoner at the city of Abomey was at this time about sixteen dollars, but on the coast the price went up to forty. From this trade is the revenue of the king derived, for though merchants or brokers of his own and neighboring states penetrate to the city for trade, yet the percentage of the king from the traffic in real articles of commerce is small.

In the midst of my gossip with my host, as it was verging toward midnight, the blowing of a horn was heard in the distance and the shouting of several voices. I stopped short in my talk to listen. Ah-dah-ree-see, never forgetful of his politeness, asked permission to extinguish the lamp, explaining that the noise we heard arose from His Majesty's being engaged in his night sacrifice, and during its progress the city was supposed to be wrapped in deep slumber. It was a ceremony performed at certain seasons, which none were permitted to see but the royal family. As the shouts and horn-blowings faded away in the distance, mingled now and then with a clear and well-defined shriek, I felt that there were pleasanter places in which to dwell than the city of Abomey.

The next day, at an early hour, the town was alive with preparation. There were hurrying to and fro and donning of holiday suits. All the *élite* of the city were bound for the great square of the palace of Danze-la-cordah. When we arrived the king was already seated in state, with the bearer of the royal cup on one side and the holder of the royal spittoon on the other. Behind him stood the master of the wardrobe holding the king's hat, while within reach was the dignitary who had charge of His Majesty's club. There was a curtained enclosure upon his right hand containing the king's wives, and, by way of warning, a herald shouted forth the most terrible denunciations against any one who dared to gaze upon their beauty.

Our arrival upon the ground was hailed by grunts of satisfaction and the firing of muskets. A Dahoman fires a musket on every occasion and without occasion, and that with a happy faculty of coming off unhurt when the musket bursts, which the Dahoman muskets have a way of doing. We advanced to His Majesty, who stood up to receive us—a great piece of condescension which was hailed with a shower of grunts. The royal cup was handed to us, and we drank from its depths something having a conglomerate taste of all liquors mixed. At this point the drums beat, the horns blew and the muskets were again discharged. The king now took the cup, and two attendants stepped forward with a cloth, which they held before His Majesty while drinking, to shut away the view of the crowd: the vulgar must not see the king eat or drink.

In the very echo of the horns and drums announcing the king's drinking the music of the advancing troops was heard, and the army of Dahomey began filing past. The Amazon soldiers, who form the *corps d'élite*, are principally the wives of the old soldiers or the favored subjects of the king. They are officered by their own sex, and allowed no license whatever. So strict is the law with regard to chastity that death is inevitably the penalty of dereliction.

They are served, as in the seraglios of the East, by eunuchs, who are rewarded for the discovery of any case of frailty, if the charge be proved and the delinquent be not one of the flock for which the informer is responsible. In time of war these women receive from the king one dollar for every prisoner they take, and are allowed to retain the plunder captured from the enemy. Their dress was a close-fitting tunic reaching to the knee and fastened by a belt, in which were secured a long dagger or sword, a small box containing powder and ball, and a pipe. They carried muskets much resembling our old style of ducking-guns, and, as I should judge, quite as ineffective for warlike purposes. They had a proud step, and their evolutions were well performed, though lacking every element of Scott's *Tactics*. They have privileges that are accorded to no others, one of the most important of which is that of smoking in the presence of the king. When one of these warlike ladies conceives a fancy for a husband, her first step is to ask permission of the king, which she does personally. If the royal consent is given, the fair lady has nothing to do but despatch to the man of her choice, by the trusty hand of some old Amazon, a glass of rum. If the chosen of her heart imbibes the fluid, the matter is settled, the drinking stands in lieu of the ceremony, and the pair are wedded.

After the review the king's ballet corps, composed of about thirty women, clad only in one loose cotton robe of various colors, made their appearance. At first their motions were slow and solemn, but as they warmed to the task they moved quicker and quicker. They shouted and sang. Reckless of the exhibition of natural charms, they drew their scanty robes into every conceivable twist. They came together in a tangled mass, with heels where heads should be, and then, at a signal from the leader, cast their robes at the feet of the king. I shut my eyes, and only looked again to see a dozen or two of men, with heads half shaved, going through the same style of performances,

varied with the shaking of hands and the firing of muskets.

During the progress of these dances there wandered from spot to spot a fellow curiously clad and painted, who spoke in a loud voice to whomsoever he pleased, even to the great King Gezo himself. Wherever he showered his speeches the crowd, as in duty bound, laughed. This was the king's jester and executioner—one individual thus holding two offices of great honor and profit. Another anomalous painted and tattooed individual, who held a post of honor near the king, was the royal fetish-man or prophet. No expedition or undertaking, as Ah-dah-ree-see informed me, could be successful without the endorsement of this gentleman.

After the dances came music from the band—strains of harmony which I fear would not have suited those used to the compositions of Bellini or Verdi. Then followed the banquet, at which on this day we were shut out from taking a bite with the king, as His Majesty retired behind the screen to lunch with his harem. The king cannot eat in public. When the eating was over the performances of the day concluded with speech-making by the officers of the Amazons, the gist of which consisted in praises of the king and hopes that the time would soon come for war, each gentle maiden relating, with the most emphatic gestures, how she would give it to the enemy if the king would but be kind enough to indulge her with a chance.

That night we again had the company of our host, and arrangements were made for a ride about the environs of Abomey and a visit to another palace of the king—that of Agrin-go-meh. It was my desire to see the manufactures of Dahomey, the royal weaving-places, the potteries and dye-houses; but these spots are sacred: no one enters the portals but the wives of the king: the slaves who work in them are never suffered to come out, and the secrets as well as the profits are royal property.

Next morning came the inevitable pole-slings, and we were borne without the walls of "the city of cities." The

day was fine and the country beautiful. Cultivated fields, groves of fruit trees, and the great African staple, the coconut palm, met the eye on every side. In the distance loomed up the Dab-adah Hills, glorious through the sultry atmosphere. The people of the country were not restrained, as were those of the city, and our company soon had an attendant mob of some hundreds of both sexes and all sizes. We had, however, a good opportunity to look into the agricultural affairs of Dahomey. Everything in the way of farming implements was rude, and constructed upon a native model, and yet not very different from American or European articles for the same purposes. The barns and storehouses showed ingenuity and thrift. There were some good cattle, though small. The general appearance was that of a spontaneous growth without labor, and to a great extent this was undoubtedly the case, the fertile soil yielding largely with little exertion.

That day I had once more the privilege of assisting at a real African dinner. At one of the krooms at which we stopped, belonging to Ah-dah-ree-see, the inmates were just preparing the meal when we arrived. It consisted of wild hog baked with peppers, plantains stewed in an earthen pot, tomatoes and okra—all seasoned with peppers.

That night, over our usual rum and water, I announced gravely to my host that I had partially made up my mind to renounce my allegiance to Yankeeland and get out my naturalization papers in Dahomey. The old fellow considered the matter for a few minutes, and then assured me that he did not believe I could do better. He argued that I stood on the right side of His Majesty—of this he was assured; it was matter of court gossip—and that if I chose to stay there would be facilities, both of a business and matrimonial nature, thrown in my way that would make a man of me.

The next day we were astounded by a letter from Mr. Evans, sent by a runner from Lagos. It communicated the

intelligence that a caravan had arrived at Porto Novo bearing a larger stock of ivory, grain gold and oil than I should get a chance at again in an age. And more than this: there were two of Her Majesty's cruisers off Lagos, who were behaving curiously and watching the Maria in an officious way. My mind was made up on the instant. I sent for the major and announced my intention of leaving directly for Whydah by the straight route, and begged his mediation for procuring the means of rapid traveling. This he soon arranged, and the following morning at daylight I was prepared to start from the city of Abomey. The doctor and the captain returned with me, but the major remained. Our parting audience with the king had taken place on the previous evening, after which, in acknowledgment of the reception of my presents, he sent to my lodging some very beautiful mats and pottery. The restriction was removed from the citizens of Abomey, and the streets were crowded with thousands grinning a farewell. There was an affecting scene between the Duke and the two handmaidens I had presented him with. Both these colored ladies had resolved to accompany their new master, and the Duke had made all arrangements for their transportation, when my veto came on the trio like a thunderclap. I was hard-hearted enough to declare that if he carried his harem with him the Duke was no longer my servant. It was a terrible struggle for him—whether to be off with the old love and on with the new, or *vice versa*—but at last the old love triumphed, and with a chapfallen countenance my squire waved an adieu to the sable beauties. The next day, when he had fully considered the matter, his conclusion, as he communicated to me in confidence, was, that it was "much bes'," and that the ladies were "jis' good as new," and would undoubtedly "git anoder nigger."

Instead of resting at night and traveling all day, I adopted the plan of resting during the hottest hours and taking a few snatches of progress out of the

evening and very early in the morning. The country through which we were passing was the very garden of Dahomey. After leaving Kanual, which is the summer residence of the king, and only a few miles from Abomey, we traveled through a land teeming with the most beautiful vegetation. Having passed through the towns of Ilomea and Doonoo, we entered the land of the Ardrahs, now part of the kingdom of Dahomey by conquest. On the whole route every attention was shown to the "sticks" who preceded us. Whatever we wanted was forthcoming, and no demand made for payment, though a present was eagerly accepted. The roads were good, and we were stopped every few miles by gates, through which we could not pass without paying toll, the king's taxes, which even the presence of the "sticks" did not exempt us from. The people whom we met and the general domestic arrangements varied but little from those of the neighborhood of Abomey. Two things only struck us as novel. The cocks all wore a kind of network over their heads and close about their necks. This, we were informed, was a muzzle put on to prevent the bird from crowing, as every cock that crowed was claimed by the king. The other odd experience on our journey was that of an institution called "the king's court." At a small village between Doonoo and Allahdah a difficulty occurred between two women. The quarrel was embraced by the men, and bade fair to become a rumpus of the first magnitude. At the height of the jangle an old man, whom we afterward knew as a responsible citizen with an unimpeachable business reputation, though holding no office, trushed in, bent his head to the ground, muttered some words, rapped three or four times with his stick, and immediately the whole crowd sat down and were silent. The cause of the trouble was then examined into with all decorum, both sides told their story, the evidence was weighed and the judgment given, from which there was no appeal. This was "the king's court," which can be con-

voked by any leading man whose age or standing warrants his assumption of authority.

We were now passing through a magnificent country. Not a stone was to be seen. Grand trees towered to the skies—the sycamore, the palm, the cotton tree, the plantain and the baobab. The only drawback to a full enjoyment of this tropical beauty was the insect tribe. Numberless were our battles with bugs of every sort—centipedes, millipedes, roaches of enormous size, scorpions, tarantulas and ants of every color and shape.

At the end of the second day we reached Azohwee, only twenty miles from Whydah. The third day's travel took us into Whydah, where we en-

gaged a felucca to sail the same evening for Porto Novo. Whydah is the only real slave-port on the coast, the only spot where the traders in human flesh dare bring their goods without expecting the interference of the cruisers of such nations as are bent upon the suppression of the trade.

After a pleasant run of a few hours we found ourselves at Porto Novo, where the intelligence sent by Mr. Evans proved correct. I despatched the felucca with a letter ordering our first officer to bring the brig up, and two days later, when the *Maria* hove in sight, I had completed a cargo at such favorable rates as to make it certain that the owners had lost nothing by my Trip to Dahomey.

J. W. WATSON.

ALMOST A GHOST.

IT came and went in the twinkling of an eye. Nothing led up to it except the slow creeping on of summer twilight, when all supernatural forces, latent in the daytime, begin to weigh heavily on nervous people. I sat nearly in the centre of the parlor, and therefore equally distant from the French window which opened on the piazza and the long mirror opposite to it.

I had just taken up the boy to undress him for bed, and was puzzling over a gordian knot in his shoe-string, he meantime swarming all over me, when I was conscious of a darker shadow across the window, and looking at its reflection in the mirror, I saw a woman gazing in. A long robe of dead white fell around her in heavy folds, and she held some of it gathered up in one hand. The end of a black lace mantle was thrown over her head and fell low on her shoulders. Something gleamed at her throat like diamonds. The face was in shadow, yet I saw every line of it with terrible distinctness. Her dress was not

whiter than its pallor, and the eyes were very large, with dark lines around them, like those sometimes left by wasting sickness or an intolerable grief.

I saw all this in a flash, and turned quickly to the window to verify it by actual eyesight, but on the instant the figure disappeared, melted into the twilight, and a long spray of woodbine brushed against the pane as the wind came round the corner with a wailing sound.

The boy slid out of my nerveless hands, and cried with fright. I waited only to lay him in his cradle with one soothing kiss, and then rushed out on the piazza. I looked round the corners of the house, and in every direction which any living creature would be likely to take, but could see no one. A flight of steps led from the piazza to the gravel walk, and this walk ran close to the high hedge which divided our grounds from those of our neighbor, Mrs. Otis. A narrow opening had been made in the hedge, that our two families might

communicate without going into the street, but it was scarcely visible in the thick greenery.

It was just possible, of course, that the woman might have run down the steps and disappeared through this opening while I picked up the boy—the hedge was high enough to hide anything under six feet—but Mrs. Otis had gone to the seashore for a month, and her house was wholly deserted.

Moreover, the face was wholly strange to me: I had seen nothing like it except in dreams. I descended suddenly upon Hannah in the kitchen, where she was sprinkling the linen, with a "follower" to help her: "Have you seen any one go through the hedge in the last five minutes?"

"For sure, Mis' Otis is gone away," said Hannah, after the true Irish method of never answering a plain question if it can be evaded.

"I know that, but some one was certainly on the piazza a moment since, and did not go into the street."

"I've just been foldin' clo'es at this window, and never seen a soul go by." As I turned into the dark hall I heard Hannah say, "She looks as if she'd seen a ghost, and *they* don't need gates nor sidewalks for their travelin'."

Meantime, the boy felt keenly his mother's neglect, and roared loud enough to scatter an army of ghosts if the dark had been peopled with them. When the curtains were closely drawn, and a brilliant stream of gas made a white light in the room, I began gradually to lose the first eerie impression of the vision: I could even make light of it enough to join with a smile in the hearty laugh with which Frank (my husband, you know) heard the story.

"You say the gown hung like white alpaca, and it must have had a train, because she held it up with one hand. O wife of my bosom, think of the absurdity of a ghost caring whether its skirts were dragged or not!"

"It might have been a real woman, you know."

"Not unless you have been deluding somebody's husband, and she was

driven and tossed by jealousy to come and spy out the land. After all, you only saw her in a glass, darkly."

"In a glass, to be sure, but not darkly at all."

"You may as well confess that you have been reading over the *Woman in White*, or some other trash, and you used the lace curtain for a dress, the shadow of the woodbine for black lace, a fire-fly for a diamond, and so on. A great many women are made out of materials even more flimsy."

Frank often throws down a gauntlet like this on the "Woman Question," knowing that I can never resist the temptation of taking it up. So we dropped the subject of my fright, and the fright itself faded out like a dream that is forgotten when it is told.

It might have been a week afterward that Frank came home one evening with a bundle of papers which he had to copy in haste. I remember so well the perfect peace that brooded over us as I knit my many-colored fancies into a stocking for "the boy" to the sound of Frank's rapid writing. Long after, that evening hung in my memory like a picture by Claude, full of tenderest light and heart-shine, because it was followed by so many months of grim and haunting pain.

"Would you mind looking up that little brass-nailed trunk in the lumber-room? There's an old pocket-book in it full of papers, and I must make a note of one of them. Here's the key."

The key looked innocent enough, and so doubtless did the one which Bluebeard left in Fatima's charge when he went on his journey. The trunk was full of odds and ends of a man's cast-off clothing. Under all was the pocket-book, and close upon it (as if Fate had decreed that it should not be longer overlooked on any terms) lay a small blue velvet case. It fell open as I took it up, and a strangely beautiful face painted on ivory looked up at me—a face not wholly strange; and then I began to shiver as with an ague fit. It was the same, the very same, that had looked in at the long window. The

low-falling black hair, the pallid skin, the deep eyes, ringed with dark lines which deepened them the more,—I had seen them either in or out of the body, and already an invisible presence seemed to keep me company and cast a blackness of darkness over my future.

I thrust the picture into my pocket and carried the pocket-book to Frank by instinct. He was too busy to look up when I came in, and I had to keep silence another hour while he finished his work and carried it to his office. With Frank's hearty, genial face before me it would have required a very strong imagination to make him out the betrayer of anybody's peace, but in his absence I piled up agony without stint. He came back suddenly, and found me gazing at the picture.

"In the name of the Prophet, where did you lay hands on that?" asked Frank, looking somewhat vexed, but not at all guilty.

"It's a beautiful face," I said, irrelevantly.

"Rather too ghastly for 'human nature's daily food,' I used to think."

"Did you know her, Frank? I have a particular reason for wishing to know."

"You have never been without a particular reason for everything you have wanted since we were 'first acquaint.' Yes, I knew her. Poor girl! I did her a terrible injustice without knowing it."

"What was it? Don't keep me in suspense!"

Frank looked at me a little curiously: "You have no need to be jealous, little woman. I was once engaged to her, but I never loved her for a moment. She was my first cousin, and we were intimates from childhood. When she was about eighteen her health gave way all at once, and she wasted slowly to look like that. My aunt took it into her head, as women will, that she had fallen in love with me, and that it would make her last days happier if I declared myself her lover. I was scarcely twenty, and just romantic enough to be flattered into her plan. I even fancied myself sincere in my protestations; yet when I was most devoted I had a lurking joy

in the fact that our engagement could never end in marriage. Change of climate was prescribed for her, and she went to Nassau: she was so homesick, however, that nothing could induce her to remain through the winter, and she took passage, against all advice, in a small and leaky brig, to come home at the worst possible season of the year. The vessel was never heard of afterward, and if any were saved I know nothing of their report. Maria was made for a heroine of romance, but it turned to a tragedy at last."

Frank fell into silence after this, and I had no spirit to break it. I knew now that my vision had been of one out of the body. I had seen her once: why might I not see her again and again? I took up the burden that awaited me, resolving that my husband should never guess the hateful secret that made me start when I passed a mirror or a shadow crossed the window.

I had a reason for this silence. My twin-sister, my other half before I knew Frank, had been for three long years pacing up and down a narrow room, wringing her hands and making perpetual moan over woes which had no existence except in her own mind, while even the "sweet light of heaven" came to her through grated windows. The change in her from a light-hearted girl to a raving maniac had been sudden as death. I might be going to the same spot by a longer route. Or was it the dread of seeing Frank's careless trust in my common sense changed to suspicion and watchfulness that sealed my lips to him?

I began to listen stealthily when there was talk of spiritual manifestations, of the fulfillment of warnings, and other spectral subjects. If invisible hands had sought mine or fantastic tricks had been played with the furniture, such as Spiritualists do solemnly swear to, it would have been actual relief from the suspense I suffered in my constant watch for the second appearance of that drowned face. I strove valiantly to be cheerful as ever in Frank's presence, and I came to think that it must be

easier to play the tragic parts than the comic ones on any stage. It would be certainly a more merciful dispensation to lose one's reason at a blow than to feel one's wits go wool-gathering slowly.

Frank had not taken me to wife with his eyes shut to our family misfortune. He thought he loved me, and said so without reserve on very short acquaintance, and I had a moral certainty that I loved him almost at sight. These two grounds for our engagement seemed ample to my short-sighted parents, but not so to the maiden aunt who lived with us, for our sins, half of every year.

If Aunt Cassandra (she could never have been young enough to be called Cassie) had a mission, it was to roughen the course of true love whenever it was disposed to run smoothly across her track. The half of my happiness had not been told her before it jarred upon her stern sense of duty :

"And you mean to tell me that you have exacted a promise of marriage from this infatuated young man, when he is wholly in the dark about Caroline's condition?"

"It was to me he proposed: it never occurred to me that he wanted to marry both of us," I said with the boldness of a newly-engaged person.

"This is no time for levity," said my aunt (if there ever was a time for levity with her, it did not come while I knew her). "When insanity once breaks out in a family, it will run through every generation afterward."

"I don't know how you can be sure of that unless you live till the world comes to an end."

"What *has* proved true in the past will be true again."

"You mean what Emerson says, only he packs it a little closer: 'What is true anywhere is true everywhere.'"

"I say what I mean always."

"I wish Emerson did. It would save his admirers a deal of brain-bother."

"Adelaide," said my aunt (and I ought to give a whole page to the word to do justice to her tone: the name was

in full dress, with a train to it, as it were), "do you love this young man?"

"He says so, and I hadn't the heart to contradict him."

"Doubtless he *thinks* he loves you, but almost any man will pause, sooner or later, before coming into a direct line with insanity."

"I should call it a parallel line, and parallel lines never come in contact. One is not usually descended from a sister, nor can one often inherit anything from her except it be her clothes."

My male ancestors have always laid dollar to dollar, and died in the odor of great possessions, and the female ones brought up large families in the fear of their neighbors, never making any greater change than that of the Vicar of Wakefield's wife, "from the blue bed to the brown."

"I was about to say," said Aunt Cassandra, as if she had only paused to listen to a fly buzzing in the window—"I was about to say, that if you do esteem this young man as you profess, you will best show it by letting him see the exact danger that he would incur in marrying you."

"But what is the danger? I'm a little in the dark myself as to its front."

"That you may become insane, or at least entail the curse upon his children."

"Oh my stars! When his mind has only begun to stretch to the idea of a wife, would you have me talk to him of his children? There may be a host of them waiting in some other planet to transmigrate into this (I confess to tender feelings toward them already), but I will take fourscore years of lonely living, and have my maiden name on my tombstone at last, rather than remind him of his possible children."

"Your life with him can never be happy if you begin by shrinking from duty;" and, having fired her last gun, my aunt retired in the smoke of it.

I had dared to open fire upon her for the first time, because I felt that my "free papers" were made out, albeit not yet signed and delivered. My guns being small, I could load them the oftener, but it is the heavy broadsides

that tell in the long fight. She ought to have been painted as that tremendous woman who brought the Sibylline books to the emperor, and burnt them at intervals till she had convinced him of their value.

I laughed at her oracles, but they convinced me; and, more than anything else, her persistent translation of the familiar Frank, which we all used, into "that young man," seemed to remove him to an incalculable distance, and shed a judicial light on my treatment of him.

I concluded at last to submit the case to my conscience-keeper, the meek, fair little mother, who was as inflexible as Aunt Cassandra where the right was concerned, and soft as clay in the hands of the potter in all other matters. My aunt was such a determined potter with all the human nature that lay about her that she would have reduced Carrie and me also to our lowest terms and stamped us with her own mark if we had not inherited one or two stiff-necked traits from her side of the house. When she annually resumed the reins after our six months' interregnum of lawless comfort, my mother retreated to her own chamber for many hours in every day, and there sat (figuratively) under her own vine and fig tree.

When I sought her out with my trouble, the pure womanly atmosphere that always surrounded her soothed me before I said a word.

"Aunt Cassandra has been setting my sins in order before me before her trunk is unpacked. It is *omission* this time. She thinks I have no right to marry 'that young man' without telling him all about Carrie."

"Certainly you had better not have any secrets from him. You can let the telling come about naturally."

"Nothing ever comes about naturally with me. The ice never thaws at the right minute. I always have to break it with a great crack."

"Perhaps she thinks you ought not to have been thinking of love-making just now."

"I should say it was the time of all

others to seize what little comfort there was left in life for us."

"But you are not a 'superior woman,' you know," said mother with a smile.

"No more are you, little mother. I am so glad. One house could never hold two of them; but I kick against the pricks that Aunt Cassandra sets up, and you never do."

"My dear, we agree perfectly in the great things; and in the little ones, if it pleases her to put the tassels into bags and to have a separate duster for every room, what does it matter? It will be all the same a hundred years hence. I made up my mind to give up my own way in all the little matters the first time that I saw her iron out her shoe-strings."

"When was that?" I asked, perceiving that it had been an era in the family history.

"Very soon after I was married. Cassandra was a 'superior woman' even then. She was engaged to marry a man every way desirable, and really loved him heartily; only she did show it in a way to dishearten most men. Three times she made ready for the marriage, and every time the poor fellow's heart failed him, and he asked for more time. Then she released him from the engagement, and sent back, unopened, two or three letters that came afterward. If her heart bled inwardly, she went on her way and made no sign; only her face settled into the rocky look it wears now, and she has given all her energies to the fighting of my battles."

"Only to think that there should be a man of such metal as even to propose to her! Walking up to a cannon's mouth is nothing to it.

'Arms and the man I sing.'

"I thought her story might soften your heart toward her."

"So it does, but a husband would be as superfluous to her as rings on her fingers or bells on her toes. In his company she would always have looked uncomfortably overdressed."

"You have never known trouble of your own: that is the only thing that

teaches us how to weep with them that weep. It is easy to bear the pinch of other people's shoes," said mother with a mild reproach in her tone. She was unconsciously poaching on the cynicism of Dean Swift: "We have always fortitude for other people's trials." His was a bon-mot: hers a good word.

"So," said Aunt Cassandra, coming in upon us suddenly (and with that one word it was as if she had joined us like the two ends of a battery, and given us a healthy little shock for the quickening of our circulation), "I suppose you are coaxing your mother into saying I'm wrong about that matter?"

"Mother," I said, desperately, "do you—do you think it might break off our engagement if I told him?"

Mother shook her head slightly by way of a telegram while Aunt Cassandra was fiercely digging out a grain or two of dust which had found asylum under one of the lounge-buttons.

"He ought to consider his children," she said.

"I did not know he had any," said mother with a gentle irony, and my aunt actually blushed. The phenomenon was so tremendous that I fled from the consequences.

Before Frank came in the evening I had made up my mind to take our skeleton out of its closet and show him every joint of it. If I were not a superior woman, I had at least sat at the feet of one all my life, and I would not be outdone in heroism. I did not mean to dally with it, either; and when I went into the parlor to see him (Aunt Cassandra had let him in) I felt as if I had formed myself into the military figure known as the solid square.

Frank would have had me sit by him on the sofa, but I palisaded myself in an easy-chair and looked at him over the arm.

"I have something to tell you," I said, following the mental programme I had laid out, "which may—may make you feel a little differently toward me."

"Then, in the name of all that's pleasant, don't tell it!" and Frank came and perched himself on the arm

of the chair, leaning his head down to mine in a way that was very destructive to heroism.

"But my aunt Cassandra thinks—I mean—I think I ought to do it."

"She ought to have been named Medusa: I felt myself turning stony when she opened the door to me, and the very furniture looks petrified."

"You may have supposed that I was an only child, Frank; but the truth is, I have a twin-sister, who has lately—"

"My poor little girl," interrupted Frank, laying his hand softly on my lips, "is that what weighs on your mind? Have you so little knowledge of human nature as to think that the good souls of this place would let me come here a-wooing without enlightening me on that point? The very first evening that I set foot in this town your sister's unaccountable seizure was dwelt upon at great length in my hearing, and your case was specially bewailed, because the speaker thought it would destroy for ever your prospects of marriage. I was curious to see you from that minute, and I had scarcely seen you twice before I knew, to a mathematical certainty, that one man wanted to marry you with all his heart and soul."

"Then it was 'the pity of it, Iago, the pity of it,' that moved you after all?" I don't know that Frank's reply to my last remark has ever been translated into words. "And if, after you have taken me for better or worse, it should prove to be all worse, after poor Carrie's fashion—"

"My darling," said Frank, taking my face between his two hands and looking solemnly into my eyes, "I would rather have you and your wits, while they last, than a lifetime with any other woman, if she were unruffled as Griselda."

How could I be heroic after that? I just gave up all further effort, and suffered myself to be as happy as the evening was long.

Aunt Cassandra gave me a keen glance when I came to breakfast next morning, and grew so misanthropic before the meal was over that my timid little mother fled before the wrath to

come. My happiness was a shield and buckler to me: I inwardly defied her to do her worst.

"Did you know," said I when we were left alone, "that you could press an egg lengthwise with all your strength and not be able to break it?" and I held out an egg for her to try if she felt disposed.

"Adelaide, do you never mean to look at life as a probation, in which every act, and especially marriage, is full of solemn meaning?"

"Never, ma'am: I prefer to look for the happy meanings."

She never turned aside from the bent of her own thought, however much other people might go off on tangents, any more than a preacher pauses in his argument to answer the disapproving looks of his hearers. I knew what she would say before she opened her lips: "I had hoped that you would do your duty by that innocent young man last night, and not let any frivolous love-making turn you from it."

"And you only did me justice, but I found him a very difficult subject on whom to exercise my sense of duty. I set my face as a flint over against him to begin with—"

"And how did he take it?" said Aunt Cassandra, almost eagerly.

"My face, do you mean? I regret to say that he took it between his two hands and kissed it a great many times."

I dared not look up to see if my aunt had fainted, though a silence ages long, to my guilty mind, fell between us.

"I see how it was," she said at last. "He was so much moved by your distress that he held to his engagement against his better judgment; but you would have found it far easier to part with him now than you will by and by, when he has had time to consider his rashness."

A bitter answer rose to my lips, but there must have been a grain of mother-leaven working in me, for I bethought myself in time of the ravages which she had suffered at manly hands, and held my peace.

I stopped a moment before the glass in the hall, as I went up stairs, to wonder what my face might possibly harden into if Frank should suffer me to make ready three times for *our* wedding and then fall away from me at last. I had a sneaking consciousness that I should forgive him seventy times seven, if need were.

Frank may have repented his rashness, but he certainly manifested it by none of the usual signs. If he were not a thoroughly blissful bridegroom, he must have been a consummate actor, and the stage lost a star when he buried himself in the law. We were very happy till the boy came, and *he* brought so much more of the sweetness of life that we fairly ran over with contentment. Our house was intolerable to Aunt Cassandra, who believed, with many other good people, that one ought to take a great deal of bitter with the sweet, by way of getting used to it.

"You are setting up idols," she would say when I labored all day to make a pleasant surprise for Frank, or put together with pains some wonder of scarlet and fine-twined linen for the adornment of the boy.

"So does everybody. *You* bow yourself unnecessarily to all the prickly duties you can find, just as a devout Catholic would wear a hair shirt. It's only an idol, and an ugly one at that. Now my idols shall be pleasant to the eyes, at all events."

"And when they are laid low?" inquired Aunt Cassandra without the vestige of a smile.

"Oh, then I will lift up my voice and cry aloud with an exceeding great and bitter cry, but I am not going to wear sackcloth and sit in the ashes beforehand."

When my aunt clothes herself with prophecy as with a garment she always reminds me of that other Cassandra who suffered at the hands of unbelieving Trojans. The one ran about in the shades of night with hair disheveled, while her namesake twists hers into a hard knot and wears a standing collar,

without regard to the fashion ; but they were alike doomed to prophesy without being believed. Troy fell in ten years, and I had been married only two years when the ghostly face of the drowned woman looked in on my paradise and cast down my idols with one baleful glance. It was not the mere fact of having seen her once : one need not die of what is securely bedded in the past, so long as the present holds something worth living for. If her spirit could not rest because of my happiness in the place that should have been hers, it was right that I should be her only victim. There is nothing like a secret for wearing out a woman's tissues : she can make bricks without straw all her life, but there is no provision in her anatomy, mental or physical, for keeping a secret.

I had the long glass moved to another room, and hung a picture in its place : I sat always with my face toward the long window, and looked up with feverish boldness whenever the wind blew a spray of woodbine against the pane. For a whole year I watched for the face (not daring to be really happy in anything that concerned my married life), and never saw it.

Then my mother came to make her yearly visit : she had not been with me a day before she perceived a heaviness in our home atmosphere, and began to probe gently the causes that might have led to it. She dwelt at length on the iniquity of quarrels between married people, and on the sacrifices that a wife ought to make, as being the weaker and wiser vessel, to the crooks and turns of the masculine mind. It was wisdom spilt on the ground, but I let her rest in the idea that we were drifting into indifference, rather than lay bare to her my real misery.

She proposed doubtfully to Frank to take me on a journey, a sort of second edition of the wedding-tour, while she should remain with the boy. Frank fell in with the plan readily (as he had never looked on his mother-in-law as his natural enemy), and reproached himself that he had not seen how worn

I had become for want of some change in my home-life.

It is a relief sometimes to do precisely as one is bid. I went away listless and indifferent, but Frank's genial society and the continual change of scene revived and stimulated me to throw off my nightmare. He saw the improvement, though he had never counted his loss.

We carried light hearts theateward one night to see that actor who seems to have been predestined through all the ages to play Hamlet. By some mistake about tickets, we fell into a seething mass of humanity, all elbows and knees, in the struggle to enter first. Sometimes I had Frank's arm in the orthodox manner — oftener I took a frantic grip of his coat-tails as he made a dive through a narrow opening in the crowd, which closed again before I could follow him, and then his lofty red head was a beacon to me till I caught up with him. In this crowd I caught a sudden glimpse of a pale face close to Frank's shoulder that made me shiver with the old fear, but it was gone on the instant, and I put the suspicion resolutely away.

When we were securely seated, and could enjoy seeing other people in the thick of the fight, Frank said, in that dreadfully loud tone which I had never been able to modify, "There's one thing I like about you."

"Thank you ; but if you had not told them, all these people might have thought there was more than one."

"You're not a dead weight in a crowd. I have known women who hang on a man at such a time as if they were drowning, and he the only straw they could catch at ;" and he openly took my hand and squeezed it as if we had been in the first week of an engagement.

"They will think we are a pair of lovers. Will you never learn that it is the thing for married people to wear a little frosting in public ?"

"Never," said Frank ; and I gave thanks when the curtain rose upon his recklessness.

When it fell he said, with a long sigh of satisfaction, "I never see Booth in this play without wishing that the 'divine Williams,' as the French call him, might return to the body long enough to see his Hamlet played after his own heart."

"He should never have my ticket—a man who left nothing to his wife but his second-best bed!"

What was it but my dolorous fate which made me look over my shoulder just at that instant of time? We were in the balcony, not ten feet from one of the many doors which opened into the lobby. At that door, looking at me with the same pallid, intense gaze, stood my ghost. One or two men stood near her, almost or quite touching her garments. She was in black this time, but the shining of diamonds was again at her throat. She looked steadily at me, never wavering toward Frank, and I seemed to detect a gleam of recognition, as if it were surely I and no other that she had come to seek.

"Frank, Frank!" I gasped, "look quick at that door! Tell me if you see any one."

"Which door? where?" he said, running his eye along the doors which were farthest off, after the manner of men: a woman would have pounced upon the right one by instinct.

I took my eyes from it for a second, and when I looked again she was gone.

"I thought—I thought I saw some one from home," I stammered, and spent the next half hour in an exhaustive survey of the audience, with a flickering hope that I might prove that face to be of the earth, earthy. Of course I failed: there were black velvet dresses and diamonds enough, but the face of the picture was not among them.

"That ghost is very poorly got up," said Frank suddenly, reflecting on Hamlet's father, who was represented in a cloud of blue tarlatan. "He would be twice as effective in the dress he wore when alive. But what's come over you? You look pale enough to play the part yourself."

"Frank, I have seen *her* again."

"That's definite."

"I mean the woman that looked in at our window that night."

"You don't mean the ghost in white alpaca? Was she still holding up the train?"

"No, she wore black this time, but the diamonds were the same."

"And in what particular closet in the Spiritland do you suppose she left the white gown while she's cruising about in the black one? She must have been of a festive turn of mind while in the body. Now your color is coming back."

"If you only knew—" I began.

"I don't want to know anything to-night but Hamlet. If you believe this apparition of yours is a spirit, just bid her 'stand and deliver' her diamonds: if she does it, I'll agree with you for ever after that she was not a living woman."

We had no more words on the matter, but again I was

"Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread."

The faintest tinge of watchfulness began to appear in Frank's manner toward me: he scarcely left me for a moment, and hurried me from place to place, as if there might be healing for a diseased mind in mere motion.

"It is all of no use," I said to him once in the night-watches. "If Carrie's fate is coming upon me, slow or fast, I would rather meet it at home."

"Stuff and nonsense! There's no fate but death that can't be set aside if you begin to countermine soon enough. You have but one bee in your bonnet, and it seems to me a very little one to make such a buzzing."

"I want to see the boy most of all, but I should like to visit one or two of your relatives first: you know I have scarcely seen any of them."

"That's true. There's my aunt Spence. I've shamefully neglected her since Maria was lost. Maria's mother, you know."

Yes, I knew painfully well. I had set my clumsy little trap only that I

might gather up every scrap of Maria's history. Frank was caught in it without the least suspicion of my motive.

"We'll go to-morrow, and be at home next day. It's not more than half a day's ride by rail."

He recognized his aunt's brougham at the station, and coolly took possession of it, as the guest for whom it had been sent failed to arrive.

We alighted just within an imposing gateway, and Frank sent the coachman with a message to Mrs. Spence. She had evidently not given up all enjoyment of "creature comforts" on her daughter's death.

"There are some delicious little nooks in these grounds that I want to show you," said Frank: "I was very familiar here once."

"You did not mention to me Maria's more substantial charms," I said, with a grain of bitterness essentially feminine, but wholly uncalled for.

"She had none for me. No man is mercenary at twenty."

The house was out of sight, and the soft air, laden with woody odors, lightened my spirits as we went on. We came to a broad green space in which croquet-hoops had been set: a little boy bounded toward us with a mallet in his hand, and following him, with a graceful, gliding motion, came a lady shading her face from the sun with her hand. She dropped the hand when she perceived us, and of all places in which to see a ghost without any creeping of the flesh, this was the very one! A smile, called up by the child's antics, parted her lips and took away their set pallor. It was certainly my ghost, the original of the picture.

"Frank," I said, feeling as if my tongue were stiff from long disuse, as one does sometimes in dreams, "do you or do you not see the lady who is coming toward us this minute?"

"Of course I see her. I am not in the habit of walking about with my eyes shut. Jupiter Tonans!" he muttered as he darted from my side and seized my ghost by both hands, shaking them hard and talking very fast all the time.

"This is Cousin Maria," he went on, leading her to me in his vigorous way, "who has been pretending to be drowned all these years, and looks much the better for her sea-change."

She made me a little mocking courtesy, and the last vestige of ghostliness fell away from her, though the proof of her identity remained in the black lace mantle thrown Spanish-wise over her head.

"I don't see that you have changed a hair's breadth," she said, laying a hand shining with jewels on Frank's arm, in a way that I thought very unnecessarily coquettish. "You are the same old Frank Arbuthnot."

"And you are still Maria Spence?"

"Not quite. I have been the Señora Maria del Cavallino almost ever since the salt water washed out my preference for blonde heroes. Lopez (my husband) rescued and married me, and we have lived at Havana for five years. You might have known it long ago if you had ever cared to visit my mother, or to make any inquiries after you had comfortably drowned me in your own mind."

Frank missed the look which was meant to be both reproachful and bewitching as he hastened forward to meet his aunt.

The señora walked behind me for a few steps. "I wanted to see," she said, "whether you really have eyes in the back of your head, and I have to ask absolution for two sins against you: first, for looking in at your window, and again for a prolonged stare in the theatre last week. You turned so pale that I knew you thought me one risen from the dead."

She fell on her knees on a convenient little hillock and held my hand while I promised to forgive her. I might have believed in the sorrow she expressed for my fright if she had not chosen the moment for her tableau when Frank and her mother and a Byronic-looking man, masked by a portentous beard, were all watching us from the steps of the house.

"I longed to see what manner of wo-

man had comforted Frank for my loss, and I was too much piqued by his indifference as regarded any further news of my fate to let him know of my rescue. We were driving through your place just at dusk that evening, and the day before I had met Mrs. Otis at the seashore. She is an old friend of mine, and she told me of the easy entrance I could make through her hedge. I meant to ring the bell, and inquire my way to some other house, but the temptation to look in at the window was too much for me to resist."

Her airs and graces so stultified me that I scarcely answered her at all, and she probably thought me a very tame piece of womanhood.

Don Lopez understood very little English, and looked so ready to spring at once from his ambush of black beard, which hid him nearly to the eyes, that he made me more nervous still. Frank was not quite at his ease either, and we came away as soon as the barest politeness would permit.

We were rushing homeward on the night train when Frank said, mischievously, "Will you ever be jealous of Cousin Maria again?"

"I never was jealous of her. I deny it with scorn, but she might be charming if she could once lay aside her coating of affectation."

"Take that away and there would be nothing left of her. If Don Lopez likes it, it's all one to me. She has at least gathered more resemblance to flesh and blood in these last years."

"She still looks ghostly enough to have made me wretched for a year, nevertheless. It was she who looked in at our window and appeared to me in the theatre."

"Just like her," muttered Frank.

"And I recognized her from the picture, and took it for a warning of death or worse. I will never be so silly again."

"And you kept the secret from me!" said Frank, throwing himself into a stagestruck attitude. (I believe he will never get over the idea that this world

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is a blind asylum, in which no one has eyes but himself.) "I too have some good news, but it will keep;" and not the most energetic pumping on my part could induce him to explain his meaning.

As I entered our own gate the boy appeared at the long window, rampant with delight, and half hidden behind him was Carrie, smiling at me through tears. I held her in my arms for many minutes with a feeling too deep for words. I had to put her away and stroke her hair, which was arranged in the old exquisite fashion, before I could even look at the boy.

"That's my good news," said Frank, "but I wanted to be sure that you would not mistake her for another ghost."

Curiosity came to the surface after a while, and mother explained that Carrić's recovery had been as sudden as her seizure. With the return of reason she told at once what had been the cause. She had gone out in her little row-boat alone in the middle of the day: the sun in the heavens and its reflection in the water gave her a severe pain in her head, and before she could tell what had befallen her her reason fled.

Aunt Cassandra had found the path of duty led to our house just at this time, lest we should be too unreasonably happy.

"You must not think, Adelaide," she said, crooking her little finger at me as she raised a cup of tea to her lips, "because your one trouble is gone, that you will never have any more. People have to eat a brown loaf to every white one in this life."

"I have been gnawing at a brown loaf of my own for a year, but when the whitest loaf in the world is held to my very lips, I believe in eating it thankfully, as St. Paul bade the Corinthians, asking no questions for conscience' sake."

"Amen!" said mother, reverently; and Aunt Cassandra, stooping suddenly to kiss the boy, left a tear glistening on his hair.

W. A. THOMPSON.

LORD PALMERSTON.

HENRY JOHN TEMPLE was the son of Henry, second Viscount Palmerston, and Miss Mee, daughter of a respectable Dublin tradesman, whose beauty and accomplishments are said to have adorned the station to which she was raised. That she was no common woman may be inferred not only from what in Great Britain would be deemed the condescending love of her husband, but also from the reverent affection of her son. On her death, in 1805, three years subsequent to that of his father, he wrote to a friend that she was the model of every human excellence. It can scarcely be doubted that such a mother must have exercised a most beneficial influence on such a disposition as his, and that the very inferiority of her social position had an excellent effect in expanding his sympathies and teaching him that although he was a lord he was also a man. His father was an accomplished gentleman, who represented several English constituencies in Parliament, although an Irish peer, and served for a time as one of the junior lords of the Admiralty.

Henry John was born on the 20th of October, 1784. Some of his earliest years were passed in Italy, to which the artistic tastes of his father led him at various times. Harrow had the honor of preparing him for college, and thus maintaining its celebrity for producing statesmen. It was the fashion of the day, however, for young men to take the University of Edinburgh as an intermediate preparation for that of Cambridge or Oxford, and to that institution he repaired. He lived in the family of Dugald Stewart, whose lectures on political economy and moral philosophy were the principal nutriment of his mind, and laid, as he says himself, the foundation of whatever useful knowledge and intellectual habits he possessed. Stewart describes him, in a letter to the gentleman who introduced

him, as a youth of uncommon talents, to which all possible justice was done by assiduous application, and in point of temper and conduct everything his friends could wish.

In 1803 he went to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he maintained his high reputation in such a way as to prompt his private tutor, Dr. Outram, to induce him to stand for the university when a new member of the House of Commons had to be chosen in consequence of the death of Mr. Pitt. He did so, although he was only just of age and had not taken his degree. Success, however, did not reward the attempt. In November, 1806, he stood for Horsham, again unsuccessfully, but soon afterward was appointed by the duke of Portland, then premier, one of the junior lords of the Admiralty. He then tried Cambridge a second time, and came within three of being elected, On his failure there he was offered a seat for Newtown, in the Isle of Wight, a borough of Sir Leonard Holmes, on condition that he would never set foot in the place, so jealous was the worthy patron lest any attempt should be made to create a new interest in his political property. Thus, like Burke, Canning, and so many other eminent men, he owed his first opportunity of distinction to the rottenness which has been so often and so earnestly defended as the ripener of celebrity and usefulness. There was undoubtedly a soul of good in it as in every other thing evil, but the tree is not to be judged by the single apple, but by the aggregate appleism thereof. A few speeches from young Burkes and Cannings now-a-days will put them into Parliament quite as easily as private favoritism, with its attendant servitude. Political waters are surer than ever of finding their level, though it may not be denied that a great deal of mud is brought up by the elevating process.

That Lord Palmerston was not untrained for the great council wherein he sat so long and played so conspicuous a part is proved by a journal which he commenced in June, 1806, and carried on till the formation of the Portland ministry, and in which his observations on the doings of the period are full of interest and value. Those which he makes on the policy of Napoleon, who, he says, instead of concealing his projects in order to take his enemies by surprise, published them purposely beforehand, in order that the world, being accustomed to expect them, might not be shocked when he executed them, are, says Sir Henry Bulwer, both shrewd and profound. "His description of the Prussian campaign, memorable for the defeat at Jena, is well and graphically written; his remarks on the death of Fox are, for one who was so ardent an admirer of Fox's great rival, liberal and impartial; his accounts of the different election contests are interesting as describing the parliamentary manners of the times; and his review of the conduct of the Whigs in the quarrel with George III., which ended by their dismissal—though evidently that of a Tory partisan—is an able and considerate statement for so young and decided an opponent." That the policy alluded to of Napoleon I., however successful in his case, was not so judicious in the case of Napoleon III., is pretty evident from the present positions of Prussia and France. Had the ex-emperor been somewhat more reticent in regard to the boundary of the Rhine, he might not have so forearmed the forewarned Bismarck as to cause his removal from the banks of the Seine to those of "the exulting and abounding river," by whose waters he may well weep as he sits down. Let him not dip his hands in its waves if he would not incarnadine them from source to sea, in the vain hope to wash out the damned spot by which they are made one red. The game was not unsuccessfully played when he frightened the Austrian minister on the memorable first of January in the Tuileries, where, being a host,

he ought to have been at least civil. The brutal rudeness of the uncle on a similar occasion was comparatively lost in the blaze of his greatness, and he had not had the same opportunities of learning better as had been enjoyed by the nephew. It may fairly be asserted that neither of them can be called a gentleman in the true sense of the word, and that they both alike verify the dictum of La Fontaine (a potentate worth a wilderness of princes) that "Jamais un lourdaud, quoiqu'il fasse, ne sauroit passer pour galant." To strike a man when he is down is certainly not chivalric. But there are prostrations so deserved that human nature cannot restrain an exulting shout, especially when their retributive justice is denied by the victim. When the picture of Napoleon in a palace writing apologies of his criminal egotism and imbecility, and feasting on the cookery of the Queen's Own, is contrasted with that of the millions who made him what he was, and whom he has brought to anguish in castle and cottage and hut, one can feel justified in the utterance of even a hiss instead of applause at what is described as his edifying equanimity and fortitude. It is not so hard to rough it, as the cockney declared, when you have plenty of cold partridge and champagne. Less of fortitude would be more becoming in the author of so much woe. The sob of Augustus for his legions has had no derogatory echo in history, and the atrocious soul of Cato is only palliated by his innocence of crime. The ex-emperor had better be exhibited as a Niobe in pantaloons than as the comfortable captive and patient philosopher of Wilhelmshöhe.

Palmerston's account in his diary of the campaign which culminated so disastrously for the Prussians at Jena might almost be reversed to describe that which shivered the French empire at Sedan, so completely does the whirligig of time bring its revenges: "The force on each side was nearly equal, amounting to about one hundred and twenty thousand men: the two armies had for some time been near each other, *but*

the Prussians were so destitute of intelligence that they did not know where the French were till a day or two before the action; and two days before the battle ten thousand French penetrated between the centre and left wing of the Prussians, got to Naumburg in their rear, and burnt their magazines." So much for having Napoleon I. at the head of the French army instead of Napoleon III.—so much for the generalissimo of the Prussians being a duke of Brunswick instead of a Von Moltke! What a tribute to the supremacy of special genius! It isn't your "thinking bayonets," but your thinking brains, that win the field. An ounce of the latter is worth tons of the former; and *there* is the misfortune of war for a republic, habituating as it does the people to the idea of individual sway; creating a morbid desire in the mass to be controlled in peaceful politics by the same intellectual prepotence which had ruled in triumphant battle, in total forgetfulness of the fact that "one science only can one genius fit," and that he who may shine with brightest lustre in one especial sphere is almost sure to eclipse himself in another where the conditions of success are essentially different. It is interesting to note the fact that the uncle was fighting to establish the very Rhenish Confederacy which has been a main instrument of the overthrow of the nephew.

Another sentence from the diary, about the action of the British ministers of the period with regard to their borough seats, is instructive if not edifying: "They purchased seats from their friends at a low price, making up the deficiency probably by appointments and promotions; and these seats they afterward sold out *at the average market price* to men who promised them support, and with the difference they carried on their contested elections." This neat operation his lordship quietly calls "very politic and ingenious," as if its moral aspects were quite beneath notice; from which it may be inferred that political matriculation is useful in proportion as it makes the student an

efficient master of arts. What protean shapes doth the corruption of politics assume! And, as our American house is not exclusively of granite, the fewer stones thrown from it at other edifices the greater the safety of its inmates. The diary also furnishes a pleasant proof of the amenities of the fine old English gentleman in the good old election struggles: "Two ladies, friends of Wodehouse, the opponent of Windham at Norfolk in November, 1806, having appeared every day in a barouche and four at the hustings with his colors, the friends of Windham determined to drive them away, and accordingly put two women-of-the-town in another barouche, decorated with the same ribbons, and drove them alongside the carriage of the ladies." One "friend of Windham" was the great landholder of the county, Mr. Coke, afterward earl of Leicester, and Windham himself was the model Bull of the epoch. Who will assert that there has been no improvement, and that our contemporaries are not superior to their forefathers, in manners at least, if not in morals?

The maiden speech of Palmerston was on the Danish expedition, which was the great subject of debate at the beginning of the session in 1808. It was composed with care, and in the parts which he had committed to memory was spoken with ease; but in others there was that hesitation and superabundance of gesture which were perceptible to the last in his oratory when unprepared. On the whole, however, it was a success, and he himself was not dissatisfied. In a letter to his sister Elizabeth he says that his friends were so obliging as to say he had not talked much nonsense in the half hour he was on his legs. He tells her also that Canning's speech was very brilliant and convincing, lasting near three hours, and carrying the House with him throughout; whilst neither Windham nor Whitbread were as good as usual, but better than Ponsonby, who was as dull as might be expected in a squat gentleman prolific in commonplaces. The action of the British government in the

matter, which brought such vituperation on its head, may be thought to find ample vindication in two letters in the recently-published correspondence of Napoleon I., which clearly prove that Denmark was being coerced by him into hostilities with Great Britain, and that the latter very wisely took time by the forelock.

Not long after his first speech, when the quarrel between Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh had produced a change of ministry, he was offered by the new premier, Mr. Percival, the post of chancellor of the exchequer. Such an offer to a man only twenty-five years of age, so soon after his entry into Parliament, is sufficient indication of the high repute he had secured. A still stronger proof of his intelligence is afforded by his refusal of the offer after due reflection and consultation. He accepted, however, the office of secretary at war, and was elected member from the University of Cambridge, which he had twice before essayed to represent, so that he made a substantial addition to his position. "He was also in a foremost post in that great fight which was waging between the universal tyranny of Napoleon and the spirit of liberty which still defied him in Great Britain." His public duties, however, did not prevent him from "going in for life at every corner of it," for he was as much a man about town as the idlest swell of the day. His letters at this period show that playing whist, and drinking punch, and shooting birds, and flying with fashionable folly came quite as genially to him as making speeches on the war estimates and arranging the interior details of his office. In one of his epistles is the following evidence that the House of Commons is occasionally supplied with material that would do no discredit to the House of Representatives in its palmiest moments: "We had last night a most extraordinary display of folly, coarseness and vulgarity from Fuller, who, because Sir John Anstruther, chairman of the committee, would not take notice of him when he several times attempted to rise in order to put

some very gross and absurd questions to Lord Chatham, flew out into such a passion, and swore and abused the chairman and the House to such a degree, that it became at last necessary to commit him to custody. As he went out he shook his fist at the Speaker, and said he was a d——d insignificant little puppy, and, snapping his fingers at him, said he did not care *that* for him or the House either. He is now amusing himself with the sergeant-at-arms, and I think was very lucky in not being sent to Newgate or the Tower." Strong men have lived before our Agamemmons—stronger indeed, when they dared to brave the terrors of the two formidable fortresses mentioned by his lordship. What would be the effect of establishments of the sort at Washington? The towers of Julius may be the lasting shame of London, but they have probably prevented more than one lasting shame of Parliament, and so far may have compensated for the foul and midnight murders with which they have been fed.

Palmerston's first speech on the army estimates was a complete success. Windham and Whitbread, as well as other members of the Opposition, extolled it as highly as did the political friends of the orator. Perspicuity and information, the best merits of a discourse of the kind, were its prevailing characteristics, whilst its careful preparation had a favorable effect both on its argumentative force and its delivery. Whilst holding this secretaryship he had a controversy with Sir David Dundas, the commander-in-chief, about the limits of their offices, in which he exhibited that happy combination of the suaviter in modo and fortiter in re which carried him successfully through so many difficulties, and which in this case enabled him to prevent the entire subordination of the civil to the military authority, always and everywhere encroaching and aggressive.

The ministry of Percival was terminated by the melancholy death of that statesman, May 11, 1812, and was succeeded by that of Lord Liverpool. In

this administration Palmerston continued to hold the secretaryship at war for fifteen years, making effective speeches when his place obliged him to speak, without going out of the beaten track of his office, except on one occasion, when he delivered an eloquent oration in support of Mr. Grattan's measure for Catholic emancipation. The line, however, which he took was cautious. He did not assert that the state had no right to exclude Catholics from its affairs, but in this case he contended that the state imperiled itself by the measures it adopted for its security. In one of the debates in the House (1816) he tried a fall with that terrible athlete, Henry Brougham, in which he was not thrown. Brougham had made one of the powerful but discursive harangues with which he used to overawe the Treasury bench, and his sarcasm did not spare the secretary at war. In reply, the latter said, with his usual undisturbed and half-careless air, "The honorable and learned member has made an accusation which I certainly cannot retort upon that honorable gentleman himself—namely, *that he very seldom troubles the House with his observations*. I, at all events, will abstain from all declamation, and from any dissertation on the Constitution, and confine myself to the business at present on hand—the army estimates of the current year." Palmerston bore a strong resemblance in one respect to the famous member from South Carolina who was born insensible to fear, and against whom, after he had hurled foul scorn at Great Britain, of which diplomatic complaint was made, Mr. Webster suggested that Her Majesty's government should at once declare war if they were thirsting for revenge.

On the 18th of April, 1818, a madman, Lieutenant Davies, fired a pistol at Lord Palmerston as he was going up the stairs of the War Office, and slightly wounded him above the hip. An accidental turn of his body, it is said, prevented the ball taking a fatal direction. At this period Palmerston had assumed an almost independent position in politics. He really did seem to

place all his glory in moderation, and to be "not quite a Whig and yet not quite a Tory," like the statesman immortalized by Pope. He was not an adherent either of Canning, Lord Eldon or Lord Liverpool, the three conflicting chiefs of the Tories, any more than he was of the opposite leaders, with whom he agreed upon the Catholic question, whilst differing from them on other important points. In 1825, however, when he again came forward as a candidate for Cambridge University, by which he had been several times returned as a friend to Catholic emancipation, and the government of Lord Liverpool did not support him as he deemed it their duty to do (that government having been formed on the understanding that the Catholic question was to be an open one), he was so indignant that he told his lordship that if he was beat he would quit it. "This," he says, "was the first decided step toward a breach between me and the Tories, and they were the aggressors: Liverpool acted as he always did to a friend in personal questions—shabbily, timidly, ill." He was not beat, however, and retained his place not only until the death of Lord Liverpool, but under the premiership of his lordship's successors, Mr. Canning and Lord Goderich. With Canning he evidently sympathized more than with any other of the magnates of the day, and after the death of that illustrious man he enrolled himself in the party which represented his principles and consisted of his friends. With them he joined the new government of the duke of Wellington in 1828, and with them soon after he retired, the liberal Tories not yet having become congenial colleagues of the moderate Whigs, as the Canningites might then have been almost styled. Though they did not favor an extensive suffrage, and did favor the existence of a powerful and wealthy landed aristocracy, still they tolerated an extended suffrage, opposed the pretensions of aristocratic pride to exclusive power, and defended their adherence to the existing parliamentary Constitution, on the plea that

this Constitution brought practically the best men, poor and rich, and of almost every station, into the House of Commons. They also patronized constitutional opinions abroad, and adopted, though not without reservations, the doctrines of free trade and the withdrawal of religious qualifications for political functions. The chiefs of the Canningites were Huskisson, Palmerston, Dudley and Grant. When the first resigned, or rather was made to resign by the duke of Wellington, who had no fondness for him, they all left the cabinet with him. Curious and interesting is the account given by Palmerston in his journal of the *pourparlers* which terminated in that result. Lord Dudley, in particular, was very loth to yield the foreign secretaryship, "in which he had done incomparably well, surprising all those who only knew him by seeing him abstracted in society or muttering to himself while chinking his sovereigns;" but political *noblesse* obliged, and he went out, probably vituperating Huskisson in private as much as Sheridan publicly did Fox for the India Bill, which drove him, by its failure, from office. Dudley, to be sure, did not wish to stay for the same pecuniary reason as actuated the oratorical wit, for he said he would give twice the value of his salary to remain, for the mere pleasure of the occupation, which doubtless condensed his erratic faculties, so to speak, and to a certain extent remedied his natural absence of mind, of which such ludicrous stories are told. Palmerston's speech explanatory of his resignation was very successful, "because on the one hand it gave the most perfect satisfaction to Huskisson and his friends, who thanked me very sincerely for what I had said, and on the other hand all the friends of the government praised it for being temperate, though, as they said, manly and gentlemanlike."

It was as secretary at war that Palmerston sat in the cabinet of the duke; but it is worth mentioning that he had been twice previously offered the governor-generalship of India—first by Lord Liverpool, and then by Mr. Can-

ning. He had no desire, however, to expatriate himself even for so glittering a prize, and still less to leave the arena where he knew his greenest and pleasiest laurels were to be won. Canning's object was to get him out of the way, on account of the king's dislike to him, which was one of the highest compliments he ever received. "Some weeks afterward," he says, "Canning sent for me again to say he had a proposition to make to me, which he should not have thought of but that the king had said he knew that it was just the thing I should like, and that was to go as governor to Jamaica. I laughed so heartily that I observed Canning looked quite put out, and I was obliged to grow serious again." Much potency must there be in kingship when it could induce such a lion as the real "Great George" to bray in the style described. No wonder he was put out by the hilarity of his auditor, as he could scarcely have felt much exhilarated when he made the proposal which so tickled the laughing lord. Palmerston was also offered the lead of the House of Commons, which he would not take, saying, "There are very few things indeed in this world which I should so much dislike, even if I felt that I was fit for it; but in various ways I should be quite unequal to it." This is a curious bit of self-depreciation by one who became the most successful leader the House has ever known.

Palmerston remained out of office until the administration of Earl Gray. In the interval he made a visit to Paris, and his letters from that capital are full of interesting accounts of conversations with Pozzo di Borgo, Baron Louis, Talleyrand, etc., etc.: "I dined at Flahault's yesterday, and met Sebastiani and Talleyrand: the latter seems sunk and broken, and said but little; the former is a self-sufficient, consequential coxcomb." "I dined at Pozzo's yesterday with a small and select party of *fifty*, and the whole thing as well managed and arranged as it could have been for *five*." How different the Paris of 1829 was from that of 1871 (still extant at the last accounts)!—"The frost still

continues and the cold is considerable; for among the improvements, that of making doors and windows to shut has not happened; and then such a *country* as the streets of Paris to go across!—over hills and down dales and across brooks you go: they are like a model of Switzerland almost, or rather like a model of a sea after a storm, and before the swell has gone down." Here is another sentence decidedly illustrative of the mutability of human affairs: "As Miss Berry said last night, it is a joke to talk of danger to Europe from Prussia: if any exists, it is from France it is to be feared." What was a joke then is certainly no joke now—*hæ nuga in seria ducunt*, as the French have thoroughly ascertained.

In the month of March, 1829, Palmerston made a speech upon Catholic affairs which had great success: "I have had so many civil things said to me about it by persons whose judgment is valuable, and who could have no motive for saying much more than they thought, that I have been very much gratified." In June of the same year he made another speech, on foreign affairs, which was also very successful. Its main object was "to let the government see that they were not to suppose they could have their own way entirely in foreign affairs;" and this he did by comments on their objectionable policy about Russia, Turkey, Greece and Portugal in his usual trenchant and practical style. "What will appear," says Sir H. Bulwer, "extraordinary to many who knew Lord Palmerston in after years as the most staunch protector of the integrity of the Ottoman empire, and the most resolute opponent of Russian ambition, is the fervor with which at this time he advocated the interests of Greece, and the indifference with which he seemed to regard the advance of a Russian army to Constantinople. He was a generous champion of the country which had inherited so great a name, and did not believe that any temporary success of the Russian arms would effect any great or permanent diminution of the sultan's power; and

Russia had pledged herself at the commencement of her campaign not to make any extensive conquests." With what clearness and keenness of vision Palmerston looked at foreign troubles may be judged from the way in which he predicts, in a letter from Paris, the results of any violation of the *Charte* by Charles X.: "If the king were for the first time in his life to carry his obstinacy up to the very hour of trial, instead of dropping it, as he has always done hitherto, the night before, and if he was backed by a courageous and desperate ministry, who were mad enough to bear the storm, not of public but of national feeling, then and in that case the result would probably be a change of name in the inhabitant of the Tuileries, and the duke of Orleans might be invited to step over the way from the Palais Royal; but as to any other change, it is out of the question. There are too many millions of proprietors of land and funds in France to let it be possible that anything should happen endangering the safety of either one property or the other." He also says: "It is quite astonishing how every Frenchman you meet raves about 'nos frontières,' and declares he would cut off his two hands to get back the Rhine, Alps and Pyrenees as boundaries: all this, however, is mere froth and vanity." Not so vain and frothy, either, considering that the Rhine is the only part of the programme unaccomplished, and that it too might have been accomplished but for the madness with which those are afflicted whom Heaven is resolved to destroy.

In July, 1830, overtures were made to Palmerston by the duke of Wellington to join the government. The former refused unless his principal political friends were invited also. The duke replied that he might find room for two of them, "but that it was not so easy to get people out of a cabinet as to put them in." The failure of the negotiation, however, turned on Palmerston's declaration that he and his friends would vote for reform in Parliament—a declaration sufficient to show that the colors

of the Canningites had changed with the times. The truth is, all reforms are matters of the moment. Fruit of any kind plucked and eaten before ripe is sure to have unpleasant effects on all sorts of stomachs, political as well as physical.

In the autumn of 1831 the cabinet of the duke gave place to that of Earl Gray, and Palmerston became secretary of foreign affairs, receiving the seals at a moment when the policy of Europe was assuming a new aspect. The three glorious days in Paris had produced political earthquakes in all directions, which were shaking off crowns and unsettling governments in a way to perplex the whole Continent with fear of change. The first question with which the new secretary had to deal was that of Belgium, where the people had risen against the despotism of Holland, and destroyed the union into which they had been coerced by the Congress of Vienna. This was a vital question for Great Britain. Her object in uniting the two countries had been to secure an effective defence against an enemy possessing the long line of coast by which her shores had been hostilely confronted during the reign of Napoleon. It would not do, therefore, to let Belgium be absorbed by France—a consummation devoutly desired, as was well known, by the latter. Negotiations, accordingly, were at once begun to put the matter on a satisfactory footing by giving to Belgium a separate existence. Being a small and weak nation, of course she had no right to do with herself as she pleased, the reason of the strongest being naturally and necessarily the best. The five high and mighty powers, therefore, of Russia, Prussia, Austria, France and England set to work to do what was best for their interests in the business, and, after adequate negotiation and squabbling and protocolling, concocted an arrangement by which the independence of Belgium under an Anglo-Teuton king and Gallic queen was secured in the persons of Leopold of Coburg and Clermont and a daughter of Louis Philippe. It is amusing to read

the private correspondence of Palmerston upon this subject with his ambassador at Paris, Lord Granville, to see how coolly and quietly it was assumed to be both the right and the duty of giants to take care of dwarfs, and how strongly the giants then felt the obligation of correcting the dwarfs when the latter made aught like a recalcitrant wriggle. The world may be governed with little wisdom, but not with little bullying. "Your size protects you," said a diminutive gentleman to a colossal competitor by whom he had been insulted, and doubtless poor petty Belgium would have made the same contemptuous remark to her enormous friends. That she would have taken France, at the time, for better or worse, if she had had her own way, there can be but little doubt; but she was obliged to remain mistress of herself, that heritage of woe (as spinsters sometimes think), in order to keep Messrs. Crapeau and Bull from an immediate and infuriate tussle.

For that single blessedness, in which she must now so rejoice when she contemplates the lamentable condition of her coveted lord, she was mainly indebted to Palmerston. The correspondence alluded to shows with what vigorous determination and masterly tact he accomplished the object which he deemed so vital to his country. Although Talleyrand was his opponent, and exerted all his skill to secure at least Luxembourg for France, he abated not a jot of his pretensions, caviling on the ninth part of a hair when necessary to prevent the least encroachment, and sticking with unwavering firmness to the position which, with the most candid clearness, he had originally defined. Never was what we delight in calling "backbone" more strikingly exhibited, or the advantage of having the right man in the right place, in which we do *not* delight. "If you want Belgium, you must fight for it. Can you get it if you do?" That was the proposition and that the query on which he took his stand, and on which he stood until the government of France became fully convinced that discretion

was the better part of valor, however anxious it was not only to increase the national domain, but thereby to strengthen its hold upon the national feeling—that immemorial desire which to France has been the source of so much glory and so much woe. When Leopold was fairly seated on his new throne he wrote to Palmerston, saying: "It gives me the sincerest pleasure to be able to thank you for the honest and vigorous line of policy which you have adopted in the present complicated state of European affairs: it is impossible to adopt a more honorable, straightforward line of policy than you do." Such eulogy has its weight when coming from the most honorable and straightforward of sovereigns—one who much better deserved the epithet of "King Honestman" than the monarch on whom it has been so gratuitously bestowed, and who, on the strength of this good name, is applauded for any and every robbery which his advisers may compel him to commit.

During the negotiations relating to Belgium important events were taking place in other parts of Europe. The Polish revolution was put down by Russia, and the nationality of Poland trampled under foot. Mehemet Ali, governor of Egypt, having overrun Syria, threatened Constantinople. In Germany the princes had combined to suppress the liberties that had been granted to their subjects. In Italy, Austria had interfered to maintain the government of the Pope. Greece had obtained a sovereign, and a better frontier, purchased from the Porte. In these events England and Palmerston had played only a subordinate part; but in those which had occurred in Portugal and Spain, and which were materially influencing the destinies of the Iberian peninsula, the English foreign secretary had much to say, and said it in such style as to secure his objects and win fresh laurels both at home and abroad. Englishmen were all beginning to be "proud of him," and foreign Liberals to be fond of him, and foreign fogies to fear him. As we overheard one of these say, he was "le coin anguleux de l'Eu-

rope"—a corner that no driver of old coaches could turn, no venerable sophistry or consecrated subtlety could get round. It is pleasant to behold a workman so up to his work—so clearly seeing what his work is, so fully knowing how to do it, and doing it so quickly and completely in spite of even mountainous impediments. The onward movement of Europe was expedited by him as by no one else; and if any one deserves a statue from the friends of real, commonsensical freedom, it is this son of the British patrician and Dublin plebeian—the result of a crossing of breeds most significant of the advantages thereof.

After being mainly instrumental in the expulsion of Don Miguel from Portugal and Don Carlos from Spain, he succeeded in making a quadruple alliance between those two countries and England and France, which effectually put an end to all the hopes of themselves and their adherents. The famous triple alliance by which his celebrated ancestor, Sir William Temple, raised a more than brazen monument to himself whilst conferring inestimable benefit on his epoch, was not more important or more exclusively its author's work. "I carried it through the cabinet by a coup-de-main, taking them by surprise, and not leaving them time to make objections; but I was not equally successful with old Talley and the French government, for they have made objections in plenty—only, however, as to the form in which I had proposed to make them parties to the transaction, and not to the thing itself; but I have at last satisfied their vanity by giving them a proper place among us." His lordship was not a little proud of this achievement: "I reckon this to be a great stroke. In the first place, it will settle Portugal, and go some way to settle Spain also; but, what is of more importance, it establishes an alliance between the states of the West which will serve as a powerful counterpoise to the Holy Alliance of the East. I should like to see Metternich's face when he reads our treaty. . . . It was a capital

hit, and all my own doing." One cannot but sympathize with this joyous, unaffected complacency, without a tinge of bluster or brag. The arch-Austrian's face must have had very much the look at the moment designated of a chess-player's when the knelling shout of "Mate!" salutes his ear. But as he did not fear the diluvial catastrophe as immediate, and did not care how soon it came "après lui," his countenance doubtless soon recovered its calm. The two men to whom Palmerston seems to have had the greatest antipathy were Prince Metternich, the incarnation of Continental absolutism, and Lord Durham, the embodiment of English radicalism. The latter, however, was his favorite aversion, not only because the noble earl was of his own household, and more nearly and frequently in his way, but because Palmerston was more hostile to despotic democracy than even to imperial despotism; and a radical lord was to him not a little of a traitor as well as a good deal of a fool. This personal dislike to Durham is ever and anon cropping out in his letters, and gives something of a zest to his general good-nature, which prompted him to such constant kindness that he might have made an exclamation like that of Byron, recorded in the poet's diary: "I like Ward—by Mahomet, I believe I like everybody!"—an exclamation which would have been much more appropriate in the Palmerstonian journal than in that of the "young gentleman of tumultuous passions," as the inspired peer was described by an unfortunate Boniface whose hostelry he had discomposd.

The labors of Palmerston at this time must have been immense, and nothing but so sound a mind in so sound a body could have performed them without either a physical or mental breakdown. He complains of them a little, only because they interfered a little more with his social pleasures than he relished. "I have not been," he writes to his brother, Sir William Temple, then minister at Naples—"I have not been to a single party, except to Lord Grey's dip-

lomatic Sunday evenings, and have not yet put my nose into the opera-house: I keep very well, however." He was also by no means neglectful of his private affairs, and communicates details in his delightful letters to Sir William about his doings on his estates, which show that, much as he may have admired Mr. Pitt in his public capacity, he did not regard that statesman as his bright exemplar in domestic duties. He never allowed his servants to have it all their own way at home whilst he was spouting in Parliament or controlling matters abroad: "I was a week at Broadlands entirely by myself, and almost every day at F. O. boxes and Holme's (his steward's) accounts, which were all right; but I must part with Thresher, who spends his nights at the alehouse in order that the poachers may spend theirs in my covers. Conceive five guns killing sixteen pheasants in Yew Tree, and beating the whole wood thoroughly!" When he would try to see "what the coverts yield" in his preserves, he evidently liked to bag as much game as he did in the great sporting field of the world. The good that he did in every way on his Irish estates, by improving not only his property, but also the condition, material and moral, of the poor bogtrotters of whom his tenantry was chiefly composed, is an edifying instance of what enlightened proprietorship can accomplish, as well as of the truth of Madame Roland's remark, that "leisure will always be found by persons who know how to employ their time: those who want time are the people who do nothing." A quantum suff. of such landlords would have done almost as much for the finest peasantry of the earth as the disestablishment of both Church and State to the utmost limits if not of Fenian aspiration, at least of patriotic desire.

In the summer of 1834, Lord Grey retired, and was succeeded in the premiership by Lord Melbourne, without affecting the position of the foreign secretary. In November, however, of the same year, he writes to his brother: "We are all out—turned out, neck and

crop. Wellington is prime minister, and we give up the seals to-morrow at St. James' at two. This attempt to re-install the Tories cannot possibly last: all I dread is the collateral effect of the storm by which they will be driven away. . . . I am glad this did not happen six months ago, as several questions have since then been placed in a much better condition. Portugal is settled; Spain is safe; Belgium cannot be ruined; but I wish we had gone on six or eight months longer, and then really I should not have been sorry to have some good long holidays."

The chief defect of Palmerston as a manager of men was what may be called want of reverence. In his youth he bearded, as secretary at war, His Royal Highness and Illustrious Grace the duke of York; when serving in the cabinet of the duke of Wellington he never showed any disposition to give way to His Heroship as a superior mortal; and he treated M. de Talleyrand with the same want of peculiar deference. This last was almost one of those blunders which the famous and infamous Frenchman has branded as the worst of crimes. The old gentleman, with all his immense prestige, was treated by Palmerston—so said the Frenchmen attached to the French embassy—just as any M. Thomas, if he had been named French ambassador, would have been; and though he bore all marks of indifference with apparent imperturbability, he is reported to have felt them so deeply as to advise his royal master not to neglect alliances with other powers than England. It is certain that after his retirement a change of tone in the general relations of the two countries was perceptible; and young men who frequented Talleyrand's salon in Paris began to say that it would never do to keep France *à la remorque de la hautaine Angleterre*. The destinies of nations hang on such slender threads that a statesman who neglects to wax any one of them as strongly as he can is so far amenable to censure; but somehow one cannot help preferring the motion of a mastiff to that of a snake. To be all things to

all men is only possible to a saint or a scamp; and his lordship was neither one nor the other. He had what the French call the defects of his qualities, so that his elephantine characteristics in the way of strength were more remarkable than those of a more delicate description. He could tear up a tree more easily than he could pick up a pin. "Nihil est ab omne parte beatum." So he must bear his blame for deficiency in "booing"—for resembling not so much Sir Pertinax Macsycophant as the illustrious Irish ambassador who used to brag through the mouth of poor Power in days of yore that he had "pickled ould Saxony anyhow." Moderation, however, in pickling is a desideratum in diplomacy. In that profession who peppers the highest is not always surest to please.

It was in Spanish affairs that the weakening of the *entente cordiale* between England and France was most to be regretted; but want of space prevents any farther allusion to them, new and interesting as are some of the revelations connected therewith, except to quote the Palmerstonian prediction in regard to the action of Louis Philippe: "France is putting herself in a false position, and at no distant time she will find her mistake."

That mistake the King of the Barricades certainly did find when he tried to raise upon them a turret of Spanish castleism, which brought the whole structure to the ground, burying him and his dynasty beneath its ruins, from which all their virtues and their efforts will hardly be able to extricate them, even with the aid of existing necessities in their unhappy land. Restorations, we may hope, are "played out" in France.

The administration of Sir Robert Peel, which succeeded that of Lord Melbourne, and in which the duke of Wellington took Palmerston's place, did not live long. In the interval between its birth and death Lord Palmerston went down to Hampshire to take the field and commence itinerant spouter at inn-meetings of freeholders, and to

ride about the country canvassing. This stumping campaign was undertaken to obtain the representation of the county, as he had lost his seat at Cambridge by advocating reform; but it was not successful. He got, however, a quiet seat in the borough which he never after left, and the name of which is inseparably connected with his own. The voters of Tiverton were certainly paid back with redundant interest by the member who so long represented them and made their existence so universally known. When Lord Melbourne resumed the reins of government, Palmerston returned to his old place in the cabinet, and fought the famous battles with Thiers and against Guizot upon

the Turkish and Spanish questions, than which the history of diplomacy has few more interesting or more admirably contested. In the eleven years which intervened between 1830 and 1842 he kept up England as the great state, morally and materially, of Europe, always expressing her ideas and always maintaining her interests, and succeeding in two most difficult crises, without either abandoning a principle or deserting an ally. It is here that the second volume of Sir Henry Bulwer leaves him, and here, for the time, we also leave him, with the remark that if the biographer is fortunate in his subject, the subject is hardly less fortunate in his biographer.

R. M. WALSH.

EASTERN CITIES.

I. CAIRO THE VICTORIOUS.

CAIRO is the gem of the East, the queen of Arabian life, the pivot now of progress for long-slumbering Egypt. The independence which the viceroy is silently achieving, the new course of trade through the Suez Canal, the vast wealth pouring in through improved agriculture, threaten serious changes to what has long remained the most Arabesque of large communities. Though so near Ethiopia, there is nothing Ethiopian in the manners, language, buildings, religion of Cairo: wherever the negro appears, in the past as in the present, it is as a servant doing his master's bidding—as a stranger tarrying a while among native owners of the soil. Those tombs, carved and painted before the days of Hebrew patriarchs, present the Ethiopian as a stranger, as a captive: the formidable despots of the land who sit smiling in Theban stone are Asiatic, not African. As you ascend that fertile stream which makes Egypt, the First Cataract offers you another race—servants as they always have

been, and in a modified sense always will be—the most kind, contented, obedient, trustworthy, devoted servants, as the Turk believes, in the wide world; entrusted with supreme power over the harem even of the sultan; more confided in by the master than is his wife; objects of envy to the native peasant driven by the government lash to till the soil for anybody's benefit but his own. These Nubians are dyed in the wool, are the very essence of blackness: as a crowded cargo floats down the Nile not one copper-colored face is seen, not one straight hair, not one respectable nose. Hiving in the streets to-day, as carved upon the tombs of such immense antiquity, they are the genuine article, the farthest remove from the Caucasian, the difficult problem which our country is trying somehow to solve.

The Nile resembles the Mississippi in the strange tricks it plays; undermining one town, throwing another back toward the desert, sweeping away Manfaloot as Helena is being ruined by the Mississippi, leaving Cairo "the vic-

torious" two miles from its port. Boulak takes you on a little gray donkey over a wide, well-watered avenue, through rich market-gardens, among a crowd of creaking carts, poor pedestrians, gawky camels, and at intervals an omnibus or carriage, into a perfect labyrinth of narrow, crooked, mat-covered, nameless, filthy streets, where the second-story lattices nearly touch across the street; where the muezzin's call to prayer, the whip-snap of the lank Arabian carriage-runner and the howl of a scavenger cur are the principal sounds; where the sentinel comfortably asleep at his post, the shopman kneeling in prayer among his goods, the husband flogging his wife in the street, the coffee-house swarming with recumbent guests, convince an American or Englishman that he has turned over a new leaf.

As at Rome, the interest is twofold—the living and the dead: the modern Cairo, more ancient than most of the antiquity of Europe—the youngest city in Egypt being ten times as old as the oldest in America—and the ancient city of the Caliphs, changes one back into the depths of legend and fable.

Among modern curiosities Cairo boasts the oldest existing mosque, probably because there are not newspaper correspondents to show how much greater is the age of Medina and Mecca. For the present we are content to swear by this, it is so simple, grand, imposing: an immense open court with cloisters all around it, two of whose pillars are said to have been whirled through the air from Mecca by a stroke of the Prophet's whip, while two others, standing close by, promise to crush any bad man who passes between them. Few travelers visit this twelve-hundred-years' old mosque of Amran, and none have these pillars caught yet. Once a year service is held in its desolate area: the other three hundred and sixty-four days the mosque of Amran echoes neither to the Prophet's word from its reading-desk nor to the low hum of the believer's prayer from its crumbling pavement.

The Hassan mosque can hardly be surpassed in the peculiar riches of the

Moslem sanctuary—not merely its fine exhibition of the Saracenic architecture, its pointed arch, graceful minaret, turbaned tombstone, playful fountain, magnificent dome, but that here the poor man is ever welcome to pursue his trade in the outer court, and childhood to play its games, and the dove to crave an alms, and the pilgrim to bathe his feet in the clear, cool stream. With our ideas of sanctuary-consecration it is hard to realize a house of prayer where every man can stay as long as he pleases and do what he pleases—the tailor stitch, the pedestrian sleep, the unclean bathe and the pious pray. But so it is. The inner hall contains Sultan Hassan's tomb, with an open Koran upon it. Against a side wall stands the lofty reading-desk, reminding one of the New England pulpit of olden time. A stone shield, of three feet in diameter, making part of the wall, shows the size of the halfpenny loaf in this good monarch's reign: the doors betray the gilding which once made this faded interior a blaze of light. To this, as to all the principal mosques, a school is attached, taught very significantly by a blind man, his chief business being to have the Koran committed to memory in a monotonous chant. What literary reverence the Turk has is concentrated upon his sacred book: learning with him begins and ends with it; and though we of the West cannot share his admiration, we cannot doubt it is sincere. As its best part is borrowed or imitated from our Scriptures, we feel a new motive for honoring that Word which has given all the life it boasts to a younger and more ambitious creed.

But a far more beautiful Moslem temple—the most beautiful, I think, in the world—is that of Mehemet Ali, at the citadel. It is a veritable holy ode written on stone leaves. Its whole immense area is lined with watered alabaster: near the door is the rug-covered monument of this great ruler, where prayers are daily said for one who needed them much. But the superb height of the dome, the richly clustering columns, the airiness of the whole structure, as if it

were just springing with its whole burden of prayer up into the clear heaven of Egypt, inspired me more than the solemn heaviness of Strasburg Minster or the museum magnificence of St. Peter's at Rome. Perhaps it is because the Greek churches in the Orient are so dirty, so bedaubed, so repulsive that the mosque refreshed me unspeakably by its simple vastness, its undecorated grandeur, its cool atmosphere, its apparent spirituality in a service without candle, bell, organ or altar. Remembering that Islamism arose as a protest against the rampant idolatry of the East, that it entirely banished this foul pest from Arabia, that at this moment it is the best imitation of Christianity anywhere known, and that for the time being the worshiper seems absorbed in spiritual communion with the Infinite One, I could not view this worship without respect, whether offered on the moist deck of my boat, amid the strange tumult of the bazaar, in the impressive silence of the mosque or in the pasha's office at noonday. Business had to pause a while, the rain was not felt, the world was not known, that the created might be folded in by the Creator.

Every faith must have its fanatics, and they very easily transform themselves into hypocrites, having to maintain the same show when the substance is gone. How far' the dervish from an enthusiast has passed into an impostor it is hard to say; but the fatal change has begun: the fervor of the order has evidently chilled. Some of their colleges I found deserted, their buildings everywhere look forlorn: stories are popularly credited very much to their discredit. Though attached to the mosques as a sort of monks, their exercises are not what the old travelers found them, bloodthirsty, demoniac, terrific and almost suicidal, but more like those of the Shakers among ourselves, though I saw one fellow try to butt his head through a marble wall, and fall exhausted at last on the stone floor.

This same Cairo citadel, whose outlook on the Pyramids, the Nile, the Caliphs' tombs, the Libyan and Arabian

deserts, the two hundred thousand population, cannot well be surpassed, looked down once on a fearful tragedy indeed. The loftiest esplanade but one was the scene of the murder of the Mamelukes. Mehemet Ali had feasted them sumptuously, had dismissed them with every token of good-will: his princely hospitality was the Oriental pledge of safety. How intense their rage when they found themselves in a stone cage, to be shot down at leisure! The gate below and the gate above being closed at the same moment, they had to die "as the fool dies," the victims of royal perfidy. One bey alone escaped. It seems incredible, but so it was. He leaped his horse down what is now eighty feet, killing the nobler animal, perhaps, of the two, but finding shelter at last in the vastness of the Desert. In this same citadel is a well of unknown age and vast depth, named after Joseph, having a wide driveway down to the bottom, where buffaloes draw up an unfailing supply of delicious water, furnished, no doubt, by the Nile. The excavation of nearly three hundred feet of rock before gunpowder was in use is certainly not the least wonderful feat of this wonderful land.

Almost beneath the shadow of this stately fortress are the perishing tombs of the Caliphs, a sad contrast to the enduring Pyramids across the river. Their cracked domes, broken monuments, tipsy walls seem to groan that so much Oriental beauty is fading away as a dream. This melancholy spectacle of ruin is peculiarly Turkish. The Turk never repairs. The largest mosque in Cairo threatens to smash believers' brains with its breaking cornice: the windows, too, are broken, the mats a mass of decay. Still, the Moslem's piety is not disturbed. To arrest the process would be to interfere with destiny. His grand word, *Islam*, is the handwriting of the Almighty over this perishing beauty and grandeur: it whispers "dust unto dust."

Cairo is full of Bible-memories. The stone steps which lead up the banks of the beautiful Rhoda bear the name of Moses with Moslem, Jew and Christian.

Here not improbably his bulrush ark was caught. Here the royal ladies often strolled by the water's edge, as to-day. Here flowers from many lands greeted the infant's eyes, and soft winds rocked his cradle and gentle voices soothed his sleep. On the other side of Cairo you meet Moses again. A solitary obelisk, half plastered by the mason-bee, is the last mourner over Heliopolis! Particular monuments, I am sure, belong to particular lands—are the growth of the people or their surroundings, or both. I never saw an obelisk in Europe that seemed perfectly in place; but, standing through Egypt, in pairs in front of the ancient temples, the uplifted stone needles guided the devout to the sanctuary gate: the obelisk pointed his thought to the open heavens; it invited him to rise above the seen into the unseen. But at Heliopolis it has a peculiar solemnity. It is the last sentinel over the slumbering City of Priests. Its uplifted finger bids you hush. You have reached the spot where the great lawgiver, deliverer, hero of Israel was made learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians—where, too, Joseph obtained a wife from the almost royal family of the priesthood. How much was expected when these hieroglyphics began to be read through the key furnished by the Rosetta stone! How sadly are our hopes mocked by long lists of kings and conquerors, with their genealogies, that could never have done more than flatter some ambitious ruler, and are now as empty as the wind of the desert which heaps around them its preserving sands. Providence no doubt cared wisely for us in letting down its impenetrable veil over the infantine credulity, the licensed sensuality, the bloody prejudice, the idolatrous weakness of an age which "shed penitential tears over a deified onion," and expressed its sublimest thought in a mummified bull.

II. THE EYE OF THE EAST.

So great Julian named the capital of Syria, the oldest of existing cities, the

rival of Babylon and Nineveh, for two centuries and a half the bondmaid of Greece, then of Rome, then, as now, of Saracen and Turk—such a gleam of Paradise that the Oriental belief is, Mohammed would not enter lest he should desire no heaven beyond. Undoubtedly the home of Abraham's steward, in the northern plain is shown the grave of Abel, toward Banias the rude tomb of Nimrod, and a day distant the resting-place of Adam! So that Damascus is the very essence of antiquity. Its main street, lined with bazaars betraying remains of the Roman colonnade which once adorned its entire length, wears to-day the name of Straight, as given by St. Luke. St. Paul, too, faces you in the streets, for the Jew guide shows the place where he was lowered down—the walls in a basket—a legend not without authority. St. John's Cathedral, now the grand mosque, which it used to be death for an unbeliever to enter, a guinea will now open; so that one may read for himself the Greek inscription, "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom: thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." The house of Ananias, a sort of underground chapel, where Paul is said to have received his sight, is also shown; and the grave of Gorgias, a soldier who befriended the great apostle and assisted at his escape. The present masters of the city do nothing to maintain its beauty or renew its strength; so that its decay prompts sadness, sometimes disgust; and the most opposite feelings may be entertained with equal justice, as it is both feverstricken and balmy; filthy and abundantly watered; repulsive by its broken pavements and attractive by its fairy palaces; the throne of beautiful silk manufactures and the dead relic of famous steel armor, now sold even in Damascus as antique.

In the rainy season of February it proved to us a palace of misery. Dampness within and dampness without, and nothing but dampness; a fountain playing in our bedroom; the sheets so damp you could wring them out; the playful water waking us in the night with the

thought of being still pelted by the pitiless rain and finding no ark in the deluge.

Next to the broken pavement in which our horses fell and the rotten awning distilling mud on our heads, the two hundred thousand scavenger dogs are the "memorabilia" of Damascus: this is their imperial capital, their undisputed throne. Homeless, masterless and friendless, the laws protect them, and superstition still more; they frequent no houses, but guard sacredly their peculiar districts, like London beggars; they are death upon any strange curs, yet wear a charmed life themselves; they never wag their tails even to a child, but howl the night long, moon or no moon; they seem enlisted in perpetual war with all strangers, especially strange dogs, and never to sleep on their post, never to yield to any blandishment. It was the greatest possible satisfaction now and then to surprise them with a tap on the head round some street corner, in return for being worried out of one's wits by their show of fight.

Besides the curse of disease (the water of the Barrada being perilous to strangers), not even the daily diligence from the Mediterranean seaport of Beirut over seventy miles of Macadam can disturb the deathly sleep of this princess of beauty. Not only is Damascus steel a thing of the past, many of the swords sold here as of native manufacture being an English imitation, and American factory goods taking the place of Damascus silks in the bazaars, but no trade seems to flourish save that of the pastry-cooks, who literally swarm, are hung around by hungry customers all day long, and carry their wares to unimagined perfection and incredible cheapness.

The citadel is falling to ruins; the sidewalks are as perilous as the main roads; even the traces of mob violence a few years ago in the Christian quarter are not obliterated; whole squares of ruins mourn silently over that bloody sacrifice, by no means the last massacre of the true believer by the false.

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Apparently, there never was anything so beautiful for summer residences as these palaces stepping forth bodily from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Passing through a mean door in a dead wall, you find yourself in the servants' court, surrounded by appropriate apartments; through this square you enter again on a second court, where a fountain throws moisture over orange, citron, lemon and other trees, receiving fragrance in return; then, in the best houses, another enclosure, still surrounded by the finest apartments, invites you to the guest-room, where rich Persian rugs tempt you to recline amid carved, frescoed, mirrored walls, by the soft light of golden candlesticks, delicate confectionery being served at intervals with the fragrant hubble-bubble and genuine coffee of Mocha. In our last night's party the ladies were trying their wits together upon a novel subject, the beauty on my right insisting that she was but twenty, while laughing voices opposite maintained that she was so old she must hurry up her marriage or be voted an old maid.

Eothen praises a winter coffeehouse which might contain some hundreds of persons: a missionary carried me into one where he professed to have seen five thousand — not, of course, all of them beneath the vast dome, where an Arabian improvisatore generally rehearses some fairy or domestic tale, but in the beautiful gardens permeated with pretty brooks and shaded by walnut trees, ringing with the glad notes of countless birds. Here is the Exchange of Damascus, its escape from the leaden dullness of home, its sensual substitute for the daily paper, its cunning invention for killing the languid hours of an eventless existence. The missionaries assert that disgusting sensuality characterizes these lounging gossips: I hope they exaggerate, but the impression of every close observer is that nothing short of the restoration of woman to something like equal rights can arrest Turkish decay. Everything else has been tried. The model-farms are abandoned; the youths educated at Paris

return demoralized; foreign mechanics go home from Turkey disgusted; the dervish colleges are being abandoned; many a native worship no longer anything but his own ease; not a quarter of the Mussulmans in the capital visit any mosque.

The funniest yet the saddest instance I ever met of an elastic faith was just outside of Damascus. It was a gypsy

chief. I found his people, contrary to the books, were picking olives at halves: the older ones were manufacturing rat-traps and sieves. I asked about his religion. "Now," he said, "I am Moslem; among the Greeks I am a Greek; with Protestants I am a Protestant; and in Rome a Romanist"—everything to everybody, and nothing in reality.

F. W. HOLLAND.

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT, dear friend! I say good-night to thee
Across the moonbeams, tremulous and white,
Bridging all space between us, it may be.

Lean low, sweet friend! it is the last good-night;

For, lying mute upon my couch and still,
The fever-flush evanished from my face,
I heard them whisper softly, "'Tis His will:
Angels will give her happier resting-place!"

And so, from sight of tears that fall like rain,
And sound of sobbing smothered close and low,
I turned my white face to the window-pane,
To say *Good-night* to thee before I go.

Good-night, good-night! I do not fear the end,
The conflict with the billows dark and high;
And yet, if I could touch thy hand, my friend,
I think it would be easier to die:

If I could feel, through all the quiet waves
Of my deep hair, thy tender breath athrill,
I could go downward to the place of graves
With eyes ashine and pale lips smiling still;

Or it may be that if, through all the strife
And pain of parting, I should hear thy call,
I should come surging back to sweet, sweet life,
And know no mystery of death at all.

It may not be. Good-night, dear friend, good-night!
And when you see the violets again,
And hear, through boughs with swollen buds awhite,
The gentle falling of the April rain,

Remember her whose young life held thy name
With all things holy, in its outward flight,
And turn sometimes from busy haunts of men
To hear again her low Good-night, good-night!

HESTER A. BENEDICT.

I R E N E .

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

DURING the winter, Henry Stone had not allowed himself to become so entirely absorbed by anxiety for his ward, or so occupied by his ordinary affairs, as to forego his purpose of investigating, and, if possible, unraveling, the mystery connected with the death of Dr. Cartwright. He was urged to this attempt by two powerful motives—the desire to clear the memory of an old friend of the imputation of suicide, and the wish to gain some additional knowledge of the character and history of a woman whose fascinations he had felt, and whose fate, as he remembered with a shudder, might, but for an accidental revelation, have been linked with his own.

Mr. Cardman, to whom he owed that revelation, aided him in his present inquiries, which were prosecuted without result in many directions, and were at last narrowed down to a series of interrogations addressed to the only persons who lay open to suspicion—Mr. Charlton and Dr. Pennant.

The manner and conduct of the former were such as speedily to convince his examiners not only of his innocence, but of his inability to throw any light upon the matter. He replied with readiness and with evident frankness to all the questions that were put to him, admitted that he had heard his daughter express a strong and unaccountable dislike to Dr. Cartwright, but neither gave any answers betraying a complicity in the crime, nor disclosed any facts which could afford the slightest clew to the perpetrator.

Dr. Pennant proved a more difficult subject to manage, and his demeanor and replies were much less satisfactory. At first he endeavored to turn the inquiry aside by a long and rambling dissertation on the responsibilities of medi-

cal men in general and his own in particular, his scrupulous attention to his duties and the unjust reflections which had been cast upon him. In subsequent interviews he had recourse to a bolder line of action, defied his accusers to prove anything against him, and seemed disposed to rest upon this and the declaration of his own innocence. But his natural loquacity made it comparatively easy to extract from him some damaging admissions, ending at last in the avowal that he had bound himself by an oath to conceal a secret of which he averred that he had become the unwilling possessor, but which no persuasions or threats should induce him to betray.

This resolution it was found impossible to shake, and he maintained it up to the time of his death, which occurred many years after Will Maury and his unhappy wife had been laid in untimely graves, and when he himself, despite his oddities, had long secured the reputation of a skillful physician and an honest man. Among his papers was found a package marked "Private," and directed to Mr. Henry Stone, to whom it was accordingly transmitted by the doctor's executors. When opened it was found to contain a letter and a number of poems. The latter were all sonnets addressed "To Laura," and revealed the unsuspected fact that the insignificant little man, as he was then considered, had been as completely enslaved by the fascinations of Laura Charlton as any of her recognized admirers. Too shrewd or too sensitive to make any open exhibition of a passion which he knew to be hopeless, he had sought consolation in sundry poetical outpourings, making the somewhat unsympathizing Muses his only confidantes. But though he "never told his love," he could not prevent the object of it from being conscious of a power

over him, and thus obtaining many little favors which she might have hesitated to accept from a less unassuming admirer.

On the evening of Emma Raiman's wedding she pretended to have been seized with a sudden faintness, and asked Dr. Pennant to go out with her to a gallery. She there, after some hesitation, informed him that she needed his assistance, but had first a terrible secret to impart to him, which he must take a solemn oath never to reveal. "How," continued the letter, "could I resist her pleadings when it was only with an effort that I could restrain myself from falling at her feet and worshiping her matchless beauty? I took the oath she administered—a more horrible one never fell from mortal lips. Before she had finished it I knew her secret even better than she did herself."

She then told him that she was subject to attacks of insanity, for which Dr. Cartwright was privately treating her. One of these spells was coming on her that night, and she wanted him to aid her in leaving Mrs. Raiman's house unobserved, and to go with her to Dr. Cartwright's. They set out about midnight, Laura having previously procured a large cloak to throw over her elegant bridemaid's dress.

On reaching the house, Laura produced a key and opened the door without knocking. Her escort waited at the door about fifteen minutes, at the end of which she came out, very composed, and walked silently back by his side. Half an hour later she was again among the dancers.

When told the news next morning, she exhibited no very great surprise, receiving it in her usual heartless manner. For a long time Dr. Pennant did not suspect her, though aware of the suspicion which would be excited in others if her visit at so unusual an hour should become known. He hinted this to her on one occasion, but she merely shrugged her shoulders and said she never troubled herself about what "might be," and she was sorry, as he was her

friend, that he was so cowardly as to be alarmed by imaginary dangers.

Once only did he recur to the subject. When she was on the point of starting for Europe he asked her what had become of the key with which she had opened the door of Dr. Cartwright's house. To his astonishment, she denied having used a key, asserting that Dr. Pennant himself had opened the door for her. The calm assurance with which this falsehood was uttered struck him dumb. On reflection, he was driven to the conclusion that she had committed the crime herself, and that she was prepared, if suspicion were ever awakened, to accuse him as an accomplice, or even as the sole perpetrator of the act. Perhaps she had even induced him to accompany her with this very object, knowing that his quarrel with Dr. Cartwright would be brought forward in confirmation of the charge. At all events, she had taken a most effectual mode of securing his silence so long as either of them could be endangered by a disclosure.

CHAPTER V.

HAVING made their preparations, Mrs. Stone and Irene started on their summer trip, going to several fashionable watering-places, and seeing a good deal of society and gay life. Irene's health improved rapidly, and she was soon able to participate in the pleasures which are so keenly relished in youth, and which had for her the additional charm of novelty. She was much admired, and Mrs. Stone, in accordance with her plan, did nothing to discourage the attentions of the gentlemen.

Decatur joined them occasionally, and by his high spirits contributed much to their enjoyment. When, however, he discovered that the lovers did not correspond, he was very indignant, declaring that it was a wretched piece of business, and that if he were Henry he wouldn't stand it. On his return home he gave his brother a tantalizing account of Irene's beaux, winding up with,

"If you lose her you'll deserve it. I'd like to know why you haven't as much right to contend for her hand as all those soaplock college boys and fortune-hunters who are for ever dangling around her?"

"If she loves me she will be true through every temptation: if not, the sooner I know it the better."

"I wish you would just say, 'Do it,' and I'd bring her back to you if there were fifty stepmothers guarding her, and all as good talkers as Mrs. Stone."

"Decatur, you must learn to be more respectful in speaking of Mrs. Stone."

"Let me alone: I will have my say out sometimes."

On his next visit to the ladies he was disgusted at the reserve which prevented Irene from asking any questions about his brother. As she made no inquiries, he would tell her nothing, and did not know how often she murmured to herself, "He might have sent me a message by Decatur."

So the summer passed away, and toward the end of September, Henry received a letter from his stepmother containing the following passage:

"The time has come when we must refer to your engagement. You have faithfully kept your promise this summer, and it is right that you should know the result of our experiment. As I had anticipated, Irene takes real pleasure in society, and, like all young girls, likes to be admired. She has had a great deal of attention paid her, and has now two suitors. What do you say to my accepting for her an invitation to spend some time in New York City, where she will be in the best society?"

Henry Stone must have abjured the character of a lover altogether if he could have calmly consented to what was proposed. He, however, loved Irene with all the intensity of manhood, and he was not many minutes in deciding upon his course. He left home by the next train, and to Mrs. Stone's surprise appeared before her on the day on which she was expecting a reply to

her letter. He had arrived during the afternoon, and asked to see her in the parlor, without giving his name.

After a little talk, he said he considered he had a right to see Irene without further delay: he had been faithful to his promise, and if she were going to discard him, he had sworn to receive his dismissal from no one but herself, not even through a letter: he was determined there should be no deception or delusion on either side.

"Do you think you had better see her this evening? She is going to attend the masked ball in the parlors here to-night, and it might unnerve her."

"Allow me to choose how we shall meet. You say there is to be a masquerade: well, do not tell her I have arrived, and I will meet her *en masque*, and make myself known or not as I find advisable. Where is she now?"

"Gone to ride."

"What character does she take?"

"Zelica, from *Lalla Rookh*: I chose it. You will not know her, she is so much improved: she is growing stout."

"Glad to hear it! If I can, I will get a dress for some character in the same poem."

A few hours later the parlors of the — Hotel presented a gorgeous sight, and music as entrancing as that of Mokka's palace delighted the senses. As a crowd of personages of every clime and race streamed in, a close observer might have noticed an Azim watching each new-comer, but seemingly taking no more interest in what was going on around him than did the young Persian warrior when wandering through "the vast illuminated halls" of the Veiled Prophet. Then he went out, walked down the gallery and took a seat on the broad sill of a bow window, the curtains of which were drawn behind him. No one had spoken to him: all seemed instinctively to know that he was a stranger. Presently he heard two voices beyond the curtains talking earnestly, and one he soon recognized as Irene's.

"You must, at least, admit," he heard her say, "that I never encouraged you.

The first night we met, when I was given to you as your 'fate' in the silly game of Forfeits we were playing, I warned you that I was heartless, and a week afterward assured you that it was not a mere jest."

Henry did not catch the reply, and for some moments the conversation went on in a low tone. What he next heard was in a man's voice: "It is as I said last night: I have a rival."

"You have no right to make that assertion. Leave me!"

Again the reply was lost, and after some low murmuring, silence ensued. Henry drew aside the curtain and looked in. On a luxurious chair reclined a veiled figure, so covered with folds of tulle and satin that he would have failed to recognize it but for an attitude un-studied but full of grace which in moments of languor was characteristic of Irene. Through the transparent gauze her arms and shoulders gleamed white and round, as he had never seen them before. Her face was, of course, concealed by her mask, but he could imagine the pensive expression which had always been its principal charm.

"Zelica!"

She started up: "Who calls?"

"Azim—Zelica's Azim."

She turned toward the window, and seeing a figure, said, "Oh go away: I want to be alone."

"People do not go to balls to be alone: you must submit to having your solitude intruded upon, lady."

He stepped boldly inside: "Take my arm, lady, and let us walk through the rooms. I have not done so yet, nor have you; for with whom should Zelica walk when Azim is here?"

"Who are you? I cannot go: I'm waiting here for some one—for the sultan of Turkey."

"Never mind any one else," he said, drawing her hand through his arm. "Who has a right before Azim?"

Many remarks were made as they passed along.

"Who is this daring Azim that has possession of Miss Williams?"

"I wish I were Mokanna," replied a

tall priest. "I think it would do me good to knock over that intruder."

"It would not be in keeping with your saintly character," said the first speaker, "to contend for the hand of an infidel. Leave that to the sultan of Turkey."

"It is unfortunate you should be so well known," whispered Azim.

"I have been betrayed: the dress-maker sold my secret."

"Provoking!"

"I knew it before I came down, but my chaperon would not let me change my character."

"I ought to be much obliged to her, since my own costume has given me a claim to your notice."

"Who are you?" she asked, and looked up suddenly. "It is strange you should single me out in this crowd, for everybody seems curious to know who *you* are?"

"How is it strange that Azim should seek out his Zelica?"

"I am not *your* Zelica."

"Suppose I say you are?"

She laughed, and murmured softly, as if to herself, "My Azim is not here."

His heart thrilled, and he felt tempted to tear off his mask and claim her before the assembled crowd.

Just then the sultan of Turkey came up to claim her for a promised dance. Henry resigned her, not quite unwillingly, for he had need to master his emotions, and strolling back he soon left the ball-rooms and sought a cooler atmosphere.

An hour or two later Mrs. Stone passed Irene in the hall and whispered, "Come with me: you are getting fatigued."

They took a roundabout way to their apartment, where a faint light was burning. Mrs. Stone seated herself near a window, saying, "You had better go into your dressing-room and unmask: there is a bright light there. I will sit here, where it is cool."

Irene stood before the mirror with the mask in her hand, and said half aloud, "I should make but a poor

actress: neither this dress nor the mask has enabled me to disguise myself."

A moment afterward she started back in affright as the form of Azim rose behind her own in the glass.

"Queen of hearts, do you not know me?"

She was too startled to reply, and Henry, throwing off his mask, folded his arms around her.

"Tell me," he said, "is this meeting as rapturous as that of the poet's Azim and Zelica?"

"Yes."

"But I trust, Irene, not fraught with their subsequent sorrows?"

"God grant it!" and her full heart found relief in passionate tears.

When she was a little more composed he said, "To-night, for the last time, I shall exercise the right of a guardian. You have never told me an untruth. Look me in the face and tell me if there is any one whom you prefer to me?"

"No one!" and she extended her hand.

He pressed her to his heart and covered her face with kisses.

Neither Irene nor Mrs. Stone returned to the ball-room that night. Decatur circulated the news that his brother had arrived unexpectedly, and that they were all going home on the next day.

As they were separating for the night, Henry asked Decatur what he now thought of Irene.

"She is too good for anybody," was the reply.

"Do not flatter me," she said, blushing at the undisguised homage paid her by both brothers.

"I am not given to flattering, and I will leave it to Mrs. Stone to decide."

"Not so: I am aware I have not received justice from you lately."

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Henry, apologetically, "it is only Decatur's rash way of speaking, and he did not understand all the circumstances."

"It is time he had some confidence in my love for his father's children. Come back, Decatur: let us talk it over."

He took the seat on the sofa just vacated by Irene, saying, "I have no doubt you love Henry."

"And do you think I should have shown my love by allowing him to enter into a rash engagement which might have tarnished his honor or embittered his subsequent peace? Now listen: I had not a doubt of your brother: I knew he could stand any test. But Irene was young, full of gratitude for his unparalleled kindness; and as her health last winter secluded her entirely from society, she had had no opportunity of comparing him with others. Therefore I did not believe she could make an unbiassed choice. As she had no one else to act the part of a disinterested friend and adviser, I felt it incumbent on me, as well on her account as on Henry's, to assume the position. Time and absence are the tests of our feelings: they sweep away illusions and excitement, but strengthen faith and real affection. Such were my motives. Was I not right? Was I not at least just?"

"Oh, I am a boor! But I was jealous for Henry."

"No, you are not a boor, and your love for your brother is very commendable. In future I hope we shall be on better terms, for when Henry is married you and I shall have to depend more and more on each other."

Decatur was touched as well as convinced, and replied with feeling, "It shall not be my fault if we fail to be friends."

CHAPTER VI.

THEIR acquaintances gathered round them next morning and deplored their departure. One bright New York belle asked Henry why he had come to carry off Irene, adding that they had hoped to take her with them to New York.

He laughed: "I suspect if I tell the truth you will excuse me. I am going to be married, and wish, of course, my family to be present at the wedding."

"That being the case, we must of

course not complain. But I didn't fancy you were an engaged man."

"Why not?"

"You seem too much at ease with the present company: were I your betrothed, I should not permit any wandering thoughts."

"Mine are fixed."

"Well, mine have wandered from the purpose we had in view. Cannot Miss Williams join us a little later in New York? Being her guardian, you are, I suppose, the proper person of whom to ask the favor?"

"I am going to New York on my bridal-trip, and will take her with me. When we are there, if you can persuade her to remain, she has my permission to do so."

"Oh that is delightful! Thank you! Of course we can persuade her to remain. Mr. Dalton, don't despair: we shall have Miss Williams with us this winter. I have fulfilled my promise to get her to Gotham: it is for you gentlemen to redeem your pledge to induce her to remain as one of us."

"Take care," said Decatur with a laugh, "that my brother does not entrap you all. You have not asked him what inducements he will offer in opposition to your persuasions."

Irene blushed, and confusion seemed nearly to have overtaken both her and Henry, when the latter, recovering his self-possession, replied, "I shall only offer her a flying trip to Europe: my affairs will not permit me to remain there more than a few weeks."

"A trip to Europe is a dazzling offer," replied the young lady, "but she can go even there, and still spend some time with us. We are willing to wait a little for her."

"Between you all," said Mrs. Stone, "you will turn Irene's head; so I shall interpose. It is quite time we were saying 'Good-bye.'"

Three weeks afterward the members of the same party received cards to call

on Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stone at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

"Strange," remarked the young lady before mentioned, as the carriages drove up to the private entrance, "that there was no mention of Miss Williams! I am more interested in her than in twenty brides."

It is needless to speak of the exclamations that arose when, after being ushered into a private parlor, they saw Mr. Stone lead in Irene dressed in white silk. He tried to introduce her with becoming gravity, but he was overwhelmed with reproaches: "We are indeed entrapped, as your brother warned us we should be. No one at the Springs suspected you of being engaged."

"Will you not admit that I have kept my promise to bring her to Gotham?"

"No: this is only a subterfuge no one shall applaud."

"Try your persuasions to induce her to stay."

"We are not pledged to do so: it was your ward, not your wife, whom we undertook to win; so all that now remains is to offer our congratulations, and wish you *bon voyage* and a happy return."

The voyage and return were both accomplished in safety, and the newly-married couple settled down quietly at C—— in the fulfillment of ordinary duties and the enjoyment of a happiness as substantial and lasting as the mutual affection on which it was based. In a character like Irene's, love does not burn with a scorching fire nor shine with a fitful or illusive flame. It sinks with a still but penetrating power into the whole being; not absorbing the energies, but absorbed by them—not checking or changing the development, but blending and harmonizing with it. Such natures are not transformed by love, but they are matured and enriched by it. The purity and strength are their own: the glow and the perfume are Love's.

C H E S S .

BY A TENTH-RATE PLAYER.

MANY fine things have been said of Chess—of the immense mental power demanded and developed in its votaries; and our young imagination was wont to picture Stanton with his gold and silver "men," and his ebony-and-ivory chessboard, the trophy of past victories, locking himself up in his cellar, turning on the gas, having a simple meal passed in to him once a day, and with a ream of blanks, pen, ink and Sarratti by his side, analyzing all possible combinations, and finally coming forth a very Epimenides, worn with a month's toil, but laden with wonderful problems in forty-two moves. But we have never yet seen any just appraisal of the ordinary chess-attainment which we meet with in society. Let us try to fill up the gap.

We begin with an aphorism. Chess is a refiner, an educator in the minor morals, and as such deserving of dissemination among "the million." No one can play the game much without having his courtesy and forbearance put to the proof. We are not speaking of strict play: that is practiced only by the magnates of the game. Our statement has reference to the lax habit of those who find in Chess a recreation and a relaxation. Such players are continually laying themselves open to each other, and, though it is most unfair, are ever taking back moves. It is doubly unfair; for such a recalled move often reveals a carefully laid combination, which a blundering opponent may disconcert, and so discourages any effort to reconstruct it. At any rate, it is annoying; since, even though you are not playing with a lady, it may seem selfish to take "the chance advantage" for which you have been actually plotting. Courtesy and popular impression that the game is ruined if the Queen be lost, will lead one player to tell the other that his Queen

is *en prise*, and to permit him to withdraw her. But to us the loss of the Queen for anything like an equivalent but adds to the excitement of the game; for though it involves in an ordinary player the final loss of the game, yet the care and combination elicited from the poor struggling player is quite equal to the piece lost. It is in reality a lesson worth the price.

A player often points out to his opponent the dangerous advantages his inattention or incomplete analysis has opened up, and refuses to use them. This exhibits a covert sense of lofty superiority which is to us very galling. The loser, too, often chooses to shelter his defeat under an alleged oversight, or such a complete abstraction over his own absurdly incoherent plans, which were to win the game with a brilliant stroke, that he did not study sufficiently the moves of the other side. Your "if" soothes many a wounded chess-pride. It was such a natural remark, yet so sad in truth, which Maximilian made to his captors when he gave up his sword: "But for this treachery, yonder sun would not have set to-morrow before I should have received your sword instead of giving you mine." The emperor played for the empire with terrible odds against him at the close, yet he covered all his shattered plans and broken hopes with that simple remark. He must have been a chess-player, though we do not remember to have seen this noted among his many brilliant accomplishments. How often we have said, or heard others say, "If you had not slipped up on me so!" But the courtesy that gives warning in such cases is yet a bad thing, and ruins many a promising player, who, if compelled to play strictly, would be wary, and learn to avoid traps, gins, pitfalls, catches and snares which slipshod players drop into.

Not but that absolutely strict play, too, has the appearance, to the ordinary looker-on, of meanness, and it is held to mark a selfish disposition. But the golden rule, "touch and play," will alone make a thorough player—not a first-class player perhaps, but one whose skill is on a grade with his natural capacity for the game. And to this point not one in a hundred attains. It may be replied that few have the time, the unburdened leisure, to bring themselves up to that point. True, but few real lovers of it will hesitate to make some leisure to enjoy the game; yet, playing merely for enjoyment and relaxation, and otherwise untrained to habits of close, continuous thought, they seldom reach the top of their chess-ability.

The average chess-player of everyday life may rank from a fifth to a tenth-rate player; below that we would not "place" him. Let us construct a scale by which to graduate the ordinary players we meet with. Two or three traps which can be practiced on the unwarly will supply the needful base. Rejecting the victim of the Fool's Mate, the Scholar's Mate would be the first stage of chess-capacity, for he must be low down indeed who cannot avoid that. Let us range them thus :

The Scholar's Mate.....	30
The Scholar's Mate Deferred.....	20
The player who permits his Rook and Knight to be "horsed".....	15
The player who can plan two moves with their collateral issues.....	10
The three-move player.....	8
The three-move player, with all possible contingencies for the three moves.....	5

These last three grades really differ in a geometrical ratio; for he who can plan a combination involving not simply two moves, but all the possible two moves with their results, is barely initiated into the first mysteries of chess-craft. Yet the distance between the tenth and the eighth-rate player is not as great as between the eighth and fifth-rate men. The eighth-rate player is supposed to be able to solve a problem in three moves. The contingencies in

such a case are few and easily borne in mind. But the fifth-rate player must have the board covered with men, and keeps in mind the possible, probable and—to his chess-mind—actual counter-moves, and is able at any time to modify his proposed line of play into any one of the six or eight possible trains of movements on the board.

By Scholar's Mate Deferred we mean this—leaving the men in place, and bringing out others apparently to defend the "mate," and then, when the obstructing pieces are removed, grimly making the fatal move with the Queen, to the sheer amazement, confusion and "paragrabolization" of the poor player, who was exulting in the ease with which he had defeated so palpable a trap. It is our delight to treat an enthusiastic young lady in this way. And to add that it was artfully done to teach her care and prudence is such a stinging comment on her play that it is sure to bring out a sharp retort.

We have ranked ourselves as a tenth-rate man, unknown to fame, and we are only honest—not at all vain—in this self-appraisal. We have solved the two-move problems, and many of the three-move problems too, in Stanton's *Chess-player's Companion*, and with this test, and with seventeen years' experience in the game, we consider that we have worked our way into a respectable position among the tenth-rate or two-move men. We might say, did not modesty forbid, that at times we had risen into the debatable land whose hazy boundaries are hard to trace between high tenth-rate and low eighth-rate players, but that was on extra days, on gala occasions; and once, when our ideas of Chess and its combinations were particularly distinct, we dreamed that we might possibly vault over into the fifth form of chess-devotees. It was because of this revelation (for it was such a glimpse) of possible achievements, of latent powers awaiting development, that we made the remark above—that so few chess-players reach the farthest limit of their several capacities.

We feel morally sure that "courtesy" is our (chess) bane. Were we to play on the "touch-and-move" rule, we should soon develop into something higher. But our present opponent is a genial little doctor—a pleasant, courteous eighth-rate practitioner of Chess and a first-rate practitioner of Medicine. We play usually a match of seven games, or a "string," as he calls them. The writer's proportion of games out of a month's bunch of strings is about two and a half. Once only, in a number of matches played continuously, did we win four or five out of the constant seven of the *partie*.

We have drawn up our scale on the social principle, as we are writing of the ordinary chess-lovers in society. We do not recognize Stanton's scientific classification, as Queen's Rook, Queen's Knight, Pawn and two-move men, etc. Our valuation of the game is essentially different from his. He writes as a professional, we as an amateur.

Ladies (to make a general remark upon that distinct class of players, for they are *sui generis* generally) possess a peculiar but very low average chess-capacity. It is the capacity that is dependent upon the quickness of first thoughts. There are exceptions to every rule, and we have met female opponents of high ability. But it may be said, without discourtesy, that women cannot appreciate the finer parts of the game, through that inherent mental defect, want of concentration. This defect incapacitates any one, male or female, from really comprehending the scope of so intricate and delicate a game. A chess-player amuses himself when he plays with ladies. We think that Alcopibas Nasier allows his wit to overpower his judgment when he describes the tournament at the court of the Queen of Whims in the kingdom of Quintessence as invented for Her Majesty's recreation. Or possibly the severe chronicler of that famous voyage may have been too much occupied with other thoughts to do more than record the tournament, which he does somewhat carelessly.

We, in a weak moment, once seriously played with the granddaughter of a lady who was (by a family legend) reputed to have won in playing with Kosciusko. The family held that by a mysterious transmission a chess-ability was given to the direct female line of the successful lady. We took care not to disabuse them or to investigate the extraordinary myth. But once only did we play with a lady who could beat us, tenth-rate as we rank ourselves. She was an able player and in constant practice.

To the curious student, gauging the chess-ability of the several players he may chance to encounter, their relative mannerisms afford much amusement.

Here is a sturdy, chuckle-headed bore, who, by dint of playing through *Aquel* twice and worrying over the problems, has gained a tolerable acquaintance with the game, and can avoid the ordinary "traps." He fears them, so his style of play is Herodian. He attempts no combinations, no scientific effort to develop the game, but deliberately sets himself down to exchange pieces, to capture stray pawns, to slaughter the game, and by all means to break down any attempts at combinations, which he dreads most religiously. Sometimes he is hard to manage, but the only way is to pay him off in his own coin—to win the exchange, and then to strip him of every piece, to queen as many pawns as possible, whether you need them or not, and then, having swept off every piece he has and every pawn, to worry him deliberately into a tortuous checkmate. This will disgust him, and rid the game of a nuisance.

You meet sometimes with a spare-made man, large-mouthed, large-nosed, with clear gray eyes. He has considerable ability as a player. He insists upon the "touch-and-move" rule, but he continually lays himself open to disastrous defeats by inadvertent and false moves, and as continually is retracting. Often such a player lifts up a piece, places it on a square, and with finger yet upon it, with outspread hand hovering over the whole board, will begin to calculate. He begs you to observe that he has not

completed the move by taking up his finger, but that he wishes to see how the piece looks there. And then he peers about under his hand, and communes with himself half aloud. Watch his play but ten minutes, and then he will be sure to open himself to a fatal attack. Listen! he whispers: "Ah, how stupid! I saw it! It loses the game at once!" If the other is a pitiful, easy man, or a comparative stranger, he will insist upon his repairing the error, and the offer is invariably accepted with well-feigned reluctance. But woe to the pitiful one! Let him but make such a blunder, and with a swoop of the hand and a stern smile, and perhaps the remark that he never takes back a move, this spare player pitilessly seizes upon the fatal advantage with Napoleonic promptitude. Such a man is never disgusted with the game, but he quickly disgusts others with *his* game.

But oftener you play with an easy-tempered man, who is not at all particular to play carefully; who remarks that he is learning your game; takes back moves or gives them back with perfect indifference. Often he shows a heedless talent for combination. He talks with the lookers-on, or chats with you about the war or the price of cotton. He will kindly criticise your moves with a frankness which is charming on other subjects, and owns his faults with the air of a penitent on easy terms with his father confessor. But when the game grows critical he will whistle in a soft key a *souvenir des chats de nuit*. When he loses the game it does not trouble him, but he will replace the men, saying, "Well, I shall learn your game after a while, but I never could beat a man at the first game: indeed, I prefer to lose it." After a series of defeats he says he does not play to win, but to pass the time; or, should he happen to win, he patronizingly says he will give you a lesson or two.

Note that man, and do not play with him. The others you will not play with if you can help it. This man will corrupt your chess-manners. While his

style is distasteful to you, you yet do not meet with anything positively repelling. But if you play much with him, and if his is the stronger nature, you will gradually assimilate. You will lose the fine quality of your play; you will become slipshod in the niceties of the game when precision is requisite; the keen pleasure of a well-won victory will become blunted. Victories over such a man are worthless. He is no true lover of the game, nor can he have a true chess-capacity. It is all showy: he has learned the game by rote, and plays it by rote. When he says he does not play to win, ask him what then he does play for: defeat, ordinarily, is not particularly pleasurable. If he wins continuously, he will be sure to crow over you; and that is positively rude.

But your true chess-player is a self-controlled, self-contained, clear-eyed man. He has a neat, precise way, a crisp style of moving the men, as one who knows what he is about. It is not necessary to be very high up for one to have style *if one be a chess-devotee*. Style cannot be copied: there can be no counterfeiting it. This player has a steady, not an even-toned, voice. Mark the voice. An even tone indicates conventional self-control, and is incompatible with chess-ardor; but a steady voice indicates self-control which makes one "master of the situation." With such a one always play when you can. He will play strictly not selfishly, and will require the same of you; yet he will not play ungenerously. It is this intense selfishness, coming from playing continually and *only* the right move, and no other, and pitilessly using every advantage, which makes Stanton's games so terrible to us, and we feel that he is not a chess-player, but a chess-ogre.

Make it a rule that if you make a fatal blunder when opposed to a true chess-player, you will abandon the game and begin a new one with redoubled heed.

The true chess-votary always plays to win. He feels a defeat keenly, and enjoys a victory with proportional pleas-

ure. Yet it is only a real victory he enjoys; for he had rather be defeated in a well-foughten field, that has called out every power and resource, than win a dozen worthlessly easy victories. But what proud delight can compare with his who has won a hard-wrought game over which he has matched his own mental powers against an opponent for hours without flagging! The tales told of kings finishing their game before permitting fatal news to be told them are undoubtedly true, though the antiquarian may find historic doubts recorded. The chess-player, on the mere mention of them, would make affidavit of their truth, without inquiring into details.

Let us lay down an axiom or two. Never play with an incessant smoker: he dreams too much. Never play with a man who sips anything while playing: he is but a *dilettante*; but coffee and oysters *between* the games repair the wasted powers of the mind. Never play with a man who permits others to talk to him or answers them: it is bad taste and manners.

Here let us notice a common charge against Chess. It is *not* an unsocial game. It is eminently social, if by social you understand, as I do, the enjoyment of another's companionship. It most certainly does not admit of gossip, scandal, politics, egotism or any other irrelevant matters. Yet you enjoy your friend's society, even though he saith naught but "Check," and you respond with "Mate." You come to know him better through those mystic words than by a year of ordinary companionship. You learn to weigh his character; and as he prefers to fight with the Knight or the Bishop, or exchanges the one for the other, so you value him. Chess develops the qualities of honor, courtesy, forbearance, sympathy. Chess trains the capacity for insight, forethought, concentration. Therefore it educates a man's daily character. Are not these qualities worth gaining? What though the playing of the game excludes all other but the two participants? The

men they move are "counters" for far higher things: and the *ἀγών* between brain and brain, of capacity against capacity, is nobler than any mere combination on the board. It has deep lessons, too, which might demand an essay upon the types of character the pieces shadow out upon the chequered field.

To play the game well requires that the student should master analysis thoroughly. But this is a complex study. Ten moves with their ramifications would wellnigh exhaust the patience, if not the ability, of any ordinary player who should attempt an independent analysis. It is a rare faculty that can carry through an ultimate analysis.

Though we have many first-rate amateurs, we rarely hear of them out of their own walk. Rarely is Chess followed as a profession, and then it only affords a livelihood where there is a very cultivated and large chess-circle. *Non cuivis*, etc., belongs also to chess-excellence, but the successful *voyag ur* thither seldom returns to other paths of equal fame. Few know that Morphy is a lawyer, while many know him as a wonderful master. Why so many fail at the outset we have tried to indicate. In fact, the small number of first-rate players upon our scale is to be attributed to deficient training in habits of pure thought. When once we can get students to bend their minds to the analysis of problems in the sphere of abstract speculation, then the number of able chess-students will be increased, but not till then. This consideration will give us the true clew by which to explain why Chess and Mathematics are popularly (and correctly) supposed to be allied. To mere Arithmetic, Chess has no relation. It is not that the powers of the pieces and pawns can be valued, and any combination be analytically expressed by x , y or z , but that the habits of thought required in the higher walks of Mathematics fit a man to think well and continuously upon the problems presented on the chessboard.

A. A. B.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

WHAT a delightful trait in the Anglo-Saxon race is its readiness to take an interest in other people's affairs, and to exhibit its sympathy in the form of sermons bearing indelible marks of the stones from which they have been extracted! All the nations of the earth have heard it proclaim, "Humani nihil a me alienum puto"—"Everybody's business is mine." From our own experience during the war of the rebellion we know how sweet such sympathy is, coming from a cognate branch of the same family. We have not yet had a good opportunity of repaying John Bull in kind, but France has given us such a chance of disburdening our minds as we may scarcely hope to meet again, and we have profited by it to the fullest extent. Prostrate France, bestridden by her victor, has been incapable of making a refractory sign while we have poured into her ear the words of wisdom. "Cease," we have cried, "to struggle: there is not a single chance for you; and if there were, you would be very wrong to try it. Remember your thefts in old days from the Holy Roman Empire—that sublime institution which claimed secular authority over Christendom, and of which the North German Confederation is the legitimate heir. Restore the stolen goods to Prussia, which, as the executor of the empire and the trustee of the confederation, will take excellent care of them. Remember your unwarrantable interference with Germany in the time of Maria Theresa and the Great Frederick, when you aided Prussia, at her solicitation, against the empire, and the empire, at its solicitation, against Prussia. Make reparation to Prussia *and* the defunct empire, which have made up their little differences and are now united. Remember your ill-behavior at the time of your revolution, when, instead of heeding the mild advice of innumerable German princes, though backed

by military demonstrations, you kicked out, upsetting not only the arrangements made for your welfare, but many of the Serene Highnesses themselves. Pay compensation to Prussia, which has now got possession of said Highnesses' territories. Remember how, when Prussia declared war against Napoleon I., the latter, instead of waiting like his good nephew to be thrashed at home, marched brutally to Jena, and thence to Berlin. Can you do less in the way of reparation than open the gates of Paris to König-Kaiser Wilhelm? We say nothing about your interference between us and England at the time of our first family difficulty. Perhaps you think we owe you a debt of gratitude for that: if so, can we better pay it than by giving you the good counsel of which you are so much in need? Besides, Prussia is fighting the battles of civilization—as witness her Krupp guns, her admirably organized army and your own devastated territory. Contrast your moral and intellectual condition with hers. You write naughty, fascinating novels, poems and plays: Prussia writes none—at least none that any of us ever reads. You break the seventh commandment: Prussia has a system of easy divorces which takes away even the temptation. But what need to go on? Repent, disgorge, humble yourself as all people, save Anglo-Saxons, should do when they are down. If, indeed, there were any hope of your rising— But no: we know your condition. German professors have told us your past history, and German bulletins your impending fate. The Army of the Loire has been annihilated, the Army of the North driven into Belgium: the towers of Notre Dame de Paris are tottering under the bombardment which has so long been going on. *Therefore* lie still, make no effort, kiss the feet of the conqueror, humble yourself in the sackcloth of Eugénie and the smoking ashes of Bazeilles."

WITH DICKENS—AT THE BANQUET-BOARD AND ON SHIPBOARD.

I HAD secured my passage in the Scotia, which was to leave Liverpool on November 2, and was spending a week in London prior to the day of sailing. In my quiet lodgings in Sackville street I had heard no news; so it was with interest, and some vexation, that I saw one morning in the *Times* the announcement that a farewell banquet, to be given to Charles Dickens previous to his departure for America, was to come off on the evening of November 2.

For a moment I was completely dispirited at remembering I should be leaving the British Channel at that very hour. There were only three days to elapse, and I could not reasonably expect the steamship company to transfer my state-room on so short a notice; and besides, there was no assurance of a ticket to the dinner at this late hour. Yet to miss such an occasion without an effort was not to be thought of. I hastened into Piccadilly, to the nearest cab-stand, and on lifting my finger a Hansom wheeled from the line and brought up at the curb in a twinkling.

I drove straight to the publishers' who held the tickets. In answer to my application a clerk said the number had to be limited to five hundred, and they had all been taken on the first announcement.

"I am very desirous of going: is there no chance for me between now and then?"

The only encouragement he gave me was to add fuel to the flame of my desire by saying, with considerable fervor, "This is a very remarkable occasion: there will probably be assembled at Freemasons' Tavern a greater number of distinguished people than were ever under one roof before."

"Yes, I know," I interrupted, "and possibly out of that great number there will be some one who can't go; in which case I beg you to secure the place for me."

And then I pleaded my nationality in a faint-hearted way, with the feeble hope

that it might beguile him into making an effort for me. He opened a blank book at this, and showed me that nineteen applicants for such chances had been ahead of me. "But I'll put you down for the twentieth if you wish," he said, in a tone that left no room for hope.

I left the shop, determined to remain in London and trust to luck, if I could do so without sacrificing my passage. A telegram was at once sent to Liverpool, asking the favor of a transfer to the Cuba, which was to sail a week later. Then, having dismissed the cab, I strolled along the Strand as far as Wellington street, when it occurred to me that possibly some clerk in the office of *All the Year Round* might be in possession of a ticket and be indifferent about using it; but I was told there was no chance outside the publishing house. Into the Strand again I pushed along, not yet quite disheartened. There must be some way open for one so bent on admission, I thought—some magic words to open the door of this Freemasons' cave. "Let me see—'Open wheat,' 'Open rye!' Open—open guineas!"

In two minutes more I was again in a Hansom, driving smartly for the publishers'.

"Open wheat, open rye," I murmured to the clerk.

"No one has yet returned a ticket," he responded.

"Open guineas!" I exclaimed. Whereupon, after consultation with a brother clerk, he said to me, "It's possible one may turn up by evening; and if it should, I'll send a note to your lodgings."

I thanked him, drove away, and—well, I got the ticket! Somebody from the country, I think, who couldn't come to town on that evening. The following telegram soon justified my venture, and put me in everlasting good-humor with the steamship company: "Berth cancelled, and transferred to Cuba."

Out of the fog and into the crowded cloak-room of Freemasons' Hall I stepped before the clock struck seven. A

letter B on my dinner-card denoted the section to which the holder was assigned; so when the ushers invited Section B, I followed a number up to the banquet-hall, where five hundred Britons, in dress coats and white cravats, were taking their seats at the long tables. The dinner committee, composed of Wilkie Collins, Fechter, and other personal friends of Dickens, were so business-like in their arrangements that the throng fell into their places with the greatest ease and order. While awaiting the arrival of the guest, I had leisure to observe the apartment and the people about me. In each panel on the walls was inscribed in gold letters the title of one of Mr. Dickens' most famous works. It was pleasant to watch the countenances of his countrymen as they read with new ardor these titles—to see them lighten with interest or broaden into smiles as the immortal names of *Nicholas*, *The Christmas Carol*, *David* and *Pickwick* met their eyes.

It is not hard to detect a stranger; so my table companion, assuring himself of my case, politely offered to point out any lions that might be in sight, either couchant or prowling about. Men were passing quickly from one table to the other, talking in high good-humor. "Do you see that stout man who has just left his seat?" The man described stopped near us, and, leaning over, began to tell something with immense glee to a listening group seated at table—stout of body and big of head, with uncommon spirit and animation. "That's Mark Lemon," my friend said as he turned from them shaking with laughter. How well his name fits his office! I thought, as I saw for the first and last time the editor of *Punch*, in the not inappropriate function of being the spirit of mirth at a banquet.

At this moment something like an announcement was heard at the door: a stir was in the room, and the whole assemblage rose and broke into applause. Mr. Dickens entered, accompanied by Lord Lytton, and followed by a score of gentlemen. Very serious was his expression as he walked by the

ranks of men clapping their hands vehemently. He seemed to be striving to keep down the emotion caused by this warm reception, and looked neither to right nor left as he traversed the long room. Bulwer walked close at his elbow, and while the applause deepened looked about him as if in a picture-gallery, stroked his beard, and threw his glances indifferently around, now on the people, now up at the inscriptions, as though he would say, "I am determined not to appear to accept one grain of this applause for myself."

A minute, and they had passed, the group of eminent men crowding after so quickly that only a few could be named for me: "The lord chief-justice, who is sure to speak. The somewhat spare man, carrying his head bent, is Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist. That large man, nearly seven feet high, is 'Jacob Omnium' of the *Times*, one of Thackeray's friends. And there is Sir Edwin Landseer." Amazing! I thought, as I looked upon the old man who half a century ago painted Dandie Dinmont's terriers, Pepper and Mustard. My companion brought me abruptly out of the past by exclaiming, "Look quickly if you would see the handsomest man in England—the man with no beard, just passing! That's Millais, the artist."

I looked, and saw one of the noted trio of Pre-Raphaelites. His face is indeed uncommonly handsome, and not of the florid English type. But I thought, as they hurried by, that they all looked somewhat low-spirited—like men who had been waiting longer than usual for dinner.

Lord Lytton occupied the chair, with Mr. Dickens on his right and the lord chief-justice on his left. Behind the chair was the royal standard crossed with the stars and stripes, above which was a wreath encircling the monogram of the guest; while surmounting these, and almost directly over the head of the author, were the glittering letters that form the magic name of "Pickwick."

And now the clink of soup-plates peals a welcome alarum, and the Army, the Navy, the Bench and the Bar, princes,

potentates and warriors, fell to with great alacrity. Oh the clatter, the murmur, the hum of a great dinner! What a sight is that of five hundred men feeding at table! How pleasant to observe the measureless content that rests upon each countenance!

"Stick to the claret, for the sherry at these public dinners is always risky," said my neighbor. I obeyed him, and with the aid of certain glees and madrigals that were sung at intervals, made the time pass till the main business was reached. This was entered on by ceremoniously getting through the usual loyal toasts and offering congratulations to the royal family.

There is one wholesome practice which prevails in England that must always startle an American when he witnesses it for the first time. It is that of coughing down a speaker who is becoming prosy. Accustomed to our own social timidity, that compels us patiently to endure the droning of some diffusive bore through a long hour, one is astounded when a whole audience is taken with a violent catarrhal trouble, that makes such a clamor as to drown the speaker and force him to capitulate. On this occasion, after the British flag had been waved long enough, and over barbarous Abyssinia in particular, a certain Captain Somebody of the Navy kept on carrying it round the world, with a running talk on ships and naval reforms generally. A shot or two having no effect, he received a broadside which sunk him at once, and silence for a moment settled over him. The same fate awaited Mr. Tom Taylor, the dramatic writer. Having been for some years actively interested in the organization and drill of volunteer rifle companies, it fell to his lot to return thanks for the toast to the volunteers. Hearty cheers awarded his earlier remarks, which were pertinent and telling, but instead of wisely stopping, he diffused his critical observations over such a wide surface that he had to be admonished by a scathing fire. Heedless of this, he went on, all reason having apparently fled, and fatuously strove to

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withstand the tremendous volley which now assailed him. He staggered for an instant, and then dropped into his seat.

Arriving now at the chief toast of the evening, the chairman arose and began to address the eager company. At first we could hear no more than some vocal sounds, but presently could distinguish some inflections of voice. Lord Lytton was manifestly speaking, for he was making gestures and uttering sounds, and everybody was trying to hear his words, but without success. There sat several hundred men with their faces aslant, intently and respectfully listening to an inarticulate gurgle. His voice was not weak, and he used it with some force and deliberation, but he seemed to be engaged in swallowing his words as fast as they were formed. Now and then his arms would move and his slender body swing forward and backward with the energy of his thought. If a word was caught, the meaning of a sentence was conjectured, and applause would follow. Then drawing himself erect, as if he thought all his eloquent remarks were distinctly heard, he would lift high his narrow shoulders, as though gathering for a fresh burst. And when it came my attentive ear was obliged to turn away baffled. Upon pointedly addressing a gentleman who sat near him at table, it was obvious to some that he was making a direct appeal to Matthew Arnold in support of some proposition that never had an audible existence. But it required the morning journals afterward to tell us that Bulwer addressed him as "one distinguished for the manner in which he has brought together all that is most modern in sentiment with all that is most scholastic in thought and language."

We furthermore had it verified that his oration was a glowing panegyric on Dickens, to whom he turned on closing and looked down upon him. Aided by this action, we could gather that he proposed "a prosperous voyage, health and long life to our illustrious guest and countryman, Charles Dickens."

Mr. Dickens was on his feet in an instant, and in that voice now so well

known, with the least touch of huskiness in it, confessed that the composure which he was used to command before an audience was so completely shaken that he could only hope they might see in him now "some traces of an eloquence more expressive than the richest words." It was not alone owing to the deep stillness and the close attention of the audience that every word he spoke was so readily heard. His voice was not sonorous, nor did he employ what commonly passes for elocution, but by a distinct and forcible enunciation, and putting a slight stress upon a suggestive word, often at the close of a sentence, he would drive it home to the hearer, laden with all the meaning he intended, and sometimes perhaps more than the printed text would suggest.

In a bold figure, while referring to the emotions which his reception by this great assemblage aroused, he said: "The wound in my breast, dealt to me by the hands of my friends, is deeper than the soundless sea and wider than the whole catholic Church!" The intense energy and dramatic fervor with which this was uttered sent a thrill through the entire company. Yet considerable laughter immediately followed, showing that the sentiment was extravagant enough to be regarded as a *bon mot*. He told them of "the great pressure of American invitations, and of the hearty and homely expressions of personal affection for him which it would be dull insensibility in him not to prize." Further, he promised to use his best endeavors "to lay down a third cable of intercommunication between the Old World and the New."

As this was a company of Englishmen, it was no doubt in excellent taste for the speaker to say the following words of the nation he was about to visit: "I know full well that whatever little motes my beamy eyes may have descried in theirs, they are a kind, large-hearted, generous and great people." But somehow I was a little uncomfortable under this, and, though quite unwarrantably, felt as if I were a representative, a sort of accidental ambassa-

dor, with imputed national sensibilities. The very folds of our flag that hung there seemed to become sentient, and indeed capable of hearing what was said. But this little conceit speedily gave place to a pang of regret as the address was now about to end. With the quotation from that wise little atomy, Tiny Tim, of "God bless us every one!" Mr. Dickens resumed his seat.

There was a moment of stillness before any applause, and the company maintained their listening attitude, reluctant to part with him. Mr. Trollope, soon following, sensibly limited himself to few words, and those were in denunciation of a certain prophet of our day, whose bitter lamentations were unnecessary and disagreeable. Mr. Trollope was sufficiently lucid for everybody to know that he meant Thomas Carlyle. It was in this eccentric mode he returned thanks for the toast to Literature. The closing address by the lord chief-justice, looked to with interest, was a fulsome panegyric on the chairman. Lord Lytton was lolling his fatigued frame in an arm-chair, with his head on one side as if asleep. The orator talked to him and at him. Standing close at his side, he seemed, even by the gestures of his hands, to be baling out eulogy and deluging Bulwer with it. But the statesman-novelist never once moved his tired head. If, as is said, Bulwer is so deaf that he could not hear a word of it, the situation becomes ludicrous. The banquet was over, and the scene shifted to London streets.

Early on the following Saturday morning I went on board a little ferry-boat at the Liverpool wharf, and deposited my hat-box at the foot of a huge, pyramidal pile of luggage that stood on the centre of the deck. The things had been hastily heaped together, and the pile was crowned by another hat-box, which was rendered unsteady by the motion of the boat. Presently it toppled, and after making one or two ill-considered movements, rolled steadily to the bottom, where it was arrested by my own hat-box, against which it leaned trust-

ingly. On its lid was painted in large black letters the name "Charles Dickens." This little incident informed us of the precious freight the Cuba was to carry, and was read as a happy augury of a pleasant ocean voyage.

"That's him now, a-coming down the plank," said a rough-looking man to a knot of others. Approaching the tug at a fast walk was a man of medium height, with weatherbeaten, ruddy face and light blue eyes. He was dressed in a heavy, double-breasted pea-jacket, and wore a Derby hat. It is the first mate hastening aboard, I should have said had I not seen him before. This apparently seafaring man was the only passenger to whom anxious farewells were said; and as a rosy young girl clung tearfully about his neck in daughterly fashion, the rigging became suddenly interesting to me, and my notebook was closed.

When fairly on our way it was apparent that Mr. Dickens' known pedestrian habits were invincible by wind or wave. To and fro, between the wheel-house and the smoke-stack, he paced the deck for hours every day. These walks were mostly alone, for the reserve with which he obviously sheltered himself was respected from beginning to end. It was only in those accidental encounters or inevitable juxtapositions arising on shipboard that he was addressed by his fellow-passengers. But he rarely spoke first, save in the morning salutation on deck. He never once joined the shivering group that clustered about the smoke-stack for warmth, but paced and paced, engaged apparently in serious thought. "I wish he would begin to lay the cable now," thought I, "according to his promise at the banquet; it would be such an excellent chance while he has us here so handy on shipboard." But night fell and day rose—mists drove and the sun shone, and the steamer went booming along, and the passengers chatted and walked and ate and drank, and still the great envoy made no sign of laying the cable.

It was the most natural thing in the world for everybody aboard to want to

say something to him. And what could be more natural than that the restraint, which was self-imposed out of consideration for his comfort, should give way on the least provocation? There, walking back and forth daily among them, went the man who had probably given them more pleasure and delight than any other living—had cheered them in calamity, had heightened their joys, had cleared their vision to see the beauty and goodness that may lie in common surroundings, and created a gratitude in their hearts that cannot be measured. So in the course of three or four days all had a speaking acquaintance with him, and whoever joined him found him easy of approach and not averse to talk.

"I have knocked about the Channel a good deal, and have learned in that way," he explained to one who marvelled at his knowledge of sailor-craft. Whenever the heavy tramp of the gang was heard as the men reeled in the wet log-line, there stood Mr. Dickens watching it as it was pulled tight and dripping along the deck. Among the first to know what run the ship had made, few could ever carry him the news, spite of the uncertain hours at which the log was heaved. How distinctly I recall his figure as he climbed up the ladder to the deck! First his low-crowned round hat appeared; then his ruddy face lit with his marvelously blue eyes; then his double-breasted seaman's coat. On sunny days he would carry up in his hand a huge book bound in blue. On the cover was stamped a gilt picture of an elephant with uplifted trunk chasing a boy. It was a book on India. He would place this big volume on a bulkhead or bench, and sit down by it as if he contemplated reading. But he never read a page of it while on deck. His quick glance was up at the sails, the mystery of ropes, the clouds, the way of the wind, and everywhere but on the book.

On a day when the ship rolls heavily men's faces are often portentously long at dinner in the saloon. "If I could only keep my feet till the bell rings, I

should get safely through," I observed one day.

"Take hot negus for lunch: it will keep you up much better than the ale," Mr. Dickens replied. Then, pursuing the subject, he said: "My worst time is in the morning when I get up: how do you manage then?"

"Watch the towels, and the moment they stop swinging make a dive for the lounge, seize my flask and take one spoonful of brandy."

"But only one; for if you take more," he said, curving one eyebrow and smiling, "you are defeated. That's my plan also, and it works very well."

Of course I prized hints from this source, especially as they had a smack of the "Markis o' Granby" and the "Maypole." The chat turned on travel, on winter climates, went back to Europe, trundled down to Italy and his long residence at Genoa, and the beauty of the Riviera. The lovely features of the Cornice were tossed from hand to hand, as though we were capping verses. "How picturesque those villages!" said he. "And what a balmy air!" exclaimed another. "And that blue sea in front!" pursued Dickens. "And the shining orange groves!" "Yes, and backed with those rich hills!" he added with almost lyric fervor. At this moment a new-comer broke in with some odious remark about the number of "knots she's running." He flung his great cobble-stone into the smooth flow of talk, and there was an end of it.

One evening I was sitting alone on deck while teapots and lighted candles were being placed in the saloon below. Some one was climbing up the ladder, and I perceived the outlines of Mr. Dickens' hat and coat. He took a camp-stool and sat near me. After a word or two we traveled ahead of the ship to America.

"How far is it from New York to Philadelphia? or, rather, how long is it? for it's absurd in these days to ask how far." After the comforting assurance that it was only three hours and a half, I asked him whether he remembered a certain venerable lady of Phil-

adelphia whom he had met when here before. He said, "Perfectly well: indeed I never *forget anything!*" and repeated with some emphasis that he had a great memory.

He knew the capacity of the opera-houses in the Eastern cities, and remarked that he preferred a small or medium-sized hall to read in—"a room in which everybody can see my face," he said, "for so much depends on the face and the lighter shades of voice."

"What do you mean by a *good* audience?" he asked.

"*Good* refers to size rather than quality, and mostly means a full house."

At this moment a lady, wrapped in water-proof and hood, came up and sat down on the deck by us. And then arose questions about Miss Adelaide Procter and other writers.

"Did you know Mrs. Browning?" asked the lady passenger.

"Oh yes, indeed!"

"Do tell me something about her!"

"Well, she was one of the smallest women you ever saw, and was ill a good deal. It was very funny to see the way Browning used to carry her about all over Europe." The talk fell on Browning's plays, *Colombe's Birthday* and *The Blot in the 'Scutcheon*—"that remarkable thing in literature, a tragedy without a crime!" somebody said. Mr. Dickens warmly assented to the praise given to the dramatic fragment.

"Notwithstanding its beauty, I suppose Browning never intended it to be acted?" asked one.

"Oh yes," he replied: "Browning requested me once to fit it for the stage, and I did so. It was not the fault of the play that it was not successful: it was because the audiences were not up to it."

However skeptical I may have felt about this criticism, I said nothing, and Mr. Dickens expressed still further his admiration of Browning. He asked me if I had read the poem "Rabbi Ben Ezra." I had not, whereupon he commended it warmly, and advised me to read it.

I had but one more talk with him, and that a brief one. One afternoon, during a walk together on deck, I said, "Mr. Dickens, if you don't object to my asking you something about your books—"

"Not at all," he said, cordially.

"I would ask you to give me a word to characterize certain qualities which the style assumes occasionally." I hated, I said, to employ the word melodramatic, feeling it to be inappropriate, but could find no other, and asked if he objected to it in any case.

"What do you mean when you say melodramatic?" he inquired.

"When the style rises above the level of common prose, and the sentiment lifts itself out of the region of common things, and the sentences actually become rhythmical. There is something of it in 'the storm' in *David*"—he nodded affirmatively—"in 'An Italian Dream' in the *Pictures from Italy*; the chapters on 'Monseigneur' in the *Tale of Two Cities* possess it; and the passages wherein Lucie Manette hears the echoes of hurrying footsteps where no footsteps are, are all musical and suggestive of more than they say."

"Yes, I recognize—I understand you perfectly; but that which you mean I should not call melodramatic: I call it *picturesque*."

Then dwelling on this for a moment, "Let me tell you," he said, "the definition I gave to an English artist the other day, who asked me to explain the difference between the theatrical and the dramatic in a picture. I said, If any of the figures in the scene look as if they thought they were being looked at, if their expression in the least shows them to be aware of spectators, I should call it theatrical. But when they do their part with unconscious energy, and are wholly subject to the governing emotions of the scene, it is dramatic."

He was elaborating this definition, when a large man joined us and put his clumsy foot into the talk and trampled it shapeless.

When within sixty miles of Boston a pilot-boat came tossing around, with a

pilot in her dressed in black cassimere trousers, a neat overcoat and heavy kid gloves. The first question he asked as he reached the deck was whether Mr. Dickens was on board.

And now we took our last dinner, the captain's dinner; at the close of which Mr. Dickens agreeably surprised the company by making a spirited little speech, and proposing the health of the captain in such genial words as to overcome that officer's wonted taciturnity. A few hours after this we were in Boston Harbor, where a band of gentlemanly marauders boarded the steamer, seized their prize and bore him away.

C. M. W.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN ENGLAND.

AMONG the stereotyped jokes of English journalism is that of the spectacled, long-haired Continental professor, who crosses the Channel to gain a personal knowledge of the life and manners of the islanders. His brief vacation allows him only three days for these studies. Having spent them in assiduous attendance at the Thames Street Police Court, near the pier on which he landed, he re-embarks without seeing anything more of London and England, and returns home to write a profoundly learned work on the British people. We have never seen the book in question, and strongly suspect that the anonymous typical professor is only a creation of the penny-a-liner's fertile brain; but if the worthy man really desired to attain his ostensible object, and had no more time to spare, his shortest way would unquestionably be the one which takes him from the pier to the police court in Thames street. We see there, it is true, only the night-side of English life—the negation of the positive national virtues which have made England great—and it may hardly seem fair to judge a healthy man by what he may do in a feverish state; yet only when we know the weaknesses of a nation can we understand its strength. Virtue without the contrast of vice is hardly conceivable, and has no merit. Nay, it may even be said that the pecu-

liarities of a nation are most faithfully exhibited in its crimes. The Briton murders, steals, forges, swindles differently from the Frenchman or the German, although the motives to the crime, viewed from a purely human standpoint, are pretty nearly the same among all nations. This much is, however, certain—that the police and court records, to whose publication the English press devotes considerable space, will be an indispensable reference to the future historian of civilization.

At the present time the National Union for Female Suffrage is displaying great activity and zeal in England. Its ready-tongued and ready-penned secretary, Miss Becker, labors indefatigably at public meetings and through the columns of sympathizing journals for the two great measures which are to pave the way for the emancipation of her sex. The first is the recommittal of the bill rejected last year in the upper House, which proposes to confer on married women the right to hold property independent of their husbands, and freely to dispose of the same. The other is the presentation of a monster petition asking the extension of the parliamentary franchise to single women and widows. When the Lords rejected the bill, they acted on the principle that it was dangerous still further to loosen the already relaxed bonds of matrimony, and to deprive the husband of his rights of property without also releasing him from the duties which spring from these rights. By the English law the wife can have no property which is not expressly reserved for her in the marriage settlement: whatever she inherits, earns, or otherwise acquires afterward, belongs to her husband. The wife has no legal existence, and can neither sue nor be sued in civil cases. This may seem a hardship, and may often lead to differences which it is as much the interest of the husband as that of the wife to prevent by legislation. The husband may, in fact, at times be made to suffer much from the rigor of the existing law of property, as will be seen from the following case

lately decided on appeal before the court of common pleas. Mr. Hayter, a London merchant, occupying an elegant villa at Kingston, had a wife who took advantage of his daily trips to the city to form an improper intimacy with another married man, and finally eloped with him to Devonshire. Such desertions are no rarity, and the courts would perhaps not have been troubled in the matter but for some exceptional circumstances which attended the elopement. The disturber of the merchant's domestic felicity belonged neither to the class of handsome grooms nor to that of those spiritual shepherds who, to judge from the annals of divorce courts, seem so irresistible to English ladies of strong sensibilities. According to the concurrent testimony of the witnesses, he was an ordinary blackleg, who had good cause to hide his real name under an *alias*, and who, as the result proved, cared less for the affections of his paramour than for her sovereigns. Yet Mrs. Hayter deserted her husband and two children, and suffered the fellow to carry her off to Devonshire, where they lived several weeks in idyllic bliss until the man, having spent all the money which the infatuated woman had brought away from home, deserted her.

Shortly after Mrs. Hayter's flight two bills were presented to her husband for payment—one for twenty pounds from a fancy goods dealer, the other for one hundred and twenty-five pounds from a dry goods house; and these became the subject of litigation. Both suits were brought in the Kingston county court. Mr. Hayter denied his liability, as the debts had been contracted against his consent, and were for articles which could not be considered as "necessaries." He proved that he had made his wife an adequate yearly allowance for dress: that she had run up these accounts with a view of being lavishly equipped for her elopement; that some of the articles had been intended as presents to her paramour; and that most of the silks had been taken away and pawned in Devonshire. The plaintiffs did not dispute these facts, but they insisted that

the articles obtained by Mrs. Hayter on her husband's account were "necessaries," and must therefore be paid for by him. The smaller bill contained, among other items, the following: a guitar, a silver tobacco-box, a cigar-case and a box of Havana cigars. All these articles the lady was shown to have given to her lover, but the plaintiff's lawyer still persisted in calling them "necessaries," and demanded a verdict from the jury. The jurors, mostly shopkeepers themselves, and therefore influenced in their course by a natural *esprit de corps*, actually decided that the articles above enumerated were "necessaries," and the judge of the county court had no alternative but to condemn the defendant to pay the smaller bill. The larger bill the judge declared on his own authority valid, in order to afford the defendant a chance to appeal the case, for under the English practice the verdict of a jury cannot be appealed from, though it may be set aside.

The legal proceedings in the higher court were, as the newspaper reporters say, "highly interesting," and seasoned with the not always delicate and rarely witty jokes in which the English Bar and Bench love to indulge on such occasions. One of the judges remarked that it would be a little too much to expect them to establish the precedent that a husband was obliged to provide his wife's seducer with tobacco and smoking utensils. Plaintiff's counsel replied that smoking was a common practice with women of fashion, and that his client had therefore a right to regard the articles in dispute as "necessaries," for which her husband was liable. After much laughter and cross-firing of jokes, the chief-justice asked, "But if the lady had seen fit to order an elephant, would that also have been a 'necessary'?" More laughter and jokes. Counsel replied, "No. A line had to be drawn somewhere, and he would draw it at the elephant." The court, however, held that guitars, tobacco-boxes, cigars, etc., could not be regarded *prima facie* as a respectable woman's "necessaries," especially when intended

for a lover. The verdict of the jury below was therefore declared contrary to the evidence, and a new trial granted to defendant. The larger bill, which came up on appeal, went directly to the jury, who returned a verdict that the silks, etc., were "necessaries" for which the husband was responsible.

The cost of the suits already exceeds the sum-total of the two bills, and will be increased by the second jury trial. In the mean time it is a settled point of English law that a husband must equip his wife for her elopement in accordance with the position she holds in society. The other legal point, whether he is equally bound to pay for the presents she may make to her lover, is still unsettled, though, to judge from the class which furnishes the English jurors, we have little doubt that the verdict will go against the unfortunate husband.

A strong point in the argument which the Misses Becker, Betsy Parker, Emily Faithful and other female English emancipationists advance in favor of the political equality of their sex is based upon a fact demonstrated by criminal statistics—namely, that woman is superior to man in morality. The number of male criminals unquestionably exceeds that of the female by over fifty per cent., giving a ratio of three to one. But whether this affords a fair standard by which to measure the moral worth of the sexes may well be doubted. Independently of the moral degradation, the commission of a flagrant crime often demands a degree of physical strength and energy not given to woman. Her whole character, nature, social position restrain her from taking the initiative in action, be it for good or ill. In addition to this, woman is the spoiled child of English criminal jurisprudence, and the courts treat her with a leniency altogether denied to the sterner sex.

There are in England several philanthropic organizations—female protective societies—which expend a great deal of money, and still more of sympathy, to protect woman against man's alleged brutality. They prosecute at their own

expense in every case which involves the abuse of a woman, and always meet a ready hearing in the police and criminal courts. Unfortunately, there is no lack of such cases in England. But when a man beats his wife no extenuating circumstances avail, and he may, especially should one of the female societies take hold of the case, be prepared for at least six months' imprisonment. Let a woman, however, beat or wound a man, and he prosecute her, she will get off scot-free, after being bound over to keep the peace, while he is laughed at.

Among the inducements to crime, drunkenness heads the list in England. Mr. Knox, the police justice of Marlborough street, one of the most experienced and intelligent of the London magistrates, had recently the case of a drunken woman before him, who had been picked up in the streets with a baby at her breast. The woman was an old offender, having been frequently arrested and punished for intemperance. Her husband had once been a prosperous and generally respected shopkeeper. The wife got drunk daily, and used even to pawn the bedding to procure brandy: the children were sent out into the streets to beg or steal, that their mother might gratify her appetite for drink. The husband had failed, and was reduced to earn a scanty subsistence as a day-laborer. The police justice sent the woman to prison, saying, "My long experience in this court leads me to doubt whether the vice of intemperance in this land is not more general among females than males; but I have no doubt whatever that it is far more demoralizing to the former than to the latter." We wonder what the emancipation ladies will have thought of this remark of the oldest police justice in London? Can the prevailing drunkenness of the women also be set down to the account of man's tyranny?

A watchmaker at Chertsey, named Le Roy, was recently arraigned on a charge of assault and battery against his wife. The skillful workman had actually made an iron mask which he

compelled his wife to wear, and also an iron cage in which he locked her up. The story told by the man of his domestic life, and proved by credible witnesses, was unhappily a very common one. He had tried everything to wean his wife from drink, but without the least success. If he locked her in at home, she would jump out of the windows and go to the tavern. If he gave her no money, she would pawn her own and the children's clothes. He believed she had not been sober one entire day in three months. In despair, he finally hit upon the idea of a cage and mask, but even these proved vain. In spite of the mask, the woman managed to imbibe brandy through a reed. The wife confessed with tears that it was all her own fault—that her husband treated her even better than she deserved. Mask and cage were confiscated, and the man bound over. The same evening the woman again got drunk and broke all the windows.

We might multiply these illustrations, but the subject is too unpleasant to enlarge upon. Still, if the advocates of female emancipation desire to claim a higher degree of morality for their sex, we shall expect from them some better arguments than they have hitherto adduced.

W. P. M.

WAR-WARBLES.

THE sculptor Clésinger is said to be at the head of a battalion of volunteers of Franche-Comté which numbers four hundred men, and which he organized himself. It is said to be admirably equipped and armed, even having four cannons and several mitrailleuses. M. Clésinger is very particular in the choice of his comrades, as he has already eliminated more than twelve hundred who had enrolled themselves, but who did not suit him. Like the great artist that he is, he knows what sort of a block will make the right sort of figure; but it would seem, from the mass of rejected material, that the quarry is more remarkable for quantity than quality. All the officers of his corps have served already, either in France or abroad. It

is yet to be seen how much skill in expelling breath from flesh is possessed by the creator of so much breathing marble, and whether he will be able to rob Prussians of life as successfully as he could chisel them out of stone. Perhaps, however, the cobbler had better have stuck to his last—the hewer of stone had better not have changed into the drawer of blood, loud as is the call of poor France upon all of her sons. It is easier to replace a great army than a great artist. The former is but the breath of kings—the latter is the breath of God. Even the great Macedonian conqueror was so sensible of this fact that he "bade spare the house of Pindarus" when tower and temple went down; and France will more rejoice in the existence of a Clésinger than in the destruction of a wilderness of Uhlans; for if the latter may make her taste the bitterness of momentary death, the former will do much to give her the bliss of immortality.

At Paris, a hostler who had been promoted by want of horses to the grade of valet, frequently saw his master, an ex-merchant serving as a National Guard, with his head buried in his hands and weeping copious tears. The poor man was thinking of his absent family. One morning the ex-hostler was not to be found. "He's got a better place," said the master, and thought no more of it. A fortnight afterward the man reappeared. "What! is this you? What's been the matter?" "Nothing, sir: I've only made a little journey." "A journey! Not a very long one, I guess, unless you went by balloon." And, laughing, the gentleman took his seat at table and opened his napkin. "What's this?" he exclaimed as two letters rolled out—one from his wife and another from his son. "Dame!" said the hostler: "monsieur was often sad: that worried me, and, ma foi, I said to myself, 'My skin isn't worth much; I'm alone in the world, and I can risk something for a master who might have discharged me and let me starve, but who didn't.'" "And you have been—" "Only to Calais. But,

mercy! how the environs of Paris have changed!" That worthy domestic is fairly entitled to the edifying and very genteel epithet of "help," seeing that a friend in need is the best of comforts and aids; and his humane example is hereby held up to the gentlemen and ladies of this happy land who rejoice in the same epithet on the principle of *lucus a non*. "Docteur," says the French definition, "ça veut dire un homme qui n'est pas docte." "Troostee!" once exclaimed the Abbé Correa: "zat means a man who is not to be troosted."

The Prussians before Paris are reported to be adding insult to injury by their behavior when fired at from the forts. As soon as the flame shooting from an embrasure announces the approach of a destructive agent, they disappear as if by magic, dropping, it is supposed, into holes prepared for the purpose. As soon as the peril is passed, they reappear and make all sorts of obsequious salaams to the besieged belligerents, imitating the exquisite courtesy of the chivalric heroes of Fontenay, who bowed to the English with magnificent flourish and begged they would fire first. Strangers, of course, were to be treated with all ceremony and civility. It is the strangers, however, who are now playing the polite—doing the civil thing in a way that is too military and malicious to awaken sympathetic sensations in the breasts of their fiery and firing hosts. Such irony must enter deep into the souls of the most susceptible of soldiers, who adore ridicule when victimizing a neighbor as much as they dread it when assailing themselves. "Beware, my son," said an anxious mother to a youth departing on his travels—"beware of the mob at London, the Inquisition at Madrid and ridicule at Paris." Many a shot from Mont Valérien is doubtless fired with hasty aim by the exasperated artillerymen, furious to avenge the looks that threaten them with insult. Probably this is one of the stratagems of that manoeuvring monster, Von Bismarck, to lessen the casualties of his friends and countrymen—and, perhaps, lovers, in

spite of all the bedevilment he has brought upon them as well as upon their foes. It is said that John Randolph played that same game in his duel with Clay. Knowing the excitability of Harry of the West, he shouted as he wheeled, "At your black leg, Mr. Secretary;" which so enraged the adversary as to derange his aim. People oughtn't to fight or court who don't think all stratagems fair in both love and war. Sir Jonah Barrington, or one of his compeers, tells about a popping which resulted in the popping off of the second of the insulting popper, the infuriate antagonist having fired so much at random in his reckless rage as to hit the attendant instead of the principal—a hint to seconds to insist upon solemn deportment in their "men" on such solemn occasions.

It would seem, from a letter of an officer imprisoned at Magdeburg that the captives there are not so well off as to their cuisine as is the imperial occupant of Wilhelmshöhe. The queen of Prussia has evidently not thought it worth while to send them even one of her scullions, still less an efficient aide of the chef with whom she has appetized Napoleon—compassionate and considerate dame that she is, in spite of her patriotic sympathies with the woes of her subjects, whom the object of her delicate attentions has brought to starvation and worse. The fellow-feelings of royal folk must make them wondrous kind; so we need not wonder at her thinking much more of the demands of His Majesty's stomach than of those of her plebeian households. Yet the royal artiste would be much better employed in making thistles palatable to people who have nothing else, for which his skill is probably adequate, than in giving an extra grace to ortolans for the benefit of the gentleman who has deprived them of bread. A pauper in purple is clearly as much superior to a pauper in rags as a saint in lawn to a saint in crape, even if the paupery purple be all crimsoned with blood of the ragged wretches and of their kith and kin. This melancholy fact is brought

into bold relief by the letter referred to: "Bread here," says the unhappy writer, "is almost unknown: the only substitute for it is potatoes, which are the indispensable accompaniment of every dish (*toujours pommes de terre* for a Frenchman, or any one else than a Milesian!); and as to the dishes themselves, we are favored with hashes of herring and onions, and baked pears, salted and sugared both, with *potage gras au plum-pudding*, compote of pears and cucumbers and *ratatouille* of potatoes and lard, also salted and sugared. Our prayer to have no more sugar in our messes has been heard." Unfortunate Gaul! How his mind's palate must recall the *salmis* and *macédoines* of the Palais Royal whilst undergoing the miseries of Magdeburgian "putrid pots!" And yet the Prussians are no less astonished than indignant when a Frenchman breaks his parole to escape from the latter to the former food, and, instead of applauding his heroism, threaten him with slaughter.

There would not be many more victims of this discordant diet if the inhabitants of France would give due heed to the sermon of a village curate, who addressed his congregation in these words: "Boys, a cruel and ferocious enemy burns and pillages around the land: can't we, by the help of God and your arms, expel this Huguenot Attila, who assuredly has not come to build churches in our midst? Hitherto he has only conquered by surprise and by numbers, and you will be ten to one if you will only do your duty. Courage, courage! A single effort, only one, and we will chant together as Moses did after the destruction of Pharaoh, *Exurgat Deus*—let God arise, and his enemies be scattered." It is said that the immediate effect of this harangue was to send all the village youths to the town-hall to enroll as volunteers for instantaneous action. A sermon even more inspiring still was the glorious death of La Rochefoucauld, duc de Doudeville. He was in his château of La Gaudinière when he learnt that the Prussians were marching on Châteaudun. Arming at once his

huntsmen and servants and others, he threw himself into the threatened place, fought with the utmost heroism, and died in a manner worthy of his illustrious name; showing that there is more vitality in aristocratic effeteness than in demagogical bluster and strength of lung. Not one of the noisiest Cleons of the moment has yet shed the first, let alone the last, drop of his blood; and won't, if he can help it, die in any other ditch than the last, if die he must at all. Monsieur *de* Rochefort could never shake off the influence of that patrician particle so completely as to become a thorough blackguard; and so he was at last frightened by the crop of whirlwind which was the inevitable result of the storm-seed he was so instrumental in sowing broadcast over the land. Could he have sung, like Béranger when the poet was saluted as M. de Béranger, *Oh non ! je suis vilain, et très vilain*, his fine abilities would have prevented him from being so turbulent at first and so silent at last. Whatever may be the crime of Napoleon in regard to the war, it cannot be denied that his partners in the great iniquity were the roaring radicals who goaded him to its commission.

That necessity is the mother of invention was never more clearly demonstrated than in Paris just now by the means resorted to against the assaults of famine. The blood of the abattoirs, which used to poison the sewers, is now utilized into puddings, of which more than eight thousand kilogrammes have been sold in a single day. Excellent grease has been obtained from the suet of beef and mutton, which is altogether flavorless, and makes a capital substitute for butter in cooking. It is distributed among the municipal "butcher-ies" to replace the hogs' lard, which begins to fail, and butter, which has reached a fantastic price. Terrines, also, which are sufficiently liked, are made from a mixture of liver and blood and rice; and gelatine is extracted from bones. The names of the new dishes on the bills of fare of the restaurants must have a funny effect by the side of

the time-honored temptations thereof. If pleasure is enhanced by pain, and sunshine made more splendid by rain; what relish will be given to the old stand-bys by the courses of the siege! Think of returning to *parfait de vanille* from *boudins au sang*—to *filets aux champignons* from *bifteck d'âne*! It has been suggested that the Parisian folly in prolonging resistance beyond all reasonable hope of success is the result of too much devouring of donkey. What effect it may have on the ears of the next generation will be an interesting study to physiologists.

One of the most "original physiognomies" of the war is a sergeant named Hoff. He was born at Saverne. His father was shot by the Prussians for having defended his domestic hearth. His brother was killed fighting as a franc-tireur. His mother remains alone in her desolate and ruined home. He himself is in Paris, night and day at the outposts. At first, the news of his disasters seemed to overwhelm the poor fellow. Then a dumb, concentrated rage, a calm, deep resolve, succeeded his grief. Now he is under the dominion of a fixed idea—that of sacrificing his life by destroying the greatest possible number of his foes. Already he has killed twenty-three Prussians, and brought back the spoils of most of them. One day, after hiding for five hours up to his middle in marshes, he rushed upon and captured a vedette: on another occasion he got possession, with some companions, of an island occupied by the enemy, where they surrounded a post, after spending whole days in reconnoitring. Sometimes he pounces upon a sentinel and hurries him off before he has time to utter a cry. From all accounts, Hoff is a regular Mohican, with all the inspiration of red-skin stratagem, whilst his deportment is that of a man whose modesty verges on humility. General Leflô, wishing to show his esteem for him, presented to him with his own hand the brevet of the Legion of Honor, which had been accorded and signed by the minister. Of course, among his comrades of the di-

vision of Exéa he is the hero of heroes, and they are prouder of his ribbon than he is himself. It was not to gain that piece of redness that he has made his hands "one red." Filial fury may be a more potent stimulus than even Gallic rage for fame. The ghost of the murdered parent, at all events, will not stalk unavenged among the beleaguered host.

NUGÆ.

In the early days of one of the interior counties of New York, soon after it was erected, a late emigrant from the East was chosen first judge. He knew nothing at all of law, but was very conscientious in the discharge of his duties, and did his best to make up in zeal what he lacked in education. A part of one of his charges to the grand jury will illustrate his straightforward way of meeting the difficulties of his position. "Gentlemen of the grand jury," he said, "I am required by law to charge you in relation to lotteries. It is illegal for any person to set up a lottery. Such is the law: at the same time, I am free to express my opinion that it is perfectly needless so far as this county is concerned, because there isn't money enough in the whole of it to start a lottery; and I don't know a man in the county able to buy a ticket. Then there is the statute which forbids the sending or accepting of challenges to fight; and *that* I consider unnecessary, too. I don't believe there is a man in the county who has pluck enough to send a challenge or to fight a duel. I expect that your labors will be very light under both these laws."

. . . A jocose lawyer refers to a certain court that was discontinued by the constitution of 1846 as a court that had already expired by adjournment. He says that during the sitting of the court a balloon ascension was advertised, and the court adjourned to witness it. The minute made by the clerk reads, "Adjourned until the balloon goes up;" and

unfortunately the ascension never took place.

. . . People under the influence of deep religious excitement sometimes give utterance to very extravagant language. A young man at a certain revival once declared that he had "gambled all over the United States and Mexico." "Gamboled all over the United States and Mexico!" a spectator whispered. "Well, he *is* a frisky fellow."

But the most startling expression we ever heard from a person in a devotional (?) frame of mind was that of the woman at camp-meeting, who in a state of semi-frenzy implored the Almighty not to let her Sally go snacks with the devil!

. . . Canning, who will perhaps be remembered as a satirist and an epigrammatist when forgotten as a statesman and an orator, was once staying at the country-seat of one of his noble supporters, where he was the object of an insufferable boring on the part of the lady of the house, a recognized "saint," who yearned to give him a change of heart. Before his departure he took a characteristic revenge. Observing at the entrance to a garden the pious inscription, "*Pray* shut this gate," notwithstanding which the gate was always open, he drew his pencil across the vain entreaty, and wrote in a feigned hand beneath:

"I've been civil long enough,
But I'll be so no more:
I've prayed and prayed, but all in vain;
So, d—n it, shut the door!"

. . . Dr. J. Marion Sims, Surgeon-General of the Anglo-American Ambulance Corps attached to the French and Prussian armies, reports that the belligerents on both sides are, almost without exception, veteran—smokers, and that it is common to see a regiment on the march with as many pipes or cigars in full blast as there are rifles on their shoulders. The saying, that "where there is much smoke there is little fire," does not hold good in this case.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Monitions of the Unseen, and Poems of Love and Childhood. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This is a dainty volume, pretty to look at and pleasant to read. We do not search the poetry of Jean Ingelow for "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," but it would be equally hard to find in them any trace of affectation or of straining: they are always pure and wholesome in sentiment, delicate in thought, simple yet refined in expression.

What Tennyson is to Byron, Jean Ingelow is to Letitia Landon. She writes under the influence of a calmer, healthier atmosphere—writes therefore with less passion but more sympathy, with less introspection and more observation. We have learned now-a-days to bear the ills we have: our predecessors fled impatiently to others, without deriving any apparent satisfaction from the change. Half a century ago, poetry was fond of proclaiming that all things were wrong: now it is chiefly occupied in explaining how all things are right, the fault being in our own shortsightedness. We are reminded of the somewhat abrupt transition which Pope's philosophy must have passed through, when, after writing originally of the Universe that it was

"A mighty maze; and all without a plan,"

he corrected the line to—

"A mighty maze, but *not* without a plan."

Perhaps, after all, it is no more the business of poetry to "justify the ways of God to man" than to stir up the creature to a state of defiance and revolt against the Creator. The lesson which Miss Ingelow seeks to impress upon us in "The Monitions of the Unseen" must, where it is really needed, be acquired through an internal struggle far stronger and deeper than that which the poem describes, or than any which the closing admonition would be likely to quiet. We like better the shorter pieces—"A Birth-day Walk," "Binding Sheaves," "A Reverie," and others—in which a single thought is set off by some happy descriptive touches. And here is a sonnet which contains one fine line, and a poetical sentiment not inaptly expressed:

"Mountains of sorrow, I have heard your moan,
And the moving of your pines, but we sit high
On your green shoulders, nearer stoops the sky,
And pure airs visit us from all the zones.
Sweet world beneath, too happy far to sigh,
Dost thou look thus beheld from heavenly thrones?
No; not for all the love that counts thy stones,
While sleepy with great light the valleys lie.
Strange, rapturous peace! its sunshine doth enfold
My heart; I have escaped to the days divine.
It seemeth as bygone ages back had rolled,
And all the eldest past was now, was mine;
Nay even as if Melchizedek of old
Might have come forth to us with bread and
wine."

The illustrations, we must add, are numerous and appropriate—some of them charming. They do not, however, always harmonize in style, which in a volume like this is, we think, a defect.

Nature's Aristocracy; or, Battles and Wounds in Time of Peace: A Plea for the Oppressed. By Miss Jennie Collins. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This interesting volume has been written to show that the world does really know nothing of its greatest men, and that we are environed by as many mute, inglorious Miltons as great John himself declares: there are spirits by whom we are girded round. The authoress positively asserts that "as a class in the community the bootblacks and newsboys are *naturally* the brightest, the shrewdest and the wittiest"—a fact which certainly ought to make it very desirable that said class should be indefinitely increased, and that shouts of "'Ere's yer *Herald!*" and "Take a shine?" should be perpetually coming upon our ears, if not exactly like the sweet South, at least so like the exhilarating North as to compel a request for that strain again. Nevertheless, she is angry because these brightest and wisest, and by no means meanest, members of society are not lifted by said society into loftier and duller spheres—spheres where the brilliant influences of the lustrous brush and the sharpening influences of vending news can have little or no chance of working their superlative results. As far as society is concerned, it is decidedly better to have poor and bright than rich and stupid members; and it would hardly seem to de-

serve blame for not exerting itself to augment the latter at the expense of the former; so that it is probable Miss Collins is mistaken in her premises, which are so much at variance with her conclusions. Like most of her charming sex, her head is in her heart, and she writes from force of feeling rather than strength of logic. But her book is well worthy of being read, and if somewhat too weak in theory to satisfy mere intellect, it cannot fail to awaken sympathies which, if properly indulged, will be doubly blessed—blessing those that give, as well as those that take.

The social question treated by Miss Collins is one of such immense importance that any facts which tend to throw light upon it must always be acceptable; but, unfortunately, as was once said by Nicholas Biddle in a masterly financial essay, forty-nine facts do not make a truth. The fiftieth may so change the complexion of its predecessors as completely to demolish all the deductions therefrom—just as in geology the first discoveries seemed to militate with Scripture, whilst the last have culminated in “the testimony of the rocks.” A little learning is always dangerous about anything. We must dig deep, as well as drink deep, to reach the bottom of the well where Truth lies concealed. In the words of an old poet, “the great mocking-master mocked not then when he said Truth was buried deep below.” The solution of the great problem, therefore, of securing the greatest happiness of the greatest number, will not be advanced by vehement anathema of existing institutions, but by the patient accumulation of knowledge—knowledge one and indivisible, consistent and complete. It will not be advanced by glorifications of “Nature’s aristocracy,” as contradistinguished from social ditto, and laying upon the shoulders of any social establishment the responsibility of all the ills that flesh is heir to. All such establishments are much less causes than effects. Even climate has so much to do with them that happiness and virtue will always be more or less influenced by the thermometer. Slavery and sunshine seem to be as inseparable as freedom and frost; and it is to be feared that until the terrible apple that brought death and taxes into the world is thoroughly digested, there will be an amount of colic and convulsion, in even the modellest of republics, which “pleas for the op-

pressed” may mitigate, without ever attaining the potentiality of panacea.

Bessy Rane: A Novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

A Rent in the Cloud. By Charles Lever. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Ten Times One is Ten: The Possible Reformation. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The dramatis personæ of the first-named novel are as follows:

1. A charming young lady, full of all loveliness of spirit and flesh.
2. A charming young gentleman, replete with moral and physical perfection.
3. A furious fiend in petticoats, worthy of being Burked with the appellation of a “pure, unmixed, dephlegmated, defecated devil.”
4. A meek, miserable man, the legal lord, but soulless slave, of demon aforesaid.
5. A superlative sample of consummate manhood, son of the miserable man and stepson of the devilish woman.
6. A dear, darling damsel, own sister of the sample, who gives her name to the book.
7. An indescribable doctor, on whose peculiar perpetrations the plot mainly turns.
8. An inquisitive menial—female of course—who hears the words and sees the sights that bring about the catastrophe.
9. A wealthy widow, and former house-keeper married to her master, who utters discreetest thoughts in discretionary language, and is of pecuniary use to the plot, as well as of didactic advantage to all whom it may concern.

The charming young lady falls a victim to the stupid rascality of the charming young gentleman—and goes off, of course, in consumption, for damsels who are unable to conjugate are sure to decline. The murderer is made unutterably wretched, pro tem., and would doubtless have blown out his brains if he hadn’t had too much of them to be guilty of such nonsense. The she-devil is beautifully bedeviled at last, to the infinite relief of her nearest and dearest, the husband regaining his health and spirits, and the son espousing a maiden of merit and money. As to the performances of Bessy, the heroine, and her medical master, the reading public must be referred to the book

itself, which unfolds a tale quite worthy of being described, à la Ariosto, as

Cosa non detta mai in prosa, né in rima.

It is quite sensational enough for cayenne-craving curiosity; quite foolish enough to make you ashamed of being interested in it at all; and quite well enough told for such as have no occupation but that of killing Time until Time shall kill them—just as, in the stage direction, Laertes wounds Hamlet, and then, changing weapons, Hamlet wounds Laertes and does for him. Alas! Debemur morti nos nostraque, and yet we live as if earth contained no tomb, and libraries no other tomes than “the latest works of fiction.”

Mr. Lever may write with ease, but he is certainly not one of the mob of gentlemen that do so, for his easy writing is by no means hard reading. Webster, according to Smith, was a steam-engine in breeches, and so is O'Malley, though of another sort. If the godlike Daniel had the power of a locomotive, the mundane Charley has its “go.” How he flashes along with joke and epigram and satire and fun—with lots of smoke, to be sure, but with an occasional snort of sense that sounds deep even if it isn't! It is much more likely to be deep, however, than high, for Charles is decidedly of the earth, earthy. He may run as rapidly as an ostrich, sometimes even skim as vivaciously as a swallow, but he never attempts to play eagle-soaring with supreme dominion through the air. The *Rent in a Cloud* is not his last, though just reprinted by Messrs. Peterson, and neither is it his least. It will demolish a few hours as effectively as anything of its kind that has recently appeared.

The hero is as pretty a villain as ever fascinated romantic maiden, and is drowned in most tumultuous style in an Italian lake, with the exquisite expectation that a scornful young woman who rejected his love was being simultaneously swamped. Delightful is the description of that lake and the villa on its banks, where the scene is chiefly laid. A better advertisement thereof could hardly be desired by the proprietor. Tourists will surely take note of the spot, and wish to revel for a while in its blended loveliness of sky and water and land. A day, an hour, of such enchantment is worth a whole eternity of Wall street. Sitting beneath umbrageous festoons, “quaffing the pendent vintage as it grows,” and gazing at snow-clad mountains

reflected in pellucid waves, with flowers of every scent and hue smiling blissfully around, who might not forget all the briers of the working world, and care never more about the price of stocks, the combinations of the “corner” and the harvests of the “ring,” as materially golden as they are morally the reverse? What painful pleasures, to be sure, are those of Memory, delectable as they may have been to ancient Samuel (not the immortal lexicographer, or the immortal coachman with his immortal namesake and scion) sitting in that superlative snugger of Mayfair and expecting Macaulay and Sydney, and perhaps Geoffrey Crayon, to breakfast! *Oimé!* a pathetic exclamation in choice Italian, which may be faithfully rendered into English by the mournful ejaculation, “Oh my!” whatever that may have originally been meant to mean. Not being full of sound and fury, it may signify much.

The foregoing works of regular novel-wrights, which abundantly prove the truth of La Bruyère's assertion, that it is a trade to make a book just as it is to make a watch—*c'est un métier de faire un livre comme de faire une pendule*—are very different from the third production, of which the oracular title is given above. They are readable and comprehensible, at all events, but in all conscience the same cannot be said for *Ten Times One is Ten*. It is doubtless true that Dr. Johnson once told a blockhead who protested he couldn't understand one of his sesquipedalian effusions, that he gave him reasons, but couldn't give him understanding; and Mr. Edward E. Hale may perhaps be warranted in saying the same thing to the stupids who can't comprehend him, as he informs us that his volume was written at the instigation of his kind friend, the late Dr. Wayland, *clarum et venerabile nomen*. But the doctor's friendship would have been kinder if he had prepared an elucidation of the mysterious utterance. He might thus have rendered “the possible reformation” a probable one, which it never will be so long as it depends on the comprehension of this enigma, with which the book concludes: “Ten times one was ten, $10 \times 1 = 10$. There was one zero; but as the nine zeroes were added, in twenty-seven years the 1 became 1,000,000,000 — ONE THOUSAND MILLION. This proved to be the number of the Happy World!” What a Hale-storm of nothings! If one zero, according to M. Scribe, when

well placed, has great value, what must be the result of nine, situated—it might even be said, circumstanced—as they here are? Life is too short for the calculation: "Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam."

R. M. W.

Adventures of a Young Naturalist. By Lucien Biart. Edited and adapted by Parker Gilmore. New York: Harper & Brothers.

My Apingi Kingdom. By Paul du Chaillu. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Books of adventure are no doubt among the healthiest reading which can be furnished to boys of an average capacity, and these two volumes, with their wealth of pictorial illustration, descriptions of strange scenes and narratives of hairbreadth 'scapes, are among the most attractive of their kind. They are not, however, to be classed with works that make a vivid or lasting impression on the youthful mind, or that enrich it with any real, substantial stores of knowledge. M. Biart makes few pretensions in this way, and the pretensions of M. du Chaillu are slightly offensive when contrasted with the amount of his performance. Nothing more impairs the charm of this species of writing than a too evident purpose to be striking or entertaining, although we may admit that it does not, like the naïve egotism and tedious minuteness of an earlier school of *raconteurs*, offer a decided obstacle to the reader's progress.

Books Received.

The Poets and Poetry of Europe, with Introductions and Biographical Notices. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. A New Edition. Revised and Enlarged. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. Imperial 8vo. pp. xxviii., 916.

The Iron Age of Germany. Translated from the German of Franz Hoffman by Rebecca H. Schively. With a Historic Sketch of the Time by C. P. Krauth, D.D. Philadelphia: Lutheran Board of Publication. 16mo. pp. 236.

Our Poetical Favorites: A Selection from the Best Minor Poems of the English Language. By Asahel C. Kendrick, Professor in the University of Rochester. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. xvi., 449.

In Duty Bound. By the author of "Mark Warren." Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Paper cover, 8vo. pp. 121.

On the Uses of Wines in Health and Disease. By Francis E. Anstie, M. D., F. R. C. P., Editor of the London Practitioner, assisted by the Editorial Staff: New York: J. S. Redfield. Pamphlet, 12mo. pp. 84.

Essays Written in the Intervals of Business. To which is added an Essay on Organization in Daily Life. By Arthur Helps. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. pp. 245.

Field and Forest; or, The Fortunes of a Farmer. By Oliver Optic. With Fourteen Illustrations. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 288.

Plane and Plank; or, The Mishaps of a Mechanic. By Oliver Optic. With Fourteen Illustrations. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 315.

The Warden, and Barchester Towers. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers. Paper cover, 8vo. pp. 244.

Art in the Netherlands. By H. Taine. Translated by J. Durand. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 16mo. pp. 190.

The Dead Secret: A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo., paper cover.

Piano and Musical Matter. By G. de la Motte. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Imperial 8vo. pp. vii., 122.

The Vivian Romance. By Mortimer Collins. New York: Harper & Brothers. Paper cover, 8vo. pp. 144.

Wilson's New Speller and Analyzer. By Marcus Wilson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 152.

Episodes and Lyric Pieces. By Robert Kelley Weeks. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 16mo. pp. vi., 164.

Illustrations to Goethe's Faust. Designed by Paul Konewka. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Small folio.

Prudy Keeping House. By Sophie May. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 192.

Which is the Heroine? A Novel. New York: Harper & Brothers. Paper cover, 8vo. pp. 148.

Miss Leslie's New Cookery Book. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 662.

Going on a Mission. By Paul Cobden. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 354.

Who will Win? A Novel. By Paul Cobden. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 303.

Charity Hurlburt. By C. C. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 390.

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THE ARMY MEDICAL MUSEUM AT WASHINGTON.

THE medical profession has for its object the alleviation of the physical sufferings of the human race. At all times and in all places disease and death are doing their work among the populations, and everywhere the hand of the healer is outstretched to the bed of anguish. Not always wise perhaps, certainly not always successful, are such ministrations, for our knowledge of the laws of life, in health and in disease, is as yet very imperfect; but, the science of Medicine is essentially progressive: with increasing knowledge comes more subtle skill, and the advances already made warrant hopefulness as to the future.

Under these circumstances it may fairly be regarded as one of the large compensations of human history that the periods of pestilence and war with which our race is scourged from time to time, serve generally to give a fresh impulse to the genius of those who have devoted themselves to medical pursuits, enabling them to make new discoveries, and to accumulate stores of knowledge which serve to increase their usefulness in ordinary times.

The unhappy struggle through which our own nation has recently passed has been no exception to this general rule. There can be no doubt that it has given

a great impetus to medical study in America, and this not merely in the direction of operative surgery and public hygiene, on which its effect has been perhaps most obvious, but in many collateral branches also, on some of which a favorable influence from this source could scarcely have been anticipated.

It would be foreign to the purpose of the present article to offer even an outline of this general movement. I propose simply to sketch a single institution, the Army Medical Museum at Washington—an establishment which is the obvious offspring of the war, and which will serve as an excellent illustration of the remarks just made.

The Army Medical Museum is situated on Tenth street, between E and F, where it occupies portions of a building, the rest of which accommodates a branch of the office of the surgeon-general. This building was formerly well known to the visitors of Washington as Ford's Theatre. It is a plain brick structure, three stories high, seventy-one feet front and one hundred and nine feet deep. At the rear of the north side of the main building is a small wing which accommodates some of the museum workshops; another wing at the front of the south side contains the chemical

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laboratory and the offices of the medical officers on duty. The whole establishment is devoid of any pretension to architectural beauty, and the exterior, being painted dark brown, has a rather gloomy aspect.

The upper story of the main building is the principal hall of the museum. It is well lighted by windows in front and in rear, and by a large central skylight, which has beneath it in each floor an oblong opening, through which the light falls into the apartments below. The numerous glass cases, for the accommodation of specimens, which cover all available wall space and stand out in long lines upon the floor, are most of them constructed in the plainest manner, with frames of pine wood painted white—for use, evidently, rather than for show. The floors are of brick on iron arches, that in the museum hall being covered with encaustic tiles: the principal staircase is of iron, and the roof is covered with slate: this portion of the establishment may therefore be regarded as nearly fireproof. Unfortunately, this is not the case with the wings, for the protection of which a plentiful supply of hose is kept in readiness, and a steam force-pump is connected with the boiler of the steam-heating apparatus, for use in any emergency.

The first floor of the main building being nearly on a level with the street, the visitor who glances through the windows as he approaches the principal entrance is often struck with the number of busy clerks he sees seated at their desks or carrying record-books and papers about the room. This floor, however, has nothing to do with the museum. It is occupied by the record and pension division of the surgeon-general's office. Here are filed the records of the numerous military hospitals which existed during the war, together with the monthly sick-reports received from our armies during the rebellion, and those which still continue to be forwarded monthly from the several military posts. There are about sixteen thousand folio volumes of hospital books, and several tons of sick-reports

and miscellaneous papers, all systematically filed in such a manner as to permit ready access. To this branch of the surgeon-general's office the commissioner of pensions applies for official evidence of the cause of death or nature of disability in almost all pension cases before finally acting upon them. Similar information is also continually asked for by the adjutant-general of the army and other officials. Altogether, about two hundred thousand applications from these sources have been responded to since the war, and fresh cases are still received for investigation at the rate of about fifteen hundred a month. To facilitate these inquiries, the names of the dead, so far as ascertained, have been indexed in a series of alphabetical registers, which now contain very nearly three hundred thousand names. About two hundred thousand discharges for disability have been indexed in a similar series of registers.

The second floor of the building is chiefly occupied by the division comprising the surgical records of the surgeon-general's office. Here are filed the reports made during the war with regard to the wounded and those who had undergone surgical operations, and from these a series of record-books have been compiled, in which are entered the histories of over two hundred thousand wounds and nearly forty thousand surgical operations. These have been arranged according to the nature of the wounds or operations; amputations of the thigh, for example, being entered in one set of books, amputations of the arm in another, and so forth. These books are therefore available for the preparation of the surgical history of the war. Meanwhile, they have done good service by preventing frauds in the matter of furnishing artificial limbs to disabled soldiers, for which large sums of money have been appropriated by Congress and ordered to be expended under the direction of the surgeon-general.

Besides these two record offices, the building contains also the chemical laboratory of the surgeon-general's of-

fice. This is situated on the first floor of the south wing, and is charged with the examination of alleged adulterations in medicines and hospital supplies, as well as many other investigations rendered necessary from time to time by questions which come before the surgeon-general. The laboratory has done good service both during the war and since, not merely in connection with matters pertaining strictly to the administration of the medical department, but also in a number of cases with regard to which other bureaus of the War Department have invoked the aid of the surgeon-general. The actual saving to the government resulting from the detection of attempted frauds in this laboratory has already been many times greater than the cost of carrying it on.

It has been thought proper to mention these divisions of the surgeon-general's office established in the same building, because visitors very often seem to have the impression that it is devoted to the purposes of the museum alone, and are therefore unable to understand the need for so many employes; most of whom, it will be seen, are rendered necessary by the pressure of practical business matters which have nothing whatever to do with the museum itself.

The collections of the museum are divided into six sections, as follows: I. The Surgical Section; II. The Medical Section; III. The Microscopical Section; IV. The Anatomical Section; V. The Section of Comparative Anatomy; VI. The Section of Miscellaneous Articles.

The surgical section consists at present of about six thousand specimens, of which the majority belong to the category of military surgery, though many other surgical subjects are already well illustrated. There are specimens exhibiting the effects of missiles of every variety on all parts of the body; specimens which show the different stages of the processes of repair, and the several morbid conditions which may interfere with their favorable termination; specimens derived from surgical operations of every character—calculi, tumors,

and the like. The osseous specimens are for the most part preserved dry, neatly cleaned, mounted on little black stands, that they may be handled without injuring them, and duly ticketed with their catalogue numbers. A considerable number of specimens, however, from their nature, require to be preserved as wet preparations: these have been neatly dissected, and are preserved with clear alcohol in glass jars similar to those used in the medical section.

There are also three hundred and fifty plaster casts representing the mutilations resulting from injuries and surgical operations. A series of over four hundred examples of missiles extracted from wounds, and showing the effects of the percussion upon the missiles themselves may also be mentioned. Latterly, a number of interesting preparations displaying the effects of arrow wounds and other injuries peculiar to Indian hostilities have been received.

To give any detailed description of such a collection is of course out of the question; yet it may be of interest to state that there are upon the shelves 211 specimens of fracture of the cranium, including 46 cases of trephining; 10 of depressed fracture of the inner table, without injury of the outer, a rare and interesting condition on which it would be out of place to comment here; and 22 specimens of wounds by sabres and other cutting weapons.

There are 59 examples of amputations at the shoulder-joint, 138 of amputations of the arm, and 56 of the forearm; 182 excisions of the shoulder-joint, and 173 other excisions at various points in the upper extremities.

The lower extremities furnish 14 amputations of the hip, 436 of the thigh, and 161 of the leg; with 25 excisions of the hip-joint, 9 of the knee-joint, and 56 other excisions at various points in the lower extremities.

A series of 225 fractures of the thigh in which conservative measures have been attempted must also receive notice; and special mention may be made of 86 sequestra, or portions of dead bone

extracted from stumps after amputation, of which 73 are from the thigh. Some of the latter series of specimens are very remarkable, several of them being from six to eight inches long, and a few even exceeding the latter extraordinary dimensions. After amputation in the continuity of the long bones, especially in military surgery, it not unfrequently happens that the death—or necrosis, as surgeons term it—of a portion of the shaft of the bone ensues. A process of ulceration is then set up, by which the dead portion is separated from that part of the bone which still retains its vitality. Simultaneously, a formation of new bone takes place beneath the membrane covering the shaft, so that when ultimately the dead sequestrum loosens and is drawn out, a hollow mass of living bone, which is slowly filled up by natural processes, remains, and secures the full length of the stump. This process was not fully appreciated at the beginning of the war. Instances are well known—and doubtless many others have escaped observation—in which, on account of the recognition of dead bone in the stump after amputations in the continuity of the long bones, second or even third operations were resorted to, which might judiciously have been avoided had the operators been as fully acquainted with the natural processes in such cases as all may now become by the study of the specimens of the museum, or of the descriptions of them which have been published.

As a matter rather of popular than of surgical interest, mention must also be made of a shelf in this series on which stand, side by side, specimens derived from the mutilated limbs of seven general officers. Need it be said that no critical eye could distinguish them from the similar mutilations of subalterns or of private soldiers? Nevertheless, it is not uninteresting to know that the specimens mentioned are here with the full approbation of the distinguished gentlemen whose wounds furnished them. As a memorable example, when at Gettysburg the gallant leader of one of our army corps was struck down by a frag-

ment of shell, which shattered the bones of his leg to such an extent as to render amputation necessary, the first thought of the sufferer after the shock of the operation was of the museum at Washington, to which he ordered the broken bone to be sent, in the hope that his misfortune might prove the gain of fellow-soldiers in the future. With such examples, no humbler individual has ever found fault with the preservation of fragments of his own mutilated frame for this sacred purpose.

Altogether, it may safely be asserted that in the illustration of military surgery this section not only exceeds any other surgical museum in the United States, but surpasses any similar collection hitherto made in the Old World—a fact which has been frequently and willingly admitted by foreign savants well acquainted with the subject who have visited Washington.

The medical section consists of eleven hundred and fifty specimens, the majority of which illustrate morbid conditions of the internal organs in fever, chronic dysentery and other camp diseases. Since the war, however, the number of preparations which exhibit the morbid anatomy of the diseases of civil life is constantly increasing, and a number of pathological pieces have been received which relate to the disorders of women and children, malformations and monstrosities. The specimens in this section are almost all preserved in the wet way. Carefully dissected and arranged with a view to the most advantageous display of the several points which each is designed to exhibit, they are preserved in alcohol in ground-stoppered glass jars. A glass hook is attached to the under surface of each stopper, and from this the preparation is suspended. Such stoppered jars permit the specimens to be taken out for examination, and are therefore a great improvement on those merely covered with bladder which have been so generally used for such purposes: they have, besides, the advantage of diminishing considerably the loss of alcohol by evaporation. The catalogue num-

ber of each is printed on a parchment label, and tied upon the neck of the jar with tape. Written labels, merely pasted on, are apt to fade or separate from the jar.

Most of the specimens in the medical and surgical sections of the museum were contributed by surgeons connected with the army. But since the war, as the institution has become better known throughout the country, physicians and surgeons in civil life are beginning to send specimens. It is beginning to be very generally felt that there is no place in the country where such objects are more likely to be permanently preserved, or where they can be more serviceable for future comparison and study.

The microscopical section contains rather more than four thousand specimens, most of them prepared in the museum. They embrace numerous thin sections of diseased tissues and organs, suitably mounted for microscopical study, as well as a great variety of preparations exhibiting the minute anatomy of normal structures. They include also a reasonable number of test objects and miscellaneous microscopical preparations of general interest. The most important feature in this collection is the attention which has been bestowed to secure permanency. Methods are employed by which the most delicate preparations of the soft tissues are mounted in Canada balsam, in such a way as to retain their most minute details and to secure their indefinite preservation. The museum will therefore be spared the mortification of seeing its most valuable microscopical objects perish in the course of a few years, as has happened in so many collections where less stable methods of mounting have been employed.

Another feature in this section of the museum is the success which has been attained in the direction of photo-micrography. Processes have been devised by which the most delicate microscopical preparations can be successfully photographed with any power under which they are distinctly visible. Enlargements to a magnifying power of four thousand

five hundred diameters have thus been attained in the case of the most difficult test objects, with sufficient distinctness to permit the photographs themselves to be again enlarged five or six diameters, attaining thus a magnifying power of over twenty thousand diameters. For the practical purposes of anatomical and pathological research, however, powers varying from four hundred to one thousand diameters are generally sufficient, and a considerable number of photographs of normal anatomical preparations and of thin sections of diseased tissues, as seen under these powers, have already been prepared. In conducting the experiments which rendered it possible to produce these representations, the writer has been so fortunate as to arrange methods and arrive at results which have commanded the serious attention of all those who have made attempts in the same direction, whether in America or in Europe. He has been so fortunate as to demonstrate that this mode of reproducing microscopical objects can be employed with an ease and facility which had scarcely been hoped, and with a degree of success which had not previously been obtained. The most subtle markings on the most difficult objects—such as the Podura scale, the Grammatopora Subtilissima, the Surirella Gemma, and the nineteenth band of the new Nobert's plate—have been reproduced by him with the same precision as the wing of a fly or the leg of a spider; and the exactness of these representations have won the fullest confidence for those which exhibit the structural details of sections of inflamed tissues or of morbid growths. Lately, he has shown that the light of the sun is not indispensable for the production of such pictures—that the electric, the magnesium or even the calcium light can economically be made to answer every purpose by those who live in unfavorable climates, or by amateurs who can only command leisure for work in the evening. Occasional experiments in this direction had previously been made, but he believes that he is justified in claiming for the museum and for him-

self priority in demonstrating that it is possible to produce by these methods, with comparative ease, photo-micrographs which fully equal, and under certain circumstances even excel, the best that could be done by sunlight. The collections of the microscopical section, with the working-rooms connected with them, are on the second floor of the museum building.

The anatomical section embraces a number of skeletons, separated crania and other preparations of the anatomy of the human frame. What has hitherto been done in this direction must be regarded merely as an indication of the course intended to be pursued in the future. But an important step has already been taken in the collection of human crania with a view to ethnological study. It was thought that the opportunities at present afforded by the military service for the study of the ethnological characteristics of the Indian races of the country were too important to be neglected. The collection commenced since the war in accordance with this idea soon assumed respectable proportions. The authorities of the Smithsonian Institution transferred their collection of crania, several hundred in number, to the museum, in exchange for Indian weapons, utensils and other curiosities of which they were making collections. A still larger number of crania were contributed by medical officers, who selected them from Indian burial-places, or found opportunities to disinter the remains of former races entombed in those curious mounds which have attracted so much attention in the Western States. This collection already embraces nearly a thousand crania, chiefly from the Indian tribes and the mounds, though the Polynesian islanders and some other races are already represented by a number of specimens. Attention has already been paid to the study of this collection. A small room has been fitted up well provided with balances, callipers, goniometers and other instruments of precision used in investigations of this class. Already eight hundred and ninety-seven of the crania

have been measured and their peculiarities recorded, ready for publication in a manner which will enable them to be compared with those in other collections, and thus to serve as an important addition to our knowledge of this interesting subject.

The section of comparative anatomy has been added since the war. The means at the disposal of the museum have not permitted a very rapid growth. The subject of comparative osteology was selected for primary attention, and the work has been limited for the present to the animals attainable by the officers stationed at our various military posts. Extensive contributions could readily be secured, but the work is limited by the fact that the cleaning and mounting of the skeletons and crania is the duty of the same assistant whose business it is to prepare and mount specimens for the surgical and anatomical sections. Nevertheless, such has been the industry of this gentleman that over a thousand skeletons and crania are already placed on exhibition, including skeletons of the buffalo, deer, grizzly bear, walrus, sea-lion, and a number of other American mammals, together with birds, reptiles and fishes. Even with the present slender means, in a few years this collection will become an important aid to the study of comparative anatomy in America. Special attention has been paid in this section to the anatomy of the horse, and a respectable number of preparations have already been placed on the shelves. The officer in charge of the surgical section has also commenced collecting specimens of the surgical diseases of this noble animal. It may be hoped that these collections will serve in the future as the foundation for a wise consideration of the problems of veterinary medicine and surgery in our army.

Finally, there is a section of miscellaneous articles, which includes models of hospital barracks, ambulances and medicine-wagons, a collection of surgical instruments, samples of artificial limbs, and a variety of other articles of interest.

Perhaps it will not be out of place if I add here a few words with regard to the large number of visitors who avail themselves of the opportunity to see the museum, which is open to the public from ten to three o'clock daily.

For several years some twenty thousand persons have annually registered their names in the books kept for this purpose. Among these visitors are not only practitioners and students of medicine, whose object is to add to their professional knowledge, though, as might be expected, this class is numerous as well as welcome: the ordinary sight-seers seldom overlook the museum in their tour of the public buildings of Washington, and private soldiers, as well as officers of every grade, are frequently to be seen engaged in examining the specimens.

Military visitors take generally the deepest interest in the museum, as a storehouse of knowledge which may at any moment prove of service in connection with questions involving their own lives or limbs, and many of them have already shown their appreciation by contributing valuable specimens.

Among the medical visitors, those from foreign countries must be particularly mentioned. Many of them have crossed the ocean chiefly or solely to visit this establishment. Most of the civilized countries of the world have sent medical commissioners to study the museum. These gentlemen have spoken in the most flattering terms of its importance, both during their visit and in writings published after their return to their native lands. Some of them seem to have been particularly struck with the free access given to the general public and to private soldiers, who in less enlightened communities would be excluded from such an institution. An anecdote will illustrate the surprise felt in certain quarters.

Among the visitors in 1865 was Dr. H. von Haurowitz, imperial privy counselor of Russia, and inspector-general of the sanitary service of the imperial Russian marine. This gentleman, on his return home, published an octavo

work on the sanitary service in the United States, in the course of which he gives a description of the Army Medical Museum. After completing his account of it, he says:

"While I was being shown through it, I observed a young soldier who kept close to us and accompanied us several hours. I took him for a student of medicine, and supposed he was making use of this opportunity to gain instruction. But when he was questioned he answered that he had only come to look for the bones of his younger brother, who had fallen before Richmond. His comrades had told him that the bones of all brave soldiers were preserved here. He was now on his way home, and wished to be able to tell his mother that he had seen poor John's bones, and that all was right. He went away quite sad when he was told that poor John's bones were not there."*

Neither the writer nor his colleague, both of whom accompanied the distinguished Russian during his visits to the museum, have any recollection of this incident; but as they recall the fact that a number of private soldiers were in the hall at the time, they are not disposed to dispute the accuracy of the narration.

The several sections of the museum have been placed by the surgeon-general under the immediate supervision of the two medical officers in charge of the record divisions of his office, already mentioned. These officers are Doctor George A. Otis and the writer of this paper. The first-named gentleman has charge of the division of surgical records and of the surgical, anatomical and miscellaneous sections of the museum: the writer has charge of the record and pension division, of the medical and microscopical sections of the museum, and of the section of comparative anatomy.

The foregoing outline will serve to give an idea of the character of the collections of the Army Medical Museum. No further explanation is neces-

* *Das Militärsanitätswesen*, etc. Von Dr. H. v. Haurowitz. Stuttgart: 1866. Page 181.

sary to make the usefulness of such an institution apparent to the educated medical man. Yet very intelligent non-professional visitors so often ask, What is the use of it all? that the present article would be incomplete if this question were ignored. What is the use of it all? What good is to be expected from this laborious and painstaking collection of mutilated and diseased fragments of the human frame? Why should they be so carefully put away into bottles or locked up in cases, and such efforts made to secure their permanent preservation? Such questions have often been asked in regard to this and other pathological collections, but it is not difficult to give a satisfactory answer.

It is not chiefly their use as an aid to elementary medical instruction that makes such collections desirable. Were this the only purpose, the work might safely be left in the hands of the medical colleges, each of which, according to its means, endeavors to get together a small educational museum for the purpose of enabling the student to realize the didactic instruction of the lecture-room and the books. The aim of pathological museums is broader and deeper. Their true object is to subserve the more accurate study of the nature of morbid processes by investigators who are already out of educational leading-strings. Specimens bearing upon disputed points or upon subjects incompletely understood accumulate and increase in number year after year, with carefully recorded histories of the cases, until series are formed that serve for comparison, and for a more exhaustive study of the questions involved, which not unfrequently decides the dispute or solves the difficulty.

The connection between the results of such studies and the choice of the best method of treatment is perhaps most obvious in surgery. For example: any intelligent person who examines the unequalled series of over four hundred and fifty specimens of gunshot fractures of the thigh-bone preserved in the museum will have little difficulty in

realizing their importance in connection with the vexed question of amputation for this injury. He will only need to examine a few of the specimens from cases in which injudicious efforts were made to save limbs, and life was lost after protracted suffering for months or years, to understand the duty of preserving these mute witnesses. If he happens to remember the grave differences of opinion existing among our military surgeons during the late war as to the proper cases for this operation, and the efforts made in certain quarters to compel a false conservatism in all cases and at all hazards, he cannot but feel thankful that the results of that dreadful experience exist in a tangible form for future guidance. Many similar examples might readily be cited from the surgical domain.

On the medical side, although the connection between morbid anatomy and the treatment of disease is less easily understood by the non-professional mind, it is none the less intimate. Our modes of treatment are so bound up with our notions as to the nature of the affections with which we deal, and these notions are so dependent upon the state of our knowledge of morbid anatomy, that improved methods of dealing with disease have in the past invariably followed every advance in this knowledge, whether in the direction of establishing firmly the connection of symptoms with anatomical alterations, or in the direction of that better acquaintance with the nature of the alterations themselves which is attained only by the aid of the microscope.

The importance of the Army Medical Museum in this primary practical direction is well shown by the frequent appeals which are beginning to be made to it in medico-legal investigations, and by physicians and surgeons who seek for guidance in individual cases of difficulty.

Another use of pathological museums is too important to be overlooked. They serve as valuable aids in enabling new generations of medical men to identify with certainty the descriptions

of their predecessors, and thus to utilize their experience. The continual improvements introduced into medicine are accompanied by continual changes in medical language, and it would be easy to quote cases of comparatively recent date in which the introduction of a new term was followed by a most unfortunate confusion of ideas, which the existence of a few well-preserved specimens of the same condition would have completely obviated.

The establishment of the Army Medical Museum was undoubtedly suggested by a most pressing need experienced at the commencement of the late war. There were at that time but few persons in the United States who had any experience whatever of military surgery, and there was no place in the country to which the surgeon about to devote himself to the military service could turn for definite information or guidance beyond what he could obtain from foreign works. It was natural that conscientious men, many of whom had never seen a gunshot fracture in their lives, should feel a grave regret that there was no place where, before assuming their new responsibilities, they could obtain a more realistic knowledge of the details of military surgery than they could possibly gather from books and pictures alone. This led to the commencement of the collection at Washington at a very early period of the war. The policy pursued till the close of the struggle was to attempt only the collection of specimens illustrative of military surgery and of camp diseases. It was determined that any future war should find the country in possession of a collection which should offer a rich field for the acquisition of the peculiar knowledge necessary to fit medical men for service with troops in the field. It was resolved that the experience acquired should not remain merely the individual property of the participants, but should be handed down in a tangible form for the benefit of the future. How well this task has been performed a visit to the museum will show.

After the war was over, however,

larger views gradually prevailed. It was found that the machinery necessary for the care and enlargement of the collection of military medicine and surgery could, without any additional outlay, be used for the foundation of a general pathological museum. There are many reasons why this extension should be given. There is no considerable general collection of the kind in America. In medicine, in surgery and in microscopical anatomy alike, the possessions of the museum already far excel all that has yet been done in these directions on our continent, and from the nature of the case it is not likely that if the medical department of the army should be prevented from discharging this duty the task would be performed by any other hands. What has hitherto been done in this way has been chiefly the work of the medical colleges. But none of these institutions are richly endowed, and the cost of the glass jars and the alcohol alone has been in the past, and will probably be for many years to come, sufficient to prevent any medical school from accumulating an extensive collection of the kind. On the other hand, the total additional outlay to be provided for by the government in consequence of the existence of the museum is so small that it may fairly be regarded as insignificant in comparison with the good to be attained. The building is already the property of the government, the officers and attachés all belong to the army: no extra-duty pay, no special allowances of any kind are awarded to any of them. It will hardly be credited by any one who visits the establishment that the total sum asked for and appropriated annually for its support is only five thousand dollars, yet such is the literal fact; and on this slender stipend in the brief period of a few years the medical department has succeeded in building up an institution which may well be regarded with national pride. What will be its character should the same good work be continued without interruption for a quarter of a century?

Besides the benefit to be derived from the mere existence of the museum, and

the access there willingly afforded to those who desire to study its collections, the medical department has endeavored to extend its usefulness by the exchange of specimens and of photographs of specimens, and by publications. The very first efforts of this sort were made even during the progress of the war, when a large number of photographs of specimens of instructive surgical operations, with accompanying printed histories of the cases, were distributed to the various medical directors in the field, for the information of the surgeons under their charge. Since the war a large number of photographs of this class, with many others of medical and microscopical specimens, have been given away, not merely to medical officers of the army, but also to medical societies, libraries and medical colleges, as well as to foreign museums and other institutions, the publications of which have been received in exchange.

Still more extensive has been the labor done during the same period in the direction of publications.

The works on medical and surgical subjects issued by the surgeon-general's office since 1865 cover over sixteen hundred quarto pages, and five thousand copies of each work have been distributed to the medical officers still in service, to those who having served during the war are now engaged in private practice, to medical colleges and societies, to libraries and to medical journals throughout the United States, to European institutions and to medical investigators in various parts of the world.

It has long been a subject of complaint among American investigators that their labors have been ignored, or that at best their practical deductions have been used without acknowledgment by European scientists. No such complaint can be made with regard to the work done in the Army Medical Museum and other branches of the surgeon-general's office. Whether it is merely that the times are changing, and that American labors in every department are earning more gen-

eral recognition in Europe, or whether it be true that the members of the medical profession, notwithstanding all the accusations of selfishness and prejudice which have been flippantly brought against them, are after all more cosmopolitan in their modes of thought and more generous in their recognition of foreign fellow-laborers than the students of other branches of science, is a subject into which it is not necessary to enter. The writer wishes, however, to express his sense of the kindness which has characterized the opinions and criticisms published in foreign countries with regard to the works of his fellow-laborers and himself, and to say that in the numerous cases in which foreign writers have borrowed facts, illustrations or deductions from their publications, he remembers but few instances in which generous acknowledgments have not been made.

It seems proper to add in this place that the medical volume and a large part of the surgical volume of the first part of the medical history of the war, the publication of which has been ordered by Congress, will be laid before that body during the present session, and that although a work of such magnitude must necessarily occupy much time, every effort is being made by the two officers entrusted with its execution to complete the task in as short a period as is consistent with accuracy.

Such, then, is a brief sketch of the Army Medical Museum, and of the scientific labors in the direction of medicine and surgery undertaken under the auspices of the War Department, and the direction of the surgeon-general in connection with it.

It will not be forgotten by the reader that Ford's Theatre, which the museum occupies, was the scene of the assassination of the lamented Lincoln. What nobler monument could the nation erect to his memory than this sombre treasure-house, devoted to the study of disease and injury, mutilation and death?

J. J. WOODWARD.

SIXTEEN YEARS AGO.

ONE fine October morning Widow Brightly's boy Harry was missing! Feloniously, and against the peace and dignity of the State of Maryland and the United States of America, Harry had absconded from the Eastern Shore by the underground railroad, carrying with him the body of the aforesaid boy; which reprehensible conduct caused a serious loss of live-stock and temper to the widow.

Tersely, Harry had "skedaddled," but the two-legged bloodhounds of the law were after him promptly, and swiftly and silently they had run him down here in Philadelphia. He was now on trial for the ownership of the live-stock before the honorable the United States commissioner, to whom the excellent law which had set the hounds upon the track had given a standing promise of ten dollars for every fugitive he should send back, and only five dollars in a case of failing to do so.

I am very sure that this nicely-balanced reward had no influence with the gentleman who held the trying office of commissioner under that accursed law; but he was a devout believer in the patriarchal institution from which Harry had so ungratefully carried off the boy, and had a facetious habit of remanding all such cases, on the ground that if the party before him wasn't *that* somebody's nigger, he most likely was, or had been or ought to be, some other somebody's. A brilliant joke, of which I doubt whether the victim saw the point, though he undoubtedly felt it.

Harry's shrift, therefore, short as it proved, would have been shorter still had it not been for certain pestilent fellows known as the acting committee of the anti-slavery society, who understood the honorable commissioner's jokes, and had a perverse way of interfering with them, and trying to break their point off before they could be fairly sharpened. It was a settled axiom with these trouble-

some individuals that a fellow who had pluck and head enough to get thus far on his way to the North Star was not to be sent back if they could help it.

There did not seem to be much help in this case, however. It appeared to be a lamentably plain one. There was no question as to his identity, and no doubt that he had departed "onbeknownst," as one of his captors explained. But from something that was dropped about his master's will, his defenders caught at the forlorn hope that he might possibly have been manumitted. Acting upon this idea, the live member of the committee suggested to me that I might make a little pleasure trip at the expense of the society down to the Eastern Shore, examine the will and see if I could extract Harry's freedom from it.

I didn't feel elated at this mark of confidence at all; for, though I had as little respect for the enactment as had my friend of the committee, I felt no enthusiastic interest in the matter in hand, and should not have thought myself in the least slighted if somebody else had been selected. But I had no good excuse for declining, and consented to go, secretly bewailing the easy good-nature that was always getting me into trouble.

Accordingly, the next morning I took the train for Elkton, at which point I was to leave the railroad and try some fifty-seven miles of staging to Centreville. I confess I had some misgiving, for my name, which was identical with that of one of these troublesome joke-spoilers, was not in good odor along the border; and being a pacific little man, not given to combative discussions, I rather quaked at the prospect of having my name found out by some inquisitive loungee at the stage-office, and being called to account for the sins of my namesake. I was not afraid if I could have time to demonstrate that I

was this Mr. Penn and not the other Mr. Penn; but who was to guarantee that I should not get Jedwood justice—that a dozen or two of the ardent, impulsive natures whose domain I was invading might not try a practical joke upon me by lynching me first to make sure, and inquiring if they had got the right man afterward? Which would render any demonstration on my part superfluous.

On arriving at Elkton, therefore, I immediately lighted a cigar and walked about with an air of easy assurance, which, I had observed, was practiced with great success by some of our Southern medical students. I am not sure that the air I assumed did not amount to a gentle swagger. When I thought I had made sufficient impression, and removed all suspicion of being anything but a well-to-do little planter, I sauntered into the stage-office with some idea of booking myself as Mr. Quilldriver, that being, I thought, a rather neat paraphrase of my real name. To my relief, I found that the accommodating clerk had already booked me as "Mr. Wright." If he was satisfied, I was; so Mr. Wright mounted beside the driver, and promptly insinuated himself into his good graces by the offer of a cigar.

We did not make a dizzy rate of speed by any means. There was too much stage and passenger for the quantity of horse, and it took a long time to travel to our first stopping-place, yclept The Head of Chesapeake. The name sounded well. I had visions of standing at the head of the great bay, looking down its vast expanse, watching the white sails flashing and flitting over it, the crisp waves dancing and sparkling in the sunlight, lost in the dreamy splendor, and—so forth. The fact is, I began to feel poetical, for at that time I was subject to occasional fits of that uncomfortable malady.

By the time I had worked myself up we reached the place. The Head of Chesapeake was a humbug! It consisted of a sleepy old canal with a lock across, a flat, dull, dusty country around,

and no bay anywhere. Indignant and disgusted, I lit another cigar and mounted again to my seat.

They had a peculiar system of road-laying in that part of the world. Whether the engineers considered bridges and the axiom that a straight line is the shortest distance between two given points—Head of Chesapeake at one end and dinner at the other, for instance—to be incendiary Yankee notions, or were devoted to the æsthetic idea of the beauty of curves, the result was that the road was full of most enormous bends and doublings made in traveling up one side of every stream we came to, rounding its source and coming down the other side to take a fresh departure. Bridges there were none, that I now remember, until we left Chestertown, in the evening, on the last stage of my journey.

We pounded soberly along, zigzagging through the laziest and most forlorn-looking country I ever traveled in. The very fences and haystacks were lolling about in all sorts of disreputable attitudes, apparently too drowsy to stand up, and the whole land seemed dozing. About noon we drew up at a miserable road-shanty, where, the driver informed us, "Them 't wanted could git thur dinner."

That dinner! It was set out on a long, rough table of boards laid on trestles, minus anything like a covering, in a kitchen reeking with the heat of a red-hot stove and the steam from the family wash, that was in full blast under the hands of three or four frowsy negro-women. In this appetizing atmosphere we sat down to a banquet of half-fried bacon afloat in grease, waxy, half-cold potatoes, coluslaw apparently cut by a harrow, and coffee as weak as the bacon was strong, and hot as the wrath of the bereaved widow Brightly.

I saw a full-blooded nightmare prancing around among those dishes, but I was furiously hungry; and giving a passing thought, in addition, to the cholera (for it was cholera season), I went boldly to the attack. I "did" the whole bill of fare, including the coffee,

went out to the stage and mounted to my seat, a living man, with my no-matter-how-manyth cigar alight.

The rest of the journey to Chester-town was only a repetition of the morning's meanderings. It was about dusk when we reached the place, and, after a supper which was some compensation for the dinner, and which somewhat calmed down my apprehensions of that nightmare, I lit another cigar and waited for the stage which was to take me to Centreville. At last it was ready—a three-seated dearborn, with one white and one brown horse, a sixteen-year-old boy driver, and one solitary passenger—Mr. Wright, to wit.

We crossed Chester River on a long centipede of a bridge, and almost immediately plunged into a forest amid darkness that might have appalled King Pharaoh. Actually, I could not see the driver who sat touching me: the brown horse was invisible, and the white one was only a shapeless phantom, something floating along in front of the stage.

My cigar being exhausted, I lit another and meditated. What had I to do with Widow Brightly's live-stock? What business had I philandering away down here in the dark, anent her runaway Hams? What difference did it make to me which way they ran? Why couldn't some of the acting committee attend to their own business, instead of sending me on a wild-goose chase into this Noman's land?

By this time I didn't care (I confess it with a blush of ingenuous shame, now that we are all on the right side of the question) whether I found Harry's freedom in the will or not. I began to feel a sense of personal injury and a desire to be revenged on him for running away, and being thus instrumental in leading me into this solidity of infernal blackness.

About the middle of the forest, just in the blackest of the darkness and deadeast of the silence, my meditations were suddenly put to flight by a prolonged Ah-h-h-oo-oogh! from the boy, who began to squirm as though my nightmare had mistaken her victim in

the gloom, and was prancing over him instead of me.

"What is it?" I asked—"sick?"

"Yes, sir," jerked out spasmodically. "I feel dreadful bad: 'fraid I'm got the cholera."

Here was a mess! Alone, in a strange country, in the middle of a forest, not a house that I knew of nearer than Chestertown, and that five miles away—a stage, two horses and a mail-bag to take care of, along a road of which I neither knew nor could see a foot, a cholera patient on my hands, and the night so dark that I had to grope for him!

Another groan and a complicated squirm.

"Won't you please take the lines a minute, sir? It hurts so I can't drive."

"Boy," said I severely as I took the lines, "what have you been eating to-day, with the cholera about?"

"Nothin' much; only some—oo-agh!—fish for supper."

A bright thought struck me. "Hold on," said I, cheerfully: "take the lines, if you can hold them, till I open my valise: I've something there that will cure you."

Giving him the lines, I fished out a vial containing a prescription compounded for me by a medical friend for just such an emergency as this. It was a mixture of chloroform and other fiery drugs, and was only less hot than vitriol. I knew it to be good, however, for I had tried it, though I had never ventured to take it "neat." There was no water at hand, however, to dilute it, there was no time to lose, and, with the decision that characterizes me when somebody else is going to suffer, I determined to try the neat experiment on the boy.

I told him the state of the case: he said he had never yet found anything so strong that he could not drink it (which I thought was pretty well for sixteen years old), and reckoned he could manage it. I groped for his hand, placed the vial in it, and told him to take as nearly a teaspoonful as he could guess. I heard a gurgle, indicating a pretty large teaspoonful, then

a gasp, and the next moment that boy was evidently experiencing the delights, or something, of an entirely new sensation!

For about half a minute I think he underwent as much astonishment as a youth of his tender years could well manage. He gasped and sputtered and coughed, until I began to fear I had choked him to death in my well-meant maiden attempt at medical practice. And then what was I to do with him? I could not stay there in that stage, in the middle of the road, all night, with the seat half full of deceased stage-driver. I didn't know which way to drive that I might hand him over to somebody else. What was I to say to his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, his uncles and aunts and first cousins, if he had any, and they should find me?

What would the Post-office Department say to me for detaining the mail, not to speak of killing the carrier? Would any of them credit what seemed to be a rather improbable story? Even if they did, wouldn't they "take it out of me" for practicing medicine without a license? I think I should have been resigned just then to seeing the acting committee and all their protégés swept over Niagara together, if it would have deposited that boy safe at Centreville and me in my office at Philadelphia.

Gradually he recovered breath enough to ejaculate huskily, "Gosh! but that *was* hot!" and then relapsed into silent meditation on his new experience. It cured him, though. In a few minutes he took the lines again, and never ventured another squirm or groan during the rest of the journey. I had the vial ready if he had tried it.

We reached Centreville at eleven o'clock, and found that peaceful village buried in the sleep of innocence. Nothing was awake but the inevitable big "yaller dog" which came open-mouthed at us as we drove into the tavern yard, and then slunk back at a few concise and emphatic suggestions from the boy as he alighted. They had great faith in human nature at that tavern, for the front door stood wide open, fastened

back for the night. We entered, therefore, without knocking—it is a very convenient arrangement this, for people out late o' nights—passed into the bar-room, kicked up the ostler, who was asleep on the floor, procured a candle, and in ten minutes I was fast asleep myself among the rustic innocents, oblivious of the nightmare, which never came near me.

When I came down early in the morning to perform my ablutions at the pump, after the primitive style of Centreville, I found the driver already in the bar-room, putting the finishing touches to his toilet before a square inch or so of looking-glass. Upon my asking him how he felt, he turned his countenance upon me beaming with the vigorous polish he had just given it with resin soap and crash towel: "Fust rate! never felt pearter in my life. Tell ye what, that was a bustin' medicine!"

"Like another dose?" I asked.

"No, thankee," said he, making a face—"not till I git sick again, anyhow: it's a *lectle* strong for a steady drink."

After breakfast I hunted up the register's office, and began my search for Harry's freedom. A very short examination of the defunct Mr. Brightly's will showed me that if it was anywhere it was not there. The departed patriarch had bequeathed the boy to a prospective little Brightly! After reading this clause in every way, and giving it every possible and impossible interpretation in connection with all the other clauses, separately and collectively, I could find nothing but the discouraging fact that the unlucky Harry, away off in Philadelphia, was bound fast, by an invisible chain that no power in this land could then break or unrivet, to an unborn child.

As it was necessary to perform some legal ceremony, I forget of what nature, before the judge of the county court, and obtain his signature to something in connection with the business, I set out to find him. A walk of nearly two miles along dusty roads brought me to his residence—a dingy, old-fashioned

farm-house, with its outbuildings looking as though they had never heard of paint, and its gates and fences all lolling about in the same disreputable way I had observed in those I had before passed. In a large, uncarpeted, unpainted room, very plainly and scantily furnished, I found his Honor, a pudgy little man, apparently superintending the education of a young gentleman who was diligently walking up and down the floor with my old enemy, Ovid, in his hand. Here came an embarrassment. His Honor would be sure to see my name on the papers, and then what if he should mistake me for the obnoxious Mr. P.? I might be in a worse fix than I had been in with my cholera patient, and I was getting tired of fixes. I was in for it, however; so, assuming an air of mild dignity, modified by respect for the judicial character, I stated my business as concisely as possible. It was soon finished; and as he handed me back the papers, he remarked, civilly, "I should think they might have sent that boy back without giving you the trouble of coming all the way down here, Mr. Penn."

He had evidently got his ideas a little tangled as to which party I represented, but I thought it best not to disturb his delusion, though I entirely agreed with him in opinion. I wasn't satisfied about that name, and wanted to get it and its owner from under his notice as promptly as possibly, lest a new idea should strike him. I only waited, therefore, to say that they had thought it best to be fortified with additional evidence, and got out of the house and back to Centreville as fast as possible.

I found a good many rough-looking loungers around the tavern on my return, and feeling modest about intruding myself upon them without an introduction, took a stroll through the portions of the village most distant from the tavern. I found these so interesting, under the circumstances, that I did not make my appearance again until dinner-time, when, as I had expected, all the loungers had disappeared in search of their own dinners.

Next, another stage-ride across the country to a landing on a creek leading into Chesapeake Bay, from which a steamboat was to take us to Baltimore. After waiting an interminable length of time—not less than three cigars—the boat made her appearance. Lighting another cigar to start fair, I stepped on board (the movements of the other passengers, none of them being bearers of despatches, are not important), and we steamed swiftly down the creek and out into the magnificent bay. It was a calm afternoon in early October. The thin autumn haze lay upon the water, softening but not dimming the sunlight; the mighty bay, stretching far away to the south, was smooth and placid as an inland lake; there was no breeze, and not a ripple, except what the boat made, crinkled the broad surface; ghostly royals of distant ships peered above "the horizon's bar;" there was no sound but the sighing of the engine and the dash of the paddles upon the water; and I smoked on in a state of solid enjoyment, tempered only by a shadowy regret that there was no chance of anybody being sea-sick.

I know I had several of the emotions proper to the occasion—No! ma'am, it wasn't sea-sickness—if I could only remember what they were; but they were soon swallowed up, as we drew near to Baltimore, by the momentous question, as to how I was to find my way in the dark through the crooked city (which I had never yet seen) to the railroad station. I received very explicit directions, which to my bewildered mind, trained to Philadelphia streets, were manifestly all wrong. However, I started off in the direction indicated up the wharf, and after "going it blind" for some distance, oppressed by a harrowing conviction that I was traveling at a right angle to my proper course, I suddenly found myself, without the least idea how I had got there, in front of the hotel whence an omnibus was to take me to the station.

A waiter was clanging a great hand-bell, chanting, "All aboard fur Philadelphia sta-a-tion!" we piled into the

omnibus, rode to the station, and I felt decidedly relieved when we had fairly crossed Gunpowder Creek at the rate of twenty miles an hour over the spider-legged bridge.

The next morning I handed over to Harry's defenders the evidence I had collected (which I rather think they did

not produce), and the forlorn hope being routed, the boy was duly handed over to his captors, and went the way of many another fugitive in those bad days. I hope he was alive to be reached by the great Proclamation.

A. G. PENN.

HER MESSAGE.

NOW, while the mellow crescent, dreamy-beamed,
Saddens the stillness of this lonely land,
I, friend, whose latest earthly day has gleamed,
Murmur a message, clasping thy true hand.

Tell him, when you twain shall hereafter meet,
How stubbornly I have hoped on, and heard
In every sound the sound of his loved feet—
His voice in every breeze and stream and bird!

Tell him how all my dreary life had grown
A yearning deeply passionate, though dumb,
Among my dark to-morrows to have known
A bright to-morrow that has never come!

Tell him that I have acted o'er and o'er
One bitter part since its cold, solemn close:
Tell him the fault was neither his the more,
Nor mine the less. Each was to blame, God knows!

Yet tell him that my fate was far the worse—
That I, being woman, must sit calm, and feel
The heart's slow breaking, cursed with that great curse,
Of loving when hope turns from Love's appeal!

Tell him the man could mix with men, and let
Strong worldly clamors drown his spirit's cry:
The woman only could regret, regret,
And, wearied with regretting, yearn to die!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

A LEAF IN THE STORM.

THE Berceau de Dieu was a little village in the valley of the Seine. As a lark drops its nest amongst the grasses, so a few peasant people had dropped their little farms and cottages amidst the great green woods on the winding river. It was a pretty place, with one steep, stony street, shady with poplars and with elms; quaint houses, about whose thatch a cloud of white and gray pigeons fluttered all day long; a little aged chapel with a conical red roof; and great barns covered with ivy and thick creepers, red and purple, and lichens that were yellow in the sun. All around it there were the broad, flowering meadows, with the sleek cattle of Normandy fattening in them, and the sweet dim forests where the young men and maidens went on every holy day and feast-day in the summer-time to seek for wood-anemones, and lilies of the pools, and the wild campanula, and the fresh dog-rose, and all the boughs and grasses that made their house doors like garden bowers, and seemed to take the cushat's note and the linnet's song into their little temple of God.

The Berceau de Dieu was very old indeed. Men said that the hamlet had been there in the day of the Virgin of Orléans; and a stone cross of the twelfth century still stood by the great pond of water at the bottom of the street under the chestnut tree, where the villagers gathered to gossip at sunset when their work was done. It had no city near it, and no town nearer than four leagues. It was in the green care of a pastoral district, thickly wooded and intersected with orchards. Its produce of wheat, and oats, and cheese, and fruit, and eggs was more than sufficient for its simple prosperity. Its people were hardy, kindly, laborious, happy; living round the little gray chapel in amity and good-fellowship. Nothing troubled it. War and rumors of war, revolutions and

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counter-revolutions, empires and insurrections, military and political questions,—these all were for it things unknown and unheard of—mighty winds that arose and blew and swept the lands around it, but never came near enough to harm it, lying there, as it did, in its loneliness like any lark's nest. Even in the great days of the Revolution it had been quiet. It had had a lord whom it loved in the old castle on the hill at whose feet it nestled: it had never tried to harm him, and it had wept bitterly when he had fallen at Jemappes, and left no heir, and the château had crumbled into ivy-hung ruins. The thunder-heats of that dread time had scarcely scorched it. It had seen a few of its best youth march away to the chant of the Marseillaise to fight on the plains of Champagne; and it had been visited by some patriots in *bonnets rouges* and soldiers in blue uniforms, who had given it tricolored cockades and bade it wear them in the holy name of the Republic one and indivisible. But it had not known what these meant, and its harvests had been reaped without the sound of a shot in its fields or any gleam of steel by its innocent hearths; so that the terrors and the tidings of those noble and ghastly years had left no impress on its generations.

Reine Allix indeed, the oldest woman amongst them all, numbering more than ninety years, remembered when she was a child hearing her father and his neighbors talk in low, awestricken tones one bitter wintry night of how a king had been slain to save the people; and she remembered likewise—remembered it well, because it had been her betrothal-night and the sixteenth birthday of her life—how a horseman had flashed through the startled street like a comet, and had called aloud in a voice of fire, "Gloire! gloire! gloire!—Marengo! Marengo! Marengo!" and how the

village had dimly understood that something marvelous for France had happened afar off, and how her brothers and her cousins and her betrothed, and she with them, had all gone up to the high slope over the river, and had piled up a great pyramid of pine wood and straw and dried mosses, and had set flame to it, till it had glowed in its scarlet triumph all through that wondrous night of the sultry summer of victory.

These and the like memories she would sometimes relate to the children at evening when they gathered round her begging for a story. Otherwise, no memories of the Revolution or the Empire disturbed the tranquillity of the Berceau; and even she, after she had told them, would add: "I am not sure now what Marengo was. A battle, no doubt, but I am not sure where nor why. But we heard later that little Claudis, my aunt's youngest born, a volunteer not nineteen, died at it. If we had known, we should not have gone up and lit the bonfire."

This woman, who had been born in that time of famine and flame, was the happiest creature in the whole hamlet of the Berceau. "I am old: yes, I am very old," she would say, looking up from her spinning-wheel in her house door, and shading her eyes from the sun, "very old—ninety-two last summer. But when one has a roof over one's head, and a pot of soup always, and a grandson like mine, and when one has lived all one's life in the Berceau de Dieu, then it is well to be so old. Ah yes, my little ones—yes, though you doubt it, you little birds that have just tried your wings—it is well to be so old. One has time to think, and thank the good God, which one never seemed to have a minute to do in that work, work, work when one was young."

Reine Allix was a tall and strong woman, very withered, and very bent, and very brown, yet with sweet, dark, flashing eyes that had still light in them, and a face that was still noble, though nearly a century had bronzed it with its harvest suns and blown on it with its winter winds. She wore always the same garb

of homely dark-blue serge, always the same tall white headgear, always the same pure silver ear-rings that had been at once an heirloom and a nuptial gift. She was always shod in her wooden sabots, and she always walked abroad with a staff of ash. She had been born in the Berceau de Dieu; had lived there and wedded there; had toiled there all her life, and never left it for a greater distance than a league or a longer time than a day. She loved it with an intense love: the world beyond it was nothing to her: she scarcely believed in it as existing. She could neither read nor write. She told the truth, reared her offspring in honesty, and praised God always—had praised Him when starving in a bitter winter after her husband's death, when there had been no field-work, and she had had five children to feed and clothe; and praised Him now that her sons were all dead before her, and all she had living of her blood was her grandson Bernadou.

Her life had been a hard one. Her parents had been hideously poor. Her marriage had scarcely bettered her condition. She had labored in the fields always, hoeing and weeding and reaping and carrying wood and driving mules, and continually rising with the first streak of the daybreak. She had known fever and famine and all manner of earthly ills. But now in her old age she had peace. Two of her dead sons, who had sought their fortunes in the other hemisphere, had left her a little money, and she had a little cottage and a plot of ground, and a pig, and a small orchard. She was well-to-do, and could leave it all to Bernadou; and for ten years she had been happy, perfectly happy, in the coolness and the sweetness and the old familiar ways and habits of the Berceau.

Bernadou was very good to her. The lad, as she called him, was five-and-twenty years old, tall and straight and clean-limbed, with the blue eyes of the North, and a gentle, frank face. He worked early and late in the plot of ground that gave him his livelihood. He lived with his grandmother, and

tended her with a gracious courtesy and veneration that never altered. He was not very wise; he also could neither read nor write; he believed in his priest and his homestead, and loved the ground that he had trodden ever since his first steps from the cradle had been guided by Reine Allix. He had never been drawn for the conscription, because he was the only support of a woman of ninety: he likewise had never been half a dozen kilomètres from his birth-place. When he was bidden to vote, and he asked what his vote of assent would pledge him to, they told him, "It will bind you to honor your grandmother so long as she shall live, and to get up with the lark, and to go to mass every Sunday, and to be a loyal son to your country. Nothing more." And thereat he had smiled and straightened his stalwart frame, and gone right willingly to the voting-urn.

He was very stupid in these things; and Reine Allix, though clear-headed and shrewd, was hardly more learned in them than he.

"Look you," she had said to him oftentimes, "in my babyhood there was the old white flag upon the château. Well, they pulled that down and put up a red one. That toppled and fell, and there was one of three colors. Then somebody with a knot of white lilies in his hand came one day and set up the old white one afresh; and before the day was done that was down again and the tricolor again up where it is. Now, some I know fretted themselves greatly because of all these changes of the flags, but as for me, I could not see that any one of them mattered: bread was just as dear and sleep was just as sweet whichever of the three was uppermost."

Bernadou, who had never known but the flag of three colors, believed her, as indeed he believed every word that those kindly and resolute old lips ever uttered to him.

He had never been in a city, and only once, on the day of his first communion, in the town four leagues away. He knew nothing more than this simple, cleanly, honest life that he led.

With what men did outside his little world of meadow-land and woodland he had no care nor any concern. Once a man had come through the village of the Berceau, a traveling hawker of cheap prints—a man with a wild eye and a restless brain—who told Bernadou that he was a downtrodden slave, a clod, a beast like a mule, who fetched and carried that the rich might fatten—a dolt, an idiot, who cared nothing for the rights of man and the wrongs of the poor. Bernadou had listened with a perplexed face: then with a smile, that had cleared it like sunlight, he had answered in his country dialect, "I do not know of what you speak. Rights? Wrongs? I cannot tell. But I have never owed a sou; I have never told a lie; I am strong enough to hold my own with any man that flouts me; and I am content where I am. That is enough for me."

The peddler had called him a poor-spirited beast of burden, but had said so out of reach of his arm, and by night had slunk away from the Berceau de Dieu, and had been no more seen there to vex the quiet contentment of its peaceful and peace-loving ways.

At night, indeed, sometimes, the little wineshop of the village would be frequented by some half dozen of the peasant proprietors of the place, who talked Communism after their manner, not a very clear one, in excited tones and with the feverish glances of conspirators. But it meant little, and came to less. The weather and the price of wheat were dearer matters to them; and in the end they usually drank their red wine in amity, and went up the village street arm in arm, singing patriotic songs until their angry wives flung open their lattices and thrust their white headgear out into the moonlight, and called to them shrewdly to get to bed and not make fools of themselves in that fashion; which usually silenced and sobered them all instantly; so that the revolutions of the Berceau de Dieu, if not quenched in a winepot, were always smothered in a nightcap, and never by any chance disturbed its repose.

But of these noisy patriots, Bernadou was never one. He had the instinctive conservatism of the French peasant, which is in such direct and tough antagonism with the feverish Socialism of the French artisan. His love was for the soil—a love deep-rooted as the oaks that grew in it. Of Paris he had a dim, vague dread, as of a superb beast continually draining and devouring. Of all forms of government he was alike ignorant. So long as he tilled his little angle of land in peace, so long as the sun ripened his fruits and corn, so long as famine was away from his door and his neighbors dwelt in good-fellowship with him, so long he was happy, and cared not whether he was thus happy under a monarchy, an empire or a republic. This wisdom, which the peddler called apathy and cursed, the young man had imbibed from Nature and the teachings of Reine Allix. "Look at home and mind thy work," she had said always to him. "It is labor enough for a man to keep his own life clean and his own hands honest. Be not thou at any time as they are who are for ever telling the good God how He might have made the world on a better plan, while the rats gnaw at their haystacks and the children cry over an empty platter."

And he had taken heed to her words; so that in all the countryside there was not any lad truer, gentler, braver or more patient at labor than was Bernadou; and though some thought him mild even to foolishness, and meek even to stupidity, he was no fool; and he had a certain rough skill at music, and a rare gift at the culture of plants, that made his little home bright within in the winter-time with melody, and in the summer gay without as a king's parterre.

At any rate, Reine Allix and he had been happy together for a quarter of a century under the old gray thatch of the wayside cottage, where it stood at the foot of the village street, with its great sycamores spread above it. Nor were they less happy when in mid-April, in the six-and-twentieth year of his age,

Bernadou had come in with a bunch of primroses in his hand, and had bent down to her and saluted her with a respectful tenderness, and said softly and a little shyly, "Gran'mère, would it suit you if I were ever—to marry?"

Reine Allix was silent a minute and more, cherishing the primroses and placing them in a little brown cupful of water. Then she looked at him steadily with her clear, dark eyes: "Who is it, my child?" He was always a child to her, this last-born of the numerous brood that had once dwelt with her under the spreading branches of the sycamores, and had now all perished off the face of the earth, leaving himself and her alone.

Bernadou's eyes met hers frankly: "It is Margot Dal: does that please you, gran'mère, or no?"

"It pleases me well," she said simply. But there was a little quiver about her firm-set mouth, and her aged head was bent over the primroses. She had foreseen it; she was glad of it; and yet for the instant it was a pang to her.

"I am very thankful," said Bernadou, with a flash of joy on his face. He was independent of his grandmother: he could make enough to marry upon by his daily toil, and he had a little store of gold and silver in his bank in the thatch, put by for a rainy day; but he would have no more thought of going against her will than he would have thought of lifting his hand against her. In the primitive homesteads of the Berceau de Dieu filial reverence was still accounted the first of virtues, yet the simplest and the most imperative.

"I will go see Margot this evening," said Reine Allix after a little pause. "She is a good girl, and a brave, and of pure heart and fair name. You have chosen well, my grandson."

Bernadou stooped his tall, fair, curly head, and she laid her hands on him and blessed him.

That evening, as the sun set, Reine Allix kept her word, and went to the young maiden who had allured the eyes and heart of Bernadou. Margot was an orphan: she had not a penny to her

dower; she had been brought up on charity, and she dwelt now in the family of the largest landowner of the place, a miller with a numerous offspring, and several head of cattle, and many stretches of pasture and of orchard. Margot worked for a hard master, living indeed as one of the family, but sharply driven all day long at all manner of house-work and field-work. Reine Allix had kept her glance on her, through some instinctive sense of the way that Bernadou's thoughts were turning, and she had seen much to praise, nothing to chide, in the young girl's modest, industrious, cheerful, uncomplaining life. Margot was very pretty too, with the brown oval face, and the great black, soft eyes, and the beautiful form of the southern blood that had run in the veins of her father, who had been a sailor of Marseilles, whilst her mother had been a native of the Provençal country. Altogether, Reine Allix knew that her beloved one could not have done better or more wisely, if choose at all he must. Some people indeed, she said to herself as she climbed the street whose sharp-set flints had been trodden by her wooden shoes for ninety years—"Some people would mourn and scold because there is no store of linen, no piece of silver plate, no little round sum in money with the poor child. But what does it matter? We have enough for three. It is wicked indeed for parents to live so that they leave their daughter portionless, but it is no fault of the child's. Let them say what they like, it is a reason the more that she should want a roof over her head and a husband to care for her good."

So she climbed the steep way and the slanting road round the hill, and went in by the door of the mill-house, and found Margot busy in washing some spring lettuces and other green things in a bowl of bright water. Reine Allix, in the fashion of her country and her breeding, was about to confer with the master and mistress ere saying a word to the girl, but there was that in Margot's face and in her timid greeting that lured speech out of her. She looked

long and keenly into the child's down-cast countenance, then touched her with a tender smile: "Petite Margot, the birds told me a little secret to-day. Canst guess what it is? Say?"

Margot colored and then grew pale. True, Bernadou had never really spoken to her, but still, when one is seventeen, and has danced a few times with the same person, and has plucked the leaves of a daisy away to learn one's fortune, spoken words are not very much wanted.

At sight of her the eyes of the old woman moistened and grew dimmer than age had made them: she smiled still, but the smile had the sweetness of a blessing in it, and no longer the kindly banter of humor. "You love him, my little one?" she said in a soft, hushed voice.

"Ah, madame—!" Margot could not say more. She covered her face with her hands, and turned to the wall, and wept with a passion of joy.

Down in the Berceau there were gossips who would have said, with wise shakes of their heads, "Tut, tut! how easy it is to make believe in a little love when one is a serving-maid, and has not a sou, nor a roof, nor a friend in the world, and a comely youth well-to-do is willing to marry us!"

But Reine Allix knew better. She had not lived ninety years in the world not to be able to discern between true feeling and counterfeit. She was touched, and drew the trembling frame of Margot into her arms, and kissed her twice on the closed, blue-veined lids of her black eyes. "Make him happy, only make him happy," she murmured; "for I am very old, Margot, and he is alone, all alone."

And the child crept to her, sobbing for very rapture that she, friendless, homeless and penniless, should be thus elected for so fair a fate, and whispered through her tears, "I will."

Reine Allix spoke in all form to the miller and his wife, and with as much earnestness in her demand as though she had been seeking the hand of rich Yacobé, the tavern-keeper's only daughter. The people assented: they had no

pretext to oppose, and Reine Allix wrapped her cloak about her and descended the hill and the street just as the twilight closed in and the little lights began to glimmer through the lattices and the shutters and the green mantle of the boughs, whilst the red fires of the smithy forge glowed brightly in the gloom, and a white horse waited to be shod, a boy in a blue blouse seated on its back and switching away with a branch of budding hazel the first gray gnats of the early year.

"It is well done, it is well done," she said to herself, looking at the low rosy clouds and the pale gold of the waning sky. "A year or two, and I shall be in my grave. I shall leave him easier if I know he has some creature to care for him, and I shall be quiet in my coffin, knowing that his children's children will live on and on and on in the Berceau, and sometimes perhaps think a little of me when the nights are long and they sit round the fire."

She went in out of the dewy air, into the little low, square room of her cottage, and went up to Bernadou and laid her hands on his shoulders.

"Be it well with thee, my grandson, and with thy sons' sons after thee," she said solemnly. "Margot will be thy wife. May thy days and hers be long in thy birth-place!"

A month later they were married. It was then May. The green nest of the Berceau seemed to overflow with the singing of birds and the blossoming of flowers. The cornlands promised a rare harvest, and the apple orchards were weighed down with their red and white blossoms. The little brown streams in the woods brimmed over in the grass, and the air was full of a sweet, mellow sunlight, a cool, fragrant breeze, a continual music of humming bees and soaring larks and mule-bells ringing on the roads, and childish laughter echoing from the fields.

In this glad spring-time Bernadou and Margot were wedded, going with their friends one sunny morning up the winding hill-path to the little gray chapel whose walls were hidden in ivy, and

whose sorrowful Christ looked down through the open porch across the blue and hazy width of the river. Georges the baker, whose fiddle made merry melody at all the village dances, played before them tunefully; little children, with their hands full of wood-flowers, ran before them; his old blind poodle smelt its way faithfully by their footsteps; their priest led the way upward with the cross held erect against the light; Reine Allix walked beside them, nearly as firmly as she had trodden the same road seventy years before in her own bridal hour: in the hollow below lay the Berceau de Dieu, with its red gables and its thatched roofs hidden beneath leaves, and its peaceful pastures smiling under the serene blue skies of France.

They were happy—ah Heaven, so happy!—and all their little world rejoiced with them.

They came home, and their neighbors entered with them, and ate and drank, and gave them good wishes and gay songs; and the old priest blessed them with a father's tenderness upon their threshold; and the fiddle of Georges sent gladdest dance-music flying through the open casements, across the road, up the hill, far away to the clouds and the river.

At night, when the guests had departed and all was quite still within and without, Reine Allix sat alone at her window in the roof, thinking of their future and of her past, and watching the stars come out, one by another, above the woods. From her lattice in the caves she saw straight up the village street; saw the dwellings of her lifelong neighbors, the slopes of the rich fields, the gleam of the broad gray water, the whiteness of the crucifix against the darkened skies. She saw it all—all so familiar, with that intimate association only possible to the peasant who has dwelt on one spot from birth to age. In that faint light, in those deep shadows, she could trace all the scene as though the brightness of the noon shone on it: it was all, in its homeliness and simplicity, intensely dear to her. In

the playtime of her childhood, in the courtship of her youth, in the joys and woes of her wifehood and widowhood, the bitter pains and sweet ecstasies of her maternity, the hunger and privation of struggling, desolate years, the contentment and serenity of old age,—in all these her eyes had rested only on this small, quaint leafy street, with its dwellings close and low, like beehives in a garden, and its pasture-lands and corn-lands, wood-girt and water-fed, stretching as far as the sight could reach. Every inch of its soil, every turn of its paths, was hallowed to her with innumerable memories: all her beloved dead were garnered there where the white Christ watched them: when her time should come, she thought, she would rest with them nothing loth. As she looked, the tears of thanksgiving rolled down her withered cheeks, and she bent her feeble limbs and knelt down in the moonlight, praising God that He had given her to live and die in this cherished home, and beseeching Him for her children that they likewise might dwell in honesty, and with length of days abide beneath that roof.

"God is good," she murmured as she stretched herself to sleep beneath the eaves—"God is good. Maybe, when He takes me to Himself, if I be worthy, He will tell His holy saints to give me a little corner in His kingdom, that He shall fashion for me in the likeness of the Berceau." For it seemed to her that, than the Berceau, heaven itself could hold no sweeter or fairer nook of Paradise.

The year rolled on, and the cottage under the sycamores was but the happier for its new inmate. Bernadou was serious of temper, though so gentle, and the arch, gay humor of his young wife was like perpetual sunlight in the house. Margot, too, was so docile, so eager, so bright, and so imbued with devotional reverence for her husband and his home, that Reine Allix day by day blessed the fate that had brought to her this fatherless and penniless child. Bernadou himself spoke little: words were not in his way, but his blue, frank eyes shone

with an unclouded radiance that never changed, and his voice, when he did speak, had a mellow softness in it that made his slightest speech to the two women with him tender as a caress.

"Thou art a happy woman, my sister," said the priest, who was wellnigh as old as herself.

Reine Allix bowed her head and made the sign of the cross: "I am, praise be to God!"

And being happy, she went to the hovel of poor Madelon Dreux, the cobbler's widow, and nursed her and her children through a malignant fever, sitting early and late, and leaving her own peaceful hearth for the desolate hut with the delirious ravings and heartrending moans of the fever-stricken. "How ought one to dare to be happy if one is not of use?" she would say to those who sought to dissuade her from running such peril.

Madelon Dreux and her family recovered, owing to her their lives, and she was happier than before, thinking of them when she sat on the settle before the wood-fire roasting chestnuts and spinning flax on the wheel, and ever and again watching the flame reflected on the fair head of Bernadou or in the dark, smiling eyes of Margot.

Another spring passed and another year went by, and the little home under the sycamores was still no less honest in its labors or bright in its rest. It was one amongst a million of such homes in France, where a sunny temper made mirth with a meal of herbs, and filial love touched to poetry the prose of daily household tasks.

A child was born to Margot in the spring-time with the violets and daisies, and Reine Allix was proud of the fourth generation, and as she caressed the boy's healthy, fair limbs, thought that God was indeed good to her, and that her race would live long in the place of her birth. The child resembled Bernadou, and had his clear, candid eyes. It soon learned to know the voice of "Gran'mère," and would turn from its young mother's bosom to stretch its arms to Reine Allix. It grew fair and

strong, and all the ensuing winter passed its hours curled like a dormouse or playing like a puppy at her feet in the chimney corner. Another spring and summer came, and the boy was more than a year old, with curls of gold, and cheeks like apples, and a mouth that always smiled. He could talk a little, and tumbled like a young rabbit amongst the flowering grasses. Reine Allix watched him, and her eyes filled. "God is too good," she thought. She feared that she should scarce be so willing to go to her last sleep under the trees on the hillside as she had used to be. She could not help a desire to see this child, this second Bernadou, grow up to youth and manhood; and of this she knew it was wild to dream.

It was ripe midsummer. The fields were all russet and amber with an abundance of corn. The little gardens had seldom yielded so rich a produce. The cattle and the flocks were in excellent health. There had never been a season of greater promise and prosperity for the little traffic that the village and its farms drove in sending milk and sheep and vegetable wealth to that great city which was to it as a dim, wonderful, mystic name without meaning.

One evening in this gracious and golden time the people sat out as usual when the day was done, talking from door to door, the old women knitting or spinning, the younger ones mending their husbands' or brothers' blouses or the little blue shirts of their infants, the children playing with the dogs on the sward that edged the stones of the street, and above all the great calm heavens and the glow of the sun that had set.

Reine Allix, like the others, sat before the door, for once doing nothing, but with folded hands and bended head dreamily taking pleasure in the coolness that had come with evening, and the smell of the limes that were in blossom, and the blithe chatter of Margot with the neighbors. Bernadou was close beside them, watering and weeding those flowers that were at once his pride and his recreation, making the

face of his dwelling bright and the air around it full of fragrance.

The little street was quiet in the evening light, only the laughter of the children and the gay gossip of their mothers breaking the pleasant stillness: it had been thus at evening with the Berceau centuries before their time—they thought that it would thus likewise be when centuries should have seen the youngest-born there in his grave.

Suddenly there came along the road between the trees an old man and a mule: it was Mathurin the miller, who had been that day to a little town four leagues off, which was the trade-mart and the corn-exchange of the district. He paused before the cottage of Reine Allix: he was dusty, travel-stained and sad. Margot ceased laughing among her flowers as she saw her old master. None of them knew why, yet the sight of him made the air seem cold and the night seem near.

"There is terrible news," he said, drawing a sheet of printed words from his coat-pocket—"terrible news! We are to go to war."

"War!" The whole village clustered round him. They had heard of war, far-off wars in Africa and Mexico, and some of their sons had been taken off like young wheat mown before its time; but it still remained to them a thing remote, impersonal, inconceivable, with which they had nothing to do, nor ever would have anything.

"Read!" said the old man, stretching out his sheet. The only one there who could do so, Picot the tailor, took it and spelled the news out to their wondering ears. It was the declaration of France against Prussia.

There arose a great wail from the mothers whose sons were conscripts. The rest asked in trembling, "Will it touch us?"

"Us!" echoed Picot the tailor, in contempt. "How should it touch us? Our braves will be in Berlin with another fortnight. The paper says so."

The people were silent: they were not sure what he meant by Berlin, and they were afraid to ask.

"My boy! my boy!" wailed one woman, smiting her breast. Her son was in the army.

"Marengo!" murmured Reine Allix, thinking of that far-off time in her dim youth when the horseman had flown through the dusky street and the bonfire had blazed on the highest hill above the river.

"Bread will be dear," muttered Mathurin the miller, going onward with his foot-weary mule. Bernadou stood silent, with his roses dry and thirsty round him.

"Why art thou sad?" whispered Margot with wistful eyes. "Thou art exempt from war-service, my love?"

Bernadou shook his head. "The poor will suffer somehow," was all he answered.

Yet to him, as to all in the Berceau, the news was not very terrible, because it was so vague and distant—an evil so far off and shapeless.

Monsieur Picot the tailor, who alone could read, ran from house to house, from group to group, breathless, gay and triumphant, telling them all that in two weeks more their brethren would sup in the king's palace at Berlin; and the people believed and laughed and chattered, and, standing outside their doors in the cool nights, thought that some good had come to them and theirs.

Only Reine Allix looked up to the hill above the river and murmured, "When we lit the bonfire there, Claudis lay dead;" and Bernadou, standing musing amongst his roses, said with a smile that was very grave, "Margot, see here! When Picot shouted, 'À Berlin!' he trod on my Gloire de Dijon rose and killed it."

The sultry heats and cloudless nights of the wondrous and awful summer of the year eighteen hundred and seventy passed by, and to the Berceau de Dieu it was a summer of fair promise and noble harvest, and never had the land brought forth in richer profusion for man and beast. Some of the youngest and ablest-bodied laborers were indeed drawn away to join those swift trains that hurried thousands and tens

of thousands to the frontier by the Rhine. But most of the male population were married, and were the fathers of young children, and the village was only moved to a thrill of love and of honest pride to think how its young Louis and Jean and André and Valentin were gone full of high hope and high spirit, to come back, maybe—who could say not?—with epaulettes and ribbons of honor. Why they were gone they knew not very clearly, but their superiors affirmed that they were gone to make greater the greatness of France; and the folk of the Berceau believed it, having in a corner of their quiet hearts a certain vague, dormant yet deep-rooted love, on which was written the name of their country.

News came slowly and seldom to the Berceau. Unless some one of the men rode his mule to the little town, which was but very rarely, or unless some peddler came through the village with a news-sheet or so in his pack or rumors and tidings on his lips, nothing that was done beyond its fields and woods came to it. And the truth of what it heard it had no means of measuring or sifting. It believed what it was told, without questioning; and as it reaped the harvests in the rich hot sun of August, its peasants labored cheerily in the simple and firm belief that mighty things were being done for them and theirs in the far eastern provinces by their great army, and that Louis and Jean and André and Valentin and the rest—though indeed no tidings had been heard of them—were safe and well and glorious somewhere, away where the sun rose, in the sacked palaces of the German king. Reine Allix alone of them was serious and sorrowful—she whose memories stretched back over the wide space of near a century.

"Why art thou anxious, gran'mère?" they said to her. "There is no cause. Our army is victorious everywhere; and they say our lads will send us all the Prussians' corn and cattle, so that the very beggars will have their stomachs full."

But Reine Allix shook her head, sitting knitting in the sun: "My children, I remember the days of my youth. Our army was victorious then; at least they said so. Well, all I know is that little Claudis and the boys with him never came back; and as for bread, you could not get it for love or money, and the people lay dead of famine out on the public roads."

"But that is so long ago, gran'mère!" they urged.

Reine Allix nodded. "Yes. It is long ago, my dears. But I do not think that things change very much."

They were silent out of respect for her, but amongst themselves they said, "She is very old. Nothing is as it was in her time."

One evening, when the sun was setting red over the reaper fields, two riders on trembling and sinking horses went through the village using whip and spur, and scarcely drew rein as they shouted to the cottagers to know whether they had seen go by a man running for his life. The people replied that they had seen nothing of the kind, and the horsemen pressed on, jamming their spurs into their poor beasts' steaming flanks. "If you see him, catch and hang him," they shouted as they scoured away: "he is a Prussian spy!"

"A Prussian!" the villagers echoed with a stupid stare—"a Prussian in France!"

One of the riders looked over his shoulders for a moment: "You fools! do you not know? We are beaten—beaten everywhere—and the Prussian pigs march on Paris."

The spy was not seen in the Berceau, but the news brought by his pursuers scared sleep from the eyes of every grown man that night in the little village. "It is the accursed Empire!" screamed the patriots of the wineshop. But the rest of the people were too terrified and downstricken to take heed of empires or patriots: they only thought of Louis and Jean and André and Valentin; and they collected round Reine Allix, who said to them, "My children, for love of money all our fairest fruits

and flowers—yea, even to the best blossoms of our maidenhood—were sent to be bought and sold in Paris. We sinned therein, and this is the will of God."

This was all for a time that they heard. It was a place lowly and obscure enough to be left in peace. The law pounced down on it once or twice and carried off a few more of its men for army-service, and arms were sent to it from its neighboring town, and an old soldier of the First Empire tried to instruct its remaining sons in their use. But he had no apt pupil except Bernadou, who soon learned to handle a musket with skill and with precision, and who carried his straight form gallantly and well, though his words were seldom heard and his eyes were always sad.

"You will not be called till the last, Bernadou," said the old soldier: "you are married, and maintain your grand-dame and wife and child. But a strong, muscular, well-built youth like you should not wait to be called—you should volunteer to serve France."

"I will serve France when my time comes," said Bernadou, simply, in answer. But he would not leave his fields barren, and his orchard uncared for, and his wife to sicken and starve, and his grandmother to perish alone in her ninety-third year. They jeered and flouted and upbraided him, those patriots who screamed against the fallen Empire in the wineshop, but he looked them straight in the eyes, and held his peace, and did his daily work.

"If he be called, he will not be found wanting," said Reine Allix, who knew him better than did even the young wife whom he loved.

Bernadou clung to his home with a dogged devotion. He would not go from it to fight unless compelled, but for it he would have fought like a lion. His love for his country was only an indefinite, shadowy existence that was not clear to him: he could not save a land that he had never seen, a capital that was only to him as an empty name; nor could he comprehend the danger

that his nation ran, nor could he desire to go forth and spend his life-blood in defence of things unknown to him. He was only a peasant, and he could not read nor greatly understand. But affection for his birth-place was a passion with him—mute indeed, but deep-seated as an oak. For his birth-place he would have struggled as a man can only struggle when supreme love as well as duty nerves his arm. Neither he nor Reine Allix could see that a man's duty might lie from home, but in that home both were alike ready to dare anything and to suffer everything. It was a narrow form of patriotism, yet it had nobleness, endurance and patience in it: in song it has been oftentimes deified as heroism, but in modern warfare it is punished as the blackest crime.

So Bernadou tarried in his cottage till he should be called, keeping watch by night over the safety of his village, and by day doing all he could to aid the deserted wives and mothers of the place by the tilling of their ground for them and the tending of such poor cattle as were left in their desolate fields. He and Margot and Reine Allix, between them, fed many mouths that would otherwise have been closed in death by famine, and denied themselves all except the barest and most meagre subsistence, that they might give away the little they possessed.

And all this while the war went on, but seemed far from them, so seldom did any tidings of it pierce the seclusion in which they dwelt. By and by, as the autumn went on, they learned a little more. Fugitives coming to the smithy for a horse's shoe; women fleeing to their old village homes from their base, gay life in the city; mandates from the government of defence sent to every hamlet in the country; stray news-sheets brought in by carriers or hawkers and hucksters,—all these by degrees told them of the peril of their country—vaguely indeed, and seldom truthfully, but so that by mutilated rumors they came at last to know the awful facts of the fate of Sedan, the fall of the Empire, the siege of Paris.

It did not alter their daily lives: it was still too far off and too impalpable. But a foreboding, a dread, an unspeakable woe settled down on them. Already their lands and cattle had been harassed to yield provision for the army and large towns; already their best horses had been taken for the siegetrains and the forage-wagons; already their ploughshares were perforce idle, and their children cried because of the scarcity of nourishment; already the iron of war had entered into their souls.

The little street at evening was mournful and very silent: the few who talked spoke in whispers, lest a spy should hear them, and the young ones had no strength to play: they wanted food.

"It is as it was in my youth," said Reine Allix, eating her piece of black bread and putting aside the better food prepared for her, that she might save it, unseen, for "the child."

It was horrible to her and to all of them to live in that continual terror of an unknown foe—that perpetual expectation of some ghastly, shapeless misery. They were quiet—so quiet!—but by all they heard they knew that any night, as they went to their beds, the thunder of cannon might awaken them; any morning, as they looked on their beloved fields, they knew that ere sunset the flames of war might have devoured them. They knew so little too: all they were told was so indefinite and garbled that sometimes they thought the whole was some horrid dream—thought so, at least, until they looked at their empty stables, their untilled land, their children who cried from hunger, their mothers who wept for the conscripts.

But as yet it was not so very much worse than it had been in times of bad harvest and of dire distress; and the storm which raged over the land had as yet spared this little green nest amongst the woods on the Seine.

November came. "It is a cold night, Bernadou: put on more wood," said Reine Allix. Fuel at the least was plentiful in that district, and Bernadou obeyed.

He sat at the table, working at a new

churn for his wife: he had some skill at turnery and at invention in such matters. The child slept soundly in its cradle by the hearth, smiling while it dreamed. Margot spun at her wheel. Reine Allix sat by the fire, seldom lifting her head from her long knitting-needles, except to cast a look on her grandson or at the sleeping child. The little wooden shutter of the house was closed. Some winter roses bloomed in a pot beneath the little crucifix. Bernadou's flute lay on a shelf: he had not had heart enough to play it since the news of the war had come.

Suddenly a great sobbing cry rose without—the cry of many voices, all raised in woe together. Bernadou rose, took his musket in his hand, undid his door and looked out. All the people were turned out into the street, and the women, loudly lamenting, beat their breasts and strained their children to their bosoms. There was a sullen red light in the sky to the eastward, and on the wind a low, hollow roar stole to them.

"What is it?" he asked.

"The Prussians are on us!" answered twenty voices in one accord. "That red glare is the town burning."

Then they were all still—a stillness that was more horrible than their lamentations.

Reine Allix came and stood by her grandson. "If we must die, let us die *here*," she said, in a voice that was low and soft and grave.

He took her hand and kissed it. She was content with his answer.

Margot stole forth too, and crouched behind them, holding her child to her breast. "What can they do to us?" she asked, trembling, with the rich colors of her face blanched white.

Bernadou smiled on her: "I do not know, my dear. I think even they can hardly bring death upon women and children."

"They can, and they will," said a voice from the crowd.

None answered. The street was very quiet in the darkness. Far away in the east the red glare glowed. On the wind

there was still that faint, distant ravening roar, like the roar of famished wolves: it was the roar of fire and of war.

In the silence Reine Allix spoke: "God is good. Shall we not trust in Him?"

With one great choking sob the people answered: their hearts were breaking. All night long they watched in the street—they who had done no more to bring this curse upon them than the flower-roots that slept beneath the snow. They dared not go to their beds: they knew not when the enemy might be upon them. They dared not flee: even in their own woods the foe might lurk for them. One man indeed did cry aloud, "Shall we stay here in our houses to be smoked out like bees from their hives? Let us fly!"

But the calm, firm voice of Reine Allix rebuked him: "Let who will, run like a hare from the hounds. For me and mine, we abide by our homestead."

And they were ashamed to be outdone by a woman, and a woman ninety years old, and no man spoke any more of flight. All the night long they watched in the cold and the wind, the children shivering beneath their mothers' skirts, the men sullenly watching the light of the flames in the dark, starless sky. All night long they were left alone, though far off they heard the dropping shots of scattered firing, and in the leafless woods around them the swift flight of woodland beasts startled from their sleep, and the hurrying feet of sheep terrified from their folds in the outlying fields.

The daybreak came, gray, cheerless, very cold. A dense fog, white and raw, hung over the river: in the east, where the sun, they knew, was rising, they could only see the livid light of the still towering flames and pillars of black smoke against the leaden clouds.

"We will let them come and go in peace if they will," murmured old Mathurin. "What can we do? We have no arms—no powder, hardly—no soldiers—no defence."

Bernadou said nothing, but he straight-

ened his tall limbs and in his grave blue eyes a light gleamed.

Reine Allix looked at him as she sat in the doorway of her house. "Thy hands are honest, thy heart pure, thy conscience clear. Be not afraid to die if need there be," she said to him.

He looked down and smiled on her. Margot clung to him in a passion of weeping. He clasped her close and kissed her softly, but the woman who read his heart was the woman who had held him at his birth.

By degrees the women crept timidly back into their houses, hiding their eyes, so that they should not see that horrid light against the sky, whilst the starving children clung to their breasts or to their skirts, wailing aloud in terror. The few men there were left, for the most part of them very old or else mere striplings, gathered together in a hurried council. Old Mathurin the miller and the patriots of the wineshop were agreed that there could be no resistance, whatever might befall them—that it would be best to hide such weapons as they had and any provisions that still remained to them, and yield up themselves and their homes with humble grace to the dire foe. "If we do otherwise," they said, "the soldiers will surely slay us, and what can a miserable little hamlet like this achieve against cannon and steel and fire?"

Bernadou alone raised his voice in opposition. His eye kindled, his cheek flushed, his words for once sprang from his lips like fire. "What!" he said to them, "shall we yield up our homes and our wives and our infants without a single blow? Shall we be so vile as to truckle to the enemies of France, and show that we can fear them? It were a shame, a foul shame: we were not worthy of the name of men. Let us prove to them that there are people in France who are not afraid to die. Let us hold our own so long as we can. Our muskets are good, our walls strong, our woods in this weather morasses that will suck in and swallow them if only we have tact to drive them there. Let us do what we can. The camp of the

francs-tireurs is but three leagues from us. They will be certain to come to our aid. At any rate, let us die bravely. We can do little—that may be. But if every man in France does that little that he can, that little will be great enough to drive the invaders off the soil."

Mathurin and the others screamed at him and hooted. "You are a fool!" they shouted. "You will be the undoing of us all. Do you not know that one shot fired—nay, only one musket found—and the enemy puts a torch to the whole place?"

"I know," said Bernadou, with a dark radiance in his azure eyes. "But then it is a choice between disgrace and the flames: let us only take heed to be clear of the first—the last must rage as God wills."

But they screamed and mouthed and hissed at him: "Oh yes! fine talk, fine talk! See your own roof in flames if you will: you shall not ruin ours. Do what you will with your own neck. Keep it erect or hang by it, as you choose. But you have no right to give your neighbors over to death, whether they will or no."

He strove, he pleaded, he conjured, he struggled with them half the night, with the salt tears running down his cheeks, and all his gentle blood burning with righteous wrath and loathing shame, stirred for the first time in all his life to a rude, simple, passionate eloquence. But they were not persuaded. Their few gold-pieces hidden in the rafters, their few feeble sheep starving in the folds, their own miserable lives, all hungry, woe-begone and spent in daily terrors,—these were still dear to them, and they would not imperil them. They called him a madman; they denounced him as one who would be their murderer; they threw themselves on him and demanded his musket to bury it with the rest under the altar in the old chapel on the hill.

Bernadou's eyes flashed fire; his breast heaved; his nerves quivered; he shook them off and strode a step forward. "As you live," he muttered, "I have a mind to fire on you, rather than

let you live to shame yourselves and me!"

Reine Allix, who stood by him silent all the while, laid her hand on his shoulder. "My boy," she said in his ear, "you are right, and they wrong. Yet let not dissension between brethren open the door, for the enemy to enter thereby into your homes. Do what you will with your own life, Bernadou—it is yours—but leave them to do as they will with theirs. You cannot make sheep into lions, and let not the first blood shed here be a brother's."

Bernadou's head dropped on his breast. "Do as you will," he muttered to his neighbors. They took his musket from him, and in the darkness of the night stole silently up the wooded chapel-hill and buried it, with all their other arms, under the altar where the white Christ hung. "We are safe now," said Mathurin the miller to the patriots of the tavern. "Had that madman had his way, he had destroyed us all."

Reine Allix softly led her grandson across his own threshold, and drew his head down to hers and kissed him between the eyes. "You did what you could, Bernadou," she said to him, "let the rest come as it will."

Then she turned from him, and flung her cloak over her head and sank down, weeping bitterly, for she had lived through ninety-three years only to see this agony at the last.

Bernadou, now that all means of defence was gone from him, and the only thing left to him to deal with was his own life, had become quiet and silent and passionless, as was his habit. He would have fought like a mastiff for his home, but this they had forbidden him to do, and he was passive and without hope. He shut to his door, and sat down with his hand in that of Reine Allix and his arm around his wife. "There is nothing to do but to wait," he said sadly. The day seemed very long in coming.

The firing ceased for a while: then its roll commenced afresh, and grew nearer to the village. Then again all was still.

At noon a shepherd staggered into

the place, pale, bleeding, bruised, covered with mire. The Prussians, he told them, had forced him to be their guide, had knotted him tight to a trooper's saddle, and had dragged him with them until he was half dead with fatigue and pain. At night he had broken from them and had fled: they were close at hand, he said, and had burned the town from end to end because a man had fired at them from a housetop. That was all he knew. Bernadou, who had gone out to hear his news, returned into the house and sat down and hid his face within his hands. "If I resist you are all lost," he muttered. "And yet to yield like a cur!" It was a piteous question, whether to follow the instinct in him and see his birth-place in flames and his family slaughtered for his act, or to crush out the manhood in him and live, loathing himself as a coward for evermore?

Reine Allix looked at him, and laid her hand on his bowed head, and her voice was strong and tender as music: "Fret not thyself, my beloved. When the moment comes, then do as thine own heart and the whisper of God in it bid thee."

A great sob answered her: it was the first since his earliest infancy that she had ever heard from Bernadou.

It grew dark. The autumn day died. The sullen clouds dropped scattered rain. The red leaves were blown in millions by the wind. The little houses on either side the road were dark, for the dwellers in them dared not show any light that might be a star to allure to them the footsteps of their foes. Bernadou sat with his arms on the table, and his head resting on them. Margot nursed her son: Reine Allix prayed.

Suddenly in the street without there was the sound of many feet of horses and of men, the shouting of angry voices, the splashing of quick steps in the watery ways, the screams of women, the flash of steel through the gloom. Bernadou sprang to his feet, his face pale, his blue eyes dark as night. "They are come!" he said under his breath. It was not fear that he

felt, nor horror: it was rather a passion of love for his birth-place and his nation—a passion of longing to struggle and to die for both. And he had no weapon!

He drew his house door open with a steady hand, and stood on his own threshold and faced these, his enemies. The street was full of them—some mounted, some on foot: crowds of them swarmed in the woods and on the roads. They had settled on the village as vultures on a dead lamb's body. It was a little, lowly place: it might well have been left in peace. It had had no more share in the war than a child still unborn, but it came in the victors' way, and their mailed heel crushed it as they passed. They had heard that arms were hidden and francs-tireurs sheltered there, and they had swooped down on it and held it hard and fast. Some were told off to search the chapel; some to ransack the dwellings; some to seize such food and bring such cattle as there might be left; some to seek out the devious paths that crossed and recrossed the fields; and yet there still remained in the little street hundreds of armed men, force enough to awe a citadel or storm a breach.

The people did not attempt to resist. They stood passive, dry-eyed in misery, looking on whilst the little treasures of their household lives were swept away for ever, and ignorant what fate by fire or iron might be their portion ere the night was done. They saw the corn that was their winter store to save their offspring from famine poured out like ditch-water. They saw oats and wheat flung down to be trodden into a slough of mud and filth. They saw the walnut presses in their kitchens broken open, and their old heirlooms of silver, centuries old, borne away as booty. They saw the oak cupboards in their wives' bed-chambers ransacked, and the homespun linen and the quaint bits of plate that had formed their nuptial dowers cast aside in derision or trampled into a battered heap. They saw the pet lamb of their infants, the silver ear-rings of their brides, the brave tank-

ards they had drunk their marriage wine in, the tame bird that flew to their whistle, all seized for food or seized for spoil. They saw all this, and had to stand by with mute tongues and passive hands, lest any glance of wrath or gesture of revenge should bring the leaden bullet in their children's throats or the yellow flame amidst their homesteads. Greater agony the world cannot hold.

Under the porch of the cottage, by the sycamores, one group stood and looked, silent and very still—Bernadou, erect, pale, calm, with a fierce scorn burning in his eyes; Margot, quiet, because he wished her so, holding to her the rosy and golden beauty of her son; Reine Allix, with a patient horror on her face, her figure drawn to its full height, and her hands holding to her breast the crucifix. They stood thus, waiting they knew not what, only resolute to show no cowardice and meet no shame.

Behind them was the dull, waning glow of the wood-fire on the hearth which had been the centre of all their hopes and joys; before them the dim, dark country, and the woestricken faces of their neighbors, and the moving soldiery with their torches, and the quivering forms of the half-dying horses.

Suddenly a voice arose from the armed mass: "Bring me the peasant hither."

Bernadou was seized by several hands and forced and dragged from his door out to the place where the leader of the Uhlans sat on a white charger that shook and snorted blood in its exhaustion. Bernadou cast off the alien grasp that held him, and stood erect before his foes. He was no longer pale, and his eyes were clear and steadfast.

"You look less a fool than the rest," said the Prussian commander. "You know this country well?"

"Well!" The country in whose fields and woodlands he had wandered from his infancy, and whose every meadow-path and wayside tree and flower-sown brook he knew by heart as a lover knows the lines of his mistress's face!

"You have arms here?" pursued the German.

"We had."

"What have you done with them?"

"If I had had my way, you would not need ask. You would have felt them."

The Prussian looked at him keenly, doing homage to the boldness of the answer. "Will you confess where they are?"

"No."

"You know the penalty for concealment of arms is death?"

"You have made it so."

"We have, and Prussian will is French law. You are a bold man: you merit death. But still, you know the country well?"

Bernadou smiled, as a mother might smile were any foolish enough to ask her if she remembered the look her dead child's face had worn.

"If you know it well," pursued the Prussian, "I will give you a chance. Lay hold of my stirrup-leather and be lashed to it, and show me straight as the crow flies to where the weapons are hidden. If you do, I will leave you your life. If you do not—"

"If I do not?"

"You will be shot."

Bernadou was silent: his eyes glanced through the mass of soldiers to the little cottage under the trees opposite: the two there were straining to behold him, but the soldiers pushed them back, so that in the flare of the torches they could not see, nor in the tumult hear. He thanked God for it.

"Your choice?" asked the Uhlan impatiently, after a moment's pause.

Bernadou's lips were white, but they did not tremble as he answered, "I am no traitor." And his eyes as he spoke went softly to the little porch where the light glowed from that hearth beside which he would never again sit with the creatures he loved around him.

The German looked at him: "Is that a boast or a fact?"

"I am no traitor," Bernadou answered simply once more.

The Prussian gave a sign to his troop-

ers. There was the sharp report of a double shot, and Bernadou fell dead. One bullet had pierced his brain, the other was bedded in his lungs. The soldiers kicked aside the warm and quivering body. It was only a peasant killed!

With a shriek that rose above the roar of the wind, and cut like steel to every human heart that beat there, Reine Allix forced her way through the throng, and fell on her knees beside him, and caught him in her arms, and laid his head upon her breast, where he had used to sleep his softest sleep in infancy and childhood. "It is God's will, it is God's will!" she muttered; and then she laughed—a laugh so terrible that the blood of the boldest there ran cold.

Margot followed her and looked, and stood dry-eyed and silent; then flung herself and the child she carried in her arms beneath the hoof of the white charger. "End your work!" she shrieked to them. "You have killed him—kill us. Have you not mercy enough for that?"

The horse, terrified and snorting blood, plunged and trampled the ground: his fore foot struck the child's golden head and stamped its face out of all human likeness. Some peasants pulled Margot from the lashing hoofs: she was quite dead, though neither wound nor bruise was on her.

Reine Allix neither looked nor paused. With all her strength she had begun to drag the body of Bernadou across the threshold of his house. "He shall lie at home, he shall lie at home," she muttered. She would not believe that already he was dead. With all the force of her earliest womanhood she lifted him, and half drew half bore him into the home that he had loved, and laid him down upon the hearth, and knelt by him, caressing him as though he were once more a child, and saying softly, "Hush!" for her mind was gone, and she fancied that he only slept.

Without, the tumult of the soldiery increased: they found the arms hidden under the altar on the hill; they seized

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"Go in peace, and save yourself," she said, in the old, sweet, strong tone of an earlier day.

[A Leaf in the Storm. Page 265.]

five peasants to slay them for the dire offence. The men struggled, and would not go as the sheep to the shambles. They were shot down in the street before the eyes of their children. Then the order was given to fire the place in punishment, and leave it to its fate.

The torches were flung with a laugh on the dry thatched roofs — brands snatched from the house-fires on the hearths were tossed amongst the dwelling-houses and the barns. The straw and timber flared alight like tow.

An old man, her nearest neighbor, rushed to the cottage of Reine Allix and seized her by the arm. "They fire the Berceau," he screamed. "Quick! quick! or you will be burned alive!"

Reine Allix looked up with a smile: "Be quiet! Do you not see? He sleeps."

The old man shook her, implored her, strove to drag her away—in desperation pointed to the roof above, which was already in flames.

Reine Allix looked: at that sight her mind cleared and regained consciousness: she remembered all, she understood all: she knew that he was dead. "Go in peace and save yourself," she said in the old sweet, strong tone of an earlier day. "As for me, I am very old. I and my dead will stay together at home."

The man fled, and left her to her choice.

The great curled flames and the livid vapors closed around her: she never moved. The death was fierce but swift, and even in death she and the

one whom she had loved and reared were not divided. The end soon came. From hill to hill the Berceau de Dieu broke into flames. The village was a lake of fire, into which the statue of the Christ, burning and reeling, fell. Some few peasants, with their wives and children, fled to the woods, and there escaped one torture to perish more slowly of cold and famine. All other things perished. The rapid stream of the flame licked up all there was in its path. The bare trees raised their leafless branches on fire at a thousand points. The stores of corn and fruit were lapped by millions of crimson tongues. The pigeons flew screaming from their roosts and sank into the smoke. The dogs were suffocated on the thresholds they had guarded all their lives. The calf was stifled in the byre. The sheep ran bleating with the wool burning on their living bodies. The little caged birds fluttered helpless, and then dropped, scorched to cinders. The aged and the sick were stifled in their beds. All things perished.

The Berceau de Dieu was as one vast furnace, in which every living creature was caught and consumed and changed to ashes. The tide of war has rolled on and left it a blackened waste, a smoking ruin, wherein not so much as a mouse may creep or a bird may nestle. It is gone, and its place can know it never more.

Never more. But who is there to care? It was but as a leaf which the great storm swept away as it passed.

OUIDA.

ITALY.

THE Apennine peninsula, the Eden of Europe, the land whose remote antiquity is a grand epic, and whose modern past is a long-drawn-out tragedy, furnishes at present a striking illustration of the familiar proverb, that it must indeed be an ill wind which blows good to nobody. The astonishing successes of the Prussian arms have not only put an end to twenty years of nearly uninterrupted occupation of Rome by French bayonets, but to fifteen weary centuries of foreign interference in the domestic affairs of Italy generally. The French occupation of the Eternal City in July, 1849, was but the last of a continued series of invasions and conquests which have kept the peninsula subjected, divided and helpless since the downfall of Latin world-rule. With the departure of the French garrison to take part in the campaign against the legions of King William, the dream of the Italians, that the cradle of their race was to be the national capital, became realized, and the unity of their country an accomplished fact.

The losses of France have thus been Italy's gain. Fickle Fortune has indeed continued of late to smile on the cause of the Italian people with a rare constancy. By a singularly favorable combination of circumstances they have effected in something over four lustrums, and at a comparatively trifling cost in treasure and life, what the unhappy Poles have failed to accomplish after a whole century of unparalleled sacrifices. No other people has ever before cemented its fragments in so brief a space of time. "Free from the Alps to the Adriatic," nothing more now seems wanting to make Italy a power of the first rank, save that an ordinary share of statesmanship, patriotism and administrative capacity should direct its councils.

But we fear greatly that the auspicious events which have enlarged the

country territorially have not strengthened it politically or morally. The unity and independence of the nation were accomplished too quickly and with too little effort on its own part. A people in whose breasts Nature has implanted a love of independence and freedom should conquer these blessings for itself. The Italians, in spite of violent passions, lack energy and devotion, and have discredited the "*Italia fara da se*" by suffering foreigners to fight their battles. When Napoleon Bonaparte disposed in October, 1797, of the Venetian Republic, he was not far out of the way in saying that its people were not ripe for freedom and were incapable of valuing its blessings. In derision he added that if the Venetians, as they professed to do, valued independence more highly than life, nobody hindered them from dying for it. But this they had not the courage to do: they preferred a dogged submission to France. Bending their necks alternately to the yoke of the Germans and the French, the Italians have hated both with equal vindictiveness, and yet always needed them for the regulation of their internal affairs. In 1866, after two decisive defeats, they accepted the gift of a province. Without the support of France, Italy could not even have obtained Lombardy. What a state can neither gain by its own strength nor retain without the assistance of others is hardly worth having. In most cases such an acquisition proves a source of weakness, for it destroys a people's self-confidence. From the test of a great power—the ability of going alone to war with another great power—the Italians have always recoiled. It would therefore perhaps have been better in the end had the consummation of their unity and independence been delayed longer and purchased more dearly. Italy is still divided, though one in name. It is yet far from being composed of that

number of like-thinking, like-feeling and like-speaking men which alone constitutes a nation. No part of Europe is made up of so many incongruous and diverse elements. From the peaks of the Alps to Cape Passero in Sicily we can enumerate no less than seventy idioms, most of them differing widely from one another. The inhabitants of this attenuated peninsula have never possessed, in sequence of its physical configuration, the unitarian feeling which constitutes the national bond. Union was a kind of abstraction, for the municipal spirit has been all-powerful among them since the Middle Ages. The absence of patriotism, in the rational sense of the word, may also be ascribed to the same cause. A dozen years ago Italy had a legion of patriots, but they have shared the fate of the legions of Xerxes in *Don Juan* :

“ He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set, where were they ? ”

The only difference is, that the patriots of Italy were destroyed not by the Greeks of Themistocles, but by their own countrymen. When the peninsula was still cut up into seven, or rather nine, states, its population was overflowing with mutual praise and admiration. But the “*minuit præsentia famam*” was soon destined to receive here a striking illustration. With the consolidation of the national fractions the nimbus which had surrounded the several provincial celebrities paled. Change of scene may have had its share in making men and things appear in an altered light ; but the “*perdere la bossula*,” as the Italians quaintly express it, is the result of that rivalry and jealousy which delights in destroying reputations. With very few exceptions the patriots of Italy have therefore incurred the fate of their public stocks and currency—they have fallen below par.

It is this same petty, local spirit which leads the different sections to take the narrowest views on all questions of finance, administration, religion, education, etc.—on all questions which do not directly involve the national hegemony.

The most important public measures are constantly treated, not from an Italian, but from a Tuscan, Neapolitan, Piedmontese, Venetian, or some other provincial stand-point, to which now will probably be added a Roman. A little more than a decade of such unity and independence has sufficed to bring the monarchy to the verge of bankruptcy, to a maximum of taxation, to incredible confusion in all the branches of the administration, and to that lawlessness of which the history of the last few years has furnished many deplorable proofs. With the acquisition of Rome the one all-absorbing idea which has underlain the national movement will expire and the popular enthusiasm die out. The voices of the Italian tribunes may resound again where the Gracchi, the Scipios and the Sullas have often electrified the multitudes, but the long-looked-for Utopia will be as far off as ever. Those who expect that the many evils which afflict the country will be remedied, that the transfer of the capital to Rome will ensure political harmony, that the number of those who can neither read nor write will be decreased, that the taxes will be less oppressive, that a sturdy, independent gentry will replace a corrupt patrician order, that an idle, improvident peasantry will become thrifty and self-reliant, that superstition, fanaticism, ignorance and brigandage will no longer prevail in the land, that the Parliament will display more patriotism, moderation and political sagacity at the Seven-hilled City than it has done at Turin and Florence, —those, we repeat, who expect all or any of these results will be grievously disappointed. Before these things can happen a different class of public men will have to spring up, many popular illusions will have to be dispelled, and the character of the whole people regenerated and moulded into a more homogeneous mass. The Italian tricolor may wave over the citadel of Angelo, but it will none the less require at least another generation before the various parts assimilate and become really an entity. Among the statesmen

and politicians of Italy are many able men and tried patriots, but they have all been born in an Italy of small states and small interests. Their views are just such as might be looked for in a land where literature, science, art, industry, trade and political economy have never cast off their swaddling-clothes, under rulers who shunned every ray of light, and in the midst of a frivolous and corrupt society. In such an atmosphere the nobler side of the national character had no chance to develop. Piedmont alone was an exception. This state escaped the general demoralization — a wonderful proof of the power of assimilation. Its government was the only one that did not need to be leveled with the ground and rebuilt when the new era arrived. It already then possessed a liberal constitution and laws, which nearly all the other states adopted or imitated; the only public men of any political experience; a brave and highly-disciplined army; a premier who enjoyed a European reputation, and to whose moral dictatorship the whole nation submitted; and a king who had actually fought for his countrymen. As the Piedmontese army furnished the nucleus around which the Italian was formed, so the government and laws of little Piedmont became the model for the other provinces. It was with these lights to guide them that the various parts reconstructed themselves. Previous to 1848, Piedmont had not ranked among the more advanced states of the peninsula, and the principles of the French Revolution had found more ready access in several other provinces. But since that period freedom has infused a new life into its slow, pedantic and complex government. The land, industrious and contented, steadily prospered. Trade, industry and popular education received a powerful impulse from within. The Italian emigration had collected there its choicest spirits, and the feverish energy of Cavour accelerated the progress of a petty state which, if not quite capable of rivaling Belgium and Holland, yet deserved to be regarded as a pattern

by all Italy. But the old traditions maintained their ground: in spite of the general development, the governmental machinery continued to be driven by a number of rusty wheels, and remained in many respects dilapidated and out of gear. On a small scale these evils were not so perceptible, but when the same machinery was set in operation over the greater surface of Italy, they became painfully conspicuous.

The new monarchy thus found itself made up of three different elements—the officials of the late governments, the Liberals of all shades in the provinces, and the Piedmontese. The first could not be got rid of at once, because there were none fit to replace them. In the conduct of the public business their routine experience was absolutely indispensable, though the amount of skill with which men who had administered the rotten or microscopic states that fell from sheer inanity would govern a free country of twenty-two millions might easily have been foreseen. The second element, the Liberal, was even more numerous. But devotion to country is not identical with administrative capacity. Like every other trade, bureaucracy requires special study, a regular apprenticeship and long familiarity, all of which the Liberals lacked. Exiles, conspirators and filibusters found themselves suddenly thrust into the most responsible offices of state. Nor could this, indeed, have been avoided under the then existing circumstances. In those days of universal mistrust and confusion, when the old officials were suspected of being attached to the *ancien régime*, and the lately acquired freedom was beset by a thousand dangers, political orthodoxy seemed of far more consequence than mere administrative skill. The men of means, of respectability, of influence and of family, who had given in their adherence to the new order of things, were therefore employed by the state with very little regard to their personal fitness, and the public service was filled in all its departments with persons of more character than experience, more devotion than techni-

cal knowledge. This system, once fairly inaugurated, was persevered in with a fatal pertinacity. Apart from the adventurers and demagogues—a scum which every great political change always brings to the surface—the number of incapables in office was almost incredible. There were judges who had never opened a law-book, prefects whose ignorance was proverbial, professors who had never studied what they were called upon to teach.

Another evil which bodes serious danger to the new nationality is the extreme of the different shades of Liberals who occupy the intermediate ground between the doctrinarianism of Mazzini and the radicalism of Garibaldi. Though a monarchy in name, Italy is democratic at heart. In the larger part of the country the monarchical principle has never been in the ascendancy. In Venetia and Genoa, republican recollections have prevented its spread. In Lombardy, the rule of the foreigner has made it hated. In the Romagna, the abuses of the ecclesiastical elective system have militated adversely to it. In Tuscany, always republican, a sincere attachment to the reigning dynasty never took root until the day of Ferdinand III. In Naples, monarchical ideas have continually battled republican, without either having gained ground. Piedmont alone has been distinguished for loyalty to its hereditary rulers, but even there the last years have made a breach. The barter of Nice and Savoy outraged the pride of the people, and the removal of the seat of government from Turin intensified the sectionalism of Piedmont without propitiating the Florentines. As long as the cry of "Fuori il barbari," first raised in the day of Theodoric the Goth, was heard in the land, the different factions acted together. Unity and independence realized, the disintegration commenced and the old quarrels were resumed. Those who had intrigued against the Bourbons, the Lothringians, the D'Estes and the Pope, intrigue again against the Savoy dynasty. This explains the number of secret societies—the hered-

itary curse of the peninsula—which have lately multiplied incredibly. In the Neapolitan territory, in Sicily, they cover entire districts as with a network. Though differing, often directly antagonistic, in their aims, they are yet invariably hostile to the existing government, which they baffle and oppose at every turn—openly and secretly, in speech and in print, and not unfrequently at the dagger's point. Some of these secret associations are the pioneers of a new Socialistic revolution: others are the sappers and miners of a reaction in favor of the deposed despotisms and a return to the old order of things. But, whatever their real object may be, all co-operate none the less heartily in undermining the ground beneath the feet of the monarchy in every direction. Like an army of modern Guy Fawkeses, they are piling up combustible materials to be fired at some favorable moment.

It is exceedingly doubtful whether the Italian government possesses sufficient energy and strength to put out the flames of such a conflagration. Even were it quite certain that the majority of the nation are still as much attached to the monarchy as they were ten years ago, it must be admitted that neither the present rulers, nor any of their predecessors since Cavour's time, have enjoyed the public confidence. On the contrary, the opinion that they are utterly untrustworthy and incompetent is almost universal. Such are the fruits of a few years of maladministration. When the new kingdom was proclaimed, the people for a moment displayed a generous, tractable, law-abiding spirit, and in honest and skillful hands something might perhaps have been made out of such material. But professional politicians and selfish demagogues proved the bane of the state. Two sets of men, the one as incompetent and grasping as the other, who preferred the interests of party to the good of the country, have continually rotated in and out of office. In any other state these placemen would long since have been set aside and superseded by homines

novi: in Italy they were suffered to monopolize power to the ruin of the country. Constitutional government has thus gradually fallen into such disrepute with the masses that it would not be surprising if, in the event of the rising of the two extremes—the republican and the legitimist—the people should desert it in a body. Under truly liberal institutions, like those which Italy now enjoys, the maxim that the people are the architects of their own fortunes also applies, and this shows that the nation is hardly fit for representative government. Indeed, were we not accustomed daily to see systems which have long outlived their usefulness, and whose fall might almost be logically demonstrated, survive year after year, we should infer that the monarchy was on its last legs in Italy. A foreign policy wanting alike in dignity and independence, a succession of financial crises, a widespread discontent, apathy, lawlessness, strife, political turpitude and crime,—such are the more prominent features in the discouraging picture which a state whose birth was hailed with enthusiastic sympathy in Europe and America, and whose example awakened even Germany from its decennial torpor, now presents to our view.

But gloomy as the prospects of the monarchy are in Italy, it is possible that they may improve for the better by the overthrow of Napoleon III. and the occupation of Rome—events which remove two of the greatest difficulties with which the Italian statesmen have hitherto had to contend. The successors of Count Cavour in the management of public affairs met the fate which usually falls to the lot of disciples who attempt to carry out the unfinished work of a master. Because Cavour had availed himself of the assistance of France to call the Italian monarchy into existence, they imagined that the axis round which the national policy was ever after to revolve must necessarily be the French alliance. This might perhaps have been well enough had the moderate statesmen, the governing party in the new state, been sat-

isfied with moulding only their foreign programme by the French connection. Unfortunately, they did more, and made that connection also the leading principle in their domestic programme. To understand the consequences of this blunder, it must be remembered that the two political parties of the land—the moderate or liberal, and the radical or democratic—have always been rivals in the restoration of the Italian nationality. The latter, with Mazzini at their head, maintained that the liberation of the peninsula was only possible through the Revolution—the former, in view of the many fruitless risings since 1820, and bearing specially in mind the experience of 1848, believed as firmly that the hopes of the country could only be realized through the agency of Piedmont, seconded by some great European power. The genius of Cavour actually succeeded in so reconciling these conflicting views that he was able to pursue for a while both a radical and a moderate policy. He allied himself for this purpose with Napoleon and Garibaldi, employing in Lombardy the arms of the Empire, and in Sicily and Naples the red shirts of the Insurrection. But in doing this he was exceedingly careful that the part played by Piedmont should be of such a character that while it preserved on the one side the national independence against the foreign ally, it maintained on the other the honor of the constitutional monarchy against the Revolution. It was, however, hardly to be expected that the statesmen who came after him would prove equally dexterous in the management of these two inharmonious elements, and succeed in neutralizing the one so completely by the other. Cavour had found it possible to hold the Revolution in check because he possessed the support of France; and he found it possible to hold his own against Napoleon because he could threaten to throw himself into the arms of Garibaldi and Mazzini. But his successors were incapable of exorcising the two hostile spirits whose combined action had freed Italy from the rule of the foreigner, and the natural

result was, that the latent antagonism between them broke out anew after Cavour's death.

Could this antagonism have been strictly confined within the sphere of domestic politics, and had it not spread beyond, the constitutional monarchy might have attained a healthy development. Had the two political parties disagreed merely in relation to the principles which should govern the internal administration and the consolidation of the hegemony, then the moderates, as the special guardians of law and order, would gradually have become the conservative, and the radicals, as the champions of progress and liberty, would have become the reform, element in the new state, and the theory of constitutional government might thus have been established in practice. But the national Parliament was unhappily ruled more by the memories of the past than the exigencies of the present. Radical to the core, it continued still to look for the redemption of Italy to Mazzini and the Revolution. The moderates held sentiments directly the reverse of these. They had no faith whatever in the efficacy of plots and conspiracies, but hoped everything from the united efforts of Piedmont and France. This difference of opinion survived even when it had ceased to have any positive bearing, and the result of such a condition of affairs may be easily conceived. Measures of foreign policy were suffered to take precedence of the most vital domestic measures, which came soon to be considered less pressing and important than the acquisition of Venetia and Rome; and in this way the old dispute about the manner in which these questions should be solved—whether by legitimate or revolutionary means—was perpetuated, and became a chronic apple of discord in Italian politics. There can be no doubt that the best elements of the nation were represented in the ranks of the moderate party. Its leaders were men of a higher order of intellect, greater cultivation, and even a more genuine liberality, than their opponents, and they

had not the same disreputable following. But they were extremely apprehensive that the sincerity of their patriotism might be questioned unless they affected to attach more importance to the so-called national aspirations than to the reorganization of the administration and the finances. And yet, no matter how hard they strove to appear as eager as the radicals themselves in advocating the speedy possession of Venetia and Rome, they could never quite keep pace with the popular impatience on these points. Finding it utterly impossible to believe that Garibaldi was really the man destined to take the Quadrilateral from the Austrians or to drive the Pope out of the Church state, the moderates were constantly betrayed into fatal inconsistencies. They were not only obliged to battle against radicalism, because its recklessness threatened to imperil all that had already been gained, and because the agitation against Austria and Rome was suspected of concealing designs equally hostile to the monarchy, but they were also prevented from reaching a truly conservative policy by having conceded that no definite system of government, no decided national policy, could be thought of until the great work of unity had been perfected.

It was this want of a conservative foundation which induced the moderate, anti-revolutionary party, to cling all the more firmly to the idea that Italy's sole chances for the future depended on the continued friendship and support of France. They fell into the grave mistake of looking for strength and countenance where, under the peculiar circumstances of their situation, these could not be found. In a new state which, according to the laws of its being, only existed by the plebiscites of the different populations, it was an evil omen that the governing party should expose itself to the reproach of being more attentive to the wishes of a foreign cabinet than to those of the nation. This does not imply that the statesmen of the moderate side—and it is they who have managed the affairs of the country during the last ten years—have actually sacri-

ficed the interests of Italy to a foreign power for the sake of personal advantage or their retention of office. But neither can it be gainsaid that they were misled into the belief that the true interests of the nation rendered the maintenance of the closest relations with France a paramount duty.

The knowledge that such was the case naturally increased the strength of the radicals, besides affording them the additional advantage of being able to represent themselves as the special custodians of the national unity and independence. The influence of the party of the Revolution, or Action, was still further augmented when it became obvious that the government had not only made no progress toward the solution of the national question by the aid of Napoleon, but that it had even failed to restore order at home by a policy avowedly adopted for this purpose. It was certainly not France that gave Venetia to the Italians, and the burlesque performed by General Lebœuf cannot alter this fact; and that the French did not evacuate Rome willingly, but only under the pressure of circumstances, requires no argument or proof.

Cut loose from the leading-strings of France by the deposition of Louis Napoleon, and the Roman question having become a purely Italian one, the national government has now for the first time fair play. Let it set itself resolutely to the reconciliation of the local antagonisms, the restoration of the finances, the improvement of the fiscal system, and, above all, to the education of the masses, for which it has hitherto done no more than the Bourbons themselves. A people which has been oppressed for centuries requires to be trained for independence if the fresh breath of young Freedom is really to invigorate and purify it. Without this, the saying of Massimo d'Azeglio in his *Reminiscences*, that "the most dangerous enemies of Italy are not the Austrians, but the Italians," may still remain a sad truth.

A few words in conclusion. The Ro-

man question having, as we have already observed, become an exclusively Italian one, its solution is now left to Victor Emmanuel and the Supreme Pontiff, for further foreign intervention is hardly conceivable at the present time. Assuming this to be the case, the next step will naturally be to discover some scheme which promises on the one hand to guarantee the independence and dignity of the spiritual head of the Catholic Church, and to harmonize on the other with the political and national interests of the Italian monarchy. This twofold object might perhaps be reached in one of the three following ways, suggested years ago by the author of a sensational *brochure* entitled *Le Pape et le Congrès*:

1st. Rome and its immediate vicinity—or, as the *brochure* alluded to expresses it, "Rome with a garden"—to be retained by the Pope.

2d. The partition of Rome between the Pope and the king. The former to retain exclusive temporal authority over that portion of Rome which extends on the one side of the Tiber from the tomb of Adrian or the citadel of Angelo to the Porta Portese, comprising the two municipal districts of Trastevere and Borgo, as far as the Vatican and St. Peter's; the latter to have the other twelve municipal districts—*i. e.*, the actual Rome and the entire Church state.

3d. The entire temporal power in the Church state to pass to the king of Italy, always excepting the person and property of the Pope, his retinue and servants, who are in this respect to enjoy the same extra-territorial rights and privileges which the law of nations confers upon ambassadors.

Of these three ways the last would no doubt be the most satisfactory to those leading Catholic reformers who have an abiding confidence in the future of their Church. They would see her energies concentrated wholly on the offices and ministrations which keep alive the fires of faith and afford consolation in life as well as in death, instead of her opportunities being wasted

in vain attempts to defend immaterial outworks which are a standing challenge to the spirit of the times. They would have the Church rather promote than oppose the separation of the temporal from the spiritual power. All history attests that the "union du trône et de l'autel" has profited neither the thrones nor the altars. Religion should not be dragged into the political arena. It was not merely the relative intelligence on the one side and the profound ignorance on the other which in the Middle Ages facilitated the international mission of the Roman Catholic Church. It was quite as much the liberality displayed by her in the midst of a feudal tyranny, her democratic cosmopolitanism, which ensured her ascendancy over minds and hearts. Under her influence slavery disappeared, judicial combats were abolished and the miseries of villanage were ameliorated. While the social distinctions betwixt man and man were being more sharply drawn, while the accident of birth was allowed to make greater and greater differences, while the gulf separating the higher from the lower classes constantly widened, the Church inferred from the lowly birth of the Saviour the equality of all, and the swineherd became the Supreme Pontiff.

The exercise of temporal power was originally no part of the popedom. The union of the worldly and the spiritual authority in one and the same hand, the priestly and the royal prerogative in one and the same individual, are a feature of paganism. The emperors of ancient Rome were also the chief pontiffs. On the other side, it was a characteristic of Christendom that the civic and the religious functions should be distinctly defined by keeping the temporal and the spiritual offices apart. Nicholas I., a pope who well deserves to be called the guardian of Christian morals in his day, enunciated this principle clearly a thousand years ago. "The worldly ruler," he wrote to the Emperor Michael III., "should keep as much aloof from religious concerns as the spiritual from temporal. It was at

the instigation of the devil that the pagans made their emperors also their high priests. But since the coming of Christ the emperor no longer usurps the functions of the priest, nor the pontiff those of the worldly ruler, for the Saviour has so separated the two powers by a division of their peculiar offices and dignities that the latter requires the priest for eternal life, while the former avails himself of the imperial arm merely to prevent civic interference with spiritual matters. The boundaries of both estates have been thus limited that neither might become too powerful by wielding both authorities."

The Eastern Christians have faithfully adhered to this doctrine, but the Western departed from it in the Middle Ages, when the popes were in a measure driven to exercise temporal power. Not even the Estates of the Church did they at first govern directly or in person until the sixteenth century. The pope had supreme jurisdiction, but the different provinces were ruled by lords and nobles, while the cities had mayors elected by themselves. In the dawn of the modern era this arrangement, however, underwent a change whose causes and significance can only be understood by glancing at the intellectual, moral and political status of the Italy of those days. There the old Greek-Roman civilization had reappeared. The asceticism of mediæval habits and manners, in so far as it sprang from Christianity, had died out, and men once more turned yearningly back to the past. Nowhere were the masterpieces of the ancient orators, poets and artists so happily emulated as in Italy, but nowhere prevailed so generally and to such a degree the old pagan sentiment and morality. "The state of the country," says Césaire Balbo, "was a mixture of different civilizations, of depravity, of evil and of vice. People led a life of reckless dissipation and pleasure in the midst of perpetual wars, foreign invasions, pillage, treachery and assassination." This demoralization necessarily brought with it all the features of the old paganism, the rule of the tyrant-

nies, as sketched by Machiavelli in *Il Principe*, and their apposite recklessness and conspiracies. All these peculiarities, which characterized the close of the Middle Ages, were especially conspicuous in Rome and the Estates of the Church. Next to Florence, Rome was the nursery of the arts and letters. But, as once before in the Augustan epoch, so now again, their splendor covered a widespread social corruption. To the worship of sensual beauty and materialism the rigor of Christian morality seemed something foreign, harsh and repulsive. The noble Adrian was hated and called a barbarian because he tried to arrest the vicious indulgences of the times, to purify morals and to reform society. His death was hailed as a deliverance. The political situation in the Church state corresponded with these pagan views and practices. Those to whom the government of the provinces had been assigned by the pope, the Bentivogli at Bologna, an Oliverotto at Fermo, the Malatesti at Rimini, and, above all, the terrible Césare Borgia, ruled despotically and committed the most revolting crimes. These men suggested to Machiavelli the portraits for such princes as Italy then produced: their examples led him to teach his Prince to play the hypocrite, to use religion as a mask, to break his plighted word, to be cruel, to set traps for his foes, and to murder them at the first opportunity. Under the heels of tyrants like these all order was naturally at an end. The great vassals of the Church were constantly at feud among themselves, partly to extend their individual authority, partly to further family interests or the schemes of political factions. They even made common cause

with the enemies of the pope. The people lost all regard for the dictates of morality, all sense of what is right and just. The noble and the burgher grew alike inured to vice, plots and violence. Unless the whole social fabric was to fall, the evils which had caused this deplorable condition of things had to be eradicated. The tyrannies of lordly and princely descent had to be overthrown, and the liberties of the cities, which had degenerated into license, had to be checked. No choice remained but to kill the nerve that was producing these chronic spasms.

Thus it came about that the pope, who had hitherto exercised his temporal power only by deputy, found himself forced to take the reins in person. His unquestioned supremacy had become the sole hope of salvation. The falling edifice could only be held together by iron hands. This task fell to the lot of Julius II., a pontiff every way qualified for it. He went to work promptly and sternly, overcame his rebellious vassals one by one, and put them and their adherents to painful deaths. It was this warrior of the Cross who laid the cornerstone of the modern Church state. His successors continued his centralizing policy after the necessity for it had ceased, and as the political influence of the cardinals diminished in the same degree, the popes gradually became irresponsible rulers. They wielded full regal authority, and claimed the right to exercise both temporal and spiritual power. The intimate union between the highest worldly and the highest ecclesiastical offices thus became the characteristic of Christian as it had been of pagan Rome.

W. P. MORRAS.

STUDENT RAMBLES IN PRUSSIA.

I.

Hamlet. I am very glad to see you. Good even. But what, in faith, makes you from Wittenberg?

Horatio. A truant disposition, good my lord.

BUT Wittenberg makes "truant dispositions" no more. No more does the German student, round-faced, broad-shouldered, bestowed in his immense cannon-boots, and with his little skull-cap gayly cocked on one side of his head, and brilliant with as many colors as a poppy-bed, saunter with his rolling gait through the narrow, crooked, cobble-paved streets of lonely Wittenberg. No more do rollicking *Bierburschen* prowl through the streets on midnight missions of sign-lifting, hoisting one the other upon his shoulders before some grocery door, or scattering like frightened rats at the alarm of the "rattlers," diving higgledy-piggledy down the darkened alleys. No more in lonely Wittenberg does the incarcerated transgressor from the depths of the university dungeon turn his leaden eyes as he hears in the street the footfall of some uncaptured comrade, and sees his shadow flit across the narrow grating, and wearily sigh, *O beatus ille!* No longer does the hapless freshman slave, the "fox," sigh for the day of his legal emancipation, the great, the pregnant day which shall usher him into the miseries and the mysteries of the condition of "singed fox," when his emancipators shall dance and yell around him, paint on his face a pair of whiskers, and sing the song of his deliverance:

"Ich mal' dir einen Bart, dass du hinfort geartet
Sollst sein, nicht wie ein Kind, das noch ganz un-
gebartet."

Then, in due process of time, the "singed fox" became a "young boy," then an "old boy," and last of all arrived at the tremendous dignity and responsibility of a "moss-skin," a free person. Then he might, although by the letter of the university code only *inter pares primus*,

wear his sword of authority, and play the absolute tyrant over the unfortunate "schoolworms," "boobies" or "yellow-bills" in the classes below; order his freshman to run on errands; or feast him without return, to lend him money without hope of repayment, to fight with the street-boys for his amusement, or to pummel the "obscurants" and the "stinkers" who obstinately refused to yield to his tyranny by entering the secret societies. Evil days were those, albeit the golden age of "academic freedom," and sad dogs were most of the graduated "moss-skins" who went home to their elders. The old song says:

"Wer von Leipzig kommt ohne Weib,
Und von Halle mit gesundem Leib,
Und von Jena ungeschlagen,
Der hat von grossem Glück zu sagen."

Gone for ever and for ever by is that German student whom Kobbe limns with a touch of fond and tender pathos: "Ah! where are ye, happy times! when the German student was a being who considered himself lifted above common mortals, and who looked down upon the life of a citizen with unspeakable superciliousness and contempt? Like the ancient Titans, he gazed down upon the puny generation that crept and crawled and wept upon the earth, regarding them as so many ants which existed only for his service. Bestowed in his immense cannon-boots, his pipe, with its long, swinging, gay-colored tassels, resting its bowl on the floor before him, and his jaunty little cap tipped to one side, what was the world to him or he to the world? Or, as he sat in the cellar before the beer-table, while his voice swelled high in *Gaudeamus* or in *Landesvater*, and the backswurd hurtled through his hat, and the glasses clinked around him, or, mayhap, as he swung his lusty arms to a *Hoch lebe* or a *fiducit*, how all things else in the outer

world sank into prosy vulgarity and nothingness! Or, again, when he sat in his little chamber—his throne his bed, his footstool the Pandects piled high around him, all in confusion, wherever he could find room; the beer-mug beside the inkstand, and on the broken plate, as the song says, 'with the potato a herring'; his table an altar to Bacchus; and from the midst of all the dense savory smoke ascending from his pipe, how its delicious fumes wrapped him in sweet forgetfulness of the dull world! Behold him again in the intoxicating hour when he stands before the chalk-line on the floor, and the gleaming rapiers cross and clink before him—O world! ye do not know his exultation! Or the yet greater felicity of the day when he gave audience to his freshmen! There he sat in his fleecy robe, stretched far back in his cozy lean-back, the pipe in his mouth, his weather-soiled cap cocked upon his head, and before him, clad in black from tip to toe, all ruffled and frizzled, and with *galanterie*-swords by their sides, his *chapeaux d'honneur*, like chamberlains, awaiting the beck of their Serenissimus; while before his mental vision there floats a coach drawn by four or six prancing steeds, postilions with their clanging horns, marshals of honor, coach on coach behind him, seniors and Præses on horseback—a long train in brilliant array! Now he is king for the last time, for the last time a free man, one of the elect; and they are escorting him forth with honors into the busy world. But it lived not for him. . . .

"Nowhere else than in Germany, in the land of dreamers, could have existed, could have arisen, such a being as the old German student. Nowhere else than in old Germany could there have lived such an exclusive freedom: in that land alone, where no freedom was, could men feel themselves attracted to this fiction of freedom."

Ah, yes! these enormous ramparts, which encircle now all the little humdrum town, grass-grown and clean-shaven as a lawn, and so lofty that the

sentries almost overlook the town as they slowly pace their appointed beats, while their polished bayonets and their *Pickelhauben* brightly flash in the sunlight,—these are Chancellor Bismarck's latest revised edition and commentary on that old "academic freedom." These gleaming cannon, which, with their single grim eyes, cyclops-like, glower down from the grassy parapets,—these are the big exclamation-points of sarcasm which King William writes after that brilliant phantasmagoria of liberty, that "fiction of freedom," conceived in the dreaming professors' brains. Germany needed a little "blood and iron" to startle these academicians out of their political somnambulism, and make them lift their noses for a moment from between the pages of commentaries, that they might comprehend true liberty, which only comes with strength, which only comes by union.

But there is no change in these little, greenish-yellow, mud-and-cobble-stone houses, the everlasting stucco of Germany, sicklied over with a maudlin wash, but so enormously thick-walled that the little square windows look like cannon portholes. Here, on a market-day, one wanders whithersoever the current bears him—now jostling among wagons and pedestrians sheer in the middle of the crooked passage; now nearly overturned by a cabbage-wagon, guided by a stalwart, red-faced woman, and tugged along by a dog, barking and screwing his tail in his impatience. You had better take care or he will knock you down among the cabbages. Still carried along in the devious windings, unable to see ten rods ahead in the crooked cracks called streets, seeming to be only earthquake-splits among the houses; sufficiently grateful if one escapes being borne down by a rattling milk-wagon, or trodden down by an Amazonian market-woman bending under an immense hamper of vegetables; looking before and behind, and dodging fearfully under horses' noses. The quaint sharp gables are ranged along like so many immense saw-teeth, or else the ancient red-tiled roofs, black-spotted by

the weather or smirched with lichens, offer their slopes to the beholder, with cozy, snuggling ranges of dormers, all awry, with a gray grimalkin in one, which stretches its neck eagerly up and moves it round and round in a circle, following the flight of the pigeons close above. What a queer, funny way these houses have of standing along in a row like a company of militia!—some with backs to faces, others with backs to backs, other sides to sides, and every one leaning in its own peculiar direction.

But to-day there is only an occasional peasant-woman, in a very short dress, stumping along with her wooden shoes, and rattling over the cobbles as she shoves her toes in at every step; or one of Bismarck's boys, in his uniform of dark blue with facings of red, and his great fascine-knife dangling in its broad sheath against his legs, while he munches a sausage that he holds in both hands. Here a bony Brandenburger, with hard, gristly face, so different from the blue-eyed Saxon, hurries along, wrapping himself closely on this blustering May-day in the sheepskin cloak fashioned as in the time of Tacitus.

The university is still there, in its long, barrack-like walls, and the porter still exhibits the study of Melanchthon, but it is drearily empty, dusty and cobwebbed. Just outside the Potsdam gate flourishes a lusty spreading tree, called the Luther Oak, planted some thirty summers ago on the spot where "stout-hearted Martin Luther" kindled a fire and burned the Papal bull.

Once out of Wittenberg, I journeyed on along the ancient royal highway, between the ever-welcome colonnades of stately poplars, planted that the royal head might never be scorched by the too ardent sun of summer. The sun shone as brightly as it ever does in blue old Germany, but what a weary, weary land to my eyes, on the pitiless cold May-day, was that sandy champaign, almost utterly naked in its hopeless sterility, and diversified only now and then by a bald-headed knoll, swelling broadly up with a thousand acres! So indescribably blue and cold and pinched was it,

without any vegetation but a forest of cultivated pines, which, after a quarter of a century, had struggled up with their wretched, scraggy stems only fifteen feet! The very soil looked blue and thin and skinny, and the rye looked blue, and so meagre and chilled that it could not conceal the ground or the knees of the men who plucked up the weeds. All the dismal immensity of this fenceless, hedgeless, houseless waste, except an acre of rye in a thousand, was given up to the sorrel, the lichens and the quitches. The very air seemed poor and attenuated, like thin skimmed milk. All the houses were clustered together in little villages far apart, where they huddled close, as if for warmth; the dead, dull peat-fires gave forth no cheerful wreathing smoke; and in all the desolate waste there was scarcely a soul abroad. The faces of the yellow-haired children, who were occasionally watching some geese, were mottled with blue and purple and goose-pimples, and if a man ventured abroad to pluck up weeds in the stunted rye, which seemed to shiver with a kind of rustling, starved chilliness, his hands were bluer than the air. So utterly wornout, so bluish-wan and starved with the lapse of untold centuries seemed all the earth and the air of that Germany which I looked out upon on that dismal May forenoon.

Lamartine says the blood of the Germans is blue, but that of these Brandenburgers must certainly be sour.

It will readily be believed that I did not undertake a pilgrimage through this inexpressibly bleak region in pursuit of fine landscapes. I wished only to visit, by their own firesides and in their own fields, that sturdy, grim, Puritanic race of Brandenburgers to whom Prussia is primarily indebted for all her greatness.

It was weary hours after the middle of the day before the spires of Wittenberg disappeared below a sand-hill. The afternoon was far spent, and I began to cast longing glances ahead in search of an eligible tavern, for I thoroughly agree with Dr. Johnson that "there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much

happiness is produced as by a good tavern." I had come up with a thumping lout of a young peasant, who strode along with his "clouted shoon," measuring about a yard and a quarter at a stride, whose voice blubbered and gurgled up out of his stomach in such a manner that the fierce wind whisked it away, and left me nothing but an occasional horse-laugh (whereupon I would also laugh, though I had not the remotest notion of the matters whereof he was discoursing); and by his advice I passed several inns, though I found afterward, to my sorrow, he was looking only for the cheapest. At last we came to one which was meaner than all the others, but I was too weary to go a step farther. It bore the pretentious name of the inn of the Green Linden. It was a mere hovel, built of cobbles and mud-stuccoed, tawny-yellow within, greenish-yellow without, with an earthen floor and benches around the walls. Above the door were twined some sprigs of Whitsuntide birch, which I had seen during the day on the peasants' hats, wagons and everywhere.

Around a pine table were eight or ten men and hobbledehoy, each with a *Schoppen* of terribly stiff beer before him, and most of them smoking the long, goose-necked porcelain pipe, while four of them were intent on cards. The men were hard, gristly-faced, sour-blooded fellows, who only muttered now and then a monosyllable, which I could seldom understand; while the youths looked on with the most vacuous, loamy countenances imaginable. So intent were they on the miserable game that they gave no heed to our arrival, and when I endeavored to ascertain who was the landlord, I received only a blank stare or a gesture of impatience. I sat down and waited, and I confess for a few minutes my enthusiasm for the Prussian people fell absolutely to the freezing-point.

After about half an hour the landlord seemed to be disturbed in his mind by a suspicion that I was a foreigner, drew near and ascertained that fact, whereupon he brought me some vile black

coffee and some good wheaten *Semmel*, and then returned to his occupation. The players continued at their game far into the night, and though the stakes were of the most trifling nature, often only a half penny, they displayed a fierce and obstinate eagerness which was surprising. They would rise up on their feet, lean far across the table and smite it with appalling violence. When they at last desisted, and were preparing to disperse, they collected about me, and, finding I was an American, listened to me a while with a kind of drowsy, immovable passiveness, while the smoke lazily swirled above their heads. Unlike the lively Swabians and the joyous drinkers of the sunny wine of Freiburg, they scarcely asked any questions or expressed any interest beyond grunting their assent or wonder.

At last the host and myself were left alone, and then he proceeded to prepare the only couch he could offer by shaking down on the floor a bundle of rye straw. He tucked me all up, as if I were one of his young *Buben*, shook the hand which I reached out from the straw, and left me with a cheerful *Schlafen Sie wohl*. In the adjoining room a lusty fellow stretched himself on a bench, pillowed his head on a portentous loaf of rye bread, not having even inserted that useful article of diet into a pillow-case, and there he snored—*stertitque supinus*—the livelong night in a tone so audible that I was greatly tempted to rise and introduce a wisp of rye straw judiciously into his wind-pipe.

When I sat up on my couch next morning, pulling the straw out of my hair, I said to myself, like Richard, "Oh, I have passed a miserable night!" I had not had any "fearful dreams," nor, for that matter, any sleep, that I was aware of; neither had I any "ugly sights," because it was too dark to see them, but I felt them. They appeared to be greatly rejoiced to be permitted, once in their lives, to extract blood out of a man's veins, instead of beer.

The next day I passed through spectacles of the most wonderfully minute

and unceasing toil. In an artificial pine forest, where the trees were become too large to be ploughed, there were men on their knees plucking the weeds between the rows; others in long sheep-skin cloaks were weeding fields of flax; a woman was culling in a royal forest the merest sprigs and leaf-stems for fuel; others along the roadside snipped off the close, short fleece of grass, and carried it in mighty bundles on their backs for the stalled cattle. Here a stalwart yeoman lazily leans his chin on his crook, guarding three sheep as they nimbly nibble! Peasant-women, going to the village to hawk their little produce, shuffled along with their wooden shoes, making a prodigious dust, chatting cheerfully with their stolid lords, though they were bowed down nearly to the earth beneath the intolerable weight of vegetables. And the infamous brutal tyrants trudged along beside the poor women, never even offering to touch the burdens with so much as one of their fingers!

I think the Prussians will certainly never "witch the world with noble horsemanship." The horses are splendid creatures for farm-animals, strong and glossy and round, superb as the finest Clydesdales; but the owners seem to have no confidence upon their backs, and little skill in guiding them in vehicles. The Prussians are by no means a chivalric race, in the etymologic sense. In all my travels in Prussia I have yet to see a civilian on horseback outside of a city, and even there it is usually only officers who prance through the streets. The immense superiority of the Hungarian cavalry over the Prussian was abundantly demonstrated in the Bohemian campaign until the magnificent infantry battalions turned the scale; and the dreaded "three Uhlands" of Edmond About were far oftener Poles than Prussians. It is said that the potentates of Germany, when paying a visit of ceremony to a foreign sovereign, always take with them a favorite charger or two to whose paces they are accustomed, that there may be no blunders or embarrassments in the reviews

through their unskillful horsemanship. These poor peasants evince little more confidence in their skill than do their sovereigns, and the outrageously unprofessional and awkward manner in which they handle the noble brutes would enrage a lover of handsome horses beyond endurance. To save toll at the gates, they not unfrequently hitch one horse to a two-horse wagon, so that the pole bruises and thumps his legs in a shameful manner. And then to hitch the head of one gallant horse to the tail of another!

In the village of Beelitz I had an amusing adventure, resulting from my ignorance of the customs of the country, which illustrates a certain phase of Prussian society. Upon entering the village, I began to cast about me for some eligible tavern wherein I might take my customary mid-day repast. The first one I approached was the inn of the Black Horse, but there were rather too many yellow-haired, unwashed children and dingy geese about it; besides, the sign hung down from one corner. The only other inn was the White Eagle, which was scarcely any better, but it was Hobson's choice. It was an extremely small and unpretentious edifice, though with walls nearly a man's stature in thickness, and I could overhear the appetizing clink of knives on plates just inside the door; so, in doubt whether it was really a public tavern or not, I rapped. Only the clink of the dinner-knives responded. The operation was repeated with a certain amount of vigor. There was a kind of objurgatory remark made within, and in a moment the door was opened about two feet, and an immense brawny arm, bared to the elbow, was extended around the edge of the door. In the fingers there was clutched a bunch of some substance which appeared to solicit my closer inspection. A single glance revealed to me the interesting fact that it was bread: it was undoubtedly bread. This was an unexpectedly prompt response to my desires, and presented an opportunity for the acquisition of a limited amount of

provisions cheap, but one of which my conscience would not permit me to avail myself. However, I scrutinized the bread with quite a lively interest. It was manifestly good bread; that is, it had been good bread, but was now somewhat dry: indeed, I may say it was altogether devoid of moisture. Presently the hand holding this article of diet executed a sudden movement of impatience, or as it were of beckoning or blandishment, as if I were expected to take this bread and masticate the same. But as I still hesitated, the hand was suddenly withdrawn into the tavern, there was a very audible remark made inside, and then the brawny hostess owning the hand presented herself at the door, and immediately appeared to have made an astounding discovery. Blushes and embarrassment! Stammerings! Mutual explanations! Ample and shamefaced apologies! A substantial dinner of boiled beef and cabbage! *Moral*: In a country where beggars are numerous never knock at the tavern door.

Potsdam was my *longæ finis chartæque viæque*. In regard to this place it may be of interest to give some Prussian official statistics, taken from the *Jahrbuch*. The taxes in Prussia are very heavy, but are perhaps more equitably levied and collected than in any other country in the world. The people are divided into six classes, according to the amount of their property, and the rate of taxation is different for each class. The sum-total of the taxes collected in the monarchy in 1867 averaged 59½ thalers (\$39.75 in specie) for every man, woman and child, which is more than a farm-laborer earns in a year about Wittenberg. In Hanover, before it was annexed, the direct taxes averaged only \$34 a head; in Hesse Cassel, \$25.50. In Bavaria, in the same year, the direct tax was only 80 cents!

In the various eastern provinces the size of farms averages as follows: Prussia, 113 acres; Posen, 96; Pomerania, 114; Brandenburg, 83. As a basis of comparison, farms in the United States average about 75 acres; in Texas alone,

500; in England, 475. From this it may be inferred that the condition of the Prussian peasantry is far better than that of the English. Of the 55,687,049 acres in the above provinces, the nobility own only 19,704,506 acres—the peasantry, 35,982,543.

According to the census of 1863, there were in the whole Prussian monarchy—

Independent landholders.....	762,157
Renters of land (independent).....	33,218
Persons owning land as a secondary business.....	421,544
Total.....	1,216,919

The number of servants, apprentices, day-laborers and artisans of various sorts employed on farms (not independent) was 1,911,861—a number considerably greater than that of the independents given above.

The relation of independent landholders to the agricultural laborers of all sorts varies in different districts. Thus in Stralsund the latter class is to the former as 5.40 to 1; in the Berlin district, 3.32; Potsdam, 2.58; Königsberg, 2.73; Magdeburg, 2.06; Erfurt, 1.24; Cologne, 1.05; Aix-la-Chapelle, 0.82; Sigmaringen, 0.41. The point which is interesting in this is, that the proportion of independent landholders in South Germany (of which the district of Sigmaringen may be considered representative) is much larger than it is in Prussia, where the dependent laborers prevail. This accounts in part for the stronger democratic proclivities of South Germany.

Another notable and apparently paradoxical fact is, as the above figures show, that in the Westphalian and other fertile provinces along the Rhine the proportion of laborers is comparatively less than in the sterile eastern provinces: in other words, in those fat provinces where the Catholics are most numerous and wine abounds the number of dependent laborers is smaller proportionately than in those sandy barrens peopled by a grim, Puritanic, beer-drinking population. This appears to be contrary to the usual state of affairs

in such regions respectively in other nations. The explanation seems to be, that these eastern provinces have been longest under the hard rule of Prussia, and that the onerous taxes which have been necessitated by her military system have forced many farmers to sell their little properties and become laborers for the nobility. If so, it is the hard and bitter price which Germany has to pay for union, because nothing else in the world but the grim military system of Prussia could ever stamp out the infernal janglings of the princelings of Central and Southern Germany, and

make one great nation, respectable and strong. The world will never know, until it is fully set forth in history, the infinite indebtedness of Germany to those few, early Puritanic provinces of Prussia, and the mighty burdens they have borne in building up, in spite of itself, the greatness of the German nation. When Germany is fully united and strong externally, she will become liberal to her own citizens. As Bismarck says, "None but a completed commonwealth can afford the luxury of a liberal government."

STEPHEN POWERS.

THE BLOOD SEEDLING.

IN a bit of green pasture that rose, gradually narrowing, to the tableland that ended in prairie, and widened out descending to the wet and willowy sands that border the Great River, a broad-shouldered young man was planting an apple tree one sunny spring morning when Tyler was President. The little valley was shut in on the south and east by rocky hills, patched with the immortal green of cedars and gay with clambering columbines. In front was the Mississippi, reposing from its plunge over the rapids, and idling down among the golden sandbars and the low, moist islands, which were looking their loveliest in their new spring dresses of delicate green.

The young man was digging with a certain vicious energy, forcing the spade into the black crumbling loam with a movement full of vigor and malice. His straight black brows were knitted till they formed one dark line over his deep-set eyes. His beard was not yet old enough to hide the massive outline of his firm, square jaw. In the set teeth, in the clouded face, in the half-articulate exclamations that shot from time to time from the compressed lips,

it was easy to see that the thoughts of the young horticulturist were far from his work.

A bright young girl came down the path through the hazel thicket that skirted the hillside, and putting a plump brown hand on the topmost rail of the fence vaulted lightly over, and lit on the soft springy turf with a thud that announced a wholesome and liberal architecture. It is usually expected of poets and lovers that they shall describe the ladies of their love as so airy and delicate in structure that the flowers they tread on are greatly improved in health and spirits by the visitation. But not being a poet or in love, we must admit that there was no resurrection for the larkspurs and pansies upon which the little boots of Miss Susie Baringer landed. Yet she was not of the coarse peasant type, though her cheeks were so rosy as to cause her great heaviness of heart on Sunday mornings, and her blue lawn dress was as full as it could afford from shoulders to waist. She was a neat, hearty and very pretty country girl, with a slightly freckled face, and rippled brown hair, and astonished blue eyes, but perfectly self-

possessed, and graceful as a young quail.

A young man's ears are quick to catch the rustling of a woman's dress. The flight of this plump bird in its fluttering blue plumage over the rail-fence caused our young man to look up from his spading: the scowl was routed from his brow by a sudden incursion of blushes, and his mouth was attacked by an awkward smile.

The young lady nodded, and was hurrying past. The scowl came back in force, and the smile was repulsed from the bearded mouth with great loss: "Miss Tудie, are you in a hurry?"

The lady thus addressed turned and said, in a voice that was half pert and half coaxing, "No particular hurry. Al, I've told you a dozen times not to call me that redicklis name."

"Why, Tудie, I hain't never called you nothing else sence you was a little one so high. You ort to know yer own name, and you give yerself that name when you was a yearling. Howsom-ever, ef you don't like it now, sence you've been to Jacksonville, I reckon I can call you Miss Susie—when I don't disremember."

The frank amende seemed to satisfy Miss Susie, for she at once interrupted in the kindest manner: "Never mind, Al Golyer: you can call me what you are a-mind to." Then, as if conscious of the feminine inconsistency, she changed the subject by asking, "What are you going to do with that great hole?—big enough to bury a fellow."

"I'm going to plant this here seedlin', that grew up in Colonel Blood's pastur', nobody knows how: belike somebody was eatin' an apple and threwed the core down-like. I'm going to plant a little orchard here next spring, but the colonel and me, we reckoned this one 'ud be too old by that time for moving, so I thought I'd stick it in now, and see what come out'n it. It's a powerful thrifty chunk of a saplin'."

"Yes. I speak for the first peck of apples off'n it. Don't forget. Good-morning."

"Hold on a minute, Miss Susan, twell I git my coat. I'll walk down a piece with you. I have got something to say to you."

Miss Susie turned a little red and a little pale. These occasions were not entirely unknown in her short experience of life. When young men in the country in that primitive period had something to say, it was something very serious and earnest. Allen Golyer was a good-looking, stalwart young farmer, well-to-do, honest, able to provide for a family. There was nothing presumptuous in his aspiring to the hand of the prettiest girl on Chaney Creek. In childhood he had trotted her to Banbury Cross and back a hundred times, beguiling the tedium of the journey with kisses and the music of bells. When the little girl was old enough to go to school, the big boy carried her books and gave her the rosiest apple out of his dinner-basket. He fought all her battles and wrote all her compositions; which latter, by the way, never gained her any great credit. When she was fifteen and he twenty he had his great reward in taking her twice a week during one happy winter to singing-school. This was the bloom of life—nothing before or after could compare with it. The blacking of shoes and brushing of stiff, electric, bristling hair, all on end with frost and hope, the struggling into the plate-armor of his starched shirt, the tying of the portentous and uncontrollable cravat before the glass, which was hopelessly dimmed every moment by his eager breath,—these trivial and vulgar details were made beautiful and unreal by the magic of youth and love. Then came the walk through the crisp, dry snow to the Widow Barringer's, the sheepish talk with the old lady while Susie "got on her things," and the long, enchanting tramp to the "deestrick school-house."

There is not a country-bred man or woman now living but will tell you that life can offer nothing comparable with the innocent zest of that old style of courting that was done at singing-school in the starlight and candlelight of the

first half of our century. There are few hearts so withered and old but they beat quicker sometimes when they hear, in old-fashioned churches, the wailing, sobbing or exulting strains of "Bradstreet" or "China" or "Coronation;" and the mind floats down on the current of these old melodies to that fresh young day of hopes and illusions—of voices that were sweet, no matter how false they sang—of nights that were rosy with dreams, no matter what Fahrenheit said—of girls that blushed without cause, and of lovers who talked for hours about everything but love.

I know I shall excite the scorn of all the ingenuous youth of my time when I say that there was nothing that our superior civilization would call love-making in those long walks through the winter-nights. The heart of Allen Golyer swelled under his satin waistcoat with love and joy and devotion as he walked over the crunching roads with his pretty enslaver. But he talked of apples and pigs and the heathen and the teacher's wig, and sometimes ventured an illusion to other people's flirtations in a jocose and distant way; but as to the state of his own heart, his lips were sealed. It would move a blasé smile on the downy lips of juvenile Lovelaces, who count their conquests by their cotillions, and think nothing of making a declaration in an *avant-deux*, to be told of young people spending several evenings of each week in the year together, and speaking no word of love until they were ready to name their wedding-day. Yet such was the sober habit of the place and time.

So there was no troth plighted between Allen and Susie, though the youth loved the maiden with all the energy of his fresh, unused nature, and she knew it very well. He never dreamed of marrying any other woman than Susie Barringer, and she sometimes tried a new pen by writing and carefully erasing the initials S. M. G., which, as she was christened Susan Minerva, may be taken as showing the direction of her thoughts.

If Allen Golyer had been less bashful

or more enterprising, this history would never have been written; for Susie would probably have said Yes for want of anything better to say, and when she went to visit her aunt Abigail in Jacksonville she would have gone *engaged*, her finger bound with gold and her maiden meditations fettered by promises. But she went, as it was, fancy free, and there is no tinder so inflammable as the imagination of a pretty country girl of sixteen.

One day she went out with her easy-going aunt Abigail to buy ribbons, the Chaney Creek invoices not supplying the requirements of Jacksonville society. As they traversed the court-house square on their way to Deacon Pettybones' place, Miss Susie's vagrant glances rested on an iris of ribbons displayed in an opposition window. "Let's go in here," she said with the impetuous decision of her age and sex.

"We will go where you like, dear," said easy-going Aunt Abigail. "It makes no difference."

Aunt Abigail was wrong. It made the greatest difference to several persons whether Susie Barringer bought her ribbons at Simmons' or Pettybones' that day. If she had but known!

But, all unconscious of the Fate that beckoned invisibly on the threshold, Miss Susie tripped into "Simmons' Emporium" and asked for ribbons. Two young men stood at the long counter. One was Mr. Simmons, proprietor of the emporium, who advanced with his most conscientious smile: "Ribbons, ma'am? Yes, ma'am—all sorts, ma'am. Cherry, ma'am? Certingly, ma'am. Jest got a splendid lot from St. Louis this morning, ma'am. This way, ma'am."

The ladies were soon lost in the delight of the eyes. The voice of Mr. Simmons accompanied the feast of color, insinuating but unheeded.

The other young man approached: "Here is what you want, miss—rich and elegant. Just suits your style. Sets off your hair and eyes beautiful."

The ladies looked up. A more decided voice than Mr. Simmons'; whiter

hands than Mr. Simmons' handled the silken bands; bolder eyes than the weak, pink-bordered orbs of Mr. Simmons looked unabashed admiration into the pretty face of Susie Barringer.

"Look here, Simmons, old boy, introduce a fellow."

Mr. Simmons meekly obeyed: "Mrs. Barringer, let me interduce you to Mr. Leon of St. Louis, of the house of Draper & Mercer."

"Bertie Leon, at your service," said the brisk young fellow, seizing Miss Susie's hand with energy. His hand was so much softer and whiter than hers that she felt quite hot and angry about it.

When they had made their purchases, Mr. Leon insisted on walking home with them, and was very witty and agreeable all the way. He had all the wit of the newspapers, of the concert-rooms, of the steamboat bars at his fingers' ends. In his wandering life he had met all kinds of people: he had sold ribbons through a dozen States. He never had a moment's doubt of himself. He never hesitated to allow himself any indulgence which would not interfere with business. He had one ambition in life—to marry Miss Mercer and get a share in the house. Miss Mercer was as ugly as a millionaire's tombstone. Mr. Bertie Leon—who, when his moustache was not dyed nor his hair greased, was really quite a handsome fellow—considered that the sacrifice he proposed to make in the interests of trade must be made good to him in some way. So, "by way of getting even," he made violent love to all the pretty eyes he met in his commercial travels—"to have something to think about after he should have found favor in the strabismic optics of Miss Mercer," he observed, disrespectfully.

Simple Susie, who had seen nothing of young men besides the awkward and blushing clodhoppers of Chaney Creek, was somewhat dazzled by the free-and-easy speech and manner of the hard-cheeked bagman. Yet there was something in his airy talk and point-blank compliments that aroused a faint feeling of resentment which she could scarcely

account for. Aunt Abigail was delighted with him, and when he bowed his adieux at the gate in the most recent Planters'-House style, she cordially invited him to call—"to drop in any time: he must be lonesome so fur from home."

He said he wouldn't neglect such a chance, with another Planters'-House bow.

"What a nice young man!" said Aunt Abigail.

"Awful conceited and not overly polite," said Susie as she took off her bonnet and went into a revel of bows and trimmings.

The oftener Albert Leon came to Mrs. Barringer's bowery cottage, the more the old lady was pleased with him and the more the young one criticised him, until it was plain to be seen that Aunt Abigail was growing tired of him and pretty Susan dangerously interested. But just at this point his inexorable carpet-bag dragged him off to a neighboring town, and Susie soon afterward went back to Chaney Creek.

Her Jacksonville hat and ribbons made her what her pretty eyes never could have done—the belle of the neighborhood. Non cuivis contingit adire Lutetiam, but to a village where no one has been at Paris the county-town is a shrine of fashion. Allen Golyer felt a vague sense of distrust chilling his heart as he saw Mr. Simmons' ribbons decking the pretty head in the village choir the Sunday after her return, and, spurred on by a nascent jealousy of the unknown, resolved to learn his fate without loss of time. But the little lady received him with such cool and unconcerned friendliness, talked so much and so fast about her visit, that the honest fellow was quite bewildered, and had to go home to think the matter over, and cudgel his dull wits to divine whether she was pleasanter than ever, or had drifted altogether out of his reach.

Allen Golyer was, after all, a man of nerve and decision. He wasted only a day or two in doubts and fears, and one Sunday afternoon, with a beating but resolute heart, he left his Sunday-school

class to walk down to Crystal Glen and solve his questions and learn his doom. When he came in sight of the widow's modest house, he saw a buggy hitched by the gate.

"Dow Padgett's chestnut sorrel, by jing! What is Dow after out here?"

It is natural, if not logical, that young men should regard the visits of all other persons of their age and sex in certain quarters as a serious impropriety.

But it was not his friend and crony Dow Padgett, the liveryman, who came out of the widow's door, leading by the hand the blushing and bridling Susie. It was a startling apparition of the South-western dandy of the period—light hair drenched with bear's oil, blue eyes and jet-black moustache, an enormous paste brooch in his bosom, a waistcoat and trowsers that shrieked in discordant tones, and very small and elegant varnished boots. The gamblers and bagmen of the Mississippi River are the best-shod men in the world.

Golyer's heart sank within him as this splendid being shone upon him. But with his rustic directness he walked to meet the laughing couple at the gate, and said, "Tudie, I come to see you. Shall I go in and talk to your mother twell you come back?"

"No, that won't pay," promptly replied the brisk stranger. "We will be gone the heft of the afternoon, I reckon. This hoss is awful slow," he added with a wink of preternatural mystery to Miss Susie.

"Mr. Golyer," said the young lady, "let me interduce you to my friend, Mr. Leon."

Golyer put out his hand mechanically, after the cordial fashion of the West. But Leon nodded and said, "I hope to see you again." He lifted Miss Susie into the buggy, sprang lightly in, and went off with laughter and the cracking of his whip after Dow Padgett's chestnut sorrel.

The young farmer walked home desolate, comparing in his simple mind his own plain exterior with his rival's gorgeous toilet, his awkward address with the other's easy audacity, till his heart

was full to the brim with that infernal compound of love and hate which is called jealousy, from which pray Heaven to guard you.

It was the next morning that Miss Susie vaulted over the fence where Allen Golyer was digging the hole for Colonel Blood's apple tree.

"Something middlin' particular," continued Golyer, resolutely.

"There is no use leaving your work," said Miss Barringer pluckily. "I will stay and listen."

Poor Allen began as badly as possible: "Who was that feller with you yesterday?"

"Thank'you, Mr. Golyer—my friends ain't fellers! What's that to you, who he was?"

"Susie Barringer, we have been keeping company now a matter of a year. I have loved you well and true: I would have give my life to save you any little care or trouble. I never dreamed of nobody but you—not that I was half good enough for you, but because I did not know any better man around here. Ef it ain't too late, Susie, I ask you to be my wife. I will love you and care for you, good and true."

Before this solemn little speech was finished, Susie was crying and biting her bonnet-strings in a most undignified manner. "Hush, Al Golyer!" she burst out. "You mustn't talk so. You are too good for me. I am kind of promised to that fellow. I 'most wish I had never seen him."

Allen sprang to her and took her in his strong arms: she struggled free from him. In a moment the vibration which his passionate speech had produced in her passed away. She dried her eyes and said firmly enough, "It's no use, Al: we wouldn't be happy together. Good-bye! I shouldn't wonder if I went away from Chaney Creek before long."

She walked rapidly down to the river-road. Allen stood fixed and motionless, gazing at the light, graceful form until the blue dress vanished behind the hill, and leaned long on his spade, unconscious of the lapse of time.

When Susan reached her home she found Leon at the gate.

"Ah, my little rosebud! I came near missing you. I am going to Keokuk this morning, to be gone a few days. I stopped here a minute to give you something to keep for me till I come back."

"What is it?"

He took her chubby cheeks between his hands and laid on her cherry-ripe lips a keepsake which he never reclaimed.

She stood watching him from the gate until, as a clump of willows snatched him from her, she thought, "He will go right by where Al is at work. It would be jest like him to jump over the fence and have a talk with him. I'd like to hear it."

An hour or so later, as she sat and sewed in the airy little entry, a shadow fell upon her work, and as she looked up her startled eyes met the piercing glance of her discarded lover. A momentary ripple of remorse passed over her cheerful heart as she saw Allen's pale and agitated face. He was paler than she had ever seen him, with that ghastly pallor of weather-beaten faces. His black hair, wet with perspiration, clung clammy to his temples. He looked beaten, discouraged, utterly fatigued with the conflict of emotion. But one who looked closely in his eyes would have seen a curious stealthy, half-shaded light in them, as of one who, though working against hope, was still not without resolute will.

Dame Barringer, who had seen him coming up the walk, bustled in: "Good-morning, Allen. How beat out you do look! Now, I like a stiddy young man, but don't you think you run this thing of workin' into the ground?"

"Wall, maybe so," said Golyer with a weary smile—"leastways I've been a-running this spade into the ground all the morning, and—"

"*You* want buttermilk—that's your idee: ain't it, now?"

"Well, Mizzes Barringer, I reckon you know my failin's."

The good woman trotted off to the dairy, and Susie sewed demurely, wait-

ing with some trepidation for what was to come next.

"Susie Barringer," said a low, husky voice which she could scarcely recognize as Golyer's, "I've come to ask pardon—not for nothing I've done, for I never did and never could do you wrong—but for what I thought for a while arter you left me this morning. It's all over now, but I tell *you* the Bad Man had his claws into my heart for a spell. Now it's all over, and I wish you well. I wish your husband well. If ever you git into any trouble where I can help, send for me: it's my right. It's the last favor I ask of you."

Susceptible Susie cried a little again. Allen, watching her with his ambushed eyes, said, "Don't take it to heart, Tудie. Perhaps there is better days in store for me yet."

This did not appear to comfort Miss Barringer in the least. She was greatly grieved when she thought she had broken a young man's heart: she was still more dismal at the slightest intimation that she had not. If any explanation of this paradox is required, I would observe, quoting a phrase much in vogue among the witty writers of the present age, that Miss Susie Barringer was "a very female woman."

So pretty Susan's rising sob subsided into a coquettish pout by the time her mother came in with the foaming pitcher of subacidulous nectar, and plied young Golyer with brimming beakers of it with all the beneficent delight of a Lady Bountiful.

"There, Mizzes Barringer! there's about as much as I can tote. Temperance in all things."

"Very well, then, you work less and play more. We never get a sight of you lately. Come in neighborly and play checkers with Tудie."

It was the darling wish of Mother Barringer's heart to see her daughter married and settled with "a stiddy young man that you knowed all about, and his folks before him." She had observed with great disquietude the brilliant avatar of Mr. Bertie Leon and the evident pride of her daughter in the

bright-plumaged captive she had brought to Chaney Creek, the spoil of her maiden snare. "I don't more'n half like that little feller." (It is a Western habit to call a well-dressed man a "little feller." The epithet would light on Hercules Farnese if he should go to Illinois dressed as a Cododès.) "No honest folks wears beard onto their upper lips. I wouldn't be surprised if he wasn't a gamboller."

Allen Golyer, apparently unconscious in his fatigue of the cap which Dame Barringer was vicariously setting for him, walked away with his spade on his shoulder, and the good woman went systematically to work in making Susie miserable by sharp little country criticisms of her heart's idol.

Day after day wore on, and, to Dame Barringer's delight and Susie's dismay, Mr. Leon did not come.

"He is such a business-man," thought trusting Susan, "he can't get away from Keokuk. But he'll be sure to write." So Susie put on her sun-bonnet and hurried up to the post-office: "Any letters for me, Mr. Whaler?" The artful and indefinite plural was not disguise enough for Miss Susie, so she added, "I was expecting a letter from my aunt."

"No letters here from your aunt, nor your uncle, nor none of the tribe," said old Whaler, who had gone over with Tyler to keep his place, and so had no further use for good manners.

"I think old Tommy Whaler is an impudent old wretch," said Susie that evening, "and I won't go near his old post-office again." But Susie forgot her threat of vengeance the next day, and she went again, lured by family affection, to inquire for that letter which Aunt Abbie *must* have written. The third time she went, rummy old Whaler roared very improperly, "Bother your aunt! You've got a beau somewheres—that's what's the matter."

Poor Susan was so dazzled by this flash of clairvoyance that she hurried from that dreadful post-office, scarcely hearing the terrible words that the old gin-pig hurled after her: "*And he's forgot you!—that's what's the matter.*"

Susie Barringer walked home along the river-road, revolving many things in her mind. She went to her room and locked her door by sticking a pen-knife over the latch, and sat down to have a good cry. Her faculties being thus cleared for action, she thought seriously for an hour. If you can remember when you were a school-girl, you know a great deal of solid thinking can be done in an hour. But we can tell you in a moment what it footed up. You can walk through the Louvre in a minute, but you cannot see it in a week.

Susan Barringer (sola, loquitur): "Three weeks yesterday. Yes, I s'pose it's so. What a little fool I was! He goes everywheres—says the same things to everybody, like he was selling ribbons. Mean little scamp! Mother seen through him in a minute. I'm mighty glad I didn't tell her nothing about it." [Fie, Susie! your principles are worse than your grammar.] "He'll marry some rich girl—I don't envy her, but I hate her—and I am as good as she is. Maybe he will come back—no, and I hope he won't;—and I wish I was dead!" (*Pocket handkerchief.*)

Yet in the midst of her grief there was one comforting thought—nobody knew of it. She had no confidante—she had not even opened her heart to her mother: these Western maidens have a fine gift of reticence. A few of her countryside friends and rivals had seen with envy and admiration the pretty couple on the day of Leon's arrival. But all their poisonous little compliments and questions had never elicited from the prudent Susie more than the safe statement that the handsome stranger was a friend of Aunt Abbie's, whom she had met at Jacksonville. They could not laugh at her: they could not sneer at gay deceivers and lovelorn damsels when she went to the sewing-circle. The bitterness of her tears was greatly sweetened by the consideration that in any case no one could pity her. She took such consolation from this thought that she faced her mother unflinchingly at tea, and baffled the maternal inquest on her "redness of eyes" by the school-

girl's invaluable and ever-ready headache.

It was positively not until a week later, when she met Allen Golyer at choir-meeting, that she remembered that this man knew the secret of her baffled hopes. She blushed scarlet as he approached her: "Have you got company home, Miss Susie?"

"Yes—that is, Sally Withers and me came together, and—"

"No, that's hardly fair to Tom Fleming: three ain't the pleasantest company. I will go home with you."

Susie took the strong arm that was held out to her, and leaned upon it with a mingled feeling of confidence and dread as they walked home through the balmy night under the clear, starry heaven of the early spring. The air was full of the quickening breath of May.

Susie Barringer waited in vain for some signal of battle from Allen Golyer. He talked more than usual, but in a grave, quiet, protecting style, very different from his former manner of worshiping bashfulness. His tone had in it an air of fatherly caressing which was inexpressibly soothing to his pretty companion, tired and lonely with her silent struggle of the past month. When they came to her gate and he said good-night, she held his hand a moment with a tremulous grasp, and spoke impulsively: "Al, I once told you something I never told anybody else. I'll tell you something else now, because I believe I can trust you."

"Be sure of that, Susie Barringer."

"Well, Al, my engagement is broken off."

"I am sorry for you, Susie, if you set much store by him."

Miss Susie answered with great and unnecessary impetuosity, "I don't, and I am glad of it!" and then ran into the house and to bed, her cheeks all aflame at the thought of her indiscretion, and yet with a certain comfort in having a friend from whom she had no secrets.

I protest there was no thought of coquetry in the declaration which Susan Barringer blurted out to her old lover

under the sympathetic starlight of the May heaven. But Allen Golyer would have been a dull boy not to have taken heart and hope from it. He became, as of old, a frequent and welcome visitor at Crystal Glen. Before long the game of chequers with Susie became so enthralling a passion that it was only adjourned from one evening to another. Allen's white shirts grew fringy at the edges with fatigue-duty, and his large hands were furry at the fingers with much soap. Susie's affectionate heart, which had been swayed a moment from its orbit by the irresistible attraction of Bertie Leon's diamond breastpin and city swagger, swung back to its ancient course under the mild influence of time and the weather and opportunity. So that Dame Barringer was not in the least surprised, on entering her little parlor one soft afternoon in that very May, to see the two young people economically occupying one chair, and Susie shouting the useless appeal, "Mother, make him behave!"

"I never interfere in young folks' matters, especially when they're going all right," said the motherly old soul, kissing "her son Allen" and trotting away to dry her happy tears.

I am almost ashamed to say how soon they were married—so soon that when Miss Susan went with her mother to Keokuk to buy a wedding-garment, she half expected to find, in every shop she entered, the elegant figure of Mr. Leon leaning over the counter. But the dress was bought and made, and worn at wedding and *in-fair* and in a round of family visits among the Barringer and Golyer kin, and carefully laid away in lavender when the pair came back from their modest holiday and settled down to real life on Allen's prosperous farm; and no word of Bertie Leon ever came to Mrs. Golyer to trouble her joy. In her calm and busy life the very name faded from her tranquil mind. These wholesome country hearts do not bleed long. In that wide-awake country eyes are too useful to be wasted in weeping. My dear Lothario Urbanus, those peaches are very sound and delicious,

but they will not keep for ever. If you do not secure them to-day, they will go to some one else, and in no case, as the Autocrat hath said with authority, can you stand there "mellering 'em with your thumb."

There was no happier home in the county, and few finer farms. The good sense and industry of Golyer and the practical helpfulness of his wife found their full exercise in the care of his spreading fields and growing orchards. The Warsaw merchants fought for his wheat, and his apples were known in St. Louis. Mrs. Golyer, with that spice of romance which is hidden away in every woman's heart, had taken a special fancy to the seedling apple tree at whose planting she had so intimately assisted. Allen shared in this, as in all her whims, and tended and nursed it like a child. In time he gave up the care of his orchard to other hands, but he reserved this seedling for his own especial coddling. He spaded and mulched and pruned it, and guarded it in the winter from rodent rabbits and in summer from terebrant grubs. It was not ungrateful. It grew a noble tree, producing a rich and luscious fruit, with a deep scarlet satin coat, and a flesh tinged as delicately as a pink seashell. The first peck of apples was given to Susie with great ceremony, and the next year the first bushel was carried to Colonel Blood, the Congressman. He was loud in his admiration, as the autumn elections were coming on: "Great Scott, Golyer! I'd rather give my name to a horticultooral triumph like that there than be Senator."

"You've got your wish, then, colonel," said Golyer. "Me and my wife have called that tree The Blood Seedling sence the day it was transplanted from your pastur'."

It was the pride and envy of the neighborhood. Several neighbors asked for scions and grafts, but could do nothing with them.

"Fact is," said old Silas Withers, "those folks that expects to raise good fruit by begging grafts, and then layin' abed and readin' newspapers, will have

a good time waitin'. Elbow-grease is the secret of the Blood Seedlin', ain't it, Al?"

"Well, I reckon, Squire Withers, a man never gits anything wuth havin' without a tussle for it; and as to secrets, I don't believe in them, nohow."

A square-browed, resolute, silent, middle-aged man, who loved his home better than any amusement, regular at church, at the polls, something richer every Christmas than he had been on the New Year's preceding—a man whom everybody liked and few loved much—such had Allen Golyer grown to be.

If I have lingered too long over this colorless and commonplace picture of rural Western life, it is because I have felt an instinctive reluctance to recount the startling and most improbable incident which fell one night upon this quiet neighborhood, like a thunderbolt out of blue sky. The story I must tell will be flatly denied and easily refuted. It is absurd and fantastic, but, unless human evidence is to go for nothing when it testifies of things unusual, the story is true.

At the head of the rocky hollow through which Chaney Creek ran to the river, lived the family who gave the brook its name. They were among the early pioneers of the county. In the squatty yellow stone house the present Chaney occupied his grandfather had stood a siege from Black Hawk all one summer day and night, until relieved by the garrison of Fort Edward. The family had not grown with the growth of the land. Like many others of the pioneers, they had shown no talent for keeping abreast of the civilization whose guides and skirmishers they had been. In the progress of a half century they had sold, bit by bit, their section of land, which kept intact would have proved a fortune. They lived very quietly, working enough to secure their own pork and hominy, and regarding with a sort of impatient scorn every scheme of public or private enterprise that passed under their eyes.

The elder Chaney had married, some

years before, at the Mormon town of Nauvoo, the fair-haired daughter of a Swedish mystic, who had come across the sea beguiled by dreams of a perfect theocracy, and who on arriving at the city of the Latter-Day Saints had died, broken-hearted from his lost illusions.

The only dowry that Seraphita Neilsen brought her husband, besides her delicate beauty and her wide blue eyes, was a full set of Swedenborg's later writings in English. These became the daily food of the solitary household. Saul Chaney would read the exalted rhapsodies of the Northern seer for hours together, without the first glimmer of their meaning crossing his brain. But there was something in the majesty of their language and the solemn roll of their poetical development that irresistibly impressed and attracted him. Little Gershom, his only child, sitting at his feet, would listen in childish wonder to the strange things his silent, morose and gloomy father found in the well-worn volumes, until his tired eyelids would fall at last over his pale, bulging eyes.

As he grew up his eyes bulged more and more: his head seemed too large for his rickety body. He pored over the marvelous volumes until he knew long passages by heart, and understood less of them than his father—which was unnecessary. He looked a little like his mother, but while she in her youth had something of the faint and flickering beauty of the Boreal Lights, poor Gershom never could have suggested anything more heavenly than a foggy moonlight. When he was fifteen he went to the neighboring town of Warsaw to school. He had rather heavy weather among the well-knit, grubby-knuckled urchins of the town, and would have been thoroughly disheartened but for one happy chance. At the house where he boarded an amusement called the "Sperrit Rappin's" was much in vogue. A group of young folks, surcharged with all sorts of animal magnetism, with some capacity for belief and much more for fun, used to gather

about a light pine table every evening, and put it through a complicated course of mystical gymnastics. It was a very good-tempered table: it would dance, hop or slam at the word of command, or, if the exercises took a more intellectual turn, it would answer any questions addressed to it in a manner not much below the average capacity of its tormentors.

Gershom Chaney took all this in solemn earnest. He was from the first moment deeply impressed. He lay awake whole nights, with his eyes fast closed, in the wildest dreams. His school-hours were passed in trancelike contemplation. He cared no more for punishment than the fakeer for his self-inflicted tortures. He longed for the coming of the day when he could commune in solitude with the unfleshed and immortal. This was the full flowering of those seeds of fantasy that had fallen into his infant mind as he lay baking his brains by the wide fire in the old stone house at the head of the hollow, while his father read, haltingly, of the wonders of the invisible world.

But, to his great mortification, he saw nothing, heard nothing, experienced nothing but in the company of others. He must brave the ridicule of the profane to taste the raptures which his soul loved. His simple, trusting faith made him inevitably the butt of the mischievous circle. They were not slow in discovering his extreme sensibility to external influences. One muscular, black-haired, heavy-browed youth took especial delight in practicing upon him. The table, under Gershom's tremulous hands, would skip like a lamb at the command of this Thomas Fay.

One evening, Tom Fay had a great triumph. They had been trying to get the "medium" — for Gershom had reached that dignity—to answer sealed questions, and had met with indifferent success. Fay suddenly approached the table, scribbled a phrase, folded it and tossed it, doubled up, before Gershom; then leaned over the table, staring at his pale, unwholesome face with all the might of his black eyes.

Chaney seized the pencil convulsively and wrote, "Balaam!"

Fay burst into a loud laugh and said, "Read the question?"

It was, "Who rode on your grandfather's back?"

This is a specimen of the cheap wit and harmless malice by which poor Gershom suffered as long as he stayed at school. He was never offended, but was often sorely perplexed, at the apparent treachery of his unseen counselors. He was dismissed at last from the academy for utter and incorrigible indolence. He accepted his disgrace as a crown of martyrdom, and went proudly home to his sympathizing parents.

Here, with less criticism and more perfect faith, he renewed the exercise of what he considered his mysterious powers. His fastings and vigils, and want of bodily movement and fresh air, had so injured his health as to make him tenfold more nervous and sensitive than ever. But his faintings and hysterics and epileptic paroxysms were taken more and more as evidences of his lofty mission. His father and mother regarded him as an oracle, for the simple reason that he always answered just as they expected. A curious or superstitious neighbor was added from time to time to the circle, and their reports heightened the half-uncanny interest with which the Chaney house was regarded.

It was on a moist and steamy evening of spring that Allen Golyer, standing by his gate, saw Saul Chaney slouching along in the twilight, and hailed him: "What news from the sperrits, Saul?"

"Nothing for you, Al Golyer," said Saul, gloomily. "The god of this world takes care of the like o' you."

Golyer smiled, as a prosperous man always does when his poorer neighbors abuse him for his luck, and rejoined: "I ain't so fortunate as you think for, Saul Chaney. I lost a Barksher pig yesterday: I reckon I must come up and ask Gershom what's come of it."

"Come along, if you like. It's been a long while sence you've crossed my

sill. But I'm gitting to be quite the style. Young Lawyer Marshall is a-coming up this evening to see my Gershom."

Before Mr. Golyer started he filled a basket, "to make himself welcome and pay for the show," with the reddest and finest fruit of his favorite apple tree. His wife followed him to the gate and kissed him—a rather unusual attention among Western farmer-people. Her face, still rosy and comely, was flushed and smiling: "Al, do you know what day o' the year it is?"

"Nineteenth of Aprile?"

"Yes; and twenty years ago to-day you planted the Blood Seedlin' and I give you the mitten!" She turned and went into the house, laughing comfortably.

Allen walked slowly up the hollow to the Chaney house, and gave the apples to Seraphita and told her their story. A little company was assembled—two or three Chaney Creek people, small market-gardeners, with eyes the color of their gooseberries and hands the color of their currants; Mr. Marshall, a briefless young barrister from Warsaw, with a tawny friend, who spoke like a Spaniard.

"Take seats, friends, and form a circle o' harmony," said Saul Chaney. "The me'jum is in fine condition: he had two fits this arternoon."

Gershom looked shockingly ill and weak. He reclined in a great hickory arm-chair, with his eyes half open, his lips moving noiselessly. All the persons present formed a circle and joined hands.

The moment the circle was completed by Saul and Seraphita, who were on either side of their son, touching his hands, an expression of pain and perplexity passed over his pale face, and he began to writhe and mutter.

"He's seein' visions," said Saul.

"Yes, too many of 'em," said Gershom, querulously. "A boy in a boat, a man on a shelf, and a man with a spade—all at once: too many. Get me a pencil. One at a time, I tell you—one at a time!"

The circle broke up, and a table was brought, with writing materials. Gershom grasped a pencil, and said, with imperious and feverish impatience, "Come on, now, and don't waste the time of the shining ones."

An old woman took his right hand. He wrote with his left very rapidly an instant, and threw her the paper, always with his eyes shut close.

Old Mrs. Scritcher read with difficulty, "A boy in a boat—over he goes;" and burst out in a piteous wail, "Oh, my poor little Ephraim! I always knowed it."

"Silence, woman!" said the relentless medium.

"Mr. Marshall," said Saul, "would you like a test?"

"No, thank you," said the young gentleman. "I brought my friend, Mr. Baldassano, who, as a traveler, is interested in these things."

"Will you take the medium's hand, Mr. What's-your-name?"

The young foreigner took the lean and feverish hand of Gershom, and again the pencil flew rapidly over the paper. He pushed the manuscript from him and snatched his hand away from Baldassano. As the latter looked at what was written, his tawny cheek grew deadly pale. "Dios mio!" he exclaimed to Marshall. "This is written in Castilian!"

The two young men retired to the other end of the room and read by the tallow candle the notes scrawled on the paper. Baldassano translated: "A man on a shelf—table covered with bottles beside him: man's face yellow as gold: bottles tumble over without being touched."

"What nonsense is that?" said Marshall.

"My brother died of yellow fever at sea last year."

Both the young men became suddenly very thoughtful, and observed with great interest the result of Golyer's "test." He sat by Gershom, holding his hand tightly, but gazing absently into the dying blaze of the wide chimney. He seemed to have forgotten where he was:

a train of serious thought appeared to hold him completely under its control. His brows were knit with an expression of severe almost fierce determination. At one moment his breathing was hard and thick—a moment after hurried and broken.

All this while the fingers of Gershom were flying rapidly over the paper, independently of his eyes, which were sometimes closed, and sometimes rolling as if in trouble.

A wind which had been gathering all the evening now came moaning up the hollow, rattling the window-blinds, and twisting into dull complaint the boughs of the leafless trees. Its voice came chill and cheerless into the dusky room, where the fire was now glimmering near its death, and the only sounds were those of Gershom's rushing pencil, the whispering of Marshall and his friend, and old Mother Scritcher feebly whimpering in her corner. The scene was sinister. Suddenly, a rushing gust blew the door wide open.

Golyer started to his feet, trembling in every limb, and looking furtively over his shoulder out into the night. Quickly recovering himself, he turned to resume his place. But the moment he dropped Gershom's hand, the medium had dropped his pencil, and had sunk back in his chair in a deep and deathlike slumber. Golyer seized the sheet of paper, and with the first line that he read a strange and horrible transformation was wrought in the man. His eyes protruded, his teeth chattered, he passed his hand over his head mechanically, and his hair stood up like the bristles on the back of a swine in rage. His face was blotched white and purple. He looked piteously about him for a moment, then crumpling the paper in his hand, cried out in a hoarse, choking voice, "Yes, it's a fact: I done it. It's no use denying on't. Here it is, in black and white. Everybody knows it: ghosts come spooking around to tattle about it. What's the use of lying? I done it."

He paused, as if struck by a sudden recollection, then burst into tears and

shook like a tree in a high wind. In a moment he dropped on his knees, and in that posture crawled over to Marshall: "Here, Mr. Marshall—here's the whole story. For God's sake, spare my wife and children all you can. Fix my little property all right for 'em, and God bless you for it!" Even while he was speaking, with a quick revulsion of feeling he rose to his feet, with a certain return of his natural dignity, and said, "But they sha'n't take me! None of my kin ever died that way: I've got too much sand in my gizzard to be took that way. Good-bye, friends all!"

He walked deliberately out into the wild, windy night.

Marshall glanced hurriedly at the fatal paper in his hand. It was full of that capricious detail with which in reverie we review scenes that are past. But a line here and there clearly enough told the story—how he went out to plant the apple tree; how Susie came by and

rejected him; how he passed into the power of the devil for the time; how Bertie Leon came by and spoke to him, and patted him on the shoulder, and talked about city life; how he hated him and his pretty face and his good clothes; how they came to words and blows, and he struck him with his spade, and he fell into the trench, and he buried him there at the roots of the tree.

Marshall, following his first impulse, thrust the paper into the dull red coals. It flamed for an instant, and flew with a sound like a sob up the chimney.

They hunted for Golyer all night, but in the morning found him lying as if asleep, with the peace of expiation on his pale face, his pruning-knife in his heart, and the red current of his life tinging the turf with crimson around the roots of the Blood Seedling.

JOHN HAY.

MY MISSION TO SAN DOMINGO.

THE eastern part of the island of San Domingo was still a Spanish colony when the negroes of the western part expelled their French masters and set up for themselves. The Dominicans were not long in following the example of their neighbors, though after a less violent fashion, and at length sought annexation to the Haytian government. Finding themselves, however, worse off for the conjunction, they seceded, and had a hard struggle for independence. Year after year their territory was invaded by the Haytians, so that they were compelled to be always in arms. This state of things became at last so intolerable that they appealed for protection to the governments of France, Great Britain and the United States. These three powers, accordingly, opened negotiations in their behalf with the em-

peror of Hayti, Faustin I., commonly called Soulouque, and in the year 1851 the present writer was sent by Messrs. Fillmore and Webster as special agent to co-operate with British and French commissioners in bringing about a peace between the doughty belligerents.

The Haytians had always been beaten by the Dominicans, but as they were much more numerous, and didn't well know what to do at home except to fight among themselves, they were always ready for renewed attempts. The history of their campaigns is a tragi-comedy, or rather tragi-farce, in which the ludicrous and the horrible are combined in a way that might puzzle the pen of Dumas himself. I was informed by some of the white residents of Port au Prince that the dusky hosts would sometimes set out on their war-

path with only provisions enough for a few days, so that they were soon starved back, if not previously driven back by the foe. Foresight is not a predominant trait of the negro mind, and experience is pre-eminently for them the stern-light of a vessel which casts no ray before.

It was a beautiful morning in April when the United States steamer *Saranac* entered the bay of Port au Prince, and a beautiful scene was presented to the inhabitants of the good ship as it glided onward to the town. Nothing, however, in the shape of human vitality gave notice of the approach to a place where men do congregate. The only individual we encountered was a solitary Sambo singing a soporific song in a canoe, which was floating along at its own sweet will, bringing into impressive relief the silence and loneliness around. Not such the spectacle when the argosies of the colonists were stirring the waters with their keels and whitening the horizon with their sails, as they wended their way with tropical cargoes to the mother shores or returned with the products of European abundance. It was a sort of marine "Tarahallism," which excited anything but approval of the revolution that had wrought so wonderful a change—the ships that once o'er Hayti's waves the soul of commerce sped being quite as defunct as the harps that were wont to enliven the halls of Tara; and the commercial soul seemed to have been consigned to as perfect perdition as the musical ditto bewailed by the bard. Nor was the aspect of the town as we cast anchor of a kind to produce any cheerful sensations. It was not until the frigate began to belch forth the usual salute as the commissioner was rowed to the land that there was anything like a stir among the few loafers on the wharf, and that a couple of sentinels in variegated attire thought it needful to get themselves and their muskets into military pose. They made up, however, for previous indifference by a terrible rattle of weapons as the newcomers passed.

There being no hotel or lodging-house in the place, I was not only glad but obliged to accept the hospitality offered by the resident commercial agent of the United States—a most worthy and intelligent gentleman, who soon posted me as to what I needed to know. The first look of things as we walked to his residence was not at all promising, and the second was worse, revealing only new combinations of dilapidation and dirt. The streets and houses seemed quite worthy of one another—a dismal harmony which increased at every turn, and was little calculated to solace a stranger for his exile, especially when the appearance of the inhabitants was in such melancholy unison with the general show. But *à la guerre comme à la guerre*, although one part of the war, in which various varieties of biting beasts hindered my sleep with incessant assaults the live-long night, was almost enough to have made the very stoutest resolve on ignominious and immediate retreat. There was a diminutive red ant which seemed to be at home in everything, not excepting the bread of hospitality itself, and which rendered mastication a matter that required, as Sir Patrick O'Plenipo used to say, "a mighty dale of nice consideration" before trusting one's teeth to the task. Nothing in their appearance warranted the idea that they would enhance the flavor of the farinaeous food, which they evidently seemed to think had been prepared for themselves. Whole swarms were hurried literally into the jaws of destruction at each mouthful prompted by hunger in defiance of disgust.

That first night in Port au Prince is one map of misery in recollection, for, in addition to the flies and the fleas and the mosquitoes and the bugs, with a huge black spider sprawling along the wall, that, hush'd in grim repose, awaited its coming prey, there was perpetual crowing of cocks, as if the demons wanted, like the Western imitation of Chanticleer, to take the sun in and make him rise before his time, intermingled with the perpetual roar of amorous

donkeys, whose sentimental strains in the streets were the very reverse of those of Philomela warbling 'mid the leaves. That asinine music, as I soon discovered, was a regular institution of the charming metropolis, where the long-eared lovers seemed to have it all their own way. They thronged the thoroughfares ad libitum, and enjoyed themselves as they pleased, without let or hindrance. If Paris is the hell of horses, Port au Prince is the heaven of asses.

My first resolution at break of day was to find, if possible, a villa in the country, and there pass at least my nights whilst sojourning in the land. My efforts were crowned with brilliant success by the discovery of a delicious little box about two miles distant, which had been constructed in colonial times by people who knew how to combine comfort and beauty. The approach to it between two long rows of palms gave indication of loveliness beyond, which was not belied by the cottage and the grounds. It was but of one story, to be sure, and had but four rooms, but that was quite room enough for my singleness of person and purpose, whilst everything was as neat and nice as possible, as it had long been occupied by a foreigner. Not twenty yards from the door was a great bath almost as capacious as the dwelling, shaded by umbrageous foliage and fed by a mountain stream that rushed through it with refreshing sound and look. Infinite was the pleasure of the early morning plunge, until one unlucky afternoon the demon of curiosity prompted a promenade toward the source of the waters. Malignant Fate stood by and smiled when I set out on the stroll. I had not walked more than a mile when I came suddenly upon a multitude of women wading in the rivulet, and washing the dirtiest lot of clothes that ever disgusted mortal eye. It was all over with my swims. Never could I prevail upon myself to indulge in them again. The idea of laving in water that had once been impregnated with such filth, however well it might have been purified before

reaching the bath, was too much for my philosophy. Then indeed was the bliss of ignorance appreciated, and the sacred thirst of knowledge deplored. "These little things are great to little men," especially in the Tropics, with the thermometer looking with contempt upon the nineties. I felt as wickedly toward the dark dames who thus troubled my waters as the wolf in the fable pretended to do toward the lamb (far more innocent, but not more woolly) that was drinking below him in the brook. My vengeance, to be sure, would not have been all-devouring like his.

For more than two months did I remain faithful to the villa, but, getting tired of solitude, I was at length glad to accept the invitation of an English merchant to pay him a visit at his house in the town, where the most generous and genial hospitality fully counterbalanced the fumum strepitusque of the streets. Much pleasant society was enjoyed beneath his roof, some of the foreign residents being men of refinement and cultivation as well as unbounded kindness. Most of them had villas, and were never tired of filling them with festivities from "morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve." "Come to breakfast and stay to tea" was the usual upshot of their notes, and the request was too pleasant to be often refused. As to the good things of the table, while much could not be said in praise of the meats, the fish and fruit were unsurpassed; and one vegetable, the product of the palm tree, which grows solitary and alone on the top thereof, might challenge comparison with any esculent of earth.

Indigenous society was too highly flavored for continuous frequentation, and did not offer more intellectual than material inducement. One soir e I especially remember, from having danced with the daughter of his Grace "the Duke of the Table"—*le Duc de la Table*—who, although as black as night, was well-educated and well-behaved enough to be acceptable anywhere. Her ducal sire, also, was a gentleman in mind and manner, but truth compels the state-

ment that they were raræ aves in terris — black swans in Hayti—very few others of the pure blacks being fit for any occupation but that of hewers of wood and drawers of water, which they didn't relish half so much as lounging and loafing in the sun. Among the mulattoes, however, there was a good deal of comparative cultivation, as well as comeliness; and the duchesses and countesses of yellow hue performed their social parts with adequate grace and effect. Some few of them might have played Venus and Juno, if not Minerva, upon any portion of the universal stage.

Soulouque had been upon the throne about two years at the time of my arrival. Originally a slave, he had gained his epaulettes by military service, and was taken up by the mulattoes for the presidency after the overthrow of Riché. They fancied they could make a tool of him more easily than of any other prominent negro, as he was not presumed to have much intelligence, but they made a disastrous mistake. Almost the first thing which he did after his elevation to the presidency was to massacre the mulattoes en masse. The log which they fancied they could convert into a ladder for their ambition became suddenly transformed into a stork which destroyed them without mercy. The British consul informed me that one afternoon he went to the palace (the old viceregal habitation of colonial times) to transact some business with Soulouque, and as he entered saw a number of mulatto leaders walking and smoking on the piazza, the president having just given them a banquet. Taken into a *cabinet de travail*, he began conversing with the potentate, when all at once a volley saluted his ears. Starting up, he rushed to a window, and there, to his horror, beheld a company of soldiers in the courtyard firing away at the occupants of the piazza, and knocking them over like so many rabbits. Soulouque put his hand on his arm and told him not to be alarmed, as he was in no danger—that he was only settling accounts with conspirators. Bidding him follow

after the firing had ceased, he conducted him through files of soldiers reeking with slaughter, knocking up with his sword the musket of more than one infuriate fiend leveled at the consul as he passed. A more uncomfortable promenade can scarcely be imagined, but he escaped without injury, though, as may be supposed, with horror in his soul. That slaughter was the signal for the hideous work that had been prepared, and the streets of the town ran with yellow blood for days. The destruction was at last stopped by the energetic interference of the British and French consuls.

Soulouque's antipathy to the mulattoes seems to have been satiated by this massacre, as his ministers were mostly of that class, though, in fact, he must have been compelled to have recourse to them by the impossibility of finding pure blacks enough with the requisite intelligence and knowledge. The minister of finance, however—Salomon, "Duc de la Bande du Nord"—was esteemed an able man, in spite of the depth of his darkness, which almost rivaled that of the emperor himself, the blackest of the black—so black, indeed, that one could scarcely discriminate his features without study, just as it takes time, on entering a darkened room, to discern the different objects it may contain.

The minister of foreign affairs, the Duke de Tiburon (no end of dukes, for a breath can make them, as a breath has made—even the breath of an African autocrat), was a very light mulatto, with very good manners and adequate intelligence and education. My intercourse with him was always pleasant, although it was necessary to say unpleasant things ever and anon, for the way in which business was done in Hayti was a decided trial of patience, the whole study of the government being how *not* to do it. The masterly influence of inactivity was what they most appreciated; so that an envoy who had but a limited time to do his work in was kept on tenter-hooks by their indifference. Nor was the suaviter in

modo of any avail: the fortiter in re required corresponding strength of phrase to produce an effect. You were not thought in earnest unless you looked a little fierce. Our negotiations, although the interests and lives of two communities were involved in them, had always so serio-comic an aspect that it was difficult to prosecute them with becoming gravity, unless one's nerves were stiffened by irritation. For instance, we were obliged to meet three commissioners appointed by "His Majesty" to confer with us in regard to the demands of our governments, whose very appearance as they presented themselves in gorgeous toggery, with embroidered collars above their ears and polished leather, splendior vitro, on their feet, when the heat was such that one wanted, like Sydney Smith, to take off one's flesh and sit in one's bones, rendered it almost impossible to keep one's countenance and feel in real earnest. And then the arguments, and the way of putting them, were in such ludicrous harmony with the toilettes that the old weeping philosopher himself would have felt tempted to cry on the wrong side of his mouth. A marvelous discussion it was, to be sure, leading precisely to what the imperial 'possum desired—viz., nothing at all. We had but a single interview with our embroidered and polished friends, that being quite sufficient to show that, in Shelley's phrase, they were "pinnacled deep in the intense inane," like the stars with whose glittering counterfeits their breasts were so studded. If one wanted to be thoroughly convinced of the shortness of the step between the sublime and the ridiculous, one had only to think of Solomon in his glory whilst gazing on those caricatures of emblazoned humanity.

I have seen a good many courts in my life, but I never saw one in which there was so much plumage and gold lace as in that of His Imperial Majesty Faustin I. One was almost blasted with excess of light on entering the saloon where that magnificent bashaw looked down from his pride of place upon the

gorgeous crowd around. A large portion of his revenues was spent upon the backs of himself and his courtiers, the various and variegated costumes being made to order in Paris. Walking once by the store of a French importer who dwelt near the palace, I was beckoned by him to enter. "Do you want to see something worth seeing?" he asked. "To be sure: what is it?" "Look here, then;" and he began to open sundry boxes, taking from them a quantity of velvet mantles of different hues. "Here," said he, "are the last importations for the court. These white mantles are for the dukes, these red ones for the marquises, these green ones for the counts;" and so on through the whole hierarchy which had been improvised by "the Napoleon of the Blacks" in imitation of that which had been concocted by the first emperor of France. The force of folly could no farther go, and you felt almost tempted to weep as well as laugh when, on Sundays, you beheld the said obscure Napoleon masquerading through the streets of his capital with his monkeyfied nobles and bedizened troops, that being the mode in which they sanctified the day, to the great delight of the ragged rascals who crowded and yelled around the procession as it passed. The dress of Soulouque on one of these Sunday parades was as follows: first, a pair of embroidered boots, with golden spurs, which were said to have cost two thousand francs; then breeches of crimson velvet with gold stripes; then a green cloth coat all blazing with embroidery and crosses and stars, over which was hung an immense blue ribbon, the badge of the Order of St. Faustin, like that which our show marshals so joy to sport; then the tallest and stiffest of shirt-collars with the biggest and blackest of chokers; then a cocked hat of indefinite dimensions and indescribable adornment, from the summit of which leaped a very bouquet of feathers tipped with every tint—the whole bipedical display mounted on a milk-white steed of gigantic size, the grateful gift, it was said, of an ingenious Yankee, who had

sold the imperial "cuss" a steamer brought on purpose from the land of wooden nutmegs, which exploded on the first trip and demolished sundry of the imperial subjects. How the poor humbug did proudly prance amid the cheers and yells of the dirty and devoted lieges who some years afterward unhorsed and brought him down to the vile dust from which he sprang! and how the sooty, splendid strutters in his wake did roll their optics round in admiration of their own glories and solicitation of that of the spectators. *Sic transit!* Most of them that are now alive would be glad of the oldest of old clo', but few in all probability have survived the Kilkennycatism of their own, their native land. What with Geoffroy and Salnave and Saget, et id genus omne, they must nearly all be where purple is not needed and fine linen is of no account—where they will be for aye as corporeally unclad as they are spiritually unwept, unhonored and unsung. As sings the philosopher-poet—

"What perils do environ
The happiest mortals, even after dinner!
A day of gold from out an age of iron
Is all that Fate allows the luckiest sinner!"

Her Imperial Majesty, too, the Empress Faustine, and her Imperial Highness, the Princess Olive, aged fourteen at the time of which I write, have both experienced the same vicissitudes, the same sad fate, as that which, in the case of Marie Antoinette, extorted the eloquent and pathetic ejaculation of Edmund Burke. It was the epoch of *tournures* or bustles. The dresses of the imperial ladies had, of course, been composed in Paris, but the mode of arranging the mysteries thereof had not been clearly explained to their darkling brains. In consequence, the said protuberances, instead of being located where Fashion intended, were placed where they simulated the effect of Nature, so that both mother and daughter (which, in the case of the latter, was not quite *comme il faut*) had a very interesting if not a very graceful appearance when they appeared in full dress.

I had only two interviews with Soulouque, and both of them ceremonious, as my mission was by no means a satisfaction to him, interfering as it did with his projects of vengeance and conquest. The first was the regular presentation by the minister of foreign affairs, the commodore and officers of the Saranac being presented at the same time, amid a host of resplendent courtiers, whose blazing bedizenment threw our modest uniforms so completely into the shade that I was reported in a New York newspaper as having sported a linen jacket and straw hat, instead of the well-worn costume and feathered "cock" which had figured for five years at the court of Brazil. So much for history! Soulouque himself was decidedly tickled at our customary acknowledgment of his imperial rank; and why shouldn't it have been acknowledged? Surely, the consent of the governed ought to have as much potency for the creation of government in Hayti as in France; and if the thousands in the former land wanted their own especial gewgaw, why shouldn't they have indulged their taste as well as the millions in the latter? Indeed, in both countries there can be little hope of peace without the glitter as well as the strength of the sword in the hand of power—a fact which is certainly more discreditable to a people of politicians and poets and preachers and philosophers than to a conglomeration of bipeds as caliginous in their brains as in their skins.

There was not much conversation with His Majesty, whose interest seemed to centre in the Saranac. He did not relish her frowning front before his windows, as it was understood that the employment of force was possible if necessary for the establishment of the peace which he so much disliked. When told that her stay would be brief, there was not the least hint of regret at the information. It was clear that he would be much more disposed to speed the parting than he had been to welcome the coming guest. In fact, the combination of the three great powers in behalf

of the Dominicans had bothered him not a little, and caused his lately-crowned head to lie as uneasily as, it is no calumny to say, his lips did the reverse. The nervous way in which he fingered the jeweled cane on which he rested his hand while conversing with the commodore and pumping him about the ship, was unmistakable evidence of a bewildered brain.

My second visit to him was on the occasion of his fête, when there was a tremendous reception at court. All the dukes and dignitaries and barons and "bodies" paraded their gorgeous loyalty in both dress and speech, whilst their long- (if not well-) trained spouses were floating or waddling through the halls to demonstrate their devotion to his cloud-clad consort, most regally radiant in the whitest and richest of robes.

The emperor, of course, was obliged to respond to the different speeches and addresses of the "trooly loil," but oratory was not his forte any more than it is of other potentates. The stammering of Faustin was as lordly as that of an English peer, and almost as unintelligible. His embarrassment upon public occasions was such that his remarks rarely succeeded in crossing the threshold of his lips. His knowledge, moreover, of French was slight: the only language with which he was familiar was the patois of the country. When roused by some strong excitement he could get the better of his stuttering, and speak with sufficient rapidity and clearness. His diffidence was the result of an intense consciousness of his own deficiencies and a morbid dread of ridicule. It was this sensitiveness, which perhaps, more than anything else, was the cause of his enmity to the mulattoes, who, despising his apparent imbecility, had made him the butt of all sorts of jests. Thus irritable and suspicious, he was not unfrequently a mere tool of those who succeeded in winning his confidence, and instead of acting, as he supposed, in self-defence, only carried out the evil designs of his sycophants, who could easily fool him to the top of his bent by an accusing whisper or a

malicious hint. At the period in question he was past sixty, but the vigor of his frame and color of his hair scarcely betrayed the passage of fifty summers. He was trying just then to remove his intellectual darkness by learning to read—a fact which so highly delighted his subjects that when he returned from one of his slaughtering expeditions (entering Port au Prince under a succession of triumphal arches adorned with enthusiastic inscriptions, on which he would sometimes deign to cast an eye and exclaim "Ça bon!" and it was rumored that the "president" had absolutely succeeded in mastering "written paper," the excitement of "peuple noir" was beyond bounds. It was with a mixture of absolute veneration and pride that they hailed the accomplished and conquering hero, whose sensations were quite as triumphant as even those of Napoleon could have been when entering Paris with the sun of Austerlitz beaming on his brow.

The empress was by no means imperial in aspect or carriage. She had been a market-woman in earlier days, selling oranges and bananas with more grace than she exhibited in offering her hand to the busses (kisses is too weak a word) of her subjects. For many years she had been "a mither, yet nae wife," but Solouque having been informed that his illustrious exemplar of France had married, he made her the legitimate spouse of his greatness. One of his grandees at once followed his moral example, and issued cards of invitation to his nuptials with the lady "who had been his companion for many years." Her Majesty had a temper of her own, as was proved upon the occasion of this ceremonial. Some of her maids-of-honor having absented themselves (there were such lots of them that probably they thought they should not be missed) without asking permission, they were arrested by her order, and sent to different places in the country to expiate their crime in solitary banishment for several days. The little princess was but a child, fourteen years old, who played her part with appropri-

ate dignity. Great attention, it was said, was paid to her education; so that, perhaps, her accomplishments may now be such as to console her for the loss of Hayti and its golden joys, and enable her to endure with philosophic equanimity the especial evils of exile. As she must have been pretty well plated by the paternal silver deposited with unusual foresight in England, she is possibly now the happy mother of some yellow darlings whose Albion father beheld only the *beaux yeux de sa cassette*. Cupid and Cupidity are so often twins!

Among the deputations was that of the clergy, headed by the vicar-general, a white Frenchman with none but white followers. No greater proof could be given of the innate sense of inferiority in the negro breast than the fact that while the Haytian government would not permit a white man to be a citizen, the Haytian people would not permit a black man to be a priest. The superiority of the white man was dreaded in reference to the affairs of this world, the inferiority of the black man in reference to those of the next. It was feared by the inhabitants that if they allowed political privileges to the whites they would be crushed, and if they allowed clerical privileges to the blacks they would be damned. In consequence, the same men whom they would not permit to vote were eagerly implored to preach, and, whilst disqualified for owning a chapel, were undisputed possessors of the pulpit. That they were worthy to be so, however, was sometimes very doubtful, for sorrowful as well as laughable stories were told of the way in which naval *vauriens*, for instance, would take to clerical performances when their mundane doings had caused their expulsion from the service. As at that time there was no communion between the Church at Hayti and the rest of the Catholic world in consequence of the pretensions of Soulouque to play pope himself, the opportunities for wolves to put on sheepskin and feed on the lambs were as easy as they were tempting to the various scapegraces with

which both Church and State abound in the Gallican realm as well as among the rest of mankind. The vicar himself enjoyed an unenviable reputation, whilst the capers of some of his colleagues would have been irresistibly funny if perpetrated upon earthly interests.

The emperor himself was, as already intimated, a *vaudoux* of the most degraded type, joining in all the hideous ceremonies and abominations of African worship, but doing so in secret, as he was afraid of the ridicule which would have been the result of open conformity. He had consequently no scruples of conscience in arraying himself against Rome and asserting his own supremacy, although he was by no means desirous of an absolute rupture with the Pope, as the separation would have diminished his prestige not only in the eyes of his subjects, but in those of Europe. The difficulty was at last arranged, and the Haytians are now obedient sons of Mother Church.

It was in the year 1844 that the black reaction against the mulattoes, who for some time previous had everything their own way, was inaugurated by a lieutenant of *gens-d'armes* named Accaau. This worthy appointed himself "general-in-chief of the *reclamations* of his fellow-citizens," and having convoked an assemblage of negro peasants by sound of the *lambis* (a big shell of which the inside had the form of an alembic, and which was used as a trumpet by the insurgent slaves), he made a public vow that until the orders of Divine Providence had been executed he would never change the costume he then wore. Said costume consisted of a sort of coarse wrapper, straw hat and bare feet—not precisely the toilette of a generalissimo, but not out of keeping with the traditional uniform of self-constituted delegates of Heaven. He then announced that Divine Providence had commanded the poor people to expel the mulattoes in the first place, and in the next to take possession of their property. Among the crowd there were some well-dressed blacks and some very

ragged mulattoes, the sight of whom caused a murmur of disapprobation in response to his words, and inspired a juvenile black, who, as reading and writing hadn't come to him by nature any more than to honest Dogberry, was equally ignorant of both the mysteries, to emerge from the mass and exclaim, "Accaau is right, for the Virgin has said, Nègue riche qui connaît li et écri, cila-là mulâte; mulâte pauve qui pas connaît li ni écri, cila-là nègue"—colored Creole, which, done into white English, means, "A rich negro who knows how to read and write is a mulatto, and a poor mulatto who don't know how to read or write is a negro." It need hardly be intimated that the young man had not himself heard the Virgin say so with his own ears, but must have got his information at least at second-hand, especially as he was a prominent worshiper of God Vaudoux. Be this, however, as it may, he was welcomed as a prophet, assumed the title of Brother Joseph, and became the chief assistant of the fiend Accaau in a career of rapine and murder which was at length arrested by President Riché. Disgusted with a world which did not comprehend his revelations of Divine Providence, Accaau blew out what brains he possessed, but Brother Joseph contrived to set up shop as a sorcerer, and ingratiate himself to such extent with the superstitious Soulouque as to become all-powerful with his potent co-religionist. He was the principal instigator of the bloody massacres which might have made the black hands of the despot "one red," was created colonel and baron, and seemed beyond the reach of fate, until, venturing to prophesy the death of the emperor, on account of the latter's following the prescriptions of his physician in an attack of illness, instead of trusting to the sorcerer's conjurations, he was thrown into a dungeon by his enraged employer, who paid him to avert evil presages, and not to menace them, and there, I believe, ended his detestable days.

Whilst aid-in-chief of Accaau he wore a white handkerchief on his inspired

head and a white shirt and white pantaloons on his innocent body—emblems of his saintly purity—and marched in the midst of the troop with a wax candle in his hand. This was in imitation of Toussaint L'Ouverture, who, the day he began his campaign against Rigaud, bound a white cloth round his head, and with a candle in each hand prostrated himself upon the threshold of the church of Léogane, and then ascended the pulpit to preach extermination of the mulattoes. The bulletins in which Accaau used to narrate his exploits are models in their way. Their pacific and fraternal hypocrisy is inimitable; as when he says, in the account of his expedition against the shopkeepers of Cayes: "It was far from our intention to give battle: we only wished to present our demands in an attitude that would show we were in earnest; and accordingly I informed the municipal council by letter of the cause of our taking arms. A verbal answer, laying stress on the fact of its being Holy Week, which did not permit any serious business, was the *only honor* done us, and the same day, at eleven in the morning, behold, three columns were moved against us. After a combat of an hour, Victory smiled on our banner. *We have had to deplore the deaths of many of our brethren in the ranks of the enemy*: God only permitted one of our army to be killed and three to be wounded. I might have pursued the vanquished forces and entered the town pell-mell with them, but *the sentiment of fraternity restrained my steps*." Military annals may be searched in vain for such touching and benevolent hostility. When the frightened mulattoes had abandoned their houses and shops and taken refuge on the vessels in the harbor, the compassionate conqueror marched into the town, with water, doubtless, in his eyes: "Two columns entered the place about ten o'clock (P. M.), everybody having fled before us: *the justice of our demands was recognised, and property was respected*." This last touch is almost sublime. The acknowledgment of his virtues by fugi-

tive proprietors, and the respect paid to property which he appropriated for himself and his fellow-brigands, are feathers in a triumphant cap on which no victor had surely ever plumed himself before. The only change made in the property was the proprietorship; and in his edifying respect for its rights under such trying circumstances, Accaau shot a couple of his men for pillage, and also an officer suspected of sympathy with the ex-proprietors, who had escaped to Jamaica, and who in his opinion, were clearly nothing better than wicked robbers and covetous of others' goods.

The soldiers of Accaau were called *Piquets*, on account of the sharp pikes with which they were originally armed; and when the mulattoes of the southern department rose in rebellion in April, 1848, in consequence of the way in which the outrages of these demons were connived at by Soulouque, he took these into his pay. The atrocities then perpetrated by them and his regular troops upon the inhabitants of the department surpass description or belief. Voltaire Castor, one of the Piquet chiefs, poniarded seventy victims with his own hand. An old mulatto general who was paralytic was propped up to be shot. When the insurrection had thus been drowned in blood, Soulouque addressed a proclamation to the National Guards, as he politely styled the Piquets, in which he said, "You have shown yourselves worthy of your country. Peace being re-established, return to your homes and to your noble and useful labors, and rest from your fatigues." That they were quite willing to return to their noble and useful labors could not be doubted, but it would have been rather difficult for them to discover their homes, and not at all convenient to rest from their fatigues, which consisted for the most part in appropriating the homes of others, who were mulattoes either by color or by money—*nègue riche, cila-là mulâte*. Accordingly, they expressed a desire to be paid for their labors in aid of Soulouque before reposing from their fatigues. This he tried first to do by a

distribution of military grades, which put feathers in multitudinous hats, but they shouted in reply, *N'a pas nous, non, ni prend dans piège cila-là encore*—"We're not the folk to be caught in such a trap;" and as he hadn't the wherewithal to satisfy their demands, he literally gave them *carte blanche* to resume their work of rapine.

There were two very different men in Soulouque—one a brute barbarian giving way to the most ferocious instincts, the other a sort of susceptible child nervously anxious to be thought well of by those whom he felt to be his intellectual superiors. Thus it was that, by availing themselves of the latter trait, the consuls were enabled at times to rescue many of the victims whom his fiendish vindictiveness had marked for destruction. "If you slay those men," they intimated to him in official language, "you will be execrated by all Europe; you will be deemed a disgrace to the country which you rule, and denounced as a monster not only unfit to reign, but to live;" and thus pardons would be obtained which could never have been extorted by appealing to his humanity or interests. Once, however, he was mollified by his own unpremeditated waggery. The French consul was pleading for a general, a colonel and two magistrates condemned to death. "Were my mother to rise from the grave and drag herself to my feet," cried Soulouque, "her prayers wouldn't save them." "Give me at least one," begged the consul. "The *half* of one, if you please," was the response; at which he began to giggle, and postponed the execution.

It was the original intention of Soulouque to have himself proclaimed emperor on his return from "the conquest of the East," but as the Dominican republic would not permit itself to be conquered, it was not until the year 1849 that he diademed his brow. A petition, the work of a few drôles, which had been handed about from house to house and shop to shop until signatures enough had been obtained by hook or by crook, was presented in August of

that year to the Chambers, requesting that "as the Haytian people, anxious to preserve the sacred principles of liberty, appreciating the inexpressible benefits which His Excellency the president Faustin Soulouque had bestowed upon the country, and acknowledging his incessant and heroic efforts to consolidate its institutions, had conferred upon him the title of emperor of Hayti," the two houses would associate themselves with the public in this testimonial of gratitude. This the two houses took care to do at once; and the same day the senators went in a body, *on horseback*, to the palace (think of Sumner and Trumbull and Morton and Conkling prancing on fiery steeds to the White House, to cry Ave Imperator! to its silent occupant!), the president thereof carrying in his hand a crown of gilt pasteboard which had been fabricated the night before. With all requisite ceremonial he placed it on the august head of Soulouque, whose visage is said to have been illuminated by its touch. The same senatorial functionary then attached to the imperial breast a vast decoration of unknown origin, threw a chain around the neck of the new empress, and pronounced a discourse, to which His Majesty Faustin I. gushingly shouted in reply, *Vive la liberté! vive l'égalité!*—a shout which had certainly never before tickled the ears of groundlings from an imperial mouth. Their Majesties and suites then repaired to the church to the sound of the most terrible music, which, however, was mercifully modified by frenzied vivas and salvos of artillery, the latter continuing the whole day. On leaving the church the emperor promenaded through the town, but words could never describe the profusion of garlands, triumphal arches, etc., which decorated the delighted and devoted capital. Illuminations were kept up, *par ordre*, for eight days, and the police kept watchful eye on the freshness of the leaves with which every house (especially the dwellings of mulattoes) continued, also *par ordre*, to be adorned. At the end of that time Port au Prince was permitted to be the tran-

quil metropolis of the empire of Hayti, and Faustin I. was enrolled among the crowned contemporaries of Nicholas and Francis on the pages of history and of the *Almanach de Gotha*.

What can be at once graver and gay-er than the historic fact of this extemporized emperor passing whole hours in contemplation of a series of engravings representing the ceremonies of the coronation of Napoleon? No belief had he in the philosophy of Mrs. Browning, that "God hath anointed us with holy oil to wrestle, not to reign." *Pas si bête*: his anointing was to be for the latter object, and to be accomplished in first-class style. Accordingly, he sent one morning for the principal merchant of Port au Prince (the very one who, as mentioned above, showed me the costumes of the court) and ordered him to have made in Paris a toilette precisely like that of which he so much admired the picture, as well as a crown for himself, another for the empress, a sceptre, a globe, a throne, and all the other accessories of a Napoleonic coronation. The cost of them caused chaos to come again in the currency, and for a time postponed the ceremonial, as there wasn't "the ready" for the construction of the *salle du trône*; but at last his coronation was consummated on Christmas Day, Anno Domini 1849.

As soon as the departments were apprised by public rumor (for they had not been consulted) that they were blessed with an emperor, they hurried up their adhesions with competitive vivacity. It is hardly necessary to say that the biggest signatures and most enthusiastic felicitations were those of the mulattoes and such of the blacks as were suspected of being suspicious. The crescendo of ecstasy from the truly loyal districts to the questionable localities was as bewildering to the uninitiated as it was delicious to those who were in the secret of the swell. Thus, while the former contented themselves with salutes of twenty-one guns, some of the latter banged away to the extent of two hundred and twenty-five. The ultra blacks, however, carried the day in regard to

the pomp of titles. *Sire* and *Emperor* were epithets quite too mean for their worship, and were replaced by *Magnanimous hero*, *Illustrious sovereign* and *Illustrious great sovereign*. As to the white adventurers, disguised as priests, who constituted the bulk of what was called the Haytian clergy, and who felt no weariness at endless Te Deums, the magnanimous monarch became with them *His Very Christian Majesty* or *The Most Christian Emperor*.

The constitution of the empire was promulgated in the September after the August elevation of the emperor. The formula of the laws was of unrivaled comprehensiveness: "In the name of the *nation*, we . . . by the *grace of God* and the *constitution of the empire*," etc. The republicans, constitutionalists, right-divinists were all neatly tickled. The person of the emperor was declared sacred and inviolable, and the sovereignty was declared to "reside in the *universality* of the citizens!" Altogether, the document was what is called in certain regions "middling mixed." The famous combination which would have so much diverted the Horatian Pisos if they had seen it on canvas was hardly more preposterous and comic. The human head, the equine neck, the piscatory tail were all confused together with supreme contempt for "concatenation accordingly." The French constitution was doubtless a tolerable puzzle, but "people noir" outpuzzled it with complete success. The civil list was fixed at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which, in consequence of the depreciation of the currency, meant about twelve thousand dollars in specie; but His Majesty chose to interpret them into so many Spanish coins, which, considering the number of his subjects, made him the best-paid potentate of the day. He wasn't equally liberal, however, in his interpretation of the salaries of the senators, which were fixed at two hundred dollars a month, and which he made them take in paper that gave them about two hundred dollars a year at the existing rates. This modest allowance not sufficing for their senatorial

state, they one day were emboldened to ask for an increase—a request which came near causing some of them to be shot by their enraged employer, who dressed them, the ungrateful wretches! in such fine clothes when they were called upon to play their parts in public. There was some difference, to be sure, between the shoeless senator of the morning and the feathered ditto of the night. The empress was allowed fifty thousand dollars per annum; and another sum of thirty thousand was placed at the emperor's disposal for his relatives, the exact number of whom, it seems, he didn't know, as the *statut concernant la famille impériale* had this preamble: "We have resolved as follows: Art. 1. The imperial family consists, *for the present*, of—" etc., etc. The list was quite long enough for all time, as, besides the brother of the emperor and the father and mother of the empress, it contained eleven nephews and nieces of *him*, and five brothers, three sisters and five aunts of *her*—in all twenty-seven princes and princesses "of the blood." "Monseigneur le Prince Dérival L'Évêque" and "Madame la Princesse Marie Michel," father and mother of the empress, were styled "Altesse Sérénissime;" and Altesse Impériale was the epithet of the brother and the nephews and nieces of the emperor; but whilst the brother was addressed as "Monseigneur," the others were only "Monsieur" and "Madame." The two daughters of the emperor were "the Imperial Princesses of Hayti." As for the nobles, there were, amongst others, the Dukes of Marmalade and Limonade, du Trou and du Trou-Bonbon (not worse, after all, than the Duke de Bouillon); the Counts de la Séringue, de Grand-Gosier, de Coupe Haleine and de Numéro-Deux; the Barons de Gilles-Azar, de Arlequin, de Paul Cupidon, de Mésamour Bobo, etc., etc. Some of them had been in the galleys, and others of them ought to have been there. The brigand chief, John Denis, for example, was created Duc d'Aquin, the principal theatre of his brigandage, and Voltaire Castor, the multifarious assas-

sin, Comte de l'Île-à-Vache—Anglice, Count of Cow Island. Altogether, in his very first batch, Soulouque improvised four princes of the empire, fifty-nine dukes, two *marchionesses*, ninety counts, two hundred and fifteen barons and thirty *knights*, if such may be the English of *chêvalières*—in all four hundred nobles, equivalent to twenty-nine thousand nobles in a population such as that of France. These magnificoes—at least the male part of them—were all military magnates. A second batch of titled civilians made almost as many nobles in Hayti as there are "kurnels" in this happy land, which, in consequence of the lot, may be considered a sort of shell. As to governors of castles, chamberlains, masters of ceremonies, huntsmen, intendants, etc., etc., Faustin I. rejoiced in as many as even Louis XIV.; but the dignitaries did not confine themselves to the labors incident to their dignity, but generally contrived to support them by others which, though in reality they may be more dignified, are not usually so deemed in bloated aristocracies. Many a duchess and countess, for example, would sell you a pinch of snuff or a pound of candles in the morning, with whom you would feel greatly honored by dancing at night. Eighty francs a month, the salary of "their Graces," could hardly sustain the grandeur of their station. Many, in fact, were crushed beneath their greatness—their offence was *rank*—and were not at all too proud to beg occasional gifts of shoes and pantaloons or other appurtenances of aristocratic toilettes. As for knights and officers of the Haytian Legion of Honor, the ribbon of which was blue instead of red as in France, they were literally legion. It is asserted that Soulouque was not a little tickled by European applications for his cerulean decoration.

Our negotiations with the Haytian government lasted about three months, at the end of which we succeeded in obtaining a truce of two years, thereby saving the lives of a good many poor devils who would have been sacrificed to Soulouquian savagery and stupidity.

Some victims thereof, however, were offered up by a general who was sent with a considerable force into the Dominican territory to proclaim the truce, which he did in so belligerent a way that the inhabitants fell upon him and drove him back. On his return to the capital the emperor took hold of him, and, to prove his pacific propensities and good faith, had him summarily shot. Off with his head! was as favorite an order of imperial Faustin as of royal Richard, and as sure to be executed by loyal lieges. So much for the Buckingham of all colors and countries when sic voloism is the law of the land.

I was to have been taken from Port au Prince to the city of San Domingo by our national steamer the Water-Witch, but as she did not make her appearance in time, I accepted the invitation of the French commissioner to accompany him in the vessel which was waiting his orders in the bay. A pleasant voyage of two or three days, made pleasanter by that charming courtesy of which the French have the secret, took us to the time-honored town where the great discoverer had so joyed and so grieved. Here it was that he established the capital of his discoveries; here he commanded as the representative of sovereignty; here he was incarcerated as a culprit:

"Molto opri con senno e con la mano,
Molto soffri nel' glorioso acquisto."

The tower in which he was imprisoned is still extant, and can hardly be gazed at by American eyes without an interest which attaches to few remnants of by-gone days. It would require as big a soul as that of Columbus himself to appreciate the sensations with which it must have been filled when he saw himself manacled by the order of the sovereign to whom he had given the sceptre of a new world—to sound the depths of that proud humility when the thought of his glorious achievements consoled him for the cruelty and baseness of the ingratitude with which they had been repaid. What a strange coincidence between Columbus in his prison brooding upon his wrongs, and Cortez ex-

claiming to the monarch whom he had so aggrandized that he was a pauper after bestowing an empire upon his country! Benefits too great to be repaid weigh heavy on the soul as unrequited wrongs. So sings poet Gray, and he certainly stooped to truth to moralize *that* song. No stronger verifications thereof can be found in all those records of meanness which are known as human history than are furnished by the careers of the inventive Italian and the conquering Castilian. The moral pointed by the name of the Swedish madman is as inferior in influence as the tale adorned by his exploits is less moving than that which tells how America was discovered or how Mexico was subdued.

A suggestive and romantic place is the city of San Domingo. There are some good edifices and some tolerable streets, but an air of desolation was the predominant trait, breathing recollections and imaginings of a life that had long passed away. There was a good deal more vitality, at all events, in Port au Prince, exhibiting the difference between the results of French and Spanish domination and blood. The "niggerism" of San Domingo also was much more modified by white admixture than that of the rival capital, so that the natural joyousness of the African was sicklied o'er with a much paler cast of thought, which may have produced a more respectable but certainly not so pleasant an effect. Looking at the covered and clouded brows of the Dominicans, one might fancy that *sombrero* (the Spanish for *hat*) was the origin of our English word *sombre*. The inhabitants seemed always to be swinging in hammocks when not majestically marching in the streets. It might almost be affirmed that when you paid a morning visit to an hidalgoish señora you were asked to take a swing instead of a seat, for there was always an abundance of swinging potentiality on the premises; and many an hour I passed with the resident representative of the Stars and Stripes hammocking and smoking, and fancying that we were en-

gaged in an interesting conversation—a single word in a century of swing and puff. The famous darkey who wanted to be President for the purpose of sucking molasses candy and swinging on the gates wouldn't have felt the sting of any such ambition amid the hammocks and cigars of San Domingo; and I rather think our worthy consul himself had reached the conviction that those two creations made as heavenly a heaven as even the Persian paradise of black eyes and lemonade.

The environs of the city were in much better condition than those of Port au Prince, the roads being quite a temptation, instead of an impediment, to equestrian exercise. The only obstacles were the innumerable land-crabs sidling across the path. A ride at five o'clock in the morning to the beach where the best bathing was to be enjoyed, in a sort of natural basin made by rocks, where sharks could not penetrate, was as near the perfection of that sort of enjoyment as mortal could expect. And the pleasure was by no means decreased by stopping on the return at the villa of some hospitable foreigner, whose genial welcome would give zest to his abundant table. How many good things one finds in all parts of the world!—so different and yet so alike, heterogeneous and homogeneous too; that is to say, all, in their infinite variety, exceedingly acceptable to the genus homo. A bunch of bananas for a couple of coppers would materially subserve the cause of Dominican annexation. Who can dislike a people that can export such a delicacy? and who would not desire possession of a country that gives it perennial growth?

Soon after arriving we called, of course, upon President Baez, who was then beginning the career which has made him notorious if not distinguished. There is more than one kind of celebrity, and in the kingdom of the blind a one-eyed man is king. The heroes, therefore, of both divisions of the island are not to be measured by the standard of any of the continents except that of Africa. Napoleon used to say that "ce bon La Fayette" was only fit to be a jus-

tice of the peace; and General Grant may with a good deal more truth opine that the chief magistrate with whom he is trying to "trade" is but a presidential peddler at best. Our interview did not certainly impress us with that feeling which, according to Carlyle, puts even the haughtiest featherheads on their marrow-bones when in the presence of a true king of men, a born anaxandron. No halo was reflected upon his brow from his luminousness within, any more than from his yellowness without, for he is a bright mulatto, a sort of *guinea* nigger, whose skin might have been the result of a goldbeater's skill. He was not much pleased with the report we had to give, as he had been naturally almost sure that the pressure of the three chief powers of the globe would have squeezed all fight out of his imperial and imperious foe. Such undoubtedly would have been the result if France and Great Britain had acted in harmony with their threats; and I shall never be able to throw off a suspicion that Soulouque had secret intimation that the former giant, at least, had no intention to resort to *voies de fait*. He would hardly have been so obstinate and so valorous if he had really believed in the menaced blow, especially as the only man-of-war in the harbor during the negotiations was the little steamer which was to play yacht for the Frenchman, and which did not look very mischievous to the naked eye. His imagination could hardly project itself sufficiently into the future to behold the approach of a bombarding fleet, the advent of which just prior to the termination of the business would have given him peaceful pause, as beneficial to the poor ignoramus himself as to the two communities whom his dev-

iltry kept in murderous action. Baez, however, was somewhat consoled by the idea of the promised truce, which, at all events, would allow a breathing-spell to his people, and give the force of accidents a better chance; as in fact it did, for before another serious invasion could be prepared His Imperial Majesty and his less imperial family had been "Jamaica'd" by his disgusted lieges.

As to the question of annexation, there would certainly seem to be strong reasons why possession of the *whole island* is desirable. The interests of commerce, of general utility, of humanity itself, might all demand the domination of a government able to develop its resources and arrest the disgraceful and sanguinary doings of its actual occupants. That it is one of the very garden-spots of the earth there can be no doubt. In the old colonial times it was a land flowing with milk and honey, instead of a mere jungle of savage beasts. Its exportations of sugar were of predominant value, though hardly a cane is now grown except for the concoction of an intoxicating spirit. The coffee crops, too, might be indefinitely increased and improved with proper care, instead of being merely a spontaneous product, on which the only labor expended is that of picking up the berries from the ground. All tropical attractions and potentialities, in fact, are there in luxuriant abundance, waiting only for competent hands. It seems an absolute sin to allow such capabilities to run to waste, and such a paradise to be inhabited by beings with no apparent possibilities of rising in the scale of creation unless morally coerced into elevating effort.

ROBERT M. WALSH.

BOOK COLLECTORS.

BALZAC in *Le Cousin Pons* has given us a picture of the collector's life, of its joys and sorrows, its enthusiasm, its devotion and its self-denial, with that knowledge of the workings of human passions and that realism of details which characterize the *Comédie Humaine*. For much of his inspiration in this instance Balzac had only to study his own character, for he was always a collector, and knew the secret joys as well as the fierce despairs of a collector's life; but the original of his hero was a Paris collector of his day, Sauvageot, who was the chief violin of the Opera, and who, from his small income, succeeded in collecting a museum of articles of *virtù* and a choice selection of books. Before his death he gave his collection to the state, on condition that he should be provided during the rest of his life with an apartment in the Louvre and a small pension, and that his collection should be kept together and preserve his name. Most visitors to the Louvre will have noticed the cases of exquisite mediæval carvings and other *objets d'art* which were labeled with his name.

Collectors of this kind, who are at once fastidious and not rich, must unite a patient persistence with an enthusiastic activity. Then, too, they must possess the collector's instinct, what the French call the *flaire*—a something by which they find their prizes as animals track their prey. But, above and before all these, they must be sufficiently ahead of their age to foresee the course of public taste, and forestall it: then when the rage reaches his specialty, such a collector may congratulate himself with the profitable and satisfactory reflection, "I collected these twenty years ago, before the world learned the value of such things."

These are the collectors *par excellence*. Their souls are in their collections. Their pursuit is to them what

the use of opium or hasheesh is to its devotees. They may pass their working hours in some drudgery, but they perform it faithfully, since from it they derive the means by which they really live. They love their collections as a mother loves her child, in direct ratio to the trouble and self-denial expended on them. A French book collector of this class is said to have carried home all of his purchases himself: in his dress he had pockets arranged for volumes of all sizes, from folios down.

There is always something of the miser in such a collector. The privations his collection has caused him make him too careful of it, and then it is his enchanted land in which he shuts himself out from the world. Outside, in the crowd, he may be a drudge, but here he is supreme: here he enjoys his society, and no wonder that he rejects the idly curious, the vulgar, the profane.

"Freely you have received, freely give," does not apply to him. To the genuine sympathizer in his passion he is free and open, for he is at heart no churl, but by nature and experience he has learned how true is the parable of the pearls and the swine.

An instance in point will serve also to characterize another class of collectors. A French artist named Jovet, who died in 1842, was perhaps as complete a specimen of what may be called the monomaniac collector as could be found. Born at Autun, in France, in 1779, he went early to Paris, and studied with Regnault and afterward with David, whose studio he retained and directed when the Restoration forced David to find refuge in Belgium. Having returned to his native city, he was in 1825 made librarian of the public library, and became interested in preserving the antiquities which remained in and about Autun, as evidences of its splendor during the Roman occupation of Gaul and during the Middle Ages. His col-

lection of these things became very large and very valuable. In one of the excavations made under his direction for further discoveries, he uncovered a mosaic Roman pavement, which was one of the finest known in France. The town having refused to buy this valuable relic of antiquity, he devoted his life and his fortune to its preservation. He bought it himself, had his house built around it, and making it a sort of foundation for his collection, spent some eighteen years in restoring it, doing the work himself with a skill and patience which only enthusiasm can command. Nor did his devotion end with his life, but dying he left directions to be buried near his beloved mosaic, and there his ashes now repose.

Selden, in his *Table Talk*, gives an excellent rule for those whose desire for book collecting is not hampered and circumscribed by their impecuniosity. He says, "The giving a bookseller his price for his books has this advantage: he that will do so shall have the refusal of whatsoever comes to his hand, and so by that means get many things which otherwise he never would have seen." The spirit of this rule is thoroughly English, and England is the home of those collectors whose qualification for the pursuit is rather the depth of their pockets than the depth of their learning—that class whose arbiter in all matters bibliographical is the Reverend Thomas Frognall Dibdin, the most ignorant, conceited, sycophantic pretender with whom the world of letters has ever been afflicted. With him bibliography was a trade, and by persistent insolence of familiarity and display he made himself a person who cannot be disregarded. The world of finance to-day contains glaring instances of the same result produced by the same means, while society always affords examples of success achieved by similar methods.

Of those ostentatious collectors who value their libraries by pounds, shillings and pence, and to whom the last use of books is to read them, England has more than her share. There, too, are to be found the collectors whose object

seems to be to buy all the books in the world. Of these Heber is *facile princeps*. His passion appears to have been, in everything, to own the whole, and ownership appears to have been all he aimed at. In one of his letters to Dibdin he says that some years before he had had a passion for flowers, and was not content until every species and variety was represented in his green-house, but that at the time of writing he had not a flower; and not knowing but what his passion for books might as suddenly leave him, he declined the honor of figuring in one of Dibdin's bibliographical *salmagundis*.

Heber was born in 1773, and inherited a large fortune. He was governed entirely in his purchases by the rule quoted above from Selden. At the famous Roxburgh and Stanley sales, in 1812 and 1813, he bought largely, and by his purchases raised the prices for rare books. After the fall of Napoleon, when the Continent became again open to peaceful English travelers, he ransacked its cities, and in Paris, Brussels, Ghent, The Hague and elsewhere had storehouses filled with his rarities. He bought entire libraries and kept them stored away, never having seen them. This passion continued until his death in 1833, and the morning of the day upon which he died he gave orders to booksellers for the importation of books. His collection in London was estimated at about two hundred thousand volumes. Its sale, by piecemeal, extended over two or three years, and the catalogues make some dozen volumes. Besides these, he had his Continental *dépôts*, which were also sold after his death. He was a graduate of Oxford, and was said to be a man of cyclopædic learning, but never published anything. Unfortunately, the auction catalogues of his collection, being prepared in the English method, are next to worthless for purposes of consultation, it being necessary to read them all through in order to find any special item in them; so that the only record remaining of this marvel in the history of book collecting is practically null. To Heber's

credit be it said that he was as generous in the use of his books as he was in buying them. Southey, in one of his letters, speaks of the freedom with which he placed them at the disposition of students and literary men.

Napoleon on several occasions had a desire to make a collection which should be at once compact and complete. In the *Mémoires de Bourrienne* will be found the list of works he indicated for his camp-library in 1789, when he was made general-in-chief of the Army of the East. In 1808, during his residence in the Château de Marrase, near Bayonne, he sent a letter to Barbier, the well-known bibliographer, who was his librarian, which is little enough known to bear introduction here in a translation:

"BAYONNE, July 17, 1808.

"The emperor desires to form a portable library of a thousand volumes in small 12mo, printed well. The intention of His Majesty is to have these volumes printed for his own use, and without margins, so as to waste no room. The volumes should contain five or six hundred pages, with spring backs and the thinnest possible covers. This library should be composed of about 40 volumes on religious subjects; 40 of epic poems; 40 of plays; 60 of poetry; 100 of romances, and 60 of history. The residue of the thousand should consist of historical memoirs of all times. The volumes of religion should be the Old and New Testaments, taking the best translations, some Epistles and the most important works of the Fathers of the Church; the Koran; works on Mythology; some choice dissertations concerning the different sects which have had the most influence upon history, such as the Arians, the Calvinists, the Reformers, etc.; a history of the Church, if it can be contained in the prescribed number of volumes. The epic poems should be—Homer, Lucan, Tasso, Tellemachus, the Henriade, etc. The tragedies: whatever remains of Corneille; cut out from Racine the *Frères ennemis*, *Alexandre* and the *Plaideurs*; give of Crébillon only *Rhadamiste*, *Atrée* and

Thyeste; of Voltaire whatever remains. History: put in some good books of chronology; the principal ancient original writers, what is necessary for a history, in detail, of France; as history put Machiavelli's discourses upon Livy, the *Esprit des lois*, the *Grandeur des Romains*; what is worth keeping of Voltaire's histories. Romances: Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse* and *Confessions*; no need to mention the best of Fielding, Richardson, Le Sage, etc., etc., which will naturally find their place; the *Contes* of Voltaire. Note: From Rousseau omit *Émile* and a crowd of letters, memoirs, discourses and useless dissertations; the same observation for Voltaire. The emperor desires to have a *catalogue raisonné*, with notes which shall show which are the choicest of the works, and an estimate of the cost of printing and binding these thousand volumes; what each volume could contain of the works of each author; what each volume would weigh, how many cases they would need, and of what size, and what space these would occupy."

When preparing for his campaign of 1809, Napoleon again gave orders to Barbier to prepare for him a library for the camp. The books were of small size, were packed in cases holding sixty volumes each, and were carried with the *impedimenta* of the army. These cases were first made of wood, but afterward of sole leather, and were lined with cloth. When the camp was pitched they were placed upon each other and opened, and thus a library was extemporized. During this campaign, while Napoleon was stopping at the palace of Schönbrunn, finding some works he desired to consult wanting in the collection, he sent the following letter to Barbier:

"SCHÖNBRUNN, JUNE 12, 1809.

"The emperor feels, every day, the necessity of a traveling library composed of historical works. His Majesty would wish the volumes of such a library to reach three thousand, all 18mos, like

the works of the collection in 18mo for the Dauphin, having four to five hundred pages each, and printed with Didot's fine type, on thin vellum paper. The 12mo takes up too much space; and besides, the books printed in this form are almost all poor editions. The three thousand volumes should be put in thirty cases, having three rows, each row containing thirty-three volumes. This collection should have a general title and a general number, independently of the title of the work and the number of volumes in the work. It should be divided into five or six parts: 1. Chronology and Universal History; 2. Ancient History by original writers, and Ancient History by modern writers; 3. History of the Lower Empire by original writers, and History of the Lower Empire by modern writers; 4. General and Particular History, like Voltaire's *Essay*, etc.; 5. Modern History of the States of Europe, of France, Italy, etc. In this collection must be Strabo, D'Anville's *Ancient Atlas*, the Bible, some History of the Church. This is the sketch of the five or six divisions, which should be carefully studied and filled out. It would be necessary that a certain number of men of letters and taste should be charged with overlooking these editions, with correcting them, suppressing all that is useless, such as editors' notes, etc., the Greek and Latin texts, preserving only the French translation. Only some Italian works of which there is no translation could remain in Italian. The emperor begs M. Barbier to follow out the plan of this library, and to tell the most advantageous and economical way of making these three thousand volumes. When these three thousand volumes of History are finished, they will be followed by three thousand more of Natural History, of Voyages, of Literature, etc. It would be easy to collect the majority of them, since many of these books can be found in 18mo. M. Barbier is also requested to send a list of these works, with clear and detailed notes upon the whole matter, concerning the men of letters who could be put in charge of it,

an estimate of the time and of the expense, etc."

In his reply, dated November, 1809, Barbier gives the following estimate of the expense necessary for carrying out this genuine Napoleonic project of collecting: "To fix with some certainty the expense of printing the three thousand volumes of which the Historical Library will be composed it is necessary to make two suppositions: in the first, fifty copies of each work will be printed; in the second, one hundred copies. In the first case, the expense for printing and binding in calf would be 4,080,000 francs, counting for the paper and the pay for the men of letters who would be charged with the revision of the works and with reading the proofs. By adding 355,000 francs the volumes could be bound in morocco: this makes a total of 4,435,000 francs. In the second case, printing and binding in calf would cost 4,725,000 francs, counting in the paper, etc.: if bound in morocco the sum would be 5,475,000 francs. To both of these estimates must be added 1,000,000 francs for making the geographical charts and maps. The thirty cases of mahogany, to contain the three thousand volumes, would cost about 10,000 francs. The total expense would then amount, in the first supposition, to 5,445,000 francs, and to 6,485,000 francs in the second. Taking, 1st, one hundred and twenty compositors; 2d, twenty-five men of letters to revise the works, make the proper omissions in them and correct the proofs; 3d, a man who is thoroughly versed in practical printing, whose duty should be to distribute the copy to the compositors and arrange the parts printed,—we could have a volume and a half a day, or five hundred volumes a year: it would therefore take six years for the execution of the three thousand volumes. If, instead of one hundred copies, three hundred were printed—two hundred of which should be offered for sale—these, at five francs a volume, would bring in three millions."

The project was never carried farther.

The six years necessary for its completion bring us to 1815, and then Napoleon was in St. Helena, and dependent upon the meanness of the English government for such books as he wanted. It may be said, however, in extenuation of the parsimony with which it treated him, that his condition then was such as did not require a portable library. It would be worth while, however, to be a hero, a great general, and perhaps even an emperor, for the pleasure of entertaining for a little while a project of collecting which would cost something between a million and a million and a half of dollars, and this by way of a simple personal convenience, something as an ordinary traveler would desire to be well supplied with guide-books and railroad time-tables.

Alexander, we are told, having carefully collected the manuscript poems of Homer, kept them, as his greatest treasures, in a box beautifully carved and decorated by Darius; and this is about the whole of his record as a collector. To be sure, in his time there was not the material to conceive or execute such a plan as that of Napoleon, otherwise he would probably have done it, since he and Napoleon were alike in their habit of surrounding themselves with specialists in all the branches of knowledge of their time, and thus enjoyed the greatest privilege which can accrue to power and wealth—that of having the best sources of information constantly at their disposal. With an ambulatory cyclopædia of this kind constantly at hand, what need of books? Here are those who make them ready to impart all that they put into books, and besides that, of more value than all the rest, which never can be confided to the written page, the personal intercourse of mind with mind. No wonder that such men seem great and many-sided. They enjoy on a small scale what we all long for, and what the seers foresee will be the lot of each of us when, Science having become the ruling power of the world, war shall be forgotten, and this earth be peopled by one vast family, seeking happiness where

only it can be found, in love of each other and self-development.

This Napoleonic style of collecting is hardly general enough to form a class. There have been many persons who kept private presses of their own. Horace Walpole had one at Strawberry Hill; Sir Edgerton Brydges indulged in the same fancy, and was constantly complaining that it cost him money; the Prince de Ligne printed mostly his own productions at his private press at Belcœil; John Wilkes, of demagogic and strabismal fame, had one in his house in London, the productions of which were generally of an ultra radical character in religious matters, or trenched equally upon conventionalism in the matter of propriety and decency. Besides these, there are various others—so many, in sooth, that books of the class called "privately printed" are by no means uncommon, and in fact have their special bibliographer, Martin, who published in 1834 a volume of four hundred and forty pages containing a more or less complete account of them all. But Napoleon's plan, had he carried it out, would have so far surpassed anything of the kind as to have entitled him to a distinct and separate division in any attempted classification of the genera and species of collectors. Had he been fully aware of this fact, it is perhaps not improbable that his insatiate love of fame would have led him to attempt it, trusting to his star to complete it.

The English collector of to-day who is the successor of Heber is Sir Thomas Phillips, whose seat is Middle Hill, near Worcester, England. Forty years ago he was a distinguished collector, and ever since, in any sale of importance, particularly of manuscripts, he is the most redoubtable contestant, and generally the victor. In 1824 he bought the majority of the Greek and Latin manuscripts contained in the splendid library of Meerman de la Haye, and in 1834, Martin, in the volume mentioned above, estimated the manuscripts he had collected at eight thousand. Since then his collection must have increased

to twice if not fourfold this number. His house is literally filled with them, stacked up in piles. They lie in the front hall, piled so high against the front door that it cannot be opened. Here, with a single daughter to keep his house, he lives the life of a recluse. A German student, whom he had invited to Middle Hill in order to see some documents there, remained a week without having ever been able to gain a moment's sight of them. Every time he alluded to them he was put off with some excuse to a more opportune occasion. With a true German devotion to research, he would have stayed there until now, had it not been that the poverty of the fare made starvation seem to approach as the prospect of obtaining the object of his visit receded. He daily sought relief from the stores of a neighboring tavern, but the position became intolerable in a week. It was worse than a physical, it was a mental, realization of the fable of Tantalus. It was Coleridge's Ancient Mariner,

"Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink,"

applied to the student's thirst for knowledge. To starve in the pursuit of learning is common enough with students to excite neither much surprise nor complaint; but to starve surrounded with the materials for study, but unable to get at them, was more than our friend could bear, and so he retreated.

Sir Thomas Phillips is not, however, a miser, but his own life is that of an anchorite. He is himself well acquainted with his collection, and is a man of learning. Martin gives the titles of his publications up to 1834, which were all in very small editions, ranging from six to one hundred copies, and small in size, none of them being more than pamphlets, all of them relating to bibliographical subjects, and generally concerning special collections of manuscripts. Since then he has published others, and commenced a catalogue of the manuscripts in the public and private libraries of England. There is a story that his passion for collecting began in a love of study, and is now

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continued from a desire for revenge—that he had two daughters, and having once invited to his house a famous Shakespearian scholar in England, he met with the fate of Desdemona's father, and in his anger shut his doors against the guilty pair, and thenceforth increased his purchases of manuscripts. His landed property being entailed, he expends his whole income, which is enormous, in the purchase of personal property, which will be subject to his disposal by will. Thus even bibliography is not devoid of romance.

Of modern collectors, however, perhaps the most complete is Guglielmo Libri, whose death, at the age of sixty-six, occurred recently at Fiesole, near Florence. An Italian by birth, who resided chiefly in Paris until he was forced to seek refuge in England, his bibliographical knowledge was as varied as his experience of life. As the author of the *Histoire des Sciences Mathématiques en Italie depuis la Renaissance des Lettres jusqu'à la Fin du xvii. Siècle*, his reputation as a student is assured. Here, as in his other writings, he shows the true collector's love of research and the bibliographer's desire for accuracy and original authorities. Besides these, he had the surest taste, and a quickness in perceiving the peculiarities that make a volume curious and valuable which amounted almost to genius. He held in France, before the Revolution of 1848, the position of secretary to the commission appointed to make a catalogue of the manuscripts in the public libraries of France; and in performing the duties of this office did great and lasting service to the cause of sound learning and bibliography, and also to the libraries themselves. At the same time, however, he gained the bitter enmity of many whose positions and whose learning had failed to raise them above feeling jealous that a stranger and a foreigner had done those things which they had neglected to do. They looked upon him as an intruder upon their vested rights, and hated him as men almost always hate those who successfully vindicate their intrusion. Politics,

too, ran high at the time. Libri had been brought to Paris by Guizot, was still his friend, and embraced his cause with a warmth which perhaps his Italian descent might justify. When, therefore, the Revolution was successful and his enemies gained the upper hand, he was charged with stealing books and manuscripts from the public libraries he had visited, and fearing popular violence fled to England. Before this, he had sold at auction the greater part of his collection, and the rest were disposed of afterward in England, also at auction. The catalogues of these sales, prepared by himself, are as intensely interesting to bibliophiles as a fairy story is to a child, and for much the same reason: here are marvels dealt with as facts. Among the other bibliographic specialties in which he had been interested was that of volumes from famous collections, which in their bindings carried the proof of their origin. He had manuscripts from the Middle Ages which had belonged to kings and princes, to popes, cardinals and convents, and the covers of which were inlaid with pearls, with cameos, with carvings of gold, silver or ivory. He had volumes with the arms of almost all the kings of France, of numerous princes of Italy, of Diana of Poitiers, of Pompadour, of Du Barry, of Colbert, Grolier, Hoym, a great number of distinguished scholars, and so on and so on. In one of his English sales was an ingot of gold, said to be the rough coinage made by Pizarro to pay his soldiers in Peru. His collection of original works serving to show the growth of modern science in Italy during the sixteenth century was invaluable. The notes, too, in which the special claims of the volumes are set forth are written with a knowledge and a skill that only Nodier could equal, and calculated to make all booksellers crazy with envy and despair. He knew at once how to say just what would excite the desire of the student and enhance the money-value of the book. Therefore his sales were always great successes; and though his collection must have cost him a great deal during

the thirty or forty years he was making it, yet it unquestionably brought him more than he paid for it.

The existence and growth of public libraries in the great cities of Europe tends to check the growth of the omnivorous class of collectors. No private man, in a single lifetime, can hope to equal the British Museum or the Bibliothèque Impériale: besides, a great collection requires much space, and house-room in cities is dear, and growing dearer every day. As, therefore, in science we no longer find the Admirable Crichtons who post themselves as prepared to dispute *de omni scibili*, but by the process of specialization students devote themselves to some one special branch or to some one subdivision of some special branch, and seek a reputation by making themselves perfect in this, so in the collecting world the same tendency is increasing, and collectors now limit themselves, especially in Paris, to attempting a complete collection upon some one subject. As the world of books is practically limitless and is constantly increasing, there is an opportunity for a collector, however restricted he may make his specialty, to pass a lifetime in the fond hope of attaining completeness, without any fear of finding his occupation gone by attaining it. Like the traveler who set out to reach the setting sun, and found, after many pleasing and exciting adventures, that he had rounded the world, so shall the special collector journey through life, cheered by successes and sustained by hope, nearing constantly his desired goal, but never attaining it.

There is a legend of a French collector who, to escape the necessity for providing the space required for keeping all the books he wanted, adopted the device of taking from each author or each volume that which in his opinion was all that was worth preserving, even if this was only a page, a paragraph or a sentence. By this means he found that a few shelves afforded ample space for all that the world of literature had for him. This method may have

the advantage of a certain simplicity, but as it supposes a vandalism sufficient to mutilate a volume, it would of course be abhorrent to any true bibliophile.

There is a class of men who call themselves collectors, and who do buy books, but to whom they are no more than the pebbles a child fills his pockets with. Their lives would have been as complete had their mania been directed toward horse-shoes, corks, hair-pins or ink-bottles. They have their value, however, in the course of nature, as have all things in this world. They are to literature what the alluvium is to palæontology—they serve to preserve what might otherwise be destroyed.

To every collector, at some time in his career, the question must have occurred, What is to become of my collection when I am gone? Shall it be scattered, or shall I try to have it preserved? Two cases in point may be cited here of famous collectors who followed different courses; and then any collector who is now troubled with the above questions, and reads these pages, may draw his inferences and do as he pleases. Huet, the well-known French author, had made a valuable collection, which before his death he gave to the Society of the Jesuits in Paris, with injunctions that they should keep it for ever. Before his death the house in which it was stored fell down but it was rescued from

the rubbish, rehabilitated and put in order, so that he died with the conviction that his collection would hand down his name to the remotest posterity. Unfortunately, however, for his conviction, times and men's opinions change, and the Jesuits having been suppressed, his library was confiscated and sold at public sale, and volumes which belonged to it are not unfrequently met with now. The other instance is that of Étienne Baluze, another French author and collector, who left directions in his will that his library should be sold, giving as his reason that during his life he had been fortunate in finding many curious and rare books, and he desired to offer to his brothers in the republic of letters, as far as he could, the same opportunity. Apart from the simple fairness of this view, it is a question whether a famous collection does not live longer in the memory of men by being scattered than by being kept together in some public depository, since the volumes from such a collection are eagerly sought by all, and here, as everywhere else, motion is life.

"Immota labescunt;
Et quæ perpetuo eunt agitata manent."

JANUS VITALIS.

"That which was fixt is fled away;
And what was ever sliding, that doth onely stay."

ED. BENLOWES.

E. H.

THE RED HAND.

IS there such a thing as a true presentiment? For there are very few people who have not had moments of life blackened with forebodings of evil.

In 1854 I lost a little nephew, and visited the village churchyard to point out the place for the grave. While reading the epitaph on a new tombstone lately put up over the remains of a friend, I was impressed with a certainty

of my own approaching end—so much so that I spoke of it to one of the attendants of the yard. He laughed, of course. I insisted, and led the man to the place for my grave at the head of my father's.

"Here, Hawley—you lay me here," I said.

"When, sir?" said he with a kind laugh.

"Between this and the first of November."

It was the second of September. I was at that time a man of eight-and-thirty years of age, with a family of several children.

That evening, while seated with my family in the bright moonlight on the balcony of our house, from which we had a beautiful view of a wide river running south for eight miles without a bend, the water laving the shore not forty feet from the door, I told my wife of what had occurred.

"How can you speak in that way," she said, "at such a time as this, throwing a gloom over the whole house? Besides, it is all nonsense."

Now, the doctor had said that the little boy had died of jaundice, but there were some extraordinary symptoms. The next day we heard that the captain of a schooner from the West Indies was very ill. "With jaundice?" "No; *yellow fever!*" In two days one-half of the population had left home for any place where yellow fever was not. We determined not to leave. God had sent this visitation: He would not forsake us. Those of us who did not run off formed visiting committees for the sick. By the 29th of October one hundred and forty, out of a population of eight hundred, were in the churchyards.

"Well," said I, "two days only to the first of November, and I am not gone yet."

That night at ten o'clock I was seized. I sent instantly for my brother and made my will. On the third day I was "given over:" on the eighth, I was getting well on a diet of beefsteaks and porter.

About two years after the yellow fever visitation a friend of mine, Alfred Stuart, paid me a visit. I was then staying for a fortnight in the country alone. The "Old House," as the place was called, had been burnt by the British in the Revolution, at which time it was a spacious mansion. The present building was erected in '98 out of the bricks of the old. It was completely em-

bowered among oaks and magnolias, and was old enough, in the opinion of Americans, to content the antiquary. It was, however, by no means wanting in cheerfulness of aspect. At the back was a fine garden and a beautiful and expansive water view. The country around was celebrated as the chief hunting-grounds of Indian tribes not long extinct, and was stocked with game. Many tales of horror had come down from father to son of deeds enacted around and in the old homestead since the date of rebuilding.

The day of which I am writing was March 22, 1856. For two days the rain had fallen in a steady drip—constant, and without any apparent hopes of ceasing. We were tired of reading, and had discussed all the reminiscences connected with the habitation and the parish. We had a fire, but the weather was not cold and a window was open. Two sperm candles in large silver candlesticks, under glass shades, stood on the table with the tea-set. The room was large and wainscoted with oak, now of a deep amber color. The doors were open. We had finished tea.

Stuart was a man of ability and education, of nervous temperament, absent-minded, and at one time of his life had been a sleep-walker. We were silent, sitting in easy-chairs, and looking into the fire in deep abstraction.

"John," said Stuart, suddenly rousing, "it is strange what grotesque and singular fancies one has at times when looking into a glowing wood-fire like that."

"What do you mean, Stuart? I can't say that I have ever seen, or have ever had, any such fancies."

"Well, I suppose it depends upon the organic elements, as the professors say—the peculiar nervous construction of one's thinking apparatus. You see a fire. I see grotesque faces and parts of faces, ruined castles of living coals, the beaks of fiendish birds and fiendish eyes; and now I see, as plain as my own hand, a *red hand* in those burning coals."

"Why, man, it is all an illusion, mere fancy. I don't see it."

"Come here and look from my 'stand-point,' as the phrase is. Look right there! As I live, it is growing redder and redder! Look!"

"I don't see it."

"Why, man," taking the poker and pointing, "look there, and there, and there, and there! Four fingers—here the thumb. Don't you see? What's that?" dropping the poker with a startled look of surprise and foreboding. "An owl? By heavens! it has perched above the door!" and he sank into his chair with a woebegone expression, which, had I not known his peculiar temperament, would have awed me. "John, drive the goblin out, for mercy's sake!"

So I seized the fly-brush and made for the owl, which, blinded by the light, swooped for the fire, knocking over one candle and smashing the glass shade, brushed the brows of Stuart with the tip of its wing, and pounced into the red hand of fiery coals, driving dust, ashes and sparks in every direction—scorched, shriveled, dead.

"O Lord! what does this mean?"

"Why, nothing in the world, Stuart. It is not the first owl I have seen in the old house. It is a little strange, to be sure, that he should knock your red hand into ashes. The poor creature is cooked."

I blew an alligator's tooth whistle for Bob the waiter: "Bob, get a box and take out that owl"—the negro's eyes opened as wide as saucers—"sweep out this broken glass, bring the kettle of hot water, leave the sugar-dish, get out Scotch whisky and lemons." Not for a frolic, gentlemen, but by way of a medicinal recipe for Stuart.

At nine o'clock, for lack of something better to do, we strolled off to bed.

"John, what an ass I made of myself about that red hand and that confounded hooter! Why, man, I am sleepy, but I could now whip forty Indians single-handed. You laugh! I feel as if I could, much more than feathered messenger from Hades. The poor devil! how it squirmed, trembled and spattered as the fire seized its vitals! Ah-hoo-hoo-

hooah! Curse the red hand! Good-night, Jack."

In those days the back doors of houses in town or country never were locked. The servants went in and out at all hours. The silver lay safe on the sideboards or in open drawers. The chamber doors were rarely fastened. There was no want, hence no thieves.

About midnight I was awakened: how I cannot tell. Something was certainly moving, yet without noise. I called out, "Who's there?" but received no answer. Striking a match to light the candle, I saw, to my horror, Stuart in the middle of the room with hair on end, jaws fallen and eyes glaring with a dead stare of agonized fear. For a moment I was incapable of motion, yet had the self-possession to remember the danger of awakening the sleep-walker. Springing up and throwing a cloak around me, I silently watched his movements, intending to guide him back to his room.

He turned and slowly walked to the head of the stairs, down the stairs, into the parlor, up to the hearth, looked into the still smouldering fire with thrilling horror: then with uplifted arms, shrieked, "God Almighty, the red hand!" and fell like a pine, unbending, flat upon the carpet.

"Good God! what does this mean?" involuntarily escaped me as I rushed out of the house to the servants' quarters. Rousing Bob, Peter and Noble, waiter, groom and cook, I ran back to the parlor.

Stuart had not moved. He breathed as if in a profound sleep, but the pulse was irregular. How to get him to bed without waking him? Bob proposed a light, cane-bottomed settee. He was carefully placed on it and taken back to his room. Leaving the servants with him till I had dressed myself, I ordered Bob to sleep on the parlor rug, and dismissed the other two with a caution never to mention what they had seen.

I sat by Stuart's bed until the morning, when he awoke, and, looking around uneasily, said, "Why, John! you up already?"

"Yes, Stuart; and how have you slept?"

"Oh, man, I have had an awful night."

"Why, how have you suffered?"

"Good Heavens! Wait: it makes me tremble now to think," pressing his head with his hands. "John, my friend, I am a doomed man."

"Why, how on earth can a man of your sense talk in that way?"

"Wait, wait just a while yet: my wits are not clear. Well, you remember the owl and the red hand in the fire last evening?"

"Yes."

"Well, that infernal messenger of woe—literally so to me—perched last night upon the head of that bed-post. I saw him as I see you now: you know you can't hear the flap of their wings. Well, sir, with silent whifflings he swept above and around me, and charmed me to follow him. I was compelled to, as steel by the lodestone. He went slowly before, and passed your door. To escape, I entered your room to beg for help. But I could not utter a sound, and turning followed him down stairs, up to the hearth. There was the red hand again, and into it the bird swooped exactly as you saw him, but with this fearful cry, *Thus thou in a year and a day!* I fell flat upon my back, a doomed man. I believe it. I shall perish like that owl—as certainly, as hopelessly *and as horribly.*"

"Why, Stuart, you amaze me! A man of your education and years to believe in a dream! It will pass off with the first bright day."

"Never! never! This is more than a presentiment. I have known dreams fulfilled. No, sir—it is fate: it is certain! May the Lord give me strength to meet it!"

"A year and a day." Well time flies, for everybody says so.

Stuart lived in the city of C—, some seventy miles from our village. It so happened that business of importance, about which I intended to consult him professionally, carried me to C—. I

entered his office without his having known of my arrival. Though evidently glad to see me, he was nervous and startled. The red hand was a secret between us. The scene at the "Old House" flashed through my mind, as it doubtless did through his. The subject was cautiously avoided, however, and after a few commonplace remarks we became absorbed in business. After some hours of close application, matters were satisfactorily arranged, and on my rising to leave he insisted on my going to his residence and remaining with him during my stay in the city. It was not until I entered his house that I remembered it was the 23d of March. The coincidence had not, I believe, entered the mind of either of us in arranging my papers, notwithstanding the date was there recorded.

It was a clear, starlight evening, but with a cold March wind blowing great guns breech foremost from the northwest. We sat before a fire of Liverpool coal, laughing and talking about city news and gossip of all kinds, when there was a sharp, loud rap at the street door. We paused as a servant entered:

"A woman at the door, sir. Says she must see you on very pressing business."

"I'll be back in a moment, John."

"Well," said I to myself, "professional men must have visitors at all times and of both sexes—nothing strange in that." Still, I was uneasy and anxious.

Stuart soon returned: "John, I am sorry to leave you. I am called to a dying man in a storehouse on South Wharf, who wants a will drawn."

"Very well; but as I should like to brace this wind for an hour or so, I will go with you."

"Pshaw, man!—no more of that. I am not the ass you think me."

"I am not certain of that, old fellow: anyhow, I go with you. Not a word—I am determined."

After a walk of twenty or thirty minutes we reached the wharf. The wind whistled, howled, screamed as it swept through the taut cordage of the ships, which creaked and groaned as they rose and fell in the roughened water,

chafing the wharf sides and each other's gunwales.

The storehouse was on the left side of the wharf. It was a frame building of three stories, the upper end on firm ground, the lower on piles, the sills about seven feet above the water, which was eight or more feet deep. On each floor there was a hatchway for hoisting cotton from flatboats when moored under the building, which was now stored with cotton. At each end was a rickety stairway leading up outside to a door in the third story.

On reaching the first stairway we found the woman at the bottom waiting for us: "Up here, gentlemen, but one at a time, as the stair is not safe."

We could feel it tremble with each blast of wind, and one felt as if it would give way at any moment. We reached the top safely, and entered a narrow entry, on each side of which was a room, that on the left occupied by the sick man.

I remained in the entry while Stuart within was writing the poor fellow's will. There was not much to bequeath, judging from the surroundings. Stuart remained longer than I expected. The wind increasing, the building shook fearfully as the blast struck the water side. At last came a tremendous gust, shaking the house to its foundation: then crash went the stairway, blown and scattered across the wharf. Almost at the same instant the cry of "Fire" issued from the hoarse throat of some "old salt" in a windward vessel, and was repeated from one ship after another, while their bells began tolling the alarm. All was confusion and hubbub afloat and ashore. The cry of fire, startling at all times, is especially so in the neighborhood of cotton wharves and shipping.

The woman rushed out, followed by Stuart and by a fearful wail from the sick man.

"O God!" cried the woman, "the stairs are gone! It is this house which is on fire, and my husband is dying!"

Whereupon she swooned away upon the floor.

Stuart lifted her in his arms, and exclaiming, "This way, John!" ran toward the entry door, which led into the upper store-room. As he crossed the trap with heavy tread it gave way, and with his burden locked in his arms he dropped through, giving an agonized cry that filled the echoing loft. A mass of smoke, tinged with sparks and tongues of flame, rolled up from the now yawning pit, and I saw and heard no more.

"Where am I?"

"John, do you know me?"

"Why, Lucy, my wife, what is all this?"

Buried in kisses and tears, with thanksgiving and rejoicing, it was long before I knew all.

"John," said she, taking my hand, "whom now would you most like to see in this world?"

"Oh, Lucy, Stuart, poor Stuart!"

"Well, if you won't get excited—promise me now: you see I am smiling, and I would not do that if what you think were true. Your friend Stuart is in the next room."

"What!"

"Mr. Stuart, come in, sir;" and I was in his arms.

"Wait a day, John, and you shall know all."

The next day I heard all the particulars. I had been found and rescued by the firemen, but had been ill for three weeks with brain fever, and my wife had come to the city to nurse me. Stuart had fallen through three trap-doors into eight feet of water. He was badly scorched, but not otherwise injured, and had supported the woman and himself on a piece of floating timber until they were rescued by the sailors on the wharf. The dying man was consumed with the building.

And thus ended in falsity, like all such presentiments, this of THE RED HAND. JOHN G. BARNWELL.

CROSSING THE LINE.

I N whirling mazes, like the snow,
My sad thoughts wander to and fro,
Seeking to know what none may know.

They miss the fairest from their throng,
The dream that seemed immortal, strong,
Surviving wrong and loss so long—

The dream of goodness in the worst,
That none, of woman born and nursed,
Is utterly forlorn, accursed.

Like wanderers lost 'mid desert sand,
The sun gone down, the night at hand,
They grope, they cannot understand;

For here is one, of woman born
And nursed, who seems accursed, forlorn,
A being full of hate and scorn.

Alas for the fair dream that spanned
With rainbow-arch a summer land—
The dream that seemed so true, so grand!

They cannot understand, they grope:
Joy wanes beneath Hope's narrowing cope,
But the sad thoughts gain larger scope;

For, finding in that gloomy breast
But hate and scorn and deep unrest,
They gain this truth by their strange quest:

"The soul that lacketh love is naught
More than rank weeds together caught:
That is *not* soul where love is not."

Dear Love! I did not know how dear,
Till I beheld with shuddering fear
This wretch who never knew thy cheer.

Alas! the songful summer days!
I hear their sweet receding lays,
And turn to traverse unknown ways.

A dreary landscape lies unrolled.
'Tis sorrowful, this growing old:
My tired thoughts shiver with the cold.

And is there, then, no gentle gleam,
 No strengthening, consoling beam,
 To take the place of that lost dream?

Like the full moon above the verge
 Of deserts or the climbing surge,
 A thought, new risen, doth emerge:

"The truth is better than a dream,
 And souls that bathe in her pure beam
 Need mourn no lost auroral gleam."

MARY R. WHITTLESEY.

MORAL OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

FEW subjects have greater interest or afford more profitable lessons of political wisdom than the connection between the different wars occurring at various periods, and the certainty with which they result, as a logical necessity, from the great war-and-balance-of-power system so fully established in Europe within the last two centuries.

The French Revolution of 1848 terminated in the formation of a republic, and the election of Louis Napoleon as president by an immense majority of votes given under universal suffrage. The position of the new president, notwithstanding his popular majority, was far from satisfactory. Powerful parties were arrayed against him. The Legitimists, the adherents of the old Bourbon dynasty, so proverbial for never learning or forgetting anything, were of course his enemies. The friends of the Orleans family, the followers and admirers of Louis Philippe, were numerous, and from their intelligence and wealth formed an important element of the Opposition; while even the greater part of the Republicans themselves accepted Louis Napoleon from necessity rather than choice, as an available rather than desirable candidate. Besides all these, a large body of men scattered throughout the nation were equally dissatisfied with the Legitimists, Orleanists and Repub-

licans. They were the men of the barricades, who had driven Louis Philippe from the Tuileries, and had reigned triumphant until the nation had an opportunity to express its choice by a popular election. These men—the extremists, the Red Republicans, inspired by Proudhon, Ledru Rollin and their sympathizers—the men who professed to believe that "property was a crime," and that government should find employment for all who asked for it—though less numerous perhaps than either of the other parties into which the country was divided, were by their activity and audacity an object of terror, and, favored by their concentration in the large cities, especially in the capital, were enabled to exert a powerful influence upon the political destinies of France. Property-holders everywhere feared lest their destructive doctrines should be carried into effect, and, forming themselves the majority in France, were ready to submit to the rule of any one who would give security and peace to the country.

Under such circumstances the situation of Louis Napoleon was neither pleasant nor safe, especially in view of again appealing to popular suffrage at the approaching presidential election. Accordingly, rather than trust to the verdict of a popular vote, Napoleon

chose to rely upon his own ingenuity and strategy, and by a *coup d'état* to place himself at the head of the nation as emperor of France. The deed accomplished, he submitted the question to the people whether the Empire should be established, and was sustained by a large majority of votes given under professedly universal suffrage. Having thus successfully achieved the object of his ambition, it became necessary to undertake something worthy the name and fame of his illustrious uncle. In no way could he do this more effectively than by gratifying that fatal love of military glory which has ever been the great curse of the French nation. Hence the Crimean campaign undertaken by France and England, the general object of which was (whatever the pretence) to revive the military spirit, alarmingly impaired during a long peace. With a pretext much on a par in point of importance with that since given for attacking Prussia, war was waged against Russia. It proved, however, remarkably barren of laurels for any party to the contest. Such as it afforded became mainly the perquisite of the French. England came off second best, notwithstanding

" Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode her six hundred."

The general results of the conflict were, however, satisfactory, since the war-system was much strengthened and enlarged by it, and a good degree of encouragement was afforded for other undertakings of a similar character. Nor was it long before the French emperor found an opportunity for the employment of a considerable part of his numerous army. He suddenly discovered that it was his mission to drive the intruding Austrians from their Italian possessions, and having accomplished this object up to a certain point, he returned to his capital with all the prestige the great battles of Magenta and Solferino could give him. He had made a successful campaign, and had achieved an enterprise upon which the greater part of the civilized world looked with complacency. As a monarch he had now

arrived at a high position of power and influence, had obtained what he most desired, military renown, had gratified the French people in their love of glory, and had secured the respect, so far as martial prowess could confer it, of surrounding nations. No ruler in Christendom seemed to sit more securely upon his throne than did the emperor of France.

But this was not all nor the most that might be justly said in his favor. In the following year, 1860, he negotiated with Richard Cobden that remarkable commercial treaty between Great Britain and France which secured to both countries a great extension of trade and a rapid development of industrial power. France especially was now more than ever before rapidly advancing in wealth. Her manufacturers were prosperous. Paris was fast rising in splendor, and certain soon to become by far the most beautiful city in the world.

With all this prosperity, the French emperor had nevertheless serious causes for anxiety. His vast army and constant military preparations greatly embarrassed his finances and caused an annual deficit. For this there was obviously no remedy while the existing rivalry between the different nations of Europe in their military armaments continued; and yet, from the necessity of the case, those armaments would be maintained, unless by some concerted effort the different governments concerned could be induced to agree upon a simultaneous disarmament. This was clearly the only possible alternative, the only solution of the terrible problem; and therefore the French emperor, as with propriety he might, as at least one of the powerful monarchs in Europe, issued a letter to his fellow-sovereigns proposing an "international congress" for the purpose of securing "the pacification of Europe."

It would be interesting at the present time to insert the entire document did our space permit. We cannot refrain from a brief extract from the speech made by the emperor on the opening of the French Chambers shortly after

issuing this remarkable proposal, in reference to which he said: "What then more legitimate and more sensible than to invite the powers of Europe to a congress in which self-interests (*amours propres*) and resistance would disappear before a supreme arbitration? What more conformable to the ideas of the epoch, to the will of the greater number, than to speak to the consciences and reason of the statesmen of every country, and say to them, 'Have not the prejudices and rancors which divide us lasted long enough? Shall the jealous rivalries of the great powers unceasingly impede the progress of civilization? Are we still to maintain mutual distrust by exaggerated armaments? Must our most precious resources be indefinitely exhausted in a vain display of our forces? Must we eternally maintain a condition of things which is neither peace with its security nor war with its happy chances?'" Such was the language of Louis Napoleon on the occasion referred to, and surely nothing could be more appropriate and sensible than this appeal.

We know it may be sneeringly said in reply to all this, "But he was hypocritical: he meant nothing of the kind." We deny the correctness of this assumption, for there is no evidence whatever to sustain it: on the other hand, nothing is more certain than that it was greatly for the emperor's interest that his proposal should be accepted and a general disarmament be fully accomplished. He had at that time an immense number of men under arms. Had the proposed congress met and agreed upon a general disarmament, even to the extent of one-half of the existing forces of Europe, he would have been able to send three hundred thousand young men, then held in camps and garrisons, to their homes. The event would have occasioned a jubilee of happiness and satisfaction such as the people of France never experienced from all the victories of the First Napoleon: not only so, but he would at once have been able to remove a large part of the taxation which rests so heavily upon the French

people, especially the oppressive land-tax, which bears upon the peasantry with great severity. The result would have been, as Napoleon well understood, a corresponding increase of his popularity, and his dynasty would have been made as secure as that of any monarch in Europe.

If all this was so—and surely no one can deny the facts—can we doubt for a moment, if Louis Napoleon was the shrewd and selfish man he is generally represented to be, that he was not only sincere in his proposal, but anxious that its results should be fully realized? No monarch certainly had a greater stake in the issue than he: why then may we not believe that he was earnest and sincere?

The novel proposition of the French emperor was well received, and every government returned a favorable and cordial answer, except—England! *She declined*, and of course the whole project failed.

When we say that England declined, we mean, of course, her government; or, in other words, that heartless aristocracy which controls her destinies. The *people* of Great Britain would have hailed the measure with enthusiasm; and had the question been submitted to a popular vote, it would have been sustained by a larger majority even than Napoleon obtained upon his famous Plebiscitum. But, unfortunately for Europe and all mankind, the men who sympathized with American rebels and fitted out Alabamas to destroy American commerce looked with complacency on no project which should reduce the armies and navies of the world, and injure that system of brute force and violence by which their order was first founded, and upon which it still thrives at the expense of the people.

Even King William of Prussia said in reply to the proposal of Napoleon, "I will join in such a measure with all my heart."

The proposal for disarmament having failed, Napoleon at once turned his attention to the only alternative he had left—the enlargement of his army and

navy, and spared no expense in making both as formidable as possible. If he could not have peace, he must have war; if he was not permitted to acquire popularity by developing the national resources, he must of sheer necessity at least attempt to do so by extending his military power. But one signal honor will always remain to him—viz., that he was the first and only sovereign in Europe to propose the overthrow of the war-system by gradual disarmament. Thwarted in this endeavor, he entered into a grand conspiracy with England and Austria, and commenced his ever-memorable but most disastrous Mexican campaign. His associates in the undertaking, finding that the United States government was likely to crush out the rebellion, and that consequently there would be no hope of establishing "a Latin empire" in America, soon deserted the enterprise, and Napoleon was left alone in his mad undertaking. It failed most ignominiously, and he was compelled to call home the shattered remnant of his army.

By this fatal movement he lost popularity and prestige—things most essential to him; and, to add to his misfortunes, Prussia in 1866 declared war against Austria, and at the battle of Sadowa gained such a decisive victory as to be able to dictate the terms of settlement and acquire a large accession of territory, population and power; and this, too, without asking the permission or assistance of the emperor of France, who regarded himself as of right (that is, of *might*) the arbiter of European affairs.

In consequence of these events the condition of the emperor became in the highest degree alarming. Dissatisfaction began to show itself in his capital and other important cities, and it became quite obvious that something decisive and striking, however desperate, must be attempted to regain his prestige and popularity. "Prussia must be humbled!" The eagles of France must march into Berlin.

Such is a brief sketch of the real origin of the present conflict—such the

attitude of the two nations engaged in it; and the only remaining consideration will be

THE LESSON

which this great event teaches. It may be summed up in a very few words. It demonstrates most clearly that there is and can be no security whatever for the peace of Europe while standing armies and the present system of constantly-increasing military preparation are continued. Eight months ago Europe was in a state of profound peace. In an instant, without warning, without any known ground of dissatisfaction that should cause a war, and without any attempt at negotiation, the emperor of France throws half a million of men toward the Rhine. The king of Prussia advances an equally formidable force to meet him, and wholesale slaughter commences.

The fact is thus made apparent, as never before, that there can be no security or guarantee for peace whatever while the several nations are prepared for immediate war, while vast armies are kept on foot, and a constant competition is maintained for extending as far as possible the means of attack and defence by land and sea, and while the ingenuity of man is taxed to the utmost to create new and more powerful engines of destruction. The events of this war show all this, and prove most conclusively that with the present vast extension of military armaments the people of Europe can have no assurance that war with all its calamities will not burst upon them at any moment; and in view of the circumstances connected with the present contest they cannot but feel, as never before, that a single ruler of one of the principal nations may at any moment involve them all in the sufferings and misery inseparable from war; that the present system of military preparations is growing more and more burdensome and dangerous from year to year; that it cannot be kept up except by constantly-increasing sacrifices; and that national bankruptcy must be the final result if the present policy is

not abandoned. And may we not reasonably hope, in view of all these impressive facts, that when the present struggle is ended, when the smoke of battle has cleared away, and the terrible loss in men and money it has occasioned has been fully realized, the attention of statesmen and publicists will be turned, as never before, to the consideration of the question whether some remedy for such enormous evils cannot be devised which shall render the repetition of them impossible? And may we not expect with great confidence that whenever the attention of the principal governments

of Europe has been arrested and brought to the consideration of this question, the conclusion will soon be arrived at that the only remedy possible is a

GENERAL, SIMULTANEOUS DISARMAMENT?

Will not a candid examination of the subject satisfy the most skeptical that this is the only possible remedy—that there can be no substitute for it—that it is the first condition of peace, the only security of nations?

AMASA WALKER.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE future of France defies speculation. One is at liberty to anticipate all the horrors that can befall a people—civil war, social anarchy, national extinction. But no gleam of hope, no prospect of recovery, is anywhere discernible. Clearly incapable of prolonging the war, France seems equally incapable of making peace. Her disorganization is such that she appears unable to discharge any of the functions of a nation. A National Assembly convoked under present circumstances will scarcely seem invested with the authority necessary for the performance of any solemn act. It must sit, so to speak, under duress. It cannot deliberate, it cannot negotiate: whether it accepts or rejects the terms propounded by the conqueror, it will have no means of giving force or efficacy to its decision. And where is the government to come from, without which peace and war are alike impossible? It requires an act of faith to believe in the establishment of a republic: the restoration of the Empire is a thought to excite only horror and disgust: neither branch of the House of Bourbon has anything in its favor but

the sentimental attachment of a party or a class. There are apparently no elements in France from which to constitute a government—no faculty, no ability to construct one. Nor is this state of things the result of recent events, of the violent tempest by which the country has been tossed and overwhelmed. The history of France since the overthrow of the monarchy in 1792 has been simply a series of experiments, in which one system after another has been tried and found wanting. Each government, whatever its pretensions or its achievements, has been in the nature of a *provisional* government, and, failing to strike root, has been swept away, to be succeeded by its opposite. And now it would seem as if the conclusion were irresistible, and were actually accepted by people in general, that France must go on without a government, or with such temporary make-shifts as may be from time to time devised. A rudderless vessel drifting in the trough of the sea—such is the fit emblem of that nation which has aspired to lead the world, to be the guide and the hope of humanity.

REMINISCENCES OF EDINBURGH
WORTHIES.

THE months of October and November, 1864, I spent in Edinburgh, enjoying ample facilities for making the acquaintance of its celebrated men. My publishers were the established houses of T. & J. Clark and William Blackwood, and through their courtesies the homes readily opened of men whose names are everywhere known. Hill was just completing his magnificent picture of Chalmers and the Secession of the Free Church; Boyd, the Country Parson, was preaching to the dense congregation of St. Bernard's; Dr. John Brown was not especially active with his pen, but as merry and as much engrossed with dogs as ever; Shirley Brooks, the novelist, was often to be seen in Queen street; Symes and Symson and Christison rode rapidly around in their chaises to visit patients given up by less eminent physicians; Keith Johnston was busy on his maps, Dr. Hanna on his *Life of Christ*, and Ballantyne on one of his inimitable books for boys; Guthrie was editing the *Sunday Magazine*; and Candlish was at work as ever over the big tomes of Presbyterian divinity; while the Duke of Argyll was frequently in town, with his genial, wise face and his immense erudition. There were fifty other men of note—Dr. Alexander, and Alexander Smith, and John Hill Burton, and Fairbairn, and Mrs. Gordon, and so on—but Edinburgh is a kind of grown-up Boston, and it is vain to try to catalogue its resources. One or two of the great lights whom I had seen in an earlier visit had gone into the undiscovered country, chief among them Professor Aytoun and Dr. George Wilson. The men who made Edinburgh illustrious a score or two of years ago had all gone down to the dust, and the air was full of the power and grace of Scott and John Wilson, Moir and Lockhart, Playfair and Jameson, as well as of the older glories of Burns, Robertson and Dugald Stewart. But Edinburgh does not die: it does not even decay; and though no Scott towers up to the skies in living greatness, as does

the fair monument which perpetuates his fame, yet the names of the men who still make Edinburgh illustrious will not quickly fade from remembrance.

Of them all, Dr. John Brown won me, as he does all who see him, with his rare sweetness, geniality and sympathy. The author of *Rob and his Friends* and of *Spare Hours* is one of the handsomest of men, with a broad, sunny face, a large frame, not gaunt and Scotchy, but well balanced and well put together. Wherever he might go there is not a woman's eye that would not turn to him and say in flashing tones of light, What a grand man! Authors are generally—I know not why, but somehow it is ciphered out on the trial-balance page of Nature—an ill-favored class of men; and were the reader to see all the men on whose brains the world is daily nourished with its best intellectual food, brought together in convention, it would make an exceedingly unattractive menagerie. But the author of *Rob and his Friends* is a notable exception—one of the handsomest men I ever saw. At his front door crouched a splendid English mastiff, name unknown, but the presence of that dog was as good a door-plate as the one in gold letters, and I went in.

What a cheery, hearty, uplifting kind of a way he had! I had been told that I should be welcome, and it was plain to see that I *was* welcome. After we had discoursed a while of men and dogs, as was fitting, he suddenly turned the conversation with a sharp twitch, and jerked out in a hot and eager manner, "And now tell me about that gaunt, clumsy, big-hearted President of yours." That request took me just where I only needed to be tapped in order to run; and so, pulling out the spigot, I talked for an hour, steadily, of nothing but our good Lincoln—what he was, what he had done and what he was going to do; and Dr. Brown sat by with great moist eyes and in breathless silence, and I saw that I had got one ripe convert to American ideas that day.

It was the time when the English papers were poisoned, and scarcely a

word got into them which was not bitterly hostile to the North and to Lincoln. By and by, when the second series of *Spare Hours* came out with its warm and graceful dedication to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, "who through faith subdued kingdoms and wrought righteousness," how well I remembered that interview, and could not repress the thought that my eager talk had done something toward the writing of that dedication.

A very different person, as I recall him, was the Country Parson. Indeed that Country Parson is a very different person from the Rev. A. H. H. Boyd, minister of a large Edinburgh church. This, however, is not an uncommon case. Who finds in a clergyman, laughing heartily at the dinner-table of a friend, just the same man that with solemn face goes about his ghostly business and discharges the thousand duties which come under his parochial charge? And Mr. Boyd the clergyman and Mr. Boyd the Country Parson are quite different characters. I need not say what the latter is—how genial, humorous, easy; occasionally heavy and tedious, I know, and in his later volumes running rather thin, but still a dear old fellow whom we all love. The former I found conventional, fussy, vain, up to the eyebrows in bigotry and all sorts of ecclesiastical narrownesses, and giving his best energies to that most hateful of all propagandisms, the advance of a sect. So, while his writings are bathed with a large and liberal catholicity, the same man in his working clothes is simply a small and one-eyed partisan; not an agreeable-looking man, either—with the bushiness and scraggy features of a Scotchman, a high, narrow head, hair more or less inclined to red, and nose the opposite of Roman; in manner, dapper, soft and conceited; in talk, thin, unsubstantial and egotistic. He was civil, however, even kindly—wished to know all about Boston and Boston publishers, evidently under the impression that Boston people live in the light, and all other Americans in outer

darkness. As a preacher he is fair, his style too soft and carefully pruned to suit a "live" congregation; his voice, gestures and bearing all toned down to drawing-room standards; indeed there is no word which condenses his preaching into a nutshell but "pretty."

I should like to speak of Candlish, whose great beetling brow looked heavy with thought, whose black tough masses of hair fell over his full forehead in wasteful profusion, and whose energetic manner was but the fit interpreter of his energetic thought; of Guthrie, whose broad plain face used to light up with a world of fire, and whose fervid imagination poured out illustrations that swarmed like flies in August; of Hanna, son-in-law and biographer of Chalmers, a man slight in build, delicate and refined in every act and word, but full of a genuine power; of Keith Johnston, the world-famous geographer, a most genial, delightful Christian gentleman, buried in maps and volumes, full of lore about all out-of-the-way things, but coming out into the sunshine of good wholesome thought and feeling, and entering with great eagerness into all the large philanthropic and wide Christian work of the present day; and of the Duke of Argyll, whom, under the favor of Keith Johnston, I met at the Royal Society rooms—a rarely winning man, with great simplicity of manner, but an erudite and at the same time kindly look, which one might expect to find in the author of the *Reign of Law*.

I had the pleasure of meeting several times that fine poet and clear thinker, Alexander Smith—alas, too early dead! He was then secretary of the university—a young man, short in figure, with a thick, crop beard, a silent yet companionable way, and a smile which was as cheerful as an illuminated clock on a dark, rainy night. And thinking of him, my mind wanders back to a favor which he did me, giving me a pass which allowed me to listen to the address before the students of the university by the principal, the illustrious Sir

David Brewster. I was most anxious to hear that address, but I noticed that Mr. Smith's face was covered with all kinds of unreadable expressions while he made out the pass. I walked through the broad courtyard, ascended the stairs and entered the room. The amphitheatre devoted to the students was filled to repletion, and a volley of peas saluted every new-comer. About a thousand young men were there, and for some minutes they amused themselves with singing, stamping and throwing peas. What a change will come over the scene, thought I, when Sir David Brewster and the professors enter! But, on the contrary, their entrance was signalized by fresh volleys of peas and the most unearthly din I ever heard. It was as loud as the screaming of a hundred steam-whistles. Sir David stood uncovered, his fine, venerable head the target for these missiles, while the professors and the *senatus academicus* hid theirs behind their square caps. For a minute this continued, and then one of the faculty tried to pray. But his voice was almost drowned in the cat-calls, the cries, the stamping and the hissing, while his closed eyes were made the target of a fresh volley of peas. When that service had been brought to a close, Sir David began his address, and labored on as well as he could, the students being apparently bent on applauding every sentence, peas flying all the while. At length one of the professors rose and ejaculated, "I see a young man in the act of throwing peas. *That* young man will rise." All eyes were turned in the direction of the professor's finger. The whole room was full of cries, "Don't get up!" But the professor insisted: another came to his assistance, and demanded that the principal should cease attempting to go on till "this insult, which we have been enduring year after year, shall be checked." At length the young man rose and his name was secured. That put an end to the throwing of peas. Meanwhile the pounding of feet grew louder than ever. At one point the principal stopped, and said

with some feeling, "Those persons who do not want to hear me would do better to retire." But still the indecent noise continued, and Sir David struggled on, never losing his calm placidity and wearing the same beautiful face to the end. The remarks of the professor who followed were fairly drowned by the din. One of the faculty attempted to pronounce the benediction, but no sooner had he raised his hands to speak the hallowed words when a fresh volley of sounds broke forth. On the whole, it was the most repulsive exhibition which I ever witnessed. I met Alexander Smith directly after leaving the hall. "Don't taunt us with our civil war," I said, "till you mend this: there is nothing in America which in shameful outrageousness equals it." Doubtless a few years will see it done away; but the recollection of the annual opening of classes by the principal will long be remembered as one of the last traces of an age of violence and brute force.

X.

OUR DOG IN CHURCH.

OUR DOG is in color pure white, with a mild, intelligent, beautiful eye. It was a fine morning: he didn't wish to be left at home; he saw no reason why he should be denied Sabbath and sanitary privileges; and so he came to church with the rest of the folks.

He was a little flustered on first entering the chapel—so many people there, and all sitting so quiet. In this there was something awesome for Our Dog, and when out of this unnatural quiet they rose suddenly to sing, Our Dog was frightened, and would have run out of doors, only the doors were closed. He soon recovered himself. They were only folks, after all—such as he saw every day in street and house.

He began to recognize one after another. He tried to get up a little sociability with them, but they took little or no notice of him. Everybody seemed strangely constrained and altered. Our Dog is a pet, and this cut him. But his is a self-reliant, recuperative nature, so he threw himself on his own re-

sources for amusement. He was delightfully ignorant of the proprieties of church or church service. The choir is separated from the congregation only by a slightly-raised platform. On this walked Our Dog. Again there was singing. He smelt first of the organ: he then smelt of the organist, and wagged his tail at him. The organist looked with an amused and kindly eye, but he could not stop. Our Dog then smelt of the basso profundo; he smelt of the tenor; he smelt them first on one side and then on the other. Then he went back and resmelt them all over again; also the organ. That was a little curious: there might be a chorus of dogs inside, and that man at the keys tormenting them. To him, at any rate, it was not melody. He walked around it and smelt at every crack and corner, to get at the mystery. He tried to coax a little familiarity out of that choir. They seemed to be having a good time: of course, he wanted a hand or a paw in it himself. It was of no use. He stood and looked and wagged his white, bushy tail at them as hard as he could. But, selfishly, they kept all their pleasure to themselves. So he left the choir and came down again among the congregation. There, sure enough, were two little girls on the back seat. He knew them: he had enjoyed many a romp with them. Just the thing! Up he jumped with his paws on that back seat; yet even they were in no humor for play. They pushed him away and looked at each other, as if to say, "Did you ever see such conduct in church?"

It was rebuff everywhere. Our Dog would look closer into this matter. The congregation were all standing up. So he walked to the open end of a pew, jumped on it and behind the people's backs, and walked to get in front of the little girls, that he might have an explanation with them. Just then the hymn ceased. Everybody sat down with the subdued crash of silk and broadcloth. Everybody on that bench came near sitting on Our Dog. It was a terrible scramble to get out.

Still he kept employed. There was a

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line of chairs in the aisle. In one of these deliberately sat Our Dog. If everybody would do nothing but sit still and look at that man in the pulpit, so would he. But somehow he moved one hind leg inadvertently. It slipped over the chair's edge. Our Dog slipped over with it, and came as near tumbling as a being with four legs can. All this made noise and attracted attention. Little boys and girls and big boys and girls snickered and snorted and strained as only people can snicker, snort and strain where they ought not to. Even some of the elders made queer faces. The sexton then tried to put Our Dog out. But he had no idea of going. He had come with our folks, and he was not going until they went. The strange man grabbed for him, and he dodged him time and again with all his native grace and agility. This was something like: it was fun. The sexton gave up the chase: it was ruining the sermon. Our Dog was sorry to see him go and sit down: he stood at a distance and looked at him, as if to say, "Well, ain't you going to try it again?"

No. No more of that. Nobody was doing anything save that man in the pulpit. Our Dog would go up and see what all that was about. So he marched up the main aisle, and as he did so he waved in a majestic and patronizing sort of way his bushy tail, and it seemed to say, "Well, you can sit here glum and silent if you're a mind to. I do no such thing. I'm a dog, I need none of your preaching: I'm superior to all that. Things go easy enough with me, without coming here once a week to sit silent, sad, melancholy and stupid, and be scolded at by a man whom you pay for it."

Then, in an innocent and touching ignorance that he was violating all the proprieties of time and place, Our Dog went boldly up on the pulpit stairs while our minister was preaching, and stood and surveyed the congregation. Indeed, he appropriated much of that congregation's attention to himself. He stood there and surveyed that audience with a confidence and assurance which

to a nervous and inexperienced speaker would be better than gold or diamonds. He didn't care. He smelt of the minister. He thought he'd try and see if the latter were in a mood for any sociability. No; he was busier than any of the rest. The stupidity and silence of all this crowd of people who sat there and looked at him puzzled Our Dog. He could see no sense in it. Some little boys and girls did smile as he stood there: seemingly, those smiles were for him. But so soon as he reciprocated the apparent attention, so soon as he made for them, the smiles would vanish, the faces become solemn. And so at last, with a yawn, Our Dog flung himself on the aisle floor, laid his head on his fore paws and counted over the beef bones he had buried during the last week. Not a word of the sermon touched him: it went clear over his head.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

SPAIN AND ITS NEW RULER.

THE interregnum in Spain, the long period of suspense and uncertainty, the humiliating search, both at home and abroad, for a king, are ended. The nation has at last discovered a prince who consents to accept the crown at the hands of the Cortes—a crown once so envied, but rendered almost worthless by continual misrule. Nor was this the first attempt on the part of Spain to obtain a ruler at Florence, only that on the previous occasion the matter was kept secret, for then the Third Napoleon still sat firmly on his throne, and the Savoy dynasty would no more have dared to offend "the queen of the Empress Eugénie" than to carry out Count Cavour's programme in reference to Rome. The victories of the German arms have, however, completely altered the relations between France, Italy and Spain, the three great Latin states. A year ago none would have believed it possible that a people which has always prided itself upon its intense Catholicism would select for its king the second son of the monarch who has dealt the *coup de grace* to the Supreme Pontiff's temporal power. How the times and the

men must have changed in Spain and Italy!

In its address to the king elect, agreed upon before the departure of the delegation from Madrid, the Spanish people recalled to memory its heroic wars with the Moors, the glorious days of its Conquistadores, the exalted place its rulers once occupied among the sovereigns of the earth, the noble struggle it made for independence in the beginning of this century, the extensive colonies it possessed in the four quarters of the globe, the delicious climate and great fertility of the country, its splendid cities, fine harbors, inexhaustible natural resources,—all of which might become available under happier auspices, and enable Spain to resume her ancient place in the front rank of European nations.

There is something touching about this unshaken faith which the Spanish people still appear to have in a brighter future. Once the most monarchical nation in the West, it has never ceased to be monarchical, and deserves therefore a ruler who has at once the capacity and the iron will to become its organizer and conciliator, who can hold the reins tight, and yet with that liberality and chivalry which the Spaniards have learned to reverence since the days of Ferdinand and Isabella.

But poor Spain is bleeding to death from a thousand wounds. It has degenerated into the Lazarus of Europe, because it wasted its best energies in Quixotic schemes of conquest and glory, and because, instead of developing and utilizing the wealth under its feet, it preferred to pursue phantoms abroad. Even after Spain had subsided into a power of the second rank in Europe, it still kept up a military and naval establishment entirely disproportionate to its means, and when a steadily-increasing deficit recommended the strictest economy the expenditures still continued the same. On these points all the Spanish monarchs and statesmen have been equally weak and thoughtless. A country which has fallen so far behind others in modern culture, whose commerce has decayed, whose agriculture

has remained stationary for many years, whose industry requires a prohibitive tariff, whose ministers abound in empty professions, whose legislators are more famed for fine phrases than practical measures, whose political factions hourly menace civil war, whose cities desire an abstract republic, whose rural population now carries fire and sword through the provinces, and then sinks into an apathy that puts up with the most intolerable wrongs,—such a land and such a people must be deeply diseased, and require a skillful physician. For a while it seemed as if the men of September would be really equal to the mission undertaken by them, but, fortunately for the nation, they have become sensible of their own shortcomings; and though this discovery is partly the result of the rivalry between the Moderados and the Exaltados, the late political managers deserve none the less honor for having preserved tolerable order, for not having increased the financial distress, and for having paved the way for a better time.

The new king of Spain, Amadeus Ferdinand Maria, duke of Aosta, centre admiral of Italy, was born in May, 1845, and married in 1867 the Princess Maria, daughter of Prince Emmanuel de Cisterna, whose wife was a countess of Merode. The Spanish queen—as the Italians already love to call the Princess Maria—was very popular at Turin, her native city, whose people asked for this reason that her second son should accept the title of count of Turin. The young queen's popularity is all the more important in view of her future position in the tone-giving political circles of Madrid, as her husband was not much liked at home. Prince Amadeus insisted on a more severe court etiquette than the Turinians approved, was fond of pomp and display, and reputed to be a reckless financier. As Victor Emmanuel's second son he must necessarily be obnoxious to the ultramontane portion of the Spanish clergy, though the more patriotic and constitutional portion may like him all the better for this reason. The moderates of all parties will, how-

ever, give a cordial support to the young royal couple; and though the Spaniards are a fickle people, a constitutional, decent and moral court must win all the nobler natures, to whom that of Isabella II. was a standing offence. It was indeed time that the rule of the demi-monde and of bigoted frivolity should cease at Madrid.

If Amadeus will consider the constitution of 1869 as the supreme law; if he will earnestly labor to restore some of the ancient splendor to the tarnished crown; if he will and can make some effectual efforts for the improvement of agriculture and education; if he will not permit the glitter to blind him, but dare to see to the bottom of things; if he will feel himself a Spaniard, without at the same time adopting the national faults,—then he may reasonably hope for a trying but satisfactory and honorable reign.

W. P. M.

NEGROES' SPIRITUALS.

AMONG the things that are passing away and in danger of being forgotten are the "Spirituals," or religious songs, peculiar to the colored people, after having served for generations as lullabies in every nursery of the South, formed the principal part of negro worship, been echoed as boat-songs on the Southern rivers, and wailed at every "setting up" with the dead of the colored race.

This wild, sad music is now almost extinct, having given place to "Tramp, tramp, tramp," "Rally round the flag, boys," and similar songs. It is now only heard on remote plantations, or occasionally in the tremulous tones of an old "maumer" (the general term of Southern children for their nurses), whose gray hairs are still covered by the bright turban which always gave such dignity to the appearance of the nursery ruler. Where are those maumers whom the children loved only less than those who bore them, and with whom, hitherto, the friendship has ceased but with life? They too belong now to the past, and over that pleasant bond, and the music, and all connected with it, there has grown a silence which

will be utter when the tongues of the present generation have been stilled.

One of the first things I remember is lying in Maumer's lap before the nursery fire, watching its flickering light upon her black face as she sang to me in an undertone until sleep closed eyes and ears. Her special favorite was, "I have no friend but Jesus." The words were an expression of her faith that pleased

her, and she added great fervor in singing the latter part of each verse, as though filled with the idea that the New Jerusalem was very near. Of course every child who had any ear for music learned to sing these "spiritual" lullabies. In after years I arranged some of these for the piano, and to Maumer's great delight often sang for her the following :

i. I have no friend but Je-sus : He is my all in all : He gives me grace to conquer, Then takes me

The musical score consists of a vocal line in treble clef and piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the piano accompaniment providing a steady harmonic support.

The only change in the second verse is this :

Mourn, sinner, mourn ! Oh do, poor sin-ner, mourn ! Sinner, hear the or-gan, etc.

home to rest. Shout, be-liev - er, shout ! Oh do, be-liev - er, shout ! Believer, hear the or - gan

ff

The musical score for the second verse continues from the first. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) is placed below the piano part, indicating a change in volume. The piano accompaniment includes some chords with repeat signs, suggesting a more complex harmonic texture.

roll : It rolls for judgment-day. Sis - ter, few more days of tri - al, and the Lord will

The musical score continues with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a series of chords, some with repeat signs, creating a rhythmic and harmonic accompaniment for the vocal melody.

take us home, To walk the gold - en streets of the New Je - ru - sa - lem.

The musical score concludes with the final line of the piece. The vocal line and piano accompaniment continue, ending with a final chord in the piano part.

This spiritual, both words and music, was the composition, I believe, of some negro on the coast of Georgia or South Carolina, as I have never heard it anywhere else, and I there traced it back through two generations. I do not know how much older it may be, or whether it has ever before been written down. Gottschalk is, I think, the only composer who has attempted weaving any *real* negro music, with its strange intervals, into his pieces. The "Dance des Nègres" and his banjo pieces are good representations of their peculiar style.

All who know anything of negroes have remarked their quick, correct ear for music, and wonderful facility for forming vocal harmonies. Many have fine voices—very few have none. The greater number of the many I have known could catch almost immediately not only the air of a song, but the words, and these sometimes in a foreign language of which they did not understand a word. For instance, at one time some German ladies and gentlemen, who were musical, paid us a visit of several weeks, and used constantly to sing for us "Das Vaterland," "Alpen Rosen" and "How can I leave thee?" (in the original, which, I think, is Hungarian), and many other songs. The little negroes of the household used always to come to the parlor door or the windows that opened on the piazza to look in and listen; and in a very short time they sang all of these songs exactly as the Germans did, to the great amazement and amusement of the lat-

ter. But I do not think, with all this, that their voices could ever be cultivated very much, or that they could be taught the science of music. What suits them and is delightful is their own music sung by many voices. Where there were several together, working or lounging, the invitation, "You sing, Si Betty, and I'll boss you," usually brought forth sweet, wild music, for "Si Betty" or some of them would strike up, and each part, not merely the bass, would be taken by one or more present.

Successful as negroes are in their own spirituals, it was wonderful to see what nonsense and confusion they made of our hymns when they attempted them. The well-known hymn, "Come, ye that love the Lord," was thus rendered and solemnly sung:

"Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Fine in a song with sweet record,
And dust all round the throne."

Religious negroes will not *dance*, and a violin is an offence to one who has joined the Church; but in place of those wicked indulgences, when they meet together they "shout" to their own singing of a spiritual, which, when once begun, has no end for many hours. Sometimes, after they have assembled, there is some hesitation as to who is to begin: different ones are urged, and a variety of tunes suggested, until finally one of the youngest "sister-members" will take her place in the middle of the floor, and with a jerky, sideways sort of motion go round the floor, clapping her hands softly in time while singing:

Ma - ry weep, Mar - ta moan, Ma - ry weep, Mar - ta moan, Ma - ry weep, Mar - ta moan.

Oh die like a Laz' - rus, die. Be - liev - er, die like a Laz' - rus. Be - liev - er,

die like a Laz' - rus, die. Be - liev - er, die like a Laz' - rus, die like a Laz' - rus,

die like a Laz' - rus, die.

As soon as she comes to the chorus, beginning "Believer," others join her, or rather follow her, until all who can are moving, and the chorus is thundered out, the leader's voice, however, always keeping a little ahead of the others, and always singing the word "Believer" alone. The members too old to shout sit around the wall and sing, rocking themselves from side to side by way of keeping time, and when specially warmed up clapping hands, always in perfect time. These gatherings wind up with a prayer by one of the elderly men of the plantation when they become exhausted from excitement and exertion.

One of the spirituals, to which a beautiful tune in the minor key was sung, was our favorite, but I can remember the words of only two absurd verses:

" You may carry me to de grabeyard,
And heap dem clods upon me,
But every day's a Sunday, by-'n-by,
By-'n-by, by-'n-by—
Every day's a Sunday, by-'n-by.

Dem t'underbolts a rolling,
Dem lightning-rods a flashing,
But every day's a Sunday, by-'n-by."

K. G. S.

THE PARISIAN PIED-À-TERRE OF THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD.

FEW of the innumerable crowd which passed daily last summer along the Boulevards in Paris ever realized that the close-shut white-and-gold window shutters of the rooms *au premier* on the opposite corner from the well-known restaurant of the Maison d'Or, and immediately over the tailoring establishment of Laurent Richard et Cie, concealed a sort of Aladdin's palace crowded with treasures of art and bric-à-brac and historical relics, priceless in value and unique in rarity. There, silent and deserted by all save the well-trained servants, were the sumptuous apartments of the marquis of Hertford, who in unblest old age, fast sinking into an un-honored grave, lay feeble, failing, dying in his magnificent villa in the Bois de Boulogne, the one private residence permitted by special imperial edict to

stand within these hallowed precincts, malgré the fervent protestations of Baron Haussmann himself. There, in a foreign land, estranged from his kindred, tended by a woman who was not his wife, by a son whose birth the law ignored, the master of all that splendor was passing slowly from the world.

There was a weird and haunted atmosphere pervading the gorgeous rooms, with the sealike roar of the Boulevards sounding without, and within the silence and dreariness of a deserted home. The soft-treading lackey flung open the doors of white and gold, and conducted us through the rooms, pointing out the rare pictures and the historic and antique furniture with which they were filled. In that one suite of apartments had been accumulated the riches and splendor of half a dozen royal palaces. Pictures by Murillo, Titian, Giorgione, Correggio among the old masters, Horace Vernet, Landseer, Maclise and Ary Scheffer among the moderns, clothed the walls. Prominent, even in such a collection, were the incomparable Greuze, "Les Œufs Cassés," for which one hundred and forty thousand francs had been paid by the marquis at the Borghese sale, and that lovely and celebrated picture by Ary Scheffer, the Francesca la Rimini, so well known to all lovers of art by means of photographs and descriptions. There were pictures everywhere — in bed-room, drawing-room, dining-room (where hung a matchless Claude), and cumbering floors, sofas and tables in the picture-gallery—waiting for the orders of the master who would come no more. The treasures of antique furniture, more precious even from historic association than from their artistic workmanship, were still more interesting than were the paintings. A splendid escritoire, shaped like a round-lidded piano and elaborately painted, had belonged to Augustus the Strong, king of Poland; the chased silver foot-warmer was once the property of Louis XIV.; and the Empress Josephine had once owned the gorgeous cafetière of silver-gilt. The small low bed in the sleeping apartment was

shaded by curtains of white satin, though the original material was almost hidden by the marvelous tracery of richly-embroidered flowers, executed in a convent during the eighteenth century. These curtains, with the slight draperies of the same material and workmanship which adorned the tops of the two windows, had cost the marquis sixty thousand francs, and were said to exceed in beauty and elaborate design the celebrated set presented by one of the French cities to Marie Antoinette on her marriage. The walls of the bed-room were hung with a collection of miniatures of most exquisite execution, prominent amongst them being the portraits of the First Napoleon and his family. It was curious and interesting to note in this series the changes in the great Bonaparte's physique, from the slender, olive-cheeked general to the full-faced, stern-browed emperor, as well as to contrast the dark eyes, the *spirituelle* Creole countenance and winning expression of Josephine with the dull, heavy-lipped Austrian face of Marie Louise. In another part of the room hung the miniatures of celebrated beauties of the past century as well as the present, among them Pompadour and Du Barry, Recamier and Pauline Borghese. But on the opposite side of the apartment was suspended a group of miniatures over which Decency must perforce cast a veil, though Art might well, through the perfection of the execution, long to linger there—pictured abominations, the offspring of a foul imagination, the collection of a fouler taste—a type possibly of the soul of their purchaser and possessor.

It was sad to see in those magnificent and deserted rooms the traces of past occupation, when it was well known that the owner of all would never again revisit his luxurious home. Nearly a year had passed since he had entered them, yet there lay the book he had last been reading, with his mark still in it: his writing-book and pen and ink-stand stood ready for use, and lumps of sugar glistened in the silver-gilt sugar-

bowl of the coffee set, while the pigeon-holes of the rich buhl cabinet were stuffed with letters and papers, carefully tied and arranged, and looking as though they had been read and sorted but the day before.

I have mentioned but a few of the more remarkable of the wonders those marvelous rooms contained. Weeks would have been required to examine and a volume to describe all of rich and rare and curious there collected together.

My visit took place early in July. A few months later the marquis of Hertford died. It had been reported in Paris that he intended to bequeath his villa in the Bois de Boulogne to the prince imperial, and that it was for that reason the mansion had been allowed to remain there, but I have heard of no such bequest. Possibly it was only congeniality of tastes, pursuits and habits which had procured for him the friendship of Napoleon III. I also heard an anecdote of him which illustrates his lavish expenditure and love of ease. He was once warned to leave his apartments in Paris by the owner of the house in which they were situated. He was complaining to a friend about the annoyance of having to move and the difficulty of finding an equally eligible situation. "Why do you not buy the property?" inquired his friend. The marquis eagerly grasped at the suggestion, and thus, to save himself the trouble of *déménagement*, he became the owner of a huge building on the Boulevards, the price of which must have been of fabulous proportions, owing to its situation in the most fashionable part of the great Parisian thoroughfare.

L. H. H.

KRUPP'S STEEL WORKS.

THE following particulars respecting Krupp's Steel Works at Essen are taken from a private letter written in 1865 by a person then employed in the establishment.

The buildings are in the close vicinity of coal-mines, and comprise workshops (of which the largest is appropriated

to the boring and turning of cannon), rolling-works, puddling-works, melting-furnaces, water-works, a locomotive-wheel factory (in which Krupp himself was originally a workman), coke-ovens, factory for fire-bricks, etc. Of the thirty-five steam-hammers in use in 1865, two, called respectively "Max" and "Frederic," cost six hundred thousand Prussian dollars each, while a third, to be called "Hercules," was in process of construction, and estimated to cost a million of dollars. Its weight was to be two hundred thousand pounds, and that of the anvil four thousand pounds.

In each of the puddling-furnaces four hundred pounds of steel were made every two hours, after which the channel of the furnace was cleared and repaired. The numerous chimneys, two hundred feet high, contained each a boiler for utilizing the waste heat, placed erect, as safer and less liable to be clogged by sediment than if horizontal. From the furnace the steel was carried on iron basket-wagons to the hammer, which forged the porous mass into pieces a foot and a half long by six inches thick, which were then returned to the furnace, to be again brought back; and this process having been repeated three times, several pieces were welded together of the required length, and then transferred to the rolling-mill.

The cannon are cast in iron moulds, the interior being loamed by means of a brush, and perfectly dried. The contents of several crucibles are poured continuously into the mould. While the mass is red hot it is lifted with the mould or "ingot," and deposited in a receptacle of masonry, the bottom of which is covered with coke-dust. Coke-dust is also placed on the top, and becoming at once red hot, fresh layers are continually added during several weeks. The piece does not become cold till after some months, when the forging process is performed by means of the hammers already mentioned and reverberatory furnaces. The anvils are angularly deepened, so that pieces of different calibre can be kept in a steady position.

The largest piece of ordnance constructed by Krupp at the time of which we write weighed 500 cwt., and was designed to throw a ball of six hundred pounds. It was made for the Russian government. The orders from the Prussian government then amounted to only a million and a half of dollars. A gun of 400 cwt. had been ordered by the Japanese ambassador. In casting a piece of this size the services of eight hundred men are required, and although the process lasts only ten minutes, the heat to which they are exposed is so intense that they are allowed an interval of two hours to recover from the consequent exhaustion.

The number of men then employed by Krupp amounted to seventeen thousand and fifty-one, of whom, however, about nine thousand were miners. The wages of the other workmen averaged ten Prussian dollars a week, per man. Each workman carries in his pocket a tin plate stamped with a number, by which he is recognized at the pay-office. Every man who has worked sixteen years in the establishment receives a pension equal to his full wages.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

ABOUT three years ago the Paris *Siccle* laid bare one of the sorest spots in the French body politic—namely, its inefficient and shamefully neglected system of public education. "What," asked that journal, "is civilization? Is it not the opposite of ignorance? And what is barbarism but ignorance? If this is true, then the most civilized state will necessarily be the one which contains the least number of ignorant members and the largest number of schools. The civilization of a people is not measured by the strength of its navy, the size of its army, the splendor of its public edifices and the grandeur and magnificence of its monuments, but by the amount of respect it shows to its school-teachers and the degree of comfort in which it supports them. If we therefore see France bestow honors, dignities and large emoluments on its military and civil servants, while the official bulletins

inform us that 'F. R., schoolmaster, after forty-eight years of service, has retired on one hundred francs pension,' or 'D. M., after fifty years, on sixty-one francs,' then we feel inclined to tell France that it is not only *not* civilized, but that it has hardly yet emerged from barbarism. Sixty-one francs annual pension to a poor old man for fifty years of good and faithful service to the state when age and its infirmities compel him to retire! Verily, we are the first people on earth! We have twelve hundred thousand soldiers, and a Haussmann to build us triumphal arches and barracks, yet about seventeen centimes a day is all that this great nation can afford for the support of its superannuated schoolmasters!"

The picture which the *Siècle* here presents is unhappily but too true, and one well calculated to shake public confidence in the stability of the new republic in France. Not only is the average mean of the popular intelligence an exceedingly low one, but the people are far from having attained such a state of political ripeness as is indispensable to the success of representative institutions. It would really seem as though the Second Empire had deliberately retarded the political enlightenment of the masses. Not content with doing so little for the encouragement of popular education generally, it has discouraged by every means in its power the dissemination of political knowledge. In Paris and some of the larger cities those who were both able and willing to read could, of course, find all they wanted to learn in the columns of the great political journals, like the *Siècle*, *Liberté*, *Débats*, etc., kept at the cafés and other popular resorts. But in the provinces political information was almost beyond the reach of the large majority. The rural journals, compelled to adopt low rates, could not afford the high stamp-duty exacted by the government for permission to publish political news, and they were therefore driven to entertain their readers with scandal and fiction. As the discussion of political questions at public

meetings was also strictly interdicted, the people were virtually cut off from every chance of gaining the knowledge and insight essential to an intelligent exercise of their political responsibilities. It is for these reasons that not only the educated French liberals, but all lovers of liberty, must look with serious misgivings upon the great body of fickle, ignorant and excitable provincials who vote under a republic. Between them, the main bulk of the nation, and the desired self-government intervenes a wide gulf, whence the tree of knowledge is yet to shoot up. But what a long perspective opens here if it is first necessary to devise means to plant the seeds for its growth! When a people made up of such elements comes to manage its own affairs, failure and disappointment are almost certain to result, and then follows the usual relapse into anarchy and despotism. One is, indeed, almost tempted to believe it decreed by Fate that other nations alone are to profit by the experience of the French, while they themselves remain the victims of a perpetual *ornière des révolutions* until education and political knowledge shall become at last so general among them that a stable, practical public opinion can be found. This desirable state of things is, however, still far off. Moreover, while the masses have thus far made no advance in political science, all the other classes of society appear to have lost the moral balance which constitutes the main pillar of freedom. The ancient nobility is nearly extinct, while the new generation has retained all the vices and few, if any, of the virtues of its ancestors. The bourgeoisie, which has prospered wonderfully amidst all the changes in the higher spheres during the past forty years, clings to no particular form of government, but readily adapts itself to any. Since the days of Louis Philippe this middle class has completely changed its character in France. Formerly, the French bourgeois was neither enterprising nor covetous. He followed the same business for thirty years, content with a moderate gain and the

prospect of retiring in his old age with a competence. But under the Second Empire and its prodigious increase in material prosperity he began to aim higher. He was completely mastered by an unappeasable greed for money. He strove to acquire sudden riches, so as to live in luxury while still comparatively young. Let a revolution break out and he will at once side with the stronger party. Only in one case could he perhaps be induced to take a genuine interest in public affairs, and that is if the excesses of the revolution should happen to menace his acquisitions. Then he might cry out lustily for a *gouvernement régulier*, and welcome even the greatest despotism.

To this general want of education among the masses of the rural population, to this dearth of political experience and sound political views among an overwhelming majority of all classes, and to this selfish, money-loving indifferentism of the bourgeoisie, must be added another peril which threatens the present order of things in France, and this comes from the laboring class, the *ouvriers*. The present war must paralyze French industry for years, and throw hundreds and thousands of *blouses* out of work. This opens an endless vista of complications and trouble, for behind the political problem the social ominously rears its head. The laboring element has massed itself so solidly in this nineteenth century, is so conscious of its strength, that it may insist as imperiously on employment and bread from the state as the ancient multitudes clamored for *Panem et Circenses*. The old Fourieristic theories are, we fear, still sufficiently popular in the land of their birth to menace not only the vested interests of property and capital, but those of society in general.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON.

DEAR GOSSIP: There has been great excitement at the Capital, occasioned by the

presence of a live woman-voter, who has actually exercised her right and been nominated to office in Wyoming. Mrs. Post, the lady in question, has really filled the position of probate judge (corresponding to that of register of wills in Philadelphia), and is one of the Republican executive Territorial committee of five who control all political appointments in that Territory. She has been considered of sufficient importance in England to induce the *London Times* to send a reporter, Mr. Eddy, all the way to Cheyenne, her residence, to interview her, he having been converted to female suffrage views by Lord and Lady Amberly, with whom he crossed the Atlantic in pursuit of Mrs. Post. She is a lady of fine personal appearance, with a wonderful fund of wit and humor—qualities supposed to be rare in women—and some of her answers to the different judges who have congratulated her as a *brother* have been astonishingly piquant. Her object in visiting Washington was to attend the Female Suffrage Convention held here on the 11th, 12th and 13th of January; and it may be not uninteresting to the many readers of your Magazine to learn what work these women have actually accomplished. They have at least raised this topic to the dignity of a *question*, and nearly one-half the House are pledged to vote for the extension of female suffrage to the District and the Territories. Funds have been raised to send lecturers to the South, and for the publication of tracts to be distributed gratuitously to all the inhabitants of the United States; and a permanent committee will remain in Washington to superintend the operations. Congress has placed a beautiful room at the disposal of these ladies, most of whom are wives of Senators and members from the West; and thus Woman may be said to have placed her foot within the Capitol in a legislative sense. The Great West is forcing this question upon us. The committee of the Senate appointed to consider the petition of these parties has determined to report favorably to a declaratory law explaining the Fourteenth Amendment as already enfranchising women, if ten thousand names can be added to the petition within a month. As this may be considered *un fait accompli*, the petitioners feel that they have succeeded. E. S. B.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology. By J. Thomas, A. M., M. D. 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Among books of reference a biographical dictionary holds perhaps the first place as a thing of general necessity and utility; and in order that it shall be as useful as it is necessary, it must combine as far as possible the qualities of correctness, completeness and compactness. Such a work has been a real desideratum both with scholars and general readers, for in English we have had none with any pretensions to completeness, and the admirable French productions in this way are far too voluminous for ordinary use.

The work before us aspires to fill this acknowledged void. It also embraces features which have not hitherto been united in any work of the kind. It covers the ground of Mythology, as well as Biography, gives the pronunciation of every name, allots of course a much larger space to American subjects than is conceded to them in European works, and, aiming apparently to comprise every name with the slightest claim to distinction, is yet kept within convenient limits by great condensation wherever the person or topic is of minor importance, and by abundant references to fuller sources of information.

It is only by long use that the value of the work can be sufficiently tested, but the impression made upon us by a somewhat rigid examination is in the highest degree favorable. It is obviously the production of a learned, diligent and careful investigator, who has proceeded on clear and well-founded principles, and kept the proper aim steadily in view, seeking to be accurate in the minutest matters, exhaustive in the most important, truthful and impartial in all.

In the matter of pronunciation the principles laid down by Dr. Thomas in the preface, and adhered to throughout the work, are simple and satisfactory, accordant with common sense and with the best usage; and the orthography adopted in doubtful cases seems to us, with a very few exceptions, equally sound. The attention given to the

subjects of Northern and Indian Mythology is also a point which merits particular notice.

In regard to fullness, we are satisfied, from such comparisons as we have made, that the work far surpasses any other of the same compass, and we do not believe that any former biographical dictionary, however extensive, contains an equal number of names. This is a very essential point, for in the great majority of cases we turn to such a work merely to authenticate a fact or resolve a doubt in regard to persons about whom we have no other accessible source of information. Of course, in this, as in other respects, no absolute perfection can be expected. The chief omissions we have noticed are the names of Ruy Gomez de Sylva, the favorite minister of Philip II.; the Swiss historians, Emanuel von Rodt and Frédéric de Gingins-la-Sarraz; Baroness Tautphœus, the author of the *Initials*; Sir William Ferguson, the eminent surgeon; and, among Americans, Mr. W. D. Howells, the charming essayist, and Mr. Swinton, the historian of the Army of the Potomac. Some of these names may not be widely known, but hundreds more obscure than any of them are very properly inserted.

In a very few cases the name does not seem to us correctly given. The French revolutionists, Bourdon de l'Oise and Prieur de la Marne, were so designated—from the departments which they represented—to distinguish them from their colleagues, Léonard Bourdon and Prieur-Duvernois, called also Prieur de la Côte d'Or. The name of Gachard, the archivist of Belgium, is so printed on the title-pages of his numerous works, and the form of Gachart is, we apprehend, a mere blunder of the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*. In printing the name of Chateaubriand with a circumflex accent, Dr. Thomas simply flies in the face of all authority, including that of the author of *René* himself. The pronunciation of Montaigne is wrongly given, the *i* being dropped by correct speakers. In Cado'gan, the *o*, which Dr. Thomas has not marked, leaving us to infer that it is long, has the sound of *ø*. To the names of Alexander Boswell, William Stirling-Max-

well and Antonio Panizzi, the title of "Sir" should have been prefixed; "Lord William Russell" should be William Lord Russell; "Lord Bulwer" (article *Horace*) is a slip of the pen.

In the matter of dates, Dr. Thomas strikes us as singularly correct. We have noticed but a single blunder. Those who remember Mademoiselle Parodi as a London prima donna and very full-grown woman in 1850, will think the statement that she was born about 1840 a stretch of gallantry. Geographical errors are almost equally rare. Domremi, the birth-place of Joan of Arc, is not in Champagne, but in Lorraine. "Ferney, near Lausanne" (article *Voltaire*), should be "Ferney, near Geneva." Vattel, Tronchin, Turretini, and other persons who were born at Geneva and Neuchâtel, and who died before those places were annexed to Switzerland, are incorrectly described as "Swiss" writers.

If any one imagines that such flaws and mistakes detract in any serious degree from the value of the work, his experience in such matters must have been very small. We have mentioned them as evidence of the careful search we have made, and we have been greatly surprised at not finding them in far greater abundance.

Most of the longer articles are admirable alike for the fullness of the information embraced in them, and for the ability and judgment with which they are written. Those on Mohammed, Scott and Voltaire are especially good. What has particularly pleased us in these and many others is the spirit of genuine appreciation and candor displayed in the estimate of character and genius. No crotchets, no prejudices are suffered to obtrude themselves, no shallow condemnations, no stilted eulogies are pronounced: all the facts are marshaled, conflicting opinions are presented and weighed, and the conclusions are such as any instructed and unbiased mind could scarcely fail to draw. We must not omit to add that the typographical execution is all that the eye and taste could desire.

From Thistles—Grapes? By Mrs. Eliourt, author of the "Curate's Discipline," "St. Bede's," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

By plunging your cogitative faculties in a cogibundity of cogitation, à la Chrononho-

tonthologos, you may reach the conclusion that the authoress of the above novel intended the name thereof to signify that if you sow thistles with the hope of reaping grapes you will be grievously disappointed. But why grapes? Why try to improve Holy Writ? "In the name of the Prophet, *figs!*" Mrs. Eliourt has no right to indicate her preference of the former fruit by bothering the time-honored recollections of her readers; although, to be sure, the donkey delicacy is no more likely to yield the verdant unit than the purple cluster. Either stick to the text, or don't nail your philosophy with Scripture. Better, indeed, abandon altogether the prevalent fashion of christening novels with appellations to intimate their predominant idea. Bulwer set that fashion in two of his most commendable, if not most readable, productions; but it is far more honored in the breach than the observance. It is worse than the old Puritan custom of bestowing whole texts upon innocent infants by which to be known among men. Neither Scott, nor Edgeworth, nor Dickens, nor Evans has been guilty of this sin against good taste and good sense. Wine that is so elaborately bushed is apt to move suspicion. The sourest stuff is always provided with the most luxurious label. Even plain "Medoc" is more attractive to the connoisseur than "Grand Cabinet Impérial," or "Vin Fabuleux de Noé." In the latter it may well be suspected that there are some drops, at least, of the Deluge, which, in the progress of time, must have somewhat impaired the vigor of the fluid which inebriated the patriarch, to the consequent cheer of his irreverent son—whence all the ills of Africa's dusky race.

In spite, however, of its name, the novel is above the average. It gives a graphic and interesting picture of life in a country town of England, and never transgresses the flaming bounds of space and time for either its phrases, its sentiments or its characters. The heroine, if not an effective portrait, is almost a charming sketch, so nicely touched as to awaken real sympathy with her sudden and sorrowful fate; whilst the young lover, who is lucky enough to have both the delightful damsels of the story in love with him, is a pleasant proof that heroes are not all the same, however the point may be agreed. He is neither a heterogeneous combination of impossible perfections, nor a faultless mon-

ster who riots in filth without the least detriment to his moral epidermis—like the famous individual who was so healthy as to defy dirt without the aid of water and soap. The “thistle,” too, of the story, if somewhat too thistly, is elaborated with a vigorous and artistic pencil. Mrs. E. knows how to write; and that’s as high as literature can fly.

With Fate Against Him. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of “In Trust,” etc., etc. New York: Sheldon & Co.

“She rose and came nearer. A rounded, symmetrical figure, full of affluent grace, with sloping shoulders, snowy throat, proud poise of the head, and a perfect wealth of shining black hair that lay above her brow in great ripples. Perhaps no face is so perfect but that some over-critical eyes can detect flaws in it. This one was narrow at the temples and a trifle depressed, and the eyes had a remarkable inward look, as if she were brooding over something that the world was not free to solve. This expression could become very unpleasant when she chose: it was one of her most forcible weapons. The nose was straight, slender, and with that thoroughbred air you find in human beings as well as in animals. There was another little touch of something that marred the face. Just between the outer line of the nostril and the corner of the mouth there were a few forcible lines that might lure a wandering soul to destruction, and smile complacently as he drifted by with outstretched, despairing hands. For all it could be the centre of so much tenderness, it reminded you of flame playing over ice (!), and was at once beguiling, yet the most cruel trait in the whole face; but then the contour and coloring were exquisite.”

“A tall, finely-formed man, with a maturity of figure not always seen at five-and-twenty. There was a touch of the Fordyce in his clear, ruddy skin and bright chestnut hair, while his full beard had in it the bronze-brown tint the old painters loved. A peculiar kind of beauty, indicating a pleasure-loving nature, a soul that absorbed rapidly whatever ministered to its desires, and passed coldly by whatever was distasteful—reveling in a passionate and glorious enjoyment for the time, gathering sweets like the bee from every flower that came in its way.”

If you want to know more about this highly-colored couple, you had better buy the

volume in which the causes and consequences of their matrimony are revealed. There is better writing in it than the passages quoted. The best advice to give the gifted authoress is that which is bestowed in the French comedy on the highfalutin’ orator: *De votre ton, monsieur, adoucissez l’éclat.*

Joseph and his Friend: A Novel. By Bayard Taylor. New York: Putnam & Sons.

Whatever else Mr. Taylor may be, he is certainly not sensational. He rejoices in none of the theatre-strokes, none of the startling surprises and moving accidents with which your Reades and Collinses and Brad-dons, and others whose name is legion, enrapture the public. He does not seek to lap the soul in Elysium or enkindle it in Tartarus. His object is to give us a sort of sober certainty of waking bliss, without any divine, enchanting ravishment. He does not want to keep us up late o’ nights for the elucidation of mysteries, or even to take away our appetites by emotional agonies. In short, he is a very healthy and doubtless useful writer, content to dwell in decencies for ever, who deserves well both of the public and the critic. If he would only put a little more whisky in his milk!—whisky not of fusel-oil ferocity, but of the sort which, like Falstaff’s tipple, mounts you to the brain and fills it full of fiery, nimble and delectable shapes. If he would only give us an occasional shock of either amazement or ecstasy or anguish, and breathe any kind of soul to animate our clay! It must be confessed that, with all his talent, he has not been gifted with much of that ineffable something which goes by the name of genius—which snatches a grace beyond the reach of art, and rises to faults true critics dare not mend. He will never pull angels from the skies, or elevate mortals to the same. As a novelist, therefore, and as a poet, he must be placed in the category of those whom neither gods, nor men, nor columns will canonize: though if novels must be read (“mais je n’en vois pas la nécessité”), his are far more recommendable than the works of far higher intellects who have used the highest gifts of God in the service of the devil. We are not of the opinion of those who think that John Randolph got the better of a Congressional antagonist who had told him that, brilliant as he was, he would not take his head if he had also to take his heart, by replying that he, on the

other hand, wouldn't take the gentleman's heart if he had also to take his head. *Virtus* should be neither *post nummos* nor *post genus*, nor *post anything else*; for, "if virtue feeble were, Heaven itself would stoop to her," according to Miltonic and scriptural teaching. To sum up, Mr. Taylor is a highly reputable novelist and widely tolerated poet; whilst as a traveler he stands, in spite of locomotion, almost at the head of his class; so, by all that is stationary, let him be perpetually peripatetic.

Sergeant Atkins: A Tale of Adventure, founded on Fact. By an Officer of the United States Army. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The author of this volume may not be a practiced writer, but he has something to say, and says it with adequate effect. The story is of little account, being a mere peg on which to hang incidents and characteristics of Indian life. With these he is evidently familiar to an extent that renders the information he communicates both interesting and valuable. He paints the Indians "as truth must paint them and as bards will not," be the names of said bards either Campbell or Cooper or any other fine frenzyist who chose to hunt in his imagination for his facts. The lesson, too, which he gives as to the consequences of the rank injustice with which the Seminoles, among whom the plot is laid, were treated, and which abundantly justified their rebellion, may be of service at present, when revelations of similar abominations are filling the papers and—*perhaps*—shocking the public.

Stronger proof of the policy of honesty was never given than that afforded by the Seminole war. Some seventy millions were wasted to put down a revolt which was solely produced by the bad faith of the victors. As our national motto enshrined in our national song—"Ever mindful what it cost"—inculcates the peril of penny-foolishness, it were well if strictest orders were given to Indian agents to bear it ever sternly in mind, on pain of perpetual exile from profitable place. Occasional hanging, too, of speculators and speculators in copper-colored coin might have an important effect in diffusing the wisdom that looks to potential pounds. Let some means, at all events, be found of making wicked inventions return to plague the inventors, and the unfortunate beings whose hue is not suf-

ficiently dark to ensure protection and petting may be prevented from keeping us in hot water on the frontier, and hotter shame in every honorable breast.

The Shadow of Moloch Mountain. By Jane G. Austin, author of "Cipher," etc. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Marston Brent has a will of his own, and Beatrice Wansted has a will of *her* own. They are both, indeed, valdevultists, "and no mistake." The two volitions coming into collision, of course there is a catastrophe. A couple of thunder-clouds can't collide, to use the most detestable coinage of modern currency, without boisterous bother—without a fiery flash and crushing crash. In consequence, the engagement between the young lady and young gentleman is ruptured by his determination to settle in the wilds of the West as soon as married, and her determination not to do ditto—no, sir, by no means. He won't believe she is in earnest until she swears a solemn swear, to cure him of his doubt. In a few days, however, she changes her mind, as the gander might have known she would, had he ever read Shakespeare, or even the Spanish poet who proves that woman is a capricious animal (*caprichoso animal es la muger*)—still more had he ever perused the bewildering book of beauty and meditated on the mysteries of maiden metaphysics. The lovely Beatrice repents her proud precipitance of soul on discovering that it would be pleasanter to live with Mr. Brent anywhere than nowhere. She rushes to him with her heart in her hand, and implores him to take it and do with it what he will. But he didn't know what a fac-simile he was of the Frenchman who was pronounced to be "*la plus parfaite perfection possible, une perfection si inexprimable qu'elle ne peut pas être exprimée.*" She has taken a solemn oath before high Heaven, and he will not permit her to break it. He would lose all respect for her if she did, and for himself too, if he should be particeps criminis in such very flat perjury. Naturally enough, she is dazed by such supernatural virtue. With bursting bosom she tells him to "*gang his ain gait*" and she will go hers. Accordingly, he goes to the West, and she goes to Fiskville, formerly New York, where she has a bachelor uncle in a Fifth Avenue brownstone. As she is a fascinating female, intus et in cute, she belles it and queens it

in the metropolis of snobbery and shoddy, until, after macadamizing whole streets with pulverized palpitations, she espouses a helluo librorum without a heart, in order to secure the felicities of intellect, since those of sentiment had been hopelessly buried in Western wilds. What becomes of her afterward, kind reader, you must discover for yourself; and in doing so you will meet with good reward. There is really some admirable writing in the pleasantly-printed and nicely-illustrated volume. Scenes and characters of Down East and Out West are drawn with a firm and graceful pencil, showing both keenness of vision and minuteness of study, whilst the sentiments and the style are those of a well-filled head and a well-trained heart. The novel may be conscientiously commended as an excellent substitute for English sensationalism and French depravity—neither perilous to principle nor detrimental to taste.

Garston Grange. By T. Adolphus Trollope, author of "Beppo the Conscript," "Life in Tuscany," etc., etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

An Englishman, it is stated, is never happy but when he is miserable; an Irishman never at peace but when he is at war; and a Scotchman never at home but when he is abroad. If the saying be true—and it's quite true enough for a saying—Mr. T. A. Trollope should be from the land of cakes—so-called, of course, because its inhabitants never get cakes just there, but go to collect them in all other countries with such assiduity that not a Sawney of them all may not exclaim, *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?* Mr. Trollope is much more at home in Italy than in what one Shakespeare has called the sea-walled garden, meaning doubtless the billow-bulwarked little isle on which the cautious Yankee was afraid to stroll about much, lest he should tumble off the edge. His Italian novels, in consequence, are more native and to the manner born than those which are located, as we say, in England. The former bear a stronger impress of nature and reality, both material and moral, than the latter; facts in those and fancy in these being the predominant traits. "Truth severe in fairy fiction dress" is what is desired in a genuine novel, not coinages of the heat-oppressed brain, such as, we are afraid, must be considered the

characteristic of this *Garston Grange*. Not, by any means, that it is devoid of power and interest, but that the power and interest are not of the right sort. It may be among the best of its kind, but the kind is not of the best. Melodrama, however well concocted, can never tell like tragedy; and here the character and incidents are more meloish than tragic. The pagan idea, too, of a resistless Fate making mere puppets of men and gods, is not altogether in unison with the present period, and to be duly handled must be managed by a pen like that which told the story of the *Bride of Lammermoor*. Glowworm fires don't give much warmth or light when solar influences are all around. Æschylus and Shakespeare might have touched congenial chords among their contemporaries when, with prophet's fire as well as master's hand, they struck the deep sorrows of a lyre which echoed the anguish of victims of omnipotent Furies who tortured the gods themselves. But even they would have shrunk in this nineteenth century from giving its brokers and builders a Prometheus or Macbeth, or essayed to make us believe that a curse may rest on family or individual, which, in spite of Heaven, must have its dreadful way. To be sure, Mr. Trollope tries to mitigate his moral by hinting at hereditary madness, but we cannot say that the combination of natural and supernatural, or rather unnatural, phenomena, is executed with sufficient artistic effect to prevent the *incredulus odi* feeling which results from "whate'er you show me is thus." Why the author leaves the ground where he treads as firmly and freely as did Macgregor on his heath, the ground of modern Italian life, which he owns almost in fee-simple, to travel and be lost in these wandering mazes, is only explicable by the difficulty of self-knowledge, and the hankering after fresh woods and pastures, even by those who are in absolute clover. R. M. W.

Books Received.

- A Comparative View of Religions. Translated from the Dutch of J. H. Scholten, by Francis T. Washburn. Boston: Crosby & Damrell. Pamphlet. 8vo. pp. 33.
- The Yellow Mask: A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Paper cover. 8vo. pp. 65.

- The Advertiser's Hand-book, comprising a Complete List of all Newspapers, Periodicals and Magazines published in the United States and British Possessions, arranged by Counties, with the Population of Counties and Towns, Separate Lists of the Daily, Religious and Agricultural Newspapers, and a History of the Newspaper Press. New York: S. M. Petten-gill & Co. 8vo. pp. 208, cxlv.
- Shakespeare's Comedy of The Merchant of Venice. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A. M., formerly Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Massachusetts. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. Square 16mo. pp. 168.
- Frank Forester's Sporting Scenes and Characters. By Henry William Herbert. With Numerous Illustrations from Original Designs by Darley. 2 vols. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo.
- A Second French Reader: Entertaining and Instructive Lessons in Prose and Verse. With a Complete French-English Vocabulary. Compiled by L. Pylodet. New York: Leyboldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 277.
- Morning and Evening Exercises: Selected from the Published and Unpublished Writings of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Edited by Lyman Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. Crown 8vo. pp. 560.
- The Tone Masters: A Musical Series for Young People. By Charles Barnard, author of "Mozart and Mendelssohn," etc. Illustrated. HANDEL AND HAYDN. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 223.
- The Student's Own Speaker: A Popular and Standard Manual of Declamation and Oratory for School, Home and Private Use. By Paul Reeves. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 16mo. pp. 215.
- Progressive French Reader. With copious Notes. By Ferdinand Böcher, Professor of Modern Languages, Massachusetts Institute of Technology. New York: Leyboldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 238.
- The Suitors: A Comedy in Three Acts. Translated into English Verse from the French of Racine, by Irving Browne, of the Troy Bar. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 16mo. pp. 79.
- A Siren. By T. Adolphus Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet. 8vo. pp. 154.
- On the Trail of the War. By Alexander Innes Shand, Occasional Correspondent of the London Times. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. Paper cover. 8vo. pp. 84.
- Birth and Education. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pamphlet. 8vo. pp. 290.
- Puss-Cat Mew, and Other Stories for my Children. By E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M. P. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 317.
- A German Reader: To Succeed the German Course. By George F. Comfort, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. xvi., 432.
- Ginx's Baby—His Birth and Other Misfortunes: A Satire. New York: George Routledge & Sons. 12mo. pp. xii., 224.
- History of Louis XIV. By John S. C. Abbott. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 410.
- The Stolen Mask: A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Paper cover. 8vo. pp. 80.
- The Young Pioneers of the North-west. By Dr. C. H. Pearson. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 331.
- Sister Rose: A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Pamphlet. 8vo. pp. 65.
- Every Day. By the author of "Katherine Morris," etc. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co. 12mo. pp. vi., 282.
- Lost in the Fog. By James de Mille, author of "The B. O. W. C.," etc. Illustrated. 16mo. pp. 316.
- Pericles and Aspasia. By Walter Savage Landor. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. pp. 281.
- Historic Americans. By Theodore Parker. Boston: Horace B. Fuller. 12mo. pp. 312.
- Aspendale. By Harriet W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. pp. 219.
- Snail-Shell Harbor. By J. H. Langille. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 266.
- Into the Highways. By Mrs. C. E. K. Davis. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 359.

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WILD IRELAND;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF SOME DAYS AND NIGHTS WITH FATHER MICHAEL.

I.

IN one of my visits to the wild west of Ireland, now years ago, I made acquaintance with an amiable and excellent man, a Catholic priest. Our acquaintance ripened into friendship, and on another visit he insisted on having me a few days to himself. My inclination harmonized with his wishes, and I became his guest.

The priest's cottage—cabin he called it—was a bare half mile from the sea, in a thinly-peopled district of bog and mountains. The region may be characterized as a wilderness of rugged beauties. To a painter it would furnish subjects for a thousand pictures. To a sportsman it offers resources which are inexhaustible. The rivers and lakes are full of trout, and, in the proper season, abound in salmon. Otters range almost unmolested. Seals are common in the creeks and bays and along the rocky shores, but they are in some sort protected by singular superstitions; or rather such was formerly the case, for the poetical fancy of the people is fast disappearing. Wild fowl are to be seen in myriads. In the winter months the wild swan haunts the lakes: flocks of

twenty to thirty may be seen sailing on the dun waters, like pure white clouds over a dark blue sky, seemingly unwary of danger, but in truth acutely suspicious and keenly awake to every movement of man and beast. The barnacle goose is another visitor: he immigrates in the night-time. The noise of the gaggles as these birds travel in still nights has a singular effect, at least on me: it is ghostly when heard unexpectedly overhead, and while the birds themselves are invisible. No one has been able to unriddle the mystery of the name; and what a strange tale of their origin has old Hector Boece told us!—how that they are "generit of the sea." The duck tribes are found in immense numbers all the year round. And birds of many kinds, of interest to the naturalist rather than to the sportsman, are either residents or periodical visitors.

But this region is inaccessible to ordinary tourists, and if it were not so, I would give no clue to it.

MY FIRST DAY OUT WITH THE PRIEST.

The evening of my arrival at — was pleasantly spent in devising and

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preparing for the next day's occupation. We decided to fish a river and lake some half dozen miles off, among the mountains.

Morning had scarcely dawned when we were on foot. I fancied my friend had a poor opinion of the weather, but there was a nice south-west wind, with promise of a cloudy day, and I knew not what more he would have. Dread of a wet jacket I was certain he had none.

"We shall see or feel, or I mistake, and that is not likely," said he, half to himself and half in answer to my inquiry why he seemed anxious about the weather—"we shall see, but I doubt we would be better at home this day. However, forward's the word. You know what your song says, and we have a saying you don't know—*Triur gan riaghal, bean, mule, agus muc*—'There are three things without rule: a woman, a mule and a pig;' and a fourth might rightly have been added—the weather."

Our walk was through a solitude widespread and barren. The hand of man had never disturbed it. Save the matins of the wind harped on the bog-reed and the bent, and the faint "trinkle" of distant lins, the silence was profound. Neither low of cattle, nor bark of dog, nor sound of any voice but our own was to be heard. The many changes made by the advancing day in the features of the landscape occupied our attention and eased the rough labors of the road. We had passed through a gorge into a long, close valley, and had advanced well up it, when the priest suddenly stopped and bade me "listen to the silence." I was struck by the expression. Listen to the silence! How else could I apprehend it? The silence we had passed through was strange, but this was appalling. Almost afraid to wake some dangerous hidden reality, I asked what it meant.

"It means we would be wise men to turn home," replied the priest, "for by this token there is a tathering storm not far off, and to be caught in it here would be as much as our lives are worth. But the lake is beyond, where you may see

the *garsún* and the basket, if you look close: I am ready for the contents; so we'll go on and try the lake for an hour, and then speed the way we came; for I tell you we have had infallible warning, and must not let the sun south on it. I know the signs and warnings of the tempest well. The mountains tell you, the plains tell you, the sea and the sky tell you; but it is in a language few understand."

We were now at the lake, by the outflow of a river. But the priest predicted no sport. I, however, saw nothing to hinder it. A rippling breeze, cloudy sky, warm temperature—we had everything in our favor, I thought. Electric signs there were none to my perception. When electricity is present, rod and line are useless. Why, no man has discovered. Scott was acquainted with the fact, and noted it in the *Lady of the Lake*:

"There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake:
Upon her cyrie nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake:
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill."

Dr. Knox also has noted the phenomenon, but I recollect no other writers that have; and I had never met an angler that had noticed the effect of approaching thunder on fish, at least on trout. But Father Michael knew that some atmospheric conditions affected trout, though he was unable to analyze them, and those conditions, he averred, were now present. In assurance of the electric element he pointed to a distant mountain-peak, apostrophizing it in solemn Greek—

Μαντι κακων ου πωποτε μοι το κρηνον ειπας—

"Prophet of evils, never hast thou augured to me aught of good."

"It's plain as print," said Tim.

"Now to breakfast, 'with what appetite you may.'"

"Small fear of the appetite, Father Mick," interjected Tim.

In a sheltered corner Tim had lighted a fire, and, more surprising than the echo of old Homer in a Connaught wild,

there was hot coffee. Wheat-meal cakes, the finest of butter and cream, with eggs and cold fowl, were the substantial. Never was there such a meal in such a place. It quickly dispelled all gloom. Tim was hilarious. His praises of the priest's housekeeper for what she had put up for his special self were boundless, and interfered a good deal with his eating: "Peggy was a woman of a thousand, barring the timper: bad luck to it that a Christian woman should be so possessed!" She had "thrum'd" him out of the house before daylight that "blessed marnin'," and "for niver a word said." But we cut Tim short and walked off to our work. There was no time to lose.

The priest went his way with his attendant Tim, and I took the opposite direction. I selected a spot a little down the river. But not a fin stirred: time wore on, and the ill signs increased. Father Michael, I saw, was returning, and Tim stood with rod and basket ready for the road. "Another throw," said I, "and I have done too." I was successful. A banging fish had taken himself in. The priest was all excitement. But I found I should speedily be in trouble. The fish fought as only a vigorous spring fish will fight, and it was plain to be seen that he was bent on a course that would be dangerous.

"Keep him back, sur—keep him back!" shouted Tim.

"Roll in, roll in as much as you can!" added the priest; "and let him have the rod if you can't keep him this side the crag."

But I felt that the fish was failing, and resolved to keep tight on him. I craned round the projecting cliff, and saw a narrow ridge that seemed to offer sufficient footing. I swung round, and instantly found I had misjudged. There was a deep pool plumb down at my feet, and the least inattention would plunge me into it. I set my back close to the rock, but I could not move from the spot. In my perplexity the fish got fresh wind, and he made a struggle that compelled me to grasp the root of an ash that grew above me. It was now a

one-handed fight, in which I was likely to be the loser. But Tim, who had gone down the river and crossed, came up at this juncture, an unexpected and welcome auxiliary.

"Don't let out another inch of line, sur, and divil a inch can you wind in, I see," shouted Tim. "Keep him in the strame a bit, and I'll go bail we have him yit."

The fish at last turned on his side, exhausted.

"Now let him go five yards, sur, an' I'll net him or drown'd meself."

Tim was successful. With help from the priest I got safe out of my perilous position. There was great glee over our victory, for the trout was a splendid fellow, six or seven pounds in weight.

"I would have taken my oath against it," said Father Michael.

"And so would I, twist," said Tim.

We took the road homeward, with more pleasure than we should have done with empty creels. The day had become dismal: rain passed along the hillsides in squalls, and the wind had increased. Now and then a burst of sunshine brightened the gloom for a moment: sea-birds, flying from the rising storm, harried the echoes with their harsh clamors, and the moanings of the mountains reminded me of Ossian.

"Do you believe in Ossian, Father Michael?" I asked.

"What Ossian? Jem Macpherson's Ossian? No, not I. If Jammy had put the book out as his own, nobody would have noticed it. Macpherson knew the Gaelic—its turns, modes of expression—to perfection, and no doubt he was quite familiar with the songs and traditions of his country; but he knew Homer as well, and I am sure Homer set Jammy on to make his Ossian. You recollect Dr. Blair had the folly to compare Macpherson with Homer. I have the book, and at some spare time we will look into it."

"You will admit, Father Michael, there are some fine passages in Macpherson, if you will not say Ossian?"

"I can cite one this moment: it clings to my memory—the apostrophe to the

sun, in Carthon: 'O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my father! Whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty: the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion in thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair floats on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps like me, for a season: thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the morning. Exult then, O Sun, in the strength of thy youth! There is another passage in my head about the vanity of life. But let us leave this, and to lighten the way I'll sing you a snatch of Irish song."

Father Michael sang with taste and effect, but Irish song seldom pleases any other than the Keltic ear. The song selected by the priest has been translated into English, and set to the tune, "One morning very early, one morning in the spring."

"There!" said he when he had ended, "that is worth a hundred dozen of Tom Moore's feeble things. Moore is just a drawing-room bard. It is said Tom took his keynote from your Prior. What do you say?"

"More likely from Herrick. Listen and judge for yourself:

'Reach with your whiter hands to me
Some crystal of the spring;
And I about the cup shall see
Fresh lilies flourishing.

'Or else, sweet nymphs, do you but this—
To the glass your lips incline,
And I shall see by that one kiss
The water turned to wine.'

That is Herrick's. Two pretty conceits very sweetly expressed. A bit from Prior, all I can recollect, will give you his clink:

'The god of us versemen, you know, child, the Sun,
How after his journey he sets up his rest:
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.'

Real rubbish, you say. So it is, but Moore's jingle is very like it. But what then? Moore did but take or imitate—which you will—Prior's music."

"I cry you mercy! I meant no more than that Tom's melodies are fit for ladies' mouths only. There is the 'Minstrel Boy to the War has Gone:' it's murder, and it shouldn't be, hearing it from a he-fellow's mouth. National poet, indeed! He's neither Irish nor English—he's just an exotic. What a miserable he is, alongside of your Scottish Burns! I am a great admirer of Burns, and I conceit I understand him. By the way, do you recollect his 'Oh were my Love yon Lilac fair?' The last two stanzas are not Burns'; but listen and I'll recite two Irish stanzas for you to compare with them.—Faith, but we are getting the way from under us."

"The old saw, father—'Good company makes the way shorter.'"

"Well, now:

'Oh gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I myself a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa',

'Oh there, beyond expression blast,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night,
Sealed on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.'

So far the Scotch poet, whoever he was. Now for our *Reultan mo Bhothair*—Star of my Path. You shall have the English of it first, and the Irish by way of *bonne bouche*. You lose immensely, you English, by not making the grand old Gaelic one of your studies:

'Would that I were the apple,
Or the wee daisy only,
Or the rose in that garden
Where thou walkest lonely.

'Of my leaflets or flowerets
I'd hope thou wouldest choose some,
To bear in thy bright hand
Or wear on thy bosom.'"

"The resemblance of thought, father, is striking, but the Scot's verses bear the bell."

"I would not be honest to deny that. If it were not for the last line of the last stanza, the verses would defy the world. But think! Me, a priest and an old man, reciting love-songs! I'd be stripped incontinently if they knew it. But beauty of thought, beauty of word, beauty of deed—the beautiful and good, *το καλον*—ever and always for me; and let me tell you, love of the beautiful and good is true religion, the religion of the heart and soul. You cannot go wrong with that in you: it is the sum-total of morals. It takes a good deal to keep it warm in the heart, and that's what the Church is for. However, we are running away from *Reultan mo Bhothair*. I'll do my best to the music of it."

The old man's fine, full, rich voice, which he modulated with surprising skill, did, I am sure, ample justice to the poet and musician.

Thus we traveled along homeward, heedless of the threatening elements. The way had "gone from under us" wonderfully, and I saw with astonishment how stoutly my septuagenarian companion strode along, pleased with everything—now a critical recollection, now a flower, now a wandering bee, now a change of aspect. So it is—

"The merry heart goes all the day:
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

CABINED AND CONFINED.

We got housed not a moment too soon. The scattering showers that had pretty well sprinkled us in the last mile or two of our retreat had given way to a steady down-fall, and the wind had risen to a full gale.

"Ye're welcome home agin, gintlemen," said housekeeper Peggy. "It's the bad day for dilecat crathurs of the likes av ye. But I'd say it was fine for the *bric*."

"It's fine for neither *breac* nor *ias-gaire*—for trout nor fisher—Peggy."

"Well, I always thought a gintle rain and wind was good for the fisher, anyway."

"Do you call this a gentle rain and wind, ye *amadán*? Do you think any trout in his senses would rise this day?"

"Thin, yer reverence, where's the *breac* fram Tim has in the kitchen? He was out of his sines, widout a question; but I'll go bail there was more, for trouts is like men—when there's one out of his sines, there's fifty more quite convenient. Ye wer' scared by the drap o' rain; or did ye see Shoresha Neil's ghost? Stout men ye are! I was hoping to have the day to myself, but yer back agin like bad money, and I must do my best wid ye. It's I that is the marthur, och hone! But ye'll be wet and cowl, and I'll maybe have one or other av ye on me hands wid a cowl. I'm always the sufferer."

Now turning to the door, Peggy roared out, "Tim, ye lazy divil! bring in here a whole clave av turf. By the help o' God I'll have the nursin' of nayther of 'em."

I was thunderstruck at this tirade, and amazed at the priest's pleasant passiveness. But in came Tim with turf, and the woman eagerly set about getting up the fire, talking all the while to herself. I overheard: "It's a blessin' they came back—they would have been lost, the souls: thanks be to God! Hear to that now! A grate starm all out. They'd niver got out of *glean na capull* alive: glory be to God, they're home!" I was now "all out" perplexed. The contradiction between the secret thoughts and the expressed bitter words was so great that I doubted my ears. I was not long in doubt. Peggy completed her work and left us.

"Did you mind that, D——?" said Father Michael. "Don't believe a word of it, except her expression of disappointment in not having the day to herself: that was at the bottom of all; but, believe me, she is glad at heart that we are under this roof. She's a bundle of contradictions. She is selfish, and at the same time benevolent and conscientious. The feelings often fight within her, and selfishness, though very strong, mostly gets the worst of it. She's a study. You'll see more of her yet."

The priest betook himself to the ingle. I paced about from fire to window, impatient of the imprisonment, somehow watching the smoke curling up the wide chimney, somehow watching the rushing clouds without.

"The storm will not abate to-day, Father Michael. If anything, the wind increases." I spoke this querulously.

"Well, my good friend," replied the happy priest, "do not chafe. It is my practice never to kick against thorns. Be content with your fate. Matters might have been worse with us. An Irish spring storm cares nothing for Saxon impatience. Here is the finest fire in the world, beautiful, beneficent turf, with not the last taste of the black-guard brimstone of the horrible coal you burn at home. We will have for dinner the big trout that had nigh been your executioner this blessed May morning; and maybe it won't be hard to find better stuff than 'Parliament' to promote the digestion. We have, with the help of good consciences—which I trust we both possess, for a bad conscience is a tormenting companion—all the materials for a happy day, supposing you'll be asy, man, and not fly in the face of Providence. We say, *Foighid leigheas seanghalair*—'Patience is a plaster for all sores.' The apothegm is pat to your condition. Draw to, come,

'Gille machree,
Sit down by me,"

and we'll have in old Phil Lyncheghan, when evening comes, to tell us something in the wild and wonderful line. Phil is full of odd stories. He'll please you, and let me assure you he is a very worthy person. To fill time till dinner look over your tackle, make and mend like a provident angler, and round off the corners with talk."

The priest was irresistible. I brought my fishing-tackle out and drew up to him.

The fire we sat before was built on the hearth, under a projecting great chimney-breast. It was a sort of fire I delight in. On each side within the chimney there were seats, and on one

a tame otter, a cankered beast, slumbered: his brimstone temper was the dread of everybody but his master. The priest said he was sure the brute had been crossed in love. He had found him badly wounded in the mountains, and with difficulty cured him. They became close friends and companions.

I had disposed myself to arrange the materials of a May-fly. Father Michael broke in: "That was an elegant place to drown yourself where you took the trout. Faith, I thought you had a design on your life when I saw you get round on to the ledge over the pool. I gave you up clean when the gillaroo got hold of the hook end of your stick and string, and I saw the way you were set on. And what would I have done with a dead Saxon on my hands, and him two hundred miles from home? That old ash-root saved me from a world of tribulation, great glory to it! I shall have an everlasting respect for ash. You broke Pat Scanlon's head with your ash butt. More power to you! 'Pon my veracity, you're a handy man with the stick. It's a murdering pity you're not in the country: you'd gain the highest distinction. In England your talent is lost. It's too peaceable a country for an active man to have real pleasure in. Poor Pat, though! The skelp you lent him was killing heavy. He is a notorious villain, but poverty and sin go together as naturally as pays and pods. I'm feeling for him, not excusing him: he's due the rope."

"Yes, I had an escape. The ash was my salvation, sure enough. The last struggle of the fish would have launched me but for the root. He paid for the risk. But we owe that we have him to Tim's activity: I could not have landed him. Did he not look grand when his side turned up to the glint of sun we had at the moment?"

"Troth, he did; and I don't know which would have looked the prettier, you or him. Play no more such pranks 'an' thou lov'st me, Hal.' I have an antipathy to drowning. I shiver at the thought of the uncomfortable feel, the

wet clothes clinging to him, a drowned man must have.—Peggy! Peggy!" here vehemently burst out Father Michael—"Peggy, I say, bring in the kettle screeching hot. My teeth chatter in my head. I think I'll never touch cold water again from this day forth. It must be injurious to a wake constitution. Sure, it's not the first time I thought so."

I smiled, half laughed, and the priest caught it up: "What's that tickles you?"

"The fancy of a drowned man feeling his wet clothes."

"Deuce a bull did I make, if that's what you're hitting at. Och! the back of my hand to your bull! Here's Peggy with the hot water. Peggy, you'll save my life by your unusual promptitude. I'll celebrate you."

"I'd rather not, yer riverence: not a taste av the cells would I like."

"You old haythen! I mean I'll glorify you in song."

"I'd like to hear the chune," retorted Peggy. "Maybe ye'd put it to 'Peggy Bawn'—

'Oh, Peggy Bawn, thou art my own—
Thy heart lies in my breast.'

Am'ent I a rale butiful crathur for a song, sur?" added Peggy, turning to me—"I that have for fifty years bin worked like a nagur, battered by the elemints, and at last come to be house-keeper to an ould priest twinty years oulder nor meself, and that I'll live, with the help of God, to see stritched, and then he may make a song on me! I'm not in me own country here, an' he knows it, more's the shame; an' before a furrener too, who'll go home and make a talk of it! Och hone!"

On this Peggy dashed out of the room, banging the door with a slam that brought a shower of soot down the chimney.

"Did you ever hear the like of that?" exclaimed Father Michael. "She has the temper, the miserable cripple! I meant nothing in life, but she thought I was reflecting on her in some shape. The hag is full of conceit. Did you mark what she said about your carrying the story home? Could the force of conceit go farther? Never mind, she'll come

round: I'll be bound she's round now. The slam of the door set her to rights. A dog she could have kicked would have done just the same. She serves me well, does Peggy. Before I had her I was plundered out of house."

"What! plunder their priest?"

"Without a grain of compunction. They think there is not a man in the townland can better afford it. Maybe they are right, but I hold the contrary opinion. But come now, take a taste of the nectar. We are in a shiver, and it's an hour to dinner. It's the worst condition in life to be in, when a man has the cowl wrapping round him like wet sheets. Sensible people never take drink without a reason: no man should. It's against nature to do so. We have reason with us now; or perhaps it is instinct, which is often better than reason. Shall I tell you

HOW DAN DONNELLY FOUND A REASON FOR DRINKING?

"The dirty blagard! He brought the wife on me, and me innocent as the child unborn. He came in here one day, with a grate scrape, for Dan affects 'quality manners,' he having seen the world.

"'Your riverence,' says he, presenting a great horn, 'this is a quare bottle.'

"'Ye bosthoon,' says I, 'it's an ould antediluvian cow's horn, judging by the size. And what may be in it, Dan?'

"'Faix, I'm tould it's potheen,' says he, 'but meself has not drawn the cark. It's a grate grief I can't. I'm on me oath agin it, Father Mick. I thought you'd like to see a horn bottle, the first iver I seen, an' I brought it over.'

"'It's a grate horn entirely, and you may lave it, Dan,' said I, jestingly, 'for I have a reverence for old things. You are sworn against the contents: I am not.'

"'I'd be proud to lave it wid yer riverence, an' tin times the like of it, but I daren't,' said Dan, 'for it's not all out mine.'

"Well, I returned the horn, and without draming the laste harm I said, 'It's a curiosity, Dan, and may the drink in

it do you good! Mind ye don't make a beast of yourself. Drink is for man's health and comfort, and not to destroy him body and soul, and make a fool and a rogue of him to boot, which is worse in the world's eye than infidelity. It is necessary to keep on a level with heaven and earth both, Dan. Take pattern by me.'

"'I would wid all my bones,' returned Dan, 'but I'd like to taste the dhrink would overcome you, Father Mick: I'm in belief they've left off distillin' it.'

"The unhang'd vagabond! He thought he paid me a compliment. It's little they know I am often drinking the pure spring water when they're content it's whisky. The women know the secret and keep it: my blessing on them for it!

"But I was a deluded priest that day, though there is satisfaction in knowing I was not the first had the feather drawn over his eyes.

"On the word of a gentleman and priest, believe it, Dan's ugly, red-headed, weasel-eyed, vixen old wife—the harridan! she was ten years older than Dan—was here next morning by screech of day, hanging about my premises like an unclean spirit, waiting till she could pounce on me out of reach and hearing of old Peggy; and that same she succeeded in. I tell you I had not the last idea of the hag's intentions, so I fell victim to her quite asy and natural—bad luck to her that I should say so! for in my heart I wish ill to no human soul.

"'Priest,' said she, 'why did ye giv Dan lave to dhrink, and him sworn agin it, an' you knowin' it?'

"'I didn't,' said I.

"'Ye did,' said she, 'an' he's rowling dhrunk now, an' says you gev it him.'

"'Give him "rowling drunk," Biddy?' said I, joking on her trip of the tongue, for she was beginning to look like Nell Cafferty's cat, the biggest divil between the two ends of Ireland, no dog daring to go within a mile of her—'give him "rowling drunk," Biddy?' said I in my pleasantest way, thinking to soothe her: 'how could I give him "rowling

drunk," Biddy, *mo caruibhin cno?* If he's "rowling drunk," it's the whisky he got the distemper from, the perjured sinner!'

"A female fury makes me nervous, throws me out altogether.

"'Och,' says she, 'but yer nate at a joke—mighty nate: it does one's heart and sowl good to hear you: I feel the betther already. My sarvis to ye! I see yer g'ilty, an', Holy Mary help me, the bishop shall hear of yer thricks.'

"And away she went across the bog, laving me bothered. It came out that Dan's oath went to this—that he would not touch drink again till it was put into his hand by the priest; and sure I did put it into the fellow's hand, though innocent of the interpretation he put on it.

"So it was Dan found a reason for drinking, the nefarious rascal! But I settled with him for his perjury and deceit of me. Biddy was on her knees to me ever after."

The priest's nectar was fine, the reason for drinking it good, and the story gave additional zest. Dan was a model of his kind—"Dan of the horn," they call him to this day.

Peggy, as the priest was concluding his story, entered to set the table for dinner. No sign of the late outbreak appeared in her manner.

"You're early, Peggy," said the priest, "and ye seem better."

"Betther! I never was worse."

"That you were a while ago. I'm ashamed of you! And the stranger to the fore!"

"Lave that alone, yer riverence. You know how it was. An' his haner—good luck to him!—knows the quiet crathur I am."

But Peggy's apology was brought to a sudden end: the otter got into collision with her. "God be wid us, but this baste's about me feet! Out o' this, Finny! If the snakes be's like ye, it's a blessin' they're out av Ireland, thanks be to the holy saint! The curse av Crommell an' mine be on ye! an' the two won't be heavy enough. There's nayther luck nor grace in the house sin'

ye entered it: bad luck to ye for a lim' of Ould Nick!"

I thought a fresh storm was brewing, but the otter drew off and Peggy cooled down: "That baste bit me once, sur."

"On the heel," added the priest, chuckling. "Peggy never kicked him after that day: she got the worst of it."

"I was lamed for six months: I feel it agin bad weather now. But it's the dinner? I hurried it a bit. Sich a day as this needs atin' an' drinkin'. I hope ye'll like the fish: I did my best to him."

"Never fear, Peggy. It's you can cook when you like."

"Thank you, kindly, Father Mick. Come, Finny, an' see what I've for ye."

"That's good of you, Peggy," said the priest. "Go, Finny, and be in peace."

The old woman's cookery was excellent, though the combinations were original. We enjoyed it famously, and over the interment of the good things the conversation ran on matters that on the clearing of the table led to a discourse on meteorology, very erudite and entertaining to ourselves, but which was brought to a premature close by the entrance of Phil Lyncheghan, who had much the appearance of one that had been cast up by the sea.

"The saints be about us, Phil!" exclaimed the priest. "Where have you been, and why did you come here this awful evening? Get away to the kitchen, and your *cotha mór* into the chimney, and dry feet on you! Away with you! But here put this down you to keep the chill from taking you."

"Thank your reverence!" responded Phil, walking off; "but I have had a great escape this day."

"A what, Phil? An escape? One escape a day is enough for my feelings. What was it, Phil?"

In his eager curiosity the priest forgot poor Phil's condition.

"Sure, I'd have been taken away altogether but for big Bill Hayes, as they call him, the coastguard. You've seen him beyant? I was on the crossin'-stones, and the tide was backin' the strame up, which was bad enough of

itself. The wind had a holt o' me, and I could get nayther back nor forrit, and the water risin', risin' all the while. I was givin' myself up for lost. But *níor dhruid Dia bearna arianah nach bh-fosglochthadh*—God never closed a gap but that He would open another.' All of a sudden I was gript up, and the dreadfulest curses fell on me that ever lit on man. I had no time for remonsthrance: I was hurried over and set down with a pitch that shuck my old bones asunder. I found who had me now.

"God's blessings and mine be on you, Mister Hayes!" said I. "You have saved my life, and maybe more."

"Is that you, Master Phil?" said he.

"It is, sir," said I, "and I owe you more than I'll ever be able to pay you. Will the weather take up?"

"The weather be hanged!" said he. "What do you stand jawing here for? Away with you, wherever you are going. If it's not for life and death you're on, you are an old fool for being out, an' I'm no better for saving you from the herrin's."

"He's a fine man that, but tempestuous as the ocean. He it is that's welcome everywhere. But he does not like being among the people when they've got a slade by the head, as he calls it. He laves."

"He's right, Phil. *Guidhcann olc olc*—bad begets bad. But is that all you stopped to tell us? I wonder at ye that you've not better sense, standing there, and you all of a swim! Away with you to Peggy!"

"Well, well, Father Mick," quietly responded Phil, "who was it stopped me?"

Lyncheghan returned, a dried man. Father Michael directed him to "get within the fire." "I want you," said he, "on this side of me. Bundle Finny off out of that: make yourself down asy. It's worse and worse outside: you'll never get home this night, Phil."

"It's about the top of the tide, Father Mick, an' it's always at the worst then. God protect them that's on the say!"

"Amen, amen, Phil! I sent for you, Phil, to entertain this English gentleman with some of your quaint stories."

"Long life to his honor!" responded Phil, "and I would be proud to entertain him to the best of my ability, but I am sadly out of sorts this day."

"Why, what's the matter?" anxiously inquired Father Michael. "Have you a cow drowned, a pig stolen, or have you been distilling and the revenue found you out, or what?"

"Neither, Father Mick."

"Now, Phil, you are alarming me." The least sign or thought of human distress moved the tender priest.

"Have you not heard, father, of

THE DEATH OF ROSA MAY?"

"Rosa May dead!" ejaculated the priest in a low, sad tone. "God rest her soul! *Ní' t'saoghal so acht ceo*—life is but a vapor. And when did she die?"

"This morning."

"Without her reason, as she has lived so long?"

"No, father. Her reason returned to her two days ago. Father Pat did not tell you?"

"I have not seen him, Phil, these days past."

"He was by at the time. Father Pat, her mother and I were sitting by the poor girl's bed. We knew her time was not long. She was wasting, wasting fast. A deep, quiet sleep was on her, but the sleep broke. A smile, like a ripple on the water, passed over her pale, sweet face: the angels were whispering to her. She murmured something: then she sank back into the stillness of sleep. But the smile came again, and she woke and raised herself.

"Oh, mother, Father Patrick and my dear old friend Philip!" she exclaimed, and we gathered round her astonished. 'Have I been sleeping so long and so heavily, mother?' Then full consciousness of her state seemed to flash on her mind, and she covered her face with her transparent, alabaster hands and bowed down on the bed. Father Pat motioned me and we left the room.

"There is a change in Miss Rosa,' I said to Father Pat.

"We shall know presently,' he answered, 'but we are better here. I will retire and pray to the throne of grace for her. She is not of our faith, but my prayers for her are not the less due. They were ever and always good to me. Pray you too, Philip, silently but earnestly. We should be no Christians if we did not.'

"I did pray; I need not have been told to pray; and I thought my wearied heart would have burst when I thought of all I knew.

"What passed between mother and daughter, a child restored for a moment, to be taken away the next for ever, you may judge.

"When we were called back to the room, Miss Rosa was sitting up in her bed, propped by pillows and supported by Nelly Blaine. We kissed her wan cheeks, and she pressed our hands—oh how earnestly!—as one now about to leave us for the cold grave."

The priest made an inaudible invocation.

"She was perfectly herself, but she grievously wandered back on old recollections. Father Pat strove to draw her away from them, and to bring her thoughts to the present and the future. A burst of sunshine into the room and the upspringing of a lark into the sky did what he could not do.

"That is beautiful!' she exclaimed, her face beaming with rapture. 'But the lark sings to the earth, and will return to the earth. I must look to heaven and forget the earth. Father Patrick, my time here is at its close.'

"It was heart-breaking. Nelly Blaine could hold her grief no longer: she broke into a loud wail. But Father Pat checked her. Mrs. May sank on her knees by the bedside and hid her face.

"Father Mick, the like I wish never to see again.

"Presently Miss Rosa spoke again: 'You Father Patrick and my good Philip Lyncheghan, you have my dying love. Leave me now to my dear mother. But

when my last hour is come be with me. You saw my father die—see me.'

"We left the Rath with grief in our hearts, but grateful to God for His mercy to Rosa. Father Pat spoke not a word by the way, and we parted also without a word.

"On the evening of yesterday Father Pat and I had word to be at the Rath early this morning. I did not, Father Mick, let the day grow much on me ere I was there.

"When we drew round Miss Rosa's bed we saw the cold hand was heavy on her. She spoke slowly and feebly. 'Father Patrick and Philip Lyncheghan,' she said, looking earnestly, *so* earnestly, at us, 'my dear, good friends'—the words choked in her throat—I owe you my departing expression of gratitude. I have not always been conscious of your kindness: I feel all now. I thank you—and bless you. I can do no more. I am in peace with my own mind. I know of no willful sin I ever committed. My strength is leaving me. We shall meet again. Mother—my brother far away—England.'

"Her eyes closed: the angel-smile we had seen before spread over her face. We stood in silence. Her spirit had departed, and we were with the dead. Then went up a great cry to Heaven. The people had gathered from far and near."

A long silence followed the close of Philip's sad narration. The priest was deeply affected. At length Phil took up his pipe, the solace of many, and I inquired who the Mays were. The name was not Irish, and I thought there might be a history with it.

"It would be too long a story to-night," said Father Michael. "Phil cannot go, and he shall tell you in the morning, before he leaves us. I thought to detain him with us, provided we had weather to-morrow, but he being so close in friendship with the Mays, I must

abandon my intention. We will now to supper. How wild the night continues!"

"Philip's 'great cry that went up to Heaven' when Miss May had departed was the keen?"

"Yes, the *caione*."

"I have heard it. How wild, indeed how appalling, it is when heard in lone places! You remember Carleton's ballad, 'Sir Turlough?' It was once brought to my recollection very impressively. A funeral train was toiling its slow way over one of your dismal bogs. Now and again the keen was raised. Near me the cry was unpleasant, but as the distance increased the tone became saddening, and I thought of Sir Turlough and his bride:

'A cry! a cry!—'twas her maidens spoke,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Your bride is asleep—she has not awoke;
And she sleeps the sleep will never be broke,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.
* * * * *
The keen is loud, it comes again,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And rises sad from the funeral train,
As in sorrow it winds along the plain,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.'

"Waking and keening the dead are not peculiarly Irish customs," Father Michael bade me note. "That sublime passage," he continued, "in the second chapter of St. Matthew, 'In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and great mourning: Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they were not,' tells us of the keen in the East. You will find the wake and keen among the old Greeks. Achilles keened and waked Patroclus." He reached his *Homer*, and read from books xxiii. and xxiv. "In book xxiv. we have the Trojan wake of Hector; and how exactly the several addresses to the dead agree with our practice!"

The priest put his books aside, piously commended me to heavenly protection, and retired to his chamber. I followed his example.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.*

IT is remarkable how seldom father and son have acquired distinction of the first class in any line of eminence. In English history one calls to mind the two Cecils, the two Pitts and the two Foxes. The two Bacons, so unequal was their importance, make scarcely an exception to the rule. Of the two Shaftesburys, one was the other's grandson. In the uppermost circle there is no positive instance of the hereditary prominence in question but that of Edward III. and his strenuous namesake. In French history it is sought to still less purpose; while among American statesmen, since the Union was established, there is as yet but one example; and that example is much the more striking as having been duplicated through two immediate successions. In the history of our diplomatic service—to say nothing now of public services of other kinds—there is no name to be placed by the side of that which has been borne by the diplomatists of our three wars. Full biographies of the first two who have illustrated it have been long in possession of the public. An attempt to sketch briefly the career of the third, though premature and incomplete, is forbidden by no considerations of delicacy, connected as his life has been with the course of public events through parts of a quarter of a century.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS was born in the year 1807, in Boston, where his father was then residing, after being in the public service for seven years, under appointments from President Washington as minister to The Hague and to Berlin, and for three years as a Senator of the United States, which position he still filled. In August, 1809, the subject of this notice, the youngest of three

*It may be worth while to say that this sketch, prepared from records and from memory, without communication with Mr. Adams, may contain some error of fact or of judgment which he would have been able to set right.

sons, of whom he is now the only survivor, went to St. Petersburg with his father, who at that critical period of our affairs had been commissioned by Mr. Madison as minister to the Emperor Alexander. From Russia, where he remained five years, till the capture of Paris and the abdication of Napoleon, Mr. Adams went to Ghent, to meet Mr. Bayard, Mr. Clay and Mr. Russell, who were associated with him to negotiate with British commissioners a treaty of peace. After its conclusion on the 24th of December, 1814, Mr. Adams was re-joined by Mrs. Adams and their son at Paris, whence in a few months he went over to England as minister to that court.

At Ealing, a suburb of London, where Mr. Adams took up his residence, his son first went to an English school. But it was wisely thought that the time was come when he should be getting his education among the young fellow-countrymen with whom in after years he was to live and act, and he came home in 1817 to be fitted for college at the Boston Latin School. At Cambridge, where he graduated in 1825, the year in which his father became President of the United States, he was the classmate of Judge Ames, of the late Mayor Chapman, of Admiral Davis, of the sculptor Horatio Greenough, of Dr. John B. S. Jackson, of the Reverend Dr. Hedge and Dr. Lothrop, of Mr. Sears Walker, the astronomer, and of other distinguished men.

On leaving college, Mr. Adams went to Washington, and there studied law two years under his father's direction. He completed his course by another year in the office of Daniel Webster in Boston, and was admitted to the Bar in 1828. His early studies and domestic associations were such as to favor his extraordinary natural capacities for usefulness in public life. But with the presidency of General Jackson new

conditions of official service had been recognized. Young men of honor and of fitness were less in demand on the part of the appointing and the electing powers, and they were themselves unambitious of office in proportion as it was only to be had on humiliating terms. Mr. Charles Francis Adams was an eminent example of the many right-minded and accomplished young men of that time who, because of their character and aptitude for public place, were not the sort of candidates preferred. Nor were even the party issues of the period such as to attract and stimulate in the highest degree the highest order of minds. Banks, tariffs, sub-treasuries and distributions of surplus revenue and of public lands are matters deserving of prudent and sagacious treatment, but they are not interests of that class which most strongly invite wise and generous men to take part in the management of them at the sacrifice of turning away from some other pursuits. While cabinets were made and unmade because of such questions as whether cabinet ministers' wives were shy or not of visiting Mrs. Eaton, self-respecting men found it most satisfactory to stand aside.

The first years of Mr. Adams' manhood were mostly passed with his books, and, allied and educated as he was, it was impossible that his studies should not to a great extent take the direction of political history and science, and of whatever goes to the formation of a statesman. Meantime, he exercised his pen in the newspapers. In the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, the *National Advocate*, and especially the *Boston Courier*, he frequently took a part in the controversies of the day, treating of matters of currency, finance, secret societies and constitutional law. A list of writers in the *North American Review* shows some fourteen papers contributed by him to different numbers between forty and twenty-five years ago, mostly on subjects belonging to political economy and to political history and biography, American and English. Among pamphlets issued by him within twelve years

after leaving college, two bore the title of *Reflections* and *Further Reflections on the Present State of the Currency of the United States*; and another, *An Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs*, by a *Whig of the Old School*, discussed with great learning and ability the question, moved in General Jackson's time by Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Clay, and recently revived in our own, of the constitutional power of the President to remove officeholders without the consent of the Senate. In 1843, Mr. Adams pronounced the Fourth of July oration before the municipal government of Boston.

The national politics assumed new dignity when the great slave-power usurpation forced itself upon notice. The Whig party, under the lead of Mr. Webster at the North and Mr. Clay at the South, professed itself, and was generally understood, to be less obsequious to the slavery domination than its Democratic rival. In 1841, Mr. Adams came into the Massachusetts House of Representatives as a member for Boston, elected by Whig votes. In that year Mr. Tyler became President. Massachusetts was already uneasy about the threatened extension of slavery by the annexation of Texas. Questions were from time to time brought up which put to a strain the unanimity of the dominant Whig party. A portion of that party, faithful to their enlightened convictions, or wholesomely considerate of the Massachusetts constituency behind them, took a course which fixed on them the name (originated, we believe, by Mr. Attorney-General Hoar) of *Conscience Whigs*, to distinguish them from their associates, who, prompted by either their different convictions, or their interest in the cotton trade and manufacture, or a simple proneness to ingenuous subserviency, had acquired the designation of *Cotton Whigs*. The Cotton Whigs, whose policy was to say little and act stealthily, could scarcely be said to have a leader in the State legislative halls; and if they had, it would be scant charity now to revive his name. Of the Conscience Whigs,

no name told for more than that of Charles Francis Adams. The voice of Mr. Wilson, who had recently brought from New Hampshire a taste and faculty for party devices, and a certain gift of fluent and familiar speech, first exercised in Massachusetts in the Harrison campaign, and who, with all his eccentricities of method—developed later—had a genuine and constant antipathy to the slave-power despotism, was often heard with effect on the same side. Mr. Stephen C. Phillips, deservedly prominent in the anti-slave-power wing of the Whig party, was not then, nor ever afterward, we believe, a member of either branch of the Legislature. Nor was Mr. Sumner, who, still young, was rising rapidly into consequence through his brilliant abilities and his earnest devotion to the same cause.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives of 1843 was four days in coming to the choice of its Speaker. The number of Whig and Democratic members was nearly equal, and the refusal of some of the Conscience Whigs to give their votes to the caucus candidates of the Whig party obstructed a choice. A compromise was effected on Mr. Daniel P. King (afterward Representative in Congress for the Essex district), and his election was regarded as a concession extorted from the Whig party by the persistence of a minority of their number. The Democratic party, through its majority in the Senate, obtained the control of the government, choosing its candidate for governor, who had failed of a majority in the popular election. It pursued a reckless course, which threw it out of power the next autumn. At the end of the session of the Legislature a committee of the Whig members issued a pamphlet entitled a *Review of its Proceedings*, with an *Appeal to the People against the Violent Course of the Majority*—a vigorous paper, understood to be from the pen of Mr. Adams. He was also a member of a committee which published an elaborate address of the Whig members of the Senate and House of Representatives of Massachusetts to their con-

stituents, occasioned by the inaugural address of the governor, and may have been the author of that document. Through the three years of his service he was House chairman of the joint committee on Public Lands. In 1842 he was at the head of the important House committee for dividing the Commonwealth into districts for the choice of members of Congress, and took an active part in breaking down the odious discrimination against colored people as travelers in public conveyances—a measure which, unobjectionable as it seems to us now, was opposed then with no little passion.

In 1844 and 1845, Mr. Adams was a member of the Senate of Massachusetts, and chairman of the committees on Public Lands and on the Library. In the former of these years occurred an outrage on the part of South Carolina which began to wake up some people whose slumbers had hitherto been peaceful. It had been the habit of South Carolina, when an American colored seaman came into one of her harbors (not a British colored seaman—John Bull was not to be fooled with in that manner), to take him out of his ship, where, on any understanding of the case, he would have done no harm, and lock him up in jail on shore. When the vessel was again about to go to sea they brought the man on board and allowed him to go about his business, provided the captain would pay a ransom, called the expense of the detention, and enter into certain bonds. Further provisions of the State law which authorized these proceedings were, that if the citizen thus dealt with should come a second time within the State limits, he should be scourged, and that if he came a third time he should be sold into perpetual slavery. Such was the *police law* of South Carolina, of which a South Carolinian judge of the Supreme Court of the United States had said from the Bench, not that it was Heaven-defying insolence and barbarity—that is not judicial language—but that “as to its unconstitutionality” it was “not too much to say that it will not bear argument.”

The cry of the oppressed reached the

ears of the government of Massachusetts, where was their home. What should Massachusetts do? Her obligations under the National Constitution forbade that she should fit out a fleet and make of Charleston a heap of bloody ashes. The same obligations, and a sense of decency besides, forbade that she should retaliate on South Carolina travelers. She undertook the peaceful process of going to law. Sure of having the law on her side, she sent one of her honorable citizens on the simple errand to present himself in the courts and have the question tried. He came to Charleston with his daughter, and straightway South Carolina rose in arms. The governor howled to the legislative wisdom. The adjutant-general dashed down by rail from Columbia, his pocket full of orders. Mr. Hoar's life was threatened in the streets. A sheriff's officer assaulted him. A mob, headed by one Rose, who had profited so little by the education which he owed to the bounty of the Massachusetts University, conducted him to a steambot about to depart, and South Carolina once more drew tranquil breath.*

Again, what was Massachusetts to do? She had parted with her right of self-protection to the national government, and that government was now impotent and unrighteous, and would not protect her. There are some wrongs that can be no better dealt with for the present than by protesting against them for a lasting record, and then laying them by to be righted in some fit future time. On the report of a joint special committee, of which Mr. Adams was chairman, the Legislature adopted a "Declaration," to be transmitted to the President and to the governors of the respective States. "The State of Massachusetts now addresses each of her sister States of the North American Union,

* Mr. Hoar's wife was a daughter of Roger Sherman, the Connecticut signer of the Declaration of Independence: General Sherman's father was a son of that venerable patriot. When General Sherman sent a blue brigade into trembling Charleston one fine morning, he may have thought of the relationship, and how "the whirligig of time brings about," we will not say "its revenges," but its adjustments.

and, in the presence of all Christian nations, of the civilized world, and of an omniscient, all-seeing Deity, the final Judge of human action in states as in individuals, enters her earnest and solemn PROTEST against the hostile acts of the State of South Carolina:" with these solemn words the prophetic arraignment began. It is a paper worthy of the occasion and of the author, a masterly exposition of the legal and constitutional aspects of the question, and a model of weighty and impressive eloquence.

As yet there was no recognized split in the Whig party, but still less was there any *entente cordiale*. In 1845 the increase of the domain of slavery by the annexation of Texas was imminent, and annexation was for the moment the crucial question between the promoters and the opponents of the extension of the patriarchal institution. The treaty made for the purpose by Mr. President Tyler and Mr. Secretary Calhoun had failed in the National Senate, for want of the constitutional majority of two-thirds. The conspirators were not to be so put off. In his message to Congress in December, 1844, the President advised that the annexation should be effected by a joint resolve of the two Houses. The House sanctioned the monstrous proposal in the last week of the following month, and the Senate five weeks later.

But it was the short session, and the Congress expired without having pushed through any formal legislative act, so that there was still a glimmer of hope for escape. The exigency brought men into association who had not, or not lately, acted together before, as Mr. Adams, Mr. (lately Attorney-General) Hoar, Mr. Stephen C. Phillips, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Sumner, Judge Allen, of the Conscience Whigs; Mr. Whittier, Mr. Sewall, Mr. Wright, Mr. Pierpont, of the Liberty party; Mr. Garrison and Mr. Wendell Phillips of the Abolitionists proper. In October, 1845, at a meeting held in Cambridge, barely five weeks before the assembling of the Twenty-ninth Congress, a committee of fifty persons was raised to obtain an expression of

the people of Massachusetts on the annexation of Texas. The committee circulated a campaign newspaper, called *The Free State Rally*, and arranged meetings in all parts of the Commonwealth, which were earnestly addressed by opponents of the annexation plot. The result was, that remonstrances went from Massachusetts to Washington with nearly sixty thousand signatures against the admission of Texas into the Union "as a slave State." The catastrophe was not averted, but the public mind of the North took important steps toward that revival of sense and virtue which finally shivered the nefarious system of slavery to atoms. In the manly enterprise of that time no one had a more conspicuous or more effective part than Mr. Adams. And it was not a part to be taken except at heavy cost. Whoever chose it was pursued by the Whigs of the Cotton wing with an animosity the like of which was perhaps never before seen in this country, certainly not since the lively times of the war of 1812. Friendships going back for their beginning to the days of childhood and youth were furiously broken. In the streets men passed without recognition those whom they had loved like brothers. People whose living in any way depended on their neighbors' good-will learned that it was contingent on hard, new conditions. Mr. Adams' unquestionable position and easy fortune made him less assailable than others, but only less so. The cold shoulder of those whom one has esteemed and obliged is no exhilarating sight, even to the most self-sustained and the most sufficient to themselves. Some stepped backward and escaped the annoyance. But that was not Mr. Adams' way. And the circles, like the newspapers, did their little best against him, though, one may believe, not as vigorously as they might have done could they have flattered themselves that they would be able to deter or distress or disturb him.

In the important movement of that autumn which ultimately led to the formation of the Free-Soil party, Mr.

Adams was constantly active with speech and pen. On the dissolution of the Massachusetts State Anti-Texas Committee, an elaborate "Address to the Public," which he prepared, recited the action of the committee, restated its principles and committed the seed of future patriotic endeavors to the good soil of a wide field. "The committee," he said in this paper, "entertain no shadow of doubt of the necessity of making resistance to slavery paramount to every other consideration of a political nature." The savage aggressiveness of pro-slavery Whiggism demanded a stout resistance, and Mr. Adams, for the first and last time in his life, became connected with a newspaper. The *Boston Whig*, which he consented to conduct for several months in the political department, did not a little in that critical time to keep the loose-lipped adversary in check and uphold the courage of good men.

In the summer of 1847 it had become probable that General Taylor, recently brought into notice by his successes in Mr. Polk's Mexican war, would be the candidate of the Whig slaveholders and their Northern friends for the presidency at the next election. Mr. Webster hoped that the nomination might fall to himself. In the last week of September a convention for nominating State officers for Massachusetts met at Springfield. Mr. Webster, though not a member, came to it with some of his intimates, and made a speech designed to win the favor of the growing anti-slavery section. A delegate who wanted, if possible, to get on record something definite, introduced a resolve, "That the Whigs of Massachusetts will support no men as candidates for the offices of President and Vice-President but such as are known by their acts or declared opinions to be opposed to the extension of slavery." This led to a stormy debate and a rough scene. The supporters of General Taylor united with the supporters of Mr. Webster in hooting down the friends of the resolve. Amidst tumultuous outcries and other unseemly interruptions, Mr. Adams, Mr. Sumner, Judge Allen

and others got what could scarcely be called a hearing in favor of it, while Mr. Winthrop and two other gentlemen of Boston, devoted to General Taylor or Mr. Webster, opposed it with equal earnestness. The vote was taken after nightfall, when in so crowded an assembly the count was difficult, and when numerous delegates from the western towns, where the doctrine of the resolve was popular, had retired to their homes. The president, Mr. Ashman, who was not in favor of it, had appointed two tellers, both of his own inclining, who reported that it was defeated by a small majority. The better opinion on both sides was that the tellers had counted incorrectly. In nearly all, if not all, the county conventions held presently afterward, except Suffolk (Boston, and a suburb or two), the resolve defeated in the convention was passed in the same words or in substance. The Whig party of Massachusetts, if it could be trusted as speaking the mind of its majority, would not listen to any farther extension of slavery.

A reconciliation of two policies so discordant and so vital was impossible. The Whig party of the nation could no longer hold together. In the Thirtieth Congress, which presently met, a small number of Whigs (two or three only, for party bonds were immensely strong) refused their votes to Mr. Winthrop as Speaker of the House, and he was only chosen by an adhesion of members from Mississippi and South Carolina. Nor was the Democratic party any longer without its divisions and anxieties. The Banquo head reared itself at the Democratic feasts in New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and elsewhere.

It was felt to be time for the Free-Soil party, so insensibly and as yet so loosely constituted, to take form and action. The two "healthy organizations" having nominated their respective candidates—General Cass and General Taylor—for the next presidency, and both nominating conventions having, by their accompanying action, given in their adhesion to the slave power and under-

taken to work its will, it remained to be tried whether any resistance to them both could do aught to arrest the noisome flood. Three weeks after the nomination of General Taylor a meeting of Massachusetts patriots—to the number, it was said, of five thousand—was held in Worcester. In spirited resolves they declared their adherence to the often-professed principles of Massachusetts on the subject of slavery, and their purpose to maintain them in political action. On the 9th of August a national convention of citizens of the same way of thinking came together at Buffalo, in New York. Delegates appeared from seventeen or eighteen States, and the number of sympathizers who had assembled was variously estimated at from thirty to fifty thousand. The prominence of Mr. Adams in the Free-Soil ranks was recognized by his appointment to preside over the convention.

It was probably the general expectation of those who had come into the Free-Soil party from among the Whigs—at all events, it was their general wish—that the new party's nomination for the presidency should fall upon Judge John McLean of Ohio, a person in universal esteem for the best qualities of man. In the fluid state of the great Whig party, and indeed of both parties, at that time, with vast numbers of voters sick of slavery and of the trickery that had made them its accomplices, it is not highly improbable that, had that nomination been made, it might have been carried in a sufficient number of States to bring the election into the House of Representatives, and there ultimately have been sustained by an election through the alternative constitutional process. But the great influence of Mr. (since Chief-Justice) Chase, of the same State as Judge McLean, was against that nomination, and it was opposed by that preponderating force of New York Free-Soilers who had come from the Democratic ranks. Mr. Butler, formerly Mr. Van Buren's attorney-general, with other scarcely less able and distinguished intimates of the late

President, exerted themselves to satisfy the convention that that gentleman's recent assertion of Free-Soil convictions might be relied upon, and that he, and he only, could carry the large electoral vote of New York for the new party, and shiver the Democratic combination throughout the Northern States. Mr. Van Buren was accordingly nominated as candidate for the presidency, and Mr. Adams, representing in former years a very different type of political thought and character, was named for the second office.

The nomination of Mr. Van Buren was a staggering blow to the Free-Soil party in New England, in which region lay its greatest strength. A portion of that party, still retaining their Whig affinities, could not make up their minds to give a vote for one who had so long had a front place in their maledictions, and numbers, on their tremulous transition way, were repelled and driven back. Ultra Whiggery revived as by a rejuvenating spell. Contrary to all the indubitable recent tendencies of thought, General Taylor, or rather Mr. Lawrence and his co-workers, had their way in Massachusetts, though there, in spite of the immense discouragement, the new party cast nearly one-third of the whole number of votes.

The adoption of Mr. Van Buren as the candidate of this convention, however it may appear in the light of that gentleman's later conduct, was not so extraordinary a proceeding as by many it was and is considered. His early and his then recent public course had been true to right and freedom. There had been a miserable interval when, entangled in the meshes of party and high station, he, like every one (except Mr. J. Q. Adams) of the contemporaries who had stood with him in the foremost rank of American statesmen, had yielded to the base expediencies of the time. But the great fact stood out broadly that while Mr. Van Buren, like all the other most prominent party leaders still living, had been at one time too submissive to the slave power, he was the only one who now appeared to be man

enough to turn from the error of his way and assume the thankless and arduous championship of the right. Mr. Clay, Mr. Webster—nothing could be had of them and their following but words, and words that constantly grew fainter as occasions for trying their significance seemed to approach. How the words faltered, were hushed, were succeeded by a different strain of language, later history has told.

A worse thing than defeat befell the generous Free-Soil party of Mr. Adams' State. There was a portion of it too impatient of present ill-success. For more reasons than one, they thought they could not afford to wait for the healthy triumph of the sound doctrine they maintained to install them in the seats of power. That "success is a duty" was a maxim adopted by them with too little consideration of its sense and bearings. *Flectere si nequeo, etc.* It soon appeared that Mr. Wilson and some others differed from Mr. Adams and some others in respect to the further course incumbent on the baffled friends of freedom. Mr. Adams had great faith in principles, and not so much in expedients, and in some sorts of plausible expedients he had no faith whatever. Mr. Wilson looked more to quick achievement, and was less averse to instrumental inconsistencies and indirections. The difference between the two policies is well known, so often have they come into contrast and conflict. The instructed statesman, with the reach of a "large discourse, looking before and after," trusts confidently to the ultimate success of righteous principles, which never failed yet, nor will till the "pillared firmament is rottenness." A different class of actors esteem unduly an immediate appearance of success, however embarrassed by concomitants that strip it of its integrity and worth.

At the annual election of 1850 in Massachusetts, when the exasperation at Mr. Webster's then recent advocacy of the Fugitive-Slave Bill was at the highest, members were returned to the Legislature by the three parties respectively—

Whig, Free-Soil and Democratic—according as one or another had a majority in the different constituencies. Some compact or understanding for joint action had been supposed to exist between a few persons active in the two latter parties, but in all or most of their newspapers the plan had been disavowed. When, however, the Legislature came together, it was announced in potential quarters that such an understanding existed. Scrupulous men of the Free-Soil party were solicited to acquiesce, on the ground that one result of it would be the return of Mr. Sumner, whose rising greatness was warmly appreciated, to the Senate of the United States; while, on the other hand, it was urged that the compact alleged had not been made by, or known to, the body of the electors; that the policy urged, besides being more than questionable on higher grounds, was not even recommended by considerations of present expediency; that even the election of Mr. Sumner, the great lure to friends of the cause which he had been so conspicuously maintaining, would be as likely or more likely to be secured by a consistent and untrammelled action on their part; and that, at the worst, the indications were that the popular will would bring him in at the next election, without any trading with his enemies. Such considerations, however, failed to convince. The compact presumed was now made, if it had not been made before—at least between certain busy leaders. A melancholy scene of what the adverse newspapers with too much justice called "truck and dicker," followed. The language between the negotiators who were to manage the combination of votes was, We will give you these offices, and, You shall have those in return. Judge Curtis was quoted as saying that such transactions were punishable at law. Either Judge Curtis never said so, or he was wrong. The law has provided no protection against malpractices of that kind. By the Legislature, which had to select between the three candidates—since in the tripartite contest there had been no choice by the

popular vote—Mr. Boutwell, the candidate of the Democrats, was chosen governor, and the first fruit of the unpleasant alliance of the Free-Soil party was that the chief magistrate of Massachusetts, made so by their votes, delivered in his inaugural address an argument in defence of that hideous abomination, the Fugitive-Slave Bill, which had so horrified and distressed many decent men, and from which, even while he was speaking, frightened freemen were hiding in woods and cellars, and running through the snow-banks into Canada. And, after all, the sanguine Free-Soil managers barely escaped the mortification of that enthusiast for Whitefield's preaching, who found on better information that he had soiled his dress for nothing. The Democrats, having secured their share, did not come up to their engagement, if engagement they had made, and after a contest of many weeks Mr. Sumner was chosen by a change of the vote of a Whig Representative, given under instructions from his town. Mr. Sumner stood blameless in respect to this arrangement. He was well understood to have had no part in it, and to have refused to take steps which were recommended to him by officious champions as promising to bring the long contest to a speedy end in his favor.

Mr. Boutwell, under another election of the same hybrid kind, was governor for a second year, two successive candidates meanwhile accepting the nomination of the Free-Soil party, in hopes of keeping it together for service in better times. At the nominating convention held in 1852, the candidate of the preceding year, in consideration of the divided sentiments of the party, withdrew his name. It was thought by many that Mr. Wilson would be nominated in his place, but the choice fell on Mr. Horace Mann, who had served in two Congresses as successor to Mr. John Quincy Adams. The canvass of the Free-Soil party was not so spirited as it might have been had not Mr. Wilson, the most active member of the State committee, and perhaps at that

time its chairman, been absent from the State during the first month. Some of the party were made uneasy and dispirited by the deflections which they had witnessed, and for which they could not consent to be responsible. Whigs who had recently come to them, or were on their way, found an easy excuse for turning back; and again a Whig administration was inaugurated in Massachusetts, with Mr. Clifford at its head.

If there is to be relief from this, thought the concocters of the late coalition, it must be had by another move in the same direction. They stirred for a convention to amend the State Constitution. Into such a body it was likely that there might be brought a conglomeration of indifferents and malecontents, subjects for such manipulation as might combine them in joint action for the temporary purpose in hand. The point seized upon in justification of the measure was, that for a considerable time there had been well-founded complaint of an unequal adjustment of power among the towns as represented in the lower branch of the State Legislature. If there was anything else in the Constitution that demanded a change, it was not of such importance as to attract much attention. And at all events, any change that was really desirable might easily and deliberately be made by the method pointed out in the Constitution itself—that is, a resolve of two successive Legislatures, confirmed by a vote of the whole people in the towns. But this would not have served the present turn. The sight of Whigs in power was irritating to many: to many more it was justly painful. The Whigs wanted no convention. Democrats and numerous Free-Soilers voted for it: their joint vote prevailed, and the convention met.

When the fundamental law of a community is to be defined, it seems as if nothing could be at once more fair and more prudent than that all forms of opinion should be brought into consultation with one another; that the trustworthiness of advisers by reason of public spirit, integrity, knowledge, ex-

perience and wisdom should be carefully regarded; and that men having permanent ties to the Commonwealth springing out of the past, and a stake in it for themselves and their posterity in the future, should rather be confided in for the work than others who came only last year from another State, and who, if their present calculations here do not prosper, will be off again next month for a more promising sphere of activity. In the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention of 1820 sat grave and trusted men of both parties, chosen, in frequent instances, by their party opponents, not by any bargain or expectation of concerted action, but with the simple, honest purpose that all interests and sentiments that had a right to be heard should be heard, and that such as had most cause to cherish the lasting honor and welfare of the community might together devise and establish the safeguards of that honor and welfare. The names most frequently brought to view in the record of the debates of that convention of fifty years ago are names not absent in past generations from the annals of the Commonwealth and of the towns, nor dissociated from the soil which in coming days is to bear a population affected in character and condition by institutions and laws.

Against the meeting of the convention in the summer of 1853 the coalition tactics had been assiduously worked over by the parties concerned, and the resulting rules were stringently applied. Some men seemingly competent to contribute something to the deliberations of such a council were carefully excluded by the contracting parties. It is safe to say that no man in the Commonwealth was more largely qualified for that service, whether by integrity, ability, study or experience, than Mr. Adams. He might have been returned as a member (so was the electing system arranged) by any town in the Commonwealth; but he was under the ban of the present guides of all parties—of the Whigs and Democrats, because of his testimony against their pro-slavery leaning; of the new Free-Soil leaders, because he

held off from their abnormal alliance ; so that, in Cromwell's phrase to the Parliament, there was "no longer need of him." Mr. Boutwell and Mr. Wilson were of the innermost council of the convention, and prime agents in its busy scenes. In their interest, Mr. President Banks, though not ignorant of parliamentary law, ruled wildly. The confident body lost sight of the ostensible purpose of its convocation, and branched out into various schemes, as the theoretical vagaries of individual members prompted, or the expediencies incident to welding more closely together the two unsympathizing parties. The result of its three months' discussion was the composition of a full draft of an amended Constitution, to be passed upon by the popular vote. In the place of that unequal representation in the lower branch of the Legislature which had been the avowed occasion of its meeting, it proposed another system still more unequal in the same way, and more objectionable in various ways. Several offices hitherto conferred by the appointment of the Executive, the Legislature or the Judiciary—the offices of attorney-general, secretary and treasurer, sheriffs and prosecuting officers, clerks of courts—it made elective, throwing them into the party scramble of the primary meetings. Above all, it proposed to banish from Massachusetts the institution of an independent, capable and impartial judiciary, by limiting the terms of judicial service, and making the appointment of judges from time to time by the governor an element in the party contests of the successive years. The danger of the time, and a disposition to concede much for the sake of saving something when a comprehensive wreck seemed to be threatened, must be supposed to have helped the reckless powers that were in their successful endeavors to win over to their plans men not often known to fail in bringing courage and good sense to the public service.

So late as three weeks before this disastrous project was to be voted on by the people there was extremely little doubt, on the part whether of friend or foe,

that it would be carried through, so overpowering seemed the motley union, in act, of the parties persisting in their opposite professions in general politics. Mr. Adams was one of those who did not lose hope. In speech and print he addressed his fellow-citizens with vigorous expositions of the danger which was upon them. The danger was averted, though by a most narrow escape. A majority of 4859 in 123,863 votes sent the portentous scheme to its place. If life, liberty, property and reputation are at this day in Massachusetts secure under safeguards such as contrast with the processes of judicial administration in New York, no name more than Mr. Adams' deserves honor for the constancy and wisdom that stood for them victoriously in that time of appalling peril.

The alliance in the convention had overleaped itself; and, having no principle of cohesion connected with the public good, it was demoralized by its defeat, and the Whig dynasty kept its power in the State through the next year.* In the autumn of 1854, Mr. Wilson being then the candidate of the Free-Soil party for the office of governor, the advancing rush of the *Know-Nothing* train was unmistakably heard. A brisk leap brought Mr. Wilson upon the thundering engine as it neared the watering-place at the Election Station, and he was presently set down by it on the platform of the Senate of the United States. Within a fortnight before the time for the fall election it was announced that Mr. Wilson withdrew himself from the service of the Free-Soil party as their candidate for the chief magistracy of the State. It was too late to do anything with any other can-

* The wise Whigs, thinking to throw a tub to what in their conception was the stupid whale of Massachusetts, took up some of the minor schemes of botching which had now been defeated, and under their auspices some of them were presently adopted into the Constitution. One consequence soon revealed itself in respect to the exemption of the sheriffs from direct responsibility to the chief Executive. When sheriffs chosen by the counties were found indifferent to their duty to the Commonwealth, as might so reasonably have been apprehended, the remedy of the *State Constabulary* was devised, which has been a bone of contention ever since.

didate, and the party was effectually disarmed.

If it had not been so intensely sad on the score of public morality, it would have been amusing to see the clean sweep which, in that dislocated state of politics, the extemporized Know-Nothing party made. Leaves driven before a tornado were a faint image of the fury with which it scattered things along the track. The lately multitudinous Democratic party, the lately firm-seated Whig party, found themselves nowhere.* Not enough was left of either in Massachusetts to pick up and splinter and dress. Till revived under another title after two or three years, the brave Free-Soil party, which in the time of its honest vigor had dealt and taken so many hard blows, had no longer, anywhere, more than a name to live. *The National Era*, which, at the seat of government, under the guidance of the very able and steadfast Dr. Bailey, had rendered such priceless service to freedom, undertook to place itself in the way of the infatuation, but, like the too valiant bull in the story which ventured to butt against the mightier locomotive, was run over and crushed.

The story of the extraordinary career of the Know-Nothing party is not savory, nor is there any occasion now for

* A trio of gentlemen who waited in Boston till the returns of the day's votes came in were said to have been heard exulting, before they sank to their smiling repose at the Revere House, "Here are we three men owners of Massachusetts, without having a foot of land in it, or so much as a last and customary place of habitation." Very probably the anecdote was an invention. But *se non e vero, e ben trovato*.

The following reminiscence of the practice of those times, from the lively pen of the not unfriendly writer who subscribes the name of "Warrington" to his contributions to the *Springfield Republican*, is what some critics call graphic:

"When the Coalition went down in 1853, Wilson, Banks, —, and a lot of others who had no visible means of support except by politics, were almost in despair. The temptation to take up Know-Nothingism was too strong for them; and after providing for Gardner by making him governor, Banks and — took a couple of the Congressional seats, and Wilson the Senatorship, dividing the spoils with such rubbish as I need not name. Wilson's activity saved him. Banks' imposing voice and manner persuaded the people that he was indispensable, and — went in on his luck. John Swift used to say, 'The difference between — and Wilson is, that — never gets up, and Wilson never goes to bed.'"

memory to revive the sensations imparted by that unpleasant atmosphere. The saving quality of the reign was that it was short. Mr. Adams had not liked the Massachusetts coalition project in its different phases; to the scheme for spoiling the Constitution he had stood in victorious resistance; he did not like the Know-Nothing movement; and his disaffection was cordially requited by the ill-yoked leaders, not so much to his own cost as to that of the public which he might have served so well. Relegated by an absolute ostracism to private life, while the electors of the Congressional district of his residence, or the jobbers who wrought upon them, considered Mr. Damrell to be more competent to appear for them in the councils of the nation, he was not left without the means of dignified employment for his time, nor without opportunities to be useful to his countrymen in labors to which their votes were not needed to introduce him. He devoted himself, as his main occupation, to preparing for the press a portion of the writings of his grandfather, the second President. Of this great work, which, after rigid selection and condensation of matter, had to extend over ten closely-printed octavo volumes, the first volume was published in 1850, the last, containing a biography, in 1856.

The life of a statesman can only be fitly written by a statesman. The life of John Adams—coeval, till beyond middle age, with the colonial times, of importance second only to that of one other life in the struggle from which our country came forth as one of the family of nations, and intimately complicated with all the controversies of our early interior national politics—could only be satisfactorily recorded by a scholar of the best historical knowledge, and could only be worthily analyzed by a thinker who, in addition to having within his mind's range of view the whole political field of the time, understood the weakness and the strength, the dangers and the securities, of the various political systems, and the motives, worthy and generous, selfish and threatening, which

more or less through all recorded time have acted on the minds of men entrusted with the conduct of public affairs. As a tribute to ancestral services and greatness, Mr. Adams may well have thought the time well spent which was devoted to this carefully-finished composition. But he had a right to think far more highly of it still as a contribution to the knowledge of his fellow-citizens on matters of the weightiest practical concern, and to wholesome influences upon the national character. Literary critics will extol the merits of this memoir as a felicitous essay in one of the most attractive departments of fine writing. Lovers of historical truth will prize the information and conviction they obtain from it on grave matters disputed in our fathers' days, as the designs of our French ally in connection with the peace of 1783, the wisdom of the undertaking to deal with the French Directory in 1797, and the military appointments at the time of our quarrel with the French in 1798. But what will most take the attention of the reflecting patriot is the high and strict standard of rectitude and public spirit in public action which is everywhere upheld throughout this work. *O si sic omnes!* The grandson was no indiscriminating champion of the illustrious character which he undertook to exhibit. He was equal to judging, better than most men, what there was to criticise, as well as what to defend or applaud, and he was equally true to both offices as occasions arose. But, whether censure or commendation was the theme, one thing, as far as this specimen was concerned, was always apparent—that at the bar of American history the question respecting American rulers would be whether with unselfish purpose they had striven for the public good.

"Truth, struck to earth, revives again." Disintegrated and apparently demolished as the Free-Soil party had been, its principles proved to have an indestructible vitality, and their vigor was quickened by the madresses of the Southern politicians. It was plain that the constituencies of the North, though now

unorganized, had advanced in a preparation of thought and sentiment to act before long with that kind of demonstration that lovers of office respect. Politicians of the Middle States and of the West, like Mr. Schenck and Mr. Cameron, accustomed to browbeating and checkmating the friends of freedom on the floor of Congress—Boston and Worcester editors in New England, straitened in their vocabulary (though not a scanty one) for enough words of abuse with which to pelt in late years the assertors of Northern manhood—reconciled themselves to the inevitable thing which the phrase *Free Soil* had designated. The phrase for them was not without mingled associations of pain. But that was no unmanageable embarrassment. *Republican* was an inoffensive name. It awoke no remorseful and shaming memories of insolent injustice. It provoked no angry pride of consistency. So, under a salutary lead of prevailing public sentiment, hack politicians of the old parties, having their eyes anointed to see which was going to be the winner in the struggle and the giver of gifts—along with much larger numbers of better men, honest champions long ago of the Free-Soil doctrine, and recent converts to it who had their dull senses sharpened at length to perceive that in it was the only hope of salvation for the country—became banded in a formidable party, and were training under the name of *Republicans* as early as some time in 1855.

The comprehensive character of this arrangement, and still more a conviction, enforced by the thickening perils of the time, opened a door for the admission of more character and capacity into the public service than of late had seemed to be thought needful. In 1858, Mr. Adams, having then, since 1845, with the consent of the guides of the "inside of politics" of all descriptions, filled that post of honor, a private station, was chosen by the third district of Massachusetts to represent it in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States.

The crisis had been approaching with steady and not slow pace. Under the

lead of Mr. Douglas, the Missouri Compromise had been repealed (May 13, 1854), after all the benefits for which it was designed had been reaped by the slave-power advocates, and when the time had come for it to work the other way. Representatives from South Carolina had made an all but fatal assault upon a Massachusetts Senator in his place in the Capitol (May 22, 1856). The National Republican party, organized in a convention at Philadelphia (June 17, 1856), had been defeated (November, 1856) in the attempt to raise Mr. Fremont to the presidency, and the conspiracy in the Southern interest had chosen Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Chief-Justice Taney had ruled, for the Supreme Court of the United States, that colored people "had no rights which the white man was bound to respect" (April, 1857), and that the National Constitution "made no distinction between the right of property in a slave and any other property held by a citizen;" in other words, that no free State had power to protect itself against the introduction of slavery through the immigration of strangers bringing with them their slaves. Presidents Pierce and Buchanan had sent into Kansas four successive governors of their own inclining—Reeder, Shannon, Geary and Walker—and they had all come back, disgusted, when they came to face it, with the nasty work which they had been commissioned to do. After stubborn and not seldom bloody contests with the Border Ruffians from Missouri, the Kansas patriots had just defeated by a large majority of votes the last plan which Congress had proposed for their subjugation, in what was called, from the name of the Indiana Representative who concocted it, the *English Compromise*. Mr. Buchanan in the month after Mr. Adams' election, had in his annual message (December, 1858) recommended the further strengthening of slavery through the acquisition of Cuba by purchase or by force; and a filibustering attempt upon Nicaragua alleged that it had been prompted by the same patronage. A loud demand had been made for the

reopening of the foreign slave-trade, and cargoes were landed with scarcely a care for secrecy—so unconcerned or friendly were the government's officers—in Georgia, Florida and Texas. Presently, a Southern commercial convention held in Mississippi affirmed (May, 1859) the unconstitutionality of the United States laws against the foreign slave-trade, and the newspapers of that State, of Alabama and of South Carolina echoed and re-echoed the doctrine with continually increasing effrontery. On the other hand, a few weeks before Mr. Adams took his seat in Congress, the attempt of John Brown at Harper's Ferry (October 19, 1859), easily defeated as it was, had smitten the whole slave region with deadly alarm, and given stimulus to those desperate counsels which are the natural result of terror.

Such was the state of parties—the Know-Nothing party being still in flower—that till the end of the first eight weeks of Mr. Adams' first service in Congress the House did not get farther than the choice of a Speaker. The ultimate election of Mr. Pennington, of New Jersey, to that place was a triumph for the Republican party. In both Houses the session was an excited one. A series of resolves, introduced into the Senate by Mr. Jefferson Davis, indicated the policy to be pursued by the party of the slave power in the approaching presidential election. In the debate upon them, as well as on other occasions, Senators and Representatives from the South dealt freely in the threat that if a Republican President should be chosen, the slaveholding States would detach themselves from the Union, and the expectation was confidently expressed that they would have so much aid from their party friends at the North as would make it impossible to resist their treason.

Mr. Adams, as has been usual with judicious men entering on an untried sphere, abstained from using opportunities for prominence, while he watched closely the course of proceedings and the characters of men. He was the acting member of the important joint

committee on the Library, and chairman of the committee on Manufactures, which, as things turned out, had little business referred to it during the session. Toward the close of the first session he addressed the House (May 31, 1860) in an elaborate and forcible speech, vindicating the principles of the Republican party, and exhibiting its "indispensable necessity to the actual salvation of our free institutions." Just at the same time he attracted the surprised attention of the House by a characteristic act. It was alleged that members of the controlling party, professing to act for their associates, had made a bargain with a person named Defrees, that they would choose him to the place of public printer for the House, with a very large compensation, if he would give them half the profits for the circulation of electioneering documents; and a member, Mr. Clopton, of Alabama, affirmed in debate that the job was defeated for want of the one Republican vote of Mr. Adams. That it was defeated there is no doubt. That in defeating it Mr. Adams stood alone it would be painful to believe, though there is no doubt he would have held such a position calmly, notwithstanding his finding himself solitary in it.

In the interval between the two sessions of his Congressional service, Mr. Adams, in company with Mr. Seward, made a journey in some of the Northwestern States, where personally he had not hitherto been much known, and addressed several popular assemblies on the presidential election which was approaching. When Congress met again in December, the choice of electors had been made, determining the succession of Mr. Lincoln to the presidency; and within the next two weeks the South Carolina Senators had resigned their seats, and the Legislature of Georgia had appropriated a million of dollars to arm its militia. On the day after the meeting of Congress the House voted "that so much of the President's message as relates to the present perilous condition of the country be referred to a special committee of one from each

State." After a month's deliberation, the committee, of which Mr. Adams was the member for Massachusetts, reported a series of resolves, a bill for the admission of New Mexico as a State, and an amendment of the National Constitution. The main purport of the resolves was to disavow, on the part of the free States, any right, under the Constitution, to interfere with slavery in States where it was already established, or to hinder by law the reclamation of fugitives. The bill for the admission of New Mexico as a State followed the law for making it a Territory (September 9, 1850), in leaving its citizens at liberty in respect to a constitutional admission or disallowance of slavery, Mr. Adams entertaining the opinion both that the former action of Congress on the matter was irremediable, and that, without a constitutional prohibition, New Mexico was secure against the introduction of slaves. The proposed amendment of the National Constitution, as finally acted on by the House, forbade all constitutional amendments which should authorize Congress to legislate on slavery within the States. The New Mexico Bill failed. The other two measures were adopted—the former by 136 votes to 53; the latter by 133 votes to 65. Mr. Adams favored them all, and gave his reasons at length for so doing (January 31, 1861). In the action on the resolves the Republican Massachusetts delegation was equally divided. The amendment and the bill were supported by four votes from Massachusetts against six. A foresight of the miseries of the civil war, which was threatened and imminent, might have been expected to divide opinions as to the practical requirements of public duty; nor is it unreasonable to suppose that what turned out to be the result of the assurances of forbearance which were offered was already anticipated and calculated on.*

* "If they should reject it, I think the offer ought at least to extinguish every future complaint about the exclusion of slaveholders from the Territories, and every pretence that the refusal to grant protection is good cause for their present insolent course."—*Mr. Adams' Speech in the House of Representatives*, Jan. 31, 1861.

By the contemptuous rejection of them the slave-power leaders put themselves still farther in the wrong, demoralized and disgusted the Northern allies who hitherto had signalized their fidelity through so much sufferance, and banded the Northern sentiment and forces in an overwhelming unanimity.

Immediately after the inauguration of President Lincoln, Mr. Adams was commissioned as minister plenipotentiary to England, in the place of Mr. Dallas, and he sailed from Boston for that service in the first week in May. He was now in the sphere for the exercise and manifestation of his rare qualities. They were illustrated by the great discouragements which he had to encounter. The armed rebellion had broken out. The ministry and the ruling classes of England were unfriendly. The Tory party could not but welcome the prospect of a downfall of the great republic, whose prosperity had so potently backed up the argument of English friends to free principles and free institutions. The Whig aristocracy, alarmed by the progressive radicalism of their own allies at home, were not unwilling that it should receive a check from the failure of the American experiment. Except the great names of the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden, there were few in the first rank of English statesmen who looked favorably or justly on the rights or the prospects of this country. In the commercial circles, in which, since the squirearchy has become more enlightened, the intensest burliness of John Bullism resides, the ruin of the great maritime power across the water was a welcome conclusion! The suffering that would fall on the laboring classes in consequence of the stoppage of the supply of cotton from America was apparent, and the decision with which, as it proved, they not only refrained from pressing their government into hostile measures, but pronounced their advocacy of that cause of freedom in America which they instinctively felt to be their own, showed a sense and magnanimity which it would have seemed visionary to look for. The clergy, from Cornwall to the Tweed,

rejoiced in the new demonstration that social order was only to be had under the shadow of a church-sustaining throne. The Carlton Club was elate. The Reform Club was bewildered and double-minded. Lord Palmerston, even beyond his wont, was flippant and cheerful.

Mr. Adams stepped into the circle collected, prepared, grave, dignified, self-poised, with the port of one who felt that he had great rights to secure, that he knew how to vindicate them, and that he had a stout power behind him for their maintenance. The British ministry—not over-reluctant themselves—were pressed by solicitations from across the Channel, as well as by taunts and importunities at home, to espouse the cause of the insurgent States. Had they done so, it will not do to say that we should have failed to come victorious out of the contest, but without doubt we should have won our victory at immeasurably greater cost. That they were held to a neutrality, however imperfect, instead of proceeding to an active intervention, was largely due to the admirable temper and ability with which our diplomacy was conducted. A short time sufficed to make it appear that Mr. Adams was not to be bullied, or cajoled, or hoodwinked, or irritated into an imprudence, and every day of his long residence near the British court brought its confirmation to that profitable lesson. Under provocations and assumptions the more offensive for being sheathed in soft diplomatic phrase, not a petulant word was to be had from the American minister, nor a word, on the other hand, indicative of a want of proud confidence in the claims and in the future of his country. A timid and yielding temper would have invited encroachments: a testy humor or discourteous address would have been seized upon as excuse for reserve or counter-irritation. Nor by the preparation of study was he less equal to the difficult occasion than by native qualities of mind and character, as was proved more than once when, Lord John having flattered himself that he had discovered some chink in our

mail in some passage of our treatment of Spain and the South American republics, the pert diplomatist had to learn that it would be prudent for him to go into a more careful reading of the records of past American administrations. It is of less consequence to say that Mr. Adams' personal accomplishments, his familiarity with the usages of elegant society, his cultivated taste in art, and the good scholarship of his acquaintance with the classical historians, orators and poets (a sort of attainment nowhere more considered than in England), added to the estimation which attached to him. Going to that country in circumstances of the extremest perplexity and trial, he left it, after seven years, the object of universal respect, and of an extent and earnestness of private regard seldom accorded, in any circumstances, to the representative of a foreign power. To maintain at once an inflexible and an inoffensive attitude, to assert, without a jot or tittle of abatement, a country's unconceded right, yet expose no coign of vantage to the aggressor by a rash advance, to enforce justice and tranquilize passion at the same time, is the consummate achievement, the last crowning grace, of diplomacy.

Since Mr. Adams was recalled from England at his own request, he has, as in former years, lived in Boston in the winter, and in the summer months has managed his extensive farm at Quincy, eight miles from town, where he has

occupied the ancient house which John Adams, attached to it by early recollections, purchased before his return from Europe in 1788. In a secure building which he has lately erected on the estate Mr. Adams has arranged the voluminous manuscripts left by his grandfather and his father, and the large library of Mr. John Quincy Adams. It is understood that he has been occupied in preparing for publication a selection from the writings of his illustrious father. In the month of December last he came from his retirement to pronounce before the New York Historical Society a discourse which has since been published, containing a masterly exposition of the debt of the world to the American government for its persistent maintenance, from first to last, of the doctrine of the right of a nation to preserve its own neutrality; in other words, the right of a nation to remain in peace when other nations go to war—a doctrine laid down by Mr. Wheaton as "incontestable," but which in fact was never valid from the beginning of time till this new people asserted and established it.

In person, Mr. Adams is rather below than above the middle height. His figure, as he advances in life, tends somewhat to fullness, as did those of his father and grandfather. His head and features, worthily represented in the fine portrait by Hunt, are strongly marked with the family likeness, and express the vigor, decision and repose of his mind and character.

MOU-MOU.

IN an out-of-the-way street of Moscow there was living a few years ago, in a gray house with white columns, an entresol and a tumbledown balcony, a noble lady, a widow, together with her numerous servants. Her sons had positions in St. Petersburg: her daughters were married. She seldom paid any visits, and was passing in retirement the last years of her miserly, querulous old age. The gloomy, joyless morning of her life had long since passed, but its evening was darker than night.

Among her serfs the most remarkable was a house-servant named Garassim, a man of gigantic height and a deaf-mute from birth. His mistress had brought him from the country, where he had occupied alone his little peasant's house, living entirely apart from the other serfs, and where he had the reputation of being the most faithful hand. Endowed with unusual strength, he could do the work of four: no task was too difficult for him, and it was a pleasure to see him ploughing, for example, when, with his broad hands upon the plough, without the aid of the horse, he would tear up the surface of earth, or when at midsummer he swung his scythe so vigorously that he could easily have mowed down a grove of young birch trees, or when he was busily threshing with a flail seven feet long, never stopping, while the muscles of his shoulders would rise and fall like machinery. His eternal silence gave an air of mystery to his restless activity. He was a handsome fellow, and had it not been for his defect, any girl would gladly have had him for a husband. But one day Garassim was brought to Moscow at the command of his mistress: they bought him boots, made him a caftan for summer and a sheepskin coat for winter, put a broom and shovel in his hand, and called him the man-of-all-work.

At first his new life did not please him

at all. From his childhood he had been accustomed to outdoor work and country life. Being separated, by his fate, from his kind, he had grown up there silent and strong, like a tree on fertile soil. But on being transplanted to the city he could not understand what was done with him: he was sad and confused, like a young, strong steer just brought from the meadow, with its rich grass as high as his knee, and placed in the cattle-car of the railroad, and carried away through smoke and steam and showers of sparks, with clatter and whistling, Heaven knows whither. Garassim's tasks in his new position seemed like mere play after his severe toil in the country: in half an hour he had finished everything, and then he either remained standing in the middle of the courtyard, gazing with open mouth at the passers-by, as if he expected from them some explanation of his mysterious position, or else he withdrew suddenly into a corner, hurled away his broom and shovel, threw himself upon the ground with his face to the earth, and remained for hours lying motionless on his breast, like a caged wild beast. Yet man accustoms himself to everything, and Garassim at last became used to his life in the city. He had but very little to do: his whole business consisted in keeping the courtyard clean, fetching water twice a day in a large barrel, fetching and splitting wood for the house and kitchen, keeping away suspicious persons and watching by night. And it must be said he fulfilled his tasks with zeal: he suffered no bit of straw, no dirt in the courtyard. If during bad weather his poor horse stuck with the water-barrel in the mud, he would put his shoulder to the cart, and would move not only it, but the horse also, along farther. If he was chopping wood, his axe sounded as clear as glass, and the chips and pieces flew in all directions. As a watchman he was held in the

greatest respect in the quarter after he had one night caught two thieves, and knocked their heads together so stoutly that the police held any farther punishment unnecessary. And not only evil-doers, even innocent strangers, in broad daylight, were frightened at the aspect of this gigantic man, and used to cry out to him as if he could hear them. With the other servants Garassim stood, if not on the most friendly terms—for he was somewhat feared—yet upon a very intimate footing: he regarded them as his family. They tried to make themselves intelligible to him by signs, and he was able to understand them, and obeyed all their orders, but was strict in the maintenance of his rights; so that, for example, no one dared take his place at table. In general, Garassim had a stern and serious character, and liked order in everything: indeed the cocks could not fight in his presence without his interference. When he saw them he would seize them by both feet, swing them around in the air a dozen times, and then throw them down, one to the right, the other to the left. His mistress kept geese also in the courtyard. The goose, it is well known, is a solemn, thoughtful bird. Garassim held these birds in a certain respect, tended and fed them: he was a sort of goose of the steppes himself. He had been given a little room over the kitchen. He arranged it in his own fashion, and built a bed for himself out of oaken boards upon four logs of wood—a real giant's bedstead: one might have placed four tons upon it and it would not have yielded. Under the bed stood a massive trunk, in the corner a small table of equally strong make, and near this a three-legged stool, so firm and heavy that at times even Garassim, on lifting it in the air, would let it fall, when he used to smile contentedly. The room was also provided with a padlock, shaped like a cake, but black: the key Garassim used to carry in his girdle. He disliked to have any one enter his room.

Thus a year passed, at the end of which the following incident took place.

The old lady whose serf he was, following in all respects the ancient customs, had a numerous corps of servants, as we have already mentioned: she had in her house not only washerwomen, seamstresses, cabinetmakers and tailors, but besides these a harness-maker, who also had the position of horse-doctor and doctor for the servants; moreover, a house-physician for her ladyship, and finally a cobbler, named Capiton Climow, a thorough sot. Climow considered himself an abused and undervalued being, as an educated man especially suited for life in the capital, who ought not to be hidden in a dingy corner of Moscow; and if he did drink, he drank, as he used to say with a pompous air, beating his breast, only from despair. Hence he once became the subject of conversation between the lady of the house and her major-domo, Gavriilo, a man who, judging from his little yellow eyes and duck-like nose, seemed fitted by nature for his office.

Her ladyship was expressing her regret at the moral defects of Capiton, who only the day before had been picked up drunk in the street. "What do you think, Gavriilo?" she said suddenly: "ought we not to marry him? Perhaps he might reform then."

"Why should not we marry him? We can," answered Gavriilo; "and that would be very good."

"Yes, but who will take him?"

"True. Still, your ladyship has only to command. We shall always be able to turn him to something. He's like all the rest."

"I believe he rather fancies Tatiana."

Gavriilo was on the point of saying something, but bit his lips and remained silent.

"Well, he can have Tatiana," her ladyship said decidedly, taking a pinch of snuff. "Do you hear?"

"You shall be obeyed," said Gavriilo, and left the room.

When he had reached his own room (it was in an adjacent house, and almost filled up with iron-bound trunks) he in the first place dismissed his wife, then

seated himself in the window, and was soon lost in thought. The unexpected command of his mistress had evidently perplexed him. Suddenly he arose and sent for Capiton. Capiton entered.

But before we narrate their conversation we judge it proper to tell the reader in a few words who this Tatiana was whom Capiton was to marry, and why the order so disturbed the major-domo.

Tatiana, one of the washerwomen of the house, who, as the quickest and most expert of them all, took charge only of the more delicate work, was about twenty-eight years old, short, slight and blond, with a mole on her left cheek. A mole on the left cheek is considered by the Russians a bad sign, as betokening some misfortune in one's life. Tatiana confirmed this superstition, for she had every cause to be discontented with her fate. From her childhood she had known no peace. She did the work of two, but never had a kind word from any one, went poorly clad, received only petty wages, and had but few relatives: an old servant, who had been left in the village as useless, was said to be her uncle, and among the peasants there were a few others, but those were all. She was said to have been good-looking when younger, but her beauty had early faded. Her disposition was timid, or rather overawed: she was indifferent about herself, but afraid of others: she was only anxious to finish her work at the proper time. She never conversed with any one, and trembled at the very name of her mistress, although she had scarcely ever seen her. When Garassim was brought to the city she almost fainted at the sight of his gigantic figure, avoided meeting him in every possible way, and even shut her eyes when she had to pass him on her way to the wash-house. At first, Garassim scarcely noticed her; soon he began to smile at her good-naturedly when he met her; then he began to look at her more frequently; and at last he never turned his eyes from her. She had made an impression upon him—whether by her gentle expression or by her modest demeanor, who can say?

Once, as she was crossing the courtyard carrying carefully one of her mistress's dresses just starched, she felt her elbow grasped: she looked around and shrieked—Garassim was standing behind her. Showing all his teeth and smiling amiably, he offered her a gingerbread cake. At first she did not want to take it, but he pressed her hand with violence, shook his head, went away a few steps, and turned round smiling amiably again. From that day he gave her no peace: wherever she went he was there. He advanced to meet her, smiling and gesticulating with his hands; occasionally he took a ribbon out of his pocket, which he gave her: he went in front of her with his broom, and swept the ground before her. The poor girl knew not where to go nor what to do. Soon the whole household had heard of the deaf-mute's doings, and a storm of jests and jibes fell upon Tatiana. Few dared to make merry over Garassim: he did not understand a joke; so that Tatiana was left in peace when he was present. Whether she liked it or not, the girl came under his protection. Like all deaf-mutes, he noticed everything very soon, and knew very well when they were laughing at him or at her. Once at table the housekeeper began to tease Tatiana, and went so far that the poor girl did not dare to raise her eyes from her plate, and almost burst into tears of vexation. Garassim arose suddenly from his seat, stretched out his enormous hand, placed it on the housekeeper's head, and looked at her with so fierce an expression that she involuntarily leaned her head down upon the table. All were silent. Garassim took up his spoon again, and went on swallowing his soup. "Oh, the deaf brute! the bear!" they all muttered half aloud, but the housekeeper arose and went into the servants' room. Another time, noticing that Capiton—the same Capiton of whom we have just spoken—was somewhat too familiar in his greeting of Tatiana, he beckoned to him with his finger, led him into the wagon-shed, and seizing a bar that lay in the corner,

he threatened in an unmistakable way to apply it on the spot. After that no one dared address a word to Tatiana. Indeed, the housekeeper, after the incident we have mentioned, on getting into the other room fainted away, and in general acted in such a way that it reached her ladyship's ears on the same day. However, the eccentric old lady only laughed, and to the housekeeper's intense mortification made her imitate the manner in which he had crushed her with his huge hands; and the next day she gave Garassim a silver rouble. She was indulgent to him as her strong and faithful watchman. Garassim had a great respect for her, and intended to ask her for leave to marry Tatiana. He was only waiting for his new caftan, which the major-domo had promised him, that he might approach her ladyship in a neat dress, when she suddenly hit upon the thought of marrying Tatiana to Capiton.

The reader will now easily understand the cause of the commotion in the mind of Gavriilo after his conversation with his mistress. "Her ladyship," he thought to himself while sitting in the window-seat—"her ladyship certainly is rather fond of Garassim" (Gavriilo knew that very well, and treated him with more amiability on that account), "but he is certainly a speechless being, and I cannot tell her ladyship that he is running after Tatiana. And then, indeed, what sort of a husband would he make? But, on the other hand, as soon as this devil—God forgive me the word!—finds out that we are going to marry Tatiana to Capiton, he will break everything in the house: yes, he really will. How can one explain it to him? No one can bring such a devil—God forgive me!—to reason. As true as I live—"

The appearance of Capiton broke the thread of Gavriilo's thoughts. The dissipated cobbler entered, clasped his hands, leaned carelessly against the projecting corner of the wall near the door, crossed his right leg over the left one, and shook his head. He seemed to wish to say, "Well, here I am: what

do you want of me?" Gavriilo glanced at Capiton, and began to drum with his fingers on the window-sill. Capiton only half closed his lead-colored eyes, but did not look away, and even smiled, running his fingers through his tangled flaxen hair. "Well, here I am: what are you staring at?" he appeared to be thinking.

"You are a pretty fellow!" said Gavriilo, and then stopped—"a pretty fellow, I must say!"

Capiton only shrugged his shoulders. "Well, are you any better?" he thought to himself.

"Now, just look at yourself—look at yourself," continued Gavriilo, reproachfully. "Now, what do you look like?"

Capiton glanced calmly at his shabby, torn coat and his patched trowsers, gazed with especial interest at his worn-out boots, particularly at the right one, which gave an artistic representation of his foot, and then looked up again at the major-domo: "What is the matter?"

"What is the matter?" repeated Gavriilo. "What is the matter? And you ask, What is the matter? You look like a devil: God forgive me, but that is the truth."

Capiton winked quietly: "Oh go on: curse me, curse me as much as you please, Gavriilo," he thought to himself.

"There! you have already been getting drunk again—so soon again! What? Well, answer."

"Owing to my feeble health, I am especially liable to succumb to the influence of ardent spirits," replied Capiton.

"Owing to your feeble health, indeed! You don't get flogged enough, that is the reason. And you who served your apprenticeship in St. Petersburg—much good you got from your apprenticeship!—you make no return for your daily bread."

"In regard to that, Gavriilo, another shall be my judge—the Lord God himself, and no one else. He alone knows what sort of a man I am, and whether I make return for my daily bread. But as for my drinking, in this case I am certainly not to blame, but rather my

companion : he led me away and then withdrew—that is to say, ran off, while I—”

“While you, you stupid fool! you lay in the gutter. Ah, you rascal! But that’s not the point,” continued the major-domo. He said nothing for a moment. “Her ladyship has judged it best for you to get married. Do you hear? They think you will settle down if you marry. Understand?”

“I do.”

“Very well. In my opinion it would be better if your cravat were drawn a little tighter. Well, that’s their business. What answer do you make? Are you willing?”

Capiton smiled: “Marriage is a pleasant thing for a man; and for my part I agree, with the greatest pleasure.”

“Very well,” replied Gavriilo; and he thought, “I must say the fellow talks well. But there is one circumstance,” he continued aloud: “we have selected a bride who—who is not exactly the person you would choose.”

“And who is she, if I may make so bold as to ask?”

“Tatiana.”

“Tatiana!” And Capiton opened his eyes and started up from the wall.

“Why are you so surprised? Don’t she suit you?”

“That is a little too much, Gavriilo. I like the girl very well: she is an industrious, quiet girl; but then, you know, Gavriilo, that monster, that wild devil, is after her all the time.”

“I know all that, my dear fellow,” interrupted the major-domo, testily, “but—”

“But consider, Gavriilo. He will certainly kill me: as true as God lives he will kill me: he will kill me like a fly. He’s got a big enough hand. Be good enough to see what a hand he has—a hand like those of Minin and Posharski.* He is deaf too: he will strike, and won’t hear how hard he strikes. It must seem to him as if he were beating his fist about in a dream. It is impossible to bring him to reason. Why? Because, as you know yourself, Gavriilo, he is

* A colossal double statue in Moscow.—TRANS.

deaf, and besides as stupid as a log of wood. He is a real brute, Gavriilo—worse than a brute. Why should I be injured by him? Any way, I don’t care much. I have endured every possible thing: I have been cleaned out thoroughly; still, I am a human being, and not a vessel to be cleaned out.”

“Very well, very well: you needn’t make it out worse than it is.”

“Good Lord!” continued the cobbler with warmth, “when will it stop? When, O my Creator? It is an endless misery. Oh my fate, my fate! when I think of it! In my tender youth I got nothing but blows from my German school-master; in the best years of my life I was beaten by my companions; and finally, in my maturer years, I must endure this!”

“Oh you coward!” said Gavriilo. “What’s the good of all this talk?”

“What? what good? Gavriilo, I am not afraid of a beating. If my master beats me here alone, but treats me with respect before other people, I am still a human being. From whom shall I now have to endure this?”

“Come, be off!” interrupted Gavriilo, impatiently.

Capiton turned and went away slowly.

“But suppose he wasn’t in the way,” the major-domo shouted after him, “would you be willing?”

“In that case I should certainly have no objections to announcing my assent,” replied Capiton, leaving the room.

His eloquence never abandoned him, even in desperate moments. The major-domo strode up and down his room two or three times: finally he summoned Tatiana.

After a few moments she entered the room, so quietly that he hardly heard her, and remained standing on the threshold. “What do you wish, Gavriilo?” she asked in a low voice.

The major-domo regarded her steadily. “Listen,” he said kindly. “Are you willing to marry? Her ladyship has chosen a husband for you.”

“As she pleases, Gavriilo. And whom has her ladyship chosen?” she asked, timidly.

"Climow the cobbler."

"As she pleases."

"He is a dissipated man, to tell the truth, but in this case her ladyship depends upon you."

"I shall obey her."

"The worst thing about it is that this mute, this Garassim, is courting you. How is it you've won this bear's heart? He will strike you dead yet, the bear!"

"He will kill me, Gavriilo, there is no doubt: he'll certainly kill me."

"Kill you! We'll see about that. How can you talk in that way about his killing you? Has he any right to kill you? Tell me."

"Yes. I don't know, Gavriilo, whether he has any right or not."

"Oh you! You haven't in any way promised him—"

"What do you mean?"

The major-domo paused and began to think. "The innocent soul!" he muttered. "Very well," he added, "we'll talk it over another time: now go, Tatiana. I see you are really an obedient girl."

Tatiana turned, hesitated a moment at the door, and then went away.

"Perhaps her ladyship will have forgotten the whole affair of the marriage by to-morrow," thought the major-domo. "Why need I give myself so much trouble about it? We'll find some way of managing this ruffian in case there's any trouble: we'll put him in charge of the police.—Justine!" he shouted out to his wife: "bring me some tea, my dear."

Tatiana scarcely left the wash-house all day. At first she wept a little, then she dried her eyes and went on with her work. Capiton sat till late in the night in the tavern with a friend with a scowling face, and told him with full particulars how in St. Petersburg he had been the servant of a gentleman the like of whom had never been seen, but that he had been very strict in his commands, and, besides that, had the slight fault of occasionally indulging too much in wine; and as to the female sex, he had had experience with all kinds. The gloomy companion listened to his

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narration with comparative indifference, but when Capiton said that owing to certain circumstances he should be obliged to lay violent hands upon himself the next day, he remarked that it was time to go to bed, and they separated coldly and silently.

The major-domo's expectations were disappointed. The idea of Capiton's marriage so fascinated her ladyship that the whole night long she could talk of nothing else to her companion, whom she kept in her house solely for her society during sleepless nights, and who, like a night-coachman, only slept in the day-time. When Gavriilo appeared after breakfast to talk over business, her first question was, "Well, how is it with our marriage?"

He naturally replied to her that everything was going on as was desired, and that Capiton would formally ask for permission on that very day. Her ladyship did not feel very well, and did not busy herself long with her household affairs. The major-domo returned to his room and summoned a council. The case demanded a more searching examination. Tatiana, it is true, made no opposition, but Capiton declared plainly that he had only one head on his shoulders, and not two or three. Garassim cast sour, hasty glances at every one, kept himself near the staircase to the maid-servants' room, and appeared to notice that they were planning some evil design against him.

The council (at which was present the old butler, nicknamed Uncle Strunk, whom the others treated with the greatest respect, although no one had ever heard him say anything but "Yes, yes, that's the way—yes, yes") began by locking Capiton in a little room in which the filter was kept: this they did as a measure of precaution against any casualties. Then they fell to thinking. It would naturally have been easy to have recourse to violence, but God forbid there should be an uproar: her ladyship would be disturbed, and then there would be the deuce to pay. But what was to be done? After a long debate they came to the following decision.

They had frequently noticed that Garassim had a profound detestation for drunkards. Every time that he, sitting at the gate, saw a drunken man reeling by with his cap over his ear, he turned away his face in disgust. Hence it was decided to induce Tatiana to pretend to be drunk and to pass Garassim reeling. The poor girl resisted for a long time, but was finally persuaded, for she saw herself that it was the only way in which she could get rid of her lover. She started out. Capiton was let out from his captivity, for he was now concerned in the matter. Garassim was sitting on a post at the gate, scratching the ground with his shovel. From all quarters, from behind the window-curtains, curious eyes were watching him.

The plan succeeded perfectly. When he saw Tatiana he bowed to her, as usual, with a friendly smile, then fastened his eyes upon her, dropped his shovel, sprang up, approached her and placed his face near hers. Terror made her totter still more, and she closed her eyes. He seized her by the arm, dragged her through the courtyard, entered with her into the room where the council still sat, and pushed her at once toward Capiton. Tatiana was more dead than alive. Garassim stood there a few minutes looking at her, then made a motion with his hand, smiled contemptuously and went with heavy step to his own room. He did not appear again till the next day. The postillion, Antipka, told them afterward that he had peeped through a crack and seen Garassim sitting on his bed, his cheeks on his hands, slowly, regularly singing, yet smiling from time to time; that is, to say, he had moved to and fro, closed his eyes and shaken his head, like coachmen and boatmen when they are chanting their melancholy songs. Antipka was frightened and ran away. On the next day, when Garassim left his room, there was no special change to be noticed in him. Apparently he had only become a little gloomier, but on the other hand he did not take the slightest notice of Tatiana and Capiton. On the same evening they both presented

themselves before their mistress with geese* under their arms, and a week afterward they were married. On the day of the wedding, Garassim's conduct was in all respects unaltered, except that he returned from the river without any water—he had broken the barrel on the way; and in the evening, in the stable, while cleaning his horse, he combed the animal with such force that it tottered to and fro like a straw before the wind, and could hardly keep its feet beneath his iron fists.

This happened in the spring. A year passed by, in the course of which Capiton had fallen lower and lower from drunkenness, and had been packed off to a distant village with his wife, as a thoroughly good-for-nothing fellow. On the day of his departure he had at first talked very big, and declared that wherever they might send him, were it even to Jericho, he would not despair: afterward, however, he began to lament that they were sending him among uneducated people, and finally he grew so weak that he could not even put on his own cap. Some kind soul placed it on his head, pushed up the vizor and set it straight on his forehead. When all was ready, and the coachman held the reins in his hands, and they were only waiting for the last words of farewell before starting, Garassim came out of his room, approached Tatiana and gave her as a keepsake a red woolen dress that he had bought for her a year before. Tatiana, who up to that moment had endured all the vicissitudes of her life with great equanimity, could not stand this: tears filled her eyes, and as she was about to get into the carriage she kissed Garassim three times, after the Christian manner. He wanted to accompany her as far as the turnpike, and at first followed the carriage, but suddenly stopped near the bridge, waved his hand for farewell, and went along the river.

The day was drawing near its close. Garassim wandered here and there, gazing into the water. Suddenly it seemed to him that something was struggling in the mud near the shore. He stooped

* A custom of the peasantry.

down and saw a little black-and-white puppy, which, in spite of all its exertions, could not creep out of the water. It would painfully make its way up and then slide down again: meanwhile its wet, half-starved body was trembling from cold. Garassim looked at the poor creature, took hold of it, placed it in his bosom and went rapidly back to the house. Having reached his room, he laid the puppy on his bed, covered it with a thick overcoat, ran to the stable for some straw, and to the kitchen for a saucer of milk. With tender care he lifted up the coat, arranged the straw and placed the saucer of milk upon the bed. The poor puppy might have been, at the most, three weeks old: its eyes were scarcely opened—one eye, in fact, seemed to be somewhat larger than the other. It did not yet understand how to drink from a saucer, and simply trembled and closed its eyes. Garassim seized its head carefully with two fingers, thrust its nose into the milk, and the puppy began to drink with eagerness, shaking itself and choking. Garassim watched it for a long time, and then burst out laughing. The whole night he busied himself with the puppy, making it comfortable and drying it: finally he sank by its side into a calm, pleasant sleep.

No mother could be tenderer to her child than Garassim to his pet. The puppy was a slut. At first it was very weak, thin and ugly: gradually, however, it grew more attractive, and in eight months, thanks to the unwearying care of its preserver, it proved to be a thoroughbred spaniel, with long ears, bushy, arched tail, and large, expressive eyes. It was extremely devoted to Garassim, never leaving him for a moment, and following him everywhere, wagging its tail. He had given it a name, for mutes know that their mutterings attract the ears of others: he had named it Mou-mou. All the people in the house became very fond of it, and called it Mou-mou. It was very intelligent and gentle with every one, but Garassim was the one it really loved. He was extremely attached to it, and did not like to have others fondle it: wheth-

er he feared some harm to the dog, or whether it was jealousy, who can tell? It awakened him in the morning by pulling at his coat-tails, led him by its string to his horse, with which it had a great friendship, accompanied him to the river with an important air, kept guard over his broom and shovel, and let no one enter his room. Garassim had made a hole in his door expressly for the dog, which seemed to understand that it was its own master only in this room, and as soon as it entered it used to jump upon the bed with an air of perfect satisfaction. At night it did not sleep: it did not bark, however, without discrimination, like other stupid watch-dogs, which sit on their hind legs and with outstretched tail and closed eyes bay at the stars from sheer ennui, and generally three times in succession. No: Mou-mou's delicate voice never resounded without good reason: either it was some stranger who passed by the fence, or a suspicious noise had been heard in some quarter. In a word, it was an excellent watch-dog. It is true, there was living in the courtyard another dog, yellow, with dirty-brown spots, named Voltschok; but he was never let loose from his chain, not even at night; and conscious of his feebleness, for he was very old, he did not want freedom, but lay crouched in his house, occasionally giving forth a hoarse almost inaudible bark, which was immediately followed by silence, as if he himself recognized its uselessness. Mou-mou never entered the dwelling-house: even when Garassim was carrying in wood, it remained behind, and waited impatiently for him at the entrance steps, raising its ears, and at the slightest noise behind the door turning its head to the right and left.

In this way a year passed. Garassim continued to be perfectly contented with his position, when an unexpected incident took place. It happened that one pleasant summer evening her ladyship was walking up and down her drawing-room with her companions. She was in good-humor, laughing and joking. The ladies in attendance were also

laughing and joking, although in their hearts they did not feel very joyful, for they did not consider it a good sign when her ladyship was in good-humor, since in such cases she used to insist upon a similar state of mind on the part of those about her, and was vexed if every face did not glow with pleasure. Such a state, however, did not last very long, and was followed by great irritability. On that day everything had been very propitious: all the knaves had come out as she laid out the cards, indicating fulfillment of her wishes (she used to tell her fortune every day by cards), and the tea had been uncommonly good, for which her maid had been rewarded with especial praise and a ten-kopecck piece. With a sweet smile on her shriveled lips her ladyship was walking up and down her drawing-room, and had just stepped up to the window. Outside of it there was a little garden, in exactly the middle of which Mou-mou was lying beneath a rose bush gnawing a bone. Her ladyship saw the dog. "Dear me!" she suddenly cried, "what dog is that?"

Her poor companion, to whom the question was directed, became extremely confused. She suffered from that painful nervousness which inferiors feel when they do not know in what way the words of their superiors are to be understood. "I—I—I don't know," she stammered. "I believe it belongs to the dumb man."

"Indeed!" interrupted her ladyship. "It is a lovely little dog. Have it brought in. Has he had it long? Why have I never seen it before? Have it brought in."

The companion flew into the next room and gave a servant the order: "Bring Mou-mou here at once. She is in the garden."

"Ah! its name is Mou-mou?" said her ladyship—"a very pretty name."

"Yes, very pretty," replied the companion. "Be quick, Stephan."

Stephan, a sturdy young fellow who held the place of waiter, ran head over heels into the garden and tried to seize Mou-mou: she, however, slipped easily

out of his hand, and ran with uplifted tail to Garassim, who at that moment was rinsing out a barrel in the kitchen, and turning it about as if it were a child's drum. Stephan was close behind the dog, and reached after it between its master's legs, but the active dog was unwilling to be caught, and kept eluding him. Garassim smiled as he watched his efforts, but finally Stephan gave him to understand, through signs, that her ladyship wanted to see the dog. Garassim was somewhat surprised, but called Mou-mou, raised her from the ground and gave her to Stephan. He carried the dog into the drawing-room and placed it on the polished floor. Her ladyship called to Mou-mou with a caressing voice. Mou-mou, having never been in so magnificent a room, was very much alarmed, and ran toward the door, but being frightened back by the officious Stephan, she crouched trembling against the wall.

"Mou-mou, Mou-mou, come here—come to your mistress," said her ladyship. "Come here, you stupid little beast! don't be afraid."

"Come, Mou-mou, come to her ladyship," repeated her companions: "come, Mou-mou."

But Mou-mou only looked around disconsolately, and did not stir from the spot.

"Bring her something to eat," said her ladyship. "What a stupid beast! Won't come to mistress? What is it afraid of?"

"She doesn't feel at home," said one of the companions, timidly and in a conciliatory voice.

Stephan brought some milk in a saucer and placed it before Mou-mou. She did not even smell of it, but continued to tremble and to look around anxiously.

"Oh, what ails you?" said her ladyship, approaching the dog, stooping down and trying to pat it, but Mou-mou turned her head convulsively and showed her teeth. Her ladyship withdrew her hand quickly.

All were immediately silent. Mou-mou whined gently, as if she wanted to complain and apologize. Her ladyship

stepped to one side, and her brow grew dark. The sudden movement of the dog had frightened her.

"Oh!" screamed all the companions together, "has she bitten you? Heaven forbid!" (Mou-mou had never bitten any one in all her life.) "Oh!"

"Take it out," said the old lady in an altered voice. "The nasty beast!—how ill-natured it is!"

Turning slowly away, she withdrew to her own room. Her companions looked at one another timidly, and were preparing to follow her, but she stopped and gazed at them coldly, and said, "What is that for? I did not call you," and left the room.

In despair, the companions made a sign to Stephan: he seized Mou-mou and threw her out of the door at Garassim's feet. For half an hour deep silence ruled in the whole house, and her ladyship sat enthroned upon her sofa, black as a thunder-cloud.

What petty things, when one thinks of it, are at times capable of making people lose their composure!

Until evening her ladyship was out of temper: she spoke to no one, did not touch her cards, and passed a restless night. It seemed to her that they had not given her the eau-de-cologne to which she was accustomed—that her pillow smelt of soap, for which reason she made her housekeeper sniff at all the linen: in a word, she was very nervous and irritable. The next morning she summoned Gavrilo an hour earlier than usual.

"Tell me, please," she began, when he, not wholly free from anxiety, had entered the room, "what dog was that barking all night in the courtyard? I could not sleep a wink."

"A dog! what dog? Perhaps the mute's dog," he said in a rather uncertain voice.

"How do I know whether it was the mute's dog or not? It's enough that it did not let me sleep. I must say I can't imagine what such a number of dogs is good for: I should like very much to know. We have a regular watch-dog?"

"Certainly, we have one—Voltschok."

"Well, why do we need any more? Of what use is another dog? It only makes disorder. There is no man in the house who manages things properly. That's what's the matter. And why does the mute keep a dog? Who gave him permission to keep dogs in my courtyard? I went to the window yesterday, and there was the dog lying in the garden: it had carried something dirty in there, and was gnawing at it;—and I have just had rose bushes set out there." Her ladyship paused: "The dog must leave to-day. Do you hear?"

"You shall be obeyed."

"Now go. I shall summon you later about the house affairs."

Gavrilo left. In going through the drawing-room the major-domo placed the bell, which had stood upon one table, upon another, from love of order, blew his nose quietly and went into the ante-room. There Stephan was sleeping on a bench, in the position of a fallen hero on the field of battle, with his bare feet stretched out beneath the coat in which he was wrapped. The major-domo shook him till he was awake, and whispered him an order which Stephan received half gaping, half laughing. The major-domo went away: Stephan sprang up, put on his caftan and boots, went out and took a place by the entrance. In less than five minutes Garassim appeared with a great pile of wood on his back, accompanied by his faithful Mou-mou. (Her ladyship had her rooms heated even in summer.) Garassim leaned his shoulder against the door, pushed it open and entered the house with his burden, while Mou-mou, according to her custom, waited for him outside. Seizing his opportunity, Stephan threw himself upon the dog like a hawk on a chicken, pressed its breast upon the earth, placed it then beneath his arm, and ran through the court, without stopping to put on his cap, sprang into the nearest droschke, and drove with all speed to the second-hand market. There he soon found a purchaser, to whom he sold the dog for half a rouble, but under the condition that he should keep it chained for at least a week.

Then he returned at once, but left the droschke before reaching the house, went around the courtyard, and sprang over the fence from a back alley: he was afraid to go through the front gate—he might have met Garassim.

His fear, however, was unfounded: Garassim had already left the courtyard. On coming out from the house, he at once missed Mou-mou: he did not remember that she had ever forgotten to await his return. He ran around everywhere, seeking her and calling her in his way: he flew to his room, to the hayloft, to the street, in every direction. She was gone. He turned to the other servants, asked with despairing gestures after the dog, placing his hands a little above the floor, and seeking in this way to describe the dog. Some really did not know what had become of Mou-mou, and simply shook their heads; others knew, and only laughed in his face; but the major-domo assumed an important air and began to abuse the coachman. Thereupon Garassim ran out of the courtyard.

It was already getting dark when he returned. From his tired look, his unsteady gait and his dusty clothes one might have thought that he had run through half Moscow. He remained standing before the window of the house, threw a look at the steps on which some of the servants were assembled, and muttered once more, "Mou-mou!" Mou-mou did not answer his call. He went out: all followed him with their eyes, but no one smiled, no one spoke. The inquisitive Antipka told them the next day in the kitchen that the dumb man had groaned all night long.

Garassim did not appear all the next day, so that in his stead the coachman, Potap, had to go after water, with which the coachman Potap was not well pleased. Her ladyship asked Gavrilo whether her commands had been fulfilled. Gavrilo informed her that they had been. The next morning Garassim left his room and went to his work. He appeared at table, ate, and went away without greeting any one. His face, always lifeless, like those of deaf-mutes,

was now, as it were, turned to stone. After dinner he went into the courtyard, but only for a short time: he returned and went into the hayloft. The night drew on—a clear moonlit night. Garassim was lying there groaning bitterly and turning uneasily, when he suddenly felt something pulling at his coat-tails: he trembled from head to foot, but did not raise his head—he only closed his eyes tighter. He felt this pulling again, stronger than before: he arose, and there sprang before him Mou-mou, with a bit of rope around her neck. A long cry of joy escaped his speechless lips: he seized Mou-mou and clasped her in his arms. In a moment she had licked his nose, eyes and beard. He stood thinking a few minutes, then climbed down carefully from the hayloft, looked around, and, as soon as he had made sure that no one was observing him, he crept to his own room. Garassim had already suspected that the dog had not run away of its own accord, but that it had been carried off at her ladyship's command. The servants had made him understand by signs how she had become angry with Mou-mou: hence he determined to take measures accordingly. First of all, he gave Mou-mou some bread to eat, caressed her, laid her to sleep, and began to think until day-break how he could best conceal her. Finally, he came to the determination to keep her in his room during the day, only looking after her from time to time, and to take her out at night. He carefully stopped up the opening in the door with an old coat, and scarcely had the day dawned before he was in the courtyard, as if nothing had happened: in fact, he even affected, with innocent cunning, his previous despondency. It did not occur to the poor deaf-mute that Mou-mou could betray herself by her whining, while in fact it was soon known to every one in the house that the dog had returned and was locked up in his room, yet partly out of sympathy for him and the dog, and partly from fear, no one gave any sign of the discovery of his secret. The major-domo scratched his head and consoled himself with think-

ing, "Well, it may stay as it is. It is to be hoped that her ladyship will not find it out." In return for this the mute showed himself on that day more active about his work than ever before: he swept and brushed the courtyard clean, pulled up all the weeds, took out with his own hands all the separate pieces of the garden fence to see whether they were strong enough, and put them back; in a word, he kept himself so active and busy that even her ladyship noticed it. In the course of the day, Garassim made two visits, secretly, to his little captive: as soon as it was night he joined it in his room, not in the hayloft, and about two o'clock he led her out into the fresh air. After he had walked about with her in the courtyard for some time, and was on the point of returning, suddenly a noise was heard behind the fence, in the direction of the back alley. Mou-mou cocked her ears, ran sniffing to the fence, smelt about and began to bark loudly and fiercely. A drunken man had happened to fall asleep at that very spot. Just at that moment her ladyship had fallen asleep after a rather long period of "nervous excitement," to which she was regularly subject after too rich a supper. This unexpected barking awakened her: her heart beat violently, and she cried aloud for her maids. The terrified servants hastened into her bedroom. "Oh, I am dying!" she groaned, tossing her arms about restlessly. "There's that dog again! Oh, call the doctor! You want to kill me! That dog again! Oh!" and she let her head drop, which was intended to mean a fainting-fit. They ran for the doctor—that is to say, for the house-physician, Chariton. This doctor, whose whole right to the title consisted in the fact that he wore thin-soled boots, understood how to feel a pulse with gentleness, passed fourteen hours a day in sleeping, and the rest of the time in sighing heavily, and that he continually dosed her ladyship with cherry-drops,—this doctor came at once, burnt some feathers, and handed the miraculous drops to her ladyship on a silver tray as soon as she came to herself. She

swallowed them, but broke out at once in querulous complaints about the dog and Gavriilo and her fate—how every one was neglecting her, the poor old woman—how no one had any sympathy for her, and all were anxious for her death. In the mean while, Mou-mou kept on barking, and Garassim tried in vain to call the dog away from the hedge. "There! it's beginning again!" stammered her ladyship, rolling her eyes. The doctor whispered something to one of the maids: she ran into the ante-room and awakened Stephan, who ran off at the top of his speed to wake up Gavriilo, and Gavriilo in his first excitement roused the whole house.

Garassim turned, saw lights and shadows in the windows, suspected something wrong, took Mou-mou under his arm, ran to his own room and locked himself in. Soon five of the men tried to break in, but they felt the resistance of the bolt, and stopped. Gavriilo came, all out of breath from running, and bade the men remain there and keep guard till morning: he himself ran to the servants' hall, and commissioned the oldest of the companions, Liubov Liubimovna, with whom he used to steal and hide tea, sugar and the like, to tell her ladyship from him that the dog had most unfortunately returned, but that on the next day it would be no longer alive, and that he begged her ladyship not to be offended, but to try to get some sleep. Her ladyship, however, would not have been so soon appeased if the doctor in his haste had not poured out fully forty drops instead of twelve. The generous dose had its effect, and in a quarter of an hour she was fast asleep. But Garassim sat in his room deathly pale, and holding Mou-mou's mouth tightly closed.

The next day her ladyship awoke rather late. Gavriilo awaited her awakening with some impatience, in order to get the formal order to take Garassim's hiding-place by storm; yet he prepared himself for a violent scene. But there was no scene. While still lying abed her ladyship summoned the oldest of her companions. "Liubov Liubimovna," she

began, with a light, weak voice—at times she liked to play the downtrodden, deserted martyr, when, we may be sure, all in the house were frightened enough —“Liubov Liubimovna, you see what a state I am in: go, my dear, to Gavrilo and ask him if it is right that a wretched dog should be of more value to him than the peace, or rather the life, of his mistress? I cannot believe it,” she continued with an expression of deep feeling. “Go, dear—be kind enough to go to Gavrilo.”

Liubov Liubimovna went to Gavrilo's room. What their conversation was is unknown, but soon after a crowd of people passed through the courtyard to Garassim's room. At the head went Gavrilo, holding on his hat with his hand, although it was not windy; near him went the waiters and cooks; Uncle Strunk looked out of a window and guided the whole—that is to say, he made signs to them with his hands; the tail of the procession was formed by a crowd of noisy children, half of whom had run in from the street. On the narrow staircase which led to the room a watchman was sitting: at the door were two others with sticks. They all ascended the staircase, filling it completely. Gavrilo marched up to the door, struck it with his fist and said, “Open!” A muffled barking was heard, but there was no answer. “You must open the door,” he repeated.

“But, Gavrilo,” said Stephan from below, “he is deaf—he can't hear.”

They all laughed.

“But what shall we do?” answered Gavrilo from above.

“There's a hole in the door,” replied Stephan. “Put your stick through it.”

Gavrilo stooped down: “He has stopped it up with a coat.”

“Well, push the coat in.”

Again a muffled bark was heard.

“Do you hear? do you hear? He is betraying himself,” said some one in the crowd, and they all laughed again.

Gavrilo scratched his head. “No, my friend,” he continued, “you can shove in the coat yourself if you like it.”

“Why not? I'll do it.” And thereupon Stephan clambered up, seized the stick, pushed the coat through, and began to brandish the stick about in the opening, shouting at the same time, “Come out! come out!” While he was still engaged in this the door of the room was suddenly opened: the whole pack plunged head over heels down the stairs, Gavrilo first: Uncle Strunk shut the window.

“Steady, take care—I warn you!”

Garassim stood motionless upon the threshold. At the foot of the staircase a large crowd had assembled. Garassim looked down at all of them in their citizens' dresses: his hands were placed carelessly against his sides. In his red peasant shirt he appeared like a giant in comparison with the rest. Gavrilo made a step forward. “Now, mind!” he said. “Don't make any disturbance.” And he began to explain by signs that her ladyship demanded the dog: “Give him up at once, or you'll get into trouble.”

Garassim looked at him, pointed to the dog, made a motion with his hand as if he were fastening a rope about its neck, and looked inquiringly at the major-domo.

“Yes, yes,” the latter answered, nodding his head—“yes, exactly.”

Garassim's eyes sank: then he suddenly shook himself, pointed again at Mou-mou, who meanwhile was standing near him wagging her tail and lifting her ears, repeated the gesture of strangling and beat his breast significantly, as if he wanted to lament that he must himself accomplish Mou-mou's death.

“You will deceive me,” Gavrilo replied by signs.

Garassim looked at him with a contemptuous smile, beat his breast again and closed the door.

All looked at one another in silence.

“What does that mean?” said Gavrilo. “He has locked himself in?”

“Let him alone, Gavrilo,” said Stephan: “he will do what he has promised. He is that sort of man: when he promises anything it is certain. He's

not one of us. What is true is true—yes indeed.”

“Yes indeed,” they all repeated, nodding their heads—“that is true.”

Uncle Strunk opened the window again and said, “Yes, yes.”

“Well, for all I care, we shall see,” replied Gavriilo, “but the watch must remain there. Hi, you, Jeroschka!” he added, turning to a pale fellow in a short, yellow nankeen coat, a so-called gardener—“you haven’t anything to do. Take this stick and sit down there: as soon as you notice anything, come and tell me.”

Jeroschka took the stick and seated himself on the lowest step of the staircase. The crowd dispersed, with the exception of a few inquisitive ones and the boys. Gavriilo went back to the house, and sent word by Liubov Liubimovna to her ladyship that everything was arranged, but he sent a postillion after a policeman, that he might be ready against any emergency. Her ladyship tied a knot in her handkerchief, poured eau-de-cologne upon it, smelt it, rubbed it upon her temples, drank two or three cups of tea, and fell asleep again, being still under the influence of the cherry-drops.

An hour after the tumult the door of Garassim’s room opened and he came out. He had on his Sunday caftan, and led Mou-mou by a string. Jeroschka stepped aside and let him pass. Garassim went toward the gate. The children who were in the courtyard followed him with their eyes. He did not turn round, and only put on his cap after reaching the street. Gavriilo sent Jeroschka to watch him. He saw him enter a tavern, and waited till he came out.

The people in the tavern knew Garassim and understood his gestures. He ordered cabbage-soup and meat, and took a seat at the table. Mou-mou stood near his chair, and looked at him with her intelligent eyes. Her hair was very shiny, a sign that she had been lately combed. The waiter brought Garassim his soup. He broke his bread into it, cut the meat into little pieces and set the plate on the floor. Mou-mou ate it

with her usual neatness, scarcely touching the food with her nose. Garassim watched her for some time: two bitter tears suddenly fell from his eyes—one on the dog’s head, the other into the soup. He had covered his face with his hand. Mou-mou ate half of the food, and stepped to one side, licking herself. Garassim arose, paid for what had been consumed and went out, followed by the glances of the somewhat offended waiter. When Jeroschka saw Garassim come out he sprang behind a corner, let him pass by, and then followed him. Garassim went on farther, without hurrying himself, leading Mou-mou by the string. Having reached the corner of the street, he remained a moment undecided, and then went rapidly toward the Crimean bridge. On his way he went into the courtyard of a house that was building and procured two bricks, which he placed under his arm. From the Crimean bridge he went along the shore to a place where two boats lay moored to a stake (he had previously noticed them), and sprang with Mou-mou into one of them. An old, lame man came out of a wooden hovel which stood at the corner of a vegetable garden, and cried out after him, but Garassim only nodded to him, and pulled so steadily through the water that, although he was heading against the stream, he was soon five hundred feet away. The old man stood looking at him, then rubbed his back, first with his left, then with his right hand, and returned to his hovel.

Garassim rowed on still farther. He was already outside of Moscow, and now along the shores appeared meadows, gardens, fields, woods and peasants’ houses. The country air breathed upon him. He drew in the oars, stooped down to Mou-mou, who was sitting before him on a dry thwart (the bottom of the boat was wet) and remained motionless, with his strong arms crossed over the dog’s back, while the current was carrying the boat back toward the city. At last he arose, and hastily, with an expression of bitter suffering, tied the bricks to the string, made a noose, placed it round Mou-mou’s neck, held the dog over the water and

gazed into its eyes for the last time. Mou-mou looked at him confidingly and without fear, gently wagging her tail. He turned away, closed his eyes and opened his hands. Garassim had heard nothing—neither the sudden cry of Mou-mou as she fell nor the loud splash of the water: for him the noisiest day was as silent as the quietest night is for us; and when he opened his eyes again the little waves still chased one another over the surface of the river and beat against the sides of the boat, and only in the distance behind him ran the widening circles toward the shore.

As soon as Jeroschka had lost sight of Garassim, he went back home and gave information of everything that he had seen.

"Well," said Stephan, "he must have drowned her. One can be sure that if he promises anything—"

During the rest of that day no one saw Garassim. He did not eat at home. Evening came, they all went to supper: he alone was absent.

"A curious man, that Garassim," said a fat, harsh-voiced washerwoman: "how can a man make such a fuss about a dog? It's strange, upon my word!"

"Garassim has been here," cried Stephan suddenly, breaking his boiled groats with his spoon.

"What! When?"

"About two hours ago. Yes indeed. He met me at the gate: he was coming out of the courtyard. I wanted to ask him about the dog, but he did not seem to be in a good-humor. He pushed into me—probably he only meant to shove me a little to one side—as much as to say, 'Leave me alone,' but the thump he gave me, right in the small of my back too, was a good hard one;" and with an involuntary grimace Stephan leaned over and rubbed his back. "Yes," he added, "he has a stout hand, that must be said."

All laughed at him, and went to bed after their supper.

Meanwhile, at this very hour a tall peasant was walking rapidly, with a bundle on his back and a long stick in his hand, along the highway toward T—.

It was Garassim. He was hastening, without looking back, to his home, to his village. After he had drowned Mou-mou he went for a moment to his room, wrapped up a few of his things in an old horse-blanket, threw the bundle over his shoulder and disappeared. He had closely observed the road when he was brought to Moscow: the village from which he had come was only about five or six miles from the highway. He strode along with a fierce energy, in a state of calm, desperate determination. His breast was bare, his look full of expectation and fixed upon the distance.

He hastened as if his mother were awaiting him, were calling to him so far away, so long unheard from.

The night was still and warm. On one side, toward the west, the sky was still lit and tinged with the faint red of the departing day: on the other already appeared the dim gray of dawn. The night wore on. Hundreds of watchdogs were barking in every direction. Garassim could not hear them, nor yet the low nocturnal murmuring of the trees past which his stout legs were carrying him, but he perceived the familiar odor of the ripening rye which swept toward him from the dark fields; he felt the breeze fanning his face, playing with his hair and beard, reminding him of home; he saw the road, the road home, straight as an arrow, like a white line before him; he saw the countless stars shining down upon his path, and stepped on as boldly as a lion, so that by sunrise Moscow lay already some twenty miles behind this stout walker.

Two days after this he was at home, in his hut, to the great surprise of a soldier's wife who had been placed in possession of it. After he had offered a prayer before the images of the saints, he went to the overseer. The latter was at first somewhat surprised to see him, but haying had just begun: they put a scythe in his hand at once, and he began mowing again in his old fashion—a mowing that it frightened the peasants to see, such was the swing of his scythe.

Meanwhile he had been missed in Moscow on the very day after his flight. They had gone into his room, turned everything over and given information to Gavrilo. He came, looked at everything, shrugged his shoulders, and said the mute had either run away or drowned himself with his dog. Notice was given to the police, and her ladyship was told. She became angry, lamented, ordered him to be brought back at any price, vowed that she had never ordered the dog to be killed, and finally gave Gavrilo such a scolding that he shook his head all day and said nothing but "Hum! hum!" until Uncle Strunk brought him to his senses by a significant "We—ll." Finally, the news reached them of Garassim's return to the village, and her ladyship was somewhat consoled: at first she wanted to command that he be brought back to Moscow without delay, but she after-

ward declared she wanted to have nothing more to do with such an ungrateful man. Moreover, she died soon after, and the heirs not only did not trouble themselves about Garassim, but they also set free the rest of the servants of their venerable mother in favor of the crown.

Garassim still lives in his lonely hut: he is as strong and healthy as ever, still does the work of four, is still calm and serious. But the neighbors have noticed that since his return from Moscow he has avoided women—in fact, that he never so much as looks at a girl, and that he does not keep any dog. "It's lucky for him," say the peasants, "that he doesn't need a wife; and as for a dog, what does he want with a dog? No thief would dare to break into his house." Such is the fear of the mute's great strength!

IVAN TOORGENEF.

THE JEW'S FAITH.

IN the old days, in Alexandria, dwelt
 Nicanor, a self-sacrificing Jew,
 Who honestly in every matter dealt,
 Until his spreading tree of fortune grew
 Beyond the small dwarfed stature of his needs,
 And each bent bough bore reproducing seeds.

And then, like him who walking up the way
 Turns round to question him that comes behind,
 He turned toward his heart and asked one day,
 "What shall I make my duty? Fixed, my mind
 Demands its aim must now be understood,
 For every man should live for some set good."

Thereto his heart made answer: "Lips are fair:
 Make two vast doors for lips, and go with them,
 And hinge them on the Temple's mouth, that there
 They long may name thee to Jerusalem:
 With lily-work and palm thy doors be made,
 And both with beaten copper overlaid."

In time the lips were wrought, and, with much gain,
 He stowed them on a bark, and sailed away;
 And saw the land fade forth from off the main,
 While 'neath the sun the rippled waters lay
 Like the great roof that Solomon of old
 Built on the Temple, spiked with goodly gold.

When certain days flew west a storm came up,
 And night was like a black and fearful cave
 Where Powers of Awe held banquet: as cloud-cup
 Struck waved cloud-cup, the clash deep thunder gave,
 And spilled the wine of rain. The thrilling gloom
 Was filled with loud though unseen wings of doom.

Then said the master of the worried keel:
 "Vile Jew, thy doors are heavy: they must go!"
 Nicanor cried, "Here, at thy feet, I kneel,
 And crave of thee to spare them. I will throw
 My goods away and gold, my proof of thrift;
 But spare the doors, to God my humble gift.

Despise me not; for he who scorns a Jew
 Without just cause, himself shall be despised."
 Thereat his gains he gathered up and threw
 Into the sea, till all were sacrificed
 Except his gift; but still the Pan-like blast
 Piped on the reed of each divested mast.

Up spoke the sailors to their master dark:
 "We late made mention to our gods of this,
 And they require we shall unload the bark
 Of the vile Jew and all that may be his."
 As the dread judgment meek Nicanor heard,
 He radiantly smiled, but said no word.

Then in the deep the lofty doors were thrown.
 Nicanor prayed, "I put my trust in Thee!"
 And sprang out to the storm, and scaled alone,
 'Gainst Death, the unceasing rampart of the sea.
 He sank and rose; but, going down once more,
 His wandering hand seized on a drifting door.

Dripping and weak, he crawled upon his float,
 And heard the cry go past, "The ship is lost!"
 Then shrieks, death-ended. Swords of storm that smote
 Were now soon sheathed, while flags of foam that tossed
 Were furled in peace, and good Nicanor found
 The lip there kissed the sweet and certain ground.

A cape ran out, a long rock-sinewed arm
 That buffeted the sea, and this had caught
 The Jew and both his doors; and, free of harm,
 He stood in dawn's gray surf. Stout help he brought,

And passing safely inland far and fast,
The gifts were on the Temple hinged at last.

Long centuries succeed, and Herod, king,
Rose to rebuild the Temple. For rough stone,
He reared stone snow, white marble. Each pure thing
He beautified. Nicanor's doors alone
Were left. "These," said the wise high-priests, "shall be
For a memorial of piety."

Danger ennobles duty simply done,
And is a test wherein is cast for proof
The ore of faith. There comes no fear to one
Whose faith is true, for though upon that roof
Where only Christ of flesh has firmly trod,
He stands on rock who puts his trust in God.

HENRY ABBEY.

A WESTERN NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.

IT was the small hours of the night, and all well-regulated citizens were sleeping quietly in their beds. On the third floor of a dingy brick building, in the crowded portion of a busy Western city, three slaves of the lamp, each seated at a separate desk, with a flaring gas-light close before his eyes, were silently pursuing their tasks. The reader is introduced to the editorial-rooms of a flourishing morning newspaper, and these individuals (the managing editor having looked over the proofs of the leading articles and gone home) are engaged in their respective vocations. The sanctum consists of two apartments, one opening into the other, and the managing editor (who stands somewhat upon exclusiveness) being absent, the intermediate door is thrown open, to afford those who still remain at work the benefit of freer air and extended space for its circulation.

The one seated nearest the door of the outer room, and whom the visitor would first encounter, is the night editor. He is intently poring over a succession of closely-written diaphanous sheets of paper, the characters inscribed

on which, at first glance, appear to be cabalistic. They are Associated Press despatches, photographing, as it were, the varied doings of the world during the preceding twenty-four hours, and transmitted over the wires during the silent watches of the night to nearly every newspaper throughout the length and breadth of the land. Our night editor is now engaged in infusing life and soul into these fast-coming messages. One endless string of words, yet warm from the wires as they were flashed from San Francisco, occupies his attention. The United States mail steamer from China and Japan has just arrived at that port, and her budget of news has been hastily made up by the Press agent. To facilitate transmission, the smaller words are omitted, and paragraph after paragraph is run together without capitals or punctuation. In preparing this "copy" for the compositor, our night editor cuts each news item apart, pastes it on a piece of white paper to bring out the marks more clearly, writes in a sub-head, supplies omitted words, underscores capitals, corrects the orthography of proper nouns,

and, when the news is important, hastily writes a summarized account for insertion in the news column.

The second individual whom we beg to introduce to the reader is the city editor. An extensive fire has been raging in the oil region, which, defying all attempts of the city fire department to subdue, has communicated to an extensive wooden ware factory, and the night is still illumined with the fierce flames. A large amount of property has been destroyed, and this is regarded as a first-class sensation for the morning issue. Twenty extra quires have been ordered upon the press, and the writer is driving his pencil with hurried strokes to get up a three-column report of the disaster.

The third of the trio sits surrounded with a pile of exchanges, which he cons rapidly over, and from which, ever and anon, he clips an extract. This individual is the commercial editor, and he is preparing to "throw himself" into some financial speculations, which a few hours later will be read over with interest by half the business-men of the place, and then instantly forgotten.

The work of these individuals is pursued in profound silence, which is only interrupted by the hasty scratching of pencils, some impatient change of posture as the writer petulantly seeks some appropriate word which persistently eludes his memory, or as, ever and anon, one dashes across the room to place another installment of manuscript in the copy-box, and whistles through the speaking-tube to the devil on the floor above, who hauls it up and hands it to the foreman. This functionary, who has grown ascetic by long service, spreads the loosely-scrawled sheets on the stone before him, and with an unflinching objurgation on the "long-windedness" of the several writers, proceeds to divide the copy into "takes" for each compositor, and then hangs it on its appropriate hook.

At length the various church clocks sound through the stillness of the night the hour of three. At this signal the harsh voice of the foreman is heard

through the speaking-tube, intimating that no more copy will be received. Thus admonished, our triumvirate dash off a few concluding scratches, and, making a simultaneous dive to the copy-box, deposit the hasty winding up of their several effusions. An interval of half an hour is now afforded them, until their matter is set up and the proofs sent down to them for correction. This interval they fill up by lighting their well-used meerschaums and drawing round the fire to exchange a few ideas.

"Do you know," broke in Mr. Strong, the commercial editor, "that I regard ourselves as a set of unmitigated fools?"

"Any man is a fool," yawned the night editor in reply, "who is contented to wear out his life in a newspaper office, while an honest vocation is open to him elsewhere."

"Hinney," exclaimed Mr. Strong, slapping the local editor upon the knee, which aroused him from his exhaustion and brought him to a sudden upright position—"Hinney, what do you say to starting a penny paper of our own?"

The gentleman thus abruptly addressed was familiarly called Hinney by his friends, but in the City Directory and on the superscriptions of his letters his name appeared as Hinsdale.

In his soporific condition this suggestion did not seem to strike the local editor very favorably, for after a few puffs at his meerschaum he settled back in his former position and significantly inquired where the money was to come from.

The commercial editor thought that would not present much difficulty. They could have the press-work done at a job-office, and a great sum of money would not be required to buy type and other necessary material. A number of the most successful journals, whose proprietors are now deriving handsome incomes from their profits, started from small beginnings. Large, high-priced papers, with heavy editorials and voluminous correspondence, do well enough for professional men and the business community, but the working class, the

great mass of the people, are never reached by such journals.

"Here in Clydeville," pursued Mr. Strong, "a field is open to us which is entirely unoccupied. Workingmen are agitating for a change in our social and political affairs, and an organ started in their interest, and made *newsy*, piquant and attractive, would beat the other city papers in circulation in less than six months."

Mr. Hinsdale thought that all the money that could be made out of the circulation of a penny paper would not afford very extravagant salaries.

But Mr. Strong entertained more sanguine views. "Here's a town," argued he, "of a hundred thousand inhabitants, and the adjacent country contains as many more. The three papers published in Clydeville are all paying their owners high profits, and one-half the reading community are not reached by them. The newspaper business is a monopoly here: a little wholesome competition is wanted to infuse life into the trade. A cheap paper is the thing. The business community will welcome it as affording a cheaper medium for advertising; and if Davenport," making an inclination of his head to the night editor, "puts in a few of his radical ideas on social reform, we shall gain the sympathy of the entire working class, and thus have two good legs to stand upon."

Mr. Strong was an old resident of Clydeville and an experienced journalist. His favorable presentation of the case seemed to impress both of his hearers. But little more was said upon the subject that night, however, as their daily experience admonished them that no more hazardous business could be ventured upon than starting a new paper; and their proofs coming down shortly after, with an injunction from the foreman "to hurry up" or he would miss the mails, they set themselves to correct the errors of the types, and then departed for their several homes.

But the subject was reverted to again and again. The salaries paid these editors were insufficient to support their

families in comfort, and they chafed under the stern despotism which kept them slaving at their desks. Mr. Davenport was an enthusiastic advocate of co-operation, and many of his articles which appeared in the *Reflector* demonstrated with great force of argument that the worst evils which afflict our social system are due to the unequal distribution of the awards of industry, and that this inequality is mainly the result of our defective wages system. These views, dwelt upon and illustrated in their nocturnal colloquies, seemed a standing condemnation of the position they held.

The principal owner of the *Reflector* establishment was a man of ambitious views, lived in costly style, and in his demeanor toward his subordinates rendered offensively apparent the different estimate he placed upon money and *brains*. To support his expensive *ménage* a constant drain was made upon the profits of the business, and this necessitated keeping down expenses to the lowest minimum. Editorial services he regarded as an article of merchandise which he was justified in buying in the cheapest market: a constant and irritating supervision was kept over the wages-book, and neither editor nor attaché could ever enjoy the feeling that his faithful services were appreciated or regard his position as secure. A mechanic, perhaps, may plane a board or nail on a horseshoe even if he has the feeling that his relations are not fairly adjusted; but a man following an intellectual pursuit, and discussing daily, as a newspaper editor is called upon to do, the various social and industrial subjects which occupy the public mind, cannot write freely and ably and do justice to his own powers when the very arguments he seeks to enforce oppress his mind with a sense of his false position, and when the tyranny to which he is constrained to submit eats like a canker into his soul. Mr. Hinsdale, one of the most indefatigable and cheerful of mortals, who had acquired in military service the habit of submitting to all that was imposed upon him without

murmur or inquiry, was frequently led to exclaim, as these grievances were passed in review, "I am willing to work early and late if my services are only appreciated; but to be the hired fag of another, who regards me as a mere intellectual machine, deprives me of all incentive to exertion."

With this unceasing stimulus to emancipate themselves from their present unsatisfactory position, our editors were led to prosecute, in spite of every discouragement, the project which they regarded so favorably. But before any step was taken it was deemed important to first ascertain the state of public feeling. Mr. Strong, being in daily intercourse with a number of the business-men, ventured to drop a hint to several in regard to the proposed adventure. The majority welcomed the idea. Much dissatisfaction was expressed at the treatment they received from the other journals, and they believed that a new competitor in the field would bring the present owners to a sense of moderation and incline them to greater civility. Mr. Davenport put himself in communication with the presidents of the various trades unions, to engage their interest in behalf of the new paper and learn what support could be depended upon from the working class. All spoke encouragingly. An organ advocating the labor interest had long been wanted in Clydeville, and if the projectors proposed to discuss fairly and intelligently such topics as concerned this class, they might depend upon having nearly every workingman in town for a subscriber.

These evidences were accepted as assuring success to the adventure. The next subject of inquiry was, What amount of money would be needed, and what sum could they raise amongst themselves? There were two job printers in Clydeville who possessed facilities for doing their work, and Mr. Strong was appointed a committee of one to call upon these tradesmen and learn upon what terms they would print the paper, and what amount of stock they would subscribe for. An interview with these parties resulted favorably for the wishes

of our journalists. One of these printing-houses, owned by the Messrs. Nixon Bros., could furnish counting-house and editorial-room on the second floor, with an upper apartment for composition, would do the press-work at a reasonable rate, and would take one thousand dollars in stock, to be paid for in labor. Their printing-press was but a single cylinder, but it was said to have a capacity for fifteen hundred copies an hour. As they had decided upon publishing an evening paper, it was thought that by running off a heavy first edition at one o'clock, they could get out their second edition for down-town subscribers in proper time.

An estimate was then made of the amount of capital required. A sheet a trifle smaller than the *New York Sun*, with seven columns to the page, was decided upon—the price twelve cents a week. To purchase type, cases and stands, galleys, proof-press and the necessary outfit of a printing-office, would require fifteen hundred dollars; account-books and furniture for editorial-room two hundred dollars more. Four thousand dollars, it was thought, would be a safe capital to start with. This amount of money they then proceeded to raise. Mr. Strong had no capital of his own to put in, but a friend came forward with one thousand dollars; Mr. Hinsdale could furnish five hundred dollars; Mr. Davenport an equal amount. This being the extent of their available means, the Messrs. Nixon secured the co-operation of a wealthy manufacturer, who consented to put in fifteen hundred dollars, on condition that a fair amount of advertising be done for him gratis as a consideration for the risk he incurred.

Sufficient capital being thus secured, a charter of incorporation was obtained under the style and title of "*The Transcript Printing Co.*," and canvassers were set to work to obtain advertising patronage and subscribers. A few days' canvassing showed that subscribers could be gained almost for the mere asking, for in less than two weeks upward of two thousand names were

brought in, and subscriptions were received at the office at the rate of fifty a day. But the work of procuring advertising did not progress so satisfactorily. Merchants seemed chary of entering into contracts at any rates. They pleaded dull times; a number had already made their contracts for the season, and several of the heaviest firms had lost faith in advertising, and had adopted the practice of giving their customers the benefit of the money they had hitherto paid to newspapers, by a corresponding reduction in the price of their goods. This rather defeated the calculations of our newspaper aspirants, but in discussing the matter they found no ground for discouragement. They would have to show merchants what they were doing: as soon as they could convince them that they were giving them a wider circulation than the other papers, there would be no trouble in getting all the advertising they wanted. Three thousand five hundred copies would be printed for the first issue, and no effort had yet been made to get a mail circulation. Hundreds in town, also, withheld their names until the paper appeared, and it was reasonable to suppose, from the lively interest so generally manifested in their enterprise, that in a few weeks their circulation would be doubled.

But now another serious obstacle stood in their way: they were refused the franchise of the Associated Press. The reader has possibly seen a number of denunciatory articles in the *New York Herald*, Wilkes' *Spirit of the Times* and other journals condemning this association as a close monopoly, which deprives the public of whatever benefit might be derived from free competition in newspapers to subserve the interest of a few grasping individuals. The writer will express no opinion on the merits of the case, since strong arguments may be advanced on both sides. Mercantile success is best promoted by leaving the field open to free competition. Those who engage in a business in excess of the existing demand, finding the pursuit unremunerative, will soon

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be reduced to draw out. In the instance under discussion, by withholding the franchise the public interest was clearly sacrificed for the benefit of a few newspaper proprietors. During the preceding ten years the number of newspapers had not increased in Clydeville, notwithstanding that the population had doubled in the mean time, and that the demand for a daily paper had become more general since the excitement produced by the war. But in some other cities the reverse of this condition exists. Numerous cities and towns in the Western States might be singled out where the inhabitants cannot obtain a good local paper from the fact that too great competition exists. Take a city of forty thousand inhabitants, and allow six daily papers to put in equal claims to patronage, and the business is so divided up that a good paper cannot be afforded. Here the restrictions imposed by the Associated Press would be of great advantage to both publishers and readers, and the necessity of some such protection having shown itself, local Press Associations are now being formed in these new cities with a view to shut out future aspirants.

The Press despatches being refused, it was resolved to make a present shift by taking them from the columns of their contemporaries. This placed them at a great disadvantage, as it would throw them twenty minutes behind their rivals in getting on the street. It would be also injurious to the standing of the *Transcript*, since a newspaper deprived of telegraphic facilities, and furnishing no original despatches to its readers, can lay no claims to enterprise. But the public interest in the undertaking was so unmistakable, and encouragement poured in on the editors so liberally from all sides, that they did not stop to weigh difficulties. To get once started was their great object, and when the road was struck out they were willing to trust to their own energy and perseverance to keep the way clear.

Placards were posted throughout the city that on a given day in April a cheap and popular evening paper would be

published, containing all the latest news, and advocating in ably written original articles the cause of labor and popular rights. The performance of a great deal more was promised, of course, which it is not necessary to repeat here. Our editors were all capable journalists, knew exactly what the public taste required, and could write smoothly and forcibly on all current topics, but, by a singular fatality, all were without experience in the business management of a paper. To this simple fact is due the disastrous failure of their enterprise. As editors, they supposed that if they performed their part well, a demand would be created for the paper, and that a good circulation would naturally attract advertising. Patronage being thus obtained, it would require but ordinary business management to render the thing a success. Holding these views, they engaged no competent business-man. Mr. Strong was appointed president, one of the Messrs. Nixon treasurer, and one bookkeeper was to keep the accounts of the job printing-house and the newspaper. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, and the projectors then thought they were ready to go to work.

At length the afternoon announced for publication arrived, and the press-room door was besieged with all the ragged urchins in town, anxious to get papers. But, by some miscalculation on the part of the foreman, the forms were two hours late for the press. Every line had to be set up, the type was new and dazzled the eyes of the printers, the foreman was unused to his duties, having been taken from a case, and the various machinery had not yet got into running order. When, after a great amount of hurry and vexation, the forms were at length laid on the press, it was found that its capacity had been greatly overstated. By the time the first sheet was struck off it was five o'clock, and it would be dark by half past six. Twenty carriers were waiting for their papers, all having large routes and the places yet to find, and the clamorous shrieks of the peddlers outside were perfectly deaf-

ening. It was thought best to sell a few hundreds on the street first, and twenty quires were struck off for the peddlers. But this, instead of satisfying them, only seemed to render them more vociferous. The paper was in demand by all who saw it, and the press could not throw off sheets fast enough to meet the sale.

But here the city circulator put in his veto. It wanted but half an hour of dark, and upward of two thousand papers were required for his boys. Clearly it was a hopeless task to attempt to reach subscribers that evening. The best plan would have been to sell to the peddlers all they wanted, and apologize to their subscribers for unavoidable delays. But the effect of this was feared. A large number had given up other papers to take the *Transcript*, and to disappoint them the first day would look bad. Make the attempt any way, some could be reached, and to serve a portion was better than to fail altogether. It was past seven o'clock before the boys all got off: they could not find their subscribers' houses, and, abandoning the task in disgust, they carried the papers home. Of the two thousand copies given to the carriers for distribution, not two hundred reached the subscribers.

The object of our editors' ambition was now accomplished, and their paper was fairly on the way. But, to their dismay, they found that this, instead of putting an end to their troubles, only plunged them in worse perplexities. Having but few advertisements standing, not more than five or six columns, there was a large amount of matter to be set every day, and a good share of this had to be culled from exchanges; and as yet they had no exchange-list. A copy of their first number had been sent to every better-class paper in all the principal cities, with a printed circular requesting an exchange, but very few, not more than half a dozen, had responded. To make up a paper, exchanges must be had: they were as necessary as daily food, and until the want was supplied the *Reflector* exchanges, one day old, had to be re-

sorted to. By persistent solicitation, and paying the difference of subscription, they at length got together a small number of exchanges; but this was always a weak point in their machinery, and the freshness and variety of their columns were seriously affected in consequence.

Then, having so much type to set, and having to wait for their afternoon despatches, they were always late in going to press; and the press proving slow and unreliable, having a chronic infirmity for breaking down at the most trying moments, the effort to get the paper out fevered their blood every day with excitement, and amounted almost to a protracted death-struggle.

Orders for the paper continued to pour in unsolicited, and an average of seventy-five a day was registered. But this steady accession of business only added to their perplexities by showing how utterly inadequate had been their preparations. A few days' indulgence of irregularities was asked for and accorded by their subscribers, but when a reasonable time expired, and the delivery remained in as chaotic a condition as ever, the public began to lose patience and hundreds gave up the paper. This was a serious loss of *prestige*: it seemed as if our experienced journalists did not know their business. But the difficulty was a serious one, and indeed was never fairly remedied. Between two and three thousand names had been brought in by canvassers, written in all styles of calligraphy, and many addresses were incorrectly given. These had been copied into the office-register, hurriedly and at intervals, by whosoever could find an hour to devote to the task. From this register the city circulator made up his routes, and in hundreds of cases he would give names to the wrong carrier, from his not knowing upon what route a certain street number would fall. These subscribers were not called upon. In transcribing, too, many names were inadvertently dropped, as there was no time to compare the various copies; and a number more were so corrupted in transcription

that the owners themselves would not have recognized them for their own. Complaints came in as numerous as fresh orders, all of them were entered on the complaint-book, and every day Mr. Prosser, the city circulator, had these accumulating evidences laid before him, of the unsatisfactory manner in which his work was done. All referred to this perplexed individual to remedy this disastrous state of things, but the truth is, the correction lay beyond his power. He was daily driven by his duties, and he had not time, if he had the administrative ability, to make another fair start from the beginning. His carriers all went to school, and when they presented themselves at four o'clock to receive and fold their papers, he was so occupied in counting out their routes and folding for the peddlers, and there was such an incessant clamor among the boys who should be served first, that there were no possible means afforded him of having the mistakes adjusted.

The result of such a condition was shown at the end of the first fortnight, when the collectors went round for payment. The report brought into the office was truly alarming. Several hundred had never been called on, and were now taking some other paper: a large proportion had received from two to six copies, and would pay for no more than had been left, and of these a great number threatened to discontinue unless they could be served earlier. Not more than one-fourth the sum was paid in that was due for papers issued.

The report from the advertising solicitor also was no whit more satisfactory. Wholesale merchants would not listen to him, because their customers lay mostly outside the city, and the *Evening Transcript*, having no mail circulation, would not reach them. Retail dealers would not take hold, because a suspicion was becoming general that all was not right in the management. A good canvasser, no doubt, could have combated most of these objections, and have won the ears of the advertising class by judiciously magnifying the extent of the demand made

upon the facilities provided by the publishers for their business. But the great misfortune of these latter lay in the fact that in no department could they procure first-class talent. Every newspaper *attaché* in the city wished well to the enterprise, and was only waiting to see its success demonstrated to incline him to accept an engagement. But they all hesitated to give up reliable employment and commit their fortunes to an undertaking known to be financially weak. In a Western city unemployed newspaper talent is not to be picked up in the street, and the publishers had to put up with the best men that came to hand. The sequel proved these to be poor enough.

The management of the paper was committed to a board of directors who sat once a week. At its second weekly meeting this untoward state of affairs was seriously discussed. An informal exhibit was rendered by the secretary, of which a mere generalization will answer the reader's purpose. Starting with two thousand five hundred subscribers and a daily sale of one thousand on the street, the names of eight hundred subscribers had since been registered. The editorial management of the paper was favorably spoken of, and an assured success was before them if they could so extend their facilities as to meet the demand made upon them. To do this a faster press was indispensable, and some arrangement made with the Associated Press whereby they could obtain despatches. Pecuniarily, the showing was unsatisfactory. Their weekly expenditure (paper bills included) exceeded six hundred dollars, and their receipts were insignificant. With a better system of delivery the circulation might be made to pay the cost of the paper and press-work, but the revenue mainly to be looked to must be derived from advertising. A more capable solicitor was wanted, more clerical help, and an increased reserve-fund in the bank.

The matter looked serious. The extent of business, and consequent drain of capital, had already far outgrown our editors' calculations; and the sum of

money required to carry the enterprise through to success was so considerable in amount that they now awoke to the truth that they had an elephant on their hands. To abandon the undertaking was out of the question: more money must be raised, and that right speedily. The Messrs. Nixon and their friend the manufacturer were willing to double their stock, and the three editors were looked to to duplicate theirs. This would furnish four thousand five hundred dollars more, and it was deemed that with judicious management this sum would carry them through. It was further proposed that a double-cylinder press be purchased, and some arrangement made with the other city papers to rent the Press despatches for a given term of years. These suggestions being put to the meeting in the form of resolutions, were unanimously adopted, and a committee appointed to carry them into execution. It may be mentioned that our editors being unable to meet this pecuniary demand, Mr. Strong was so far successful as to induce an enterprising bank-officer to invest two thousand dollars in the enterprise, and this contribution was readily accepted, the influence of this gentleman's name being regarded as a valuable acquisition.

The money being paid in, a press was purchased and put up, the use of the Press despatches for one year, with the privilege of renewal, negotiated for the consideration of seventy dollars a week, and two youths were hired to assist in better ordering the circulation. This took some little time, of course, and the business had dragged along disastrously in the mean while; but now a grand flourish of trumpets was made through their columns of increasing success, an appeal made to advertisers to avail themselves of so useful a medium, and a promise made to subscribers that they should be annoyed by no more irregularities.

But our editors soon found that their difficulties were not overcome. With increased expenses they could gain no corresponding addition to their revenue. A new solicitor was tried who came to

them with the highest testimonials of ability, but he being taken sick soon after his engagement, the early summer months were allowed to pass without their being represented upon the street, and when he recovered health the business season was over. This want of outside success seriously deranged the internal mechanism of the establishment. The brisk men of business who hold commerce with the world, and interpose a screen as it were between the garish day and the secluded laboratory of thought, were not at their posts, and upon our unhappy editors was imposed the task of attending to twofold duties.

The one great deficiency that plagued them was the want of a chief. Everything went at loose ends. Waste and mismanagement and irregularity pervaded every department. In the news-room order was not enforced, material was wasted and punctuality was a virtue unknown. This condition of things was repeated in the press-room: mails were repeatedly missed, there was waste in feeding the press, and two entire issues were lost through the neglect of the pressman to cast new rollers. This derangement pervaded the counting-room also. Through an imperfect system of keeping accounts, the cashier had no check upon the issue of printed sheets or the paying in of collections, and when a month's business was footed up the disparity between the number of quires sent into the press-room and the number that could be accounted for filled the minds of all with bewilderment and alarm.

Our editors, working amid such interruptions and causes of disquietude, could not do justice to their columns. They lost confidence in their own powers. Too much attention was bestowed upon editorial articles, it was thought: people wanted *news*—they did not care for disquisitions. Their effort to win the good-will of the working class, too, was deemed a mistake, since the patronage of such persons could never support any paper. Their endeavors should be devoted to gain the interest of the business community, and their advocacy

of co-operation and hostility to the wages system was the very way to make this class their enemies.

Poor Mr. Davenport, the ambition of whose life had been to gain the control of a journal through whose columns he might daily appeal to his oppressed fellow-laborers to emancipate themselves from the thralldom of capital, now found that while his cogent reasoning and widely-gathered facts had led his artisan readers to no visible movement, his advocacy of the sublime truths of universal justice and equity had gone nigh to ruin the business prospects of his paper. And still further to confuse him, while he was searching the social life of France, England and Germany to prove that associated workmen could successfully conduct business enterprises, the heroic effort made by himself and colleagues to escape the domination of a master was in imminent danger of coming to grief from the sole want of one controlling mind to hold all faithfully to their duties.

These troubles were discussed at the weekly meetings of the board, and their legislative powers were exhausted in the endeavor to provide a remedy. Various views were expressed. Mr. Strong believed that the want of growth in the paper was because, editorially, it had not force enough. They wanted special despatches from half a dozen principal cities, fuller market reports and plenty of spicy correspondence: there was not variety enough to suit all tastes, and to this their want of success was due. Others contended if with their present outlay they were running behind two hundred dollars a week, they could not expect to improve the matter if they added indefinitely to their expenses. Mr. Watson, the manufacturer, observed that, as he understood it, their main object was not to publish a strong paper, but to make a dividend upon capital invested. This word, spoken in good season, suggested another plan of proceedings. Mr. Nixon thought it would be better to make haste slowly. The paper wanted age, and its growth could not be forced. To build up a

successful paper in a few months was a thing utterly impossible: they must bide their time, and gain recognition by dint of diligence and long waiting. To live through this trying period, instead of increasing expenses, they must, as far as possible, reduce them. They were giving altogether too much reading-matter: they were publishing a better paper than they could afford. At the present rate their money would all be gone before Christmas, and it was doubtful whether any of the stockholders had sufficient confidence in the concern to throw in more money.

These views were generally approved, and the question of reducing expenses being put in the form of a resolution, it was unanimously adopted. In carrying this out, the telegraph subsidy was cut off, and the former practice of stealing the news from their contemporaries again resorted to. To reduce composition bills, Mr. Strong was instructed to obtain three or four columns of cheap advertising, and have them stand until others more remunerative could be obtained. Mr. Davenport, who had been filling the position of managing editor, was taken off the staff, and the charge of the city circulation assigned to him. Mr. Prosser went to a case. Further, the editors were to draw but just sufficient to buy necessaries for their families, the remainder of their salaries to be placed to their credit. With these savings, it was thought that their earnings and expenditures might be made more closely to approximate.

But the process of depletion went on. The withdrawal of the Associated Press subsidy affording their rivals too clear an insight into their condition, one journal commenced the gratuitous distribution of several hundred sheets daily, with a view to withdraw their subscribers. The business of editing, too, being done by haphazard, a great falling off was apparent. A number of the editorials were hastily revamped from other papers; the news collected lost in variety and freshness; and in consequence of various hands being engaged, many clipped articles were repeated. One wolf-story,

which related a tragic incident in the south of France, was actually published three times. As an unavoidable result, the subscription fell off still farther. Not that there was any pecuniary loss in this, for the circulation had never more than paid for the white paper, but it extinguished their hopes of maturing into success and influence.

Facilis descensus Averni, and the journalists were compelled to descend another round. Since the business community and the working class would not support their enterprise, they were reduced to go to the politicians for aid. The nominating conventions being then about to select their candidates, it was communicated to the party wirepullers that the columns of the *Evening Transcript* were up for sale. This venality was only resorted to in the desperate effort to preserve life, and before the disgraceful expedient was resolved upon the danger attending such a course was very clearly foreseen. The editors had pledged themselves to hold an independent position in politics, their object being to furnish a *good newspaper* to all classes, and to advocate social and industrial reform. The strife over the nomination for member of Congress was very bitter, and a friend of the bank-officer who held stock in the paper being one of the contestants, the *Evening Transcript* pitched headlong into the strife in this gentleman's interest. After an acrimonious contest, wherein the venality of a so-called working-man's organ advocating bank monopolists and the bondholding interest was scathingly denounced, they had the mortification of seeing their aspirant rejected. This was their *coup de grace*. A large proportion of their remaining subscribers, who professed themselves averse to politics, and had held to the *Transcript* through all its fortunes, now fell off in disgust. To prolong publication was seen to be a hopeless task. Yet they died hard. Several well-known journalists were appealed to, and assistance sought from various social and other reformatory societies, but the cold charity of the world had no hand to ex-

tend toward them. In the mean time, debt was pressing, and as their revenue had dwindled down to a very trifling sum, it was evident the longer they continued publication the more their principal would become absorbed. In this dilemma the proprietor of the *Reflector* came over to them. The three journalists he would take back into his employ, and for their circulation he made them a liberal offer. Heartily sick as our journalists were of the anxieties of their present position, this sudden offer of a return to their former employment, with a certain income assured them, seemed like a return to Paradise. The publication of the paper was continued without any visible change, while a great saving of expense was effected by using

the matter that appeared in the *Reflector* in the morning to fill the columns of the *Transcript* in the afternoon. Our defeated journalists, restored to their former positions, during their nocturnal conferences while awaiting their last proofs, derive unfailing interest from the discussion of their abortive attempt; and it is still an open question with them whether, if their affairs had been skillfully managed, the result might not have been different.

FREDERIC LOCKLEY.

[NOTE.—It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that, with the exception of the proper names, nothing in the foregoing article is fictitious.—ED.]

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

WHEN I was fifteen years old, with an appetite for books that could have eaten all the world up, I followed the immemorial custom of young ambition and wrote to the family scribe for a course of reading. My cousin Matilda gave for answer the time-honored formula: History of my own times, going backward, with a long list of uncompromising narrators, from Macaulay and Bancroft up to Plutarch and Tacitus, inclusive. After grappling with these in succession, I might have the consciousness of being tolerably well read in the affairs of nations. Next, the whole circle of Belles Lettres, commencing with Shakespeare as the foundation of all good taste, and letting idle stories alone, because they distracted the attention. Bringing up the rear of this formidable list was *Swedenborg*, more as if distraught and because she loved him than with any hope that her acolyte, flushed with the pride of life, would go down into the catacombs with him. *Swedenborg*, she said, was not readable

except with a severe exercise of thought. "It may happen at first reading his books will be obscure to your apprehension. Then lay them by: you will be capable of them as you grow older. Indeed, your mind will hardly embrace them before you are twenty."

I should not have been here now if I had tamely followed out that scheme of culture. But nobody ever does. Certain that she had failed to appreciate the maturity of my intellectual powers, of course you know what I did—took no rest by day or night until possessed of the only book of *Swedenborg's* within reach, a compendium of his works, and, neglecting the long line of illustrious authors, commenced, in Hebrew-wise, at the end.

Perhaps *Fatima* shut the door of the bloody closet with more celerity than I the lids of the compendium after that nefarious attempt on the mysteries of *Swedenborg*, but I am slow to believe it. For any appeal to my spiritual intelligence, it might as well have been

written in Coptic, because, in common with all healthy organisms at that age, I had it not—not an atom, notwithstanding I fed a self-mocking sadness on Shelley and the cadaverous poets, and fancied moments of exaltation. Contemporaneous school-girls even called me "deep," and my intimate friend laid her head on the same pillow with me, and we went to sleep prating of Hegel and Schlegel. But to my understanding this book was simply shocking, and the spiritual eyes were closed to its sense.

I read of the virgins in heaven, who sleep in dormitories, with rows of little white-curtained beds in alcoves, whose spotless purity it is their greatest ambition to preserve, keeping their chests of drawers in order, employed in needlework, embroidering nosegays on linen and cultivating miniature gardens, sometimes rejoicing over a new dress for holidays, sometimes visited and examined by preachers, and guarded from everlasting to everlasting by a married female. This, then, was the fate of girls who die young—to be immured in a German *pensionnat*! With memory still fresh of three months at boarding-school, it made me sick, as with that awful homesickness when through those long winter nights, too miserable to sleep, I lay in my narrow bed revolving the various feasible modes of suicide until the five o'clock bell called the holy sisters to matins and me to another day of wretchedness. Too well I remembered that chill white coverlid, as with frozen fingers I hastily threw it over the bed, and proceeded, with dress held together behind by a single hook, to join the crowd of yawning, shivering girls streaming through the corridors down into the study. Nor did his little flower-plats allure me, for my horticultural experience too had been very discouraging. Roses turned to brambles, figs to thistles, and, in short, everything in the vegetable kingdom refused to grow for me. It might all be very good for Linnæus, or for Swedenborg, who loved his simple life and Arcadian dishes, but to me it was hell, and I would none of it.

Then his abominable heresies on the Woman question! Some women are born with hearts full of insurrection against the womanly lot, and to read, "The wife is guided by instinct more than reason, and should be subject to her husband's prudence," that was the fly in the ointment, though all the rest had been sweet and sound. No: the same heaven would not hold Swedenborg and me. His was dull and gloomy as a penitentiary workshop. Its skies were leaden, its trees sapless and its flowers gutta serena. It violated the sanctity of each human soul, not one of which is like another.

There was something more dreary yet than heaven—his planetary landscapes. These were the dyspeptic dreams of which Emerson spoke. Mars, with its black-faced people, was a perfect nightmare, and the volcanic moon, with its hollow-sounding pigmies, was Byron's "Dream of Darkness" in prose. Upon Jupiter, the most favored planet of our system, life was a dull pastoral. The men of Mercury roved the universe, and that coincidence seemed as startling as the South American birds talking English. Those upon Jupiter, whose heads turned upon pivots, laughed at the hideous, malformed animal, man.

But what were the planets to me, or I to the planets? The truth was, that though I had seen Rich's sketch, knew Emerson's essay by heart, and admired Wilkinson enough to pique my curiosity, the inscrutable old seer would not give up his secret to a sciolist like me. So, dubbing him an old Turk and materialist, I put him away, thereby taking from my mother's heart a great load of anxiety for my baptismal vows and eternal welfare. *She* regarded the whim with the compassionate indulgence she might have felt for a morbid longing for pickles and slate-pencils. The younger members of the family, who secretly had little faith in my soundness of mind from poring over mysterious books and harboring certain eccentric opinions, had watched me closely, expecting some day to see me rave like Cassandra or go off into a cataleptic trance. But I

had seen no visions and dreamed no dreams. Reason remained firmly seated on her throne, and I came forth from the ordeal scathless, but profoundly ignorant of Swedenborg.

My twentieth birth-day came, but meantime I had fallen in love. A predatory intercourse was kept up with the rank and file of my curriculum, and Swedenborg was forgotten. The world rolled on. Each year the haunting star of death came to the meridian, and still the era of mysticism came not. Forgotten was Swedenborg, forgot my dreams of Christ the Bridegroom and vestal service with Dr. Muhlenberg. A happy marriage had indefinitely postponed futurity for me, for truly the soul has its own times and seasons.

But suddenly the long-hoarded wrath of God burst upon me. Again I crossed the path of that deadly star that rides with darkness, that hath power to smite the earth with plagues as often as it will, and turn waters to blood. A summons like the blast of doom, and day was turned to night. In the solemn silence of that hour, imploring some sign that my dead still lived, I thought of Swedenborg and my stately cousin. She, alas! lay low in her grave, where long ago secret disappointment and sorrow had brought her. Majestic ghost! In that moment of reunion, after long grief and pain, remembering that capacious brain, that noiseless struggle with adversity and neglect, as of one born out of due time, among a race that knew her not, how bitterly did I turn from this world to the hope of recompense in another!

It was not enough that Paul said, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." Weak and staggering from the chamber of death, I snatched at the water-gruel held to me by orthodox ministers, and read books claiming to give Swedenborgian views of the future. They were full of baby-talk and unhealthy introspection. There was no strength in them—none, none.

Again I brought my broken cup to Swedenborg's immeasurable sea.

In what lay the comfort of Swedenborg to me? In his philosophy of Continuity, which he believed in with all his heart, and never for a moment forgot—in his assurance that this world is but the shadow and representation of another and better, or his philosophy of Correspondences.

When some child of promise, the prince of his house, perishes suddenly, and you take up your life from that hour, a dull, unfinished work, bereft of all motive—when the life which counts itself a failure comes to an end—when the man of thought departs with life at sunset and genius at the zenith, what does it mean? Why, To be Continued—that the sequel of this thrilling drama is to be found in another world. In the peculiar eloquence of Wilkinson, "Our introduction to the mineral, vegetable and animal worlds, to the air and the sun, is a friendship never to be dissolved. Stone and bird, wood and animal, are acquaintances which we meet with in the spiritual sphere, in our latest manhood or angelhood, equally as in the dawn of the senses, before the grave is gained." The child is a child still, and his education progresses.

"Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do thy large eyes behold me still?"

Swedenborg will not hear of sudden transitions, and the suicide who violates the etiquette of Nature serves out his term of probation in another sphere. As the man dies he is resuscitated. He set at naught the Church's brutish legend of a bodily resurrection, and showed forth, for the first time, the only true resurrection of a spiritual body at death. And he uttered this sublime tenet: "As the love is, so the man;" that is, the true, substantial body. The avaricious hangs around the scene of his earthly treasures with the instinct of a family cat. The idiosyncrasy of the sensualist is his causal form, and his features are resigned to that sole image in his mind. He is seen as a monster, with a retracted nose. Idiots and insane are so from the imperfections of the body, but at

death the true body is emancipated. Only the beautiful in soul are beautiful hereafter.

Our interior memory, with its ineffaceable record, is the book of life, opened at the judgment (that is, immediately after death). The first nine months of a human creature's life were esteemed by Coleridge to be the most important. But we drag the lengthening chain of hereditary influence after us, through we know not how many forgettings. We enter one chamber of existence after another, and each time the door shuts behind us. The babe is what its sorrowing mother has made it. We come into the world with the birth-mark of earthly passion upon us—live on, and still destiny and free-will struggle together for possession of us. Our unborn soul lies within us, and as our fate was once with our mother, so now "there is a relation between the hours of our life and the centuries of time. Every love, every hate, forbearance, abnegation, pity, the spiritual body assimilates, and is bone of its bone, flesh of its flesh. Wisdom is an apparition—the angel face of beauty, corruption; but love is the soul itself, and can never die."

This is an outline of the spiritual body, with which the world at large is already familiar, for this feature of his religion has been expanded by new sects, books, lecturers, philosophers—all them that sell doves and traffic in the Holy Spirit. Let us do them the justice to say that some of their observations, midway between life and death, do not always seem barren. A noted clairvoyant, describing the spiritual resurrection, says: "Do not suffer the dying to rest upon feathers or cotton." Those who have seen one fall asleep without a murmur or struggle, and another give that last convulsive spasm of the features and heave that heartrending sigh that makes the mourner shriek aloud, can they afford to despise the admonition and call it materialism?

Swedenborg says this world is the shadow and representation of another: in Wilkinson's words, "The frame of the natural world works, moves and rests

obediently to a spiritual world, as a man's face to the mind within." This is his doctrine of Correspondences. A remoter application of the great law, which Swedenborg only hints, is this: For every intellectual fact there is an object as its projection. Take an axiom in physics: substitute for its nouns some abstract nouns of which they seem the symbols, and for its verbs, verbs expressive of corresponding subjective action, and the result is a moral axiom. Emerson calls this the science of sciences—true in transition, false if fixed—and there leaves us in the midst of a great unexplored speculation.

Let us try conclusions:

Heat melts wax.—*Objective.*

Fervor subdues indecision.—*Subjective.*

Resistance generates heat.—*Objective.*

Opposition kindles anger.—*Subjective.*

Or, the mountain-top reflects the first rays of the sun: the great mind anticipates a new idea. Or, the angles of incidence and reflection are equal: the atonement is proportioned to the sin. These are trite enough. Turn over the leaves of any poet for better illustrations by the score. This science of Correspondence is the soul of all poetry. Read the chambered nautilus for one such analogy, beaten out, I had almost said, into the most perfect poem ever written. This world is religion written in cipher: the poet interprets it, and is the priest of Swedenborg's philosophy. It is embodied in the stores of metaphor which poets have hived from Nature. In this department of his religion the most hackneyed simile has a post of honor along with the most comprehensive law of Nature. Constancy is typified in the recurring seasons, the hush in the midsummer storm mocking the tempestuous heart of man, or a lesson of life and hope in a curious psychological truth, which finds a mighty parallel in the likeness of rising and setting suns—

"Evening red and morning gray."

The sun sinking clear in a flood of ra-

diance predicts a dawn as clear. It is a fact well known among those who watch their own minds and cultivate the memory that the thought which engrosses us and sees us to bed wakes with us in the morning. It colors our dreams and stands sentinel over us all night. He who thinks beer will dream beer, and Shylock dreamed of moneybags. Then, to pursue that mental aphorism—

“Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns”—

when the sun goes down upon our wrath and passion rocks us to sleep, our slumber knows not refreshment, and as we lie down with darkness, so we rise with it. This is the Gospel as it was from the beginning.

Now rise to higher regions of speculation and view the analogy. Hamlet the Poet, reasoning after the manner of his class, fears the dreams that may come in the last slumber. Swedenborg the Seer, never forgetting his philosophy of Continuity, tells us that as a man dies, so he will be resuscitated: he wakes up with the same loves and propensities that saw him to sleep.

Plants delight in this symbolism. They masquerade the deadly sins and the virtues—plants whose roots strike deep with the sincerity of truth, and others shallow as falsehood; and more wondrous still, that saintly flower, the Santo Espiritu, or Flower of the Holy Ghost, formed in some hour of rapture by the prophetic Soul of the world, dreaming on things to come. When Wilhelm Meister picks up a piece of “cross-stone,” he soliloquizes: “Men rejoice when Nature produces a likeness to what they love and reverence. She then appears to us in the form of a sibyl, who has beforehand laid down a testimony of what had been determined from eternity and was not to be realized till late in time.”

There is a curious book called *Vegetable Portraits*, written by Lazarus, an American Fourierite, which makes a study of these resemblances to character. Some of these analogies have much beauty, while others are capricious as

the *Young Ladies' Floral Dictionary*.

The mistletoe is a parasite; the grape, a symbol of friendship; cherries, groups of children; the peach, a rural beauty; and, quoting from his master Fourier, musk-melons are the types of sidereal systems. The stellar forms are foreshadowed in the aster family, whose ray-like petals resemble a sun. Refining still farther, he gives the meaning of colors. Orange is enthusiasm of numbers; yellow, paternity; red, ambition; white, unity; azure, love; green, industry—plainly, colors seen through Communist eyes. Then, a circle is friendship; ellipse, love; hyperbole, ambition; parabola, familism.

There may be more in this than you dream of. To some minds it is purely arbitrary: conic sections are conic sections still, and they are nothing more. If a glossary were made of Swedenborg's Correspondences it would appear irrational. Here are some at random: Flower, implantation; mountain, heaven; garden, wisdom; fish, science.

Lazarus makes a tree the image of a commonwealth: with Swedenborg a tree is perception. Again, a horse is understanding or intellectual power, and in the other world, *where objects are ideas and ideas are objects*, he presents a scene where, under certain mental agitation in a society of spirits, simultaneously a procession of horses passes by—something as fine, I imagine, as Bonheur's “Horse Fair.” Is a hippodrome to be the invariable accompaniment of mental exercise in heaven? To the uninspired mind the thought is decidedly uncomfortable, and, not to be frivolous, like the old woman with the pudding on her nose. Again we think of Emerson's words: False if fixed—true if transient.

Swedenborg had a constitutional hatred of alcohol, and made it one of his many synonyms of falsehood. It produced a false content and baseless self-satisfaction. Nevertheless, we know of later days that, like the fictitious membranes of bromine and the delirium of strychnine, its artificial warmth lays the nerves asleep and checks vital waste.

As starch is a vehicle for oils in alimentation, and turpentine for pigments, alcohol may be called a good menstruum for food, applying, assimilating, and then, according to Mr. Parton, evaporating.

“So falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new burned.”

But Swedenborg died before Hahnemann's discovery.

Another development of Correspondences is the relation of the men of this world to the spirits composing the Grand Man. The Grand Man! Hobbes had such an idea on a miniature scale in his *Leviathan*, or Commonwealth—a giant man made up of smaller ones. Some such dream, inverted, is known to the simplest votary of the now disreputable science of astrology, who will not wean her baby in the sign of the heart, for fear it might die of grief.

“As nothing can exist with man unless there be a cause for it in the spiritual world, and as man's frame subsists by correspondence with heaven, and through heaven with the Lord, without which he could not exist for a moment, but would dissolve into nothing—hence every organ and member of the body corresponds to societies in heaven, and these societies perpetually flow into the body.” That is, substantially, his explanation of the Grand Man. All who die and go to heaven become members of the Grand Man. Those who theorize sensually, yet live in charity (he forgave everything for Charity's sake), take their allotted place on the skin of the head. He conversed with spirits in the soles of the feet: they were such as had been in natural delight, not in spiritual. The things most vital in man correspond to the societies which have the greatest life. The societies to which the cuticle corresponds are on the threshold of heaven, but the celestial kingdom corresponds to the heart, and the spiritual kingdom to the lungs—first natural, then spiritual, then celestial. The heaven is so immense that the inhabitants of this earth are, in comparison, as a pool of water to the ocean.

These heavenly societies gyrate in-

sensibly through unknown spaces, as we travel with the earth in its revolutions. And the student of Swedenborg will remark that he seemed to see the whole universe moving in spirals. Our earth describes an endless corkscrew. Nature returns with fond persistency to this, her favorite mode of transmission, as he must have observed who invented the rifle bore, as well as Swedenborg. The red globule in serum, smoke from chimneys, blue blazes, cyclones, water-spouts, sap in plants, magnetism, food in the intestines, the child from the womb, moon, earth, sun and stars, all are whirling, whirling, in a mad German waltz.

There are no bad spirits in the Grand Man. Diseases are caused by an influx of bad spirits from the hells. They correspond to the lusts and bad passions of the mind. His faith in his own theory was implicit, for once, when he had toothache, Robsahm offered to relieve him. He declined, saying it was a temporary influx of bad spirits into his teeth. They seemed to tax their devilish ingenuity for ways of tormenting the good old man. Sometimes those who had lived in sluggish ease were with him, and induced such heaviness of stomach he could scarcely live. There can no suspicion of dyspepsia rest here, because Swedenborg was temperate to asceticism. A bowl of milk and bread was his *pièce de résistance*, varied with coffee made over his study-fire. Occasionally he paused in his manuscript after a day's fasting, and threw a sop to Cerberus, but it was almonds, raisins, gingerbread, or some such stuff as muscular Christians call “trash.” One excess he relates with his bowl of milk and bread. The spirits rebuked him, and after that infantile debauch he ceased to offend.

Other bad spirits tried to kill him by rushing into his brain. These are they which infest the skull to this day, and breed tumors and meningitis. They had destroyed whole ancient armies by insanity and self-slaughter. Each of the five monarchies of death was a letting loose of evil spirits.

But the Grand Man and the hells are a theme too stupendous for these brief pages or the faith of some who may read them. They refuse to harbor the thought with the same incredulity that a vinegar-mite or a *Trichinosis spiralis* might express of man's existence. Each creature is an infidel concerning a more ethereal element than its own, and that makes faith the divinest attribute of man. If the mole were interrogated, he would be found skeptical of the sea and its people—the mud-cat would scoff at larks. Those who touch heaven every day, when they lay hands on a little child, cannot believe in the guardianship of angels. Protestants and infidels deny the Miraculous Conception, who could not tell, though their lives were at stake, why a cheese in a box becomes in time a mass of living things, how the primordial protoplasm begins, or solve any other problem in generation. "How can they see spiritual things," asks Swedenborg, "whose bodily sight is too gross for microscopic insects?"

We read passages from the *Arcana Cælestia* to a busy housekeeper, who listens in the intervals when she cuts or bastes for her sewing-machine. Her tucks and ruffles engross seven-eighths of her attention, but she gives us a part of what is left. Presently she makes signals of distress and looks up confusedly: "I don't understand what he means by that everlasting *affections of truth and closing of interiors*. I don't believe he knew what he meant himself."

"Very plain, if you give your undivided heart to it. You see, there are three degrees of mind in man—the natural, spiritual and celestial. The natural mind is sustained by its relation to the world, but the spiritual is in form a heaven, and subsists through divine influx: it closes at the approach of carnal things, as a sensitive plant or a nerve-fibril contracts at the touch of foreign bodies. The bony covering of the skull thickens in confirmed sensuality. Perhaps even you have known seasons of mental obfuscation, when one of your cerebral departments—say,

memory or ideality—felt as though a stone were rolled against it. That is a shutting of the natural degree. You remember the landlady said that her lamented husband seemed to have a lid to his head, which he could open at pleasure and take out his brains. When Swedenborg's spiritual degree was shut he cried out in agony, 'O my God! hast Thou forsaken me?' The same religious despondency your hymn expresses—

'Return, O heavenly Dove, return!'

What will open these interiors? In spirit and in truth, Divine influx alone—in falsity, wine and various drugs and alkaloids. Hyoscyamus, for instance, can exalt the interiors into temporary second-sight: the pythia ate laurel, and Van Helmont saw his own soul in his stomach after aconite! Now, as to the affections of truth and goods of faith—

Just at this point I catch her voice muttering a low refrain, while she gazes vacantly at the fifteenth tuck in a baby's petticoat: "Half an inch, half an inch" (*da capo*).

I pause, and she looks up at me in guilty confusion. "You have not listened to a word I said. How can I ever enlighten your soul when you never have a moment to call your own? I don't wonder you never could perceive the difference between *subjective* and *objective*, when your head is crammed full of small economies. As for *your* interiors, they are shut, padlocked and the key lost."

Apologetically: "Yes, but you said Swedenborg delights in uses, and use is faithfully to perform the work of one's function. I can understand that, and it comforts me."

"There is no use in those tucks: there are just fifteen too many. Nevertheless, I suppose you will take your place eventually with a large class of worthy but circumscribed beings somewhere on the finger-nails or hair of the Grand Man, for your works will follow you."

Man has consociation with angels through the Word. St. Augustine held that the Bible, being miraculous, was

capable of any interpretation. Swedenborg gives it three degrees of meaning—the literal or natural, spiritual and celestial. The spiritual angels are in the spiritual sense, and the celestial angels in the celestial sense, and the thoughts of men and angels are one by correspondence. A holy man takes up his Bible and reads, and instantly the perspective of angels and celestials takes up the words with diviner and still diviner meanings, as the Lady of Shalott read in her magic mirror. Not alone of reading the Bible is this sublimated correlation of forces true, but every act has its celestial or hellish ultimate, and, as it is good or bad, gives echoes of rapture among angels or unholy joy to the lost. Once, when Swedenborg was reading of the spies sent out into Canaan, the spirit of a certain student, not long departed, was present, and to him the spiritual sense gave heavenly delight. "This," said Swedenborg, warming with his subject, "was at the threshold of heaven. What wonders must have been perceived in heaven itself, and what in the heaven of angels!" It recalls one of those sounding passages in *Sartor Resartus* that used to drive me nearly crazy with enthusiasm while yet incapable of Swedenborg: "Sweep away the Illusion of Time; glance, if thou have eyes, from the near moving-cause to its far distant Mover: the stroke that came transmitted through a whole galaxy of elastic balls, was it less a stroke than if the last ball only had been struck and sent flying? Oh, could I (with Time-annihilating Hat) transport thee direct from the Beginnings to the Endings, how were thy eyesight unsealed and thy heart set flaming in the Light Sea of celestial wonder!"

Swedenborg might have been as widely eloquent perhaps had he written every other noun with a capital letter. When a youth he made verse, and if he had devoted years to its mechanism, might have produced such triumphs of art as the "Ode to a Vase," two-thirds of whose value represents patient labor quite as much as one of Cellini's vases.

But his rhetoric withered and fell in its season, and no roses ever bloomed in his January. According to Mr. Emerson, he fell into a jealousy of his intellect. His style is severe, sometimes even homely; and one cause of this, we think, was his absolute seclusion from contemporary thought, social stimulus and the fermentation of books. When he lived in the heart of London, sharing the tranquillity of that harmonious pair, Richard and Elizabeth Shearsmith, its drawing-rooms were a far-off hum of vanity. He shut up his mind in solitary confinement, with his own books and the Bible for a library; which continual involution and intermarriage of his own thoughts deteriorated his style. But the fashion of this world passeth away: Swedenborg will be remembered when the London wits are known no more. His simplicity is celestial calm when we turn away sick with the sensational eloquence of the day, advertising dodges, patronizers of Christ—each quack vieing with the other in catching the public eye, and preferring to cut a pigeon-wing or stand on his head in the market-place rather than live unnoticed and die forgot. Swedenborg would not round a sentence or turn a period to gain the applause of the whole world, but appealed, we will not say to the ages (for he did not know that fool's countersign, nor any other phrase in the vocabulary of nonsense), but to the deepest sincerity and reflection of mankind.

Inscrutable old man! Had he, then, no taint of mortal weakness? Students of Shakespeare tunnel through libraries for a scratch of his pen or some legend of his humanity, and just so we long for some careless gossip to give us a homely anecdote of Swedenborg. Did his veins run blood or serum? Would he have winced if you had stuck a pin into him? Did he ever weep? Did he ever love? Yes, he loved and courted Emerante Polheim in his awkward way, but he could not even talk to her father about minerals without painful stammering; so his suit fared ill. Emerante told him she could never love him, and probably

bestowed her charms on some readier lover, who gained in velocity what he lost in power. Swedenborg answered as became a philosopher, and if he had a regret afterward, never betrayed it. A certain Countess Gyllenborg was his Beatrice, but his ideal of woman chills and disappoints us—if, indeed, he had an ideal, never trusting women with a private audience, "for they were so artful they might pretend he sought a near acquaintance." He must have been unfortunate in his female friends.

A sect of libertines has claimed the support of Swedenborg. The fact is, that, so far from license, he denounced every lurking form of mental infidelity, and was not even content with outward purity unless it emanated from purity of thought. Anchorite as he was, he knew there was no chastity like wedded love, and pronounced the impossibility of any other virtue in the absence of conjugal fidelity. Those who have lived in chaste love of marriage shall have the flower of eternal youth and dwell beyond all others in light ineffable.

A single anecdote will prove him not without some insight into character. When hunting for lodgings in London, he confronted the mistress of one establishment with the calm assertion that her household was discordant and he could not think of remaining. Without pausing to make the retort of Mrs. Hollibird upon the insurance company, when they brought a similar charge, "that when they found a family as didn't, they had better take 'em to Barnum's Museum," what did this miraculous female do but acknowledge that her domestic felicity was not all that might be wished, and, more wonderful still, refer him to that peerless pair, the Shearsmiths of blessed and peaceful memory? There he dwelt, working like a coralline under calm waters, and there fancy can see him, swarthy Scandinavian, a crow among swans with his olive skin and dark eyes, anomalous even in temperament, writing in his study, or perchance walking to and fro, talking with himself or Cicero and the apostle Peter, to the inexpressible awe of Elizabeth Shear-

smith. That majestic intellect consorted with dead kings, ambassadors and princes, keeping his state without one touch of flunkeyism. There is nothing of the obscurely grand in art, unless it be Milton or the Raphael and Allston cartoons, to match some of his unpremeditated sentences: "The son of a certain king, lately dead, who inherited base desires;" "From much discourse and life with the angels it has been given me to know."

Sometimes he felt the presence of ghosts, in a cold wind, fanning the flame of his candle. Sometimes he went to his bed, and remained for days in suspended animation as to bodily function, neither eating nor drinking, scarcely respiring—the lamp of life turned down low, and the interiors concentrated to ecstasy. One of these hibernations in Sweden was so protracted that his old servant climbed to the chamber-window to assure himself that his master still lived. There he was turning over in bed, as if suddenly conscious of intrusion. The face was luminous and abstracted, and

"His eyes were awful: you could see
That they had looked on God."

He said the spirits had been looking through them.

Whether ploughing the stormy German Sea from Stockholm to London and back again, at home or abroad, his presence was hailed as a good omen, and brought halcyon days.

His trances knew but one interruption, and that rarely—pecuniary embarrassment. Then the spirits forsook him. While it is a noticeable effect of modern Spiritualism that it gives many of its adherents over to haggard shiftlessness, as though they were Hindoo fakirs and ate opium, Swedenborg preached up the holiness of work. Work and Charity—these were his words of cheer, and to these we must cling, steadfast as the pilot in a storm. "Love and wisdom do not exist ideally, but really in use;" "The life of the angels is the love of uses;" "The angels pay no attention to the thoughts of men save as they per-

tain to ends and uses. Things merely ideal are far below their sphere." Everything exists for uses: the rat must gnaw or its jaws are locked—the breast give its milk or gangrene. The Kansas farmer ploughs and plants the American desert, and rain falls. "Do the works, and you shall know the doctrine." Work now, and chew the cud of contemplation afterward. He knew that if all men became seers the globe might as well fall back at once under the sway of tree-ferns and saurians. He knew the incessant quarrel of soul and body, for it had made even him miserable at times. Improvidence is a savage trait as this world goes, but there is a beastlier improvidence, which cannot look beyond lands and stocks. The day comes when he who has lived for self alone stands naked and trembling, a beggar before God, devoured by worms like Herod, and struck through with pangs of hell. Alas for man on this narrow island of time, overshadowed by eternity! His duty is indeed a hard one. He must be wary as a spider, with eyes all around him, meeting the requirements of to-day, and watching his hope of heaven. Who is sufficient for these things?

Love was head and front of his religion, and he held the justification by faith and its apostles in abhorrence. Paul and David, Luther, Calvin, and gentle Melancthon himself, were brought to account for that abominable heresy. At death, Melancthon's furniture was reproduced spiritually, and he seated himself at the table, continuing to write most obstinately on justification by faith, as though unconscious of transition. For this he is placed in a work-house and wears a hairy shirt, because, says Swedenborg, faith without charity is cold. At last he has a glimmer of love to God and the neighbor. But Calvin, more intractable, sulked in one corner of a heavenly society for a long time, and then betook himself to more congenial company. Finally, he is imprisoned in a cave, and then hurled through vastation after vastation. Does the expiation seem too material for the execu-

tioner of Servetus? For us, who never loved him or his gloomy creed, we cheer the verdict. Sensational preachers are cashiered, and their ornaments of rhetoric, in the form of powdered wigs, stripped from their bald heads. Oh, most worthy judge!

Here are some of his drift diamonds:

"Spirits have an exquisite sense of touch, whence come pains and torments of hell, *for all sensations are diversities of touch.*"

"The angels all perform uses, for the kingdom of heaven is a kingdom of uses."

"The sight penetrates to the sensorium by a shorter and more interior way than speech perceived by the ear."

He knew that music was the only universal language, needing no interpreter:

"In all angelic discourse there is concert as of songs. Their speech has been heard by me: it flows in rhythmical cadence. The angels converse by tones"—the language known to mothers and babes.

As Swedenborg's spirituality took root in reason, I would beg any young person who aspires to an understanding of his religious works to read first his scientific works, prefaced by Wilkinson's biography. Above all, read the *Animal Kingdom*. In the *Fragment of the Soul* will be found all that Buckle has urged against the barrenness of metaphysics. He anticipates Spurzheim in his speculations on the brain and skull, and Comte in his tract *On the Knowledge of the Soul*. The *Hieroglyphical Key to Mysteries by Way of Representations* gives an insight into his correspondences.

I am myself but a novice in the mysteries of Swedenborg, and of some five hundred volumes he left have only read such as could be obtained from friends and the circulating library. He is not so easy as the *Gates Ajar*, which may be read between two railroad stations, but we earnestly entreat those who are tired and sick of vain repetitions to pause and drop a line in his deep waters.

LUCRETIA PONTIFF.

HE, SHE AND IT.

PEOPLE were beginning to talk. Very probably Sydney Dorme knew that people were beginning to talk. The chances are, that certain men at the club had dropped certain hints, or the semblance of hints, in his hearing, and certain young married ladies had given him mysteriously to understand that they knew "all about it."

But Sydney was uncommunicative, impervious, inscrutable. His grave, strong face, with its crisp, light-brown moustache and dark, pleasant eyes, told no tales whatever. So far as being seen in society went, he was only less often visible at the glitter and pomp of large entertainments; but then Sydney had been for two seasons such a zealot among the fashionables that the least falling off in this respect was easily detected. Otherwise, he was the same Sydney Dorme that everybody had always found him—handsome, of good birth, clever, wealthy, marriageable. With one difference, however—the difference of being talked about.

His imprudences—and most bachelors of twenty-eight are guilty of faults of omission and commission that may be classed under this cumulative term—had hitherto worn the respectable garb of concealment. His wild oats had not been sown under a glaring sun—his peccadilloes had been obscurely perpetrated—his misdeeds, whether large or small, had been covered with a commendable outer crust of good behavior. But now he had chosen quite an opposite course: he was openly intimate with a woman of very questionable character—a woman, it is true, to whom no scandalous story had attached itself, but one whom New York Uppertendom, from limit to limit, agreed in calling "fast," reckless, unconventional.

The name of this ostracised mortal was Mrs. Lee Hamilton; such, at least, was the name by which she chose to

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have herself known. Physically, she belonged to a rare type of womanhood. It is highly probable that she could not have sat in her box at the Opera for a single evening, though dressed with the most severe simplicity in nothing that was not commonplace or sober, without being made the constant visual rendezvous of some twenty lorgnettes. For in truth her face was the face of a goddess, and when she moved hand, arm or body, it was very much as if the Medicean Venus had condescended to become animate. At places of public amusement—where, by the way, she was often seen—Mrs. Hamilton's costume was always a marvel of taste and magnificence. She was evidently aware how conspicuously Nature had stamped her as different from the generality of women, and chose, in matters of dress, to treat the peril of showiness as one not to be avoided, marring the splendid effects of her attire, however, by nothing that resembled bad style or vulgarity.

It would be difficult to tell for what special reason Mrs. Hamilton had been made the object of universal scandal and suspicion among the circles in which Sydney Dorme moved; but it is certain that many hard things were said against her, and that the fact of her being a rich Englishwoman of unknown antecedents was twisted into a very puzzling maze of ill-natured comment. New York society was perhaps unwilling to make Mrs. Hamilton's wealth, beauty and friendliness a sum-total of respectability; and exactly the same qualities which might have won for the lady social prominence if no mystery had clouded her origin, were the means, under present circumstances, of calling forth gossip, sarcasm and a general avoidance.

Not a few of Sydney Dorme's friends would have esteemed themselves fortunate in sharing with him the attractions of Mrs. Hamilton's society; but

none were willing to encounter, as he had encountered, the annoyances of an open intimacy. For it seemed to be the unalterable requirement of this lady that whoever knew her must know her everywhere and at all times; and against the enormity of such an offence Society held up pious hands of condemnation. As a result of Mrs. Hamilton's rule, Sydney Dorme was the only admirer who received her confidence; or, rather, the only one who was known to have received it by persons whose farther statements on this point may be styled nothing short of malicious inference.

Regarding the particulars of that gentleman's bold defiance of social laws, the following facts might be enumerated: Frequent attendance upon Mrs. Hamilton at the theatre or opera; frequent drives to the Park in her company; frequent walks with her along Fifth avenue, even on Sunday mornings between the hours of twelve and two, when churches disgorge their living Christianity, and the *mens conscia recti* beams from hundreds of happy faces in such nice harmony with our excellent metropolitan tailoring and millinery; and, lastly, frequent ringings of the bell at the door of her handsome basement-house in Twenty-third street. It is doubtless a certainty that he never rang this bell during the day-time without being observed by at least one pair of neighborly eyes.

There was a little reception-room opening off from the lower hall of Mrs. Hamilton's house, which was furnished with rare tastefulness, and filled with the gleam of bronze and ormolu against a background of browns and crimsons. Here Sydney Dorme's hostess usually received him, and here we find them engaged in conversation on a certain January evening, when the chill, gusty starlight out of doors heightens the coziness and comfort of Mrs. Hamilton's apartment. That lady is beautiful tonight in black silk and pearls, and across her exquisite face the light from a single shaded gas-jet falls with a placid mellowness. It is an oval face, fresh-tinted and flawless, with features

that are regular enough and bewitching enough to have delighted any renowned sculptor or painter whom the reader may conveniently call to mind. It is not a spiritual face, if the term means one to which belong beauties of soul rather than beauties of flesh and blood; for the ripe red of each lip meets in a sort of lazily perpetual smile that has nothing saintlike, and the small, straight nose, with its delicate, sensitive nostril, would become a Madonna very ill indeed, and the great dark eyes hide too much languor beneath their gloss of shadowing lashes not to seem somewhat of the world worldly. But it is a face plastic to the least change of mood or thought, and one which bespeaks enough intelligence to make its superb animal perfection seem a lovely miracle.

"I have never told you about Clari?" Mrs. Hamilton is saying; and a movement of her head lets the light steal auburn shimmers from her brown wavy hair. "How odd, Sydney! I thought that I had told you all my affairs."

"Can Clari be included under so personal a definition?"

"Yes, indeed," with a musical laugh. "Clari is a model of fidelity in the way of servants. Hardly a servant, either: a sort of confidential head-butler I suppose one might call him. He transacts much of my business, and is a wonderful combination of cleverness and honesty. Then, too, he is educated—or, rather, not *uneducated*—as I think one can see by his nice manners. I brought him with me from Florence, where he had lived for three years in my service before—I left for America." The last words are spoken hesitatingly, and with what Sydney Dorme considers a rather mournful intonation.

"You are always sad when you mention Italy, Isabel."

"Perhaps because I love it so dearly."

A short silence. Sydney plays carelessly with a paper-cutter on a table near at hand: "You say that you brought this Clari with you from Florence, Isabel? I don't remember him on board the steamer."

"He reached New York a fortnight

before my arrival. It is very early, Sydney—scarcely ten o'clock. Why are you going?"

He had risen: "I must go, Isabel. I have an appointment this evening with a friend who leaves for Europe the day after to-morrow. Talking of Italians, he is one, by the way, and an exceedingly nice fellow. We were very intimate while I was in Rome two years ago, but during his stay in New York our meetings have not been frequent. It is my own fault that they have not. Garcia has lived quietly, as indeed he always lives; and I, who pass my time in such a continuous whirl of pleasure-seeking, have neglected him abominably. You don't know how guilty his departure makes me feel, he was so kind and attentive to me when in Rome. I shall have to attempt the apologetic and the penitent this evening. Wish me success."

He made such an attempt about half an hour later, seated with Luigi Garcia in that comfortable room at the Al-bemarle which many of his friends had reason pleasantly to remember; and with what success his attempt was attended Garcia's reply ought rather clearly to prove. "I should be very ungrateful," he said, speaking in the purest Tuscan with a rich, full voice, "if I had forgotten, Sydney, how you sacrificed a whole day to my curiosity, and ransacked the City Hall, and the Treasury Building, and Trinity Church, and as many other places, in my companionship. As for the way I behaved to you while we were in Rome together, be assured, my friend, that far from making yourself my debtor, you were merely giving an idle man something to do. I understand perfectly how your New York life differs from my Italian life. What was a pleasure to me would have been a bore to you."

Sydney searched the dark, handsome face of his friend, and found there a smiling sincerity that was very pleasant to look upon. "It's a delightful piece of benevolence, Luigi, for you to exculpate me like this," he said. "If you would only consent to stay on our side

of the Atlantic a week longer, I should make you all sorts of amends. Your mind is made up about going the day after to-morrow?"

"Yes: my passage is engaged in the Russia, and I sail from Boston on Thursday morning."

"Shall you start directly for Rome after landing?"

"Directly. I don't think that I shall spend even a single day in Paris. You know my love for Rome? It is a passion." The young Italian spoke with glowing eyes, but there seemed to Sydney a ring of melancholy in his tones; and melancholy was rare with Garcia. "Do you know," he presently continued, "that my longing to reach Rome once again has become so intense during the past three or four days as to depress and dispirit me?"

"I can hardly understand how depression can be the result of such a feeling," Sydney answered, with a puzzled look.

"Nor I," his companion said, passing a hand that was white and small as a woman's once or twice across his forehead; "but it is somehow so, notwithstanding." Then his luminous Southern eyes fixed themselves quite eagerly upon Dorme's face. "I never was given to superstitious fancies, Sydney. You know how I have always ridiculed them?"

A table at Garcia's side bore several decanters and glasses. He turned toward it with a sudden movement that surprised his friend, who was still further surprised at seeing the hand which he extended tremble nervously. "I am a fool, Sydney," spoken with a short, odd laugh. "Which is the brandy?"

Garcia had drained a *liqueur* glass of the spirits when he again spoke. Sydney's face wore an expression of amazement for a moment, but it was grave and composed before the Italian had time to observe it.

"I always remember you as a very matter-of-fact sort of person, Luigi," his host quietly said.

"And yet, Sydney, I have changed absurdly—on one point, at least—since we last met. A presentiment haunts

me night and day." He spoke without hesitation now, but with mournful, slow emphasis.

"A presentiment, Luigi?"

"Yes—that I shall never see Rome again—never live to see it."

A silence. The Italian was staring floorward with an absent look: Sydney's right hand had begun stroking that brown moustache of his with deliberate, lingering strokes—a favorite gesture of the man when thinking.

Presently he spoke: "I am not going to pooh-pooh what you tell me, Luigi, and call it nonsense. I don't consider it nonsense. Everybody has heard stories of men being troubled with gloomy convictions like yours a short time before their deaths have actually taken place; but has it never occurred to you, my friend, how many of those who are thus troubled find that their convictions die a much speedier death than they themselves? If you are tormented with dismal ideas, I suppose there is only one method of escaping them. You must make up your mind to await results as calmly as possible."

"Your advice is sound and full of common sense," Garcia answered, smiling a little sadly. "Perhaps if I had you near me for a counselor during my voyage, Sydney, it would be of more permanent benefit."

"I understand," was Dorme's quick response. "I hope to walk the streets of Rome with you once again, Luigi, but just now I must remain in New York. There are reasons for my doing so; that is—" He paused, abruptly enough.

"I sha'n't ask you to give your reasons," Garcia said, with composure. "I can imagine—provided report speaks truly—how strong they are."

"Report, Luigi?" There was annoyance on the questioner's face.

"Do I offend? Perhaps *observation* would have been a better word. I am a confirmed opera-goer, Sydney, as you know, and have gratified my musical tastes more than once while in New York. Well, from the obscurity of my orchestra-chair I have watched you on three occasions being rather permanent-

ly conversational in the box of a certain lady. A very beautiful lady, by the way. One of my few acquaintances told me her name the other evening. It is Mrs. Hamilton, I believe."

"Quite right." Sydney was examining with great attention the monogram on a locket he wore. Presently he looked up and met Garcia's eyes, observant but not curious; and in his voice, when he again spoke, there was a ring of genuine feeling: "I will tell you, Luigi. There is no earthly reason why I should not tell you. Reticence about my own affairs always amounted to a positive fault with me. Mrs. Hamilton and I are engaged."

"I supposed as much," was the quiet answer.

"We have been intimate ever since we met on board the steamer that brought me back from Europe in the autumn before last. She was coming to America to live. The last five years of her life had been spent in Florence, where her husband's death had taken place. He was immensely rich, and left all his money to Isabel. I imagine that her chief motive in making New York her place of residence was a desire to escape from all the associations of her widowhood: on this point, however, we have seldom spoken. She is very beautiful, Luigi—a marvel of womanhood; but she has, besides beauty, hidden graces equally charming."

"Your engagement is not publicly announced, Sydney?"

"Not yet. I shall probably announce it before very long."

"And you will then be a married man by the time we meet again?"—Garcia paused for a moment, adding in altered tones—"provided we *do* meet again."

"Pshaw, Luigi!" Sydney slapped his friend rather sharply on the shoulder. "Make up your mind to forget your horrors. Have a cigar, and try to smoke your nerves into an orderly condition."

Garcia took the offered cigar. "Remember that I smoke very seldom," he said while lighting it, "and that smoking is apt to put me in singular moods, Sydney."

"You mean more than you are saying." Sydney accompanied the sentence with a rather searching look into his companion's face.

Garcia dropped his eyes. "Yes," he said slowly. "I was thinking whether you would laugh at me if I made a proposition—a very queer one."

"I shall try not to laugh."

"Do you recollect a story I once read in an old German book which I picked up somewhere in Rome, and which I afterward lent you, and you were much impressed with, just as I had been? The main idea was a compact entered into between two friends, that if one died before the other, the deceased would use all spiritual means in his power to—"

"Yes, yes, Luigi," spoken rapidly and in curt, sharp tones. "I remember the story well; and I can guess why you mention it. Laugh, indeed! This is by no means a laughing matter. Are you really in earnest?"

"Really."

"And you wish that we should—I won't say the rest."

"I wish it, Sydney." The Italian was looking up at a blue smoke-wreath that had just floated from his lips.

"Upon my word," Sydney said, after a rather long silence, "the whole thing seems very ridiculous. We are not German students, Luigi, and this is prosaic New York; and if anything *should* happen as it happened in that grotesque story—which, by the way, was a mere bugaboo piece of cleverness—nobody would honor the poor survivor, perhaps, by believing that he was not a lunatic."

"True. But why need the survivor inform anybody?"

"It would be a rather disagreeable secret—don't you think so?—especially if he were of a nervous temperament."

"Neither of us is that."

Sydney broke into a merry laugh: "How nonsensical your proposition is, Luigi! I will, however, accede to it if you are anxious that I should do so."

"It all depends upon your own boldness," was the Italian's prompt answer.

Sydney drew his chair nearer to that

of his friend, and gazed steadily at Garcia with a humorous twinkle in his serious eyes: "You take it for granted, then, that you will be the first? Honestly, Luigi, I gave you credit for more self-command. There is such a thing as battling against the results of a bad digestion. But to oblige you I will show the necessary boldness and make the awful compact. How long afterward did the visitation take place in that German story? Twenty-four hours, wasn't it? Let us stick to precedents, and say twenty-four hours also. Here is my hand."

Sydney Dorme smoked another cigar that night after having said farewell to Garcia, and although there had been something in their conversation to provoke very vivid recollections of it, his thoughts wandered to other subjects. He called to mind a most disagreeable meeting which had taken place that afternoon between himself and a certain aunt of his, a Mrs. Harrison Carteret. This Mrs. Carteret was the only sister of his dead father, and had been, in years past, the intimate friend of his dead mother; and over Sydney, their only child, the lady had assumed, ever since his orphanage had begun at the age of twenty-two, the position of adviser and protectress. The meeting had taken place at one of those noisy, multitudinous assemblies termed an "afternoon reception," and Mrs. Carteret had spoken her mind very freely indeed while Sydney helped her to an ice. She had told him that he would disgrace himself by a marriage with Mrs. Lee Hamilton; that nobody who was anybody would dream of recognizing her; that his family and his "set" felt almost outraged by his conduct; and that he was behaving himself in a manner alarming enough to make the dead stir in their graves.

Mrs. Harrison Carteret's nephew had answered with something which Mrs. Harrison Carteret considered grossly impertinent, as she afterward remarked to her youngest daughter, who had observed the conflict from afar, across the

shoulder of the gentleman with whom she had been waltzing. And feeling more angry than he remembered to have felt for many a long day, Sydney had deserted the entertainment for his club. There were no women at the club, he told himself, and men did not go upon the plan of gratuitously insulting each other.

To-night, while smoking in the apartment which Garcia had lately left, Sydney resolved that the announcement of his intended marriage with Mrs. Hamilton should be made as speedily as possible. There was no reason for delaying it a week longer. Let Society do its worst—its *little* worst, Sydney contemptuously added. It had chosen to frown upon a pure, good woman—to slander her, perhaps, with gross falsehoods—merely because her history was unknown. He would challenge the whole multitude of Isabel's backbiters by one bold step. There might be tossings of heads for a time, and for a time black looks and withholdings of invitations among the dowagers. But they would come to his wedding in the end, and come gladly—provided, indeed, he chose to ask them. He had more than half a mind not to do so, the maligners, the Pharisees, the snobs! So meditated Sydney.

On the following morning, between the hours of twelve and one, he rang the bell at Mrs. Hamilton's door. But it chanced that on this morning his Isabel was "indisposed," and could not see him. It was nothing serious, the bright-eyed little French maid told him in answer to his very eager inquiries. Madame had awakened with a severe headache, and was lying down, and had given orders that she could see no one, not even Monsieur. Sydney left; and about half an hour later those alert neighborly eyes of which previous mention has been made beheld a great basket of violets and tea-roses handed in at Mrs. Hamilton's door. "Pearls before swine," one neighborly mouth commented—a pretty mouth that had shown its white teeth vainly to marriageable Mr. Dorme in hours gone by.

Isabel was little better when Sydney again called at eight o'clock in the evening. He went away quite disheartened this time. It was unpleasant to spend a whole day without seeing the woman whom he adored.

He remained at the club that evening until eleven o'clock. By a quarter-past eleven he was smoking in his room at the hotel, and saying to himself that life would be a burden without Isabel.

At precisely half-past eleven—a little clock on the mantel had just tinkled the half hour—he arose, and was about to pass into his bed-room. Was about to do so, but did not. Did not, because, on turning his eyes in the direction of the door leading into the adjacent hall, he discovered that Luigi Garcia had entered the room and was standing quite still a few yards behind his chair.

"Why, Luigi," he said, "I thought you were in Boston by this time?"

There was no reply. There was no change of expression on his friend's face. The Italian wore a calm not unpleasant look, but a look utterly immovable. His dress and general appearance were the same as on the previous night.

"And so you've postponed your departure, Luigi?" Again no answer. Sydney had grown rather pale. "Pshaw!" he said, presently, "why don't you speak?" Then he moved toward one of the windows, looked out for a moment at the labyrinth of lights gleaming from Madison Square, rapped for a moment with his fingers against a pane, and finally faced Garcia with a broad smile and both hands in his pockets: "Rather good, Luigi, rather good, but a trifle too palpable-looking for a genuine ghost. Where did you learn the art of not winking your eyelids, by the way?"

Still no answer, still no movement, still no change of any sort whatever. Sydney went up to his friend and touched him on his shoulder. But it was not a shoulder: it was utter emptiness.

He drew quickly back with a low cry. Then he stared fixedly at the figure, and quieted his thrilling nerves, using

such force of effort as only a strong, healthy, courageous man can use. After that he approached the figure once more. Twice unfalteringly he passed his hand through something that seemed Luigi Garcia, but was intangible as the air he breathed.

Directly above Luigi was the chandelier, two jets of which had been lighted. He turned off the gas in both and made the room quite dark, except for a glimmer that shone from his dimly-lighted bed-chamber. Firmly enough he walked toward the open doorway of this bed-chamber and entered it, closing the door behind him. Then, without looking to right or to left, he seated himself and buried his face in both hands.

"It was all fancy," he murmured, half aloud: "it *must* have been all fancy. These things never happen except in books." He withdrew his hands suddenly and stared about the room. In front of the door he had locked stood the figure. Its attitude was precisely as when he had last seen It. Motionless, tranquil, Its eyes were fixed upon his face.

Sydney began to tremble now, but he bravely wrestled with his growing horror. "I will go to bed and sleep this off," he muttered between clenched teeth. "I won't be a fool. Perhaps it is the first symptom of some fever or illness. Perhaps it's that brandy-and-soda I took at the club."

He went to bed, undressing with eyes studiously averted from the spot in front of his door. The light he made no dimmer, but, once in bed, turned his back to the figure and stared at the opposite wall resolutely for about twenty minutes. He had determined, if possible, not to see It again that night.

Sleep came at last. He slept until morning. The room was bright with sunshine when he awoke, but It had not gone with the darkness. As he had seen It last night, so he saw It now. Sydney counted his pulse: there was no sign of fever about that: never was pulse more regular. He felt his forehead: it was cool and moist. Then he arose and dressed himself.

His toilet completed, he passed into the next room. When his eyes rested on the spot where It had first appeared to him, in that same spot It again stood. He glanced through the open doorway of his bed-room: Its former place was vacant.

"That man in the story went mad, if I remember rightly," Sydney murmured, ringing his bell with a smile that was not a smile.

To the waiter who presently answered his summons he gave orders for a pitcher of ice-water. When brought, Sydney directed the man to place the pitcher upon a certain table to the right of the door by which he had entered. The servant obeyed, and in quitting the room passed directly through It. He had evidently seen nothing.

Five minutes afterward Sydney left the hotel, It following at a distance of perhaps three yards behind him—not following with the conventional slide of the stage ghost, but walking as a man walks, with even, regular steps.

Before two hours had elapsed, Sydney had visited the house in Thirtieth street where Garcia had boarded during his stay in New York, and learned from his landlady these facts: Garcia had quitted the house on Monday evening—the evening of his visit at the Albemarle—somewhere between the hours of eight and nine. Since then he had not returned, but by twelve o'clock on that same night a tall, foreign-looking gentleman had driven up to the door in a carriage, and had inconvenienced the landlady by requesting to see her at this late hour. The foreign-looking gentleman apologized very courteously for his intrusion, and said that he had called for the purpose of doing his friend Mr. Garcia the service of paying whatever board-money he owed, and of delivering a message with which that friend had entrusted him. Mr. Garcia's bill amounted to twenty-five dollars, which the foreign-looking gentleman readily paid. The message was a request that Mr. Garcia's landlady would be kind enough to place his baggage under the care of the foreign gentleman. Cir-

cumstances had occurred which made it necessary for him to take the night express to Boston, and his friend had consented to forward his baggage as early as possible on the following day.

"It seemed rather queer at first, sir," the landlady informed Sydney at this point in her story. She was a stout, elderly person, with flaccid features and pale blue eyes, and a large, weak mouth. "I may say, sir, that it seemed queer enough to make me deliberate quite a while before I let the baggage go." (Sydney wondered, looking at her face, whether she had ever really deliberated about anything in her life.) "But when that nice gentleman assured me, in his nice, quiet way, that it was all right, and that he had known Mr. Garcia for a great many years, and—and—" Here the landlady, coming to an abrupt end of one sentence, launched herself anxiously and volubly upon another: "I do hope, sir, 'hat the foreign gentleman wasn't an impostor: *do* say that he wasn't."

"I trust not," said Sydney. "He gave no name?"

"No name, sir—merely sent up word that a friend of Mr. Garcia's was waiting to see me; and when I came down stairs he introduced himself in that same way."

"Mr. Garcia now and then received visits from gentlemen, did he not?" Sydney put the question with eyes averted from the landlady's face. He had kept them so averted throughout the greater portion of the present interview. He could not refrain from watching It. For near at hand stood the motionless counterpart of his friend, stubbornly pursuant as his own shadow.

"Yes," was the reply; "but Susan—my girl who 'tends the door, sir—never remembers having admitted this gentleman before." The landlady went on to say something very silly about her settled conviction that all would turn out well. She had never yet been deceived by an impostor, and flattered herself, *et cetera*.

"It must be very nice to have this eighth sense, ma'am," said Sydney,

rising to go. "Mr. Garcia was to sail from Boston this morning, in the *Russia*. I will make immediate inquiries as to whether he did sail, and acquaint you with the facts if you desire it."

During the next two hours his inquiries were made at the office of the New York agency for the Cunard line of steamers, since it was not until several months later that the line changed its sailing point from Boston to New York. By three o'clock that same afternoon Sydney held in his hand a telegram from Boston, which distinctly specified Luigi Garcia as among the passengers who had sailed that morning in the *Russia*. The telegram proceeded to describe him as an Italian of tall figure, dark complexion, dark eyes, slight moustache, and dressed, as nearly as could be remembered, in plain black. Sydney glanced toward It when he had finished reading the message. The description was certainly a correct one. And here was almost positive proof that Luigi Garcia not three hours ago had been among the living.

Almost positive proof. That limiting adverb tormented him the rest of the day. His friend's passage had been engaged at the New York agency. There was more than one Italian on this side of the Atlantic with a tall figure, dark complexion, dark eyes, a slight moustache and a suit of black clothes. Luigi Garcia might have sailed in the *Russia*, or somebody might have sailed in Luigi Garcia's stead. Which was it? Sydney entered the dining-room of the *Albmarle* that evening with such a pale, troubled face, and there partook of so uncharacteristic a dinner, that the waiter who usually served him felt sure something dreadful had happened, like the loss of his money or his lady-love.

Later that evening, while alone in his room up stairs, Sydney told himself that he was going mad, and then tried to scorn his own assertion with a harsh, low laugh and two or three swallows of raw brandy. After this he went to pay Mrs. Hamilton a visit.

She was quite recovered from her illness, the servant said on admitting him.

Sydney shuddered to see It follow him across the threshold of that pleasant little reception-room where he had spent so many happy hours. While waiting for Mrs. Hamilton to appear, he leaned his head against the dark velvet-draped mantel, and let the fitful flames that leapt about a huge block of coal on the hearth fling weird reflections across his face. That face was beginning to wear a look of sombre weariness now. He had controlled brain and nerve successfully thus far: he might control them successfully for hours, even days to come. But the reaction had commenced. His steady strength of effort must weaken after a while. Sydney had felt this when he told himself that he was going mad and swallowed the raw brandy. He felt it here in Mrs. Hamilton's reception-room, with the fire-light flashing across his changed face.

In a few moments Mrs. Hamilton appeared. Sydney came eagerly forward to meet her: "Your sickness has told upon you, Isabel," speaking with tenderness in voice and manner. "Has it been severe?"

"Not very." Mrs. Hamilton spoke lightly enough. "Thanks for the charming flowers, Sydney! You haven't been worrying about me, I trust? Josephine told me how anxious you were."

"I was anxious, Isabel." They stood together under the softly-lighted chandelier. He had almost forgotten It, gazing upon the face he loved with such passionate fondness, and clasping the small hand that was dearer to him than all the world.

They seated themselves presently, and spoke for a long time in low, nearly inaudible sentences. Not once during the conversation did Sydney turn his eyes toward It. Only when Mrs. Hamilton had playfully told him that the hour was close upon midnight, and that he must go, did Sydney glance in Its direction.

And then the woman seated beside him witnessed a sudden change sweep over his face—a change that made her cry out in alarmed tones, "Sydney, for Heaven's sake, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, Isabel." He had risen

and stood shading his eyes with one hand in a bewildered way. "I am going: good-night." Then he withdrew his hand and stared wildly, for a second or two, toward the half-open door of the chamber.

"Sydney, are you unwell? Please tell me: please speak."

She had caught his arm, and was holding it with no faint pressure. He broke away and hurried into the hall. Mrs. Hamilton heard the front door opened with haste: then she heard it violently shut. Sydney had left the house.

All the prying neighborly eyes were perhaps closed in respectable slumber at that hour of the night. Perhaps not a single pair of them saw Sydney Dorme remain motionless on the sidewalk in front of Mrs. Hamilton's stoop for some time after descending the steps, apparently watching something. He started, at length, with bent head and slow pace, in the direction of Broadway.

The light in a certain window of the Albemarle burned brilliantly till dawn. At two o'clock the next day one loungee at a certain club asked another loungee if anybody knew what had become of Dorme. An hour after dark that evening a man was walking among the lamp-lit paths of Madison Square to and fro, hither and thither, with set white face. The man was Sydney, and It was still following, following. As he paused underneath a lamp and drew out his watch, the hand with which he held it shook like a palsied hand. "I shall go now," he murmured: "I can stand this no longer."

He left the square and walked rapidly to Mrs. Hamilton's house, close at hand in Twenty-third street. A shiver passed through him as he was shown into the little reception-room. Mrs. Hamilton kept him waiting but a short time. He glanced at her as she entered, and saw that to-night her beauty had regained its wonted bloom, that her toilette was queenly, that she was one woman out of a thousand. Then he looked toward It, and a spasm of pain shot across his face.

"Were you surprised at my strange departure last evening?" He spoke calmly, fixing his eyes upon her face and offering her no salutation.

"Of course, Sydney: I was very much frightened also. Did you receive the note which I sent to your hotel this morning?"

"Yes. You seemed sure—judging from the note, Isabel—that a sudden illness caused me to leave you so abruptly last night."

"What else could it have been? Certainly, your present appearance goes very far toward supporting the belief. You are looking wretched, Sydney."

"Am I? Well, I feel so. Isabel, do you know that I am haunted?"

"By a ghost?" spoken with a nervous little laugh.

"By a ghost." Sydney pronounced the words in deep, solemn tones. "I came here to-night, Isabel, with one purpose. I want to ask you a question—a very simple question. I want you to look me full in the eyes when you answer it, and I want a truthful answer." Then all the sternness left his voice, and in a second it had become tender, soft, passionate: "I shall believe you, Isabel. I shall ask no other evidence than your word of honor."

Mrs. Hamilton had grown a trifle paler: "My word of honor concerning what, Sydney?"

"This: have you ever, throughout your whole life, known a man named Luigi Garcia?"

One of Mrs. Hamilton's female detractors had said of her that she handled her rouge-brush with the skill of a Pompadour: that personage might have blushed at her own falsehood now.

"Answer me, Isabel." Command and pleading were oddly mingled just then in Sydney Dorme's voice.

She was white as marble. If the scorn in her reply was not genuine, it deserved to be called splendid mimicry: "By what right do you come to me with an insulting suspicion? for that some suspicion underlies your question I have not a doubt. It is easy to understand it all. The people among whom you

pass your time when away from this house habitually slander my name: many of their falsehoods have already reached my ears. This is their latest morsel of calumny, perhaps."

"No one has ever presumed, Isabel, to slander you in my hearing. The question I ask concerns nothing that has been told me by any third party. Will you answer it with *yes* or *no*?"

Her tones had become quite faint, but she still tried to make them haughty and contemptuous: "No. Are you satisfied?"

He drew a great breath of relief, like one from whom some heavy burden has fallen: "Perfectly, Isabel. I said that I should believe, and I do believe you. The most terrible thoughts have been tormenting me all day. I must have been mad to think them, loving as I love." He had caught both her hands in his, tightly clasping them. "And now," he went on, "you deserve to hear my explanation. I fancy that you, of all others, will sympathize with this madness of mine—madness is the name for it. Sit down and I will explain."

She seated herself with perfect composure: Sydney took a chair close at her side. Rapidly and concisely he narrated the story of Luigi Garcia's visit at his hotel, of their conversation and its results, of what had occurred on the following night, of his subsequent inquiries, and how these had terminated. Then he paused.

"Is this all?" Mrs. Hamilton asked. The singular account to which she had been listening seemed in no manner to have agitated her.

"It is not all, Isabel: there is more."

"Of the same sort?"

"You are ridiculing me. Well, perhaps you are right in doing so. I said—did I not?—that It followed me everywhere. It follows me here, Isabel: It is standing near us now."

She half rose from her seat with a sudden alarmed movement, and then sank back again, murmuring very tremulously, "This is childish, Sydney. Remember that you are a man. I pity, but cannot sympathize with you. What more is there to tell?"

"Can you bear to hear it?"

"I hope so." The smile on her colorless face was forced and hard.

He drew nearer until his lips almost touched her cheek. "It never moves, Isabel," he whispered, "except when you are present. *Then It slowly points toward you, and points back again toward Its own breast.* To-night, from the moment you entered, It—"

She had turned from him with a shrill, frightened cry, and had buried her face in both hands.

"Isabel!"

"And so, having found it all out, Sydney Dorme, this is your mode of telling me?" While speaking she uncovered her face. Sydney will remember till he dies the despair printed on every feature. "You came here, doubtless, to make me confess, and to enjoy my confession. You believe the worst—the very worst—of me; but you are wrong—wrong—wrong," repeating the word fiercely. "It was Clari, not I—Clari who loves me as a dog loves his master, and who heard Luigi Garcia threaten me, here in this room, with an exposure of my past life in Florence. 'My past infamies,' he phrased it," a low, cold laugh jarring the words. "He would spare me if I spared you and renounced all hope of being an honest man's wife. He was to quit New York next morning and to sail for Europe the morning after; and you should never learn of your narrow escape, provided I swore to break with you decisively and for ever. I refused with anger, and dared him to do all he threatened. It was very late when he left the room. I never knew that Clari had listened: I never knew he was there in the hall till he sprang at Garcia. For the rest, it all seems like some strange story read years and years ago, when I try to remember it. Horror made me dumb. I could not have controlled Clari even if I had had the power. Then, too, it was all done so quickly, and with scarcely a sound. When he rose up from the fallen man's figure, and I saw the knife and the blood, I fainted. . . . Clari must have hidden the body—

where, I never asked him. Some letters found on Garcia's person told him about the boarding-house, and it was to quiet suspicion that he paid that bill and secured the baggage. He went to Boston the next morning, and has sailed for Europe under Garcia's name, dressed like Garcia, having Garcia's passage-ticket in his possession. I am ignorant—before Heaven I speak truth!—of where he intends going, of whether I shall ever see him again. His crime was fearful, but I cannot hate him for it: he would have committed a hundred crimes, given a hundred lives, to serve me, so miserably unworthy of the sacrifice." Her voice trembled a little over these last words. Glorious in her pale, statuesque beauty, the languor gone from her eyes, and a keen, eager brilliance there instead, she stood facing Sydney with something of defiance about her attitude, something of submissiveness.

It was a long time before Sydney spoke. What he said need not be written here: it would sound tame and trivial enough as an expression of his real feelings. We are not always equal to the sublimity of our griefs. He had loved, and with his whole strength of loving, a woman who now confessed to him her utter unworthiness. Perhaps the hurt was too deep a one for pain to measure its depth just then. Slight flesh-wounds will often wring a groan from brave lips, but when the steel strikes far past bone and muscle, the anguish comes more slowly and with greedier grasp upon its prey.

Sydney Dorme did not take his departure that night without having convinced himself that Clari had left his mistress in ignorance of whither he had fled. But all after exertions to find the murderer were without a shadow of success. Europe is a vast hiding-place for the clever criminal. As Sydney passed homeward that same night, an hour before dawn, he stopped once and looked behind him along the silent, deserted street. He did not see It following: he had seen It for the last time.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

STUDENT RAMBLES IN PRUSSIA.

II.

STANDING just outside the mighty ramparts of Magdeburg and looking south, I saw only grass, a green infinity of grass. Not a tree for the birds to twiddle their feathers in, and sing. "*Das tuot den vogelinen wê,*" as the ancient Walther sings. How grumpy they were, although it was June, as if they felt sour toward the Lombardy poplars along the highway for shooting up their branches so straight that they could not build in them! Even when they wanted to alight they had to clutch a perpendicular twig desperately and stand out horizontal, to their great disgust. Evidently, I grumbled to myself, I shall find no better landscapes here than I should on the pork-fat prairies of Illinois. Fortunately, I was not looking for them, but for certain phases of poor humanity on the sugar-beet plantations; so, as Wieland advises, I swallowed the devil without looking long at him first, and trudged off toward *Eis-leben*.

Imprimis, a circumstance. The superb old Lombardy poplars, regally useless and planted in the times of "divine right," are here fast giving place to sweet-scented apples and cherries. It is the triumph of modern utilitarian democracy over royalty. Every poplar destroyed is another infinitesimal kingling gone. "Off with his head!" Well done for him!

Walking down between these blooming and sweet-smelling rows, here a king, there a score of democrats, *immer gerad' aus* (*Americanicè*, right straight ahead), you shall see, far out on the magnificent, long sea-rolls of brown loam, gangs of laborers, seventy or eighty in a row, men and women together, dressed in blue Saxon linen, hoeing in the beet-rows, which reach away till they disappear below the blue horizon. It is the same sad, hopeless,

trip-hammer stroke which one might have seen some twenty years ago in our own sunny Carolinas. To complete the delusion (for it is so distant you cannot distinguish complexions), there is the identical overseer (how much he looks like Legree!) moving slowly to and fro along the line, berating the careless, now stooping down to crook his forefinger under a sorrel, now replanting some precious beet-plant chopped up by the clumsy hoers.

What volumes of unwritten despair, of heart-crushing, hopeless poverty, there are in those languid motions, in that frequent stopping, on the most frivolous pretences, to gape and gaze about, in that drowsy lifting of the heavy *Hacke*, to let it descend of its own mere weight! Yet it is not that there is, except in winter and in unusual cases, such an excessive amount of physical suffering; but the circumstance which is lamentable is the intellectual vacuousness, the stupidity, the lubricity, and the utter crushing out of noble ambitions wrought by this never-ending drudgery for another. It degrades human nature to be always a hireling. As the sun nears the horizon, and *procul villarum culmina fumant* with supper-getting, how many a wistful glance is turned toward it! Yet, when the village bell rings, forthwith they throw up their heels, leap, and jump, and stand on their heads, and butt one another, like bellicose rams, showing that they lack much of exhaustion. But their toil is not ennobled by the sacred ambitions of ownership, and such drudgery is inevitably brutalizing.

For this reason it was that in the village inns, although the peasants who flocked in to fuddle themselves with beer in the evening were more glib and oily in their speech than the sour-blooded boors about Wittenberg, they were far more

lascivious and without their sterling honesty. The unchastity of the South Germans is partly accounted for by their softer climate, but here the same temperature prevails as about Wittenberg.

The Germans seem to suffer in their moral nature under a purely hireling system more than any other people of Christendom. Manifestly, they are not to be compared to the Italians as to the absolute descent, because they fall from a higher level, but they are a nobler race, and are correspondingly more brutalized by peonage.

The laborers on these beet-plantations live in immense barracks owned by the planters, and in the towns those employed in the sugar-factories live in the same manner, but in still more deplorable squalor. Salt is a government monopoly, costing them often a tenth of their pitiful earnings, and they live largely off beets and other vegetables, and greens snipped out of the fields, on account of which their faces are very fluffy and pulpy. They seem to have in their veins the colorless lymph of fishes. The little carrot-haired children, tumbling on their heads in the streets of Stassfurt, have the ophthalmia to a distressing extent. Nearly all of them look repulsively bleary-eyed and watery, as if they were just about to dissolve away.

A very intelligent editor of Stassfurt said to me, earnestly, "This sugar-beet business is the ruin of our people."

I talked with one of the hirelings on the plantation, who was a little more intelligent than most I tried, but his utter ignorance of political liberty was astonishing. Said I to him, "Couldn't you get along without a king, think?"

The question almost shocked him, and he looked quite vacant: "The king gives alms to the poor." That was the strongest suggestion that occurred to him.

"But suppose you should elect your king, and allow him regular wages, such as you get yourself, only higher in proportion to his place?"

The poor fellow's countenance was really troubled, and he answered softly, as if afraid he might be overheard, "Oh,

I think that would be bad, for then the poor would get no alms."

"Is that all you fear? But suppose your Diet in Berlin paid him wages, not half so much as he has now, and saved the rest for the poor?"

He gave a glance to be sure we were not overheard, and then he cogitated the idea of electing a king, which seemed to be peculiarly strange and terrible to him. Then came the argument which was convincing: "But if we did not vote for this king, but another, his police would come and catch us and put us in prison."

The poor scared, starved soul! So utterly impossible was it for him to place himself back of the notion of a king, having all rights and all moneys, and giving to this poor beet-hoer and his fellows so much of either as suited his serene pleasure! He seemed to be as incapable of conceiving of anything whatsoever existing without the consent of the king as we all are of understanding how the Almighty has existed from eternity, self-created. I questioned many, and found that this notion of royal almsgiving was always uppermost.

And in this place it is necessary to write a thing which may seem terribly un-American and undemocratic. A vast majority of the masses of the Continent, at least in the country—and that even in Prussia, the most intelligent of nations—are not "sighing for liberty" at all. They do not even know what liberty is. The root of the matter is not found in them. They are dimly conscious, like a linnet hatched in its wicker cage, that something is lacking in their little lives, that "there's somewhat in this world amiss;" but if they long to come to America, an honest analysis of their minds would evolve the unheroic fact that most of them were distinctly conscious of no more elevated purpose than to be able to acquire a more ample quantum of meat and mustard for a smaller outlay of labor.

The war between Prussia and Austria was just in its incipency, the Prussian government was rapidly mobilizing its regiments and hurling them down

through Saxony, and the village of Stassfurt was clamorous with belligerent talk. Nevertheless, one thing was specially noteworthy—to wit, that the disputants always confined themselves to a mention of "Prussia" and "Austria," and never, on a single occasion, allowed themselves to speak of "the king" or "the emperor," or of any other name standing for living flesh and blood. As they sat around their little tables I thought many times they would certainly fall to tweaking each other's noses. First, one would stand up, lean far across the table, and beat it very earnestly with his fist or strike wildly into the atmosphere, as if in the prosecution of severely personal hostilities against a June-bug; then the other would do the same; then they would both leap up, put their faces close together, and discourse very violently and simultaneously for many moments together.

Close by the roadside, on an eminence commanding a prospect far and wide over the plains, stood a sandstone monolith, which, to the seeker after the dark ways of character, was a better guide than ever Number Nip was to the wayfarer. It appears that the duke of Anhalt, on whose territory it stood, some twenty years ago, when his excessive taxes had reduced the people to beggary, was graciously moved in his paternal heart to order the construction of a ducal turnpike, to enable his subjects to keep away the wolf from their cabins. This was all very good and pleasant to a philanthropic mind, but the weak point of the German character appears on this monument, with this legend among others: "Wanderer, as you pause here, let us joyfully declare to you that Love fashioned this column as a memorial of our lealty to him." If Americans had received government assistance of this sort, perhaps they would have passed a series of resolutions in gratitude, perhaps not, and there the whole matter would have ended.

The principal circumstance to be noted in this inscription is that certain

something of servility, of adulation and incense-burning to sleek rank rather than to starved and penniless genius, that "too-muchness" of loyalty, of which Coleridge accuses the Germans. Compare the German *Domkirchen* with the cathedrals of Italy. In the latter there are tens of thousands of statues, statuettes, busts, pictures, cartoons, in which the children of genius do each other noble honor above all ribbioned potentates; but in German churches there are few grand tombs except to coffin the purple, few sublime frescoes except to celebrate the heroism of the blue blood. How true, how pitifully true, that caustic word of Von Moltke as he stood before the portraits of Bazaine and McMahan in Versailles!—"I think we Prussian generals have about as much merit as these gentlemen, but, by God! they will not place any of our portraits in a Pantheon at Berlin." Of all nations in Europe the most peaceful and the most unhand-some on a horse, they have the most absurd disproportion of equestrian bronze in their streets.

When will Germany cease to worship kings, and build for genius a Chaucer's House of Fame? Who will ever rear the true Walhalla of Germany, wherein shall be gathered her real Einheriar?

What more contemptuous term of reproach in the rest of Europe than "German count!" In their journals they quote the sayings of their great statesmen far oftener than we in America do, but this is merely the tribute of book-worms, the conceit of learning. It is egotism. Egotism and skepticism are one; and it is a curious commentary on the value of most modern skepticism that the most skeptical people of Europe are the most king-worshipping nation. There is a skepticism which is servility itself. A skeptical people can never maintain republican government. They are too absolute—they must push every principle to its ultimate results: none of the imperfect systems which alone, in this fallen world, can be carried on among men will be tolerated by them. They would pick such a government to pieces, and establish in its stead

such a hopelessly complicated and Utopian affair as was sought to be made in 1848 in Frankfort. There is no elasticity in the German character, no spirit of compromise, none of our American easy, swinging *laissez aller* which is indispensable to self-government. The German loses his temper in politics—he strikes blindly about him: a German minority always protests. Germans have no patience with political offenders. "Shoot them down like mad dogs!" said Luther of the rebellious peasants.

But we have wandered a long way from our sandstone pillar. Yes, here is Hettstadt. The landlord of the White Swan was a tall, slender, meagre-faced man, and he received me with much solemnity. We sat down on opposite sides of the polished earthenware stove reaching nearly to the ceiling, he with a hand on each knee, and I looked at him and he looked at me, and we both looked at each other. To keep up the conversation, I was obliged to set forth unto him my whole history in order, interspersing the same with divers instructive accounts of American wheat and rye. But when the young people came in the evening, as ever, to refresh themselves with a little beer, his tongue was loosened, and I discovered that his preternatural gravity had been superinduced by the fact that he was engaged in a profound cogitation in his mind, endeavoring to lift himself to the realization that he had an undoubted live American under his rafters. He rehearsed to them with an almost childish eagerness all my noble qualities and every minutest circumstance of the wonderful vegetables grown in America, every man the while looking at me with his two round eyes, with many ejaculations of admiration, until I began to feel, as Hawthorne says he did once when lionized, very much like a hippopotamus. I had to drink an alarming quantity of beer that evening, and answer several hundred questions about America, and I had hard work to get away to bed about midnight.

Eisleben stands on one side of a

picturesque valley, not very deep and about half a mile wide, looking across to vast accumulations of copper slag heaped among the knolls. It is of the invariable fashion, all split up with the crookedest little alleys, cobble-paved and without footways, and yellow-stuccoed, sharp-gabled houses. After depositing my traveling-bag in the Golden Ship, I immediately set out to seek the birth-place of the great monk. And what a disappointment it was, to be sure! Elizabeth Goethe says: "The individual is buried in consecrated ground: so shall one also bury great and rare events in a beautiful coffin of recollections, to which each can return to commemorate the remembrance." But how all my youthful and rose-colored imaginings of Luther's birth-place were mildewed! Yet it was profitable to see from what a vile chrysalis-case emerged so great a soul.

Conceive a mud-and-cobble house, of the natural earth-color, jammed in between two others so tightly that it shoots up into two tall stories, though scarcely more than fifteen feet on the ground, looking like a little boy in a spelling-class standing on tiptoe, with his arms squared close to his body. Not more than five corpulent old burghers could walk abreast in the alley before it, and right in front of the stone step, worn out many inches by centuries of use, trickled along a film of drainage. The tiny window on the right of the door contained nearly a hundred pieces of stained glass, about three-fourths of them square, and the others puttied together in kaleidoscopic fashion. Over the door was a black medallion bust of the Reformer—a modern work—with leaves and grapes twined around it, and this dubious legend written above:

"Jedes Wort ist Luther's Lehr,
Darum vergeht sie immer mehr."

The door consisted of two rough, unplanned boards tacked together, and the walls were of almost Cyclopean thickness, the same within as without. In one corner there was a huge, uncouth structure of hewn logs arranged in steps,

whereby we ascended to the upper story. This is low, and the walls are partly covered with ragged paper, partly with rude mediæval frescoes, and partly with framed paintings, generally by Cranach and Albrecht Dürer, referring to scenes in Luther's history. They are in the quaint, curious, pre-Raphaelite style, the trees looking like toy trees drawn by school-children, with occasional dabs of leaves without any visible means of support, and the trunks sometimes failing to make a conjunction with the ground, and looking much as if they felt it was the "winter of their discontent;" and the people reaching their arms out of their breasts, as in an Egyptian wall-picture. One of them pictures the Diet of Worms under biblical forms, being divided into three compartments—that on the right showing Nebuchadnezzar (Charles V.) and the three young Jews (Luther, Spalatin, etc.), with the corpulent form of Tetzl among his councilors; that in the centre, the golden image (Popery); and that on the left, the Jews in the burning fiery furnace.

Most of these paintings are full of the bigotry of the time, Luther's sermons done in oil colors, breathing threatenings and slaughter against the Pope. They are as Luther describes himself, "rough, boisterous, stormy, and altogether warlike, born to fight innumerable devils and monsters, to remove stumps and stones, to cut down thistles and thorns, and to clear the wild woods." In a little cabinet there are some coins full of the same intolerance—one of them, for instance, being so arranged that when one side is uppermost, the beholder sees Leo X., but when the other is turned up there appears a moderately correct likeness of the devil.

It will be remembered that Luther had by "the profoundly learned lady, Catherine Luther, his gracious housewife," whom he valued "above the kingdom of France or the state of Venice," six children. The eighth generation of his descendants was represented, in the male line, by Joseph Carl Luther

alone. This Joseph had seven children, of whom all except two daughters, Maria and Elizabeth, were in 1867 living in Halle or its vicinity. None of them were at all distinguished, and nobody in Eisleben or anywhere else knew anything concerning them beyond the simple fact that they existed. "Sense becomes nonsense, welfare a plague: alas for thee that thou art a grandson!" says Goethe.

The memory of the mighty monk is not cherished as it deserves, either by the Prussian government or by the German people. Not in all the city of Eisleben, with its two daily newspapers, could I find a photograph of the Reformer, and it was with difficulty that I discovered in an obscure *Buchhandlung* one of his house. The stone step of his humble dwelling is little worn now by the tread of reverent pilgrims, and the cobwebs stretch athwart the stairs. Germany has erected a few statues in honor of genius—to Gutenberg, Faust and Schöffer, to Goethe and Schiller; but most of its statues are in apotheosis of sashed and ribboned idiocy, bestriding the horse which the Germans of all men sit most ill, and only great "by the grace of God" or the titular additions of flunkeyism. France writes on her July Column the names of *all* her immortals; Italy fashions from the imperishable marble, with the long patience of centuries, and places in her Pantheon at Milan, the shapes of *all* her illustrious sons; but Germany, which is full of bronze kings who in their generation were tyrannic idiots, plants no worthy statue to Humboldt or Luther or Beethoven, princes of science, of religion and music in all our Christian world. Peaceful as she is, in all practical matters Germany is the *youngest* of all civilized peoples, and, like a young girl, her imagination runs on military brass and spangles.

The next day was Sunday, and we attended service in the little chapel wherein Luther preached his last sermon. Its rough walls were cracked and crumbled away in many places, affording chinks for the chattering rooks,

and checkered around the bottom outside with memorial tablets of stone, bearing the names of deceased church-members. The high-backed, perpendicular seats were thoroughly of the American pioneer sort in their discomfortableness. They reminded one forcibly of the ancient and ever-to-be-remembered meeting-house of one's youth, wherein one was wont to sit, listening to

"The humming of the drowsy pulpit-drone
Half God's good Sabbath,"

with one's little legs projected straight forward, like a couple of marline-spikes, now sleepily blinking at the flies dancing a mad cotillon in the air, and now munching a caraway-speckled cookey, surreptitiously slipped into one's hand as a preventive against childish ungodliness.

The congregation rose to their feet during the reading of the text, and bent their heads reverently while the Lord's Prayer was recited, as did also the pastor, removing his skull-cap. I was surprised to see, on the pulpit beside him, an old-fashioned hour-glass—surprised, because the Germans are noted for the brevity of their discourses, and are never so long-winded as were the seventeenth-century English divines, with their "sixteenthly" and "seventeenthly," elaborated with "Episcopal pertinacity," as Sydney Smith says.

There was a young editor in the town with whom I had some interesting talk. He advanced the striking but rather fanciful theory that public virtue and morality have decreased in Germany almost *pari passu* with the destruction of the forests. He said he was not alone in this belief, but that some of the governments had become convinced that unless the woods were replaced the people would lapse eventually into the corruption which destroyed Rome, and disappear from nations; and that they had begun, twenty or twenty-five years ago, to plant the pineries we now see growing. German throughout! Virtue before a back-log always! But one thing is certain—the scarcity of fuel on the great plateau of Prussia has a be-

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numbing effect on the intellects of the peasants, who consume such quantities of cold beer besides. In the cities, at least among the wealthy, the rigor of the weather is mollified by fuel enough, but the picture of a raw-blooded peasant shivering over his still, dead, smokeless peat-fire is not one suggestive of brilliant brain-work. Dr. H. P. Tappan, a distinguished metaphysician, said that when he wished to compose on a particularly abstruse topic he shut himself in a cold room; but there is no logic in an unintermitting congelation. The terrible rigors of Dun Edin are doubtless well suited to the production of steely treatises on "Fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute," if there be judicious alternations of roaring fires, but the poor, blue-nosed peasant, with never a jolly blaze before him, raps on his frosty mind and finds no foreknowledge in it at all.

In the village of Querfurt I was burdened and overwhelmed by the hospitalities of the people when they discovered I was a child of the Republic. In the evening I effected the acquaintance of a musician who had returned from our happy land with daughters and dollars, and he rallied a circle around me who kept me up till the stroke of midnight, and were rapping at my door directly after cock-crow. All that forenoon, as I remember, and until three in the afternoon, we ranged through the village, visiting the ancient round-tower and— Well, I believe that was the only antiquity; but we made up for that by visiting it at various angles to complete the perspective; and each time we emerged from it we discovered an entirely new and convenient beer-garden, whereinto we entered, being weary, and rested, and refreshed ourselves with a little beer. My musical friend had indoctrinated his fellows in the American custom for this particular occasion. In *The Traveling Student*, Schneider has the following:

"Quiet, freshman! You are to keep still when old moss-heads speak."

"O Lord! I can't stand so much drinking of healths. It's killing me."

"Hold your tongue, freshman! You have taken only nineteen *Schoppen* of vile *cerevisium* yet. That is nothing. Study three years, and you'll bring it up to twenty-nine."

Like the luckless freshman, I thought it was a good time to stop, between nineteen and twenty-nine. But such genial and overflowing hospitality!—one cannot be boorish. What a tempting way the Germans have of arranging provisions in the show-windows, with rural scenery!—boiled hams, daisies, links of sausages, sweet-williams, sprouting pinks, sweet fountains and moss-banks. This is a glass of *Maitrunk*, a beverage new to Americans, and quite innocent.

"My friends, we all shakes our hands. Sausages hanging in the woods. Fine portrait of General Scott on the wall. General Scott fought for his country, and whipped the Mexicans. You throws up your hat for General Scott."

It was long after noon before I could by any means get away from the importunate hospitality of these pleasant people. Like the young editor of *Eisleben*, my musical friend accompanied me many miles, and insisted on carrying my traveling-bag the entire distance. It was an extremely warm day in June, and he was quite a stout little gentleman, yet he clothed himself with a heavy overcoat before he started, and, to my astonishment, wore it the whole afternoon, but laid it off directly we entered the cool hotel in the evening. Of course, after our arduous labors in exploring the round-tower, we frequently became fatigued, whereupon we would enter a little inn and refresh ourselves with a little beer. There was an inn every half mile, and my musical friend was not partial to any one. At first I kept him company, but presently I was obliged to skip every other inn, and at last to refuse, sternly and absolutely.

The German capacity to drink beer is positively amazing. My friend appeared no whit the worse for his innumerable "potations pottle deep." And, indeed, I never saw an habitual sot, or even a drunken man, in Prussia, though the latter can be seen every Sunday in

Munich. One thing is certain—the Germans are far more temperate, with their astonishing consumption of beer, than we are in America, with our smaller use of whisky.

Next day, when I parted from my stout little musical friend in Freiburg, he seemed considerably affected: his eyes moistened, his voice trembled, and before I was in the least aware of his intentions upon me, he imprinted a very warm, soft and broad kiss on my forehead. There was no doubt whatever of the sincerity of his affection, yet I confess I almost staggered with amazement. But this same man the day before, when we came upon a poor woman who had fallen in the road beneath a mighty bunch of grass which she had reaped and stacked upon her neck, passed her by with contemptuous unconcern. It did not seem to occur to him for a moment that she was the victim of an infamous domestic tyranny. So strangely susceptible are the German people of the deepest attachments known on earth, and yet so destitute of gallantry, and often so tyrannous over their women and children!

The sides of the valley in which Freiburg stands are terraced for miles above and below with vineyards, for this is no longer the region of beer, but of champagne. One of these vineyards, on a very steep hillside, was remarkable for its ancient and elaborate carvings in stone. All the terraces were fronted with perpendicular walls of natural rock, which was smoothed and ornamented with scenes chiseled in relief, almost life-size; as, a hunter shooting a fox which his dog had chased into a leaning tree, the hunter being several inches taller than the tree; Reynard hanging from a tree by his neck, yet screwing that member over, in his last agony, to squirt down at the grapes; bacchanals dancing around Apollo playing the lyre; Lot's daughters offering him wine in the cave; the two spies carrying the grapes of Eshcol, etc. The entrance was under an arched gateway elegantly ornamented with carvings, vases and flowers, all in stone, and a steep flight of steps led

up the hill, with two statues of heathen divinities at every terrace.

At Naumburg I had two hours to wait in the station, and I imprudently took out my map and papers, and began reading the war-news from Bohemia. Presently a broad-faced, stalwart *gendarme*, with a stout short sword in his scabbard, and trowsers which fitted his legs as if the latter had been molten and poured into them, came and gently tapped me on the shoulder. He politely asked to see my "papers," meaning my passport, but as he could read no word in it—though I could hardly keep from bursting outright with laughter at the intense and inscrutable solemnity with which the fellow perused it a while—he requested me to accompany him to police head-quarters. As nobody there could read English, we went next to the burgomaster. This personage was a blue-eyed, rather long-featured and exquisitely bland gentleman, seated behind a desk, on which was a mountain of documents bound in the inevitable blue official pasteboard covers of Prussia. He questioned me pretty sharply. He could by no means comprehend what any rational individual should be doing walking about over Prussia and writing down matters in his book (it was war-time) without some ulterior *Zweck*. He was deeply concerned to know what my *Zweck* was. "*Was haben Sie denn zum Zweck?*" he asked me several times. I explained to him, as well as I could, that my *Zweck* was to acquire useful and interesting information for myself, and also to impart the same to inquiring minds. But he was not satisfied, and presently he bethought himself to call in his wife, who could speak English. "*Liebe Frau,*" said he, "*hercin.*"

This lady spoke English very sweetly, and it was all the more delicious from her exquisite musical and liquid German accent. It was worth more than an hour's arrest to be questioned by such a charming inquisitor. At his command she perused my note-book pretty thoroughly, but when she found, instead of descriptions of fortresses intended for the use of the wicked Austrians, such peaceful and innocent observations as, for instance, that the king of Prussia squinted when he laughed, and that two gallons of goat's milk in Eisleben made a pound of strong cheese, she smiled feebly and handed the note-book back. To convince her I was an American, I handed her some letters. She turned them over and over, and then looked at me with a puzzled and dubious expression. "But they are not opened," she said, with the faintest tone of expectant triumph in her voice.

The burgomaster also looked at me more sternly than he had hitherto done, as if demanding that this dark mystery should be solved at once.

I squeezed one a little in my hand, causing it to gape open at the end, where it had been merely slit. They were both so chagrined that such a simple device should have escaped them that they at once dismissed the case. The lady explained to her lord that the contents of my note-book were not dangerous, and that she was convinced I was by no means an incendiary person, a roaring democrat going about seeking helpless monarchs to devour; and so at last they sent me away, with very sweet and bland apologies and expressions of regret. I had barely time to catch the train for the Wartburg. STEPHEN POWERS.

WHAT SHALL WE DRINK?

WHAT else but water, if we look for the enjoyment of good health, freedom from many diseases and increased probability of long life? will be the reply of the temperance man. The preferred drink, exclaims the advocate of alcohol, will be, of course, that which contains the inspiring element, to gratify the palate, exhilarate and impart additional strength to body and mind, promote good fellowship and confer immunity from various physical and moral ills. The question is one of the most momentous that could be presented when examined under its diversified aspects of health, morals, social order, private and political economy, public prosperity and national weal; for under all these is it constantly forced on the attention of every impartial observer. Putting aside the pleas of appetite, custom and long precedent in favor of alcoholic liquors as contrasted with the universal indispensable use, from all time, of the aqueous regimen, it will be our aim on the present occasion to show in a necessarily brief statement the grounds on which the answer to our question should be made.

WATER, in addition to its use internally for drinking and externally for ablution, serves many other important purposes in the animal economy in preserving the structure and vitality of the human body. This fluid dilutes the food in the processes of mastication and digestion, and is necessary to the performance of all the functions, whether these consist in the appropriation of new substances or the elimination of those which are worn and effete. Water is the chief constituent of animal bodies: it forms four-fifths of the nutrient fluid, the blood, and three-fourths of the entire body: it gives bulk and the necessary fullness and outline to each part, and as a solvent it serves for the conveyance of various substances to the several textures and organs. The loss

of it in great quantity soon puts a stop to vital action, the lower animals and human beings soon becoming moribund from the exhausting discharge of the watery constituent of the blood. On the other hand, some animalcules, in which all appearances of life have ceased on their being deprived of it, will revive on its being applied to them again. Liebig shows how water contributes to the greater number of the transformations which take place in the living structure. Of the predominance of the aqueous over the strictly solid parts of the entire body a striking proof was exhibited in a case mentioned by Blumenbach, the eminent physiologist, of the dry mummy of an adult Guanche, which, with all the parts belonging to it in life, did not weigh more than seven pounds and a half. Of the different substances, animal and vegetable, used for food, most people will be surprised to learn that four-fifths consist of pure water. This fluid, then, it will be seen imparts to the solid constituents of the human frame that peculiar flexibility and power of extension so characteristic of the animal organs. Prout, in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, speaks of water as one of the alimentary or primary staminal principles. In milk we find in a state of combination the four great staminal principles—viz., the aqueous (as water), constituting, even without the gratuitous addition by milk-venders, nearly 80 per cent.; the saccharine or amylaceous (sugar of milk); the oily (butter); and the albuminous (casein, the chief constituent of cheese).

There are well-attested cases of persons who have lived on water alone while abstaining from all customary food. Dr. McNaughton, of Albany, relates an incident of this kind* in the person of Reuben Kelsey, whose sole drink and food was water during a period of fifty-three days. For the first six weeks

* *Transactions of the Albany Institute*, 1830.

he walked out every day, and sometimes spent a great part of the day in the woods. His walk was steady and firm, and his friends even remarked that his step was unusually elastic. He shaved himself until about a week before his death, and was able to sit up in bed to the last day. His fasting was entirely voluntary and under the influence of a delusion.

ALCOHOL, unlike water, comes to us as a product of art, obtained by fermentation and distillation. Left to itself, the juice of the grape would soon pass from the state of vinous to that of acetous fermentation, or from wine to vinegar. Pure or absolute alcohol is anhydrous, or without water: it is colorless, volatile and inflammable, has a burning taste and a pleasant fruity smell. Rectified spirit contains 49 to 60 per cent. of pure alcohol and 40 to 51 per cent. of water, with fusel oil, or oil of grain. In ardent spirits, as used for drink, the proportion of alcohol varies from 53 per cent., as in brandy, Irish whisky and rum, to 57 per cent., as in gin, which also contains oil of juniper; and in wines we find a range from 10 per cent., as in tokay, and 12 in champagne, to 22 in port and madeira. The strength of malt liquors varies, small beer containing between 1 and 2 per cent., lager beer from 4 to 7, and Burton ale nearly 9 per cent. of alcohol: cider furnishes from 5 to 10 per cent. The property which all fermented and distilled liquors have in common of producing intoxication, finds an explanation in their all having a common element, alcohol, and hence the propriety of designating them as alcoholic liquors.

If we compare the effects of water with those of alcohol in the living body, the differences are striking. Water is, as we have seen, a large component part of all the textures and organs, constitutes the chief portion of the blood and other animal fluids, and is the solvent of the saline and other substances contained in them and conveyed to the different organs to enable these to perform their requisite functions. Alcohol,

on the other hand, forms no part of the living body, and when taken into the stomach is rapidly absorbed, or rather permeates the membranes and the coats of the blood-vessels, and finds its way into the blood, with which it forms no homogeneous mixture, but, alien-like, is hurried along in the circulation, to be eliminated, in great part, as speedily as possible, that which is retained producing very equivocal effects, and in many instances painful and fatal diseases. It escapes by the way of the lungs, as shown in the breath of those who have been drinking ardent spirits or strong wines, and also by the skin and kidneys. That portion of the alcohol which is retained in the body accumulates most readily in the brain and liver, and it has been found in its pure state after death in these organs, especially in the brain. The first manifest effects of an alcoholic liquor are on the brain and nervous system generally, on which it acts, in a small dose, as an excitant, and in a larger one as a narcotic. Other parts are affected in a corresponding manner, being at first stimulated, not strengthened, and afterward retarded and weakened in their action.

For example, the heart, that wonderful and, during life, never-ceasing pump, when its inner surface is reached by the tide of blood containing alcohol, works away so much the faster to get rid of the intruder: in so doing its machinery is needlessly strained, and if this be continued from day to day is more apt to be deranged and sooner worn out. Under the operation of the prolonged use of alcoholic liquors the heart often becomes hypertrophied or morbidly thickened, and at other times dilated and thinner in its substance; or a still worse condition supervenes—its muscular texture is converted into fatty matter, and it fails to contract with the requisite force and regularity, and is liable at any moment to cease beating. In this sudden cessation of the heart's action is found an explanation of some of the sudden deaths of which we read. These destructive effects of the use of alcoholic liquors are not by any means con-

finer to drunkards: they are seen in persons who had never been intoxicated during their lives, but who had been regular drinkers of these liquors. The liver is diseased in a similar manner from the like cause.

Still more extensive alcoholic mischief is exhibited in the fatty degeneration of the blood, and the consequent diminution of the plastic material which is a constituent of this fluid, and with which it constructs and preserves the different textures and organs of the body. A morbid state is farther kept up by the retention of unchanged and unmetamorphosed materials in the blood, and among those so retained may be mentioned carbon, whence ensue diminished activity of the lungs in breathing and minor pulmonary exhalation of carbonic acid. Additional poisoning of the blood by alcoholic drinks is evinced in the arrest of development and hastening the decay of the red corpuscles from which the blood derives its color, and which, coursing through the minute or capillary vessels of the skin of the face, impart to it the roseate hue and the peach-bloom of health and beauty.

So long as alcohol remains in the blood its poisonous operation will be continued, and will especially manifest itself on the brain and nervous system generally, through which the corrupt blood circulates; and if a regular supply of alcohol be kept up, the phenomena of alcoholism—one of the most sharply-defined features of which is delirium tremens—supervene.

We are told most emphatically that the greatest amount of harm which alcohol is capable of producing is by the action of frequent small divided drams; and an eminent English physician (Dr. Chambers) assures us that he has never known a forenoon tippler, even though he never got drunk in his life, without a condition of stomach which must infallibly shorten his days. To an applicant for life insurance a leading question ought to be, "Do you drink spirits in the forenoon?" as one of much more importance than the aimless inquiry, "Is the proposer sober or tem-

perate?" Nobody, of course, is anything else on these occasions, and the answer is a mere declaration of opinion. It has been noticed that very great occasional excesses in drinking spirituous liquors do not act so strongly in the causing of that wasting and so often incurable malady, "Bright's disease," as long-continued smaller excesses.

The question has been asked, Is alcohol food, or poison, or medicine, or a luxury? It is not food, for it contributes nothing to the proper support and growth of the body, or to the formation of any the most minute parts, solid or fluid, of which it is composed. Alcohol gives no nourishment and repairs no waste; and so far from aiding digestion, as is commonly believed, it retards and interrupts this process in a very decided manner, by precipitating pepsin from the gastric juice, and thus preventing the requisite changes of food in the stomach. The plea that alcohol is an indirect or accessory food is a mere speculation based on its morbid action in preventing or retarding those changes in the body which are continually taking place by the introduction of fresh material and the elimination of that which has become old and waste. The retention of this old and waste material may serve, it is alleged, as a temporary substitute for the want of a supply of proper nutritive substances, but in so doing it must interfere with the changes in the constitution of the blood which are essential to health. Alcohol by its action on the nervous system will obtund the gnawings of hunger and lessen the languor and feebleness from long fasting, but without yielding nourishment, either direct or indirect.

Alcohol is not a food: is it a poison? Every writer on toxicology so regards it, and as such a place is given it in the class of narcotic or of narcotico-acrid poisons. One might as well drink oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid) as pure alcohol. It would instantly burn the mouth, tongue and throat, and destroy, as a caustic, all the parts it touched. A small quantity injected into the veins of an animal would cause immediate death.

Alcohol ranks in the same class with nux vomica, strychnia, hellebore, hemlock, stramonium, aconite, belladonna, tobacco, cocculus indicus, etc. The most determined toper, with all his dislike and disparagement of water, dares not drink alcohol until it receives an aqueous addition of nearly 50 per cent.

But, although thus weakened, alcohol is still a poison, proofs of which are furnished in the cases of those persons who have been suddenly destroyed after drinking ardent spirits in large quantity. This will vary with the age and habits of the party. A boy aged seven years has been killed by swallowing three ounces of brandy; an adult has been carried off in eight hours after drinking a pint of spirits; and numerous are the instances of sudden death in persons who for a mad wager have drunk at once a quart of distilled spirits. The shock of a large dose of alcohol on the nervous system acts like a blow on the head or a kick on the stomach. Prussic acid is not more deadly. But need we look for more conclusive evidence of the poisonous operation of alcohol on the human frame than that daily and hourly furnished in the last stage of drunkenness by the bewilderment of the mind and senses, loss of muscular power, and final insensibility and stupefaction, resembling apoplexy itself? There are, however, on record cases showing the marvelous toleration of large quantities of ardent spirits produced by long use of them. Dr. Anstie tells of an old man, eighty-three years of age, who had taken nothing for a long time but gin, to the amount of a bottle a day, with water and a small finger-length of bread.

Is alcohol a medicine? Like all other poisons, it may, on occasions, be used medicinally with advantage, but under cautions and restrictions which, it must be admitted, are too often lamentably lost sight of by those who prescribe and dispense it. This subject requires a thorough revision by medical men, and a stop put to the increase of drunkenness by the heedless advice so often given under professional sanction to drink some alcoholic liquor—wine, beer or

whisky—in almost every deviation from health, however slight. More especially pernicious are these indiscriminate prescriptions in a season of epidemic visitation, as of cholera, given under the mistaken belief that alcoholic stimulants are preventive of an attack of the disease. The facts are, that the intemperate are the first victims in every epidemic, and that of all the modes of treating cholera, that which consisted in the free use of ardent spirits was followed by the greatest number of deaths. It should be made a question in medical ethics to what extent a physician is responsible for the remoter effects of his administration of alcoholic liquors in a case which does not indispensably require it. His casual advice is often seized on as a reason or an excuse for a continuation of the use of the intoxicating drink until a habit of inebriation is formed. It may be that he is himself, in some instances, too much given to the use of the alcoholics which he so lavishly prescribes to others.

Is alcohol a luxury? If it be one, it is beyond measure the most costly, and at the same time the most common, and attended with the shortest period of enjoyment produced by any luxurious indulgence. It is more enervating, more productive of numerous fatal diseases and widespread misery and ruin, than all the accumulated luxuries of Nineveh and Babylon, of imperial Rome in her decline, and of modern London and Paris.

If we pass from the deductions of science, which have been shown to be adverse to the use of alcohol as a drink, to an observation of its effects on the world at large, in all lands, in all classes and ages, and in both sexes, what scenes of disorder and riot, what warring against law and morals, what records of crime and insanity, meet our troubled vision!

Most fearful are the statistics of crime and of disease, both of body and mind, resulting from the habitual use of alcohol. Who can number or measure the breaches in the family circle, the torturing anguish of crushed husbands, broken-hearted wives and innocent chil-

dren, due to the same cause! Drunkenness and drunkards may serve as typical terms, but they are far from representing the aberrations from sobriety and the sufferings of the larger number of those who indulge in the habitual use of alcohol. These persons are in the greatest danger, owing to the slow and insidious progress of alcoholic poisoning—alcoholism—which is evinced in the first stage by a trembling hand and unreadiness of mind, and in the more advanced if not final one by insanity and palsy. It is not to be denied, however, that this breakdown of the system often occurs from an overworked and continually excited brain in the so-called temperate, but who in this respect are intemperate in straining their mental faculties beyond measure, and depriving themselves of proper rest and sleep. At the same time it should be known that this downward course begins earlier and is more complete where alcohol has been habitually drunk.

Is there no propitiatory sacrifice to procure the removal of this "crowning curse," no means to stay the pestilence and bring about its extinguishment? Nothing is simpler. The sure and thorough means, those of prevention, are in everybody's power. All that is asked for is simple abstinence from the use of alcohol as a drink. But, reply its friends and consumers, why should we deprive ourselves of that which gives us pleasure, imparts strength and carries with it many immunities, such as enabling us to resist the injurious effects of the extremes of heat and of cold and the vicissitudes of weather, and to bear up under bodily and mental labor? Of the pleasure found in drinking intoxicating liquors we need say but little, when we think how evanescent it is, and by what heavy penalties it is so often followed. But in regard to the positive benefits alleged to result from the use of these liquors, enlarged observation and experience show conclusively that these favorable opinions are not only vulgar errors, but that they are the very reverse of the truth. Alcohol, as we learn from numerous

scientific experiments, diminishes the activity of respiration and the evolution of animal heat; and hence an explanation of the fact noticed by all Arctic explorers and those engaged in the whale-fisheries, that they who drink this fluid in any form of combination are less able than water-drinkers to resist cold: the only cordials of these latter are tea and coffee, aided by which they enjoy comparative immunity from the effects of exposure. Alcohol is proved to be equally powerless to resist the operation of great heat on those exposed to it. Spirit-drinkers are the most liable to sunstroke, just as, at other seasons, they sink and die under exposure to great cold.

A rigid inquiry leaves little ground for hope that public health and morals, and temperance in general, would be promoted by the substitution of wines and beers for distilled spirits. Intemperance prevails to a great extent in France, the chief wine-country of Europe, and is on the increase—a fact not announced by a mere solitary declaimer or cynic, but acknowledged and deplored by Frenchmen of the highest intelligence. Among these are found political economists and eminent medical writers and professors—viz., Dupin, Villermé, Chevalier, Fleury, Fodéré and Pomme. The *cabarets*—petty taverns or wineshops—appear, from the descriptions given by Villermé and Fleury, to be, if possible, worse than the beershops of England or grogshops of our own country. Montalembert once said that "where there is a wineshop there are the elements of disease, and the frightful source of all that is at enmity with the interests of the workman." The descriptions we receive from nearly all English writers of the drunkenness and brutishness so common among the laboring classes, who consume immense quantities of malt liquors, forbid any hope of the advance of the cause of temperance by substituting such drinks for ardent spirits. Of the great gain in health and intellectual activity by the substitution of water for wine by authors and teachers, at an age too when some

kind of alcoholic liquor has been thought advisable, we have examples in the cases of the late Professors Silliman of New Haven and Miller of Princeton, and the Reverend Sydney Smith, as related by themselves. The last-named writer, in a letter to his daughter, Lady Holland, speaking of the good arising from abstaining from all fermented liquors, enumerates sweet sleep, ability to take longer walks and make greater exertion without fatigue, improvement of the understanding, seeing better without wine and spectacles than when both were used. "Pray," he adds, "leave off wine: the stomach is quite at rest, no heart-burn, no pain, no distention."

For all practical purposes it is useless to talk of wine as a substitute for ardent spirits as a beverage. But a small proportion of the liquors now sold as vinous are the fermented juice of the grape alone. They are largely adulterated by various additions, and are in large quantities imitation wines, in which

there is no pure wine whatever. These processes are nowhere carried on to so great an extent or so systematically as in France, where they are reduced to a science from which the people of the United States are the greatest sufferers. Whether we shall fare better with the California wines remains to be determined by time.

If other beverages than pure water be called for to assuage thirst, gratify the palate and excite pleasurably the mind and senses, the want will be met in the unfermented juices of different fruits and infusions of herbs and other vegetable substances. The true brain-excitors, which cheer but not inebriate, are tea and coffee—serviceable alike in summer's heat and winter's cold, real sustainers of strength under bodily strain and labor—in fine, our friends under all those circumstances in which alcohol signally fails to give the desired help.

JOHN BELL, M. D.

CLOUD FANTASIES.

WILD, rapid, dark, like dreams of threatening doom,
 Low cloud-racks scud before the level wind:
 Beneath them the bared moorlands, blank and blind,
 Stretch mournful, through pale lengths of glimmering gloom:
 Afar, grand mimic of the sea-waves' boom,
 Hollow, yet sweet (as if a Titan pined
 O'er deathless woes), yon mighty wood, consigned
 To autumn's blight, bemoans its perished bloom.
 The dim air creeps with a vague shuddering thrill
 Down from these monstrous mists the sea-gale brings,
 Half formless, inland, poisoning earth and sky;—
 Mist, from yon black cloud, shaped like vampire wings
 O'er a lost angel's visage, deathly still,
 Uplifted toward some dread Eternity!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

OLD SADLER'S RESURRECTION:

A YARN OF THE MEXICAN GULF.

"TALKING about ghosts," said the captain, "listen while I spin you a bit of a yarn which dates back some twenty-five years ago, when, but a wee bit of a midshipman, I was the youngster of the starboard steerage mess on board the old frigate *Macedonian*, then flag-ship of the West India squadron, and bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Jesse Wilkinson.

"It would hardly interest you to tell what a clever set of lieutenants and ward-room officers we had, and how the twenty-three reefers in the two steerage messes kept up a racket and a row all the time, in spite of the taut rein which the first lieutenant, Mr. Bispham, kept over us. He wore gold-rimmed spectacles; and I can see him now, with the flat eagle-and-anchor buttons shining on his blue coat, as he would pace the quarter-deck, eyeing us young gentlemen of the watch, as demurely we planked up and down the lee side, tired enough, and waiting for eight bells to strike to rush below and call our relief. He was an austere man, and, unlike the brave old commodore, made no allowance for our pranks and skylarking.

"Among our crew, made up of some really splendid fellows, but with an odd mixture of 'Mahonese,' 'Dagos,' 'Rock-Scorpions,' and other countrymen, there was an old man-of-war's man named Sadler—a little, dried-up old chap of some sixty years, who had fought under Nelson at Trafalgar, so he said, and had been up and down, all around and criss-cross the world so often that he had actually forgotten where he had been, and so had all his geography lessons, learned by cruising experience, sadly mixed up in his head; which, although small, with a little old, weakened frontispiece, was full of odds and ends of yarns, with which he used to delight us young aspirants for naval honors, as he would

spin them to us on the booms on moonlight nights, after the hammocks had been piped down. How well do I remember the old fellow's appearance!—his neat white frock and trowsers, his low-quarter purser's shoes, with a bit of a ribbon for a bow; no socks, save the natural, flesh-tinted ones, a blue star, done in India ink, gleaming on his instep; his broad blue collar, decorated with stars and two rows of white tape, falling gracefully from a neck which, as we youngsters asserted, had received its odd-looking twist from hanging too long by a grape vine, with which the Isle of Pines' pirates had strung him up when he was chasing them under old Commodore Kearney's command. Anyhow, old, sharp-faced, wrinkled and tanned to the color of a sole-leather trunk, the whole cut of his jib told you at once that he was a regular man-of-war's man—one of a class whose faults I can hardly recall while remembering their sense of duty, their utter disregard of danger, and the reliance with which you can lead them on to attack anything, from a hornet's nest to an iron-clad.

"Well, it so happened, one hot day, while cruising in the Gulf of Mexico, that the news came to us that old Sadler was dead; and sure enough it was so, for the old fellow had quietly slipped his moorings, and, as we all hoped, had at last gone to where the sweet little cherub sits up aloft who looks out for the soul of poor Jack. Then, after the doctors had had a shy at him, to see why he had cleared out so suddenly, his remains were taken in charge by his messmates, who rigged the old man out in his muster clothes, sewed him up in his clean white hammock, with an eighteen pound shot at his feet, and reported to the officer of the deck that the body was ready for burial. So, about six

bells in the afternoon watch, the weather being very hot, and not a breath of air to ripple the glassy surface of the water, the lieutenant of the watch directed one of the young gentlemen to tell the boatswain to call 'All hands to bury the dead;' and soon fore and aft the shrill whistles were heard, followed by that saddest of all calls to a sailor at sea—'All hands bury the dead!'

"Our good old boatswain, Wilmuth, seemed to linger on the words with a feeling akin to grief at parting with an old shipmate, and as the last man reached the deck, he touched his hat and in a sad sort of way reported, 'All up, sir,' to the first lieutenant, who in his turn reported, 'Officers and men all on deck, sir,' to the commodore, who thereupon gave an order to the chaplain to go on with the services.

"The courses were hauled up, maintop-sail to the mast, band on the quarter-deck, colors half-mast, and all hands, officers and men, stood uncovered, looking silently and sadly upon the body as it lay upon the gang-boards in its white hammock, ready for the last rites. Solemnly and most impressively were the services read, and at the words, 'We commit his body to the deep,' a heavy splash was heard, and poor old Sadler had gone to his long home for ever. Some of us youngsters ran up in the lee main rigging to see him go down, and as we watched him go glimmering and glimmering down to a mere speck, we wondered where he was bound, and how long it would take him to fetch Davy Jones' locker on that tack.

"'Pipe down, sir,' says the commodore to Mr. Bispham; 'Pipe down, sir,' says Mr. Bispham to Mr. Alphabetical Gray, who was officer of the deck; 'Pipe down, sir,' says Mr. Gray to the gentleman of the watch; 'Pipe down, sir,' says this youngster to the boatswain; and then *such* a twitter of pipes followed this order, and all hands were piped down, while poor old Sadler was still off soundings, and going down as fast as the eighteen-pound shot would take him.

"Now, you know that people coming

from a funeral on shore always have a gay sort of air, suppressed it may be, but still cropping out; and just so is it with sailors at sea; for, Sadler's body committed to the deep, all hands felt better: the fore and main tacks were hauled aboard, the main yard was filled away, and the jib sheet hauled aft, and we all settled down into every-day life, which, after all, is not half so monotonous on board a man-of-war as you might suppose.

"Well, as I have said, the weather was very hot, the surface of the water was as smooth as a mill-pond, the wind was all up and down the mast, and so the old ship was boxing the compass all to herself, and not making a foot of headway.

"At one bell in the first dog watch, Boyle, the ship's cook, reported the tea-water ready, and after this came the inevitable evening-quarters—and some old man-of-war's men would think the country was going to 'Jemmy Square-toes' stern first if they didn't have quarters—then down hammocks for the night at six bells, and after that just as much of fun, frolic, dance, song and yarn-spinning as all hands wanted until eight bells, when the watch was called.

"John Moffitt, the sailing master, the best fellow in the ward-room mess, and a great favorite with the youngsters, was officer of the deck from six to eight o'clock; and my messmate, Perry Buckner, of Scott county, Kentucky, the most dare-devil midshipman of us all, was master's mate of the forecastle; Hammond, Marshall, Smith and I were the gentlemen of the watch; Rodney Barlow was quartermaster at the 'con;' the lookouts had just been stationed; the men were singing, dancing, spinning yarns and otherwise amusing themselves about the decks, while the old ship was turning lazily around in the splendid moonlight as if admiring herself.

"Discipline, you know, is the very life of a man-of-war, and this must account for what now took place. Tom Edwards, a young foretopman, had the

lee lookout, and as seven bells struck he sang out, 'Lee cat-head;' but the last syllable died away on his lips as his eyes rested upon an object—a white object—standing bolt upright in the water before him, about a hundred yards distant and broad off on the lee bow. Suppressing a strong desire to shriek, and recovering himself, he touched his hat and said, 'Mr. Buckner, will you step up here, sir, if you please?'

"What is she, Edwards?" said Buckner, as he quickly mounted the hammock-rail.

"One look, a dip down, a shiver, and, O Lord! what did he see but *old Sadler standing straight as a ramrod, and heading right for the ship!*

"It took Buck a full minute to recover himself, and then, with one eye on the lee bow and the other on the quarter-deck, he walked aft and deliberately touching his cap, reported to Moffitt, 'Old Sadler broad off on the lee bow, sir.'

"The d—— he is!" exclaimed Moffitt; but, checking himself, he said, 'Mr. Hammond, report Sadler's arrival to the commodore; and you, Mr. M——, report it to the first lieutenant, sir.'

"My eyes were as big as saucers as I rushed down the steerage ladder and into the ward-room, where I found the first lieutenant quietly seated reading over the black list; and when, with my heart in my throat, I said, 'Mr. Bisp-ham, old Sadler is on the lee bow, sir,' he serenely replied, 'Very well, Mr. M——: I'll be on deck directly.'

"O Lord!" said I to myself—"to take a ghost as easily as all that!" Bolting up the ladder on my way back to the deck, and trembling lest I should see the ghost popping his head in through one of the gun-deck ports, I ran into Hammond, who dodged me like a shot.

"When I got on deck the news was all out, for Tom Edwards couldn't stand it any longer, but had just yelled out, 'Ghost ho! ghost ho! Look out! stand from under! here he comes!' and bolted aft, scared out of his wits.

"In ten seconds all hands were on deck—ship's cook, yeoman, 'Jemmy Legs,' 'Jemmy Ducks,' 'Bungs,' 'Lob-lolly boy,' captain of the hold, and, by this time, all the officers too, with the midshipmen scuttling up the ladders as fast as their legs and hands could carry them.

"Moffitt had hauled up the courses and squared the main yard, as much to make a diversion as anything else, although the men thought it was to keep old Sadler from boarding us; and as they rushed up on deck they filled the booms, lee rigging, hammock-netting and every available spot from which a sight of the old fellow could be had.

"Very soon they saw that he was not approaching the ship: the old sinner was just turning and turning around in the water, like a fishing-cork, dancing away all to himself, while the moonlight, first on one side, and then on the other, in light and shadow, gave a queer sort of look to his features, sometimes sad and sometimes funny.

"After watching him for a few minutes, Bill Ellis, the second captain of the foretop, hailed him thus: 'Sadler, ahoy! What do you want?'

"No answer being received, one of the mizzen-top boys suggested that the old man had come back for his bag and hammock, and that they ought to be thrown overboard to him; but all this was cut short by the appearance of the commodore on the quarter-deck, and upon him all eyes were turned as he stepped upon the port horseblock, where a good view could be had.

"Now, old Jess was as brave an old fellow as ever sailed a ship, but he did not fancy ghosts, and the knowledge that all hands were looking at him to see how he took it made him feel a little nervous; but with a firm voice he called for his night-glass, and when the quartermaster, with a touch of his hat, handed it to him, he quietly arranged the focus, and, as we all supposed, was about to point it at Sadler, who was still dancing away for dear life all to himself. But old Jess was too smart for that: he quietly directed his glass

to another quarter, to gain a little time, and, gradually sweeping the horizon, brought it at last, with a tremor of mortal dread, to bear dead upon the ghost. Bless my soul! how the old gentleman shook! But recovering himself, with a big gulp in his throat he turned to the chaplain and said, 'Did you read the *full* service over him to-day, Mr. T——?'

"I did, sir, as well as I can remember," replied Mr. T——.

"Then, sir," said the commodore, turning to Mr. Bispham and speaking in an authoritative tone, 'we must send a boat and bring him on board.'

"O Lord! O Lord!—bring a ghost on board!" groaned the men.

"Silence, fore and aft!" said Mr. Bispham, 'and call away the second cutter.'

"Away there, you second cutters, away!" sung out the boatswain's mate. But they didn't 'away' one step, and we youngsters could hear the men growling out, 'What does the commodore want with old Sadler? This isn't his place: let the old man rip: he is dead and buried all right. We didn't ship to go cruising after ghosts: we shipped to reef topsails and work the big guns; and if old Jess wants old Sadler on board, he had better go after him himself.' Some said he had come back after his bag and hammock, and the best way was to let him have them, and then he would top his boom and clear out. Others said the purser had not squared off his account; and one of the afterguard was seen to tickle the mainmast and whistle for a breeze, to give the old fellow a wide berth. But it wouldn't do: discipline is discipline; and after a free use of the colt and a good deal of hazing, the boat's crew came aft, the cutter was lowered, and the men, with their oars up and eyes upon the ghost, were waiting the order to shove off, the bow oarsman having provided himself with a boarding-pike to 'fend off,' as he said, if the old man should fight.

"We youngsters knew that *somebody* else was needed in that boat, and that *somebody* was a midshipman with his

side-arms; but not a boy of us said a word about it, and we were afraid even to catch the first lieutenant's eye, lest he should be reminded that no young officer had, as usual, been ordered to go; but the order came at last. When Moffitt asked the first lieutenant, 'What officer, sir, shall I send in that boat?' we scattered like a flock of birds, but all too late; for Mr. Bispham referred the matter to the commodore, who, with a twinkle in his eye, said, 'Who discovered the ghost, sir?'

"Midshipman Buckner reported him, sir," was the reply.

"Then," said the commodore, 'by priority of discovery he belongs to Mr. Buckner, who will take charge of the cutter and bring him on board.'

"I heard all this from my place behind the mizzen mast, and you may guess how glad I was not to have been selected; but a groan, a chattering of the teeth, a trembling and shaking of bones close by my side, caused me to look around, and there was poor Buck, with his priority honors thick upon him.

"Get your side-arms, sir," said Moffitt: 'take charge of the cutter and carry out the commodore's order.'

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Buck, but oh with what a change in his voice! As he buckled on his sword I could see what a struggle he was making to feel brave. As he went over the gangway to get into the boat I caught his eye, and if you could have seen that forlorn look you would have pitied him; for there was old Sadler turning and turning in the water, looking first this way, and then the other, and, as Buck thought, just ready to hook on to him and carry him down among the dead men.

"It is no light matter to go up to a ghost, front face, full face, and look him in the eye; but what must it be when you have to go up to him *backward*, as that cutter's crew had to do while pulling their oars, leaving only Buck and the coxswain to face him? They just couldn't do it, and at every stroke they would suddenly slew around on their thwarts and look at the old fellow, who seemed to them as big as an elephant, and just

ready to clap on to them, boat and all, as soon as they turned to give another stroke. Poor fellows! they made but little headway, and what with catching crabs, fouling their oars, blasting old Sadler's eyes, and denouncing him generally (one fellow fairly yelled outright when the bow oarsman accidentally touched him), they had a hard pull of it; but still they made some progress, and when Buck sang out, 'Way enough,' every oar flew inboard, every man faced suddenly around, and with this the cutter keeled over, and, her bow touching old Sadler on his shoulder, ducked him out of sight for a second, at which all hands shouted, thinking that he had gone for ever; but in a moment more up he popped, fresh as a lark, higher than ever before, and this time right abreast of the stern-sheets, where he bobbed and bowed to Buck, at which, with a yell of terror, all hands went overboard, and, floundering in the water, begged for mercy. The cutter had some little headway, and this of course brought Sadler astern on the other quarter, and then there was a wild rush to get back into the boat, for fear the old fellow was doubling on them to make a grab.

"The commodore, hearing the row and fearing disaster, ordered another boat to the rescue, but ere it reached the spot, Buck had, in some manner, quieted his men, who, seeing the ghost still standing bolt upright in the water and dancing away as if nothing had happened to scare *him*, manned their oars again and pulled cautiously toward

him; while he, with that changeable moonlight grin on his face, was bobbing up and down to the boat's crew, as if Buck were the commodore himself coming to pay him a visit.

"'Stand by, there in the bow, to hook on to him,' sang out Buck.

"'Ay, ay, sir! I'll fix him;' and with that, and a heavy expletive in regard to the old fellow's eyes, the bow oarsman slammed his boarding-pike right into the ghost, just abaft his left leg, and as the sharp steel touched the body, a whizzing sound, like the escape of steam, was heard, and without a word old Sadler vanished from sight for ever."

"But, captain, tell us what really brought the old gentleman back," said one of the auditors.

"Well, just think of that tight white hammock, the light weight of the shot, and the very hot weather—think, too, how easily a fishing-cork is balanced in the water by a very small sinker, and lastly how confined air will buoy up anything—and you have the whole secret of his coming back. Let that air suddenly escape, and you have the secret of his disappearance.

"Buck used to say that 'priority of discovery' was a good thing in the days of Columbus, but if it was to be continued in force in the United States navy, hang him if he should ever report another ghost, even if he should see him walking the quarter-deck with the speaking-trumpet under his arm."

R. D. MINOR.

REALITY.

“Hold fast to your most indefinite waking dream. Dreams are the solidest facts that we know.”
HENRY D. THOREAU.

C ELESTIAL hopes and dreams,
And lofty purposes, and long rich days,
With fragrance filled of blameless deeds and ways,
And visionary gleams—

These things alone endure:
They are the solid facts that we may grasp,
Leading us on and upward, if we clasp
And hold them firm and sure.

In a wise fable old
A hero sought a god, who could at will
Assume all figures, yet the hero still
Loosed not his steadfast hold

For image foul or fair,
For soft-eyed nymph who wept with pain and shame,
For threatening fiend, or loathsome beast, or flame,
For menace or for prayer;

Until the god, outbraved,
Took his own shape divine: not wrathfully,
But wondering, to the hero gave reply—
The knowledge that he craved.

We seize the god in ruth:
All forms conspire to make us loose our grasp—
Ambition, folly, gain—till we unclasp
From the embrace of Truth.

We grow more wise, we say,
And work for worldly ends, and mock our dream,
Alas! while all life's glory and its gleam
With that have fled away.

If thereto we had clung
Through change and peril, fire and night and storm,
Till it assumed its proper, godlike form,
We might at last have wrung

An answer to our cries,
A brave response to our most valiant hope:
Unto the light of day this word might ope
A million mysteries.

O'er each man's brow I see
 The bright star of his genius shining clear:
 It seeks to guide him to a nobler sphere,
 Above earth's vanity.

Up to pure heights of snow
 Its beckoning ray still leads him on and on:
 To those who follow, lo, itself comes down
 And crowns at length their brow.

The nimbus still doth gleam
 On these the heroes, sages of the earth,
 The few who found in life of any worth
 Only their loftiest dream.

EMMA LAZARUS.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

AMONG the many and various "lessons of the war"—such as the propriety of a general disarmament, ably advocated in our last Number; the need of great additional armaments, preached and about to be put in practice by the rulers of England; the obligations of "Truth and Trust," set forth in Dean Alford's posthumous *Sermons on the War*; the wisdom of untruth and distrust, which is, we fear, the more common conclusion of politicians, and especially of diplomatists—two are so simple and evident that they need only to be stated to meet with general concurrence. The first is deducible from the example of Prussia, and may be thus formularized: "When you get into a fight hit your adversary a straightforward blow between the eyes, and, having thus floored him, continue the punishment until he is exhausted." To carry this out, it is only necessary to be stronger and more skillful than your opponent. The other monition is suggested by the conduct and fate of the French, and may be given in the words of a distinguished master in the art of self-defence to a pupil whose ambition was disproportioned to his capacity: "The best thing *you* can do is always to keep a civil tongue in your head." This is a piece of advice worth being

taken to heart by weaker parties generally. And the list of the weaker parties now, in the rivalry of the European nations, includes all those nations except one. The balance of power has ceased its oscillations, and has again kicked the beam. Once more a single great empire has risen, if not to establish universal dominion, at least to overshadow all other states, and make the policy of each subordinate and subservient to its own. Peace and order may be expected to reign not only at Warsaw, but throughout Europe. The Prussian lion will lie couched in the centre of the arena, and around it the leopard of Austria, the tiger (-monkey) of France, and the rest of *die gräulichen Katzen*, not daring to attack each other in that presence, much less to turn upon their king, a shake of whose mane, the lowest mutter of whose growl, will ensure the deepest silence.

"Und der Leu mit Gebrüll
 Richtet sich auf: da wird's still."

The poetical lion is, however, scarcely the proper type of the Prussian variety. African travelers tell us that the real animal is devoid of the magnanimity which fable has ascribed to it; and any similar illusions that prevailed in regard to the German species have been effectually dispelled by its latest performance.

A WINTER JOURNEY OVER MONT CENIS.

On the 4th of January, 1871, at 6½ A. M., we left Geneva to cross Mont Cenis. The stars were twinkling faintly through the cold fog which is the prevalent winter atmosphere of Switzerland, especially near the lakes, as we groped our way forlornly along the platform to the train. We were asked for our passports—a strange precaution, as the most dangerous person could not do a country much harm by going out of it. The first-class carriages are very handsome and comfortable on most of the railways, but cold as Charity's proverbial hackney-coach. The only mode of heating them is by long, flat copper cases filled with hot water, laid on the floor under foot. These are never warm when the train starts: the traveler remonstrates, and is told that they will be replenished at one of the first stations. The station is never less than an hour distant: on reaching it the tepid foot-warmer is taken out, and that from the next carriage substituted: at least, the one which is brought in place of yours is never warmer than that which is taken away, which leads to this conclusion. There was plenty of time to think it out, and many other things, as the train stopped ten minutes at some places, half an hour at others, and an hour and three-quarters at Culoz, the junction with the road to Lyons. The train with which we were bound to connect there was fifty-five minutes behind time: this did not quite account for the delay, but nobody seemed surprised; and there was but one explanation given then for anything that went wrong on every railway which begins or ends in France—the siege of Paris.

At Culoz we were again asked for passports, and required to exhibit the contents of our trunks and hand-bags. There, too, passengers are expected to breakfast, and it repays one to go to these wayside *tables d'hôte* for the sake of the conversation one sometimes hears at them. On this occasion a very amiable young Englishman mentioned that he had a circular ticket which would take him anywhere, and asked the ad-

vice of the company as to where he should go.

"The world was all before him where to choose."

Somebody recommended Naples, and half promised him an eruption of Vesuvius as further inducement.

"Any good house on top, where one can stop, you know?" he inquired. "No," said his interlocutor, looking into his own tea-cup. "Aw!—not like the Rigi then, you know?" The general impression was, that the young man was on his first tour, but as he soon told us that he had been three times to the Black Sea and twice to Rome, we all agreed that he was not one of those who are spoiled by traveling.

Meanwhile the morning was growing old, but the fog had thickened, and nothing was to be seen of the route, which is called remarkably lovely even for that part of the world. At Chambéry we began to see the sun shining on the mountains. The road rises from this point, though the pass does not begin before St. Michel. We were due there about 12½, and arrived at 3¼. We had left the mist behind, the sky was clear and the afternoon sun slanting across the Alps. How bleak they looked! how forbidding in their shrouds of snow! But one would rather face anything now than stop for an hour at St. Michel, the dirtiest and dreariest of Alpine towns. So we showed our passports again, and got into the mountain-train, which was standing on the Fell track with its strange-looking central rail. There was but one first-class carriage, shaped like our street cars, with seats for twelve passengers, calculated with the precision of a street car. Luckily, there were but nine, apparently the offscouring of all nations. There was a low German, a low Frenchman, a low Italian, and a low Jew who looked like a Spaniard or Portuguese; there were two decent Englishmen, *employés* of the road, and a couple of quiet women. The windows are behind and above the heads of the travelers, so that to see through them it is necessary to stand up, but as the steam from the engine soon coated them

thickly with ice, that was not worth while. For once, the foot-warmers were so hot and so often refilled, and everybody was so well muffled, that by common consent the door was constantly opened to see the wonders of the way.

The train on starting ran swiftly up a steep incline, whisked round and set off in another direction, and St. Michel, which we had left but a moment before, was far below us. Then we began snaking upward by a series of zig-zags, which gave one the sensation of being whirled up a spiral staircase: the next moment we were twisting downward with equal speed, then round a sharp corner, and across a bridge over a dizzy ravine, then straight up again, and then down as if we were shooting a cataract.

This alternation continued throughout the journey, but during the first three hours we were conscious of going higher, and during the last three of coming down again. Nothing describes it better than Prince Paul's approach to the audience with the *Grande Duchesse*—"on monte, on descend, on remonte, on redescend, on rermonte, on reredescend"—till first one finds one's self at the top, and finally at the bottom. The stokers, brakemen and guards shout to one another incessantly, like sailors managing a ship in a gale of wind, and as we drew near a tunnel or any passage of peculiar difficulty, their cries redoubled, and in tones of such wild excitement as to produce a sense of imminent catastrophe. By degrees the effect of this wears off: one draws longer breath and begins to look about. The old post-road by which the diligence crawls over the mountain lies beside the track, and we constantly met and crossed the line of the new railway: it passes through innumerable tunnels before reaching the great one, just finished, whose black mouth looks like the gate where hope is left behind. The bridges and embankments are magnificent, like old Roman works for size and solidity, and on a scale worthy of the grand scenery around them. The whole road, before diverging entirely from the present one, is on a lower level, and of

course the great tunnel cuts off the main ascent entirely. It seems a pity to burrow in the bowels of the earth to avoid one of the finest sights on its whole surface.

As the track winds upward the cliffs grow sheer and beetling, the peaks are higher, the gorges deeper, the flat bits fewer and smaller, the remoteness from all human life is more solemnly felt. Day was declining, and the sunlight crept higher and higher, lying first across the sombre face of the mountain as it looked forth from its hood of snow, then on the brown woodlands which clothe the steeps, then over stretches of dark-green pine forest on colder heights, and last on the white summits, until they glowed with a color which is like no sunset, but the dawn of an eternal day. Sometimes the road ran between walls of rock which almost shut out the sky: over these hung waterfalls, that spring down in summer with a single leap—now one huge icicle, fluted like a Doric or Ionic column. The streams that feed them are frost-bound in their rocky beds. We saw no living water except the torrent which rushes sparkling and foaming beside the track, its clear waves looking bright and black between the snow-covered banks. Sometimes the road crossed a bridge where we hung in mid-air, and looked down into the heart of the mountains rent with gorges and chasms, a mere chaos of crags and abysses, and the snow lying over all. At long intervals we saw perched on a ledge overhead a village in its solitary squalor, a mere huddle of miserable cottages, with a little church: in another instant we were looking down upon its spire. When the last of these was left behind loneliness reigned supreme. Evening came down upon a prospect which was growing stern and awful; the huge boulders on the banks and in the bed of the stream looked like blocks of solid ice; the masses of rock rising abruptly amid the snow-covered slopes were as white as the barriers of the Arctic world. For a while the horizon was wrapped in the gray of twilight,

and objects were indistinguishable: then by degrees the moon gained power and prevailed, and showed a wonderful scene. There was not a tree, a shrub, a rock in sight: we were crossing a plain sheeted in white. Close above it were the highest peaks of the mountain, and stooping down over them the dark blue midwinter-night sky and its great stars. The universal snow around us lies there for half the year: the snow above us is the snow that never melts. The moonlight shed a silvery sheen over the whole: there was only the snow, the mountain-top, the sky and the lights of heaven. As we sped silently along we passed a large building in this frozen wilderness: it was the Hospice, half of it still occupied by the good monks, and half used as barracks. It stood up dark against the snow, for it was nine o'clock and every light was out. It was soon out of sight, and nothing remained but the railroad track and the telegraph wires to remind us of man's existence and of his constant warfare with the tremendous powers of Nature. Suddenly the train stopped, and, whence nobody could guess, one in authority came and demanded our passports. The apparition of Davy Jones in mid-ocean is not more startling. It was like waking from a dream, and was the step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Had we been spies and traitors of the worst sort, we could have done no mischief up there; and had we been proved to be such, we could not have been turned adrift where we were. However, these precautions may be indispensable to a monarchical government. We now began to pass through the snow-sheds which enclose the road for miles together, and answer the purpose of tunnels for depriving one of sight and hearing, and driving in all the steam, smoke and foul air. There is a long chain of these from the summit of the pass down the southern side, and as we rushed serpentwise downward through the dark the effect was bewildering. One felt as if one had a corkscrew in one's brain; one felt as if one were drunk; one felt as if one

had taken opium; one felt as if one were spinning head-foremost down the circles of space; one grew giddy, sleepy, stunned, unconscious.

When horizontal motion and a breath of fresh air brought back the senses, we were down in the pine woods. By and by we came to the deciduous forests, and then we ran into the fog again. At length there was a halt, a great, dark arch, some feeble lights and a smell of thaw. We were asked for our tickets: we had taken them in the morning at a place called by its inhabitants Genf: it was now spoken of to us as Ginevra. We were invited to descend and once more open our trunks. One of the ladies, a little numb and dazed perhaps by the journey, was rather slow to comply. *La maudline qui ve veut pas obéir!* ("The she-maudlin who won't do as she's told!") growled one official to another. The room where we underwent this process had been called *Zoll* when we stopped in the morning; at noon it was *Douane*; now it was *La Dogana*. The place was Susa. We were at the foot of the pass: it was Italy, and everything was in a warm slop. SARAH B. WISTER.

THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

IT is but natural that the completion of the tunnel through Mont Cenis—or, to be more precise, through the Frejus, Mont Cenis being a good ways off—should have caused so much rejoicing in Italy, for the credit which attaches to this stupendous work belongs wholly to that country. It was planned by Italian engineers, endorsed and adopted by the great Italian statesman with all the enthusiasm of his nature, executed throughout by Italian brains and hands, and has thus far even been paid for by the Italian people, though France is expected to refund her share of the cost. While the plans were prepared as early as 1856, the real work can hardly be said to have been commenced until 1862—when the boring-machines invented by the Piedmontese Sommeiller went into operation—and yet the entire tunnel was completed on Christmas Day, 1870.

The actual length excavated is 12,236 mètres, not 12,220, as estimated at first, although the geodetic calculations have been found surprisingly correct in every other respect.

Originally begun on Sardinian territory, which then embraced the northern as well as the southern decline of the mountain, the tunnel passes through what is now half Italian and half French soil, so that its centre actually constitutes the frontier. In the mean time, the petty state at the foot of the Alps which had the pluck to undertake this gigantic enterprise has ceased to exist: its larger southern portion has been swallowed by the new Italian monarchy, while its smaller northern (Savoy) has been ceded to France as the price for the Sardinio-Italian metamorphosis. These are no trifling events to have occurred within so brief a period as that which has elapsed between the first conception and the completion of the great work. Indeed, we doubt whether the great Italy of to-day would approach a similar undertaking with an energy and a spirit equal to that shown by the little Sardinia of a dozen years ago. Though no longer considered the backbone of the kingdom, these former Piedmontese provinces still remain its most valuable part. And yet the political centre of gravity is constantly moved farther south from its rugged Alpine cradle, and many begin to speculate how long the new state will preserve in its wanderings those virtues to which it owes in a great measure its existence. Stripped of the strong bulwark which it knew so well to defend in the west, this old Piedmontese land is now treated like a mere remote border province. It was bad enough that the cradle of the Italian dynasty should have been bartered away to a neighbor who looks down from the Alps into its fertile valleys, but few probably expected that the very tunnel which was originally meant to unite the people of the same state would be turned into a gate for foreign intercourse. Time must show whether this intercourse will always be a friendly one. In spite of all that has lately been said about the un-

alterable love and friendship of the two Latin sister states who have grasped hands under the earth, there may come a day when this Alpine portal will admit hostile legions, and these sisters disagree as others have done before.

Though—as already observed above—the plans for the tunnel had already been completed in 1856, it would be a mistake to infer that five whole years were wasted before the real work began. On the contrary, this time was employed in preparatory labors as difficult as the scheme itself was daring. The first question presented for solution was to ascertain with the utmost accuracy the line on which the boring should proceed, so that the work might be begun on both sides of the mountain in such a manner as to ensure the junction of both tunnels at one point. To effect this object, it became necessary to discover on the summit some place where a landmark visible from both termini might be erected, but no such place could be found. On this account the straight line desired for the junction of the two parts had to be obtained by piecemeal, which in turn necessitated a series of signal stations whose differences in height had to be ascertained with extreme care, or the tunnel might have been bored higher on the one side than on the other. The least inaccuracy in the instruments, which should cause the boring on either side to vary by a hair's breadth from a straight line, must have inevitably resulted in the two parts passing each other in the centre of the mountain. It was therefore only after long and careful adjustments of the instruments and the erection of signals on the mountain that the measurements instituted in the course of 1857 ascertained the desired straight line. The same measurements also revealed the fact that the starting-point on the Italian side would have to be seven hundred and eighty feet higher than that on the French side.

Under these circumstances it might have been easier to construct the tunnel from the French to the Italian side in an ascending straight line. But the

work was to be begun simultaneously at both ends, and provision had consequently to be made for the escape not only of the water used in the construction, but also that which was likely to be struck in boring. For these reasons it was decided to locate the tunnel so high in the centre that it should have a declension both ways, and a gentle rise from the Italian side to the centre, with a more abrupt decline on the French, was adopted.

One of the many marvels wrought by this colossal enterprise was the change which the Alpine wilderness underwent when the few hamlets scattered on both sides of the mountain became populous manufacturing districts. But the greatest marvel of all was the invention of that boring-machine which has marked a new era in the history of mechanical science and engineering skill. To bore through nearly seven miles of solid rock demanded a motor capable of setting in operation on both sides of the tunnel a machine that would continue its work in the very heart of the mountain and while miles away from the driving power. As steam cools and becomes water when too far from its boiler, it was, of course, out of the question to use it at such a distance, even if the engine could have penetrated into the rock without those in charge being suffocated by the dense smoke. Chains, pulleys, wheels, etc., could not be thought of seriously by any one acquainted with the loss by friction, which increases in a ratio to the distance over which the force is to be transmitted. Water might perhaps have been conducted in canals the whole distance, but even if the vast volume required for injection and ejection at such a height could have been procured, the loss of time and the expense must have been ruinous. It was therefore evident that some other motor was needed to obtain the desired results, and this was finally discovered in condensed air—a force not only easy to transmit in pipes without much wastage, but one that can be applied effectively at almost any distance.

But not even the erection of works at both termini of the tunnel, which should condense the air in pipes and furnish the machine as it steadily penetrated the rock with a motor, was the most difficult part of the problem. This machine itself was to drive long steel bolts into the solid stone, turn them at each blow, and then inject a stream of water to cool the point of the borer: in addition to this, the machine was to continue on in the excavated passage, and perform its work so rapidly and surely that the powder for the blasts could safely be inserted into the drilled holes. The construction of such a machine, which would work with the precision and regularity of clockwork, was the problem that the men who proposed to tunnel the Alps had to solve; and their having done so must read, even in the age of the Atlantic Telegraph, the Pacific Railway and the Suez Canal, like the page of a fairy tale. W. P. M.

LONDON REMINISCENCES OF A STUDENT.

I SPENT the months of January, February and March of 1865, and July, August and September of 1866, in London, busily engaged each day in the library of the British Museum. And no place in the world brings one into the presence of so many men whose life-work is authorship. There are there at about two in the afternoon, when the reading-room is most frequented, about three hundred men and women, all furnished with the most convenient equipments for study, and with the resources of that immense library at their entire disposal. And there were many times when my pen would drop from my hand, and my eyes would run along those well-filled lines of tables, radiating from a common centre, and rest here and there on a man or a woman whom all the world knows. There sat the nervous and wiry Froude, with sharp, restless eyes; there the venerable Agnes Strickland, bending over an old volume of English history, her hair gray and her eyes dimmed, but her spirit still active and inquiring; anon the energetic Mr. Lewis would push his

way across the floor, or Dean Stanley, with his clean cut, elegant profile, would sit down before a huge pile of octavos, leisurely turn them over, and at last bury himself in their contents. There was but little chance to form acquaintances, for men go there for work, and conversation is scanty, and must be carried on, if at all, in the faintest whisper. But London is large, and there are many fine spirits there, whom it needs but a little time to find out.

Never shall I forget the first, last and only time I ever saw John Ruskin. His picture had hung for many years just over my study-table—that sweet almost angelic face, which in somewhat coarser execution, still the same in character, fronts the title-page of some of his works. Who that has seen it has forgotten it? It is almost a child's face, and has not a little of the charm which invests one of Raphael's Sistine cherubs. But the real Ruskin, how different! I think he is the plainest man I ever saw: at any rate, no face has ever impressed me with so much ugliness. And as if to intensify nature, his manner of wearing his hair and his rudely-fitting dress only emphasized the natural want of charms. Ruskin's face has neither fineness of feature nor winning expression. His eye, it is true, is large and eloquent, but not enough so to offset the rest of the face. He read a paper to a few friends that evening—not with much elegance, but with a jerky, unnatural flinging out of the words, quite unlike the flow of a good American reader. But the charm was underneath, in the thought itself, which, like everything of Ruskin's, was original, paradoxical, stimulating. The paper was afterward printed, and forms the first half of his *Sesame and Lilies*. He is a good American-hater, lives in great seclusion on Denmark Hill, one of the suburbs of London, is princely in his generousities, gracious to all young art-students who seek his advice, and, with all his feudal tendencies, incontestably one of the noblest spirits of our age.

In the summer of 1865 I spent a month in Hampstead, an immediate

suburb of London on the north side. Bickersteth, the author of a huge poem, somewhat read, called *Yesterday, Today and For Ever*, was rector there, but I never chanced to see him. A much more attractive personage—to me, at least—was Mrs. Charles, author of *The Schönberg-Cotta Family* and other well-known books. She was exceedingly kindly and hospitable—a warm well-wisher to America, a woman of great dignity of presence and of uncommon culture. I was heartily surprised when that tall and queenly figure entered the room, for I had supposed her *petite* and retiring; and, while knowing that she must be pious and good and simple-hearted, had hardly expected to find in her a first-rate German scholar, a correspondent of some of the most eminent German theologians, and a woman who can think as forcibly and argue as ably as she can write delightfully. Indeed, the possession of the art of the *raconteur* would not be supposed to be hers did one not know it by her books. As a woman she shines with a stronger light than even her writings display; indeed, I have never read anything of hers except her *Christian Life in Song* which brings her up before me in just the light in which she appeared in conversation. In addition to being a cultivated scholar and a delightful writer, she is also a woman of energetic character; and I can testify that at a time when a thousand or more were dying in London of cholera in a single day, she left her books and her delightful, great flower-embosomed house in Hampstead, and plunged into the worst parts of the huge city, taking care of the sick and distributing money, clothing and good words. Her husband, since deceased, was a wealthy merchant of London, and Mrs. Charles used his purse freely, and had a blessed name in streets where not a soul suspected that she had a reputation on two continents.

He whom I met most freely in London among the men best known in America was the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice—a man of a peculiarly

inspiring mind, one of the great seed-intellects of our age; a man of peculiarly dignified and gracious presence, with thick hair interstreaked with silver, a broad, kindly face, handsome yet not effeminate, a smooth, full voice, admirably modulated, and toned down to the exactest cadences;—a man largely read, with a broad, catholic view of things, a leader indeed in the liberal school of the English Church, but, better still, a leader in all broad thought; a man trained in the most secluded and aristocratic circles, yet a profound believer in the people, and an active working friend of the people, mingling with them, helping them in their educational and industrial enterprises and institutions, and in all ways showing himself a complete and representative Englishman.

Those were great and memorable evenings of my first London winter when I used to sit down in Burlington House and hear the talk of the first geographers of Great Britain about the great explorations of our day. There was Sir Roderick Murchison, geographer and geologist, one of the most perfect gentlemen I ever saw, and as perfect a presiding officer as he was a finished gentleman. Everybody knows him by name, for he is incontestably one of the first geologists living, and as a scientific man no one has a wider and better-grounded reputation. How well I remember him in his blue coat and buff vest—the Daniel Webster style of costume—as he successively welcomed the guests and did the honors of the evening! And there, too, was Dr. Livingstone, his hair grizzled and woven into a perfect thicket of knots, his face so seamed and furrowed that you could hardly find a smooth place as large as an old-fashioned five-cent piece, but his heart young and warm; there was Captain Sherard Osborn, the Polar navigator, bold, impulsive and magnetic; there was Admiral Fitzroy, who is now dead, just then perfecting his system of storm-signals for the world; there were the old captains who had sailed with and in search of Sir John Franklin, and

given their names to those seas and bays and gulfs and headlands which surround the North Pole. What a treat it used to be to sit there and hear about Africa, and Central Asia, and Australia, and Palestine, and the Andes, from Vambéry, and Markham, and Grove, and all the rest, fresh from those and other fields of adventure! A memorable winter to me, and not the least memorable part those evenings in Burlington House amid such company.

X.

ASCENT OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

NAPLES, February 1, 1871.

IN these days of blood and famine it might seem presumptuous to endeavor to entertain any one by a story of so peaceful a performance as an ascent of Mount Vesuvius.

Men's minds have, however, become so sickened by the horrors of the war that a narrative of an excursion to the summit of this famous volcano during the present eruption may find some willing readers.

The eruption began about the sixth of January, and is now believed to be on the decrease. It is nevertheless a great additional attraction to Naples, and has occasioned a concourse of strangers.

My companion on the excursion was a young gentleman from Cincinnati, a member of the late graduating class at Harvard University. We had seen at Rome several persons who had lately made the ascent of the volcano, and had with greedy ears listened to their accounts, which were often contradictory. We had been told of the great number of rough characters who swarmed on the way, and of their threatening manners. We had heard, too, of a guide of such scientific attainments and such an acquaintance with the French language as to make his services well worth the unusual rate he set upon them.

The first view we obtained of Vesuvius was on our journey from Rome to Naples. It did not differ in appearance then from the mountains in its vicinity,

except that the cloud upon its summit was whiter and seemed to move faster than the other clouds. Before reaching Naples the night had so far advanced as to render conspicuous the bright red glow of the vapors emitted from the two cones, and at the same time the stream of lava on the north side of the smaller crater became visible.

From the use of *Baedeker's Guide* our minds had been affected with a profound distrust of the inhabitants of this country, which had by no means been removed by the accounts of the persons we met in Rome.

Our excursion was made on the twenty-fifth of January. We left our hotel at Naples at one o'clock P. M., and after a drive of an hour arrived at Resina. We stopped at a dingy house, a kind of central bureau of the Vesuvius guides. We asked for Cozzolino, the man whose merits we had heard extolled at Rome. A person of not prepossessing appearance announced himself to be the man in question.

We were immediately ushered into the house, and followed by a crowd of guides and idlers of various professions, all talking at the same time, and trying to show the extent of their philological acquirements by uttering the few words of French and English they had learned. Cozzolino, who was the admitted chief, offered his own services, told us what we should require and what it would cost. There were several attempts, some of them successful, to impose upon us, but generally they were so flimsy that we avoided them.

As soon as we were mounted the guide galloped up a narrow alley leading to the mountain, and we after him, followed by a crowd of the noisiest and most ragged individuals it has ever been my fortune to meet. Some of them insisted upon leading our horses, others held them by their tails, and others again wanted to carry our climbing staves. They were finally driven off by the determined voice of the guide: our tormentors then each demanded a franc, which not one of them received.

The scientific attainments of our

guide, as well as his knowledge of French, proved to be delusions. His French, indeed, was so much worse than our own Italian that we preferred using the latter.

Shortly after leaving Resina we passed over a vast area of black lava (the guide called it scoriæ) which had been thrown out by Vesuvius in 1858. It was of hundreds of acres in extent, and the temperature of a few pieces which the guide brought us was warmer than that of our hands.

To persons seeing lava for the first time the impression is very remarkable. My mind was occupied in trying to think of something to which it could be compared, and I almost gave it up in despair. Its blackness exceeded that of any rock I had ever seen. Its surface, which in a general though distant way resembled a ploughed field, was furrowed and contorted: many of the masses were rounded, others rippled, resembling waves suddenly stiffened. Often the waves were in parallel lines and curved: sometimes they looked like fragments of rope lying in rows.

A ride of an hour and a half brought us to the Hermitage, on the way to which we passed the district where the famous Lagrima di Cristo grapes are grown. At the Hermitage we partook of the lunch we had sent up; and another half hour in the saddle brought us to the place where the ascent on foot begins.

Our guides, who had assured us at Resina that thirty-five francs should cover the whole expense, now informed us that a man to draw each of us up to the summit would be very desirable. The fees were five francs each. We followed his advice, and did not regret it, though forcibly reminded of the remark of Stephens the traveler on a nearly similar occasion in Central America, when he argued that if an Indian could carry a white man safely on his shoulders in a perilous place, the white man could carry himself safely on his own feet. As the proposed assistants were experts in climbing a mountain covered with ashes, and we only

amateurs, we thought the cases were sufficiently different to warrant a departure from Stephens' rule.

Each of the men whom we had engaged produced a strap, which he placed on his shoulder, giving us the ends. There were other persons ambitious to assist us, and they pertinaciously followed us almost halfway to the foot of the cone, occasionally giving us a push. When we reached the first resting-place, there happened to be some snow in a hollow, which my companion and myself began eating. Immediately all our assistants became vociferous in the declaration of the danger of eating snow, and one of them poured out a glass of wine, which they said was the thing for us to drink. We laughed at their protestations and went on with the snow, seeing which, they returned the wine to the bottle for the benefit of some more credulous traveler, and betook themselves to eating the snow with an energy which ludicrously disproved their belief in their own doctrine.

About an hour of the most painful climbing I have ever practiced brought us to the foot of the smaller cone. We walked round to the side from which the lava issued. There was visible only a stream of from two to five feet in diameter, though it was believed to be in motion beneath places where the surface was black and firm. The melted lava moved approximately at the rate of a yard a minute. Sometimes the surface would cool sufficiently to stop the progress, and it would then not unfrequently burst out below.

Against the wishes of the assistants our guide took us to the summit of the smallest cone, having as a precaution mounted on the windward side. We looked into it, and emphatically assented to the verdict of Boucicault's hero, for "there was nothing in it" that we could see but smoke. While visiting these regions the only annoyance we experienced, besides the labor of mounting the steep and crumbling sides of the mountain, was from the sulphurous acid gas. The air was in some places so

charged with this noxious compound that we could scarcely inhale it, and we hurried over the spot to escape suffocation.

We then climbed to the summit of the larger cone, to which the ascent was still more difficult. On the way the guide pointed out a flat, smooth place on the ground, surrounded by a circular pile of ashes about a yard in diameter and five inches high. This, he said, was where one of the stones thrown up from the larger crater had fallen. The stone itself had rebounded to a distance of one hundred yards. My companion judged its weight to be about two hundred pounds.

Our guide would not let us remain long at the summit of the great crater. While there a cloud of black smoke, accompanied by a low detonation, ascended, and we heard the rattling of stones down the interior on the opposite side of the cone. We were hurried down with the cry of danger, but this was so often repeated that we were sure it was a sham.

We spent about an hour between the cones, having so arranged our time as to have a view of the Bay of Naples by daylight and of the craters by night. Concerning the latter, my companion and myself both made an observation which may be of interest to those engaged in æsthetic investigations. We were apparently only five men upon the summit of the mountain. The last ray of daylight had revealed not a tree nor a shrub. There was visible no human habitation. It was cold. Beneath our feet were black ashes and scorixæ; and yet the sense of desolation was entirely absent from our minds. Why was this? The conditions to produce a feeling of desolation seemed to be all present. Approaching the base of the small crater a second time, we gazed upon its soft red glow, saw its reflection in each other's faces, and listened to the gentle murmuring sound which it emitted. The sense of geniality was uppermost in our minds, and nothing more foreign than that of desolation.

We then began our descent by the

light of a torch. It was accomplished in a little less time than the ascent, and we arrived at our hotel after an absence of nearly nine hours. We departed enough from the custom of most persons who make the ascent of Mount Vesuvius to own that we felt much fatigue.

A. W.

ONE'S FRIENDS.

WITHOUT any doubt at all, the best things in this world are that one should be brave and true and kind. And—after or included in these—the things worth most are good friends, good health, the work one can do best, a trusting, cheerful spirit, enjoyment of natural beauty and a relish of good books and simple pleasures. Without these, speaking deliberately, gold cannot make us rich, nor fame nor power satisfy or make us happy. We cannot buy them nor earn them by drudging. But we can have most of them for the taking and holding if we do not wait too long; and having them all, we should be rich beyond desire, and should need to fear nothing else in life so much as losing them.

And of these friendship is certainly not least. One can hardly conceive of a person's being worth much to himself or others, or of any success or honor or reward being worth a great deal to one who has not somewhere in the world one or more people for whose sake he would gladly work hard and fare hard, and for whom he would like to fight. Of things most devoutly to thank Heaven for, second to no other, is this luck of having fallen in, on this journey of life, with half a dozen men and women who are more to you than all the rest of the world, and of whose equal esteem you hope to be worthy. He must be poor in friends or poor in spirit who, if he must choose between his friends and his will of all the power and splendor of the world, would not, if he were strong, stand up and face the tempter and laugh him to scorn, or, if he were weak, creep closer to the dear ones and cling round them for fear of himself, and beg them to hold him fast and pray

God to save him out of his deadly peril. Can we think too much of them, or do too much for their sake? It is so lonely, this walk through the world, and often so dark for all the brightness of the sun and stars, and all the beauty of the grass and the sea! Can you think without fear of going on without them? I cannot. "Without a friend," said old Thomas à Kempis, "thou couldst not well live."

It is the law that each must finally walk alone. The men I meet every day are as far away from me as the planets. I wonder what manner of men they are, and what they make of me. What do you think of, and how? What do you make of the world and this most strange life of us all? I cannot even ask you what I want to know, nor could you answer me. No: we cannot walk two in a track, side by side, be we ever so close: there are two paths for our feet, and a wall between—you must keep yours and I mine. But it is all the consolation in the world to have you that love me so near, and to know that you will help me if you can, and to be able to help you, maybe, once or twice.

We try to be brave, do we not?—to stand up against fate and the flesh, and keep our feet in the track and our faces to the front. But now and again something will trip us: black care looks in at the window or the door; now and again the old sphinx face stares mockingly out of the summer sky, the cup of a flower, a child's face, a novel or a newspaper, or what not. Let me come near, my friend, for I am cold: the world is dark, and I shiver for I fear of I know not what. Speak to me; look in my face; let me hear your loved voice and look in your kind eyes and hold your hand!

Money can buy many things, good and evil. All the wealth of the world could not buy you a friend, nor pay you for the loss of one. "I have wanted only one thing to make me happy," Hazlitt writes; "but, wanting that, have wanted everything." And again: "My heart, shut up in the prison-house of

this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to."

We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one friend drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy or heedless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you?—one good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of all the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness between us, let us come face to face and have it out. Quick, before love grows cold! "Life is too short to quarrel in," or to carry black thoughts of friends. If I was wrong, I am sorry: if you, then I am sorrier yet, for should I not grieve for my friend's misfortune? and the mending of your fault does not lie with me. But the forgiving it does, and that is the happier office. Give me your hand and call it even. There! it is gone; and I thank a kind Heaven I keep my friend still! A friend is too precious a thing to be lightly held, but it must be a little heart that cannot find room for more than one or two. The kindness I feel for you warms me toward all the rest, makes me long to do something to make you all happy. It is easy to lose a friend, but a new one will not come for calling, nor make up for the old one when he comes.

"After a certain age," says William Roundabout, "a new friend is a wonder, like Sarah's child." How, then, should we cling to the old ones, doubly dear for the present and the happy past! The most versatile, taking him all in all, perhaps the most gifted, of our men of letters—poet, humorist, critic and what not—has written in the ripeness of his years and powers:

"Old friends! The writing of those words has borne
My fancy backward to the gracious past.
 The years between
Have taught some sweet, some bitter lessons; none
Wiser than this—to spend in all things else,
But of old friends to be most miserly."

We are not likely to have many chances to do heroic things for friendship's sake: let us hope if the occasion comes we shall not be found unworthy.

But it is of more importance that we should show our friendly feeling in the little kindnesses which the willing hand will not have to seek, which are nothing in the naming, but a great deal in the intention and the sum. It is more to you that your friend is plainly pleased to see you and be near you, is happy to do you a service, will not pass near you, if he can help it, without seeing you, than that he would die for you upon some possible but not very probable occasion, and meanwhile lets his work or his other ties and pleasures come between you and him, and form his excuse for neglecting you. Neglect is the death and burial of friendship.

And for what is all this dressing and sweeping and building and planting and ornamenting and money-making, if not that our friends may see their fruits and enjoy them with us? And if we drudge away at all this so busily that our friends slip gradually out of our knowledge and thoughts, and we out of theirs, what will it all be worth in the end? We shall wake up one morning and see what we have slaved for turn to the dross it all is without love, and find that has died while we slept. It is the play with the Prince left out—all meaningless prate and parade, and a very sad sham indeed under its dreary mock-merriment and strut and fine feathers. Yes, it is easy to let things go, and the best things will go fast enough if we let them.

Think what they are worth to us, these friendly hearts: sit still a minute, and try to think what your life would be without them. Let us cherish them as they deserve—more than all, save only honor and truth—and strive to grow more worthy of their love. And when they go from us, as one and another all too surely will, if our turn come not first to go and leave them here, may you and I have grace of Heaven to say what the great and good Thackeray wrote nine years ago at Christmas-time, in these fine and touching words: "Those who are gone, you have. Those who departed loving you, love you still, and you love them always. They are not

really gone, those dear hearts and true : they are only gone into the next room ; and you will presently get up and follow them, and yonder door will close upon you, and you will be no more seen."

J. S. MCKAY.

HAWTHORNE'S "FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE AND ITALY,"

Now appearing in *Good Words*, promise to be as pleasant and characteristic as his *English Note Books*. As a traveler, Hawthorne's forte lay in his power of refreshing commonplaces. The more familiar the objects, the greater the interest and the charm of descriptions so infused with the individuality of the writer. Not that, in these *first* impressions, he idealizes or beautifies what he sees. On the contrary, he had determined, one would say, to look at things in their most literal and prosaic aspect, as if to *disinvest* himself of all instilled conceptions previously to laying solid foundations for a structure of his own. The points he most comments upon are those to which enthusiastic travelers try to shut their eyes, from an instinctive consciousness that if they part with old illusions they will sink into a slough of disappointment with no power to emerge from it. Speaking of the Carnival at Rome, he says, "Sunshine would have improved it, no doubt ; but a person must have very broad sunshine within himself to be joyous on such shallow provocation." He wanders through "cold, narrow lanes, between tall, ugly, mean-looking, whitewashed houses," not unaware that the Eternal City has other things to show, but waiting for these to present themselves to him, instead of rushing in search of them, and studying quite contentedly meanwhile the ugliness and shabbiness which occupy so much of the foreground. He stops "a good while to look at the old beggar who for many years past has occupied one of the platforms of the flight of steps leading from the Piazza di Spagna to the Trinità di Monte, . . . moving about on his hands and knees principally by aid of his hands, which are fortified with a sort of wooden shoes,

while his poor, wasted lower shanks stick up in the air behind him, loosely vibrating as he progresses ;" yet "very active in his own fashion, and bestirring himself, on the approach of his visitors, with the alacrity of a spider when a fly touches the remote circumference of his web." And the final comment is, that he "no doubt leads as contented and as interesting a life as most people, sitting there all day on those sunny steps looking at the world, and making his profit out of it. It must be pretty much such an occupation as fishing in its effect upon the hopes and apprehensions ; and probably he suffers no more from the many refusals he meets with than the angler does when he sees a fish smell at his bait and swim away. One success pays for a hundred disappointments, and the game is all the better for not being entirely in his own favor."

He goes four or five times to St. Peter's, "and always with pleasure, because there is such a delightful summer-like warmth the moment we pass beneath the heavy, padded leather curtains that protect the entrances. It is almost impossible not to believe that this genial temperature is the result of furnace-heat ; but really it is the warmth of last summer, which will be included within these massive walls and in that vast immensity of space till, six months hence, the winter's chill will just have made its way thither. It would be an excellent plan for a valetudinarian to lodge during the winter in St. Peter's, perhaps establishing his household in one of the Papal tombs." On coming out on one occasion he "saw a great sheet of ice around the fountain on the right hand, and some little Romans awkwardly sliding on it. I, too, took a slide, just for the sake of doing what I never thought to do in Rome."

Our space does not allow of further extracts, but it will be seen that the work has a twofold interest : as a record of travel written in an independent, unconventional tone, and as a welcome addition to our knowledge of a fine and original mind.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Life of John Adams. Begun by John Quincy Adams: completed by Charles Francis Adams. Revised and corrected. 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

No class of worthies has suffered more by the ambition of biographers than our Revolutionary fathers. One might suppose there had been a deliberate purpose to bury their memories under the huge monuments raised ostensibly to preserve and honor them. The days of folios and quartos could not well be revived; but as many of the largest octavos as could be filled with records, letters and documents of every kind relating to the subject or the period have been considered essential to the dignity and importance of every biography in which the public at large might be expected to feel an interest, and which on this very account should have been written and presented in a manner to render it as accessible and attractive as possible.

The Life of John Adams, written originally on a different method from such biographies in general, appears also now in a different form—a form convenient to the hand, agreeable to the eye, adapted to the requirements of the widest class of readers. In distinction from most works of the kind, it is not a compilation, but a composition—not a mass of state papers, family records, anecdotes and reflections thrown indiscriminately together, but a sustained and continuous narrative, in which all that was required in the way of comment, argument or illustration has been closely interwoven with the relation of facts, and the transitions from period to period, from phase to phase, are effected without a break or a jolt. It is written, too, not merely with admirable skill and from fullness of knowledge, but with that mastery over the subject and the various questions connected with it which comes only from lifelong study and kindred experience, and which brings with it the habit and power of subordinating details to principles without wandering into abstract disquisition. Hence it is at once copious and condensed, free from trivialities, and more exempt from undue partiality than countless

productions uninspired by any motives arising out of personal ties.

In reading the first two chapters of the work, written by John Quincy Adams, one is forcibly reminded of the Old Man Eloquent, overflowing with the deduced results of knowledge and meditation, and eagerly instilling them into the not always well-prepared minds of his hearers. Owing mainly to this characteristic trait, but partly also to the omission of a preliminary genealogical notice, the biography opens as abruptly as the ballad of Johnnie Armstrong—cited by Johnson as a model of the art of plunging *in medias res*—leaving unmentioned facts such as were never, we imagine, excluded, save through necessity, from any biography before, and the omission of which in a biography written by a near relative of the subject is somewhat amusing. Nothing is here recorded of the life of John Adams before his entrance at Harvard College at a date not given; and taking this event as a starting-point, the writer passes at once to an animated discussion of the part which universities have played in the diffusion of civil and religious liberty from the Reformation downward, having told us meanwhile neither the day, year nor century in which his hero was born, the place of his nativity, the names of his parents, nor a single circumstance connected with his childhood or early youth. We gain, incidentally, as the narrative proceeds, grounds for conjecture on some of these points, but no precise information on any of them, till we reach the monumental inscription inserted at the end of the second volume. So far as we have noticed, this is an isolated case of oversight; yet perhaps the single fault imputable to the work is a deficiency of personal details, though we are conscious of this want only when the exceeding interest of some passage containing such details makes us desirous of more.

But the main interest of the work, as well as its chief value, is derived from a deeper source. The production of an eminent statesman who is also an accomplished writer, it throws a freshness over the study of our Revolutionary history of which so

well-worn a theme seemed scarcely susceptible. We traverse a familiar gallery, we examine the objects we have seen and scrutinized a hundred times before, but it is in the company of a guide so versed in all the knowledge appertaining to such matters as to invest them with an attractiveness different in kind, if not in degree, from that which we had hitherto found in them, leaving us with a sense of newly-gained acquirements, rather than of a mere addition to our stock of information.

The career of John Adams is perhaps more closely identified with the various phases of the Revolution than that of any other man. Not that he towered above all others in intellect or acquirements. It was in fact characteristic of the struggle that its leaders stood upon a nearly equal level, which was itself no lofty elevation far above the heads of the crowd, but only a platform raised a few degrees above the general floor occupied by the intelligent and right-feeling mass. John Adams himself wrote in his *Diary* at the outset of the struggle, "We have not men fit for the times: we are deficient in genius, in education, in travel, in fortune, in everything." But although this deficiency was real, the men whom the occasion brought into prominence were singularly fitted for it, alike by diversity of powers and by harmony of spirit and purpose. They were all men of high integrity, fearless courage and practical ability—all lovers of liberty and foes to license—all less eager to destroy than able to construct. Jefferson, if more democratic than the others, was so rather by sentiment than by temperament: Nature never cut him out for a demagogue. Yet it was Adams who beyond all others represented the blended spirit of liberty and conservatism which characterized the struggle, who possessed the largest share of the qualities it demanded—putting aside military capacity—and who impressed it most distinctly with his individual characteristics.

He possessed, in fact, qualifications for guiding the progress of events which were scarcely united in any other man—legal knowledge, oratorical ability, a broad yet practical mind, fitter than most to cope with the difficulties arising from a general lack of experience in affairs, combined with the impulsive, unhesitating disposition indispensable in a great crisis. While still a youth he had speculated on the possible advent of

a period when America would become a seat of empire, and he was perhaps the first to foresee that the dispute between the Colonies and the Crown must culminate in a war for independence. Yet he did nothing to foster the spirit of revolt or to precipitate the event. It was as a lawyer, not as a politician—in the routine of professional duty, not at the mere impulse of public spirit—that he first came upon the stage as an advocate of constitutional freedom; and far from courting the applause or seeking to inflame the passions of the people, he was ready to incur its odium by a zealous resistance to excesses and the defence of those who were liable to become the victims of popular injustice.

Instead, however, of cutting short his career, such acts, by confirming the public respect and confidence, helped to open before him a new and wider field, in which the lawyer was merged in the patriot and the statesman. Here his ardent spirit and presaging intellect carried him far in advance of the great mass of his countrymen, making it incumbent on him and the few who were equally eager, now to repress their own zeal, now to stimulate that of others, till a serried line and imposing front should be formed. To this result John Adams undoubtedly contributed more than any other man. In debate he was the chosen champion of Independence, and though to that issue all events and circumstances were irresistibly tending, his was the hand that gave the conspicuous push which set the bark afloat on the stream of "manifest destiny."

This may properly be regarded as the culminating point of his career. Yet in activity, in influence, and in political services rendered to the country at home and abroad during the continuance of the war and the negotiations which brought it to a close, he was second to none; and, viewed in this light, his succeeding Washington in the presidential chair was as natural as the passage in the legitimate line of an hereditary crown or the transfer of the prophet's mantle to Elisha. It was, however, in this position, which might under happier circumstances have been the splendid noonday of his fame, that it suffered a strange eclipse. No man could have been fitter for the office had it been simply one of rule, calling only for the capacity to shape a wise and consistent policy, and the honesty and firmness to carry it out. But it seems indispensable to the suc-

cessful discharge of the highest power in the state, whether exercised by king, prime minister or president, that the possessor shall be pre-eminently gifted with tact; and this necessity becomes, if not more real, yet more apparent, in ordinary times than in those of difficulty and peril. Our Presidents generally have succeeded or failed according to the degree in which they were thus endowed. Mr. Lincoln was no exception to the rule, for it was his extraordinary tact which enabled him to put to their full use those higher qualities for which his name will ever be held in veneration. John Adams, on the contrary, was remarkably deficient in this respect. Straightforward energy in speech and act was the means by which he had succeeded in positions and circumstances where, generally speaking, finesse would have been either superfluous or injurious. But the times, as well as his position, had changed. Peace had brought with it a division of parties, and the opposite feelings excited by the French Revolution had widened and embittered that division. President Adams would fain have walked in the old and direct ways, disregarding of personal intrigues and party tactics. The policy he pursued has been sanctioned by time, but his method of pursuing it left him charged with the responsibility of the disruption of his party, without relieving him from the odium of its unpopular measures. In the discussion of this subject, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, while defending his grandfather against the baseless imputations current at the period, and too often repeated since, does not conceal his mistakes. That he makes sufficient allowance for errors on the opposite side is more than we shall undertake to say, or than we should have perhaps any right to expect. There are, however, some allusions to Hamilton's unhappy end which jar upon us as deviations from the rare good taste which marks the general course of the narrative.

An indifferent reader finds it, at this lapse of time, more easy to pardon the active hostility of personal and political opponents than the neglect, or, so to speak, the disgrace, of which Mr. Adams became the object on the part of that people whom he had so long and faithfully served, and whose national unity and greatness he had so powerfully aided in founding. Happily, the breath of popular disfavor is less terrible than the frown of monarchs, and John Adams, though sensitive

and irritable, was of too robust a nature to be blighted by either. He confronted ingratitude and calumny with the spectacle of a calm, healthful and active old age, prolonged until time had brought with it an unexampled train of compensations—oblivion of past strifes, renewal of ancient friendships, recollection of old services by the descendants of those who had too hastily forgotten them, and the elevation of a son, whose splendid career had already reflected new lustre on that of the father, to the exalted place from which the latter had descended a quarter of a century before.

The coincidences which marked the close of that long and eventful life can never be recalled without a fresh surprise. The death of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson on the fiftieth anniversary of the declaration of Independence, amid more than the customary annual demonstrations with which the former had predicted that the event would be forever celebrated, would indeed, in a more imaginative age, have been hailed as a visible token that the supernal powers had set their seal upon the work which these men had accomplished, and had deigned to give an assurance of its acceptance and its durability. "As the news of this singular coincidence spread over the land, it raised everywhere a thrill of emotion such as has never been caused by any other public event. It was not the wail of grief, such as is drawn forth by the sense of privation by the loss of valuable lives. The advanced age of these persons, if nothing else, neutralized that. It was the offspring of a mixture of feelings, the chief of which were, surprise at the strangeness of the occurrence, veneration for the men themselves, and delight in the splendor which it would for ever reflect upon a page of the national annals."

The Pilgrim and the Shrine; or, Passages from the Life and Correspondence of Herbert Ainslie, B. A. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

Skepticism and travel form the component elements of this book; and if the reader thinks, as most of the English reviewers of the work appear to have done, that these two ingredients have no natural principle of assimilation, or that their capacity for assimilating is a discovery of the author's, he is little versed in some of the most characteristic phases of modern literature and thought.

When shaken by religious doubt, the mind, after vainly seeking a resolution of its perplexities in books and the converse of men, flees instinctively to Nature, passes from scene to scene as it had before turned from one spiritual adviser to another, questions the mountains, the ocean, the forests in regard to those mysteries which seem brooding over them as over the human soul, and finds, if not relief, yet a solace in the solemn sympathy of aspects and voices which, if they give no intelligible response, neither repel nor confuse the inquirer.

The books which depict this condition are mostly French, the deepest and most sincere being the *Obermann* of Senancour—"la Bible de l'incrédulité," as Balzac calls it. Herbert Ainslie is a sort of English *Obermann*, without the sweetness, the sadness or the depth of his prototype, but with something of a kindred spirit and a kindred power. What, however, gives pre-eminence to *Obermann* is his typical character: he is the representative of his class in its profoundest conceptions and its universal attributes. Herbert Ainslie, on the other hand, is entirely national. He takes the malady in its English form, and he applies the remedy in the English manner. His doubts have their origin, not in the eternal problems of existence, but in the dogmas of the Thirty-nine Articles, and instead of withdrawing to the Alps, he goes to the West Indies, to California, to Australia. He has taken the disease merely as an epidemic, without any particular predisposition to it; and we perceive from the first that the case is not hopeless—that with so sound a constitution he will probably recover. He is cured, accordingly, by love—a mild yet efficacious potion which is sufficient in all ordinary attacks, and which might just as well have been administered by some practitioner in his native parish as by an irregular culler of simples, Mary by name, in the wilds of Australia.

The charm of the book lies in its clear and crisp descriptions of scenery, some racy delineations of strange phases of human life, a graceful and lucid style, and the general tone of an earnest, veracious and cultivated discourses on topics suggested by external objects or inward meditation. As to the purely disquisitional or theological writing, it interests us chiefly as an indication of the present state of religious matters in England. The author or hero—we take the two to be

identical—has been bred to the Church, and, feeling himself disqualified for the career which had been chosen for him, relinquishes his chances in it after a conflict proceeding from conscientious scruples on the one hand, and family affection and the like motives on the other. A few years ago such a work as this from such a source would have been generally tabooed, as witness Mr. Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*. But English society does move, if only in a rotatory or colicky way, reminding us of Mr. Bright's remark, that the real trouble of the Established Church is similar to that of the old woman, who graphically described it as "something the matter with her insides."

Books Received.

- Plutarch's *Morals*. Translated from the Greek by Several Hands. Corrected and Revised by William W. Goodwin, Ph. D., Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. With an Introduction by Ralph Waldo Emerson. 5 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 8vo.
- A Text-book of Elementary Chemistry, Theoretical and Inorganic. By George F. Barker, M. D., Professor of Physiological Chemistry in Yale College. New Haven: Charles C. Chatfield & Co. 16mo. pp. viii., 342.
- Report of the Commissioner of Education, made to the Secretary of the Interior, for the Year 1870, with accompanying Papers. Washington: Government Printing Office. 8vo. pp. 579.
- The Conversion of St. Paul: Three Discourses. By George Jarvis Geer, D. D., Rector of St. Timothy's Church, New York. New York: S. R. Wells. 12mo. pp. 82.
- The Great Libel Suit: The Hon. David S. Bennett, M. C., versus The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser. Buffalo: Matthews & Warren. Pamphlet. 8vo. pp. 235.
- Transactions of the Eclectic Medical Society of the State of New York, for the Year 1870. Albany: The Argus Company. 8vo. pp. x., 864.
- Arthur Brown, the Young Captain. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 288.
- Kathie Stories. By Miss A. M. Douglass. Illustrated. 3 vols. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo.

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JOB AND THE BUG.

THE old man looked like a beetle. He wore a black morning-gown tied tightly round the waist with a belt, a yard or more of black bombazine wound about his throat, a black cap set closely on his round head, and great goggles on his eyes. The round cap met the goggles from above, a grizzly beard met them from below; and it was difficult to tell what kind of face he carried beneath the cap and beard and goggles, or whether he had any real face at all. The belt and bombazine made him very small in the middle and the neck, his shoulders were full and round, and the loose gown made him large below the waist. Yes, he looked like a beetle, or some other great black bug, as he prowled among the dusty crannies under his shelves, and thrust his slender arms, like antennæ, into all the doubtful corners of his desk.

His shop, or store, or office—bazaar, dépôt, emporium, repository, as an accomplished tradesman would call such a place of business—was an antiquarian bookstore, a pawnbroker's office and a junkshop generally. The establishment stood between Pennsylvania Avenue and that triumph of engineering and statesmanship, the great Washington Canal. Probably the old Bug's predecessor was in the "ring," and lobbied for the dig-

ging of this public work, on account of the junk business it would foster. This is certainly a more plausible reason for digging it than was ever made to appear to those who paid for it. For not all the judges in the departments round about—a clerk who has no other title is a judge in Washington—could compute the number of lame negroes and unfortunate women and scrub-headed boys who have earned their daily tobacco by gleaning tin, bones, iron, glass, rags, paper, old boots and Congressional speeches from the bottom of this ditch. Neither could all the government judges have taken an inventory of the Beetle's stock. He had all the second-hand school-books in use during the last sixty years; and if there was ever a book in the Greek or Hebrew line, in the Annual line, in the flash-novel line, in the theological line,—if there was ever a book printed in these, or any lines at all, which could be found nowhere else, the Beetle had a dusty, mouse-eaten copy of it. If one wanted a flint for an ancient musket, a pod-auger, a coffin-plate, a dirty Masonic apron, a rusty Mexican spur, a leaky glue-pot, the long black antennæ would go diving among the dark holes until they found it.

Among the oddities of this collection was the white surplice of a clergyman;

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

and over it, on the same nail, hung a sword-belt and crimson sash. These had been wetted through the imperfect roof, until the coloring matter of the warlike trappings had run down and left a black mark, and a red stain like a blood-spot, on the bosom of the holy robe.

The accumulation of this stock must have been the work of a lifetime, and the "shebang," as Job called the establishment, was no doubt older than the canal. But the old black Bug did not appear until late in the winter of the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty. The original proprietor was a German Jew, who obtained, in consideration of the stock and good-will, a sum only twice as great as he would have asked had he not soon discovered that the Beetle, in spite of his mouldy and forbidding appearance, was not familiar with the sale of such trumpery. "Mine plessed fadders, sir! so sheap, so sheap, sir!" and the original proprietor gave a sigh to his successor and a chuckle to himself as he clinked the gold in his hand and surrendered the place to the old black Bug. And taking this transaction as evidence of his successor's commercial ability, the original proprietor muttered, "In von year I vill puy pack der place mit von 'alf der monish vot I now gits for him. Mine plessed fadders! Dat vill pe goot!"

Job was a hungry-looking boy, whose business it was to sweep the shebang, bring fuel, keep the Beetle's water-pitcher filled, brush the old man's desk and chair, wait on customers and make himself generally useful. He might have been anywhere from eight to fourteen years of age, for hunger will make small boys old and old boys small. His chief garment was a pair of green trowsers, upheld by one twisted suspender of cotton cloth, the trowsers being very liberal in the seat and very conservative elsewhere; so that Job's legs, in color as well as shape, were like two corkscrews covered with verdigris. His legs were evidently made to accommodate those trowsers, and in doing it they resembled two little poles which had been

overgrown by hop vines, and which had followed all the twistings and turnings of their spiral covers. His eyes were round, with yellow centres and pink borders, reminding one of china-asters; his face had the rich tint of a turkey's egg; and his hair was not unlike the husk of a cocoanut. He had great ability in making remarks entirely unsuited to his muscle. For instance, when he differed in opinion from the Beetle, that old gentleman—whose elegant diction and flowing periods assorted strangely with his dress and calling—would frequently call Job's statement a hollow falsehood, whereupon Job would unhesitatingly pronounce the statement of the Bug a solid lie. Strange to say, this ability was developed where muscle was the standard by which the propriety of all remarks was judged.

He was a Virginian by birth. And, to prevent any possible misapprehension, it may be well to add that his family was not one of the first in that State. His mother, at the close of her honeymoon of four days—if any moon can be so brief—became cook and washer on the new boat Josephine, which transported coal over the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. The bridegroom, and subsequent father of our hero, was helmsman on the same vessel, which discharged her cargo at the port of Alexandria. Whisky being a slower poison than that it is now, Job's father continued for years to steer the Josephine successfully, until his family so increased that the small quarters of the boat could no longer accommodate the children.

The captain delicately stated the case to the helmsman thus: "Th' young uns ken go an' I'll keep you, er you mus' all go."

Genuine tears Job's mother shed when she bade the Josephine good-bye, for she knew the restraining influence of the domestic circle, and predicted the consequences of her husband being cut off from the elevating society of his family. "I know my ole man 'll go bad," said she, "when me an' the young uns ain't with 'im."

But he could be induced to lead no

other life, steer no other boat, and, unlike Napoleon, preferred his Josephine to a dozen children.

"I ken wash," said the appealing wife, "an' I's a-goin' to take in washin'; but what ken I do wi' 'em all?" pointing to her ragged multitude, of whom Job was the eldest and raggedest.

"Use 'em fer clo'es-pins, I reckon," was the father's answer as he hitched his trowsers, straddled the rudder and bore away for Alexandria.

And the theory that she did set little Job astride the line to hold unruly shirts in the wind is the only one that can explain the wonderful character of his legs.

So his mother occupied a whitewashed cabin under the steep bluffs above Georgetown and close to the bank of the canal. During the icy season her husband was with her at such odd hours as he was not hunting rabbits and opossums or lounging in the Georgetown grogshops. She was industrious, laboring hard to clothe her little ones and to fill her lord and protector twice a day with buckwheat cakes and bacon.

Every spring the Josephine and her helmsman came out of winter-quarters as good as new; and every summer day, before the whitewashed cabin, a line of sunburnt children gave the butterflies upon the roadside thistles and the chipmunks in the hollow rails a moment's peace, and ranged themselves along the bank of the canal to ask the mule-driver of some passing boat when and where he had met the Josephine. Every pleasant summer evening, after a day of hard work, the mother sat on her inverted washing-tub before her door, to smoke a pipe and watch the joy of her poor children as they played in the road and filled each other's hair with crowns of dust. Whenever a mule appeared around the curve she would tell the nearest child what boat was coming next, for she knew all the boats, and the men who manned them, and the mules that drew them.

Job, who desired to follow the occupation of his father, studied navigation about the Georgetown flumes and bridges

and locks until he drifted into business with the Beetle. Having endeavored to deceive him as to weight in a certain transaction in the old-iron line, and the old black Bug having apparently endeavored to deceive Job in the same way during the same transaction, and each having failed in his endeavor, great confidence sprang up between them.

After ridding himself of the original proprietor, the Bug made some changes in the building which he occupied, and which was but a tumbledown shanty, wedged so closely between other shanties that it could not tumble down. It would have puzzled a looker-on to understand in what way the changes improved the Beetle's business facilities. Instead of enlarging his show-windows for a better display of the pawned trinkets, or his shelves for a better arrangement of the books, and instead of admitting more light into the gloomy hole, he had a dark and useless doorway made at the rear, leading out into the lumberyards, negro-quarters and dumping-grounds, and toward a blind alley near the canal. It seemed to be a whim of the old man's—who apparently did business for the sole benefit of his customers—that some lame chiffonier, gathering his load along the canal, might be accommodated by this short cut to market. But a practical and less benevolent person would have smiled at the thought of a customer—especially a lame one—risking his legs and neck by attempting such an entrance.

Job was not reduced to the necessity of living in a Washington boarding-house, and continued to pass his nights comfortably in his mother's cabin by the canal in Georgetown. For the first three months he had but little to do. The Bug seldom asked a customer to buy, was not particular about prices, and made few sales. He busied himself very much, however, among the accounts and papers at his desk, and spent more time in writing than his dull trade seemed to require.

Job could not satisfy himself as to the reason why he was paid liberally for

doing so little, and by an employer to whom he frequently gave the solid lie; for the youngster showed about the same respect toward his aged benefactor as he would have shown a mule-driver on the towing-path—or less, perhaps, if the mule-driver were larger than he. Yet the old Bug took little notice of the boy's impudence. The latter even fancied that he saw a twinkle of satisfaction through the old man's goggles, and a smile trying to get a foothold in the corner of his mouth, whenever the shebang became the scene of any new and very original exhibition of boyish deviltry. But the Beetle's face never really lost its gravity, nor betrayed that its possessor was other than the kind-hearted, simple-minded old creature he appeared to be, who might be easily imposed upon, and was altogether too slow to make a living in the junk business. When Job compared the treatment and pay he received with the treatment and pay he deserved, he was at times inclined to believe the old man a trifle insane. In fact, he regarded all disinterestedness as a mild form of insanity.

There was an old bedstead—of course—in the Beetle's stock, and some blankets that had been pawned; and on these it was supposed he slept after a late dinner at a neighboring restaurant. The shebang was opened late in the morning and closed early in the evening, and the proprietor never went to dinner nor to bed until after Job had left it for the night. Before he returned in the morning the Bug had breakfasted and was at his post.

One corner, less dusty and dismal than the others, contained a small table and several goblets. Sometimes Job was required, before going home, to fetch a bottle of wine and a little fruit, and leave them on this table. Occasionally he brought more substantial food than fruit, and in a quantity too great for the capacity of one virtuous old Bug. Job wondered how a junk-dealer of such poor business habits could afford to consume so many delicacies. With his usual modesty he pressed the Beetle

for an explanation one morning while clearing away the remnants of quite a feast. He eyed the boy for a moment in a whimsical manner, turned his face partly away, and said with some feeling, "I sit at night, a lone old man, in this dark and still place, among the things that have found their way to me from so many broken homes and wretched people; and then I think that all the eyes which have read the mouldering books above me are looking at me from the dismal shelves. Over hundreds of these pages the tender eyes of women have been filled with tears. Hundreds of these leaves, faded and dusty, have been turned by hands as smooth and white and sweet as water-lilies. Children, with mouths like rosebuds, have bent their soft faces close to the many margins and fly-leaves on which they have scribbled. My poor old books are like myself—no longer welcomed in any prosperous home, nor sweetened by the breath of children, nor touched by lily hands, nor met by tender eyes. Each pawned article is a proof of want, and so of misery and despair and death. They remind me of my duty. So, when I sit down to my glass of wine at night, alone here in the gloom, I remember the blind girl who sells matches on the avenue, the lame negro who has the dog-cart across the street, the palsied old woman in the next block who can earn nothing. They all lodge within a step, and very often I bring them in. It's jolly to see them eat and drink. When Christmas comes, Job, we'll have a feast that will make them glad till they die. But that is doubtful too, for before Christmas comes again these streets will be red with blood, and we may be destroyed."

Ere the Bug ceased speaking, Job's attention was out at the window and on an unseasonable organ-grinder's monkey; yet his quick ear heard the closing sentences and his keen eye saw a strange smile vanishing from the old man's mouth. This discovery supplied another link in the chain of evidence that the Beetle was insane. How could such a benevolent being laugh while

contemplating death and bloody streets? And did he smile at the prospect of more cripples to feed?

In February, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, when along the Border States some good men were watching the Northern sky and the Southern, like children overtaken by converging tempests, knowing not whither to fly from the whirlwind they knew must follow the meeting of the clouds, Abraham Lincoln ran up a flag at Independence Hall, and asked, without ostentation, if the descendants of Penn would sustain it. Then his sad eyes looked their last on a city of brotherly love, and he went on to his fate.

The day on which the flag was run up at Independence Hall was a wearisome one to the Beetle. He was busy with various small papers at his desk. There was more care than usual on his mind, and Job saw it. The disinterested youth was pained to see him so embarrassed with his accounts, for the sight suggested his failure and the loss of a situation where the disinterested youth was well paid for doing in most things as he pleased while occasionally giving the solid lie to his employer. More wine than ever was ordered for that night; and Job, who was sent home early, went away convinced that the old man's affairs were near a crisis, and that he was now about to go mad entirely and make a grand banquet for the vagabonds in honor of his failure.

The damp night closed over the dismal city. The mists from Murder Bay crept up about the White House, where a timid old man, drifting on the angry current of events like a withered leaf upon a river, thanked God that another day was gone. Legislators sat late beside their fires. To the taxed brains of new cabinet ministers their pillows brought no sleep.

At last the black, chill night turned gray and passed. A strange train swept into the outskirts of the foul city and neared the ghostly, uncertain Capitol, over which the derricks loomed like gibbets in the thick, raw air. A closed carriage rolled rapidly down the avenue,

passed within a stone's throw of the Beetle's humble roof—and Mr. Lincoln's life was saved.

The Southern cloud grew blacker, rose higher, threatened to burst in fire and thunder on the capital. Troops were in motion through the South. Mail communication with it closed on the 31st of May. The North was called to war. The straggling city was a great camp. Couriers galloped through unfathomable mud. The avenues were noisy with braying mules, cracking whips, thundering wheels, drums, cheers and crowding feet. Across Long Bridge the raw troops tramped by thousands.

McDowell had to lead his unknown force against his unknown enemy. The first great battle was fought and lost—we knew not exactly why. No headway could be made, and what the cabinet was whispering in Washington was told aloud in Richmond.

During all this time the black Bug's face, or what little could be seen of it between his queer cap and grizzled beard, showed unwonted earnestness, and even satisfaction. From about the first of June, Job became more busy, the Bug a less indulgent master, and the crooked legs less eccentric in their movements. Job's regard for the Beetle was very much diminished, and relations between the two became less smooth. The boy was sent out to see what regiment had just arrived, whence it came, whither it appeared to be going. He ran to buy the daily papers. He ambled across the street to invite into the shebang a trio of stragglers from some passing company, and perhaps an officer of the line, that they might receive a second-hand revolver at half-price or a gift of moral books for the knapsack, and also gain assurances from the sympathizing remarks and kindly questions of the Beetle that in him, if in no other Washingtonian, the national soldier had a friend.

Mrs. Garrett, whose boarders did call her Mrs. Attic, and whose boarders do call her Mrs. Cockloft, was fortunately born on the right bank of the Potomac. She had qualities that could not have

originated on the left bank of the Potomac. No other woman living could be so sublimely impervious to all the pestiferous facts and ideas which jeopard ancient society. No other woman living could utter "yer" in the place of "here" with equal elegance and unconsciousness; and no woman ever lived who was more determined in spelling public with a "k."

On a moonlight evening in August, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, a calm gentleman in gray and a dyspeptic lady in black sipped a late tea in Mrs. Cockloft's parlor, in company with that august keeper of boarders and preserver of ancient society.

In his youth the calm gentleman in gray had been known as Jacob F. Brown. He was "connected." Of course this fact had added to his difficulties in selecting a profession, his gentlemanly habits having early depleted the purse of his generous old father. After failing at West Point and proving too lazy for the law, he was sent to New England for an education in theology. He became the rector of a country parish in his native county, in time for a brief interposition of his example, his robes, his voice and similar unsubstantial things between the spirit of vandal iconoclasm and the institutions and traditions of his proud and historic Commonwealth—or something of that sort. He bade his flock an eloquent adieu, and accepted, as was said, a confidential foreign agency for the Confederacy. But instead of going abroad, he continued to tarry in Washington, in the society of Mrs. Cockloft. From the date of his consecration to spiritual things his name had been Rev. J. Fairfax Browne, which was a very different thing from Jacob F. Brown.

As the trio sipped their tea, the dyspeptic lady in black related, over her third cup, the lesson she had taught a Yankee officer that afternoon. It seemed she had been shopping, and in coming out of a storehouse had met a New York captain going in. It also appeared that he had been polite enough to remove his hat and open the door on

her approach, and that she had been polite enough to drop a penny in his hat and sweep by in silent scorn.

A calm smile lighted the face of one listener, and a Cocklofty frown darkened that of the other. But both agreed that the hireling had been served right, while they sorrowed gently over the fact that he was not sufficiently a gentleman to fully appreciate the insult.

After a pause the dyspeptic lady in black remarked that the tea was elegant. The calm gentleman in gray added that the crackers were also elegant. The august keeper of boarders and preserver of ancient society still farther stated that nothing could exceed the elegance of the last hominy she had ordered.

Further conversation ensued, which took a physiological turn, and revealed two remarkable phenomena—that the governors of all the Northern States were insane, and that gentlemen were superior to gorillas. The Rev. J. Fairfax Browne also felt that nothing less than the success of the rebellion could relieve him from the painful necessity of doubting the wisdom and justice of Heaven. As he arose to go he received a small package of manuscript from the dyspeptic lady in black.

In the mean time, Job was enjoying himself in Washington. He had not gone home at dark, as usual, for a regiment of Zouaves was arriving, whose gay uniforms and easy manners were so attractive that he had followed them to their bivouac in the Smithsonian grounds. His spirit had been so far roused by association with the passing troops that he had long cheered for the Union, and practiced tattoo on the head of every empty barrel he could find. On this evening he had made final arrangements, without consulting his employer, for joining a regiment as drummer on its march the very next morning.

After dining in a dry-goods box off the contents of a tipsy soldier's haversack, and drinking out of his felt hat at the street pump, he crossed the iron bridge on Seventh street and turned into Murder Bay, with a vague hope of reach-

ing Georgetown in the course of the the night. Passing near the shebang, he thought to astonish the old Beetle by a parting salute in the way of a "bang" against the door. But approaching for this purpose, he saw a glimmer of light shine through a single crack, and paused to first peep stealthily in and see whether the venerable Bug was entertaining the vagabonds or was going to bed. Job was a cool boy, especially when stating his opinions to his employer, but he was more astonished by what he saw now than the Bug could have been by any banging of the door. The Beetle was not there, and in his absence the place had evidently been entered by burglars, two of whom were making themselves at home among the old man's papers.

One of them was forty-five or fifty years of age, and his thin hair was sprinkled with gray. Many of the men marching through the capital that night became well acquainted with his spare face and form during the two succeeding years; and after hearing and buying his patriotic songs in the Potomac camps, were astonished, during the Gettysburg campaign, when they saw him hung up by the neck from the branch of a small tree near Frederick, in Maryland.

There sat also at the Beetle's desk the calm gentleman in gray who an hour before had been sipping tea in Mrs. Cockloft's parlor. A better boy might have called a policeman for the arrest of these interlopers and a search for the missing Beetle. But Job had suspected that something was going on about the place which he was not permitted to know; since the 31st of May his position had not been a sinecure; by daylight he would be marching with a drum on his back; and what better boys would do was generally just what Job would not do. So he silently looked and listened.

The elder of the two insisted that he must start for Port Tobacco, and could not go in the direction of Beauregard's or Johnston's lines: some third person, who should have been in Washington,

had not arrived. While Job heard this, he saw the Rev. J. Fairfax Browne take up an ordinary walking-stick, unscrew the ferule protecting the lower end of it, stuff a tight little roll of French paper into the bottom of the cane and screw the ferule again into its place.

"So you'll try it on yourself?" said the other.

"I must. It's a part of the business that don't belong to me, but you see this news ought to go to-night. The weather is fine—rather too fine—and I'll have no trouble that I'm not prepared for. But I'm not clear about my character."

"Wear your graveyard toggery here just as usual, and be the same old mummy. Just what you want is to be recognized. You know there's but one dangerous point, and the regiment holding that is the very one that knows you best. Some of its officers have been in here, you remember, and half the men can identify you as a first-class old Abolitionist. Of course you'll have reasons enough for being among them. Bluff's your game."

"Well, I reckon you're right," replied the calm gentleman in gray as he took up a pocket mirror and began to touch his face with certain preparations known to every actor, by which his luxuriant black beard became mixed with gray, his fair skin assumed a faded hue and certain wrinkles crept into his cheeks. He now paused to take a parting drink at the Beetle's little table.

One of the men, as he drained the goblet, dropped his hand heavily upon the board, and down upon their heads fell the sash and sword-belt and the clergyman's white surplice, with the bright red stain, like a blood-spot, on its bosom. The two men sprang to their feet, and Job vanished in a twinkling round the nearest corner.

An hour later he was prowling like a wharf-rat along Water street in Georgetown, inspecting all the mill-flumes and water-wheels between the canal bank and the river. A line of muskets flashed in the moonlight as a regiment filed across the Aqueduct—a common road-

way now—on the way to Chain Bridge from Arlington. And following from the Virginia side—notwithstanding the Department order—was the usual squad of fugitive negroes, whom Job called “counterbands.” As he passed the corner of a grist-mill, a few steps aside from the track of the disappearing regiment, he found an old slave on his knees, with clasped hands, trying to express his thanks in prayer. The moon shone on his uplifted face; his wrinkled cheeks were wet; in the dim light a narrow rim of white wool seemed like a halo encircling his bald head. Touching at last the left bank of the river, and thinking perhaps he had reached free soil, he had knelt in Job’s path to thank God. Yet this did not deter that young barbarian from stealing up in the shadow of the mill and startling the old slave from his prayer by tickling the bottoms of his bare feet. But when Job went to bed that night he said thoughtfully to his mother, “Mam, this yer fightin’ ’s fer niggers. I’s made game right smart o’ niggers, but I isn’t gwine to make game of ’em no mo’.”

Another figure emerged from another Georgetown street, and took the river-road ahead of Job—that of an old man who walked with a vigorous step. Job stopped in wonder, scratched his head and mechanically followed the apparition of the missing Beetle. The latter paused at the door of Job’s mother, and gave her the superfluous information that her son might have a holiday, and need not go to Washington the next morning.

The black Bug failed in his attempt to cross Chain Bridge, the guard there having been re-formed that evening of soldiers who had never seen him; and a part of the same detachment was going forward at daylight to relieve the very outposts at which he expected his only trouble. Balked by them now, he feared a second meeting with some of the same men. They were cavalry, and would move fast enough to make this possible, even if he passed them at the bridge without delay. He must abandon the game of bluff.

He turned back toward Georgetown, made a detour through the underwood, and reached the canal and river again a short distance above the bridge. He waded the canal and disappeared behind a clump of bushes. A bundle of thin drapery, containing a black dressing-gown padded to roundness at the shoulders, tied by the belt, and enclosing a pair of goggles and a stone, was thrown into the canal; and in a moment more the old black Bug, the calm gentleman in gray, the Rev. J. Fairfax Browne, descended to the brink of the Potomac, washed the silver from his beard and the wrinkles from his face, and prepared to ford the river.

The moon was now setting. The Virginia shore had become but a black line, blending rapidly with the darkening sky beyond. Nothing was heard except the distant rumble of an ambulance, the muttering of the gloomy river and the cry of an owl in the near wood. The right bank, steep and wooded, was difficult of ascent, and during the intense darkness between the setting of the moon and the dawning of day, notwithstanding his knowledge of the country, the calm gentleman in gray became bewildered. This accident, and the greater caution now necessary, so delayed him that by noon the regiment in which Job had marched was passing him.

The next evening, Job’s mother, hopeful, stolid, ignorant, who had never read a book, sat and smoked as usual before her door on her inverted washing-tub. The Josephine was due at Georgetown, where she now unloaded. “Yer, Izrul,” she said, “jes’ ye git roun’ de curve dur ’n see if de Josephin’s comin’.”

Job’s brother Israel ran on, and looked, in the waning light, far up the towing-path, but the black mules of his father’s boat were not in sight. Still the woman sat and smoked. Her prime of life was passed. No garrulous neighbor was at hand: it was the close of day. A good memory was busy with the past. An imagination of some degree was busy with the future; and in it she saw nothing but her old unvary-

ing toil and monotonous battle for life. The only child who could assist her was gone, perhaps for ever. So barbarous of speech as to be scarce intelligible in domestic talk, none but the Father in heaven could know what filled her mind and heart. But when Israel came back to her he saw a tear run down her face, and thought that some tobacco-smoke had got into her eyes.

She remembered how handsome her husband looked on her first trip in the Josephine, with his brown face and red shirt, as he stood up in the stern. She remembered what a happy tumult the blood made in her veins and heart when, a bride, she sat for the first time on the cabin-roof before him. She remembered the birth of little Job, and thought how fast the years had gone. The descending sun fringed with fire a low cloud which still hugged the horizon against a field of blood-red sky. The birds were seeking shelter. A raven rose along the river and flapped away toward the South.

She shook the ashes from her pipe, but lingered a moment longer and watched the Potomac, flushed with crimson and gold, sweep peacefully away below the Aqueduct, and the sun slide down behind the beautiful Virginia heights, soon to be engrailed with forts and trenches and redoubts.

At last the Josephine appeared through the dusk, and her helmsman, throwing ashore a bundle of black clothing that had become entangled with the tiller, exclaimed, "Yer, ole woman, work up this yer plunder fer the young ones."

As she took the bundle from the ground she kept her eyes fixed in the failing light on a portion of the trunk of a gray sycamore, or what she thought such, drifting by in the river. As the current rolled it over there were tossed above the surface the stiff arms of a dead man, as if he too were clutching for the clothes.

About three o'clock on the afternoon of the first day's march, Job's regiment halted for the night, and the first thing he did thereafter was to straggle toward a farm-house, passing through a jungle

of laurel, oak and chinquopin bushes, sufficient to conceal whoever entered among them. His path was intersected at right angles by another, which at that point led down a slight declivity, and a large pine tree stood at the junction. This he had reached when he noticed a movement of the bushes on his left, and, pausing, he caught a glimpse of the same gentleman in gray he had watched through the chink of the shebang. Job crouched behind the tree. He had not forgotten the events of the last evening, and now for the first time the full truth flashed clearly across his mind. He instantly planned an act which a boy of gentler character and education might not have dared to attempt.

The late Beetle strode cautiously on, and as he rounded the tree, Job darted like a cat between his legs, caught his foot and tripped him so vigorously that the calm gentleman sprawled upon his face, while his walking-stick went spinning down the bank. Job sprang astride his victim, who rolled over, exhibiting a broken nose inquiringly between the drummer's bow legs, like a red interrogation-point enclosed in blue parentheses.

A movement of the gentleman's arm, and Job also went spinning down the bank; but quick as thought he had seized the walking-stick, eluded several grasps and bounded toward his camp, whither the other dared not follow.

"Telegrab in the cane! telegrab in the cane!" That was the frantic shout of Job as he rushed into his colonel's presence, in spite of guards and military etiquette. "Telegrab in the cane!" was all he had breath to say, but before he could be ejected from head-quarters he had unscrewed the ferule, and spread out what he believed to be "telegrab" despatches.

A company of cavalry, followed by infantry, was turned back from outpost duty. A part of the former galloped across Chain Bridge to patrol the left bank of the river, toward which a half-moon of pursuers would soon force the gentleman in gray.

The semicircle of sabres and bayonets contracted with fatal rapidity. Should he attempt to either elude or break it, he would be hanged before dark. With just hope enough to make desperation great, he reached the stream, plunged under the surface, and attempted to cross without exposing more than his head, and that only at intervals. But the water was shallow.

A shot from the bridge told that he was discovered. He saw now that he was awaited on the opposite bank. He clung to one of the bare rocks that dot the water: it could not shelter him. To cross, to stop, to return, each was death. He hesitated; and as he looked up in despair to the sky, a single well-aimed carbine sent a bullet through his breast. He fell. The current took him. A red stain was in the water. A bloody bubble, inflated by the gasps of the dying,

sailed bravely for a time and broke above the dead. The blue tide flowing from the North swept all before it.

When the facts, with Job's testimony, were reported that evening to the Department of War, it ordered secrecy, in the hope of securing others implicated in the nightly business of the shebang, and who would certainly not be caught there if Browne's fate were known. The newspapers, for once, were foiled, and many people of the District wondered why he had disappeared so suddenly from Washington society. Yet scores of them pass, every day, in the streets of the capital, a rough, unkempt young man, with rather crooked legs, who in his own patois is capable of telling the whole story, and whose mother lived to welcome him back to her whitewashed cabin on the bank of the canal.

CHAUNCEY HICKOX.

BERNE IN WINTER.

SOME years ago there appeared in one of our magazines an account of a winter visit to Newport. The writer confessed to a previous belief, probably a very general one, that after the hotels closed Newport temporarily vanished, the houses slid out of sight like the side-scenes of a theatre, the beaches and cliffs disappeared beneath the waves, and a curtain of fog rolled over the whole. A journey thither during this fancied eclipse showed him Nature in a mood of mild melancholy, and a quaint old town whose characteristics come to light when the brilliant pageant of the summer is over. Now, if few of our country-people have made acquaintance with Newport out of the season, still fewer can have crossed the Lake of Constance at the winter solstice or found themselves at Christmas in Berne.

Those who know the capital of Switzerland when the hotels are full, the

streets and promenades gay with guests from all parts of Europe and America, and the stream of Alpine travel flowing through it day and night, while the sun beams down from an azure sky upon vivid green meadows through which rushes the cloudy Aar, the nearer hills dense with the shade of their widespreading woodlands, the purple range of the Jura pleasant to the eye, and the phantom peaks of the Alps white at noon and celestial rosy red at sunset,—those who know this panorama only in the short interval between the early and the later haymaking would hardly recognize it three months afterward. The face of the earth is white, the forests are bare except on the higher hills, where the pine woods shiver under the rime, the sky is sullen-gray with unfallen snow, a thick, cold fog hides the mountains, the bright colors have faded in some mysterious way out of the chalets, and

everything is hard and dry except the Aar, which now speeds along, of a dull, translucent green, between its whitened banks, for the milky streams are frozen up in the bosom of the glaciers. The aspect of the town is still more cheerless. The gray houses look too grim to be homes; the stone arcades which line the streets make the sidewalks dark and chilly as cellars; the fountains fall with a frigid plash into basins coated with ice, and the washing which draws such picturesque groups about them in summer is entirely disused, as an occupation unsuitable for the time of year. A carriage is rarely seen in Berne at any season, owing, no doubt, to the extreme steepness of the approaches and its contracted area—for, except the shabby, straggling quarter on the bank of the river, the town with its rectangular streets stands close and compact on its high and narrow peninsula—so that no sharp sound of horses' feet or lively roll of wheels breaks the dreary silence of the streets.

The hotels look deserted: in reality they are converted for six months into boarding-houses, where foreign families live *en pension*, with the object of giving their children an education whose chief recommendation is cheapness, and their pianos jingle all day long as at a young ladies' school. The representatives of the European powers, very Crusoes of diplomacy, dine at the *table d'hôte* of the Bernerhof, indulging in the *nessun maggior dolore* of reminiscences of Paris, London, Florence or Vienna, while only a chance stranger appears now and then for a single meal to infringe upon their melancholy state. The tri-weekly market makes a stir and crowd in the Rue du Marché for a few hours on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, and on those afternoons the country roads are full of homeward-bound peasants, carrying huge baskets or pushing handcarts, the men all smoking and a little tipsy, the women muffled so as to conceal their national costume. To see these poor creatures, laden like beasts of burden, plodding miles to their cottages or cleaning the streets—a com-

mon occupation of their sex on the Continent—is to understand why the Swiss girls, who are almost all pretty at fifteen, are so hard-favored at twenty.

About a mile from the town, at the foot of a steep ridge, a meadow has been flooded and left to freeze for skating. Thither in the short winter afternoons a few dozen people come to try what can be got out of active exercise. But skating, though an amusement with the Bernese, cannot be classed among their accomplishments: the graces of High Dutch, etc., are quite unknown, and any score of school-boys in America would make a better show. Real skill and high art are seen only when one of the icebound diplomats condescends to strap on his skates, or some young American in his *Wanderjahre* passes that way.

The roads by the river and among the surrounding hills are good, but when the fog does not melt nor the sun shine for two weeks, walking loses all object except the trudge. In the town the opposite sides of the streets are known not as upper and lower, right and left, or by the points of the compass, but as the shady and the sunny side; which means, being interpreted, that on one the sun falls for a few hours daily for a few months—on the other, never. But the impartial gloom of this season drives one indoors. There is a theatre, where operas are given several times a week: during the holidays, *Fidelio*, *Stradella* and *Masaniello* were announced, but our melomania is not to that tune. There is a very good museum of natural history, with excellent botanical and mineralogical collections, but, unfortunately, in the days of our youth Science did not hold her present position in education, and we are too old to learn. There is a picture-gallery, too, in the handsome building where the Diet of the Confederation holds its sessions, but republics are said to be unfavorable to the fine arts: the collection is small and not choice. There are two or three so-called Parmegianos and Domenichinos, naturally the gems of the gallery, but the inflexible integrity

of the national mind compels it to accompany the names of these painters with a point of interrogation in every case.

In this dearth of resources nothing remains but to study Berne itself. Its charms have been celebrated in a work called *Deliciae Urbis Berne*, published at Zurich a hundred and fifty years ago; and though we could not go the lengths of the learned enthusiast, who was here probably only in summer, we found that like every other Continental town it has its full share of what is old and curious. Dark stone stairways pierce the thickness of the obsolete walls, and lead from the lower town beside the Aar to the higher town, which, with its lofty ramparts, looks like a great fort filled up with houses. Bay-windows rich with quaint carving lean over the older streets here and there: fountains of unspeakable grotesqueness lurk in out-of-the-way corners. The cathedral is a fine, flamboyant mass, grandly placed on a terrace more than a hundred feet above the river: it has beautiful old stained-glass windows and sculptures and wood-carving of great spirit, all abounding with hits at the clergy, though it was begun in the fourteenth century and finished by the middle of the following one. The main portal is adorned with statues of the Wise and Foolish Virgins—a favorite subject in Gothic churches of a certain period—and giving the name of Bride-door (*Braut-Thor*) to this entrance; from which half of the parabolical ten, their sisters who have passed through on the way to matrimony must decide. Some of the foolish virgins wear cardinals' hats, but whether this proves them to be the patronesses of celibacy is doubtful.

The cathedral terrace is protected from the sheer descent by a granite parapet, and planted with old trees, in whose midst stands the statue of Berthold of Zähringen, the founder of the town, with his bear. The legend is, that in hunting he came upon an unusually large and fierce bear, and having killed him after a hard fight, founded a city upon the spot, whence the

name, *Bären*, Bears.* The origin of the town certainly dates from the twelfth century, when the dukes of Zähringen held possession of the Rectorate of Burgundy, which included part of Helvetia; and bears have been its tutelary animals in all times. There have been live ones maintained at public expense for over five hundred years. Three hundred years ago the female caused great alarm by giving birth to a pair of white cubs, which was considered portentous: no calamity followed, however. The same thing occurred again early in the present century, when, men's minds being less prone to superstition, it was looked upon as either a phenomenon or a scandal. In 1792 the French, besides emptying the treasury of Berne and carrying off a quantity of richly-inlaid arms and other articles, trophies of the victories over Charles the Bold, led away captive the sacred bears to finish their days in the Jardin des Plantes. There are two fine specimens now dwelling in great state beyond the bridge at the east end of the town, but one sees them everywhere in effigy. On fountains, gateways, church-fronts, on the lintels and doorposts of the dwellings, fighting, carousing, going to school, absorbed in meditation, the symbolic beasts are to be seen in every attitude, from haughty, heraldic rampancy to the most amiable, domestic couchancy, and in every material—granite, marble, wood, gold, silver, gingerbread and sugar-candy. On the great clock-tower they appear as little men-at-arms, and march in procession round the sleepy figure on the throne, who yawns and turns his hour-glass whenever the clock strikes. The clockwork belongs to the last century, but the gateway and tower were built in Berthold's day. He was a man in advance of his times in some respects, and used his power to restrain the tyranny of the lesser nobles over their miserable serfs. He was hated accordingly, and his enemies dealt him a blow worse than

* Etymology, however, refuses to sanction the popular derivation of the name, which is identical with that of *Verona*, the common root being held to indicate a height overlooking a river or surrounded by its folds.

death by poisoning his wife and two sons, his only children. The unhappy man survived them many years, and after a time took another wife, Clemence, daughter of the count of Auxonne, who bore him no children, and had the great ill-luck to outlive him; for after her husband's death she was seized and imprisoned by his heirs-at-law, to keep her out of any part of his possessions. Two emperors of Germany in succession commanded her release and the restoration of her husband's estates, but she remained a prisoner for seventeen years. One fancies the sorrowful woman looking forth from the window of her prison-tower day after day for the help that was never to come, knowing that powerful kinsmen were urging her cause, and that imperial mandates had gone forth in her behalf—perhaps vowing, after the manner of those days, that if God would give her her freedom she would give it back into his hands and finish her life in a convent, and so waiting and looking and fading year after year, until she vanishes like a shadow and leaves no trace, for nothing is known of her fate. Thus the line of Zähringen expired, but its memory survives to the present day. At the east end of Berne a little church stands on the site of Berthold's castle of Nydeck, whose name it still bears, and the noble modern granite bridge which spans the Aar and stretches its three lofty arches across the ravine is called the bridge of Nydeck.

The iron hand of feudalism lay heavier nowhere than on the Swiss mountains and valleys, but from the earliest times the free spirit of the people broke out in constant resistance, and the result of the struggle has been the practical extirpation of aristocracy. The hills and crags are crowned with ruined strongholds, each with its own tradition, and some of them grim enough. On the Lake of Zurich stood the castle of the lords of Toggenburg, of whose line came the faithful knight of Schiller's ballad, who went on a crusade because his ladylove would not smile upon him, and came back in a year because he

could not bear it; and finding that she had taken the veil, built himself a little cell on a hillside above her convent, whence he could see her open her window every morning, and there dwelt until he died. In the thirteenth century lived Count Henry of Toggenburg, who loved his lady too, but in different wise. The Countess Ida was a famous beauty, and as virtuous as Lucretia. One day, however, the count saw her wedding-ring on the finger of one of his retainers. Without stopping to ask questions, he had the man tied to the tail of a furious horse, who was then turned loose, and the countess thrown from the topmost tower of the castle down the precipice on which it stood. In falling she caught at a bush growing in a cleft of the rock, and clung there until rescued. Her escape was considered miraculous, and led to an investigation. It turned out that she had laid her ring on the ledge of an open window, whence it had been carried off by a tame raven: the bird of ill omen let it drop in the courtyard, where it was picked up by the luckless varlet, who, not knowing it to be his lady's, kept it as treasure-trove. Her innocence was thus established and his memory "rehabilitated;" but the Countess Ida's fall had given her a serious turn: she declined to go back to her lord, and took the veil in a neighboring convent.

In the valley of the Aar there is a wooded hill called the Wülpelsberg, and among the trees of the Wülpelsberg are the ruins of a castle begun about A. D. 1000 by a count of Altenburg. It was originally called *Habichtsburg* or Hawk's Hold, but the name degenerated into Habsburg, and thence, toward the middle of the thirteenth century, Count Rudolf came down into the world to seek his fortune. He found it in various ways and places. First, he became heir to the title and estates of the counts of Kyburg, which stretched along the right bank of the Aar opposite Berne. The townspeople had long wished for a bridge across the river, and had bought a bit of land on the other side for the express purpose, but, despite the pur-

chase, Count Rudolf very obstinately refused to allow them to build. They were in no position to contend with so powerful a noble, and appealed to his rival, the count of Savoy—surnamed the Little Charlemagne, although his name was Peter—who was so great a patron of Berne that he was called its second founder. He proposed an interview to discuss the subject. It led to nothing, as Rudolf, to show his indifference, did not rise to receive the count of Savoy. Another meeting was appointed, when the latter took care to be beforehand, and remained seated in his turn. Their mutual dignity being vindicated, they talked matters over; and the end of it was, that the Bernese had their bridge, which answered all purposes until within a few years, when the great Nydeck bridge was built close beside the old one.

Time wore on, and Rudolf of Habsburg found a seat which he was able to retain in any presence, the imperial throne—a loftier one than that on which his descendants of the House of Austria sit to this day, perhaps not so much at their ease. As emperor he showed peculiar favor to Berne, whose power and privileges increased during his reign. But his son and successor, Albert, was otherwise minded, not toward that district alone, but to the whole of Switzerland, whose growing love of liberty was an unwelcome symptom to the representatives of arbitrary power. In his short rule occurred the league of the forest cantons and the supposed feats of William Tell, which recent writers reject as myths. The struggle which followed, with the successive victories and final triumph of the Swiss at Morgarten, is sufficiently matter of history.

Almost the entire nobility and their adherents sided with the House of Austria from jealousy of the growing power of the towns and spread of the confederacy among the cantons, and when the tide of invasion ebbed back over the borders they continued to wage war against their fellow-countrymen. In sight of Berne stands Reichenbach, the

cradle of a gallant breed, which first appears in history in 1298, when Ulrich of Erlach led the Bernese troops and their allies against a greatly superior force of the lords. He gained a signal victory at Donnerbühl (the Hill of Thunder), drove the routed patricians through the Jammerthal (Vale of Woe), and carrying many of their strongholds by assault, burned or razed them to the ground. Half a century later a new attempt was made by the seigneurial party to crush the liberty of Berne. They assembled, with recruits from Alsace, Upper Burgundy and Savoy, in formidable numbers. Berne had only a small reinforcement from the forest cantons and Soleure, but the little army marched undaunted under the command of Rudolf von Erlach, the son of Ulrich, against an enemy of more than double their strength. A bloody battle was fought, in which the lords were totally defeated, and the victory of Laupen stands high among the achievements of Swiss patriotism. Rudolf claimed no recompense, but returned to his paternal acres, where, honored and happy, he spent many years in rural occupations. One winter evening his son-in-law, Jobst von Rudenz, came in, and finding him alone, made an angry claim for his wife's dower, out of which he thought her father's prolonged life kept him unduly. What followed no one knows, until Jobst snatched from the wall the sword that had won the victory of Laupen, and killed the aged warrior on his own hearthstone. No one was at hand, and the murderer fled, but Rudolf's bloodhounds, hearing their master's cries, broke loose and dashed away in pursuit. They returned with bloody muzzles, and no more was ever heard of Jobst von Rudenz. The tomb of Rudolf is in the little church of Bremgarten. His memory is still revered: a fine equestrian statue of him, erected in 1848, faces the cathedral. Nor has his ancient line or its martial spirit died out of the land: the name reappears constantly in Swiss military annals, and between 1790 and 1800, Albert and Charles von Erlach led the Bernese

troops in the ineffectual struggle against the overwhelming odds of the French invasion.

The conflict with feudalism, waged during ages, kept the country in perpetual tumult. The lord of Fardun turned his horses loose into the grain-fields of a peasant named John Chaldar, who, furious at the loss of his harvest, killed them. He was seized, tortured and imprisoned until his family could collect money enough to ransom him of their savage liege master. Chaldar returned to his plough, apparently quite satisfied with getting off so well. One day, however, when he was at dinner with his family, the lord of Fardun entered the cottage. All rose respectfully to greet him, but he looked round in scornful silence, and then spat into the soup. Chaldar, as we have seen, was subject to sudden anger, and, though he had taken his injuries so easily, could not support this insult. He seized his lord by the scruff of the neck, and crying, "You have seasoned the soup, now eat it," ducked his head into the scalding broth, and held it there until he died. Then he rushed out, raised the standard of revolt, and the people flocked together and burned the castle of Fardun, as well as several others. Rude days for gentle and simple!

The nobles slowly lost foothold. They were for the most part deep in debt, and their estates were mortgaged beyond their value. As one after another became impoverished and unable to maintain his rank and state, the nearest town or canton purchased his lands and added them to the public territory. So by degrees the counts and barons were fought out and bought out by the base-born, and although the Swiss have still a great respect for their old families, no prerogative of class is any longer recognized.

Berne, like other places of importance, became at an early date a free city under the protection of the Empire, but governed by its own inhabitants. The guilds here, as elsewhere, soon began to play a prominent part: each had its

own head-quarters, which became clubs or lodges, and gradually taverns. They still exist, many of them as second-class hotels, and are called "abbeys," for no reason that any one can assign. There is the carpenters' abbey, the weavers', the butchers', the bakers'—possibly the candlestick-makers'—and so on to the number of thirteen, several kindred trades uniting to form one corporation. Each bears its insignia and coat-of-arms. Many of the devices are whimsical and grotesque. One of the guilds, with a curious sense of its own merits, has chosen the monkey as its emblem. The aristocratic class is represented by the *Abbaye des Gentilhommes*, formerly known as the *Abbaye des Fous*, or, in the blunter vernacular, *Zum Narren*: its sign is still a fool's head, with cap and bells, and its present appellation in German, *Distelzwang*, or the Order of the Thistle. No explanation is given why a fool's head or the ass's flower should be the only symbol of the gentlemen: there must be some mystery of iniquity and burgher malice at the bottom of it. The porch over the door carries us back once more to old times, for it had the right of asylum, and men flying for their lives from vengeance or justice could take refuge there as at the altar. The "Feast of Fools" is still occasionally celebrated at Berne, a procession of carriages passing through the streets, with masked faces imitative of bears and other animals projecting from the windows. Not many years ago a festival of this kind was celebrated at Bâle on an extensive scale, deputations from all the cantons participating in the ridiculous exhibition and in the sports and carousals that attended it.

The streets of Berne retain many a memento of barbarous days. Down by the river stands the Bloody Tower (*Bluu Thurm*), which tradition says was a seat of the terrible secret tribunal called the *Vehmgericht*. The Jews' quarter is still designated as the *Rue des Juifs*, though there is no Hebrew population. The Jews established themselves in the city in its earliest days, and were tolerated at first, but a hundred years later there

occurred one of those fanatical outbreaks so common in the Middle Ages, in which the rapacity of a few turned to account the superstition of the many. The unfortunate Jews were accused of having murdered a Christian child—a common charge against them—and the people rose, put many to death, hunted out the rest and confiscated their property. After a time they were again allowed to settle there, but new persecutions again drove them forth, and this time entirely out of Switzerland; and to such purpose that in spite of Protestant tolerance there were not a dozen Jewish families in Berne fifty years ago. One of the most curious fountains in the place is called the Ogre, and represents a giant devouring a child: a number more are stuck in his belt and pockets, while a troop of these innocents and little bears, who seem to enjoy equal consideration, are filled with horror and affright. Various explanations are given of the origin of this monument, which is very old, but the favorite one refers it to the Jew panic.

One might suppose that excess of luxury could never have been a cause of anxiety in this country; yet even here, as in Holland, sumptuary laws were thought necessary to restrain the tendency to wasteful display. The "*luxu effréné des femmes*," of which the world has heard so much in late years, became the subject of legislation. In 1470 the rulers of Berne passed an ordinance against the ladies' trains. A great outcry was raised: it was felt that the attack was not on the privileges of sex only, but of caste, the length of the gown being in proportion to the height of the rank. The ladies retired to their castles in the country, and things looked threatening, when the political complications arising out of the rivalry of Charles the Bold and Louis XI. gave the councils other things to think of. The series of brilliant victories won by the Swiss over the former prince, ending in his downfall and death, form the passage in their history on which they most pride themselves, and which is supposed to give

most lustre to their fame. And as military feats they well deserve their reputation. But if we look into the causes of the war, they reflect no credit on anything but the bravery of the victors. The Swiss had no grievance against Charles, nor any just cause of war against him. But the flattery and bribes of their former enemy, Louis XI. of France, who had attacked them when he was dauphin, tempted them to invade Upper Burgundy when the duke's hands were already full, and ravage and pillage his domains. His marching against the Swiss was an act of vengeance, and his defeats at Grandson, Morat and the fatal field of Nancy cannot be considered as justice either natural or poetical. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to feel sympathy with the valiant little folk when one sees the museum of Berne hung with the tapestry strip from the pavilion of this redoubtable warrior, who disdained the hands of kings and princes for his daughter, and kept all Europe at bay. The arras is embroidered with the life of St. Vincent of Saragossa, and St. Vincent being the patron saint of Berne, this windfall was no doubt looked upon as a special providence.

These triumphs had a very unsettling effect upon the national mind. The people acquired an unwholesome taste for fighting and money, and hence dates the restlessness which led them to enlist under alien banners, to carry to foreign campaigns the strength of arm that was needed to clear the forests and till the fields at home, and which in course of time made the name of Swiss a synonym for mercenary. Those who were not fighting abroad were quarreling at home, where a grand occasion of strife soon offered itself in the Reformation.

In the very infancy of Berne the Dominicans had settled themselves there, and soon getting the upper hand among the clergy, continued to hold possession against all comers. Whenever a royal visitor passed this way he was entertained at their convent, where they lived as merrily as their Augustine brothers of the proverbial Ripaille on the Lake

of Geneva. They received a long list of dukes, princes, kings and emperors, and the august guests found the abode so pleasant that they stayed for weeks, and often came back again, sometimes with their wives. The climax of this glory was a visit from Pope Martin V., who, with a large suite of cardinals and bishops, tarried with the brotherhood for a fortnight in May, 1418. The next year their troubles began, for their immorality had become so shameless that women would no longer attend the church. A reform was attempted, but twenty years later, the same scandals being again notorious, many of the monks were disgraced, and a number imported from Augsburg, where it is to be supposed manners were better. At length a controversy arose between the Dominicans and the Franciscans on the subject of the Immaculate Conception—a doctrine upheld by the former and rejected by the latter. The dispute lasted a long time, and awakened all the proverbial *odium theologicum* on both sides. A statue of the Virgin in the Dominican church, which up to that time had been an image of tranquillity, began to wink, weep, and even, under great stress, shed tears of blood. A fanatical, half-idiotic tailor boy, named John Jetzel, a *protégé* of the Dominicans, had a number of ecstatic visions, and finally miraculously received the "stigmata," or wounds of Christ, in his hands, feet and side. When the Franciscans saw their own thunder stolen in such an audacious manner, the stigmata being the peculiar privilege of their patron, St. Francis, they lost patience, and brought the whole business before the government. The tricks and tortures of which the poor tailor lad had been the victim came to light: a couple of openings were discovered behind the emotional statue in the wall of the church which communicated with the convent. There was great excitement throughout the community, and the Dominicans judged it safe to sacrifice a few for the safety of the rest, and picked out four monks on whom they laid the blame of the whole transaction. These

wretches were found guilty of sacrilege, and were burned alive in the summer of 1509, before an immense concourse of spectators.

The Reformation broke out, and no country was more torn and divided by religious strife than this little mountain land. For more than a century it was a field for the intrigues of all the European powers, who made use of religious discussions for political purposes: doge and king and pope and kaiser expended themselves in bribes and threats, while the poor people fought among themselves with the obstinacy and ferocity peculiar to both civil and religious wars. St. Charles Borromeo came in his ardor from Milan into the Engadine, and was the cause of more bloodshed than any other individual: the sufferings of the unfortunate Grisons were fully equal to the more famous persecutions of the Waldenses. Berne was among the very first to embrace the Reformed faith, and showed her zeal in various ways. A fountain surmounted by a statue of St. Christopher, which had long been one of the ornaments of the town, was promptly rechristened Goliath, and a small David set up over against it to settle the question. The inhabitants obstinately refused to adopt the new calendar because it had been revised by the Pope, and as the authorities were in favor of the improved mode of reckoning, the dispute very nearly led to civil war. In 1580 a Papal nuncio presented himself at Berne, but the government immediately dismissed him, and the children pelted him out of the town with snow-balls. In the middle of the seventeenth century the entire independence of the Helvetic Confederation was recognized as an article of the peace of Westphalia; and when the emperor, instead of addressing them, as formerly, "Loyal and beloved allies of our person and empire," began his letters, "Respectable, honored and particularly dear and severe," the Swiss felt that they had gained an immense step. Early in the last century their religious difficulties were finally adjusted. Their history then be-

comes a mere record of wrangling over "states' rights" on a microscopic scale. This had its inevitable effect, and at the end of seventy-five years the French armies swept almost unresisted over the country which for a thousand years had held its own against all the nations of Europe.

Berne enumerates with pride a long list of worthies, of whom, however, the world only remembers the learned Haller, the publicist Charles Victor von Bonstetten (for whom Geneva generally receives credit, that having been his home for many years), and Heinrich Zschokke, who, though not a native, was prefect of the canton, and author not only of the charming pathetic tales by which he is best known, but of some very pleasant and interesting works on Switzerland. Zschokke's history does not go beyond the overthrow of Napoleon, since which the country has by no means been without wars and politics, of which a full account is given by another historian in six volumes; which, taken as a sequel to Müller's work in ten, may be considered a tolerably full record for a country of this size. But meanwhile the romantic physiognomy of the past had disappeared, and we find only the unpicturesque horrors of modern warfare or the prosaic features of modern peace. Castles and chapels vanish before factories and railway-stations, palaces give way to hotels. The stately line of buildings on granite terraces overlooking the valley from the northern side of the town are the Bernerhof, the Hôtel Bellevue and the Parliament-house, erected in 1857.

But of Nature's changes there is no human record. She looked on Kimmerians and Norsemen, Romans and Franks with the same face she wore this New Year's Eve, when all the bells of Berne began their chorus, led by the patriarch from the cathedral-tower, whose sonorous voice, only heard on great occasions, sent pealing tones to the distant hills to proclaim the coming festival. It is the great holiday. There are some pretty Christmas customs of German origin, but the day, though one

of leisure, is not one of merry-making, and falling this time on Sunday, the Calvinistic influence was felt in double force. The morning service is held at nine o'clock, and while the minister in his Geneva gown, capped and ruffed like John Knox himself, holds forth to the shivering congregation, a chain is drawn across the street, that no clatter of passing wheels may disturb their devout exercises. After that the churches are closed until three, and all day long the town seems as deserted and dreary as any New England village on an old-fashioned Sabbath afternoon. New Year coming in on Sunday too, somewhat subdued the general hilarity, which, however, began to get the upper hand toward evening, and was in full swing all the next day. Monday morning dawned blankly on a fog of impenetrable density, but as the day wore on it grew thinner and semi-transparent, and began to waver and part, giving glimpses of a beautiful fairy realm. At noon the last folds rolled away and disappeared, and what a world was revealed! The mist, congealing, had covered everything with a pearly film; the trees were like the silver wood in the princess's dream; along the forest-fronts green pine boughs were softly feathered with white, and the graceful branches of the birch looked like the falling spray of a fountain. Every twig, blade of grass, spike of moss was frost-wrought with the most exquisite delicacy. There was no heavy ice-armor bending and breaking the trees: it was as if a breath had passed over the land, turning every fibre to crystal, and the transformation was so impalpable and ineffable that a single sigh of warm air would have swept it all away. The cloudless sky was pale turquoise-blue—the sunshine faint, like ours on the first spring days, but the still cold was the cold of January; and even when the icicles were a mere fringe like eyelashes along the ledges, no little row of drops beneath told of any genial power in the sun's rays. As the glance ranged across the landscape lying under this spell of enchantment, no harsh outline, no heavy stroke met

the eye: all was aerial lightness and plummy grace, till the view was closed by the chain of the Alps, looking like the outer wall of the world, white from the very base to the crest "as no fuller on earth can white them," and glittering in supernatural brightness. The marvelous spectacle brought many people to the terraces despite the intense cold. Late in the afternoon we climbed the spiral staircase of the cathedral-tower, and stood upon the little stone gallery hundreds of feet above the valley, with several parties of peasants and townspeople who had come up to see the sunset. What a scene! The silvery wreath still lay on every tree and bush, but the

Aar ran like molten gold: long ruby lights streamed across the snow; the lower hills were purple, with haloes round their heads, and the wondrous white brotherhood of the Bernese Alps stood with their brows bathed in glory. We gazed and gazed, and could have gazed for ever, but the hues changed and waned and vanished, until only a fading flush lingered on the sharp peak of the Finster-Aarhorn, and a single star looked over the shoulder of the Jungfrau. Then down into the darkness of the tower stair, the mental vision alight with the shining of an imperishable memory.

SARAH B. WISTER.

CURIOSITIES OF THE "PAY STREAK."

OUR "Pay Streak" in California ran over the river's bottom; it was thinly spread on the upland plain; it burrowed in the mountain's heart and under its very foundation; it ascended to the hill-tops; it dived deeply into the earth, far deeper than we could follow it.

In the earliest days of gold-mining we established certain auriferous geological laws. It was legitimate that gold should be found only in certain locations on the river banks, in the bed, in gulches or flats, on riffles and bars. But gold was no respecter of these laws. There is near Columbia, Tuolumne county, a very large flat, over a mile in diameter and perhaps four in circumference. It has been immensely rich. It is surrounded on all sides by hills. One day, some nineteen or twenty years ago, a negro walked over this flat. He had just arrived in the country: he had come to dig for gold. He approached a party of miners at work, and asked them where he had better dig. These were geological miners. They held that gold should be found only in flats and low places. They were also white

miners. White miners some nineteen years ago felt themselves at full liberty to expend their rough humor over a solitary inquiring negro; so they told him that good diggings might be found up on yonder hill, pointing to one of the highest in the neighborhood, as yet untouched by pick or shovel. It was a good joke thus to send Ethiopia up the barren hill that hot summer's day, the mercury standing at one hundred in the shade. Ethiopia confidently went, dug, perspired and opened one of the richest claims in Tuolumne.

Caucasia heard of it. The grin faded from her features. She dropped her picks and shovels, ran from the plain, ran up that hill, and in twenty-four hours it was entirely staked out in claims. Ethiopia had some trouble in preserving the integrity of his own legitimate mining boundaries. Caucasia ever after that was careful how she joked with inquiring negroes as to the locality of "diggin's." She also lost confidence in her geology.

That hill and all the surrounding hills, and the flat below, are now covered with

great red gashes and scars, incisions made by the miner in Earth's bosom. He has lowered the entire plain some fifteen feet. He has dug as far as possible between thousands of great water-worn, curved, pinnacled, curiously-shaped marble boulders, stained yellow without, but in color white within. It seems a Titanic graveyard. It seems as though in some past time a mighty surf had for ages beat upon these rocks and worn them to these curved and rounded forms. No bottom has been found. There still remain great stores of gold below, but water and rock together oppose the miner's progress. It requires an outlay of two dollars to dig out one. Fifteen years ago it was covered with men, carts and horses. Columbia was one of the busiest of camps, having a population of six or seven thousand people. From the town there issued daily an army of workmen, and the road at evening was filled with them returning. To-day, you may look over this denuded waste of boulders, and here and there is seen a man digging away, a lone sexton in the Titanic burying-ground. Columbia has dwindled to two or three saloons and as many stores. Two-thirds of the town have disappeared. As to inhabitants, the streets have died out at the ends like withering stalks. Houses of wood rot and the roofs tumble in: houses of brick, long empty, crumble and gap with widening cracks.

Once they had a spirited volunteer fire department. In our golden days these mining towns had to burn down once or twice before they reached a permanent footing. There were resident old firemen from New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and other cities. These, of course, soon crystallized into companies. They bought "machines," ran with them, polished them, petted them, and sometimes fought for them. But the engines remain unused and rusted—the engine-house doors stand wide open day and night. There is but little to burn. The "boys" left years ago. There is left in the town proper scarce sufficient population to man the brakes. The streets in many places

have been dug up for gold, so that the area of town territory over which our engines could be run yearly grows more limited. It is now scarcely advisable to extinguish a fire. The lot for mining purposes is more valuable than the house. These are features peculiar to nearly every *placer* mining town in California. Columbia past and present is one of the curiosities of the "Pay Streak."

The flat of which we speak was located on the "Limestone Boulder" range. It ran many miles through the country, bearing always the marks of water-wear, and having an average width of two miles. In this range the bottoms of our prospect-holes, at the depth of forty or fifty feet, used occasionally to tumble out or in, as you please: they tumbled into a subterranean river. There were many evidences that one flowed in this section of country, burrowing thousands of feet under mountain, river, valley and plain. Near Vallecito, distant some twenty miles from Columbia, the miners ran for years millions of tons of earth and stone, the refuse of the gold-washings, into an earth-fissure at whose bottom water could be heard gurgling and rushing. It was never filled up. It was once determined to explore it. A small boat was built for navigating the underground channel. Johnny Ward, half miner, half gambler, the most polite and the grittiest and most reckless man in the southern mines, volunteered, and was lowered down many feet into the dark and unknown depths. But the Styx crept and moaned and fled into fearful and impassable channels. Johnny Ward was drawn up, and no man has ever since gone down.

The gold found in the "Limestone Boulder" range, near which I have lived, was worth one and two dollars more per ounce than that dug from other and near localities. Columbia gold brought near nineteen dollars per ounce: Stanislaus River gold, only two miles distant, might bring but seventeen, owing to its greater alloy with silver or some baser metal. The dust from differ-

ent camps but a few miles apart bore many different valuations. The buyers could tell at a glance where it was dug. They told by certain indications in color and in the shape of the grains. River dust was flat and scaly: it was so worn, being ground between the rolling boulders on the bed of the stream for centuries. Gold from the higher flats and gulches of the dry diggings was coarser: the angularities of the grains were not entirely worn smooth. Dust from some camps would hold white sand, others black. Strange dust was like strange coin. A Tuolumne county retail provision-dealer might be as much puzzled to fix the proper valuation on Stanislaus county dust as on an ancient Hebrew shekel. Each camp dealt mainly with its own dust: miners seldom traded outside of certain boundaries.

The "Limestone Boulder" range produced large nuggets. One day in 1857 an idle miner, while sauntering about the outskirts of Columbia, sat down under the shade of an evergreen oak. He was out of luck, "broke," discouraged and disgusted. He sat there under that tree, and with his stick poked and pried at such stones as were lying within reach embedded in the red earth. A certain earth-stained piece of rock seemed much heavier than the rest: he could scarce pry it over. He rose and attempted to lift it. It was very heavy. His heart began beating very fast. Clearing one side of the earth, he caught sight of the dull yellow color of native gold. It was a ten-thousand-dollar lump. He was on the stage the next morning, bound for the East.

Nuggets and mixed gold and quartz in pieces weighing several hundred dollars were often lost by being "forked" out of sluice or tom and deposited with the pile of "headings" or refuse rock which remained after the earth was washed away. Many such a piece remains to-day in the long-deserted gulches.

"Old Alick," living at Jamestown, made the better part of his living for years by picking over these piles of stone. His intellect in quantity and

quality was exactly fitted for such occupation. There was only mind enough to dribble along in one narrow little channel, so that it could all be easily concentrated at once on a single stone. A richer and more active intellect might have been diverted from the necessary scrutiny of each and every pebble by other thoughts. "Old Alick" had none other: hence he was lucky: seldom a week passed but he found a "chispa," or a ten or twenty dollar gold-and-rock-mixed pebble. This saved him the necessity of further labor for several days. He was not an extravagant man: a dollar's worth of pork, a dollar's worth of flour and ten dollars' worth of whisky would last him a fortnight: then his dulled and rum-demented intellect once more, day after day, pored over the stones.

The gold-bearing rivers had in some past age left channels and gravel deposits up on the mountain sides which formed their banks: they left them often forty or fifty feet above their present level. Such deposits often proved very rich. But they were very exasperating. These pay streaks would cease as suddenly as they commenced. The base of one mountain was a "gravel lead:" the base of the next, half a mile below, was but bare, barren granite. Always on the lookout for some manner of "indications," the miner became a rough sort of geologist. A smoothly-washed pebble or boulder in some unusual locality might excite him almost as much as the dull yellow nugget itself. Gravel was next door to gold.

There was the "Point Claim" at Indian Bar, Tuolumne River. A mountain had here stepped in the track of the stream, which flowed in a great semicircle around it. A spur at this mountain's base was composed of "river-washed gravel." From 1853 to 1858 the Point Mining Company there labored. They washed the spur entirely away. Where were banks covered with evergreen oaks and blooming in the spring-time with the many blossoms of the California forest, there were left only a bare yellow ledge and immense heaps

of cobble-stones. The soil had been washed through the sluices into the river. It was deposited in thin yellowish streaks hundreds of miles below, on the low flat plains of the great San Joaquin Valley; so at last the Point was declared worked out: the company broke up. Some went to Cariboo; some to Arizona; some to their Eastern homes. Indian Bar declined, and finally lost its dignity as an electioneering precinct. A few men remained. They were neither industrious nor sober. They were content to grub on the gleanings left by the Point Company, making perhaps a dollar or two per day. That furnished them with flour, beef, and what was of more consequence than all, whisky. More gold in California has been dug for an inferior article of corn whisky at two dollars per gallon than for any other article of food or drink. They lived in rude cabins with stone fireplaces and mud-plastered chimneys. They went clad the year round in dun-garee pants, gray shirts and cowskin boots. The foot-hill climate makes no great demand on the clothing-store, although men so dressed live in sight of the eternal snow on the higher Sierras five or six thousand feet above them and a hundred miles away. One day a "Pointer," an old sailor from Boston, Jones by name, who had dug and drunk up three or four small fortunes, concluded to prospect a streak of gravel a few inches in thickness left at the base of the old Point Company's worked-out bank, which was twenty-five or thirty feet in height, and perhaps as far above the river. Jones dug a panful, washed it and found gold—about a "bit" prospect. He dug a little deeper and found more gold. He bored still a little deeper into the mountain's base, and discovered that the hard, blue granite ledge pitched downward, instead of rising up and barring his progress. He found the gravel-streak growing wider and richer as he advanced. In a week, Jones and his comrades knew they were once more rich men. They knew they had struck an old river-channel. From their "coyote hole" was taken out as

much as forty ounces per day. And what did they? Improve the opportunity which Fortune had once more flung them? No. They proceeded at once to celebrate the event. They bought whisky by the barrel, and drank it by the pint. In a year's time one had been drowned; another had perished of delirium tremens; another had killed his wife and fled the country. Eventually, a shrewd, patient individual, who had been there from the first of the "strike," bought of them their claims for sums ranging from two hundred to two thousand dollars. He went to work systematically, bored, tunneled, blasted, and in two years' time he had in his pocket two hundred thousand dollars, and another piece of the Indian Bar Mountain's base, an eighth of a mile in length, two hundred yards in width and from sixty to one hundred feet in height, had disappeared, run off in red mud—gone to fertilize the plains below.

For two or three years, I, while mining a mile or so above this claim, had worked hard and hopelessly for a couple of dollars per day, wondering if it would ever be my lot again to mingle with the world, and get out of this remote corner in which I was shut in by poverty. I had, on my way to and from the Indian Bar store, time and time again, walked over this piece of ground: I had more than once prospected it, thinking from certain wash-gravel indications that gold might be there. But it was not there deposited for me. So, when at last this deposit was found, and by somebody else, and the "boys" used to come to my cabin and talk by the hour of its richness, how in the dark tunnel the golden flakes could be seen glistening by the candle's light (a sight very rarely seen in the richest dirt, for gold is very chary in revealing itself to the eye), I used to become internally provoked and aggravated and disgusted. What was all this richness to me? None of it was mine. I had sought it too in that very spot, and mourned because I found it not. I would never visit the rich claim, to be further aggravated as John San-

born, the lucky owner, exhibited to the hungry crowd his iron pan with forty yellow ounces at the bottom, the result of a single day's work.

But old Jones, the Boston sailor, stayed there contentedly, "rocking" his dollar and dollar and a half per day from the bank after he had lost all title in the claim he had discovered. He excused his business injudiciousness in selling out, even while the gravel promised so richly, by saying it was too much money for him to have anything to do with. It certainly did ruin and destroy his three partners. Jones stayed and saw Indian Bar again worked out. He lives near there now. It costs Jones yearly about twenty dollars for clothing; one hundred will feed him: the balance which he wrests from the red soil helps the distilleries and the Internal Revenue tax on whisky and tobacco. Jones is one of the Curiosities of the Pay Streak.

One pay streak—one of former days and long since worked out—lay in the crevices of the bare, rocky river banks. The miners went forth provided with a sledge, a pick, a pan, a short crowbar, a piece of iron hoop bent at one end, a little broom made of twigs, and "creviced." They explored the ledge along the river banks, and wherever they saw a promising crack or seam in the rock, they pried it with bar, smote it with sledge, laid it open, drew forth the long-lodged dust of ages, spoonful by spoonful, hauled it out in pinches with the iron scraper bent at one end, and swept the surface clean with the little broom. To get at these crevices sometimes twisted a man's anatomy in all manner of shapes. I have lain half a day in the attitude assumed by Nebuchadnezzar when he became herbivorous, head downward on an inclined plane, my right arm reaching as far as possible down the crevice and bringing up little hauls of the dirt. There was always a little left at the bottom, just out of one's reach, a little richer in gold than the rest. An entire day of such bone-and-muscle-aching labor might furnish but two or three pans. It might wash out four or

six dollars. We were gleaming the leavings of '49. Then they pried ounce nuggets out of these same crevices with their jack-knives.

"Crevicing" was hot, hard work. Gold in these seams was often found twenty-five or thirty feet above the level of the river. We worked in steep, rugged, narrow cañons, where it was difficult to obtain a foothold—where there might not even be a bit of rock sufficiently level on which to deposit the pan with its precious contents. Tom Scott was a tough little wiry man, of an impulsive disposition. Thomas, one long, hot California summer day, had so worked, scraped, pried, swept, dusted and accumulated a painful of dirt, which he felt would "pan out" richly. A miner often feels in his bones whether his luck will be good or not: Thomas felt this and a great deal more in his bones, for in order to get at this crevice he had been obliged all day to resolve himself into a deformity, and bone and sinew protested against it. Just as he was withdrawing his last spoonful of yellow mould he heard a metallic clattering over the rocks. He turned, he looked: there was pan, dirt, day's work and all sliding down those steeply inclined banks into the river. The pan dived from the rocky edge into the deep, still waters of the cañon: it disappeared, and then all was still as before. All save Thomas Scott, who, starting, seized his crowbar and hurled it as near as possible into the ripples of the sinking pan, saying, "There! you may as well go and keep the pan company!" The setting sun lingered for a moment at the western mouth of the cañon with a broad grin on his countenance, and a disgusted man, less his accustomed implements for crevicing, clambered over the rocks and along the steep edges home to his lonely supper.

Full thirty miles through Tuolumne county runs an immense wall, its sides in many places perpendicular, in others slightly inclining. It has an average height of three hundred feet. You may walk on the long level top as on an immense rampart, over a floor seemingly

composed of iron and lava, rough and corrugated like metal too suddenly cooled. It sounds hollow and metallic under your tread, as if caverns were beneath—great air-bubbles perhaps, formed in cooling. From the eastern edge may be seen the smoke of a dozen decaying mining-camps nestled in the gulches, and still farther and over beyond the eye falls on the distant Sierras where they encircle the Yo-Semite Valley. Northward, there are seen the pine-clad slopes, looking almost black at this distance, which surround the basin wherein stand the great trees of Calaveras. Westward, glimpses are caught of the yellow, misty, river-flashing expanses of the great San Joaquin Valley. We stand on Table Mountain.

Under us, in the foundation of this mountain, is the channel of a dead river. The miner, piercing the underlying slate ledge for hundreds of feet, has bored into it, and is still busily engaged year after year in scooping out the auriferous gravel heart of the long, narrow mountain. It is rock at the bottom, rock on the sides, rock at the top and gravel within. Every carful of earth drawn out of this great iron-and-stone coffer contains tree-trunks and branches—some petrified, some in their natural state. Human bones and stone implements are also unearthed. It holds a rich pay streak, in places, of a grayish or blue gravel, often so full of clay as to be difficult to wash. Sticky, round pellets, rolling down the sluices, lay hold of the golden grains already lodged in the riffles, and snatch them out. We now throw this tenacious earth into wet

hoppers, where it is torn to pieces by sets of revolving iron teeth.

This wall is pierced with miles of tunneling. From 1849 to 1853, Table Mountain's interior remained all untouched. Many thin pay streaks of gravel, mixed with black soil, were found at its base and on its more gently inclined sides. Stratas of gravel strangely cropping out between the upper and lower ledges were tunneled. Gold was found in them. But the heart of the mountain was wet: the dripping waters drowned the miner out. It was necessary in nearly every Table Mountain claim that the "rim-rock" be bored low enough to drain this "seepage." This cost many a miner years of hard labor, years of debt, years of coarse food and years of ragged garb. When first the existence of gold within the mountain was proved there was a rush for claims. It was taken up from end to end over thirty miles. Every fortunate holder at once set to work and attacked the hard foundation-rock. The months and the years rolled on: some became discouraged and quit; some penetrated the stony rind, reached the coveted gravel, and found it paying but two or three dollars per day where they expected two or three hundred: perhaps one company out of ten found a paying claim, and half of these wasted their profits in litigation. Some of the future generation, content to work for two dollars per day in natural, uncoined gold currency, will find employment in the gravel bowels of Table Mountain, one of the greatest Curiosities of the "Pay Streak" in California.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

THE MURDER STONE:

A ROMANCE OF ENGLISH LIFE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY SIR CHARLES L. YOUNG, BART.

CHAPTER I.

FAR away from London, in the north of England, more than a quarter of a century ago. A hot, still night—not a leaf stirring. There is no sound to mar the perfect silence that reigns over the sombre woods—no footfall along the deserted road—no distant echo of a human voice. Now and again the sad screech-owl moans to an absent mate, or a large bat darts across the path: there are no other signs of life. Few are the marks of horse or cart upon the surface of that desolate road, once the great high-road, but a shorter cut has been made between town and town; and where once the four-horsed coaches used to rattle gayly by, the timber-cart groans drearily twice or thrice a month; and grass and weeds flourish unchecked, and the king's highway is little better than a wide glade in the midst of woods.

"Better so," old peasants whisper when you speak of it to them—"Better so, for a curse is on the place." Let no one whose nerves are not braced up to bear strange sights and weird sounds linger here when Night folds the thick woods in her impenetrable shade. Even in the blazing noon the very birds sing with notes less gay than elsewhere; and the rustic hurries on, nor ever stops to rest and take his mid-day meal. No rabbits burrow beneath the untrimmed hedges that line the grass-grown road—the fox and polecat seek here in vain for prey. Winter's wild storms rage more wildly here, and sweet Spring shudders as she decks reluctantly and with sparing hand the trees and shrubs; hot Summer glares upon the scene; sad Autumn comes and frowns, and sheds her brownest gloom.

A hot, still night. The low, full moon, new risen like a vast red globe of sullen

fire, pierces the dark shades, and pours a dreadful light upon a brown and rough-hewn stone that stands beside the disused road—reared there years ago to bear a solemn testimony to a black history of crime. Look where that snail has left its glittering slime, and just below read these words: "Here Ralph Glascodine was murdered." There is a date, but nothing more.

What more could have been engraved? For beyond the fact that in the stormy twilight of a wild autumnal evening the body of the master of Glascodine Chase was found horribly mutilated upon this very spot, no one, save one, knew anything. He had left the Chase that day full of life and strength, but was never seen alive again. Suspicion never tracked to his doom his mortal enemy, and the awful tale was thus graven upon the Murder Stone.

A good many years have passed since I first went abroad. Continental traveling in those days was considerably different from what it is now. Interlachen did not bear the disagreeable resemblance—so far as society is concerned—to Margate or Ramsgate which it does now. People did not walk up and down Mont Blanc quite so frequently as appears to be the custom now. Bass's pale ale at two francs the bottle did not form an indispensable item in every *carte de vins*, and there was no hotel on the top of the Rigi. The British tourist, though certainly not a rare animal, was not met with then under such multitudinous and diversified forms as at present. Hotels had not sprung up like mushrooms, and one could travel a considerable distance without encountering the natives of our dear island-home in such swarms as one cannot choose but encounter now. And,

on the whole, I am inclined to think that the brave Swiss of that epoch bore a less striking moral resemblance to the typical Jew whose sole object in life is supposed to consist in getting money anyhow. I am not prepared to say that those were better days than these—such considerations are beside my purpose in writing this story: I desire merely to give the facts of a strange narrative in which it was my lot to find a place.

I had only recently taken my degree at Oxford, and before entering on the profession to which I was destined, it was thought right that I should see something of the men and manners that existed on the other side of the British Channel; and for that purpose my excellent father supplied me with ample means, and I went abroad. After having exhausted Paris, I explored the banks of the Rhine—a river whose charms and scenery and legends were thought rather more of then than now—and eventually found my way into Switzerland; and at the time this story commences I was sojourning at Thun. Railways, steamboats, cockneys have made no difference in the beauties of that fairy spot. Cook's excursionists in all their motley cannot dim the radiance of the calm blue lake and rushing river, or sully the solemn purity of the majestic Blumlis Alp. Now, as ever, that place still holds in my memory the prize of serene beauty above all the other scenes I have since visited, and here it was that I first saw the woman in whose tragedy I unwillingly bore a part.

I think I had been at Thun about two days, and on the third evening I strolled up the hill behind the hotel, and by and by found myself upon a broad piece of rock which stood out boldly from the wood, and from whence I could command a splendid view of lake, river and mountains. I sat down, and remained I know not how long in a state of dreamy delight. A sense of the most perfect repose was over all the scene; and as the sun went down, leaving behind him warm tints upon the silent snow, it was impossible not to feel some

notion of what the quiet calm of Paradise might be. But this could not last long: the rose-colors faded as they came, and the eye wandered over wide white wastes, and rested sadly upon the stern gray cliffs. And then there came a sense of solitude upon me: the blue waters of the lake took a more sombre hue. I could not repress a shudder, and I rose up with the intention of returning to my hotel; but as I turned I found that I was not alone: close beside me I saw a lady standing. She seemed hardly to have noticed me at first: her eyes—large gray eyes—were fixed upon the distant ice-clad summits, and for a moment I gazed spell-bound upon her matchless face. It was a face in full harmony with the darkening grandeur of the scene around me, and I felt that I had never looked upon anything so beautiful before. Another moment and she withdrew her gaze from the Alps, and her eyes for an instant met mine: then she turned away and began to descend the hill. I did not follow her immediately, but from where I stood I could watch her descending the zigzag path. From that time I felt but one absorbing interest—to know who and what she was.

Now, I had never enjoyed the felicity, or infelicity, of being in love. I had not even experienced those sensations which, I am told, are common to youthful and poetical spirits, of idolizing and rapturous joy in being in the vicinity of what, at an early age, is generally considered supernaturally lovely; and therefore perhaps it was that I did not understand the meaning of the thrill of pleasure I experienced when gazing on this lady's face, nor why I looked forward with such eagerness to seeing her again. After having thought about her for a quarter of an hour, I hastily descended the hill, in some vague hope that I might find her at the hotel.

The porter met me in the hall and told me that a gentleman had been inquiring for me. This gentleman, it appeared, had seen my name in the *Livre des Étrangers*, and had asked whether I had left Thun yet. Ah, here was the

gentleman! I turned round, and was greeted by an old college friend, Weyland by name.

"Delighted to meet you, old fellow!" he exclaimed as we shook hands heartily. "Since I left Rome I have not met a soul I know."

"Nor I since I left England," I returned. "I have been away for six weeks, and have been longing to find a friend."

"Only six weeks, Hartley! I seem to have been away six years! I have been wandering about Egypt and Palestine, and all sorts of queer places. I have been introduced to the Pope, and so-journed with a pasha in Lebanon. You have dined, of course: so have I. Come, let us have our coffee and a quiet cigar in the garden, and we will have a good chat." Accordingly, we gave the order, and retired to a quiet part of the garden that overlooked the river. Here we found a sort of summer-house, and we sat down comfortably. The daylight was fast dying away, and the moon was rising above the mountains.

Weyland was my senior by a couple of years. He had taken his degree at the university some time before me, but we always continued our intimacy, though, as he had been traveling in the East, I had heard nothing of him for more than six months; and very glad I was to meet him at Thun. He was one of those genial, light-hearted men who never seem to know what low spirits are, though he could at times be as serious and grave as need be. We talked on many subjects; and at last I questioned him as to how he had enjoyed his winter in Rome, who was there, etc. It had been a very gay winter, he told me—a larger proportion of English than usual.

"And you have not contrived to lose your heart yet, Weyland?" I asked, laughing.

"There is safety in numbers," he returned. "I assure you there were so many pretty girls that it was impossible to fall in love with one more than another. Indeed, I rapturously adored at least half a dozen."

"Was there no one supereminently beautiful?"

"No: it was a very even race. Stay, though! There was one woman in Rome last winter who certainly bore away the palm so far as physical charms were concerned. I cannot say more, as I did not know her to speak to."

"How was that?"

"She did not go out much—at least, not in English society. And the English—no one seemed exactly to know why—rather kept aloof from her. She was an Englishwoman, though she rejoiced in a Spanish title."

"Some scandal about her, I suppose?"

"Nothing tangible, nothing definite, so far as I could learn. Some people hinted that she was a passionate gambler; others went so far as to suggest poisoning as her peculiar *forte*; others maintained that she was a celebrated *divorcée*; but nobody knew anything for certain."

"A very romantic beauty she must have been! You make me quite curious. What was she like?"

"The first time I saw her was one morning when I happened to be out before breakfast, walking on the Pincian Hill. It was soon after Christmas, but the weather was superb, and I sat down and reveled in the delicious view over St. Peter's and Monte Mario. For some time I was quite alone: then suddenly I heard footsteps slowly coming toward me, and I looked up and saw as majestic a woman as I have ever seen in the most impassioned paintings; and when I could accurately discern her face she seemed to be the realization of all that youth and poetry had ever dreamed of. She did not appear to notice me, but passed on, her eyes bent upon the ground, and sat down upon a seat at some little distance from me. She rested her cheek upon her hand, and seemed as absorbed as I had been in the contemplation of the glorious scene. I could not help it. I rose from my seat almost involuntarily, passed slowly before her, and, rude as it might seem, took a good look at her. She had masses of that really black hair so

seldom seen; the shape of her features was faultless; her complexion most beautiful, though somewhat pale: she had large gray eyes— Why do you start?"

"Your description reminds me so strongly of a lady I saw this evening up in the wood yonder, behind the hotel."

"Indeed! It is quite possible the marchesa is at Thun. I should know her in a moment if I caught the slightest glimpse of her."

"Her beauty fascinated me as much as it did you at first sight, and, to tell you the truth, Weyland, I was just going to institute delicate inquiries about her when I met you at the door of the hotel. What can you tell me more about her?"

"Nothing, I am afraid, which it would do you much good to learn," returned Weyland, smiling. "Gossip, as I have hinted, was tolerably busy with her. I remember it was said, among a hundred other things, that wherever she went her footsteps were always dogged by a man from whom she could not escape. It was said, too, that one or two passionate admirers had disappeared in an unaccountable manner. Altogether, I should scarcely choose the marchesa for my dearest friend."

"And yet you know nothing positive about her?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Then your suspicions may be wrong?"

"Aha! you have evidently seen her, and find it impossible to believe that she can be anything but the best and purest of womankind."

"Oh, I don't think the lady I saw in the wood can really be the same person."

"Very likely not," said Weyland dryly: "however, it can't make much difference to us either way. Are you going to stay much longer in Switzerland?"

"Next month I am going to the Italian lakes," I answered. "I have never asked you yet how long you intend to stay here."

"I regret to say that I must go forward to-morrow morning," he replied. "The

fact is, I am obliged to hurry home. Some little time ago a distant relative of mine died, and was good enough to leave me a little place in the north of England, and I must go back and attend to certain business-matters which, it appears, decline waiting any longer."

"Are you going to turn farmer?" I asked, laughing. "I don't think I can quite fancy you burying yourself in the country."

"I am not at all sure that I sha'n't make a very good squire," answered Weyland. "I have been studying agriculture in many countries, and I mean to try some wonderful experiments in the vegetable line. This time next year my big gooseberry will beat all the other big gooseberries put together."

"I shall be anxious to see it. I'll write a sonnet to it, and it shall be published in the Poet's Corner of the local journal."

"I tell you what," said Weyland, seriously: "you must come and see me when I have shaken comfortably down. I know you go in for the literary line: there is no end of wild or romantic country about this place of mine, to say nothing of the Murder Stone."

"The Murder Stone! What is that?"

"I congratulate you on not making the obvious joke about a blood stone: I really was afraid you would. I shall keep all the particulars till I welcome you as my guest. To tell you the truth, I am not very clear about them myself just now, and I must have a talk with the oldest inhabitant on my return. I must tell you that I have not seen this place of mine—Caine Warren it is called—for many years. I am afraid that, on the whole, it is rather dull, for my neighbors are few and far between. My nearest neighbor, by way of making things pleasant, never sees anybody, and is seen by no one."

"Old and bedridden, I suppose?"

"Not a bit of it: I don't believe he is ten years my senior. I have heard that there is some queer romance about him. This Murder Stone, I ought to tell you, is just on the borders of his property, and the story connected with it has

something to do with his family. So far as he himself is concerned, I believe the story is, that he became desperately enamored of a very beautiful young lady whom he met in rather questionable society in London or Paris. It is said that she never cared much about him, but he regularly bought her, and from the moment she married him he was so frightfully jealous about her that he kept her out of all society. This line of conduct, not unnaturally, did not exactly please madame; and in spite of her lord's vigilance she contrived to fascinate somebody else: I am not sure if it was not some old lover who contrived to turn up. However, the husband found it all out, and there was a terrible scene: she bolted, and he has ever since secluded himself entirely. Some gossips say that there was a duel without witnesses, and that he killed his rival, who, however, succeeded in horribly mutilating his face; and what with the death upon his conscience, the unfaithfulness of his wife and his own spoiled beauty—for he was very handsome—he has thought it best not to appear in public."

"I should like to see him," said I. "We will prow! about his place, Weyland, and try to draw him from his lair."

"Oh, certainly: I think neighbors ought to be sociable. But it is getting late: I have been traveling all day, and am pretty well done up, and I have to start for Bâle early."

We rose from our seat overlooking the river, and strolled silently through the garden toward the hotel. We had to pass through the deep shade of some trees, and when within a few yards of the door I laid my hand on Weyland's arm, and we both paused. He was about to speak when I checked him and pointed to an open window upon the ground floor. There, with the silver light of the full moon streaming down upon her face, was the woman I had seen on the hill. Weyland bent his eyes upon her for a moment, and then whispered, "It is she." We then passed on into the hotel, and I went up with Weyland to his room.

"You saw her plainly," I said. "You are sure that it is the same lady that you saw in Rome?"

"It is the Marchesa Levada beyond a doubt," he answered.

"She is an Italian, I suppose?"

"Didn't I tell you? Oh no: she is an Englishwoman. I have not the slightest idea what nation her husband belongs to. Indeed, I do not know if such a personage is in existence. She was alone at Rome."

I stayed and talked about indifferent matters for a little while, but Weyland was evidently thoroughly tired, and I soon bade him good-night. I was up early next morning, and saw him start. Absurd as I could not help owning it to myself to be, I was rather glad at being alone again. I felt an absorbing desire to become acquainted with the beautiful marchesa.

Hardly knowing what I was about, I sauntered away from the hotel and wandered about the woods, and soon found myself climbing the hill as on the previous evening. By and by I arrived at the open place whence I had watched the glories of the sunset. I was slightly astonished to find that the seat was already occupied. A man was sitting there—a gentleman, apparently, and, if I might judge from his general appearance, an Englishman. He turned his face toward me as I approached, but regarded me only for an instant, and fixed his eyes again upon the Alps; but in that brief moment I saw his features well, and was struck by their beauty, which was, however, marred by a most indescribable expression which pervaded them. There was a sort of terrible ferocity imprinted there which made me shudder. I turned away hastily into the wood, with a feeling that I should know that man again whenever and wherever it might be my chance to meet him.

Twice only during that day did I contrive to catch glimpses of the marchesa: once I saw her at her window, and in the evening she sauntered for a short time in the garden, accompanied by a person who seemed to be her maid.

As she entered the hotel after her walk I met her on the threshold, and our eyes for an instant met. I raised my hat as she passed me, but she took no notice of the courtesy. When I looked out of my window early the next morning I saw a traveling carriage at the door: the luggage was already fastened on. I saw the Marchesa Levada get in, and in another moment, amid a loud cracking of whips and jingling of bells, she was gone.

After that, Thun seemed to have no more attractions for me. I knew it was excessively silly, but I could not get rid of the remembrance of that dark hair and those wonderful gray eyes that had twice met mine. Did I actually love this woman? Oh, ridiculous!

However that might be—and it was a question I refused to discuss with myself—I thought it better to continue my wanderings, and in a few weeks I had been through almost all parts of Switzerland, and the shortening days warned me that it was time to go southward. So, after a brief sojourn at Lucerne, I crossed the pass of the St. Gothard and took up my quarters at a hotel on the Lake of Como. Here I spent my time pleasantly enough. I had plenty to do, as I was trying my hand at a novel, and little by little I half forgot all about the Marchesa Levada.

CHAPTER II.

IT was the beginning of October. The autumn had been unusually hot, and I wondered whether it ever *could* be cool upon the Lake of Como: everybody who sojourned at the hotel made the same remark. The summer had been almost unbearable, except at a height of five thousand feet above the level of the sea. For my own part, I easily fell into the national habit of reposing during the blazing hours of the day, and contrived to enjoy myself early in the morning and late in the evening. It was my habit to go out soon after sunrise, bathe in the lake, and fish till I

was compelled by hunger to go home and have some breakfast. After that meal I used to take my writing-materials to some shady place, where, inspired by the romantic beauties of the scene, I wrote and smoked till dinner-time. *Table d'hôte* was at 1.30, punctually. A little more tobacco and a good deal of sleep carried me on till an hour or so before sunset: then I would get into my boat and remain upon the lake till dark.

One day—shall I ever, as long as I live, forget it?—I did not go out quite so early as usual. The fact was, for the first time for many weeks the sun was not shining in at my window with its usual brilliancy, though it was none the less hot. I looked out, and there was a dull, leaden haze over the sky, and not a breath of air. I dressed quickly and went out into the garden, and found my boat ready for me as usual, and the boatman sitting on the garden wall wondering at my laziness. "I have overslept myself, Giuseppe," said I, "it is so dark this morning."

Giuseppe looked up at the heavens and then at the mountains around, and answered, as he threw away the stump of a black cigar, "The winter begins to-day."

"But it feels hotter than ever," I urged.

The boatman nodded his head in a most Burleigh-like manner, but merely added, "The winter begins to-day, for all that."

The day passed much as other days had passed, save that the sun did not condescend to shine upon us once. A heavy, leaden gloom brooded over us all day, and brought to me a feeling of the most intense depression. In vain I tried to write: inspiration would not come; and they whose business it is to invent romance for a greedy public know how hopelessly the mind will wander at times amid subjects the most remote from the work. So all that morning I listlessly spent in a kind of waking dream. One of the results of the morning's idleness was no appetite for dinner, and a more remote result

was no siesta in the afternoon. So, somewhat earlier than usual, I sought the faithful Giuseppe, and bade him bring up my boat to the miniature garden-pier. This boat, I should say, was something better than the ordinary species of craft then to be met with on the Italian lakes: it had been built, I was assured, upon the model of one which had been brought by an English family who were accustomed to spend some months every year in the neighborhood of Como; and on my arrival at the hotel I had luckily caught sight of this same boat, and had at once hired it for my sole and separate use during my sojourn.

As Giuseppe gave me the parting push he said, "The signor would do well not to go too far off: there will be a storm."

The appearance of the sky did not seem to me to justify the warning: it was gray and leaden still, foretelling, it might be, a gentle rain, but nothing, I thought, more serious.

I felt that my energies had been abominably dormant all day; so I determined to see what a little hard physical exercise would do for me, and I pulled away across the lake with a will. The extraordinary sultriness of the evening soon told upon me, and after twenty minutes' hard rowing I felt rather done up, and lay to for a little. The native builders of my boat, while they professed to follow an English model, had evidently considered the habits of their countrymen, and in place of what we call rowlocks they had put iron pins and a corresponding hole in the sculls, which of course rendered all feathering impossible, but which enabled the oarsman to take his hands off the sculls without any fear of those implements dropping into the water; and so I almost insensibly, after a time, let go the oars, and, resting my elbows on my knees, contemplated the approaching dusk with a return of that dreaminess which had more or less pervaded me all day. I remember noticing that, contrary to what was ordinarily the case, there was not a single heavy barge in sight. I

seemed to be alone upon the lake, with the exception of one flat-bottomed boat which I observed in the distance making slowly toward the little harbor I had left. It had a large awning spread over semicircular ribs, and was impelled by one boatman, who, standing at the stern, used the long, heavy sweeps.

I watched this boat lazily, and I think I made some sort of bet with myself that I would let it get within a certain distance of the shore, and then I would put on a spurt and beat it. I was now far out on the lake: the boat I was watching was evidently making for the little harbor I had left. There was an almost dreadful stillness in the air—the very water seemed opaque and stagnant. I was thinking how strangely still all Nature seemed, when suddenly there came rolling down from the mountains a long, hoarse roar of thunder.

I had not expected this, and I looked up hastily at the sky. The leaden clouds had assumed a lurid hue, and as I gazed flash after flash of forked lightning blazed over the mountain tops. Instinctively I began to row hard homeward. I had heard of the strong squalls that sweep across these valley lakes, and I had no fancy for being left to their mercy. I had no time to lose, for as I looked up the lake I could see how the waves had risen beneath the furious wind. Glancing over my shoulder toward the boat with the awning, in which I felt a strange interest, I could see that the boatman was using his sweeps busily, and I caught a glimpse of a female figure bending forward and an arm pointing to the awning. I understood the gesture at once: the awning over such a craft in such a squall must be extremely dangerous. Anticipating the worst results, I slightly altered my course and made straight for my fellow-toilers.

Again the gleaming flashes and the crash of thunder: the storm in all its fury was abroad upon the lake. In an incredibly short space of time a miniature sea was boiling around me, and strong squalls struck me every moment. I looked over my shoulder again: the other boat was tossing on the waves:

the boatman had dropped his sweeps and was rapidly undoing the fastenings of the awning. Then again I looked: a squall had struck the boat heavily and almost upset her. The wind helped me, and I was gaining rapidly on her now. When I looked again the awning was partially furled, and the boatman was busy with his sweeps. The wind was carrying us toward a rocky shore a little below the harbor we were seeking. But I could see plainly the figure of a lady in the boat—so plainly, indeed, that I suddenly fancied, with a strange thrill of pleasure, that it was a figure I knew. The storm increased in its intensity: the lightning was continuous, the mountains on every side echoed back in wilder roar the ceaseless thunder, and the rain was falling in monstrous drops; but the strong gusts helped us on, and we were now fast nearing the rocky shore. I had rowed a race or two in my time, but I had never pulled as I did now, and I was soon within some thirty yards of the other boat. Then again I looked at the rocks, now close in front of us, and on one I saw a man standing wildly waving his arms. A brilliant flash illuminated his countenance, and that, too, I seemed to recognize; but in the place of the horror or anxiety I should have expected to see depicted on his features, I saw a savage look of triumph. I know not how I could have seen all this, for the storm was at its highest pitch, and my own excitement was intense, as I expected every moment to see the other boat capsize. That woman—how calmly she sat!—I must be near her at whatever risk. Behind me now, upon the wall of the little harbor we had sought to gain, but which the violence of the wind had driven us beyond, I could see many people standing, evidently watching us eagerly, and now and again, mingled with the roar of waves, wind and thunder, I could catch the sound of voices shouting to us. The figure on the rocks stood now with folded arms. There was no one near him. He never looked toward me, I thought, but seemed intent upon the

other boatman trying to make for a small piece of shingle where he might strand his boat. Then what I had dreaded happened. With a flash that blinded me for a moment and seemed to strike hot upon my cheek, a fearful squall rushed down the mountain and caught the half-furled awning of the other boat. I heard one long cry, and the next thing I saw was a woman struggling in the water. Straining every nerve, I pulled toward her. She sank, but when she rose again I was close beside her, and in the white countenance I recognized, without astonishment, the Marchesa Levada. Close, close to the rough rock: the figure standing there had disappeared; and then I saw what I felt sure was another man swimming toward the marchesa. He was close beside her, but it seemed to me—oh, horror!—that he did not desire to save her; for with a wild, wicked smile upon his face—I see it now as I saw it then, as I had seen it before at Thun—with one hand he grasped the long black hair that floated wide upon the waves, dragged her under water and held her down. I raised an oar and struck him savagely upon the shoulder. He released his grasp as he glanced at me with an expression that haunts me still; and then the marchesa reappeared upon the surface, one white hand upstretched. I grasped it instantly, and with the other hand she had sufficient strength remaining to lay hold of the side of the boat. I can remember but little more. I was aware of another boat manned by four men that came alongside—from the harbor, as I afterward learned—and I awoke from a stupor to find myself back safe in the hotel.

The first person I recognized—indeed the only person in the room—was Giuseppe, the fisherman I have already referred to. In reply to some incoherent question I put, he only said, "I told you the winter was coming on. It has begun to-day."

I passed a restless night: the excitement had been tremendous, and I suppose the great exertion I had used in

gaining the marchesa's boat had been too much for me. However, I felt pretty much myself again the next morning, and my first inquiries were, not unnaturally, as to the lady I had helped to save. The marchesa, I was informed, was slightly indisposed, but not much. It seems she had never lost her consciousness, and had already inquired after me. I found that her luggage had been forwarded by the steamboat the previous day, and that she herself had come from a hotel upon the other side of the lake lower down, thinking that the voyage would so be pleasanter. But I could hear nothing of the person who had leaped from the rocks: nothing was seen or known of him. Indeed, Giuseppe, who had come in the boat to our rescue, seemed to treat the existence of this individual and my account of his behavior as an hallucination on my part altogether. The other boatman had been picked up, but no one else had been observed. Was it possible that I had not really seen the figure on the rocks?—that the murderous attempt I thought I had witnessed was only a freak of my excited imagination? No: it could not be. By and by I was informed by the landlord that the marchesa would be glad to see and thank me when I felt sufficiently recovered.

I know that I felt weak and ill. I know that I felt a sensation of indescribable excitement when I sent up to her apartments to know whether she would receive me now. The answer was not long coming: Yes, the marchesa would be very happy to receive me.

Strange yet not unfamiliar thoughts—like those weird memories that bring back in marvelous vividness some long-forgotten dreams—crowded upon my mind in those brief moments while I ascended the stairs. I could never forget the sun-lighted beauty I had gazed upon on that hill at Thun; and I felt that, though I had thought I had overcome my folly, I had never completely shaken off the fascination which that beauty had worked upon me. And so, when I entered her apartment and saw her

sitting in her queenly dignity, I stood spellbound, and for some moments felt as if I was suddenly struck dumb.

When the servant who had ushered me in had retired and closed the door behind him, she motioned me to a chair—a gesture which I obeyed only with a bow.

"It is not easy to speak," she began in a soft and winning voice, "when one has to thank another for the preservation of one's life. What shall I say to you?"

"Whatever you may say, marchesa," I answered, "can only add to my delight that I was near enough to you yesterday evening to save you from pain."

She looked at me curiously for a moment, and then said in tones not quite so soft as before, "That is a well-turned speech, and relieves me much. Were you in any danger yourself?"

"In none whatever," I replied.

"Then I may thank Providence that you and your boat were near me, and that you were good enough to row so close to me that you could support me. I hardly know how I can repay your exertions. Can you give me any idea how I may best express my gratitude?" Her voice had completely changed: her tones seemed almost harsh, and her eyes wandered over the room as though she was almost indifferent to my presence.

"I had watched your boat for some time," I replied steadily: "I saw the danger you were in by reason of the awning, and I exerted all my powers to get close to you."

"It was very good of you, and I thank you heartily."

"But there was another danger to you which I had not foreseen," I continued. "It was not the storm alone that threatened you."

I fancied I saw a slight pallor overspread her countenance as she rejoined: "I don't think I understand you. What do you mean?"

"Marchesa, you seem to think that I merely saved your life at no risk whatever to myself as a simple matter of duty, and saved you only from the

water. Oh, I would have given my life for yours! You need not look so incredulous. I have seen you before, and yours is a face I never can forget. But if I feared for your safety when first I saw your danger from the wind and storm, I fear for it still more when I know that there is some one who seems to seek your death."

Blush and pallor alternately upon her countenance. Again she said, but in a voice less calm, "What do you mean?"

"Need I tell you? Even in that dreadful moment I saw the horror in your eyes as they turned, whilst you were struggling with the waves, upon the man who sought to drown you."

"It was no dream, then," she half murmured.

"Is it possible," I continued, eagerly—"is it possible that you have some deadly enemy? Is it possible that such a thing exists as a wretch who would doom you in the full tide of life to death? Yes, it is true! How shall you escape him?"

Her self-possession returned to her, and she answered, "I never thought that an interview for the purpose I had contemplated could take such a turn. You must forgive me. My object was to thank my benefactor: that was all."

"You cannot help it. Think me mad if you will: I desire to save you still from some fiend that seeks to destroy you."

There was a pause for a moment, and then she said, with a sweet smile and in a softer voice, "Mr. Hartley—for such I understand is your name—I see that you too have suffered from the storm. You are under some misapprehension."

"Oh forgive me, but I am under none whatever," I answered calmly. "Let me tell you this: the man I refer to was near you at Thun."

"You saw me there?" This she said with evident astonishment.

"You—and *him*."

I thought I saw a slight shudder thrill her frame, but she said coldly, "Is it not sufficient that I say you are under a misapprehension? An Italian or a

Frenchman would have understood me. My desire is to thank you for saving my life, not to talk about imaginary murderers." She rose from her seat as she spoke and went toward the window. Was this an intimation to me that the interview was at an end? I stood irresolute. Then, suddenly, just as she had gained the window, she uttered a low cry and fell back fainting on a chair. I rushed toward her, but could not resist the impulse to look out and discover if she had seen anything outside that could have moved her so; and there, in the piazza below, leaning against a tree, stood the man whom I had first seen at Thun, and afterward on the rocks, and then beside the marchesa in the water.

The swoon lasted only for a moment, and before I could summon assistance, as I was about to do, she half rose from the chair into which she had fallen. "You need not ring," she said: "the faintness has passed. I admit that you are right and are under no illusion; but I am grateful to you for having saved my life, and I beg you now to go. For your own sake, go! Leave this place—put miles, oceans, between us. Take with you the remembrance of my gratitude—only go!"

There was an earnestness in her manner which seemed to gather force at every word.

"You have seen him?" I returned, pointing to the window: "your enemy stands below?"

"I need no champion, whatever my enemy may be," she answered quickly. "This interview must not be prolonged." She pointed to the door, and I had no choice but to turn in that direction.

"You bid me leave you, marchesa, and I must obey. Will you bid *him* leave you also, and will *he* obey?"

"Is it thus you measure your chivalry, sir?" she answered with something of a contemptuous smile. "I assure you your standard of comparison is not a high one." Then, suddenly, as if she felt she had half committed herself, she said in earnest tones, "Believe me, it is my gratitude that urges you to go. If you

value your happiness, do as I have said. Pursue your travels, and blot from your memory all that has happened here. Good-bye!" She held out her hand: I seized it, passionately kissed it, and left the room.

On that day I wandered about the little town and on the shore of the lake in a sort of dream. I could not determine what I should do. The wonderful beauty of this strange marchesa, the diabolical attempt upon her life, the presence of the villain whom she had evidently recognized, the wild excitement of the previous night, all threw me into a sort of fever, and I felt as if my reasoning powers were completely paralyzed. What should I do? Should I go away at once, as she had bid me? Should I stay and await what might happen? To what purpose? What was there to prevent the marchesa from disappearing as suddenly as she had disappeared from Thun? The afternoon and evening passed: still no resolution upon my part.

Night came, and after a hasty dinner at a garrulous *table d'hôte* I strolled out again, restless and irresolute. The day had been calm and dull after the storm, but there were not wanting signs that the tempest was only slumbering, and with the rising moon the howling wind came down the mountains, and the storm was again abroad upon the lake.

Let it come with its horrid glory shaking the sweet serenity of the autumn night! Let it come with its wild blasts of furious wind and cruel splash of rain!

Let it come with its hoarse rolls of thunder, indistinguishable from the pealing echoes thrown back in triumph from the mighty Alps! What mattered it to me? For in every stream of lightning I saw the matchless face, and above the roar of thunder I heard a sweet voice saying, "My gratitude urges you to go."

Wet to the skin, I turned my steps toward the hotel. I could not have been a quarter of a mile distant, but the darkness that succeeded every flash was so intense that I became bewildered, and more than once I paused, doubtful as to my way. The strange shapes that everything around me assumed in the blue lightning puzzled me still more, but I pushed on against the driving wind and rain, and at last caught sight of a light in a window a hundred yards or so from where I was, and I determined to knock and ask to be directed on my way. But just as I was close to this same light, a muffled figure rushed from a by street upon me. I felt a short, sharp pain in my side, and I staggered and fell to the ground. But then the dreaminess that had pervaded me all day, and the bewilderment the dreadful darkness and fierce storm had worked upon me, vanished, and the strong instinct of preserving life rose uppermost, and I got upon my feet again and made for the welcome light, well knowing that I had been stabbed. I gained the door, knocked loudly with all my remaining strength, for blood was flowing fast, and fell senseless into the arms of the man who opened the door.

O absolute trust that yielded every key
 And lifted every curtain, and drew me on
 To enter the white temple of thy soul,
 So vast, so cold, so waste, and give thee sense
 Of living warmth, of throbbing tenderness,
 Of soft dependencies, that made *thee* free
 To seek and find the spot where my dead hopes
 Have sepulture, and read above the crypt,
 Deep graven, the tearful legend of my life!
 There, gloomed with the memorials of my past,
 Thou once for all didst learn what man accepts
 Lothly (how should *he* else?), that never woman,
 Fashioned a woman—heart, brain, body, soul—
 Ever twice loved. False gods there be enow;
 But o'er the altar of her worship see,
 Highest and chief of her heart's decalogue,
 That First Commandment written: "*No love but one!*"

No treacherous *ifs* ensnared our path. Thou knewest
 My broken life gave up to thee its best:
 Little, I trow; but thy so grand content
 Greatened the gift. Supremest faith I gave;
 Reverence unshaken by a possible doubt;
 Quick comprehension of thine unsaid thought,
 That seemed a half omniscience; helpfulness
 Such as thou hadst not known of womanly hands;
 And sympathies so urgent they made bold
 To press their way where never mortal yet
 Entrance secured—even to thy soul. Ah, sad
 And hunger-bitten soul! whose lion pride
 Scorned, from its lair, the world-folk cowering by!
 If I, grown brave through discipline of grief,
 Fearless did lure thee forth, and make thee feel
 Some poor sufficing for thy human needs,
 Christ's grace have thanks therefor, not merit of mine!

"*Vittoria scultore:*"* thus thou writest—
 Even that thy life bears witness to my hand,
 Chisel and file. Ah, friend! if unawares
 Some little trick of Art I've caught from thee,
 Sweet theft it was, as honest work confessed,
 That lets me know why grief forbore to slay.
 I understood not when the angel stooped,
 Whispering, "Live on! for yet one comfortless soul,
 Void of true faith in human happiness,
 Waits to be won by thee from unbelief."

Now all is clear. For *thy* sake I am glad
 I waited. Not that some far age may say,

* "Tal di me stesso nacqui e venni prima
 Umil model, per opra più perfetta
 Rinocer poi di voi, donna alta e degna."

MICHAEL ANGELO TO VITTORIA.

"God's benison on her, since she was the friend
Of Michael Angelo!" but better far
And holier so, that, like Beatricé,
(How oft to me thou readst the blessed vision!)
'Twas mine to point thee to that Paradise
Whither I go—whither thou'lt follow soon.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

IVAN TOORGENEF, THE NOVELIST.

N EARLY all foreign critics of Russian works of art, even when they most freely concede their high excellence, discover one serious defect in them—their uniform pessimism. The pleasure which the most admirable products of the genius of Russian nationality confer is always marred by a sombre, melancholy undertone, which shuts out all genuine æsthetic enjoyment, and which may therefore be considered a distinctive feature in modern Russian literature. Since so many good translations have made the names of Pusckin, Lermontof, Toorgenef and others familiar abroad, even those who cannot read their works in the original have to a certain extent been enabled to know and judge the character of these writers; but this more general and intimate acquaintance has only resulted in deepening the impression produced by the first superficial view. Within the last few years another circumstance has also essentially contributed to intensify the reproach of pessimism against Russian literature. According to the concurrent testimony of Western Europe, the abolition of serfdom has removed the principal odium which attached to the empire, and broken the chains that appear to have galled the popular poets of Russia no less than those who wore them. But if the fundamental mood of the Russian poets has remained the same, if the writer whose name stands at the head of this paper now continues to express even more vehemently than before the

same pessimistic doubts of a healthy development of things in Russia, then, we say, the explanation of this anomaly must necessarily take precedence in every inquiry respecting Russian literature and Russian authors.

The national literature of Russia had from its cradle a different starting-point from the literatures of England, Germany and France. It did not come to the light from the depth of a self-contented, healthy national organism: it was neither the blossom of a satisfied inner existence nor the spoiled favorite of a magnificent court: on the contrary, it was the sole weapon of a people which knew itself in other respects defenceless and at the mercy of foreign influences and unscrupulous powers. Under a political system which excludes the people and its individual members from all participation in public affairs, which tolerates no independent rostrum or pulpit, no popular tribunal, which subjects all the utterances of national life to rigorous repressive laws,—there the written and printed word was naturally compelled to assume a different position from what it holds under a more favorably constituted system. And yet, incredible as it might seem, it is in this abject state of political helplessness that Russian society has continued down to the present day.

The century preceding the one which beheld the gigantic reforms of Peter the Great vainly labored to assimilate the old Russian elements on hand with those imported from the West, and to

bring about an organic fusion between the two. The court and those classes of society whose manners, habits, and even thoughts, were prescribed by the ruling powers, led an existence entirely distinct from that of the masses of the people, and had nothing whatever in common with them. The State wasted all its energies and resources in struggles to enlarge its autocratic powers, and every truly national object was thus left out of sight. The lower classes groaned under the yoke of a servitude which had grown more oppressive and unbearable, since noble and peasant no longer stood on the level of a kindred culture. Those who aspired to rise in the world had first to break completely with the popular traditions, and become part of a mechanism which seemed to exist rather for its own sake than for that of the nation. The only chance of being admitted into the ranks of the governing classes was to enter the service of the State; but this career required the utter abnegation of all self-respect and manly dignity. Equally egotistical and self-contained was the aristocracy. Having become a convert to European culture, it either frittered away its best energies in an unintermittent round of bacchanalian feasts and empty official parades, or dreamed away an aimless and useless existence on its estates in remote parts of the empire. While the masses of the people were left to languish in beggarly misery, their wealth was sacrificed on the altar of a spurious foreign prestige and for the purpose of domesticating a culture borrowed from the West. In language, opinions and ideas the aristocracy of the land was non-Russian: its members strove to possess things which they could put to no practical use when they had them. So completely did the educated Russian gentleman denationalize himself that he finally ceased altogether to inquire into the wants and condition of his country, and when they met him face to face he simply ignored them. His only home was that political and social St. Petersburg world, with its thin coat of French varnish, into which

the creation of Peter the Great had gradually degenerated.

The problem of a national literature which aimed to awaken a responsive echo in the popular heart was consequently to give utterance to a national mood conditioned and colored by this state of things. So great and obvious were the evils under which the political and social life suffered in Russia that those who aspired to speak or sing of it were compelled to make these their theme. It is therefore not strange that all the better products of Russian literature should have been formal indictments against the ruling system, for only those authors who held the mirror up to nature could hope to make a lasting impression. The insignificant influences of the court literature of the preceding century—which, bound in academic fetters, was petted and fostered as a kind of national prodigy—is sufficiently apparent from the fact that nearly all the leading Russian writers of the modern era have drawn their inspiration not from it, but from the literatures of England and Germany, and that no native author now read in Russia owes to the Academicians anything more than certain externals of prosody. The lately-revived popularity of Lemonossov, one of these Academicians, has no other foundation than that he was the first open opponent of all non-Russian elements in the empire.

Counting the number of really influential authors whom the nineteenth century has produced in Russia, we shall discover them to be so many accusers of the existing state of affairs. There is not one of them but has won his literary spurs by a daring onslaught on the ruling system, its unveracity, hollowness and corruption. Griboyedof's *Sufferings on Account of Intelligence*, a comedy masterly in form and matter which every educated Russian knows by heart, opened the attack with a scathing parody on the so-called aristocratic society. A young gentleman who has received a liberal education abroad returns to his native Moscow, and offends

everybody because, as a sensible man, he declines taking part in the fashionable follies and vices which make up the sum-total of its life. All the types of this particular class are introduced in turn to the reader. There is Tamusof, the cynic old senator, who detests nothing so much as pen and ink; there is his toady and private secretary, the servile, cringing subaltern official, who dreams only of titles and orders; there is Skalosub, the army officer, who hates book-learning, and divides all mankind into two classes—those who have served in his regiment and those who have not had that inestimable privilege; there is Repetilof, the gambler and *roué*, who is ready to drive at six o'clock in the morning anywhere but home; there is Tamusof's daughter, the model of a "girl of the period," with a finished education, and as destitute of morality as of sentiment.

Griboyedof's contemporary, Alexander Puschkin, quickly won fame and popularity by his Byronic misanthropy, which bore a specifically Russian character, and was intended to illustrate the wretchedness of his native land. In the author of *Onegin* and *Boris Godonof*, who sees in the people alone the source of true poetry, the only salvation from a foreign social and political system that ignores every problem of humanity, this yearning for a national life appears even more distinctly and self-consciously than in Griboyedof. The unrestrained freedom in which his *Caucasian Exile* revels finds a startling contrast in the corrupt court atmosphere of St. Petersburg. In *Eugene Onegin* he draws a most repulsive picture of the emptiness and frivolity of a patrician Russian existence. In the *Gipsies* and the *Robber Brethren* the lawless life in the forests and mountains is exalted in opposition to the degradation of civilized life; and in *Boris Godonof* he pleads touchingly for a return to the lost freedom of the fathers. The same remarks apply to Michael Lermontof, a mind nearly akin to that of Puschkin, though he gives a still blacker, almost demoniac, coloring to his despair over

the state of Russian affairs, and demonstrates in *A Hero of our Own Time* that the end of all pursuits in actual Russian life is a complete indifferentism.

These examples might be considerably extended, but it will suffice for our present purpose to cite only one distinguished author more—an author who belongs to the same category, although his reputation is more exclusively local—Nikolas Gogol. This admirable humorist, in every respect the peer of Charles Dickens, can all the less be passed over in this connection as he is not only the representative of an essentially different tendency, but the model on whom all the latest Russian novelists have formed themselves. While the Griboyedofs and Puschkins mainly portrayed the great centres of corruption, and selected their subjects from the highest aristocracy and an idealized national peasantry, and while other poets, like Count Solahub, the author of *Tarantass* and the *Great World*, sought to prove the general rottenness in detail, Gogol has discovered the provincial and low life in Russian literature. Gifted with a rich satirical vein, he describes in a highly realistic manner the condition of the petty nobles, the vices and follies of the inferior officials and the peculiarities of the middle class. But throughout all this humor runs a strange discordant tone of passionate pain over the universal, all-pervading misery which fairly thrills the reader. The best-known and most popular of his works, *The Dead Souls*, a novel, and the *Reviser*, a comedy, both contain frightful indictments against the nobility, whom he arraigns for having trampled immemorially on its mission, and against the bureaucracy, whom he accuses of fattening on the life-blood of the people. With the great satirical talents of the Russians and their keen powers of observation, it was perfectly natural that a writer like Gogol should have found a whole legion of imitators and successors. But—we may as well take this opportunity to say it—the large majority of the writers of this school have fallen

into the coarsest realism, which denies every ideal side to art, and which sees with cynical satisfaction its whole task in a photographic reproduction of what is most disgusting and offensive. In the dawn of the "new era"—in the middle of the fifth decade of the present century—the names of Schtschedrin and Goutscharof were in everybody's mouth. The first delighted in drawing minute pictures of the knavish practices of the rural officials—the latter reveled in descriptions of the apathy and incapacity of the better class of the young nobles. Once more the entire reading public of Russia was electrified, and a universal intellectual spasm showed the effect of this bold attack.

Everybody is no doubt fully aware that it is by no means the mission of art, and least of all of poetic art, to serve as an antidote to social and political evils. Her object should be to represent the beautiful; and only those artists who view life harmoniously, and understand how to reconcile its contradictions through their faith in an ideal destiny of mankind, are her chosen favorites. Yet this is no conclusive reason why we should deny the poetic afflatus of those Russian poets who feel themselves first impelled to expose and attack the abuses of their own land. The natural mission of popular art is to bring to the light what is hidden within, and to poetically mould the actual state of the nation. There are Russian poets who have sung of life's joys and splendor, of the grandeur of God and Nature, of the dignity of man and the delights of love: it was, however, not they who succeeded in reaching the national heart, but those who recited in tones of tearful pain and woe what they were daily compelled to hear and see. The first secret which the Russian poet, if he desired to be in sympathy with his people, had to learn from contact with the national heart, was the necessity of a more humane governing system and a greater community of interests between the many and the few who represent the State. An ideal representation of Russian life was therefore not to

be seriously thought of until after the general oppression and misery had been relieved. While the great battle of time is being fought the poet is not always privileged to fly for refuge into the realms of the ideal: he can do this only when he knows of some peaceful nook from which to take wing. But where was the Russian poet to find such a nook in a world of Frenchified officers of the Guards and court chamberlains, of thievish Tschinowinks and dissipated nobles, and of an enslaved peasantry? Hence it requires no special proof that Russian literature had to battle for the people's rights and freedom—that it had to paint the dark background of native life in sombre hues. This also explains the historical fact why all leading minds in the nation should have followed the same path, pursued the same polemic direction, for these had been already conditioned by the laws of reaction. A ruling system which was exalted as perfect and infallible logically challenged contradiction: it was only by the negation of that which was being falsely held up as the truth that the truth could be made to prevail. At the same time it was under the drapery of poetic art alone that there lurked the possibility to say what must otherwise have remained unrevealed. The right which was despotically withheld from the people was tacitly conceded to the Muse, and it was she who indirectly restored that right to the nation.

But this is not the place to enumerate in due chronological order the vast and permanent successes achieved by the pessimistic or accusatory tendency of Russian literature. Our appreciation of its merits imposed upon us, however, the duty of recalling the narrow limits within which the Russian poet was obliged to confine himself in order to avoid being tainted by the meanness of his time; for he, the consecrated priest of Truth, might easily have become the apologist of the existing political and national abuses. We shall perhaps be able to make these limits better understood by tracing the literary development of Ivan Toorgenef, one of the

noblest and most gifted of modern Russian writers.

Although, as we have already had occasion to remark, the majority of modern Russian novelists are given to a strongly marked realism, Toorgenef himself is a thorough idealist, to whose habits and tastes the coarseness and vulgarity of ordinary life are extremely repulsive; and he may for this reason be said to occupy an isolated position among his contemporaries. Indeed, most of the latter seem no longer satisfied with grouping the lights and shadows of national life in one grand, comprehensive picture: they now deal only with the *partie honteuse* of some town or village, discuss it in chapters, emulate one another in cynical delineations, and fancy themselves artists while simply discharging the duties of a sanitary and moral police. Toorgenef, in direct contradistinction to this class of novelists, has made Nature the beginning and end of his poetical delineations. He first became known to the public through his *Diary of a Hunter*, a collection of hastily-sketched characters and scenes, which, no doubt greatly to his own surprise, created a profound sensation at home, and at once found its way into foreign countries. All the author had done was to string together a series of pictures which had impressed themselves upon his mind while roaming as a hunter among the woods and fields of his native province. There is not the faintest trace of a polemical tendency in this book. It shows its writer to be a Russian nobleman and landed proprietor, who, in spite of his refinement and education, is charmed with the simple beauty of Russian country-life, and who seeks to know and understand the men and things around him, instead of pursuing the phantoms of orders and titles in the service of the State. He initiates the reader fully into the secrets of the chase and the woods, introduces him to the country miller and the freeholder with whom he puts up for the night, makes him at home in the hut of the peasant, and finally shows him his noble neigh-

bors and relations who reside on their estates in his district. But through all these pictures, drawn with such a keen appreciation of Nature and loving human sympathy, runs the sad lament over the neglect of a sturdy people, and the degeneration of those who should be its leaders. The nobles are either ignorant or *blasé* junkers, who drag out their days without even a suspicion of a higher life—whose existence passes like a dream between eating and sleeping; or they are officials and army officers with a European varnish, who hold the masses in profound contempt; or they are unhappy, disappointed men, estranged from their own country by the superior culture which they have acquired abroad, and prevented from putting their talents to practical use, because outside of the slavery of the public service there is no field for educated energy at home. Over the great body of the people broods the spectral shadow of serfdom, which blights in the bud every noble aspiration, every wholesome display of activity. Even the author himself seems to us like a lost apostle of culture, who does not feel at home and is a comparative stranger there, in spite of his passionate love of country. And yet we can nowhere detect an intent which imperils the originality of the poetical impression. The critical thoughts which follow as a result are nowhere expressed, barely intimated.

The novel entitled *The Noble Nest* ranks in the same class with the *Diary of a Hunter*. Lawretzky, its hero, is a wealthy noble, educated in foreign parts, who returns from France to find in the quiet of rural life that peace of mind which his wife, a type of the corrupt French St. Petersburg society, has destroyed. A representative of the modern Russian, he also experiences that yearning for a reconciliation with his native land, from which a superior culture has alienated him, but which he still loves. In his ancestors we are introduced to the Russian Gallomaniacs and Anglomaniacs of the days of the Empress Catherine and Alexander I.,

who aped foreign manners while they were Eastern despots at home. The virtuous maiden with whom Lawretzky is in love is driven by remorse to take the veil when the report of his wife's death turns out false, while the hero himself passes the rest of his life as a recluse in the house of his ancestors. The monotony and barrenness of these existences, which are condemned to wear themselves out in their full prime and strength, are most touchingly described in that part where the author relates Lawretzky's first visit to the weed-grown garden of his ancestral mansion: "I have thus reached the deepest soundings of the river. Life is here at all times still, and knows no haste. Those who come within this charmed circle must submit to it unconditionally. . . . Yet what an excess of vitality exists on every side! what an exuberance of health there is in this passive silence! Under yon window luscious weeds spring from the thick grass. Farther down in the fields the rye glistens, the oats shoot up, and the leaves on the trees and the blades in the grass expand, each having an amplitude of room. . . . Silence environs me; the sun moves tranquilly through the heavens; the eternal stars shine quiet, apparently knowing why and whither they are floating. . . . While life storms, seethes and rushes on in a thousand places over the earth, here it flows on inaudibly, like water which has been brought to a stand-still in a swamp." The same tone of deeply-seated pain and sadness at the homelessness and aimlessness of those Russians who refuse to pursue a bureaucratic or military career, while they are superior to their surroundings, runs also through the charming novel of *Faust*.

Between these and the kindred creations of the first period of Toorgenef's literary activity and the author's more recent writings intervenes the reformatory decade which followed the conclusion of the Crimean war and the accession of Alexander II. to the throne. An author who felt the sufferings of his people so intensely could not but be

profoundly interested in this reawakening of the national spirit, in the great work of abolishing serfdom and in the general reconstruction of the State; for these were the important questions that then engrossed the best minds of his race and times. Having faithfully reproduced the impressions which he had received during a period of universal slavery and mental stagnation as poetical pictures indelibly stamped on his own soul, it was certainly not the poet's fault that these pictures should have been obscured by the same uniform melancholy which also darkened the Russian reality, for he neither could nor would reflect anything but what his innermost soul had mirrored. Indeed, the wide-reaching political results which he confessedly accomplished were solely due to the circumstance that he truly related all that he himself had seen and heard at a period when the nation broke down under the burden of a perverted organization, and sank into a hopeless, sullen apathy.

To this conception of his poetic mission Toorgenef adhered even under the changed state of affairs in the newest Russia, although this has naturally compelled him to make a corresponding change in the essence of his delineations. After the emperor's emancipating ukase had gone forth from the Gulf of Finland to the Black Sea, the dull despair which had until then reigned over the whole country gave way to a busy, stirring life, and the dominant political factions began to cast the horoscope of the future. As all the egotistic private interests had formerly been content to stagnate, so now all rushed forward to claim an active share in public affairs. Each faction strove to outbid the other in radical extravagance and schemes to reduce the old world to chaos. The reformatory programme initiated by the government soon ceased to suffice, and the Revolution hastened to the front. Not a stone was to remain standing: all that existed was to be leveled with the ground. Already the palaces of St. Petersburg were in flames, and incendiary fly-sheets flew over the

Sarmatian plain to involve an entire people in this league of crazy iconoclasts and conspirators against the old order of things.

Toorgeneff, who of course took a prominent part in the struggles of Russian liberalism, gratefully and enthusiastically commemorated the downfall of serfdom. His truly poetic nature saved him, however, from being led astray by the wild intoxication of the Russian radicals and demagogues who worked so much mischief from 1859 to 1863. The detestable doctrines enunciated by those irreverent youths, whose mad extravagance would even have consigned to destruction whatever of good and beautiful men had hitherto produced in science and art, could hardly fail to inspire his soul with distrust or loathing. The downright vandalism of such a programme offended therefore the enlightened artist quite as much as the former tyranny of the aristocracy and the arrogance of the bureaucracy. While all around him were bending the knee in worship of the new idol, and rivaling each other in ultra radicalism, Toorgeneff wrote his novel of *Fathers and Sons* (*Otzy i djéti*), a scathing rebuke to that self-conceited Russian youth which represents the so-called "Nihilism," and a most daring challenge to the influences which then tyrannized over public opinion. Most mercilessly did the author scourge in this work the criminal folly which wished to trample under foot the relics of the past, which tried to represent all idealism as a mere sickly and foolish fancy, which scouted every received authority and precedent, no matter whether of a religious, artistic, political or scientific character, and which ironically proclaimed its mission to be "the negation and ridicule of all, and the dissection of frogs." Once more the poet was taunted with pessimism, with the unconditional condemnation of the most promising manifestations of national life, and with what was a very serious charge in 1862-'63—a reactionary hostility to the spirit of the time. Yet he had done nothing but discharge a duty incumbent upon him-

self and his Muse. His thoroughly artistic, and, in the best sense, aristocratic nature, drove him irresistibly to protest in a most energetic manner against the irruption of a new vandalism, and he fearlessly entered the lists to battle for the ideal possessions of mankind at a period when such a championship was considered to be the evidence of a slavish and benighted mind. Being, however, a true poet, he saw brutality and coarseness where others saw a mere ebullition of youthful vigor.

Almost simultaneously with *Fathers and Sons* appeared the fantastic sketch called *Visions*. How much the writer's sensitive mind must have recoiled from the wild radicalism of the young Russian Nihilists appears even more clearly from this sketch than from the novel which preceded it. His demon carries him, as Mephistopheles did Faust, on an enchanted cloth through the air. On a clear moonlight night they look down upon St. Petersburg. At an open window reclines a young female Nihilist, who reads by the glow of her paper cigarette a cynical effusion of the latest literature, while a party of drunken bloods riot through the streets. Such was essentially the impression which the lauded new era produced on his mind.

Toorgeneff's latest work, a novel called *Smoke*, belongs substantially to the same class as *Fathers and Sons*. It deals with the latest phase of the intellectual crisis in Russia, and expresses the author's matured opinion of the whole new era in even a more emphatic and decisive tone than before. In Russia, he maintains, everything is smoke and vapor, nothing else. Everything is constantly changing: new dissolving views are constantly presented; one manifestation follows the other; but, in reality, everything remains exactly as it always has been. There is a universal rush, a crowding and hurrying anywhere, everywhere, which leaves no trace behind, which accomplishes no results. Suddenly the wind veers about, and then the crowd rushes in another direction, into the opposite extreme.

Thus the same unsubstantial, shadowy game incessantly repeats itself. All is smoke and vapor, nothing more.

If *Fathers and Sons* was leveled at the radicalism of that young Russia which displayed so much activity in the years succeeding the abolition of serfdom, *Smoke* is aimed at the humbug of an exclusive nationality, at the blind, unreasoning hatred of European culture, which has turned all heads in Russia since the suppression of the last Polish rising. As formerly the monstrosities of a democratic cosmopolitanism had been idolized, so now a fanaticism, whose reckless brutality and exclusiveness stood in direct antagonism to that love of freedom which had a few years before ridiculed every national restraint as prejudice, was apotheosized. Litwinof, the hero of the story, meets at Baden-Baden a number of the aristocrats and democrats of his now estranged native land. He mingles as well in the society of the representatives of the young democracy as in that of the disaffected court aristocracy of the *ancien régime*, and discovers that neither class has made any real moral progress. The phrases alone have changed—the characterless and aimless men are still the same. In former days they used the cant phrases of absolutism: now they echoed the cant of the national democratic school, without reducing their theories to practice. Serfdom had been abolished by the government, but slavery had so much become a second nature with the nation that the old despotism still survived in substance. "The despot before whom we bow down at present," says the poet, "wears the national peasant dress. This is the idol to whom we look for our redemption. Soon will come another idol, and then, after genuine Slavic fashion, we shall devour him whom we have so recently adored." The court and military aristocracy, governed by "promising young generals," fares no better at his hands than the young generation of whom the demon of national vanity has so completely taken possession. This class the poet shows to have also remained

unchanged in every material point: not even its deep displeasure at the diminished importance and influence of the nobility has been able to stimulate it to action. What he misses now, as before, is that moral earnestness, that sincere devotion to principles, which is ostensibly upheld. Everywhere he sees men follow the reigning fashion and echo the cant of the day. Let the wind blow from the opposite quarter, and the same people who were yesterday shouting with Herzen and Bakunin for the fraternization of all nations, will shout to-day as lustily with Katkow, who preaches the extermination of the Poles and Germans, and be ready to return on the morrow to the old do-nothing system, the apotheosis of bureaucracy, and perhaps even serfdom. Here again the final result of the author's observations is the doubt of a healthy ending of what has been begun; as, for instance, the emancipation of the serfs, the judiciary and administrative reforms, etc., etc., which can lead to no substantial results without a thorough regeneration of Russian life and a sincere adherence to a liberal and humane policy. In the mean time, the present blind worship of the nationality-idol must rather be regarded as a sign of retrogression than of progress in Russian civilization and culture.

Such is the quintessence of *Smoke*. In this, his last and greatest work, Toorgenef is again true to himself and his artistic standard. He describes the latest direction of the intellectual movement in Russia—not by its political fruits, but by its effects on single minds and the development of the individual. Standing aloof from the conflict of parties, he shows the æsthetic impression which they make upon one who understands how to appreciate and portray human actions.

The Russian poet cannot ignore the Russian reality. He can only build with the material which is furnished to him, paint only with the colors which are at hand. If Toorgenef's pictures are therefore found to lack that cheerful serenity and self-complacency for which

we have a right to look in a genuine work of art—a lack which can be demonstrated in nearly all the more prominent works of Russian *belles lettres*—the fault must not be attributed to the artist, but to the circumstances by which he is surrounded. The culture of pure artistic beauty presupposes a degree of civilization which Russia has never known, either before or since serfdom was abolished. It will require greater and more sustained exertions to establish that equilibrium between the political mission of the State and the human

mission of the unit by which alone the foundations for a prosperous national existence can be laid. So long as this object is not attained, so long the cheerful serenity required by the artist whose soul reflects the Russian nationality will be impossible; and it is greatly to the credit of Russian literature that it has not tried to simulate this serenity, but frankly conceded that a loving and artistic delineation of beauty can find foothold only in the soil of a free, self-harmonious and wholesome political and social system. A. C. DILLMAN.

WILD IRELAND;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF SOME DAYS AND NIGHTS WITH FATHER MICHAEL.

II.

MY SECOND DAY.—IN AND OUT.

THE early morning of the second day of my visit to Father Michael found us at breakfast. They were no sluggards there. The weather was yet foul. Rain fell in spells, and the wind, though it had much abated, was still strong enough to make out of doors uncomfortable. Lyncheghan, however, predicted a settled afternoon, and the priest agreed with him. Their prognostications accorded with my wishes, and relieved me from apprehensions of another imprisonment.

In our talk over breakfast, Father Michael reverted to his beloved Homer, and I had some difficulty in withdrawing him from the theme. I was more anxious for the history of the Mays than for anything that could be said about Homer. Lyncheghan at last almost forced an opening.

THE STORY OF ROSA MAY.

"Last night," began Lyncheghan, "you asked me, sir, who were the Mays. With Father Michael's leave, I will recount their story.

"I cannot answer your question very exactly. There is a mystery about their origin. I believe the elders were English born, but certainly they did not come direct from England to this part. Philip May, the son, is in England on some business of weight, and sad he will be when he learns what has happened. I know all about the family since they have been among us, and it is so much of their history as relates to the dead lady that I shall now tell you.

"I was a young man when Philip May settled here. He was a young man too, and, for a young man, singularly reserved and stern. The people for a long time looked on him with distrust. That is their way with all strangers. He, however, pursued his own course, regardless of what was thought or said. The cotters on his property were a poor, lost, ignorant, wild generation, and he took a hard grip on them. At first they resented his interference. He did not care: he went on, and they at last found they were prospering under the force he had put on them, and were safe in his hands. The

country, indeed, gradually became *insensured* that Mr. May was the sure friend of all honest men. In the whole time God permitted him to be among us no man could say Philip May did an unjust act, or neglected to do a kind one when in his power to do it.

"Mrs. May was a quiet, gentle lady, and she is the same this day. She had a bountiful hand, and the sick and the poor ever had help and comfort from her. The people would go through fire for her."

"All you have said, Phil," interrupted the priest, "is true. But tell me, how came Father Pat so intimate with the family? He is like one of themselves. I have often had it in my mind to ask him."

"It was this way, Father Mick: Seven years ago, two years before you had the parish, he came here fresh from college, with not a soul in the world of his own kin to own him. The sickness fell on him, and it was on everybody at that time. Mrs. May, hearing the new curate was down, went over to see him. She had no fear: at risk of her life she attended him day and night. With the help of God, she got him on his legs again, but it was a great struggle; and then she took him to her house, to feed him up, she said; and she laughed when she said it in a way that brought tears down Father Pat's cheeks, and sent poor old Milly down on her knees to pray Heaven's blessing on their benefactor. This is how Father Pat's intimacy with the Mays began; and though they are a strict Protestant family, it would be as much as a man's life was worth to say the intimacy was wrong."

"Why, who on earth would, Phil?"

"Father Mick, there's them that would."

"God mend them, Phil! But I have interrupted you."

"Mr. May died five years ago, leaving his widow, a daughter and a son. Philip, called after his father, has the management of the property, which contains over three thousand acres.

"The family went on in peace and happiness till in a black hour Miss Rosa

made acquaintance with a young man, son of a wealthy retired merchant in —. Young Mahon's visits to the Rath increased in frequency, sometimes on excuse of shooting, sometimes of fishing, and Miss May became more and more attached to him. Mr. Philip was constant companion to him in his sports. After some time we noticed Mr. May was grown less hearty with Mahon. We could not divine how it was, for the Mahon family stood well in the world, and this son had all the qualities that make men acceptable with their equals: in wealth he would one day be superior to the Mays. It was likewise noticed that the young men grew less friendly, or at least were less often seen together. We were filled with wonder. Young Philip, we knew, was as keen-witted as his father, and we made sure that, as no quarrel had happened, he must have detected in Mahon something that he did not like.

"Mahon became now an object of suspicion to all the people. His ways were watched, and intelligence sought of him. You know how prying country-people are."

"I do, anyhow," interrupted Father Michael.

"It was not long ere Jerry Callaghan got hold of something, but he was afraid to speak clean out, lest offence should be given to the Mays, or, what would have been worse, to their tenants; that is, as I thought, for it turned out that this was not the only reason.

"I was, like Jerry, no tenant to Mr. May, but I was *obligated* to him for good neighborhood and the always hearty welcome at the house, whenever it was and whoever was there. To be sure, were we not namesakes? And I often transacted business for him abroad when it would be convenient for him to be at home; and many's the pound he turned my way when not a penny would have come of itself. I am deeply grateful to his memory.

"One day I met Mr. May on the strand. He was coming from seeing Jerry Callaghan make a haul of fish. After passing the compliments of the

day, 'Philip,' said he, point-blank—for that was ever his way—'do you know anything about young Mahon? I know his father is unexceptional in character and standing, but him I have my doubts about. My son has also imbibed suspicion of him. Understand me, however, it is vague suspicion. We may be wrong: I hope we are. But it has come to this with me—I must have a better knowledge of him I speak to you in confidence, as a friend I can depend on.'

"Well, sir,' I replied, 'it would be waste of words to assure you that you may depend on me, but I know nothing against the young man; nor, for the matter of that, anything more than his family's good name in his favor. I may say, though, there is whispering going on about him among the people.'

"How came that about?' he asked.

"Faith,' replied I, 'they saw you were not so free with him as at first; and then they saw Mr. Philip fall indifferent, to say the least, and, putting both together, it set them thinking. But you know, sir,' I added, 'how quickly the people set to picking up prejudices when they see their superiors harvesting whole crops.'

"You are right, Philip,' said he, 'but I fear we are gathering, or rather likely to gather, worse things than prejudices. However, you understand me. Assist me for my daughter's sake. Listen to what is said. Be careful of untruth, and be circumspect.'

"I promised to do my best. I listened with attention to all the people said, but the man I particularly looked to was Jerry Callaghan. He was not, as I have said, a tenant of Mr. May's, but he was greatly his debtor. I found Jerry was with us.

"What was it started the master (for, though he's nayther your master nor mine, I always call him so) an' Mr. Philip on their distrust?' Jerry inquired.

"To be truthful to you, Jerry,' said I, 'they don't know themselves.'

"That's quare,' said he, 'but I'll out to you all I know, on consideration you don't get me in the net. You'll be re-

memberin' the smugglin' lugger, the last was in the bay, an' you'll mind Biddy Flynn was carried aff by the crew, an', after bein' kept a while, put ashore on Clare Island, or somewheres in Clew Bay?'

"I do, Jerry,' said I, 'for it's not two years all gone.'

"Well,' continued Jerry, 'I was at Galway wid the lobsters an' a trifle av other things, an' who should I see there but Pat Sweeny! You'll be knowin' him? Talkin' of this an' that over the glass at Nancy Glenan's—an' Nancy knows where the potheen is—I inquired at him did he know the Mahons of —.

"It's that I do," said Pat: "what about them?" "Oh, nothin'," said I, "but young Mahon is very often at the master's, and, some av the people in the next townland says, coortin' Miss Rosa—not that I know, ye understand?"

"Then God purtect the crathur!" said he. "Why?" said I. "Why? But whist!" said he. "Listen here now. It's believed t'was he carried aff Biddy Flynn, an' destroyed her. But nobody dar' say a word agin him. Barney Flanagan found that out. I'll hold ye Barney will count tin before he says aught of Mahon agin. So, Jerry boy, mind yer tongue. He'd have it cut out of yer head an' nailed to the cabin door if it came across him."

"God purtect us, Pat!" said I: "is he that?" "That he is," said Pat, "as sure as ould Nancy is listenin' to us, an' she deaf as the wall. I would not say this to any sowl but yerself, Jerry," pursued Pat, "an' maybe not to you but for the potheen. I'm mighty wake in the brain when that gets there, an' I'm no way likely to mend on it."

"Now, Phil,' said Jerry, 'this is all I know. Ye perceive the danger I'm in from tellin' it ye.'

"I do,' said I, 'and I'll carry your tale circumspectly, you may depend, for your own sake and all the rest concerned.'

"Next day after my conversation with Jerry Callaghan, Mahon was over at the Rath. Young Philip and he went out to take a cast for the salmon. What

happened at the fishing was related to me by Dan Macloughlin, who attended the gentlemen. Esther Rooney, old Judy Rooney's daughter, came up and stopt to see the killing of a salmon Mr. Philip had struck. Mahon no sooner set eyes on her than he began mighty civil and coaxing with her, and he sent her home with a big trout in her hand, as proud as my lady. Esther might have been sent on purpose. 'Is she one of your tenants?' Mahon inquired of Mr. Philip. 'No,' said he, quite carelessly—'Though,' said Dan, 'I saw that in his eye, only I could see from old experience, that made me know he'd snap something'—'No, she lives just on our mearing, in the cabin you see beyond. Her mother trespasses a trifle on us, but we don't choose to see it.' 'Are they 'lone?' Mahon asked. 'Quite,' answered Mr. Philip, 'and the old body is very infirm, and depends altogether on her daughter.' 'She's a splendid woman, that daughter,' observed Mahon; adding, 'you live near great temptation, Philip.' 'Ay,' replied the young master: 'people without scruple would find more temptations than Esther among us.' 'It's little scruple you need have with the like,' said Mahon: 'they are easily bought if you go right about it, or a *coup de main* clears all hesitation. And what harm do they take? They are not a grain the worse.'

"Here Dan stopt. 'Phil,' said he, 'ye don't understan' these English. I was sure now Mahon was in the vice. What in the name of the saints is it? thought I. When they're safe they've got ye fast, these English put on a look you'd think was pleasant; but I, who lived so long among them, know what it manes better than e'er a man in this parish.'

"'You are a man of great experience and penetration, Dan,' said I, 'without a doubt. But what was next?'

"'Says Mr. Philip, "That was a grand *coup*"—I'm right wid the word, Phil, never fear—"that was a grand *coup* made on Biddy Flynn, there: it's not so long ago; and she's been the worse

of it ever since." "Not a taste, the hussy," rejoined Mahon. "Only infernal scoundrels would engage in such an outrage," retorted Mr. Philip.'

"At this conjuncture, Mahon, Dan told me, turned round and looked like a devil; 'and,' added Dan, 'it came into me he knew more about Biddy, the unfortunate sowl, than he would like to tell or hear of.'

"No more passed, and the two walked quickly to the Rath—too quickly for old Dan to keep up with them.

"Two nights, or three—I forget which, and it does not matter to a night—after this visit of Mahon's, Judy Rooney's cabin was fired, and in the stramash Esther disappeared, nobody knew how. Nothing was heard of the woman for over a week, and then one pitch-dark night—I mind it well—she was dropt by a horseman, gagged and blindfolded, at Mr. May's lodge gate. You may judge the indignation of the Mays. I was sent for, and a black night it was, dark as the inside of a cow: you could not see a hand before you. I told Mr. May all I had heard from Jerry. Father and son looked at one another. 'Do you know, Philip,' said the old gentleman—old he wasn't, but he was the older of the two—"

"I should think so!" roared Father Michael.

"Bedad, to be sure, your reverence! What was I thinking about?" cried Phil. "They were both Philips."

I could but smile at Phil's odd correction of his blunder.

"Well," resumed Phil, "Mr. May said he was suspicious Mahon had some hand in Biddy Flynn's job, independently of Jerry's tale. It was, that once, when Mahon was on a visit, Mr. May and he had ridden to the Ards beyond. The mare cast a shoe, and they were forced to pull up at Cooney's smithy, and who should be there but Biddy Flynn, working the bellows just in the way of recreation!—for Cooney was her uncle on her mother's side. When Mahon saw her he turned out of the smithy and walked about with his horse's rein on his arm, leaving Mr.

May to discourse as he liked with Red Ned. Every time he passed back and forward Biddy set him harder and harder. 'That young Mahon,' at last broke out Biddy, 'makes me feel wild mad when I see him. It's not for him, though, but there's a look an' a turn about him minds me of a hell-devil I suffered from. The curse of God be on the ruffin, and may a life of torture and death on the gallows be his doom!' And she rushed out, crying, 'Mr. Mahon, Mr. Mahon, I'm mad, mad: ride aff if ye value yer life.' 'What's the matter with you, woman?' demanded Mahon. 'Matther!' she shrieked: 'ye spake with his voice, ye've the set av his mouth, ye've his motion in yer walk. Ye are not him; but ride aff, ride aff, or I shall brain ye innocent.' 'I see, I see,' said Mahon. 'I am sorry for you, poor woman, and I will do as you desire, to relieve you.' 'I can't say God bless ye, sur, for that same: the words stick in my throat,' was poor Biddy's reply; and she sank to the ground in a dead faint. The scene made a deep impression on Mr. May's mind. The mystery of the abduction of Biddy had not been solved, and Mr. May saw in Biddy's vision more than she did, for his quick glance had noticed Mahon's manner when his eye first fell on her. But Mr. May was an unwilling auditor to his own suspicions. He might be mistaken, and he resolved to watch what time might bring forth, and this night I am talking of brought forth enough.

"Esther was questioned and cross-questioned to connect Mahon with her abduction. She would not, or could not, or dared not, implicate him. She was seized and gagged, she said, before she knew where she was, and hurried over the bog to where two horses stood, and she was blindfolded and galloped off with to the hills, and put into a lone cabin. She never knew where she was, and never saw but two men, and they were disguised and their faces concealed.

"Did they ever speak in your hearing?" I asked her.

"Never a word, plain," answered she.

"Did you see Frank Mahon," next

inquired Mr. Philip, 'after you were with us the day he gave you the trout?'

"Troth, I did," she answered—"the day he wint fram this, home."

"And where was that at?" pursued Mr. Philip.

"Sure it was at the crass-roads, yer hanner," replied Esther, 'an' he turned an' rode wid me to the door. I could not be quit av him.'

"Poor Miss Rosa trembled like the shaking tree all the while we were questioning Esther; and on her declaring she did not think Mahon was implicated the dear lady fainted; but that night her sorrows began, she that had never known grief. Till that unhappy hour she did not know how strongly Mahon was knit in her affections. Love is often like the spark of fire concealed in the ashes: you do not know it is there till the wind blows hard on it.

"Philip May loved his children with ardent and unconcealed affection: well they deserved it. He saw the danger that threatened Rosa, and he saw it with the terror with which such a man would see such a danger.

"Esther's abduction made a great stir among the people. She let on that Mr. May had questioned her about Mahon; and a herd on Slieve Donnel had said he had seen Mahon and another riding through the Deer Pass down on the country the evening Esther was carried away. But all of a sudden they dropt into silence or just whispered to one another.

"It might be a week after Esther's return: I was sitting in the little parlor at the Rath with Mr. May, doing some writing for him, when in walks Mahon.

"I am particularly glad to see you, Mr. Mahon," said Mr. May, rising to his full and stately height: 'I have matter of grave consequence to yourself to speak to you on.' I rose and was retiring. Mr. May stopt me. 'Remain here,' he said. 'You know all the circumstances I am about to speak of, and I desire that you hear what I shall say, and also Mr. Mahon's explanation.'

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. May?" demanded Mahon.

"Mr. Mahon," replied Mr. May, "most inhuman outrages have been done in this neighborhood—the latest within this month, and it is not three weeks gone—and your name has been coupled with one."

"I am ignorant of what you allude to," returned Mahon. "And my name coupled with outrage! Be explicit, if you please, sir. But I should have thought my character stood too high to permit of doubt sullyng it in a mind like yours."

"I beg, Mr. Mahon," interposed Mr. May, "that you abstain from compliment. Approbation is at all times gratifying, but flattery invariably flows from insincerity."

"You mistake me, Mr. May," replied Mahon.

"Very well, sir," continued Mr. May. "You can scarcely be ignorant of the abduction of one Bridget Flynn, niece of Edward Cooney of the Ards, about two years since."

"Indeed I am, sir," Mahon hastily interrupted: "at least, if I ever heard of it, I have forgotten."

"Your name, in connection with it, is, however, Mr. Mahon," said Mr. May, "in the people's mouths; and if you no more than heard of it, it speaks ill for you that it is not now in your memory. You must have thought very lightly of an atrocious deed."

"Mahon to this lightly rejoined that such deeds were too common to make much impression on any man's memory, and that where there was no especial interest in the case itself, it would hardly be thought of."

"I was nonplussed by Mahon's coolness: I was becoming minded he was innocent. But Mr. May grew stern, and, to tell you the truth, Father Mick, when I got the right look of him I trembled and felt a kind of sinking of the stomach and a sickness. I wished myself out of that."

"Mr. May rose and took a turn to the window, but he came back instantly. He did not sit down, and Mahon rose from his seat as if he was forced by an invisible power.

"Looking Mahon straight and sternly in the face, Mr. May said, 'Young man, let what you have said have its weight, but you cannot have forgotten being with me at Cooney's smithy—I need give you neither day nor hour—and what took place there. I marked your manner when you saw the woman Bridget; and her manner and what she said made a deep and a very painful impression on me, Mr. Mahon. The woman recognized in you features and motions that must have been possessed by one of her ruffian abductors. I should have been struck by that alone, but, coupled with your manner, it filled me with apprehensions.'

"Mahon made a motion to speak, but Mr. May checked him.

"Be patient, sir," he continued, "and hear what more I have to say. Connected with this affair, there is an assault on one Barney Flanagan. The man was left for dead. And what for, sir? He had said, not that you were one of the gang that abducted the woman Flynn, but that he had heard you were concerned. Who but yourself, sir, would for that have caused Flanagan to be maltreated?"

"That was driving the knife to the haft, but Mahon stood it, though I saw a twitch about his mouth.

"Mr. May," said he, "you are acting most unaccountably and unkindly. On the freak of a mad woman and the word of a scoundrel escaped from the gallows you are endeavoring to connect me with what you justly call a diabolical outrage. You are suffering under some delusion or hallucination, or proceeding on malignant falsehoods."

"I am not seeking to connect you with the outrage," returned Mr. May. "People *have* connected you with it: I wish to disconnect you from it, but you do not assist me. By what you have said you know Flanagan, and I have told you he was nearly murdered on your behoof. How do you answer to that fact?"

"Mahon answered that he knew Flanagan as he was known to all the world. He was a smuggler or a smug-

gler's spy. He had been tried for the murder of an exciseman, and escaped through a hundred perjuries. What belief could there be in such a man's word? He could have taken the law on his assailants: had Mr. May heard that Flanagan had sought redress for the alleged assault?

"No, but what of that?" retorted Mr. May. "You know as well as I do how silence is imposed in this country. Not a word is now said, in this townland at least, touching the abduction of Esther Rooney, and there was clamor enough. How has that been brought about? A broad threat from an unknown quarter has silenced all. Each dreads that he may be the victim of arson or of murder. The mystery of the threat imposes more dread on them than an open threat from any one would."

"Mahon here turned to bay. 'Mr. May,' said he, 'I have submitted with respectful patience to your interrogatories: I cannot permit you to proceed. Without a tittle of evidence more than the malicious tattle of the peasant raff about you, you treat me as a criminal, and that in the presence of one of your dependants. Pardon me, sir, but you have trifled with my honor.'

"Mr. May smiled in scornful bitterness, and replied, 'Mr. Mahon, I have perhaps been more direct with you than one accustomed to subtleties would have been. I have ample right to question you: your relations with my daughter are my warrant. You have not been ingenuous with me: you have evaded question. I stand where I began in one respect, but, I grieve to tell you, you have almost assured me that guilt rests on you. No malicious tattle, I must tell you, ever reached my ears. All I have heard was from my own inquiries, and every one of the "raff peasantry" I questioned answered with expressions of honest doubt—every one save a man that seemed too firm in his belief to doubt. But recollect you, Frank Mahon, your own father is directly from the peasant class.'

"Sir!" flashed out Mahon.

"Reserve your indignation," quietly

continued Mr. May. "Your father rose by a course of honorable labor and honorable conduct, and, aided by unusually favorable circumstances, he acquired wealth and the station he worthily holds in society. He spared no expense to educate you a gentleman, and to fit you for offices he was incapable of filling. Mahon, from the depths of my heart I pity your father. He will, I sadly fear, find himself deceived in his son. And now, sir, listen to my final words. I prohibit you my house and all communication with my daughter. And, mark you, I will not rest till justice be done on the violators of Bridget Flynn and Esther Rooney."

"Do you hesitate?" he exclaimed, seeing Mahon not offering to move. "Then before Philip Lyncheghan I tell you," said he, in a low, severe tone, "I believe you are the man who destroyed both those women. Now leave my house."

"I think Mr. May rather hurried to his climax," said Father Michael.

"You shall hear," returned Lyncheghan, pursuing his story.

"Mahon retired with the desire for vengeance oozing out of every pore of his skin. Mr. May followed, and I left what I was doing and slunk off home, all in a tremble, full sure some terrible calamity would fall on us.

"Mr. May sought his daughter. He informed her of all that had taken place. She was utterly incredulous of the truth of the charges against Mahon. But the chain of facts her father put before her, and the inferences they warranted, compelled her to submit to her father's injunctions.

"Now, Father Michael," said Phil, "listen to what I shall tell you before I say more of Miss Rosa, and you will perceive Mr. May was justified in his conduct to Mahon, whether he hurried to his climax or not.

"Judy Rooney was a Sweeny, and her misfortune was of course felt by her whole family. Pat Sweeny, the man who had given the hint to Jerry Callaghan at Galway, had put himself in Mr. May's way at Westport fair. His pre-

tence was to buy a heifer, but poor Pat had not the price of a pig. It served his turn, though, to get into talk with Mr. May without attracting notice in particular; and he it was who told most to Mr. May. He professed he could swear to a good deal, but the really crminating circumstances he informed Mr. May of were not, he averred, of his own knowledge, though he believed in them as much as if they had been told him on book-oath. Mr. May understood how matters lay with Pat: he detected, in the course of conversation, what his connections were; and that settled in him that Pat Sweeny had told him facts, and determined him to bring Mahon to an explanation."

"But, Lyncheghan," said I, "could not Mr. May have brought Sweeny forward as a witness?"

"As easy, sir," replied Phil, "as he could have brought Croach Patrick forward. You don't understand this country."

Father Michael shook his head.

"Miss May," resumed Lyncheghan, "obeyed her father's commands with loving submission. Her young hopes were crushed: the frost had gone over the early bloom. Her merry laugh left her, the springy step broke, and she wandered about listlessly in the old walks where she used in her glee to challenge the lark in her song. Sore, sore were the hearts of the family. Gloom settled on them, and the Rath became a silent house. No light heart approached it: the joy had gone from it.

"Mrs. May, seeing time made no change in her daughter, but rather increased her melancholy, carried her over to England, in the hope that the change would improve her. On their journey they passed through London, and in a friend's house there they met a college companion of Mahon's. He, on learning the cause of Miss May's unhappiness, gave Mrs. May a history of his acquaintance with Mahon. What he imparted I know not, but it removed the wavering doubt that was within her of the soundness of her husband's judg-

ment. The gentleman's wife, a kindly English lady, undertook to speak with Miss Rosa. Her communications and discourse had great effect on the young lady: her mind was relieved of many oppressive doubts, and, to her mother's great joy, she became more cheerful and went about with more will. They went down into County Devon. Miss May all the while improving, we had great joy here. Word came at last that they were coming home, and I tell you such a welcome home never woman had. But the bloom was gone from Miss Rosa's cheeks, and, though she was hearty in her recognitions of old friends, we missed the lightheartedness. She was become a grave woman. The lasses, and, as the Scotch gardener said, 'a' ween sneakin' lads,' gathered again, on liberty evenings, in the Rath kitchen, as in past time. Miss May moved among them as usual, but they said it was not her own self, and they cursed Mahon.

"One day Mary Mullen brought her mother word she was sure she had seen Mahon in disguise lurking where Miss May took her recreative walks. 'For yer sowl don't spake yit, Mary dear: we'll make sartin furst,' Mistress Mullen said to her child. I mind well her telling me. Tim Mullen was told what his sister said she had seen. The smartest boy in the parish was Tim. 'Well, mother,' said Tim, 'Miss Rosa is not so reg'lar with her walks abroad as she used to be, an' Mither Mahon may have some waiting if it's she he's afther. I'll be watchin', an' I'll hold ye, mother, he'll git nothin' barrin' words from her if he's luck to meet her, an' I to see it. I'd go to the Rath an' tell them was it sure Mary had seen the ruffin, but it would be a pity to put Miss Rosa aff her recreation, an' she's the need of it, with us in doubt.' Tim's reasoning was good and bad both. When we do not follow impulse to do good, but stop to reason, we generally go wrong, sir.

"Miss May, in a day or two after this, came on her walk, and Tim, seeing her, followed, but out of sight among the

crag, for there was a hooker, a stranger, lying at anchor. Tim had not long watched when a boat put off from the hooker sculled by one man. The boat beached and the man jumped ashore. He walked slow and easy toward Miss Rosa. She did not notice him, and turned to sit on the rocks. Tim got close to her, but quite out of sight from the strand. The man drew near, and Miss May rose, but did not move. (I had all this from Tim himself.) The stranger had on a slouch hat that concealed his features. When he came in front of Miss Rosa he took off his hat, and there revealed stood Mahon. Says Tim to me, 'When I seen him I wint all av a cowl'd sweat; not that I was 'fraid av him, not a bit av of it; but I thought, God forgive me! that I'd have the killin' av him that day, an' have blood on my hands.' The rest of Tim's narrative I will give you in my own words.

"Mahon began: 'I have been watching to gain an interview with you, Miss May, to make explanations that your father made it impossible for me to give to him. Happily, or unhappily, as you may will it, I have succeeded in my purpose. I have been condemned with denial of defence. Mr. May's judgment would have been different on a different view of the characters of the people who had misled him. The charges he made against me I denied: I could do no more. But I could have convinced him of the vileness of the sources from whence his information proceeded: his imperious manner forbade it. I have suffered agonies of mind, and my fair fame is jeopardized. Will *you* hear my justification? I am pleading—'

"Here he was interrupted by Miss May. 'Mr. Mahon,' she said, 'I cannot listen to you. You are acting unbecomingly: you intrude on my privacy in a place no right-minded man, circumstanced as you are, would have selected. I am unattended, sir. Retire, I beg of you.' But Mahon would not be repulsed.

"'Miss May,' he said, 'I will not be

the quiet victim of your father's injustice. You must hear what I have to say in my defence. Your father is the instrument of a plot against my honor and happiness. You do not, you cannot, believe in the accusations brought against me. Your filial duties do not impose on you the necessity of acquiescing in wrong; and I implore you not to restrain your own sense of right. I appeal to your recollections of the past—I would say to your affection.'

"His further speech was prevented by the sudden advance to him of Miss May. Looking him in the face firmly and deliberately, she said, 'Frank Mahon—Mr. Mahon—speak not of affection. If any faint feeling had remained for you, you would by this conduct have extinguished it. Go, sir: leave me, or permit me to retire.'

"'No, Rosa May, you shall not leave this spot till you have heard me out,' vehemently declared Mahon, interposing himself to her homeward movement.

"Tim thought he should now, anyway, show himself, and he crept round from his stance and walked toward the pair. He was seen on the instant. Miss Rosa hurried to him, and Mahon discreetly walked slowly off to the boat. Tim saw his young mistress safe to the Rath, and a proud boy he was that day. The hooker sailed, and well for them in her that she quickly put to sea, for the people rose on Tim Mullen's word, and there would have been murder. Miss May never again walked alone.

"The Mays were incensed by Mahon's intrusion on Miss May, but regard for his father restrained them. The old man was in ignorance of all that had happened. He was out of reach of the common country-talk, and his friends, if they had come to the knowledge of anything, had mercifully kept it to themselves. He was reserved, poor man! for a greater shock.

"Mr. and Miss May—indeed all the family—were invited to the summer residence of a friend on the Kerry coast, but only father and daughter went. The young lady enjoyed herself

greatly among her friends, and all promised well. Time wore and the end of the visit drew nigh. One evening, close on the edge of dark, a hooker was seen to anchor about a mile below the cottage, and in a short time after a boat could just be discerned leaving her. The occurrence led to little more than a passing remark on the ghostly appearance of the boat and crew. Next day, however, the affair had another face put on it. The ladies were going on their walk, and had scarcely left their own garden grounds, when they were stopt by a woman from a cabin nigh at hand. She told them there were stranger men lurking about. What they were she could not tell. The place was lonesome, and she did not like the men's ways. She judged they had no honest call there: the ladies had better go back and wait till the hooker went off. They returned and reported the woman's tale. Mr. May and his host made light of it, and at noon the hooker sailed. Nevertheless, Miss May would not leave the house. An oppressive but unaccountable fear was on her. And good reason there was for fear. A mastiff dog was missed from the house, and on searching he was found in a shrubbery dead, with his head split. Next, marks were found on a flower-bed in front of the house. These discoveries caused much uneasiness, but there was no thought of anything more than intended robbery. That day and the night following passed over in quietness. About noon next day a tottering beggarman was seen coming up to the cottage. Miss May was sitting at her room window, thrown up for relief from the heat. The beggar saw her and crossed the lawn to her. I will tell you what passed, as it was told me by Miss May's woman, Nelly Blaine. The discourse was opened by the old fellow, and he seemed nigh hand to death:

"The blessin's of God be on ye, Miss Haggarty! It's the fine weather for the crops, thanks be to God!"

"I'm not Miss Haggarty."

"No matter: God be wid ye, whoever ye are! Ye've a silvery voice like

her. My owld eyes are failin' me. Sorrow, sorrow! *Ni easbha go dith cairde*: there is no loss to compare wid the loss of frinds, me lady. Ye're not of these parts? I ax yer bounty, ma'am. I'm in sore distress. An' is Miss Haggarty well? If it wasn't for the likes of her, what would become of the poor? I humbly ax alms. I'm not long to be troublin' the country.'

"Miss May gave him a piece of silver.

"I'll make bowld now to thry the kitchen, ma'am," said he. 'I'd get a rest to me lim's there. The saints guard ye! What way will I go? I've lost meself comin' to the front.'

"Nelly Blaine was ordered to step out and show him round.

"An' that's yer mistress, is it?" asked the tramp of Nelly.

"Sure she is," answered the girl.

"May she sleep in heaven! She has the free hand. I took her for Miss Haggarty.'

"She's Miss May.'

"Ay, ay—stranger to me, stranger to me, but her bounty is not the less good. Ye're shut in here at this back part. There's great sights here-a-way, but from the lady's windy I'd say it is greatest. Ye came to see the scenery, I'll go bail.'

"Faith, yer right, an' Miss May has the room for that rason.'

"I thraavel a great dale, an' I'm able to judge. God bless ye, child: I'm at the kitchen.—God save all here!" said the fellow as he entered: 'it's I is the weary man.'

"They gave him meat and drink. He talked and joked with the women, and won their good-will. Nelly stopt to hear the fun that had sprung up, and the conversation. Tramping beggars carry all the tales of the country, good and bad, and are skillful in adapting them to their audiences. Nelly remembered afterward, to her sorrow, one screed of the talk.

"I see no men-sarvants about ye, lasses," said the *bochdan*.

"An' what the divil," burst out the cook at him, 'would we do with sich varmin here?'

"' I'm surmising it's lonely wid the wimen whin the men's absint.'

"' Go home wid ye now : thramp out o' this. Ye've got what ye wanted,' retorted the cook.

"' I'll be on the road thin. I'm thankful to ye all. Maybe we'll see one another agin.'

"With that the man went off. The cook watched him from the door. 'I'm misdoubtin' that thramp, girls,' she said as she turned in again.

"' Why?' asked Nelly.

"' I don't know, chucky dear, but I doubt he's not what he puts on. From Dublin I come, dear, an' I'm hard chatin'.'

"The cook was right, for the woman that gave the ladies warning about the stranger men, soon after the beggarman was gone came and asked for the master. She told him the beggar, having never been seen before, was an object of distrust to her, and she had watched him. After he left the cottage he turned down the glen, and when he thought he was out of everybody's sight he hurried along and jumped the holes like a strong man, and that he was. 'But I,' said the woman, 'was cuter nor him.'

"This and the other facts were taken as evidence that the cottage would be attacked in some way. The apparent beggar was manifestly a spy. Evening came. In the last of the twilight, Mr. May caught sight of a hooker standing on and off. Mr. Haggarty sent for a fisherman, one Hanlon, and questioned him about the hooker. He did not know her: the glass failed to make her out. He could give but two reasons for her conduct. She was either waiting for a consort or holding off to land in the night. 'But,' added Hanlon, 'devil a reason for honest men to land here that way! The stillin's over long, every soul knows.'

"The two gentlemen settled that the ladies should retire in ignorance of the threatening appearances, and arranged how they would hold guard. Mr. May chose to watch the front, perhaps having a presentiment of what came to pass, and took post at a window that

gave him command of the whole length of the cottage. The moon was sinking, and there were floating masses of cloud. Mr. Haggarty had noted that the night was uncertain, but there was light enough to show objects at a short distance. About midnight, Mr. May intimated to Mr. Haggarty that he had heard a noise outside, like the breaking of a stick trodden on. From the space there was between the unhooked and slightly drawn-back shutters he kept his eye on the lawn, and presently he saw a gang of sailor-like men group in the shade of the building. They acted under a leader who whispered directions, and they dispersed, no doubt to watch different parts of the premises. One man remained with the leader. Some intelligence being brought from the other men, the leader turned to the window of Miss May's room, placed a crow under it, and in an instant crash went the sash. In the same instant a streak of fire flashed through the darkness, and the crow-man leapt up and fell back dead. Mr. May threw open the window he had fired through—it was hung like a door—and followed his shot, Mr. Haggarty firing at the other man, who was running off. But Mr. May was doomed. He had scarcely reached his victim when a shot struck him and he fell across the dead man.

"The house was in a wild uproar. Miss May, terror-stricken, sought her father. She found him weltering in blood, supported by Mr. Haggarty and Pat Hanlon, who had been roused by the firing and shouting. And she found more. There, with his face turned up to the heaven he had defied, lay Frank Mahon, a livid corpse. The black crape had been torn away and his features were exposed. The unhappy lady, crushed by the double horror, fell as dead, apparently, as the wretch that had met his deserts at her father's hands. Her return to consciousness was slow, but her reason was gone. Mr. May was not killed. He lingered long under his wound, though I may say it caused his death.

"That horrible night will never die

from the memories of them that had part in the events. The Haggartys deserted the place, and it is now a wilderness.

"Mahon's father sank under grief for his son, and all that son's guilt was exposed to the world. The abductions of Bidly Flynn and Bridget Rooney were his, and his intention was to carry off Miss May. He was a bad man, out and out."

I inquired what kind of person Mahon was in appearance and manners.

"He was," replied Philip, "a man of fair exterior. He had a fine bearing, and his manners among his equals were gentle and attractive. Women delighted in his society."

"And I have heard," added Father Michael, "that his accomplishments were various and his powers of argument formidable, even to men his superiors in intellect and knowledge. The ready tongue and sophistic reasoning in polished and familiar language always sway the crowd."

"Yes," assented Philip. "And to his inferiors he was haughty. He treated them as things for use or abuse as it pleased them above them. In return, while they feared him, they hated him."

"How came Mr. May to doubt Mahon?"

"I cannot rightly say. He was one of uncommonly quick perception, but he would never let mere surmises lead him to judgment; and that may have left Mahon too long unobjected to. But I really cannot say, sir, how his first doubts originated."

"And Miss May?"

"She wearied, wearied through the

years, an object of anxious care with her friends and of pity with all the country. To the day she ceased to rise from her bed no eye ever looked on her as she rambled over her old walks, and remained dry. Her goodness had endeared and her unhappiness had hallowed her in the hearts of the people."

Lyncheghan ceased. He rose, the tears glistening in his eyes, and hastily bade us good-day.

Father Michael pronounced a high eulogium on his acquaintance. A faithfuller and truthfuller man, he was assured, did not exist.

I inquired if Father Michael had much acquaintance with the May family.

He had not. "Since their misfortune a dark cloud had rested on the house. Mrs. May was absorbed in attention to her daughter. The son avoided company, and occupied himself entirely with his family affairs and the care and amusement of his sister. I came here when they were past forming new friendships. But their kindness to the poor of my flock is undiminished. Their griefs have not soured their hearts. I must tell you, they are the only Protestants in my parish—that is, when you are out of it."

Such was Philip Lyncheghan's story of Rosa May. I need scarcely tell the reader that the principal names are fictitious, but, except in this particular, the narrative is strictly true. Mrs. May was too soon laid with her husband and daughter, and the son removed to England, that he might be near their graves, as he had lived with them in life, a loving brother and son.

MONUMENTS OF ANCIENT AMERICA.

THERE is reason to believe that at some period in the remote past the territory of the United States was peopled by dense communities, which had attained a certain degree of civilization, and which, like many similar races in the East, have passed utterly away, leaving but heaped stone and earth as evidence of their former existence.

These ancient Americans, whom we know by no more distinctive title than that of the Mound-builders, were in their day energetic and busy workers, and have left numerous traces of their art in proof that the savage Indian is not the true aborigine of this continent, but that this, like the Eastern continent, had its phase of civilization in pre-historic times.

We need not touch here on the numerous defensive works found in the Eastern States, as there is reason to believe that they are of late origin. But west of the Alleghanies, over a region bounded only by the Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico, and extending westward to the Rocky Mountain region, are strewn numerous mounds and other works, evidently of the greatest antiquity, and bearing evidence of the civilized energy of their builders. Many of them are completely covered with the original forest, trees of hundreds of years' growth being found upon them, which probably were preceded by several successive forest generations since that remote period when these erections were abandoned by their builders.

These works are very various in character, the object of some of them being plainly apparent, while in other cases their design is a sealed mystery. Among the first we may mention numerous works of defence which are found on the elevated terraces overlooking the Ohio River and its tributaries, and which cover, in fact, nearly every hillside and bluff throughout this central region. Some of these are of great dimensions,

presenting walls twenty feet high, which in certain cases extend through a length of four miles. These great enclosures are designed with a skill in the art of fortification that would scarcely discredit the ability of a modern engineer. They are strengthened by ditches, curtain-walls and other devices, and include lookout mounds, reservoirs and various similar military expedients. There appears to extend a connected system of such defences from the mouth of the Alleghany, through Central Ohio, to the Wabash, as if built with the design of resisting a pressure from the north, which perhaps, in the end, overcame their builders, and may have been the occasion of some of the southward migrations mentioned in Aztec tradition.

But besides these defensive works, the whole region in question is full of monuments of a less evident character. Some idea of their immense number may be gained from the fact that the State of Ohio alone is computed to contain about twelve thousand ancient works. These, in the Valley of the Ohio, frequently take the form of square and circular enclosures, supposed to have had some religious design, and often embracing very considerable areas.

Near Newark, Ohio, are extensive enclosures of this character, covering four square miles, and comprising ditches and earth walls in the form of circles, squares and other geometrical figures, which are combined by connecting avenues. In the largest of these enclosures is an extensive mound representing a gigantic bird with spread wings, its dimensions being one hundred and fifty-five by two hundred feet. These walls are usually from three to seven feet high—in some cases as much as thirty feet—and are laid out with a striking geometrical regularity, the squares and circles being measurably exact. Another point of interest, as illustrating the proficiency of their build-

ers, is the fact that many of the squares are exactly equal in size, measuring ten hundred and eighty feet to the side. Most of the circles are small, from two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet in diameter, though some are more than a mile in circuit.

The mounds are very varied in form, and have evidently been erected with various designs. They are occasionally of immense size, the Grave Creek mound in Virginia being seventy feet high and one thousand feet in circumference. Near Cahokia, Illinois, is a truncated pyramid ninety feet high and two thousand feet in circumference. The summit is level, and embraces an area of several acres. Such mountainous masses have not been heaped up without immense labor, and show clearly the energy of their builders.

The majority of the mounds seem to have been erected for sacrificial purposes, and display frequent strata of ashes alternating with earth. They usually contain an altar or basin of stone or of clay burned very hard. These are often of considerable size, and contain, besides ashes, various instruments and ornaments, comprising copper, silver and shell trinkets, with spearheads and arrowheads of stone, shark and alligator teeth, pottery and many other articles.

Another variety of mound is that built for sepulchral purposes. This is often very large, though containing usually but one skeleton. Eight miles south of Newark stood formerly a great stone mound of this character, from which fifteen thousand wagon-loads of stones were removed for the building of a canal reservoir. Beneath were found several small earth-mounds. One of these contained a rough wooden coffin, protected by a layer of fire-clay, and containing a human skeleton, besides fifteen rings and a breastplate of copper. There was also found a stone box containing an engraved tablet in unknown characters. In many of these mounds the skeletons are covered with plates of mica, of the finest quality both for size and transparency. Immense quantities

of mica are found throughout this region, bushels of it in single mounds, yet it must all have been brought a distance of hundreds of miles. It is often cut into various ornamental figures.

In the North-western States, particularly in Wisconsin, a different race seems to have resided, building mounds of a very diverse character from those already described. The earth is here heaped into the shape of various animals—beasts, birds, reptiles and human figures being profusely represented. One of these mounds, representing a human figure, is one hundred and twenty-five feet long and one hundred and forty feet from hand to hand. In another place is a row of animal mounds, representing probably a herd of buffaloes, each thirty-five yards long. These mounds are of the greatest variety in form, resembling, besides animals, tobacco-pipes, various weapons, crosses, angles and numerous other designs. In Ohio has been found the form of an immense serpent, curving through a length of one thousand feet, the mound being five feet high. This figure is unique, having no known counterpart in the world.

In the Southern States there is another variation in the character of the erections, the circles and squares changing to parallelograms. One of these, in South Tennessee, is two hundred and twenty by one hundred and twenty feet base, and twenty-five feet high, with steep sides and flat summit. It is built of burnt clay, instead of the earth and rough stone of the northern works. On the battle-field of Shiloh are many similar works, measuring usually sixty by forty feet base, and eight feet high. They are accompanied by circles, ridges and crescents, often so close together as to admit of stepping from one to another. In the Gulf States, from Florida to Texas, the monuments are frequently of great size, forming huge terraced pyramids, with inclined paths or ranges of steps leading to their summits. Besides these are extensive avenues and other works, showing the bold conceptions of this old race. In Florida are a num-

ber of wide avenues leading to artificial lakes, and bordered on either side with huge mounds. Some of these avenues are over seventy miles long, usually passing through the remains of a town and ending at a great pyramid.

Crossing the Mississippi, we find still another class of remains. Here the practical succeeds the fanciful, ruins of old towns and cities being frequent in South-eastern Missouri and Eastern Arkansas. Nothing now remains but series of little square mounds, the remains of adobe huts, which are divided by right-angled streets.

Other traces of a vanished race occur, in the Lake Superior mining regions, in the remains of ancient shafts for the mining of copper. In one mine, under fifteen feet of accumulated soil, on which grew trees four hundred years old, was found a great mass of pure copper, weighing 11,537 pounds. This mass had been cleared from the rock, and was supported by skids, traces of fire used to disengage the rock being still visible. There were also found near it various rude copper implements.

The mounds contain very numerous specimens of the art of their builders, some of the implements and ornamental relics being most skillfully formed. Many of these are of copper, which in some cases is covered with silver, beaten very thin and resembling modern plating. Remains of pottery are exceedingly numerous throughout the whole country, the shapes being sometimes of great beauty. Stone weapons have also been found in great profusion—some of them highly polished and very sharp—as well as pearls, marine shells from the Gulf of Mexico, and other traces of ancient commerce. Their pipes, above all, display the artistic taste of this unknown people. These are frequently carved in stone with the utmost skill. Some of the carvings are exquisitely executed, and simulate animals to perfection. They embrace such subjects as the otter with a fish, the hawk tearing a small bird, the heron and a great variety of other animals. Among these are figures of the manatee,

an animal not found north of the Gulf of Mexico, and such tropical animals as the toucan and the jaguar. These carvings are beautifully wrought, and, where possible, highly polished. How such work was performed with no harder metal than native copper is difficult to conceive: it certainly could not have been done by savage hands.

Traces of the same extinct race are found to the west and north, mounds having been opened in the region of the Red River of the North, as also in the mountain ranges of Colorado, in Montana, Utah and Nevada. Upon the extreme summit of the snow range of Colorado are granite blocks evidently arranged by human hands in upright lines, which frequently extend for one or two hundred yards. These and the accompanying mounds stand three thousand feet above the timber-line.

In New Mexico and Arizona are abundant traces of a partly-civilized race, very different in the character of their remains from those we have been considering. These ruins are exceedingly abundant in the region between the Rio Grande, Colorado and Gila Rivers. They consist, principally, of peculiar erections which have received the title of Pueblos. Of these, that called the Pueblo Pintado is one of the most remarkable. It is built of small flat slabs of grayish sandstone from two to three inches thick. Between the stones are layers of small colored pebbles, the edifice at a distance resembling brilliant mosaic-work. It is thirty feet high, and embraces three stories, the upper portion of each story forming a terrace. The walls are three feet thick at bottom, diminishing to one foot in the upper walls. The building is one hundred and thirty yards long, and contains fifty-three rooms on the ground floor, some of them being very small. The floors are formed of rough beams, covered with bark and brushwood, above which is a layer of mortar. The banks of the Rio Verde abound with ruins of similar edifices, with traces of former cultivation and small irrigating canals. There is here found an abundance of beautiful

pottery, painted and ornamented with graceful designs. Some of these pueblos are of greater dimensions than the one above described. The Pueblo Una Vida is about three hundred and thirty yards long, while that called the Chetro Kettle is four hundred and thirty-three yards long and four stories high, each story having one hundred and twenty-four rooms. The building is in a ruinous condition, but one of its rooms is perfectly preserved, and displays walls of plastered stone, containing niches, probably for domestic uses. It is surprising to find in this deserted district such evidences of dense communities, and isolated edifices, each capable of containing the population of a village.

On the banks of the Gila are large buildings called Casas Grandes, resembling the pueblos. In this region are the ruins of numerous ancient settlements, the ground being strewn with remains of old edifices. The pueblos frequently contain circular structures, entered from the top, the ceilings in some cases supported by enormous pillars of masonry. They probably served as store-rooms.

Between the Great and Little Colorado, on the summit of a range of sandy hills, are immense remains of pueblos. In other portions of these Western Territories are ruined walls of bricks which are laid with the regularity of modern masonry. In fact, this whole region seems to have been of old inhabited by a great civilized people, though now but a desert incapable of sustaining a dense population.

These are possibly traces of the great southward migration celebrated in Aztec tradition, in which the successive races that peopled Mexico are described as gradually making their way from the far north, where is supposed to have been located that mysterious country of the fathers of the Aztecs, called Aztlan. There is certainly evidence of a growing civilization, from the earth walls of the eastern country to the stone edifices west of the Rocky Mountains, ending in the advanced architecture of Mexico.

We are happily not dependent on the bare word of the Spanish conquerors for our knowledge of this strange Aztec civilization, the ruins of which fully bear out their seemingly exaggerated statements.

The modern city of Mexico is built on the site of the ancient Tenochtitlan, the capital of this populous empire of the past. Under the great square of the city lie the ruins of the spacious temple of Mexitli; behind the cathedral have been found traces of the palace of the kings of Axajacatl, in which the Spaniards were lodged on their first visit to the city; while the viceroy's palace faces the site of the great palace of Montezuma.

The temple of Mexitli stood in a wide square, which was enclosed by stone walls eight feet thick, ornamented with sculptured serpents. This square was paved with polished stone, and was very spacious, containing, besides the great temple, forty smaller temples to various gods; also the dwellings of the priests, ponds, groves, gardens and fountains, with room besides for from eight thousand to ten thousand people. The temple consisted of a vast pyramid, three hundred feet square at base and one hundred and twenty feet high, faced with stone. On the level summit stood two towers, between which and the base the line was broken by several terraces. This temple formed the type of multitudes of Anahuac pyramidal structures, thousands of which probably remain undescribed in the sierras and valleys of Mexico. Solis speaks of eight grand and twelve thousand small temples in the capital city alone, while Torquemada estimates that there were forty thousand in the empire.

Among the most striking of these may be mentioned the pyramids of Teotihuacan, which consist of two great structures, of which the largest is six hundred and eighty feet square and one hundred and seventy-five feet high. They are faced with hewn stone of remarkable size, which is covered with a smooth stucco. These pyramids are considered to have been sacred to the

Sun and Moon, and are surrounded by several hundred smaller ones, from twenty-five to thirty feet high, forming streets which ran exactly to the cardinal points.

The greatest pyramid remaining is that of Cholula. It is variously estimated at from one hundred and seventy-seven to two hundred feet high, while it is fourteen hundred feet square at base, thus covering a far greater area than the great Egyptian pyramid of Gizeh. It is built with alternate layers of clay and unbaked bricks, presenting four terraces. On top stood of old an altar to the God of the Air. The idol was of stone, holding in one hand a shield engraved with hieroglyphics, in the other a jeweled sceptre, while on its head was a plumed mitre, its neck being adorned with a gold collar and its ears with turquoise pendants. The first terrace of this pyramid was cut through in forming a road, and the interior revealed a square house, without doors or windows, and containing two skeletons, along with several basalt idols and many curiously painted and varnished vases.

In the district of Vera Cruz is a pyramid built of immense stones, which are hewn and laid with mortar. It is remarkable for its symmetry and for the polish of its stones. Its base is an exact square of eighty-two feet side, the height being from fifty to sixty feet. It has six or seven terraces, and stairs leading from base to summit. Each terrace is marked by a great number of niches, there being three hundred and seventy-eight in all; which number is supposed to refer to some Mexican calendar. This pyramid of Papatla lies in the heart of a thick forest, where its existence was long kept a secret by the Indians, it being first discovered by some hunters about 1770.

The hill of Xochicalco, some four hundred feet high, has been made conical by human hands, its sides being cut into five terraces, which are paved and faced with hewn stone, while round the whole base extends a deep and broad ditch about three miles long.

The summit has been leveled, forming a space of two hundred and thirty by three hundred feet, which is encircled by a wall of hewn stone. Within are the remains of a remarkable pyramidal monument. It was originally five stories high, and built of stones beautifully cut and polished and fitted with the greatest accuracy, some of these blocks being eight feet long and nearly three feet wide. But one story remains, the walls of which are highly decorated with hieroglyphics and bas-reliefs. These consist of sculptured groups of figures arranged in panels of thirty by ten feet dimensions, there being two panels on each side. Above these are three or four feet of frieze with sculptured panels. Enough of the second story remains to show a continuation of the same rich ornamentation.

We might instance numerous other striking examples of these *teocallis*, or gods' houses, each a vast solid mass of earth, brick and stone, on whose summits formerly burned perpetual fires, the altar-fires in the capital city having been so numerous as to light its streets on the darkest night. Thus at Mitlan are splendid works, including a great pyramid with a base line of eighteen hundred feet, the buildings being highly decorated with labyrinthine devices and scroll-work resembling the Grecian. The ruins of Quemada include remains of many imposing edifices, which are built on top of a high hill, whose slopes are protected by broad double walls of massive stones, with bastions at intervals.

Other great Mexican works are the aqueducts, that of Chapultepec being over two miles long, and built on nine hundred and four arches. The aqueduct of Cempoalla passed the mountains by a circuit which made its entire length over thirty miles. It was carried over three chasms by stone bridges, of which the largest was more than half a mile long, the centre arch being sixty-one feet broad and one hundred and ten feet high.

The great wall of Tlascalala paralleled some of the most imposing defences of

the Old World. It was built across a valley between two mountains, forming a wall twenty feet thick and nine feet high, its length being about six miles. This great work was faced with hewn stone, the entrance being formed of two walls whose ends crossed and left a narrow passage between them, after a fashion frequently found in American defensive works.

Other monuments are the great idol dug up in 1790 on the site of the temple of Mexitli—a hideous, two-headed monster, ornamented with various horrible conceptions—and the great Calendar stone, which is profusely engraved with hieroglyphics signifying divisions of time, the motions of the heavenly bodies, the signs of the Zodiac and various other astronomical details.

We might instance numerous other remains of the old Mexican civilization, but these will suffice to give an idea of their general character.

Yucatan presents us with the remains of a civilization more surprising yet than that of the Mexicans, for, besides the deep mystery which envelops it, its monuments surpass in architectural skill any others on the American continent, and rival some of the rarest antiquities of the Old World.

Buried in the heart of tropical forests, these unique ruins have for ages awaited in solitary state the foot of the civilized discoverer, and are yet but partly known, the wide district they occupy being in a great measure unexplored. Yet there have been already found the remains of fifty-four cities, each of which presents some peculiar feature.

In the depth of an almost impassable forest, Stephens found the site of a wonderful city of the past, which has been named Copan. It consists of immense truncated pyramids, with long ranges of stone steps leading to their summits, which are crowned with the remains of ancient temples or palaces, whose walls are in places ninety feet high. Colossal statues and bas-reliefs are found in great profusion; among the former, a stone column fourteen feet high, cut in front into the image of a strangely-dressed

man, with a stern and solemn expression of face. The sides are covered with profuse hieroglyphics. Another city, Quirigua, resembles Copan, but is probably older. Here are many colossal statues, some of them twenty-six feet high, cut from a single stone. One of these columns has in front the figure of a man, while the rear portion of the stone represents a woman, the sides being covered with hieroglyphics. Another stone, twenty-three feet high, has a man's figure both on the front and back. One of these statues is thirty feet high, and is profusely ornamented with the pictured writing of these ancient sculptors.

Palenque, the earliest known of the cities of Yucatan, presents a pyramid faced with stone, forty feet high, three hundred and ten feet long and two hundred and sixty feet deep. On its summit is an ancient palace two hundred and twenty-eight by one hundred and eighty feet, and twenty-five feet high. It is built of stone, with lime-and-sand mortar, the front being stuccoed and painted, with ornamental piers and bas-reliefs. The floor within is composed of cement, the inner walls plastered and ornamented with medallions. This palace is surmounted by a tower of three stories in height.

At Uxmal are the ruins of a great city which in picturesque effect almost equals Thebes. There are here numerous palace-crowned pyramids. These edifices have received various titles, from some special feature in each. That called the "House of the Dwarf" is faced with square stones, the stonework inside being polished and ornamented with rich mouldings. These reach to the height of the door, and from this to the top the walls are covered with elaborate arabesque sculpture, unique in style and character, the designs being now grotesque, now simple and beautiful, and throughout strange and original.

The "House of the Nuns" is similarly ornamented outside, these strange sculptured designs being a feature of all the buildings. "The Governor's

House," the grandest of these edifices, is built on three ranges of pyramids, the first of which is six hundred feet long. The façade of the palace is three hundred and twenty feet long, and is covered with elaborate carvings. In the ruins at Chichen Ytza the walls are covered from ceiling to floor with pictures which are twenty-five feet wide and from ten to fifteen high. These represent a variety of conceptions, many of them warlike. Thus, the mode of attack and defence is displayed, the taking of castles, manner of punishment, etc. There are also seen the details of agricultural labor—planting and reaping, flower and fruit cultivation—with scenes of domestic life, and some of a mythological nature. The whole presents a very interesting picture of the life of a long-vanished race. The same architectural skill and great genius for sculpture marks all these ruined cities, and stamps Yucatan as the seat of the greatest ancient American artistic development.

We will but glance at the remaining antiquities of the Western Continent. In the huacos or graves of the Isthmus of Panama numerous figures have been found, formed of gold and representing beasts, fishes, birds, frogs, etc. Carvings and stone idols have been found in the island of San Domingo. Here is also a ring of granite twenty-one feet wide and having a circumference of twenty-two hundred and seventy feet. In its centre is a mass in the shape of a rude human figure, with a stone avenue leading from it. In an uninhabited portion of the coast of Cuba stone hatchets and copper utensils are frequently dug up. Along the Orinoco, at an inaccessible height upon perpendicular rocks, are painted symbolic and animal figures. This class of antiquities resembles some found in the United States, of which the famous Piasa bird, painted on the face of a lofty cliff near Alton, Illinois, may serve as an example.

In the remaining portions of Eastern South America the traces of ancient occupancy are of very inferior character, consisting principally of a sort of Runic

writing, painted or carved on stone, found in many parts of Brazil.

But in the Pacific coast regions are the remains of an empire whose civilization exceeded in many respects that of any other American people. On this point we have not only the evidence of the Spanish historians, who beheld this Peruvian culture in its culmination, but also of vast heaps of ruins found through many degrees of latitude upon the western slope of the Andes and on the plains extending to the Pacific. These are not the sole work of the Inca race, but many of them are obviously the remains of previous nations, whose civilization was merely developed and ripened under Inca dominion.

The ruins found in New Granada belong to these more ancient monuments. They present numerous cylindrical columns of peculiar form and very well wrought, being probably the remains of a great city of the past. Analogous ruins are found on the shores of Lake Titicaca. Orbigny speaks of a mound one hundred feet high surrounded by columns, of temples six hundred to twelve hundred feet long, having colossal angular pillars and porticoes upheld by single huge stones, which were skillfully cut in relief with rudely designed symbols of the Sun and the Condor. He speaks also of basaltic statues covered with sculpture, and of the enormous blocks of hewn stone in the walls, these being often twenty-one feet long, twelve wide and six thick. The portals of these buildings lack the peculiar inclination of the Inca architecture, and they surpass in dimensions any known monuments of the Inca race.

On an island in Lake Titicaca, at an elevation of 12,930 feet, are very numerous ruins of ancient edifices. Similar remains are found throughout the country, comprising fortresses, terraces, etc., built of enormous stones, which are cut and fitted with the utmost accuracy. The ancient coast nations have left similar traces of their prowess, the most striking instance of which is the great temple of Pachacamac, which presents

a vast extent of ruins of considerable architectural pretensions.

The monuments which are usually ascribed to the Inca race include fortresses, arsenals, quarries, tunnels, obelisks, temples, palaces, houses of the Virgins and of the Sun, and other edifices. These are often Cyclopean in dimensions, being built, in the rainless regions, of sun-dried brick, elsewhere of stone. The city of Cuzco is full of ruins, which still yield a faint idea of the magnificence of the great Peruvian capital when entered by the Spanish conquerors. It is said to have contained three hundred inferior temples, besides the great temple of the Sun, whose riches and grandeur are so highly extolled by the Spanish annalists. Its great fortress presents three immense walls built of rocks, rather than stones, some of these measuring thirty feet long by eighteen wide, and six thick. In the walls of Tiahuanaco are still larger stones, which have been transported fifteen leagues and built high into the wall.

The city of Chulucanas is composed of the remains of stone houses, which are divided by right-angled streets. These separate it into eight quarters, each with twelve small buildings, while four large edifices occupy the centre. The hill is divided into six terraces faced with hewn stones, and near by are traces of an ancient amphitheatre.

The Peruvians had also a peculiar system of defence, consisting of three or four moats placed around a mountain summit, with earth and stone walls within. These are said to have been very numerous, and in some cases three miles long. One of these fortifications occupies the summits of two mountains opposite each other, with a river between. The mountain sides are divided into galleries, one above another, partly composed of artificial walls, partly cut into the solid rock.

But as the Eastern Continent presents in the great wall of China a work dwarfing in extent its most pretentious monuments elsewhere, so the Western World has its marvel of labor in the great

roads of Peru. Throughout the extent of this ancient empire ran two great paved highways, one following the sea-coast over the plains, for a length of sixteen hundred miles, the other crossing the flanks and ridges of the Cordilleras, and extending from Quito to Cuzco, a distance, including its windings, of twelve hundred to fifteen hundred miles. The latter was the great work of the Peruvians, and is unequaled by any similar work in the Old World. It is from eighteen to twenty feet wide, and runs without a break over the most difficult country. There still remain numerous traces of its deep under-structure and of the well-cut blocks of stone with which it was paved. Over the numerous rivers and ravines it was carried by bridges, built of wood with stone piers where possible, though generally the impracticable nature of Peruvian mountain-torrents rendered necessary a resort to the swinging bridge of ropes, which is still in use. Steep mountain ridges were no impediment to its builders. As it was only intended for the passage of foot-soldiers and occasional droves of lamas, the ridges were surmounted by long flights of steps cut into the rock, with occasional resting-places. Stations were built at various points of the road, consisting of dwellings of cut stone, some of which were fortified and supplied with baths and other accommodations for the Incas in their journeys between their two capital cities.

We have but outlined the more striking points of these evidences of ancient American civilization. Were we to descend into all the interesting particulars, our account would embrace volumes. Many important inferences might also be drawn as to the condition of these races and their connection with each other. We have, however, room but for a few closing remarks.

Tumuli are by no means peculiar to the United States. They are abundant in Central America, covering the plains for miles near the ruins of Ichmul, in Yucatan. In Peru and Chili they are

also numerous. In fact, the formation of sepulchral mounds seems common to all half-civilized races, and they are still formed, as seen by Vambéry, in Turkestan. But the great mounds of the West are not the work of the chance labor of barbarous tribes. They are edifices laid out with geometrical precision, rivaling in dimensions the most imposing monuments of human labor, and built with a rich variety of design that displays great activity of thought in their projectors. The traces of artistic taste and skill found in them bear equal testimony to the talent of this lost race. Many of these imitations of animal figures are cut in the hardest stone, and finished in all their details like the work of a modern lapidary. Yet the only metal which they seem to have possessed is native copper, so soft that it might be cut with a knife, and it remains an unsolved problem by what means they accomplished labors so difficult. The date of this race we have no means of ascertaining, but the fact that mounds are found covered with primæval forest, the trees as various in kind as in the surrounding woodland, and frequently many hundreds of years old, points to a period far in the remote past as the epoch in which these extensive works were finally abandoned and left to the slow inroads of the forest.

Whether this mound-building people, driven, after long periods of occupation, from their ancient strongholds, marched southward and gave origin to those successive migrations described in the traditions of the later Aztecs, is an archæological question perhaps unanswerable. Evidences, however, of a gradually increasing civilization are found along the whole southward route, ending in the Mexican culture.

The civilization of the Aztecs, like that of most of the ancient builders, was one-sided in character, evincing great progress in certain directions and great lack of a progressive spirit in others. The same may be said of the Peruvians, who, however, pursued a different line of development from the Mexicans.

The Aztecs, like their predecessors in

the north, used implements of copper, though they had learned the art of hardening it with an alloy of tin, to which skill the Peruvians had also arrived. But how, with this bronze as their only metal for tools, they did so vast an amount of stone-cutting, must remain to us as great a marvel as are the achievements of the ancient Egyptians with no harder tools. The Mexicans had iron, pure in some large aerolites, and also in magnetic ore of such purity as to admit of its being worked from the ore by modern blacksmiths, yet they had no idea of its utility. They had great knowledge of astronomy, as is shown by the sculptured evidence on their great Calendar stone; they knew the cause of eclipses, and employed intercalations of great accuracy to mark the length of the year; yet they were ignorant of the art of alphabetical writing. They were splendid gardeners, yet employed no beasts of burden, though they might readily have domesticated the ox. They were great traders, using money formed of tin and of other materials, yet they knew nothing of the art of weighing. The Peruvians, on the contrary, understood the use of the scales, but had no idea of money.

The Aztec manuscripts evince great skill in picture-writing. They were formed of agave paper or of stag-skins, and were frequently from sixty-five to seventy feet long, each page having two to three feet of surface. They were folded, and had thin boards fastened to each extremity, so that when closed they resembled quarto volumes. No ancient people of the Old World employed hieroglyphic writing to an equal extent, and none bound their volumes.

The Cyclopean arch was employed both in Mexico and Peru, as also in Central America, various edifices displaying this ancient expedient. The Peruvians surpassed their Mexican contemporaries in the performance of extensive labors. In the prosecution of their bold enterprises they cut through mountains, filled valleys, carried whole rivers away in artificial channels for purposes of irrigation, and succeeded,

by their unceasing energy, in rendering deserts fruitful and in overcoming all the obstacles to travel presented by a chain of rugged mountains.

Both these old races were skillful in the movement of heavy masses. We have already adverted to the vast stones transported for leagues and built into the walls of Tiahuanaco. So the Mexican Calendar stone, weighing thirty-three tons in its finished state, was transported, without the aid of beasts of burden, more than thirty miles, over a broken country crossed at short intervals by streams and canals.

These mighty labors seem to have been principally the work of races antedating the more civilized tribes found by European discovery, in the same manner as the building of the huge Cyclopean monuments of Europe preceded the later eras of enlightenment. The Mexican pyramids were probably erect-

ed by tribes preceding the Aztec dominion, as in Peru massive edifices were built by races at a time preceding that of the Inca rule. The magnificent monuments of Yucatan are so distinct in character from those of Mexico as to preclude the idea of a common origin, their hieroglyphics being, moreover, of a very different style. This antique empire probably much preceded in time the Mexican dominion, and, less fortunate than the latter, has left only its ruins in attestation of its existence. These, however, are so rich in architectural skill and sculpturesque device as to challenge admiration from all who behold them, and to claim for their unknown builders equal consideration as a civilized and talented race with the builders of many of the most imposing monuments of the Old World.

CHARLES MORRIS.

UNTER DEN LINDEN.

AT the head of Unter den Linden stands a square gray building, the Schloss, from whose balcony Queen Augusta read through the waning autumn days the telegrams of victory to the throngs in the platz below. The *Lebe-hochs* of an excited people, vaulting at last to its proper seat in the European chariot, grasping along with a little sweet revenge the fulfillment of long-cherished desires and carefully-laid plans, echoed down the lime tree avenue. Shall they not blend after this, in imagination, with the sound of the name *Unter den Linden*? Softly it falls, but direct and true, like most German things. Till now it has been bare of all associations, all traditions, for Berlin is emphatically a city of the Present, innocent of romance, though the inhabitants reach after it in connection with Frederick the Great and his

old blue, snuff-stained coat, with red facings, preserved at Sans Souci; and certainly we find an element of sentiment in their hearty attachment to their hero, whose wise, terribly laborious persistence in all social and industrial as well as military enterprises founded their prosperity. No loving environment of Nature has Unter den Linden, no background of mountain top catching the rosy glow at even, or musically-flowing river—as Lung' Arno, for instance, whose simple tenderness of title is the same. It throws itself on its own merits for a grasp on notice or memory.

I left Magdeburg on a clear October morning, with this street of healthy, dignified pretension foreshadowing itself on my brain. We came along *sweetly*, for on either side stretched plantations of beets for making beet-sugar. About half the sugar consumed in Germany is

of this kind. Magdeburg is the principal centre of the German production, which rivals the French, having reached one hundred and eighty millions of pounds out of the four hundred millions raised in Europe. The yield of the root here is from eighteen to twenty-four tons an acre. Many curious facts, chemical and other, have come out through this industry. The cultivators tried English methods to enlarge their roots, which for a time almost equaled our California ones, but they found the yield of sugar was not increased in proportion: besides, the manuring produced salt in the root, making the extraction of the sugar more difficult. Then they had to adopt plans to increase the number rather than the size of the roots, and to make them more solid, while at the same time the extractor discovered ways to obviate the difficulty with the salt. All this information a *Geistlicher* gave me in the train as we wound along through the undulating flats on the banks of the Elbe.

Rooms had been taken for me at a *hôtel garni* in Jerusalemer-strasse in Berlin, and I drove directly there from the station, but my friends had not yet arrived, nor were the rooms yet vacated. The landlord was sorry and polite. Would I in the mean time walk up to his room? Four pairs of stairs, a snug, pretty parlor, and a waiting long drawn out. The gentleman occupying my apartment had stepped out—no saying when he would be back. Would I not have some refreshment? I consented to coffee and rolls.

The afternoon wore on. It began to rain: the room grew very dark. It was terribly quiet. Up there in the fourth story, looking on a back court, only a faint roar of the great city was audible. I shrank from taking off my hat or reposing for a moment on the sofa, which looked very tempting; so I got out my writing-materials and commenced writing home, stopping occasionally to laugh at myself.

After despatching my letter, I read my guide-book and examined everything in the room. The landlord left it

entirely to me. I heard him on the balcony shouting to a servant to come and get him his coat from a closet, rather than intrude upon me himself. About dark he came in, promised a lamp in place of the candles, and said the piano and sundry towering piles of music were at my disposition. And so the night of my first day in Berlin closed in, I sitting silent and watchful on the top floor of a *hôtel garni* alone. I sat there till ten o'clock before my apartment was announced as ready.

The heavy outer door—it had double doors—shut with a spring lock, and the chambermaid, coming back for something a moment after she had bidden me a heartening *Schlafen Sie wohl*, I found to my horror I could not let her in. Vainly I fumbled and tugged and pushed, and when I attempted to call to her, every word of German had abandoned me: I could not frame a single phrase. In despair I at last opened my lips to scream in English that I could not open the door, and the words came out in German—*ganz gut Deutsch*. I conclude it is a psychological fact that in desperate need the language of whatever country you are in will come to your lips. The *Zimmermädchen* brought a three-cornered bit of iron from down stairs and opened the door—there was no trouble on the outside—and showed me the secret. Then at last I crept between my eider-down beds for my first sleep in Berlin.

In the morning I found Jerusalemer-strasse looking like New York. It is a second or third rate street, but as wide as Broadway, almost as busy, and far handsomer. In many other streets the shop windows, the air of the passers-by, the activity and eager bustle, the straight, determined progress, pushing aside whatever is in the way, unite to form a striking resemblance to New York; also the constant building and tearing down, as well as the practice of living in cellars—sunk floors as they call them here—Eighty thousand of the population, one-tenth of the whole, live thus. This is a peculiarity of Berlin amongst European capitals. The newness of the city also

gives it a New York physiognomy. A century ago it had only a little over one hundred thousand inhabitants. It had had a stormy youth with sieges and sackings and pestilences. Later, came Napoleon, with his confiscations and the pleasant residence of his French garrison, but when they went away Berlin sprang forward.

The morning after my arrival I set out for Unter den Linden. Go and stand as I did by the magnificent equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, and look down through the avenues of limes to the Brandenburg Gate, surmounted by its car of Victory—a straight mile, lined with public and private edifices of grand architectural effect, lofty hotels and glittering shops. Officers on horseback are idling along between the trees, and massy carriages rolling up and down the carriage-road, while the sidewalks are gay with promenaders. At your right hand is the academy, at your left a palace: you turn and behold the university, the opera-house, the library, the arsenal, another palace, a host of splendid buildings massed together, interspersed with statues in bronze and marble of warriors and men of science; architecture, sculpture, decoration of color and design, all adding their charm. It is twelve o'clock, and from the guard-house with rifles stacked before it bursts the blare of military music.

A step farther and you are on the *Schloss-Brücke*, with its colossal groups in white marble—a youth in various phases of his career, attended by Minerva and Victory. Long as I stayed in Berlin these statues never lost their life for me: one in particular, where the warrior, fainting, dying, sinks back in the arms of the goddess, while she, with exulting face, eyes, hopes, all lifted to heaven, regards as so very a trifle the fading of the mortal part, the cause being won, the soul triumphant.

Across the bridge is the Schloss, where Frederick the Great was born, containing two halls—the *Ritter-Saal* and the *Weisse-Saal*—among the finest in Europe for architecture and decoration. About this house I record a fact

absolutely unique in my European experience: the man in the little room in one of the courts where I went for tickets of admission refused to take any money for them—with his eyes open rejected a good thaler! Near the Schloss is the cathedral, and opposite Tieck's statues on the roof of the museum cut the blue sky, and the gay frescoes of Cornelius in the portico forecast the treat within. Cornelius' coloring, however, is always "awful," to use an Americanism. If he only could have done the drawing and let some one else put on the paint, as Michael Angelo sometimes did with Sebastian del Piombo!

Where should I go first? I gravitated to the picture-gallery. This has been much underrated. It affords a great variety of paintings of different schools, among them some capital pictures, and is, as the guide-books tell us, admirably adapted for the study of the history of the art. Here I saw my first Raphael.

Was this a Raphael, this tame, insipid face? (It was a Madonna.) I looked at it in every light. I studied it: I walked away and came back to it. And then I went and sat down by the window in most bitter disappointment. From a child I had mused about Raphael, about all the old masters; had studied them in engravings, read of them, dreamed of them, pondered on the storehouse of delights waiting for me across the ocean: some day I should steep my soul in these intoxicating pleasures; and now here they were and I could not receive them! The sense, the taste, the class of faculties, whatever it was, that was needed to comprehend them, was wanting in me. One of the things for which I came to Europe was suddenly dashed from me—an entire throng of anticipations extinguished; nay, worse: they were before me and my eyes were blinded that I could not see. The hot tears ran down my face as I sat there looking down on the new museum. I have seldom had a darker moment.

I never thought of blaming the picture, but I afterward learned it was one

of the artist's inferior productions. An education of the eye, however, is really necessary before one's spirit can bow before the old masters.

Picture-galleries are hungry places: ere long sprang up the problem of dinner—when, how and where? I was then so ignorant that I did not know precisely what a *hôtel garni* was, or how it differed from any other hotel, but I summoned the *Stuben-mädchen* and asked if I could have something to eat there. Tea or coffee in the morning, or indeed at any hour, she answered, but dinner, no. With a look of surprise, I mused. Dinner was a necessity not to be dispensed with. Where in this great city could a lone young lady obtain one?

While I pondered, Rosy-cheeks suggested that she could bring me my dinner. "Oh, you can, can you?" said I. "Well, bring it then, will you?" and, flinging myself back as nearly in the attitude of a fairy who has waved her wand or a magician after rubbing his ring as I knew how, I waited, with a sort of Bohemian feeling that was rather pleasant, to see what the next turn of the wheel would bring up.

Soon came my dinner in a number of little white china pots which *Kätchen* piled up around me. A very good dinner—soup, two kinds of meat, chicken, salad, vegetables, pudding, pears or other fruit preserved in clear jelly—costing only thirty to forty cents. I don't know where *Kätchen* got it: I suspect from a kitchen-fire which blazed for none but Berliners, for one or two dishes had racy native peculiarities, and the secret of both composition and ingredients defied my every sense. I could eat all except a soft substance with little three-cornered wedges in it, whether fish, flesh or fowl I know not, all blushing and permeated with the most charming Solferino pink imaginable. I knew the thing. I had been inveigled by the lovely color at a *table d'hôte* at Brunswick a week before. I don't like to think about it.

From Unter den Linden came my German teacher. I found him on a

third floor, as they call it there, never counting the first or the entresol: I call it the fifth. He was quite an ideal little old man, though by no means a typical German, for he was dark and thin, with bright brown eyes, and descended, I fancy, from the French Huguenots who so flocked to Berlin on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His was an airy poverty, decked with a patient gayety. When I first penetrated to his apartment he had had a friend to dinner, and the dessert was yet on the table—some biscuit, a few maccaroons, two or three little oranges, looking as if they had been boiled (as they serve them in England, to make them appear fresh), and a bottle of sour wine—and over this the two old men were making merry. One morning I went there very early, but not early enough to find him: he was already gone. An erection in the salon of the size and height of a piano, covered with chintz, a deep flounce reaching to the ground, now proved to be a frame covering his bed. His empty coffee-cup was on the table. That, with a roll, was all he had had to comfort him before starting on his cold walk of two miles, for in October the weather in Berlin is already cold. The lindens on the promenade might be poplars, for anything one sees in the rows of forked sticks with their few sere leaves fluttering in the wind which comes straight from the North Seas. The *Lust-Garten*, in front of the museum, an open space planted with trees, was the most attractive spot in the city to me, because there I was warm, lingering in its broad, sunny walks. The winter climate is very severe, as one may suppose when the ivy is a hot-house plant, and the statues and plants in the gardens are done up in straw.

My old man had only two faults: a lack of front teeth—after that I always looked carefully to the teeth of my teachers—and a hankering to pick up a little English. I had a German-and-English dictionary, and he was fond of looking out in it any word I did not understand, instead of giving it to me in French. One day I hid the book in an

escritoire in the salon, and this gave him an opportunity to show himself a creature of keener perception than any I had been used to. "Where is the little dictionary?" he asked. "I don't see it anywhere," I returned, glancing around. He rose, glanced around too, then went directly to the escritoire, lifted the cover and thrust his hand into the very pigeon-hole where I had put the volume, while I sat aghast, beginning to think him "no canny."

I put him through his catechism about Berlin to make conversation. "*Ach Himmel!*" enthusiastically exclaimed this humble hanger-on in the outer circle of learning, "our university! Our government picks out world-famous men from all Germany. A good lecturer at Bonn or Göttingen is invited to Berlin, and next year students come in crowds. That is the way! Look in the lecture-rooms! You shall see from all nations—French, English, you Americans—three thousand. Three hundred professors teach them. And they have made discoveries—*mein Gott!* how much they do dig out!" Then he went over, with guttural delight in the consonants, many celebrated names, most of them those familiar to his youth—Ehrenberg the microscopist, Heinrich the chemist, Ritter, Poggendorf the meteorologist, and Humboldt—though he gave due honor to the men of the day.

Ehrenberg had snatched from his microscopical studies a singular idea about the before unaccountable cracking and yawning of the houses of Berlin. The city stands on a bed of black peat, which, fifty feet below the surface, swarms with animalculæ. Their animation keeps the whole mass in constant motion, generally insensible, but at times, when all the tiny forces act in the same direction, becoming sensible in the movements of the surface and cracks in houses.

"And then our collections in the museums!" went on the Herr Professor. "You have seen the collection for natural history—for teaching the manners and customs of all nations—the minerals—

Humboldt's things—the Egyptian museum—the antiquities and the casts of sculpture! *Ach! wunderschön!* the best works of every century arranged in order. And the classification, the catalogues!" Here his German blood roused: "And the *Bilder-Gallerie!* The art professor goes through with his class like a surgeon in the hospital. And the library! You need never look in the catalogue: ask for any book you think of, they have it. *Ach!* twenty years ago we were all scholars and soldiers—*Ja*, soldiers and scholars—but now these factories and trade! *Faugh!*"

"But tell me about them," I said.

The Herr Professor shrugged his shoulders: ah, the fine disdain of trade in even so humble a member of the aristocracy of learning! But I persisted, for I knew that the huge industrial establishments of Berlin place her on the same level with our own cities, and gain her a more ready sympathy with most Americans than do the schools and the university with its fifty years' record of wide-streaming radiance, or even her military training and its results.

"You know, *Fräulein*," he said, "the palm-houses of *Borßig* near the *Thier-Garten*: you have driven there, *nicht wahr?*—all strangers do. The locomotive factory to which they belong is a specimen of all. Three thousand workmen there: they make a city of themselves. Seven railroads come into Berlin, and from the time they come they draw the workmen for the machinery, *verstehen Sie?*"

"Yes, surely that is good for the city."

"*Ja wohl, gewiss.* And the canals that go like this," crossing all his fingers: "they bring the trade from the Baltic, from all around the country: it is not long that they are dug. Then we have great tanneries, foundries, sugar-refineries, breweries, paper, cloth and silk mills. *Ach! grosse, grosse!* You should see them. And our men of science help their development."

He always finished by asking me if my friends had yet arrived. "*Noch nicht!*" was always my answer, and then the bright-eyed professor departed,

and I shut my massive door with the spring lock.

At last my party arrived, and on the following Sunday we left Unter den Linden by the Brandenburg Gate and drove in the Thier-Garten, the park of the city. It was thronged. At one side is the Krollische Casino, or Winter-garden, where concerts, plays and suppers are given to sometimes five thousand people. When lit up it is enchanting. The decorations are of the gayest, and everything is contrived to give it the appearance of a true garden. A profusion of flowers in pots, in vases, in festoons fills every corner. The principal hall is without windows and roofed with glass: it holds eighteen hundred persons. Here there is no smoking except in the Bier-tunnel. The *Zelte* (tents) near this were filled with merry crowds, all talking at once, laughing, clinking their glasses and beating time to the music.

We drove through the alleys, with glimpses of footpaths crowded with well-dressed pedestrians, and out at the Charlottenburg Thor, to visit the mausoleum of Frederick William III. and his Queen Louisa in the garden of the royal palace at Charlottenburg, a long, low, poor-looking building. The mausoleum is the most exquisite thing I ever saw—a simple white marble erection approached by a sort of grass-paved, shaded arbor, across which is a movable barrier, opened for only eight or ten at a time. There were perhaps forty there when we came, and they waited quiet and serious, speaking only in hushed whispers, as if about to visit the tomb of a relative. We were all sufficiently subdued before our turn came and we entered the simple chapel. The light which comes from above is so managed that a dim violet tint is over everything, harmonizing with the low tones of the officials and the soft tread and grave face with which all enter and gather around the two marble sarcophagi in the centre, where lie the statues, life size, of Louisa and her husband. The noble, adored, sorrow-laden queen lies on a bed, her head turned to one side, her limbs naturally disposed, her

noble, beautiful features wonderfully lifelike. She seems sleeping, as if a touch would rouse her, but sleeping so sweetly that for worlds you would not give that touch. Friedrich Wilhelm's statue is also very fine. Beside them are two exquisitely sculptured candelabra, representing the Hours and the Fates, the former by Tieck, the latter by Rauch, who was the sculptor of the splendid bronze statue of Frederick the Great at the head of Unter den Linden. A marble crucifix by a Roman sculptor hangs above the altar, or what takes its place. Everything about the chapel is in faultless taste. The only thing lacking is pensive music to breathe from some unseen quarter. It is impossible not to feel as if you were looking down on some lifeless sacred remains. The bodies repose in the vaults below, and every year, on the anniversary of the queen's death, the royal family hold a service here.

We went to Potsdam in a third-class carriage. There is a fourth on the German railways, without seats, for men and horses. To describe Sans Souci would be only to enumerate fountains, gardens, tropical and northern, winding walks with grottoes and statues, avenues, one intersecting the park more than a mile in length, fine old trees and terraces. Nothing but a picture can give any idea of it, especially of the level surrounding the Grosse Fontaine, with its long green vistas stretching away and its marble gods and goddesses on the brink. Palaces seem as plenty as blackberries here. There are no less than seven in the immediate vicinity, counting the Orangerie, which is large and elaborate enough for one, having many fine pictures. The emperor is at no loss for house-room. Besides the Schloss in Potsdam itself, there is Sans Souci, the great Frederick's own shady cottage residence, on a hill sixty feet high cut into six terraces, on each of them a conservatory. There is something interesting in his naming his favorite abode *Sans Souci*—"No bother," Carlyle translates it. The name came by accident. Frederick had prepared his

tomb near the cottage: one day he said, "*Oui, alors je serai sans souci*;" and so grew the name, which he adopted.

Then comes the Neue Palais, filled with preciousness. I was glad to get out of the shell-salon, because our poor little Californian would keep trying to crack off precious stones from the encrusted columns. There is Charlottenhof, a little castle; the Marble Palace, built of brick, with its arabesques from the Niebelungen Lied; and Babelsburg—the Home Palace, as it is called—an elegant little nest of a royal home. The rooms are beautifully fitted up with quantities of cabinets, vases, statuettes, etc., scattered around; but there is not one in which you could not sit down and *live*—live in delight, for every window frames a lovely picture, whether you look down on the fountains playing on the terrace beneath the second floor and watering with their spray a tiny garden there, or through the thick leaves over Sans Souci and the Marble Palace on the brink of the Holy Lake, and the smooth-flowing Havel shining in the afternoon sun. The children of the crown prince, the grandchildren of Queen Victoria, were here with their governess: we saw them on the lawn. A work-basket, with some delicate work, stood on one of the tables, a book-rack on another with three or four loose volumes, a cabinet piano and piles of well-used music, an easel bearing a half-finished sketch; and I sat down by a window and pictured to myself a refined and cultivated woman passing here a tranquil, harmonious life, fitly framed, with an adornment not too stately for comfort, yet refined to a fastidious elegance.

Up stairs we saw the bed-rooms, the bath-rooms—no more luxurious than our own at home—and King William's study, plain and business-like. In this room Bismarck and he concluded the arrangements for the war. The maid gave me an envelope from the writing-table with the royal crest on it.

There are many fine country-houses scattered over the dull sandy plain between Potsdam and Berlin. All North-

ern Prussia is like this, with diminutive trees—the cottages ugly, square white-washed things.

That evening we saw another of the boasts of Unter den Linden—the opera-house. Its interior is more showy than some others, for the partitions between the boxes are only a foot high, allowing dress and jewels and the beauty they adorn fair display. The ceiling is composed of fine oil paintings framed in gold. I was amazed to hear that the chandelier, which looked like unusually massive bronze, was only pasteboard.

Often we left Unter den Linden and drove through the other quarters of the city, but we were always drawn back to it as the centre of attraction as well as of fashion and splendor, though there is a gay nook behind the palace. One day, after passing through the archways under the palace, which are a common thoroughfare, and pausing in the first court to admire the bold bronze group of St. George and the Dragon by Kiss, we crossed the *Kurfürsten-Brücke* to the older part of the city—Königstadt as it used to be called—where are the exchange, the town-hall and the post-office, and a busy scene of traffic in narrow, crooked, dirty streets. Another day we drove to the American minister's for our passports, and that took us to a quarter of aristocratic, finely-built residences, fronting on the Thier-Garten. Then we went shopping, first for the patriotic jewelry of Berlin (of iron), then invading all the Baumwollen shops, whose number betokens a severe climate. Almost every one we met on the streets was German: there is not the panorama of nationalities one sees in Paris, London, New York or Naples.

Unter den Linden and Berlip must be considered as an erection, not a growth. No street, no building, no statue in Berlin has sprung from a deep-lying need, has shaped itself thus and no other way, and attracted to itself such and such adornment, by reason of a spiritual law, with a fine overriding and appropriating of all incongruities and uglinesses. Yet this lack is perhaps no drawback,

for it leaves the field open for the absolute, pure invention of the artist, unshackled by a need to suit himself to surrounding conditions, whether of Nature or Art. But his rules, though more symmetrical, more skillful perhaps, lie much nearer the surface. Therefore Berlin creeps to no place in the heart, fastens not its fingers on the imagination; for one hears there no voice from the life of past ages, meets nothing trusted over with human passion. Things found their places much like Wilhelmsstrasse—a principal avenue intersecting the city, where all the official people live, but a bog seventy years ago—when Friedrich Wilhelm III. determined to have a street there. "Build, build!" he said to all connected with the government, and they did, though the labor was hard and the piles had to be driven

deep. Carp were sometimes caught in digging foundations.

The sympathetic aid of Mother Nature is entirely lacking—in no city more glaringly. Paris, to be sure, lies in a monotonous plain, but the Seine flashes a stream of sparkles through it—in spring the pink horse-chestnuts flushing its banks—while the sluggish, leaden Spree only serves as an excuse for bridges and as a canal to bring produce into the city. I saw a large flat-boat stuck fast in the mud one day and obliged to be pried out.

Considered as voluntary human work, as a flower of human faculties and endeavor, this is the most brilliantly successful city in Europe, not excepting even Paris.

Such is Berlin, and *UNTER DEN LINDEN* as its nucleus and exponent.

A MODERN TEST.

WE have all read how David Copperfield, after a long siege of domestic disaster, resolved to "form" Dora's mind, never doubting that, once moulded into true housewifely shape, home-life would glide into summer seas, and anchor at the land where it was always afternoon. Dora's mind being already formed in a different direction, he did not discover his mistake, as he might have done had he married me instead of my becoming Mrs. Hodge.

I brought to the management of the worldly goods with which Mr. Hodge did me endow a practical domestic lore which was a source of more pride than all my other acquirements put together. Secretly, I had long smiled superior smiles at the sorry exploits of other young housewives, and meant now to develop the possibilities of housekeeping in a way that should surprise them.

I will pass over our getting settled, the bride's share of which in the story-

books consists of "superintending" the hanging of pictures and positioning of furniture. In addition to these charming cares, my mind not being so formed as to enable me to lie on the sofa and give orders, and close my eyes to results, I "superintended," on my knees, the putting down of the carpets, while the windows, having been washed under "directions" merely, proved a failure, like almost every other effort of the professional "moppist" I had engaged.

Enough that it taxed all my complete health and strength to get everything in tune for my grand domestic symphony. The overture was to open with the arrival of two grand dames, relatives of my husband, and I became anxious for that old attached family servant, inseparable from every well-conducted novel, to begin her benign career.

When we had visited the Danas the

wheels of their domestic machine had seemed to run on velvet: servants, quiet and knowing as the historic Littimer, foresaw every want. All very fine, thought I, but involving a waste and expense simply out of the question with young folks beginning life. I must show them with my one servant the same results which it takes their three or four to produce.

To this end I entered into contract with Miss Rhoda Rogan, who had been raised on a farm near my home. Intent on coming to town for a beau, she was relinquished with regret by the good woman "one of whose family" she had literally been. The extent of her adoption I suspected, as I saw the cloud spread over her rosy face when I removed the plate she had put on for herself. Town servanthood, altogether, was the most incomprehensible piece of stuck-up foolery she had ever imagined, and when she heard there were some city-folks coming "to make a fool of her," as she expressed it, she said she would go.

If I had only known where else to turn, how gladly should I have bidden her stand not upon the order of her going! Cold doubts began to creep in as to my elegant programme, as I noted her elephant tread, her cavalry charge at the table, her resonant voice and her uncheckable laugh when the least thing amused her.

But the resources of the town were so very uncertain I could not risk being left alone; so I persuaded her to stay and bide the arrival, which took place next day.

The ladies refreshed themselves, and sailed down to enter upon my hospitalities, and for half an hour all went on most decorously: then a cheerful whistle announced the approach of Miss Rogan. Entering with the coal-hod, she took the straight road between my guests and me, and discharged the contents at the grate like a howitzer: then, thinking herself unobserved, as I went on making talk and the ladies politely listened, she held the hod in one hand, and, resting the other with the poker in

it upon her hip, comfortably gazed at the strangers.

The grand Mrs. Dana endured this for a time, and then, as a measure of annihilation warranted by circumstances in the last degree atrocious, she slowly elevated her single eye-glass and turned it upon Rhoda. An irrepressible snicker greeted this movement, and Miss Rogan, suddenly conscious of the situation, bolted for the door, and getting a little out of her reckoning, left a long poker-mark across Miss Anna's exquisite cambric apron.

When I went down to the kitchen, I found her totally unconscious of offence and full of amusement. "Oh land!" she broke out as I came in, "didn't she look queer peekin' through that one spectacle as if she wasn't quite sure whether I was a human bein' or a go-riller? Wonder which she concluded I was, Mis' Hodge?"

Willing to break the ice with my visitors, Rhoda inquired the price of their dresses and what they would take for them, saluting them with a kindly "Hello?" when they called across the hall to prefer a request.

I might have lived over these annoyances had they been the only ones which ruffled what I meant should be the smooth and brilliant current of my entertainment; but they were trifles of air compared to the total inability of Rhoda Rogan to meet the demands of town housekeeping.

Her days had been passed in the rougher farm-labors—milking cows, churning, washing and "scrubbing up." She had not the remotest idea how to cook anything more complicated than pork and potatoes, and every meal, from first to last, passed through my hands.

She had no eyes whatever for what constituted dirt and disorder in nicely-furnished rooms, and so of course no ability to rectify anything wrong. When I had told her everything over and over, I generally ended by doing it myself.

Was that an easy life for the proud young housekeeper, to fag at all work and keep up the social round with her guests and her numerous callers?

I should have laid my aching self down satisfied enough at the end of each day could I have felt myself anywhere approaching my standard of success—could I have divested myself of the morbid notion that my grand dames regarded my ménage with perhaps toleration, yet a strong surprise. How very different a feeling I had hoped to inspire in them! Mrs. Hodge had meant to make her home as bright and dainty to her husband and his friends as if she had come to it a real

“Fairy bride from Italy, with smells of oleanders in her hair.”

Mrs. Dana went home soon, but, to my surprise, Anna, at our invitation, remained. Might there not, after all, be more beauty for her in the life and times of the Hodges than I had believed? Perhaps it took a greater combination of adversities than Miss Rogan could produce to dim the sunshine that shone out from two souls content in life's first morning hour. There might even be enough of it to warm one who stood alone, with the frosts of single life beginning to spread their first faint film over her. They were not perceptible in Anna yet, unless you saw them in that slight quiet staidness coming on with her twenty-seventh year.

She was fair enough, a little dignified and patrician—not one particle of “gush” about her. It took me weeks, with all my presupposed “knowledge of character,” to see what a deep loving glow could shine out of her dark eyes: no man had ever found it out at all—not one. Such things do happen: girls grow up to womanhood and see multitudes breathing an enchanted air which they may not inhale. Never to feel one breath of the power that makes the world go round! Oh, Hamlet with Hamlet left out were a stirring play compared to that dull drama!

Neither had Anna parents, nor any one soul in the world to whom she was indispensable. So, exempt from all the most vital of life's joys and hopes and labors, she seemed shut into the tame world of parlòr-life, with less and less hope of escape from it every year.

More visitors! It seemed only delightful to my good man as he came beaming in with the news that his cousin John Hodge, the new consul to Tangier, was coming to spend his final month with us before he sailed; and when I opened the large envelope in the gallant hand, there was Helen coming too!—Helen, our valedictorian, our Crichton, that one wonderful girl in all the school! How nice! Yet I thought almost immediately of Miss Rogan; and when in a few days I welcomed Cousin John, and half an hour later Helen rushed into the parlòr, where we all were, and fell into my arms in a little swoon of delight, my mind directly reverted back to hospitable cares with a prosiness wonderful in view of the lofty æsthetic communings Helen and I had heretofore held.

I left my bright guest in her chamber, and when she came down an hour afterward there were waving wings of beauty in the hair which had lain in chrysalis under her hat, and she had given ten dollars apiece for the long curls which trailed their supple rings down her back. But money had not bought the handsome face and the silver tongue witty and wise. I left her enchanting them all while I went out to see after supper—to get supper, more properly, for beyond the tea-kettle my new girl could not go. My new girl, for Miss Rogan's place knew her no more.

Mary had been recommended to me as a nice girl. Open-mouthed silence and perfect repose of manner were among her merits. She would stand motionless within three feet of me, never moving except on such commissions as to get a pitcher of water or a hod of coal, which were matters of as high importance as I dared trust her with, I meanwhile perfectly overwhelmed with details requiring intelligent attention. She seldom understood any order whatever when first given. All attempts to brighten her up by a brisk example or cheerful hint were vain. Noticing a loud odor of cabbage in my already sufficiently disheartening kitchen, “The neighbors seem to boil a

great deal of cabbage," I pleasantly remarked. "Ma'am?" "The neighbors seem to be boiling cabbage: don't you smell it?" "No, ma'am."

Forlornly I struggled on for a few days, till my husband, coming down to the kitchen to look after some affairs, unobserved observed, and without remark produced his pocket-book and dissolved the engagement. The act was certainly a relief, though it left me with Anna the stately, Helen the superb, and the consul to Tangier, all upon my sole hands.

My husband rose next morning before the lark and made the fires—I a little after, and got breakfast.

I was glad to see Helen and John seat themselves tranquilly in the parlor with books in their hands, and I hoped Anna would go up to her room and not discover the desperate situation till it was rectified, for Mr. Hodge had departed to beat up the town. But no, she knew all about it: just like an old maid, you will say. She only left me to tie on an apron, and then began to gather up the dishes, literally in fine style. She waited for no waiting on whatever—to have me bring tubs and water and so forth. She set to work—to what purpose none but an overtasked young housekeeper could appreciate.

You know how elegant young ladies hate such work, and how much easier for her to have slipped off to her crochet and ignored my crisis. Nobody expects visitors to work. But as I was in the basement, up to my elbows in bread, there slid in like a sunbeam one of the prettiest young girls I have ever seen. Lightly and trimly built, the pink and white of her complexion and the soft pathos of her black eyes were irresistible as she narrated her accomplishments, her orphan condition and earnest desire for a home.

I engaged this Bonnie Annie Laurie on the spot, and felt at once a large proportion of the cloud lift off my domestic horizon.

"How perfect your home is, my cousins!" sighed the young consul as we lingered that day at dessert. "'Fit and

fair, and simple and sufficient'—just that little practical paradise I have always wanted, and which, of all places in the world, I shall be least apt to find in Tangier."

It did seem pleasant. The Bonnie Laurie had set the table perfectly, and now waited upon it light as a fairy, and with a tact Mrs. Dana's own never excelled.

In my satisfaction at having secured such a treasure, in Cousin John's admiration, late cares and vexations slipped from my mind. I no longer broiled in memory over the stove cooking the dinner, and the very burn I had sustained in taking the *méringue* from the oven forgot to smart.

That was a pleasant evening altogether. Our talk falling upon the Woman question, how well Helen handled it! I had heard her read Woman's Rights essays at school which outdid Miss Anthony for extremes, but with Cousin John's eyes upon her the dream changed. "Behind the sweet, safe shelter of the household hearth," was Miss Helen's text. Away, cried she, at once with the ballot-box and the public office, as well as crochet-work and blue dogs in worsted! In once more with that fast-forgotten rôle of the wise woman as the Bible paints her! As you heard the lovely girl and saw her eyes glisten, her color come and go, you could already see in imagination those two white hands to work addressed, those slippered feet on hospitable deeds intent, in the house of her husband. Happy husband of Helen! thought I, and Cousin John's face responded brightly to mine.

Anna sat very quietly doing a piece of that decried crochet, and thinking, I was pretty certain from her late insight, what a frightful bore housekeeping was.

Happy husband of Helen, but happier still the wife of Cousin John Hodge! How I loved the youth as time went on! Always my comfort and preference before the younger ladies. It was curious how wonderfully much he saw while appearing to see so little. How many

days do you suppose we had of the Bonnie Laurie before he discovered how greatly better she was at wearing her white apron and tiptoeing around before visitors than tidying her kitchen and cooking dinner, or how she systematically let my precious freight in the oven burn to cinders while she ran up to look in the glass?

I wonder if he ever saw—and I hope he did not—the things which, to save cleansing, she poked out of sight to mould and rust and ruin, and understood altogether the whited sepulchre of her tidiness?

Did he ever see me go down half an hour before breakfast-time and find the kitchen fire not even built, owing to my black-eyed maid having been sporting her neatly-painted cheeks at a party the evening before?

Whatever he saw or did not see, it is certain he showed a quiet appreciation of Mrs. Hodge's efforts which won that lady as nothing else could have done.

He likewise entered upon the study of Helen as well as a young man could study such brightness.

I saw how it would end, and was glad. True, Helen did not prove quite as companionable and satisfying a guest as I had pictured. When John was abroad she spent her time mostly in her room, reading a novel on the lounge, brushing out the long curls or arranging the thousand details of her dress. But I imagined the sweet tumult of her waking heart, and was content to be for a time put by.

Anna sat in her corner, and in contrast to Helen seemed a little too quiet and prim; and though John liked well to talk with her when Helen was not by, I felt sure he had never guessed how full of youth and longing her heart lay in the hiding from which it had never been brought.

The play went on for two weeks—Anna dignified and calm, Helen and the young consul bright and eager; yet it was the feet of neither of the two last that went back and forth so strangely long at night. Had the sight of content upon content in which she had no share

made Anna restless? Surely, it was not possible that the clear eyes of John had drawn her unsought heart from her also! My poor girl!

Coming down stairs one morning, and, as was my wont, hoping for the best, yet not unprepared for the worst, I found the Bonnie Laurie sound asleep on the floor, her white dress drenched in a summer night's shower, through which she had returned just before daylight from a dance, while I had thought her safe in bed. Totally worn out, she had sunk down to rest before changing her dress, and there she was asleep in her wet clothes. She sprang up in alarm as I came in, flew to her room, threw on a calico and made a great bustle of activity to prove my interests were not going to suffer. It was washing-day, and she hustled out the tubs and began. Still, affairs did not look promising to me, and I hesitated much to rise from the breakfast-table and set out on the ride to the mountain we had promised ourselves for some time. But my husband, who found not many days for pleasuring, could go, and I knew the affair would be nothing to him without me; so I left the chambers to air, put up a lunch, and, hoping for the best, set out.

It was four o'clock when we returned: the sweet early spring day had clouded over, the air blew chill, and we were glad to hurry toward a fire. Coming into the house, I turned a register and was met by a cool breeze. I ran down stairs. Me miserable! The washing in every stage of slop and incompleteness stood about the floor. The table was loaded with the unwashed breakfast-dishes, there was not a fire in the house, and there was a crowning woe which literally cast all into the shade. During the day three tons of fine, dusty coal had been put into the cellar, and the doors leading to the kitchen having been left open, a thick black dust had settled upon every article in it. It penetrated to the remotest corners of the closets and cupboards, and nothing could be touched without a smirch.

The white-aproned presiding spirit

of this domain was nowhere visible. I went to her room: there she lay, asleep it is true, but flushed with fever, and evidently down sick, as a natural result of a long series of festivities, wound up by the exploit of last night.

The climb up the mountain had been long and tedious, and I was very tired and stiff. The whole party were hungry, we were within a few minutes of the dinner-hour, and there was not a thing to eat in the house. Not even a grain of coffee browned—that first resort in emergencies. I wondered what Cousin John would think of the little practical paradise now.

I went up stairs with a studiedly tranquil face to take off my walking-suit and begin. As I came from my room I encountered Anna in the checked apron, and blessed her in my heart. A musical splash announced Helen in the bath; John was resting a while in the parlor before going up stairs, and Miss Anna lost not a moment in gliding into his room, for there was not a bed made in the house. Poor girl! he came up before she was through, and I felt in all my veins the flush that must rise in her maiden cheeks.

But it could not be helped, and I turned to the grimy chaos before me. I will not try to relate how I went to work, nor how long it was before we could sit down to the table Anna so delicately set. Long as it was, she had not found a moment to dress, and she with her tired face, and I with mine blowed over the fire, were a sad contrast to Helen as she floated in, rested and refreshed, in her white dress and with John's mountain-ferns in her shining hair.

My maid proved to be sick abed sure enough, with some prospect of remaining there—for how long the doctor did not know. She had not the least fortitude in bearing her ails, but cried and complained, and needed a vast deal of waiting on, which involved an amount of running up and down, of itself a serious item of labor.

The situation had grown too desperate to be concealed from my guests, and with the clothes still in the tubs and the

coal-dust still mantling all but the things I had washed for dinner, I told them cheerfully that it seemed probable we must be our own cooks and housemaids for a few days. "I am heartily sorry for it, my dears," said I, "but Anna will add new laurels to the housewifely achievements that will always keep her memory green in my home; and you, Helen, will have a capital chance for a little practice in that sphere you chose the other evening. No, better chance will ever offer to develop that grand notableness you have in reserve."

Helen assented sweetly though slightly, and floated to the piano, while Anna and I washed the dishes. Then, too completely fagged out even for our little circle, I went to my room, but not to rest. The little bell I had left on the invalid's table sounded at brief intervals all night long, and I, unable in the multitude of her complaints to judge how sick she really was, was up and down with her all night.

A poor preparation for that black nightmare of a kitchen! I positively would not let Anna come down to it, but there was abundance of work for her in other directions. Helen was not visible, but just as we sat down to breakfast her bell rang. Anna went up, and brought down a message to darling Mrs. Hodge that her trip had been rather too much for her, and she would like a cup of coffee up there. I complied without remark, and we had rather a silent breakfast altogether. At the end of it, John went out with my husband, and we were left to our labors.

I went down to that washing. It could not stand there for ever, and though I had never done a washing before, I did that. The process may not be so very difficult when one is used to it, but to me, with the preparation of the preceding day and night, it was nearly too much. By three o'clock, when the last garment fluttered in the yard, my proceedings there being viewed by numerous connoisseurs from the neighboring windows, I found it quite impossible to get any farther without some rest.

I went up stairs, leaving, from the sheer necessity of the case, the kitchen still in the blackness of darkness. Anna came out from her waiting upon Miss Laurie, and with a fond kiss called me her poor old woman, and ordered me to go and lie down. A raging headache seconded the command, and I threw myself on the bed and closed my tired eyes.

John had returned in the course of the morning, which, bright as it was, was not fresher than Helen as she came down to him in a white piqué suit and proposed a walk. "It is so stupid, here!" I heard her complain as they passed out.

I had just fallen asleep when they came in. I did not hear their entrance nor their low voices in the parlor below, but presently a sound pierced my head like a knife. It was the shrill tingle of the parlor-bell. I sat up and leaned my aching head on my hands, but it was not half so painful as the indignation that swelled in my heart.

Such thoughtlessness went beyond pardon, ever in a woman in love. To ring that bell with not a servant in the house was a climax to Helen's morning indeed.

I heard Cousin John's firm step sound along the passage and go down to my kitchen, and a hot flush of mortification rose as I thought of the sight it would be. Then I lay back and was glad, for it would be an exponent, if anything could, of the way in which his Helen—the already chosen Eve, I little doubted, of his practical paradise—had brought out her "reserve power" in this time of her friend's need.

I did not know then what John found in my kitchen, but I can tell you now. It was the stately Anna bent over the scrubbing-pail, intent on wringing out the mop she had been applying to that grimy floor with a will which had brought a color to her cheeks rivaling Helen's best. I would I had seen those two, whose intercourse had been confined to high-bred parlor courtesies, confront each other there.

The clear head of Consul John Hodge

served him well that day. Taking in the whole situation at a glance, he looked at Anna to see just what manner of woman this was who could from her fine height of ladyhood do service like this for her friend. Thank Heaven that he could see in her face the truth! Whether her novel position threw her a little off the calm guard she kept in the parlor or no, he then and there did fully guess for the first time out of her dark eyes the young strong spirit—how true as steel it was, how solitary too. His outward act was to fill Miss Helen's glass with water, bow and withdraw.

After a few hot tears, I went to sleep from sheer inability to do anything else. The Laurie's bell woke me this time after quite a respite, and as my senses came back a delicious odor of coffee and dinner greeted them. I ran down like one in a dream, and found the result of three hours' steady work in the kitchen. The dinner fizzed and bubbled on the stove, the table was laid, and Anna knelt before the stove taking out a perfect vision of a lemon pie.

I hugged the precious girl, and cried over her with tears of joy for such a friend.

Cousin John was wonderfully silent at dinner, and he failed to show a sparkle of admiration even when after the meal Helen took off the castor and set two plates, three glasses and a few tea-cups on the tray with the tips of her fingers; which labors ended, she recruited on the parlor sofa while we cleared away and washed the dishes.

I do not know what had passed on the walk by the river, but Helen, appearing to tingle with excitement that evening, seemed bent on making the grand *coup* with John without farther delay. That youth appeared to be living very rapidly too, as people must do at times.

We talked at length of the new consulate. "From all you say of it," said Anna, smiling, "it must be identical with the land of Mignon itself."

Helen took the cue from this, and in the cool dim room floated out the song at the piano—sang it to John only as

such girls as she can do and dare to do. Had she said, "Take me with you, Sir Consul," she could hardly have made her meaning plainer to all of us than it was when her enchanting voice appealed—

"Ach, Bruder, mit mir ziehn!"

Cousin John had gone over to where Anna sat in the shadow during this song. I fancied I saw his hand take hers. Helen, alive to his every motion, stopped her song so suddenly as to hear him say—oh past belief!—to Anna, quoting as in jest, yet with tones of unmistakable desire—

"Ach, Schwester, mit mir ziehn!"

Anna's hand, withdrawn in her first great surprise, I saw replaced in his silently, and knew all was well.

My dear old man and I rose in irrepressible delight. Nobody knew so well as we how great a thing this was for Anna, how blessed for John.

"My darling Mrs. Consul!" cried I, taking her in my arms.

"My beloved son!" said Mr. Hodge, and he hugged his junior by perhaps two years.

Do you suppose Helen rushed to her room in a tumult of passion? No: they do that in the novels. She offered her congratulations most sweetly, and the next day received a letter from her dearest mamma desiring her instant return, of course.

The rest of the days were golden to us all, though we worked hard, with only such aid as David Copperfield perfectly

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portrays in "Mrs. Kidgerbury, the oldest inhabitant of Dovertown, who went out charing, but was too feeble to do justice to her conceptions of that art." Our Mrs. K. availed herself to the full of the privileges of age, and never took the journey of the stairs without sinking down on my rep sofa in her greasy gown. She kept her wardrobe variously disposed about the kitchen, and the proper belongings of that apartment on the floor and chairs, with reference to being reached as she sat.

The black-eyed maid convalesced in a week, and one morning arose, made a charming little toilet, repainted her cheeks and went her way, delicately refraining from confusing me with acknowledgments or allusion to the two weeks' wages paid in advance.

Pity me not, for my reward is with me, though in one short year I gained the reputation of being unable to keep a girl. That old, attached family servant may never appear, yet it is well with me. Long nights of dreamless sleep are mine, and painless days, such as no devotee of the rocking-chair can ever know. And for comfort I can always think of how Anna and John were brought together.

We had a charming wedding at Mrs. Dana's, and they have sailed for Tangier. My heart is full of lightness as I think of them borne away—

"Two blest souls, with one accord,
O'er the horizon's curving rim
Outward bound."

J. C. M'CLAREN.

THE SEQUEL TO A "NEW LEGEND."*

AND still she sat in the road to Rome,
 With her hungry eyes on the great white dome,
 Mindless of riot and ruin at home,
 Saying to passers, "Let me be:
 Behold, I am she that was Italy!"—

And hanging her head for sorest shame
 At the growing dishonor of her name,
 While the summers went and the winters came;
 And, passing, the world said, "Is this she
 That was called by the name of Italy?"

"For she traileth her splendor in the dust,
 And her sword in its scabbard getteth rust;
 And truly in her may no man trust;
 And it shall only remembered be,
 Hereafter, that she was Italy."

But she, with her head between her knees,
 Was not moved for any of these
 Reproaches, clustering thick as bees;
 Only she said, "Now let me be,
 Since Rome is riven from Italy."

"I am but a stirrer-up of strife,
 Having no more delight in life:
 I am as a jealous and unloved wife;
 And thrift and quiet are not for me,
 Since rot's at the heart of Italy."

And now the darkness had come apace,
 Blotting out from before her face
 The things she had seen for a little space,
 And the hopes she had hoped when, young and free,
 Praises were sung for Italy;

When, sudden, an overflowing light
 Ravished the darkness from the night,
 And made it brighter than day is bright,
 And she hid her eyes: "It is not for me,
 Fallen, forsaken Italy!"

Then steadily to her startled ear
 Answered a small voice, still and clear:
 "Rise, for deliverance is near!
 Come to thine own, if thou art she
 That is called by the name of Italy."

* See *Lippincott's Magazine* for February, 1869.

She looked, and the gates were opened wide,
 And the keys of Peter were at her side,
 And the glory had clothed her like a bride;
 And the dome was alight. "Is this for me?
 Ah, then once more I am Italy!"

As one in a dream she entered, weak;
 But they kissed her on lip and chin and cheek;
 And all were too glad for any to speak—
 Wrapped in wonder that Rome should be
 Safe in the arms of Italy.

"Wait a little!" she whispers low:
 "The tide will come and the tide will go.
 It will bring us Liberty in its flow:
 Since we all gathered together be,
 The rest shall be added to Italy."

She will put her crown upon her head;
 She will smooth the silk of her bridal-bed;
 She will go out proudly charioted.
 Peace and plenty for her shall be,
 Since Rome has been given to Italy!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

SPOTS.

IT is a melancholy thing to see so many spots on the face of the sun. True it is that we poor moles are unable of ourselves to distinguish these imperfections, and so long as the old God of Day gives us a fair portion of his beams, we grovel on and are satisfied; but I have no doubt that all the other suns are continually finding fault with our central luminary, and pointing fiery fingers of scorn at the spots on his red face, insinuating, perhaps, that he has imbibed too freely of the ambrosial ether, and may some day stagger on his rounds, thus reducing our system to a chaotic protoplasm, in which Professor Huxley alone will be saved in his ark of atoms harnessed to a comet's tail. Now and then, over the surface of the earth, an occasional telescope may be seen poised on the top of a lofty tower pointing toward the sky: through this in-

strument some purblind wiseacre gazes and murmurs sadly, "The spots on the sun are increasing in size: woe to the earth!" These mysterious words are repeated by the assistant in solemn tones to the few devotees who have climbed the mountain to gather wisdom, and who stand with trembling veneration to catch the oracular sayings of the star-gazer. "The spots on the sun are increasing in size," they moan: "woe to the earth!" and the funereal echo is caught up by the dwellers in the valley, who hasten to repeat the tidings in the nearest city; and thus in ever-increasing waves the cry rolls on, "Woe to the earth!" and all because of the spots.

Now, brethren, be reasonable. Spots are a law of our universe, and no good thing can exist without them. There is not a sky without its cloud, or a rose

without its thorns : neither is there a delicious little brook trout, freshly broiled, without those harrowing bones. From the sun down to the smallest sand-atom, we shall find spots if we look closely ; and were it otherwise, we should go mad all together, the astronomers first of all, and the world would be a wilderness of howling lunatics : imperfect beings as we are, perfection would kill us. Let us, then, bow our heads and be thankful.

There is a little word which may be considered as belonging exclusively to the spot-doctrine : this is the expressive monosyllable "but." We love our friends, we think them very agreeable, but— ; we admire Miss Smith, we think she is really beautiful, but—. This precious word is dear to us all, and with it we unconsciously give in our adherence to the spot-doctrine almost every hour of our lives. We hasten with joy to tell the bad news ; we whisper the particulars of the last murder ; we buy up the editions of the latest horror by the hundred ; and we crowd to gaze upon the most desperate criminal with eager satisfaction. These are great spots upon humanity in general, and therefore humanity in general is deeply interested in them ; but, leaving the wise men on the hill-tops to warn the world of danger, let us descend to the valleys and apply our humble microscopes to the individual spots around us, and especially those which are so small as to have escaped general observation.

How many of us have spots in our ears ! What a vast army of deaf people could be gathered together in our land if Truth were the general-in-chief ! Excluding entirely those whose infirmity is plainly perceptible, what ridiculous mistakes, what dangerous misunderstandings, are often the result of slight deafness, especially when unacknowledged ! A young lady of my acquaintance once came home from a morning walk, and at the dinner-table remarked to her sister in a careless tone, "Oh, Ellen, I met Miss Jones in the street, and she asked me how you were, and if you had got over your lung difficulty."

"And what right had Miss Jones to speak in that way?" retorted Ellen with a flushed face.

"I think it a very natural remark," returned the younger sister, composedly eating her dinner.

"Natural ! Meddlesome old maid ! I am surprised that you did not resent such an insinuation."

"Well, Ellen, you know that is the general idea about you : I suppose Miss Jones only repeated what she had heard from others ; and I assure you she asked the question from the kindest motives."

"Kind, indeed ! One thing, however, is certain : Miss Jones never had any trouble of that kind to boast of herself."

"No," sighed the mother from the head of the table : "I wish I could say the same of my daughter."

"Mother, do you turn against me also ? It was only a slight difficulty, and I got over it long ago : I think it very unkind to bring it up in this way again. I should like to know, sister Kate, if Miss Jones asked you the same question ?"

"Yes, she did, and I told her that I never had any troubles of that kind, for I took good care not to force myself willfully into danger as you do."

"Katherine Munroe, I am ashamed of you as a sister !"

"Ellen, Ellen, be calm : what your sister says is perfectly true, and you will do well to remember it in future," said the mother.

Upon this a great storm arose, and thunders of angry words, with lightning from flashing eyes, filled the dining-room, all parties growing more belligerent as the battle went on, until there was a hasty retreat with the noise of violently closed doors, which betokened that the combatants had sought the solitude of their respective rooms to weep in secret.

The mother sought her eldest daughter, and gently remonstrated with her for such a display of temper : "You know, Ellen, the whole city was aware of our fears for you, and what more natural than that Miss Jones should speak of it ?"

"Oh, mother," sobbed Ellen, "I never really cared for him in the least."

"Him! What do you mean, child?"

"My love difficulty, of course."

"Lung, you goose!—lung difficulty!" laughed the mother; and thus peace was restored, but not until the deep wounds made in a family quarrel had given severe pain.

And while we are on the subject of hearing, let us glance at that astonishing habit, peculiar to some people, of singing just so far out of tune as to send thrills of agony through musical listeners, and at the same time just so near the tune as to keep them continually hoping for better things. Let a man say honestly, "I cannot sing," and then, if it affords him any pleasure, let him howl out sounds without any attempt at melody, and although you may shudder, you feel at least that he is an honest sinner; but those base wretches who follow on behind a sweet melody, just half a tone flat, or boldly assault some pathetic air with shrill sharps, deserve condign punishment at the hands of an outraged community as disturbers of the public peace. Who among us has not heard some heaven-born song done to death by slow torture, and breathing out its last gasps a whole tone below the original key, while the brutal accompaniment pounded steadily along with the loud pedal down, ending in one grand flourish of empty octaves? Who has not heard some pious but unmusical worshiper devoutly singing the psalms and hymns on half a dozen different keys at the same time, beginning each line with fresh fervor and fresh discord, and dwelling on the painfully false final cadence with a falling inflection inimitable in its expiring anguish? How can we be religious at such a time as this without cotton-wool as a preservative? How can we possess our souls in patience when the melody of cultivated musicians and the harmonious notes of the organ, subdued to a low, sweet tone, thrilling through the church like celestial voices from afar, are marred by some uneducated "fools (behind us) rushing in where angels fear to tread"?

Our clergymen, also, are endowed with unfortunate ideas as to the value of time. By this I do not allude, as some might suppose, to the length of the sermon: I refer to time musically considered. They often sing with earnest devotion, but almost invariably they follow two words behind the choir, thus producing very much the effect that is obtained by children in stopping and unstopping their ears in rapid succession when the noise of conversation is loud in the room. It is of the first and greatest importance that a clergyman should be a good man, but being so does not necessarily make him musical: if Nature has not endowed him with a correct taste for music, if he has spots in his ears, then let him provide himself with "such assistance as he can obtain from persons skilled in music," that the worship may be worthy of Him who is surrounded by angelic "harpers harping with their harps" and singing a "new song before the throne."

A clergyman once lived in our thriving city who was one of the best men ever vouchsafed to our fallen world: many were his virtues, and he had but one noticeable fault—an innocent vanity as to his musical abilities, which consisted of one of those mild tenor voices that require vigorous propping to keep them from falling flat, and a fair historical knowledge of music carefully gathered from books and dictionaries. This good man's hobby was congregational singing, and he commenced his reign by banishing a well-trained choir and appointing meetings for congregational practice, which at first were largely attended by the floating population, who in every city spend their time, like the Athenians of old, "in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." The young clergyman was delighted with his success, and with praiseworthy patience continued to explain the mysteries of sacred music, although his class melted away before his eyes, until at last it was reduced to a few devoted young ladies and their attendant knights, the latter strolling in toward the last, with secret thoughts of moonlight walks home

in their worldly minds. In this little band of sisters there was one for whom the pastor felt a profound admiration: fair she was and amiable, but, alas! her voice was uncertain, occasionally turning up on some very high note when least anticipated, but generally subdued to a wavering monotone about three tones below the required key. Miss R——, whose gentle breast was perhaps animated by a silent reciprocity as regards the admiration, persevered in constant attendance upon the class-meetings, and learned with great diligence all the lessons upon notes, time and cadences. Her theory was perfect and her patience indomitable: her only fault was that she had no voice, which by some of the unregenerate has been considered an impediment. One stormy Sunday evening we attended service at this church, and when the psalms were announced, the organ sounded forth one of those heavy Gregorian chants which, when uplifted by a thousand voices, rise into stern grandeur, thrilling and powerful, but when attempted by anything less than this produce an impression of a feeble man staggering and gasping under an enormous weight of ponderous notes, heavy with centuries and evidently composed for the giants who lived in the days before the Flood. The singing was antiphonal, and supposed to be congregational, but the worshipers were few, and the result was as follows. The pastor put on his glasses, cleared his throat and began on the first verse, sung in fair unison with the organ, although, as usual, half a word behind time:



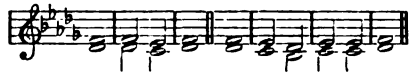
"My song shall be always of the loving-kindness | of the | Lord; with my mouth I will ever be showing thy truth from one gene- | ration | to an- | other."

Then followed the solitary voice of Miss R——, piping the response on the following key:



"For I have said, Mercy shall be set | up for | ever—thy truth shalt thou | establish | in the | heavens."

As if in sympathy with his ladylove, the pastor sang the next verse as follows:



"I have made a covenant | with my | chosen—I have sworn | unto David my | servant,"

in a tone so fearfully discordant with the organ that David must have turned in his grave with horror, and mourned for the choir of "trained instruments" and that "chief musician" of ancient fame to whose hand he could safely confide his inspired songs. So the duet went on through fifty verses of shaded discord, growing more and more intense in its agonizing wails, until at last the dismal Amen closed the exhibition and the congregational singing was over.

Brethren, whatever our faults may be, let us at least banish hypocrisy, and not stultify ourselves by asking for that "charming thing from *La Trovatore* or *Il Traviata*," nor praise the lady who has just finished the cavatina from *Semiramide* for that "sweet Scotch air, so full of pathos!" These little spots in our ears are not going to injure our fortunes or our happiness in this life, and in the next we shall lose all imperfections: it is only asked that we acknowledge their existence in ourselves and charitably excuse them in others. The mere acknowledgment will disarm criticism, and help will be freely offered from all sides, for the old world is kind in spite of her years, philosophers to the contrary notwithstanding.

Spots in our eyes are as common as motes, and the invention of glasses, with their nice adaptation to the various phases of near-sightedness, has taken away the reproach. We have no help for a slow tongue, no tonic for inert minds, and very inefficient aid for dull ears; but the eyes have keen servants to supply their failing powers and save their masters from ridicule; and that there is even grace in the delicate steel-rimmed orbs, and aristocracy in the gold-banded glasses, no observer of fashion can deny. Still, notwithstanding this, one variety of spots is obvious in the extraordinary combinations of

colors oftentimes seen in furniture and clothing, such as maroon-tinted curtains drooping over cherry carpets, or pink ribbons reposing against a Solferino dress. Who has not seen red-haired babies clothed in scarlet, and children with skin, hair and eyes all of the same pale yellow, attired from head to foot in nankeen? There is a certain type of wash-blonde that always appears in buff, and thereby produces an effect of green cheese; and, on the other hand, there is a certain class of brunettes devoted to light blue—a combination which results in mottled saffron, depressing to behold. Then come the color-blind, who describe a delicate pink robe and blush-roses as a "red dress trimmed with pink;" and if by any chance they are sent to match a shade of blue, they come home triumphantly with a deep pea-green. These are all "aggravating" people, and require to be dealt with sternly: show no mercy, but laugh them to scorn, and if they are young write out a manual of directions, such as, "No two shades of red assimilate," and "rose-color can be worn with green," and insist upon strict compliance. In this way much good can be done, and our optic nerves spared the combinations that now often endanger their health and well-being.

"The tongue is a little member and boasteth great things: behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" The inspired writer no doubt here alluded to those envious and malicious speakers who purposely try to set the world on fire, and glory in the conflagration: many and wicked are these incendiaries, and every city and village is full of the ruins of old friendships, the ashes of despoiled love and the smouldering coals of bitter hatreds produced by evil tongues. But leaving these well-known disorders, let us turn to the little spots which here, as everywhere, produce such amusing and annoying mistakes.

How many persons do we know who can never remember names, but stop in the middle of a story to search the ceiling for the names of the *dramatis personæ*, as though they were to be found

written there in letters of fire! This failing, the whole family is called into requisition to discover the lost title, and "Mr. Smith" is suggested. "Oh no, my dear—how can you be so stupid? You know that Mr. Smith has gone to Europe." "Mr. Brown" is then proposed. "Brown! Of course not: he never goes to Saratoga." The youngest daughter timidly suggests, "Mr. Jones." "How dull you all are! Have I not told you it was the gentleman we met at West Point last year—the one with gray whiskers and two children?" "Oh, I know—Mr. Robinson!" cries the wife, with a vague remembrance of a stout gentleman and two mischievous boys. "Nonsense, Matilda! Mr. Robinson is a bachelor and has red hair; but there is no use trying to tell a story to people who don't know anything;" and the angry Paterfamilias retires behind his newspaper, strangling the unfortunate story at its birth with grim ferocity. Now, when Materfamilias is blessed with one of these stubborn tongues, she triumphantly conquers the difficulty which vanquishes her husband, and gracefully tells you how "Mrs. What's-her-name met Somebody-or-other on the street this morning, and told them that Miss Jones had eloped with Mr. What-do-ye-call-em." In either case the audience is highly delighted with the anecdote.

A friend of mine once went to make a call: the servant opened the door and announced that the lady of the house was not at home. "I am very sorry not to see her," replied my friend: "tell her I called. I have no name." The same friend once startled a circle of visitors by declaring that nothing imparted "such an inviting appearance to a room as a cheerful fire in summer;" and at an evening party she distinguished herself by saying to the rector of the parish in a distinct voice, "Mr. Turkey, do take some more of the boned starkey."

During the war I took charge of a post-office in one of our huge sanitary fairs, and among my literary wares I was so fortunate as to procure a number

of autographs—among them, some of General John A. Dix. These last, embellished with the portrait of the venerable hero, hung outside of my window, and one day I overheard the following dialogue: "Who is this, father?" "That, my son?—oh, that is the great General Dix. When the war first broke out he gave utterance to the following sentiment, which has made his name famous wherever our noble language is spoken: 'If any man attempts to shoot up the American flag, *haul* him on the spot.'"

A curious defect in our mental organism is a certain slow apprehension of what is before us, a partial paralysis of our perceptive faculties, which, fortunately, only occurs at intervals, although it gives us while it lasts an appreciative taste of what idiocy must be. These singular spots in our minds come and go without any apparent reason, and are governed by no known rules of cause and effect, unless indeed they are the evil spirits of bygone centuries playing upon the strings of our nerves and paralyzing them with their bony fingers. Delirium and hysteria are the more conspicuous forms of this trouble, but, descending to its lighter manifestations, we find those occasional lapses of understanding which are sometimes supremely absurd. A gentleman of high intelligence was reading an account of the Prussian campaign of 1866, and chanced upon this sentence: "The Prussians were misled by a pretended guide, and suffered severe losses in consequence." After reading this phrase through several times, he laid down the paper and pondered a while: nothing coming of this meditation, he called out to his wife in the next room, "Mary, did you ever hear such a word as misled?" pronouncing it as though it rhymed with "drizzled." "No," she replied: "why do you ask?" "Because here is an account in the paper which says, 'The Prussians were misled by a pretended guide, and suffered severe losses in consequence,' and I cannot imagine what it means." "Nor I: how is it spelt?" "Why, *m-i-s-l-e-d*, of course."

"*Mis-led*, John—*mis-LED*: where are your senses?"

I was playing whist one evening with some visitors, when the door opened and my aunt made her appearance, holding aloft a newspaper. "Young people, *can* you tell me what a bug-ler is?" she demanded in an earnest voice. "You mean *bugler*, don't you, aunt?" "No," she replied with emphasis. "I have read the same notice in this paper every evening for two weeks, and I cannot imagine what it means. Listen: 'Wanted immediately—Two good Buglers. Apply at Camp Lincoln.'" "Buglers, aunt—*bu-glers*," shouted the young people; and Aunt Jane retired into the shades of her apartment with dignity somewhat diminished.

These little lapses in our perceptive faculties are very curious, and give us, as it were, a glimpse into that unknown region of the brain where the soul hovers and the mind gives forth its mandates, sometimes controlling the body with iron hand, and sometimes trembling under the fiery rush of the undisciplined passions as they surge to and fro. When the mind reigns supreme all is calm within: the soul burns with a lambent flame, the reason works steadily, and all the perceptions play along the well-strung nerves with perfect precision. But, although we can understand the entire anarchy which is called insanity, we cannot explain all those strange vagaries, so slight that they merit only the title of peculiarities, and yet in themselves as decided symptoms of the state of the inner mind as the most raving lunacy.

Why is it that some persons will tell lies about the smallest trifles, apparently for no other motive than an inborn love of falsehood? Why is it that in others the mind works so slowly that hours after an amusing story has been related you are startled by a sudden laugh of appreciation, as though the point of the joke had just reached them? Who has not among his acquaintances some who cannot reason, although in other respects they are highly intelligent? Who has not noticed that many persons are

entirely incapable of appreciating the point of an argument, and literally do not know when they are beaten, but, triumphantly bringing up some assertion which has nothing to do with the subject in hand, will proclaim their victory with exultation, and, what is more astounding than all, will really believe in it?

"John is a much braver boy than his cousin Ned, husband."

"Oh no, my dear: I hardly think so. Don't you remember how he ran away from the cows?"

"But he is always very careful not to wet his feet, because he knows I do not like it; and I say he is a very good boy."

"Very likely, my dear, but he is not so brave as Ned, who saved his little sister from the mad dog, and who rides the most fiery horses with perfect fearlessness."

"Oh, husband, how can you say such things against John, when you know he can say the whole Catechism, and is, besides, the best scholar in his class, especially in geography?"

"I know it, my dear, and I am very glad of it. I only said that, as regards bravery, he did not equal his cousin Ned."

"Now, husband, I shall have to argue with you a little, you are always so obstinate. Did not Johnny come in immediately last night when I called him? and did not Ned absolutely refuse to obey his mother? Does not Johnny always put away his playthings before going to bed? and do you ever have to punish him as your brother is obliged to punish Ned? Answer me that, sir."

"Of course, of course, my dear, I acknowledge all that."

"I knew you would when I came to argue it with you, Mr. Smith, but I cannot imagine why you are so slow to see things as they are. Johnny is a far braver boy than Ned, and I hope I have

proved it to you *now*." The husband gives it up, and exit wife, triumphant.

In addition to these phenomena, there is that startling sensation of a prior existence in remote ages, so often brought up to us by some trifling scene or event, when we feel that we are only re-living a duplicate life, with duplicate relations and friends to converse with, and duplicate houses and scenery around us—copies from the preceding originals of another world. Startling is the reality of these impressions, and we gaze about us with strange earnestness: the distant past seems present, and the present seems vaguely remote; and while we search our memories for clearer ideas, the recollection fades away, and no effort of will is able to reproduce it to our bewildered minds. The various theories which have been advanced to explain this mental problem seem wholly inadequate, from the learned doctrine of a double impression on the two lobes of the brain, down to the old wives' tale of the babies who dream over their whole future life during the first few days of their unconscious existence, and then remember portions of the dream as the reality comes along. But this mystery belongs to a vast field which stretches out before us, with its various phenomena of clairvoyance, trance and illumination, and their outward manifestations of magnetism, mesmerism and will-power. That these things are supernatural none but the credulous believe; but the laws which govern them are yet to be investigated, and possibly belong to those secrets of nature which are kept in store for the future man of genius, lest he be discouraged and sigh that there is nothing left to discover.

Are we then so spotted? Yes, brethren, we are. But for that reason we need not sit down and moan: let us be charitable to our neighbors' spots, and make merry over our own, and it will all be the same a hundred years hence.

CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

AMONG the peculiarities of the Celtic race none is more remarkable than its invincible tendency to be its own greatest enemy, and to inflict upon itself a greater amount of injury than its other adversaries have either the power or the desire to inflict upon it. The Paris insurrection and the Scranton riots exemplify this characteristic, but on a more or less extensive scale the process of self-destruction—for it amounts to this—has been going on from the period at which the race, which had once covered the whole of Europe, first appears in history. "For ages and ages," remarks Matthew Arnold, "the world has been constantly slipping, ever more and more, out of the Celt's grasp. 'They went forth to the war,' Ossian says most truly, 'but they always fell.'"

. . . A New York leading journal, which "celebrates itself" for the variety and authenticity of its news, has discovered that *Lippincott's Magazine*, though published in Philadelphia, is "edited in Boston." We are in some doubt whether this statement—which it would be an act of temerity on our part to contradict—was intended by *The World* as a compliment, especially as it is coupled with the remark that ours is an "eminently loyal" Magazine. But Boston, however famed for its loyalty, does not, we venture to think, enjoy the monopoly of this particular "notion." Indeed, no one, we imagine, has better cause than the writer of the article in *The World* to know that in Philadelphia also such old-fashioned sentiments as loyalty and honesty are held in considerable esteem, and that it is convenient for those of her sons whose practice indicates a different view to retire to more shady or more congenial fields of action. We may add, strictly "in this connection," that *The World*, though published in New York, is, according to report, edited in New Jersey.

JUDGE PETERS.

AMONG the "illustrations" of Philadelphia, Richard Peters, for many years judge of the District Court, occupies a prominent place. A Revolutionary patriot, an eminent jurist, a brilliant wit, he made a reputation which Philadelphians will not allow to die. Some records of him which we have been fortunate enough to obtain will, we are sure, be welcomed by our readers. In one of his letters he expresses a delight which must command all sympathy that, "an humble laborer in planting the vineyard, he has lived to see the exuberant vintage it has produced;" whilst, he adds, "I reproach myself, who had the best opportunities, with culpable negligence in not keeping a diary of the transactions in which I had more or less personal agency, or had correct information, during all the active years of the Revolutionary War, at least from the beginning of 1776 to its close." The fact was, however, that he was so constantly engaged in the drudgery of details, or in anxious deliberation on the means of keeping affairs in progress in the difficult department in which he assisted, that he had little leisure for private lucubrations. "Nor did I see, as I now do, the importance of developing the springs of action in public measures, or recording the personal merits of individuals whose examples would stimulate the succeeding generation to virtuous and patriotic deeds. The outline of such a memorial was, nevertheless, left by me in the War Office when I delivered over its duties and documents to General Lincoln, who succeeded me (to whom the duties of the old board had been committed) in the War Department. It could have been supplied by the files and books of that Department in a great degree, but, alas! they exist no more (1821); for in the War Depart-

ment the military events were chiefly portrayed in connection with the papers in the custody of the secretary of Congress; and having had, for the greater proportion of the time, the sole direction, I was careful to arrange and preserve important papers; indeed, very ineffectually, as the catastrophe at Washington most lamentably proved. . . . I have seen, in connection with the capture of Cornwallis, an account of this great event in which Count Rochambeau claimed the merit of planning the enterprise a *year* before it was put in execution, and have taxed my memory in recalling facts with which I was personally acquainted, proving decisively that the plan of the campaign was originally the capture of *New York*, and that the southern enterprise was never contemplated until, unexpectedly and to his surprise, General Washington was compelled, by the French admiral's breaking his engagement to come into New York Bay, and announcing his intention to enter and remain in the Chesapeake for a few weeks, to change the whole plan of operations, which he alone planned and performed in a sudden but successful and masterly manner. I was sent by Congress to confer with the general on the means (the supplies) necessary for the attack on New York, in which Comte de Grasse was, by a preconcerted agreement, to co-operate; but he changed his destination, under a belief (or pretext) that the New York Bay was dangerous for his heavy ships. This excludes all pretensions of Comte Rochambeau being the author of the plan of the brilliant southern expedition. I was present at the concoction of the enterprise, and superintended the provision of everything required by the general for the operation. Seventy to eighty pieces of battering cannon, and one hundred of field artillery, were completely fitted and sent on for service in three or four weeks, progressively; and the whole, together with the expense of provisions for and pay of the army, was accomplished on Robert Morris' *credit*, which he pledged in his notes, which were all paid, to the

amount of one million four hundred thousand dollars: assistance was, 'tis true, furnished by Virginia and other States, from the merit whereof I do not mean to detract. I had no money in the War Office chest, the Treasury was empty, and the expedition would never have been operative had not, most fortunately, Mr. Morris' credit and superior exertions and management supplied the indispensable *sine qua non*. . . . Comte Rochambeau (of whose military character and services I would speak gratefully) did not need a borrowed plume: in his memoir on this subject he avows his having advised Comte de Grasse not to venture into New York Bay. This was never communicated to General Washington, who for the first time received the change of destination of the French fleet from De Barras, then at Rhode Island, when the intended attack on New York was in great forwardness: the comte should have had the candor to have informed General Washington of his advice to De Grasse. General Washington handed to me De Barras' letter a few hours after he had received it, and reproached the French with breach of their engagements. But as Comte Rochambeau's countervailing advice had most happily been attended with successful consequences, he adroitly takes advantage of success to turn an improper interference into a source of personal merit. He acknowledges in his memoir that he advised Comte de Grasse of the danger likely to attend his entering the New York Bay (as had been agreed on); and if so, he should have had the candor to have timeously informed General Washington of the fact; whereas it fell to my lot to know that the French admiral's letter from Newport was the first intimation he received of the fleet of De Grasse going into the Chesapeake. When the general ordered the quartermaster-general (Pickering) to prepare for the march of the first detachment of the army for the southern enterprise, he said, in a tone of displeasure, to him, 'I wish the French would make no engagements to assist us, or, when made, they would faithfully

keep them.' An express arrived at camp, subsequently to the advice from De Barras, from the Marquis de la Fayette, then in Virginia, informing of the arrival of the Comte de Grasse in the Chesapeake: this was the first intelligence made public in the army, for the few of us to whom the letter from Rhode Island was communicated were enjoined and preserved profound secrecy on that subject. The express arrived at camp before any movement in the army took place, and both Mr. Morris and myself were on our way to Philadelphia under an escort commanded by Captain (afterward General) Dayton—I, to procure and direct the preparations, *he* to furnish the money on his credit by his notes: I was supplied promptly and efficiently. I believe the American army were at or near Phillipsburg—the French troops were always encamped separately. I have forgot the place of encampment: Colonel Pickering says it was east of the North River. My notes of my mission were burnt among the War Office papers.

"Carolina and Georgia were scenes in which British excesses were peculiarly atrocious; but their Northern and Eastern depravities were equally flagitious: the conflagration of the War Office papers has destroyed authentic evidence of them, and precluded the effect of the late scandalous repetition of enormities at Washington. I could tales unfold on this subject which would 'make each particular hair stand on end;' but having made peace, and attributing many of these barbarian feats to our own miscreant apostates, I prefer forgiveness and forgetfulness to harrowing up the souls of the present generation. . . . The occurrence which occasioned the removal of Congress from Philadelphia calls up painful recollections: I was then in Congress, and one of a committee of three, with Colonel Hamilton and Mr. Boudinot, authorized to advise Congress during an adjournment whether to meet again at Philadelphia or remove: being the only Pennsylvania delegate on the committee, negotiating with the State Executive was confided

to me. I had gone far in producing a temper in our Executive to afford protection to Congress and seize the mutineers; and I should have succeeded had it not been that I was suddenly taken ill, and some manœuvring defeated all I had done. Even at Princeton I had authority from a majority of the members to say to our Executive that they would return if assurances, practically evidenced, were given of effectual protection; but the removal embittered some influential public men—one particularly, who had the most in his power—and I failed in my endeavors. I never think of this shameful business without mortified feelings, and I will not relate the details, because I will not reflect on the memories of some individuals I very much in other respects esteemed. . . . Baron Steuben was a very dear friend, with whom my acquaintance commenced on his first arrival in our country, owing to official connection and my speaking his vernacular language. His merits have never been duly appreciated: he gave offence to some of our Southern brethren, but his services should raise him above such local prejudices. Our army was little better than a meritorious military but irregular band before his *creation* of discipline: his deportment and his personal conduct were peculiarly under my observation. One fact will go farther to prove his essential usefulness than a thousand words: in our estimates we always allowed five thousand muskets beyond the active numbers on our musters: it was never sufficient to guard against waste and misfeasances. In the last inspection return of the main army before I left the Department only *three muskets* were deficient, and *the loss accounted for*. . . . The illustrious General Greene I loved, admired and valued next to our immortal chief: as to General Lee (I mean General Harry Lee;—as to *Charles* Lee, I knew him well: he exhibited human nature in whimsical, sarcastical and sombre *caricature*), too much cannot be said of his *military* merits: the world, envious of superior merits, views private peccadil-

loes to gratify invidious consciousness of inferiority. I lamented the shades, but did not forget the sunny sides of his character. General Charles Lee tried experiments with us to accelerate the training and manœuvring of troops by means of regimental standards, grand division colors and signal flags. The bearers of these were as raw as ourselves, and the scheme failed entirely. He threw us into frequent and inextricable confusion, and himself into many violent and often ludicrous passions. We, after he left us, assiduously applied ourselves, and became as perfect in every part of duty as any troops I have since seen: I think our numbers exceeded four thousand, including musketry, horse and artillery: among them was a beautiful company of young Quakers, who had left the discipline of Friends for that of the camp. We were equipped (in uniform) and armed at our own expense: the poorer men were assisted by their wealthier compatriots."

In another letter (1826) is the following most interesting passage, to which the recent memoir of John Adams by his distinguished grandson gives especial pertinency:

"The death of Adams and Jefferson on the day of our birth as a nation, to which they so eminently contributed, is really a most extraordinary coincidence. It would take much time and trouble to set down the thousands of circumstances and sentiments immediately preceding and following that illustrious day. Some of them would prove that Jefferson was the *penman* and not the *sole author* of the celebrated Declaration attributed to him solely. I *know* the materials were collected by a caucus of friends to the measure, and he held the pen, contributing at the same time no small proportion of the materials. I have often wondered that it has been so generally taken for granted that Mr. Jefferson was the *author*, and everybody else the idle witnesses of a measure which cost us many an anxious day and sleepless night, and many an investigation as to the grounds and reasons which we should assign for abandoning our alle-

giance. I was in the confidence of the leaders in the measure, and know that every one of at least a dozen patriotic and eminent men contributed to the Declaration, whereof Mr. Jefferson has the exclusive merit. Adams was the most distinguished promoter of the measure—sometimes spoke as if inspired. Jefferson had no faculty of speaking in public, but was most highly meritorious in his public as well as private character. No men ever lived and died to whom a country is more indebted for the blessings we enjoy. I knew them both intimately, and can attest their claims to disinterested patriotism, unmingled with sordid pursuits, which are much in fashion at this period"—and have not, it is to be feared, become unfashionable as yet. What a pity that the proverbial fickleness of fashion should find its exception precisely where its weakness would rise into virtue!

It was as a punster that Peters was most widely known, great as was his reputation in more important respects. His memory has been better preserved by his amusing nonsense than by his instructive sense, and whilst his judicial opinions are only known to the profession, his jests are almost household words throughout the land. Men love to laugh, and he who induces them to do so is much surer of a kindly place in their recollection than any mover of their other emotions. The jokes of Sheridan have embalmed his name far more than his speeches; and even in regard to the latter he himself used to say that he depended for their success at least as much upon their flashes of merriment as upon those of inspiration. "When I make a happy jest I've the country gentlemen with me to a man," was his boast. There can be no doubt that the sign which Peters hung from his office window on beginning his professional career, "Richard Peters, Attorney-at-law. Business done here at half price: N. B. Half done"—a capital sign, by the way, for all half-price places—had the effect of tickling more fees out of passing pockets than could

have been secured by more serious means. The subsequent position and repute of so distinguished a punster reflected lustre on the art of which he was so fond, raising it far above the pickpocket level to which it had been degraded by the lexicographical bear, who never himself lost a chance of growling out a pun and chuckling hugely at the feat. Peters was colleague on the Bench with Justice Washington of the Supreme Court—a quiet, severe man, of whom he used to say that Brother Washington was the strict judge, while *he* was the district judge. Justice Washington was in the habit of delivering the opinions of the court, and was, moreover, noted for a very vigorous appetite—two facts which caused his associate to call him the mouthpiece of the court. The most memorable decision of Peters was in an action brought by some sailors against a skipper for starving them. Whilst their advocate was pathetically expatiating upon their torments, the judge had some of the testimonial hard-tack handed to him, and began to munch it. Successfully bolting the whole biscuit, he interrupted the eloquent pleader by remarking that he need not go on, as he had quite digested his case. The jury took the hint, and, as what was good for judge was good for Jack, found for the defendant. Another seafaring worthy, however, did not get out of his clutches with such flying colors. This was a superlative spinner of naval yarns, who, on returning from a cruise, assured a festive assemblage, of whom the judge was one, that he had encountered a soap island, which he elaborately described. When he had finished, the judge blandly requested to be informed if the making of that island didn't require a d—d deal of lie. During the sojourn of La Fayette in Philadelphia, Peters was deputed to be his especial guide and friend; and it is said that he was nearly the death of the much-martyred marquis. On one occasion he asked him if he wouldn't like to see a resuscitation of the Continental army, and on receiving an affirmative answer, collected a crowd of the raggedest ras-

icals he could find and paraded them before the astonished hero, exclaiming, "Here they are, general—rag, tag and bobtail, here they are!" When the two were riding together in the great procession, La Fayette complained of the dust, whilst the other laughed, and explained his mirth by saying that, being a judge, he was used to having dust thrown in his eyes; and when the arch across Chestnut street was being carefully taken to pieces a few days later, he remarked that as the arch-destroyer was at work, there would be the devil to pay. There being a question of a national provision for Mrs. General Hamilton, General Erastus Root opposed it, to the disgust of the judge, who said he hoped the devil would take root in New York. Seeing a lawyer in court handing another a piece of tobacco, he asked if that was a *quid pro quo*. At an agricultural dinner he entertained a countryman of more candor than courtesy by telling extraordinary stories; and when he paused, the man shouted, "Tell us some more of your 'tarnal lies." He did not like the low dresses of the ladies at the La Fayette ball, and said it was neck or nothing with them. Being joked about the probability of his nose and chin, which had great approximation, eventually meeting and quarreling, he said he apprehended it himself, as a great many words had passed between them. To a person quite bald he remarked, "George, you are the happiest man on earth: there is not a hair between you and heaven;" and to another, who reminded him of the joke, he said it was a very bald observation. Being asked if the Schuylkill bridge would answer, he informed the inquirer that if he would ask at the gate he would be tolled; adding that, at all events, it would be tried by its piers. He once projected a town called Mantua, and in fixing up an engraved plan of it to a post at the corner of the road for the information of passengers and purchasers, he contrived a glass cover to it, because he said the gunners would pepper it with shot if left unprotected, and everybody would

see through his plan. The project, however, languished, and when one of his neighbors observed that he ought to complete the laying of it out, "Yes, yes, indeed," he sighed: "it's high time to lay it out, for it has been dead these two years." A neighbor who kept a noisy pack of hounds once complained of suffering from ague. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed: "can't you cure it with all that bark?" At the trial of some pirates in South Carolina the district judge acquitted them for want of a comma in the law: "So, for want of a comma, the doings of the rascals will never be brought to a full stop." A young lady telling a gentleman who was poking at the fire that she never saw any one stand so hot a fire so long with such good temper, "Why, my child," cried the judge, "a hot fire is the very thing that makes a good temper." One of the members of the State Legislature, when the judge was Speaker thereof, in crossing the hall tripped and fell, on which, of course, the legislators burst into a laugh. "Order, order, gentlemen: don't you see that a member is on the floor?" was a rebuke which did not restore them to gravity. At the outbreak of the Revolution the judge was elected captain of a volunteer company of infantry. When he called on the paymaster to settle his first six months' accounts, that officer remarked they were large, and asked how many men he commanded. "Not one," replied the other. "What! such heavy accounts as these, and you don't command one man?" "No, sir, not one, but I'm commanded by ninety"—a reply to which the usual insubordination of the militia gave almost as much truth as wit. Being accused of having called the city of Washington a hell, he denied the charge, on the ground that he was too well aware, from the affair at Bladensburg, that its inhabitants couldn't stand fire. On the western expedition against the Whisky insurgents, Peters, who accompanied General Washington as district judge, happened one day to stop at a log cabin where the interstices of the logs let in a good deal more air

than was pleasant. Complaining of the cold and damp to the landlord, he was told they didn't mind such trifles there. "That may be, sir, and you may add that you are a highly hospitable set, for you keep open house." An ex-deputy attorney-general continued from custom to use the technical phrases of a public prosecutor, and apologized for the same. "Yes, yes," said the judge, "you are like the clapper of a bell, that keeps wagging after it has done sounding." When Peters accompanied the expedition against the insurgents in 1794, as stated above, he and Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, undertook to pitch a tent, and while Hamilton was awkwardly digging the ditch, Peters attempted with a dull axe to point some pins. As he was hacking away, unconscious of observation, he heard a laugh behind him, and on looking round he beheld Colonel Guernsey and some of his officers making merry at his efforts. The colonel commanded a regiment of loafers, whose repute was such that they were denominated the Babes of Grace. "Why, judge," said the colonel, "you have an axe that wants a new edge." "True," said the other, "and you have a regiment which would willingly *steal* it." To some one whose patriotism was more a matter of interest than principle, and who laughed at him for the rustiness of a coat he was wearing, he explained the cause thereof by saying that his coat looked weather-beaten from his never turning it. Once, when the judge was standing near La Fayette, a young military officer, in addressing the latter, exclaimed, "Sir, although we were not born to partake of your Revolutionary hardships, yet should our country be attacked we will not fail to tread in the shoes of our forefathers." "No, no," interrupted the judge: "that you can't do, for they fought barefooted." An old Colonel Forest, coming up to the general, fell upon his neck and began to blubber. Peters whispered to the unfortunate victim that there were many kinds of trees in our forests, and that this was a weeping willow. "Why don't you buy land

in North Carolina?" asked a friend of the judge. "I'd rather buy it in the moon," was the reply, "for then I might sometimes see my purchase"—a reply not altogether in harmony with Macaulay's dictum, that an acre in Middlesex is worth a principality in Utopia. In the following lines His Honor makes a defence of his unprofessional quibbling, with which this little notice may appropriately conclude :

The Caviler and the Punster.

A DIALOGUE.

- C. I admire you're so given to punning,
Which is but an oxyd of wit—
As different as wisdom from cunning,
Or a card for a ball from a writ.
- P. A pun is an innocent plaything,
If it be not too low or absurd :
It bounds like a frisky young stray thing,
Gayly starting at once at the word.
The sophist's a wily deceiver,
Who, in language abstruse and uncouth,
Confounds the unwary believer,
When he puns, not on words, but on truth.
The punster, in phrase analytic,
Dissects, but is sportive and civil :
Whilst *he* is the prey of the critic,
The sophist is mark'd for the devil.

THE TURKISH QUESTION.

DESPITE the decision of the London Conference on the last Russian circular note, Turkey and the so-called Oriental question will henceforth again constitute one of those sore spots whence all the violent spasms which convulse Europe at longer or shorter intervals have thus far emanated. It appears to have become absolutely necessary for the peace of the civilized world that this running political sore should at last be permanently healed. For the past thirty years the statesmen on the Bosphorus have depended entirely on the rivalry of the Western powers, and managed to preserve an equilibrium amidst the conflicting play of the different interests. But now, when some of these interests have lost their wonted influence, the critical moment which must determine whether the Porte is to become a plaything of the storms, or whether it retains within itself sufficient vitality to live, has arrived. All the exertions which have hitherto been made to advance on the road to progress, to develop its

natural resources, have ended in failure and disappointment, and the Nicholaian parable of the "sick man" is still as applicable to-day as it was before the Crimean war. There is, of course, no more beheading and impaling, the silken halter and the sack have fallen into disuse, but the administration of justice has undergone no change, and the distrust with which the Rajah races regard the government is probably as well founded as ever. The Osmanli, who should constitute the cement that keeps the heterogeneous elements of the empire together, are dying out, and the sultan cannot venture to put arms into the hands of his disaffected Christian subjects. The finances are on the verge of bankruptcy : Mustapha Tazyl Pasha has resigned his portfolio in despair, not being able to devise means to cure the chronic consumption of the exchequer. The interest and the amortization recently due on the loans contracted in 1863 and 1864 are only paid in part, for the siege of Paris cut off the supplies expected from that source. By another loan, obtained on ruinous terms, the funds required to pay the consolidated interest were raised, but a large portion of the money was wanted by the sultan for the expenses of his own household.

Hand in hand with this disgraceful administration of the finances and the general misgovernment goes the neglect of popular education. The Sublime Porte cares nothing for the mental and moral improvement of its subjects, and takes no active share in this highly important duty. The Mohammedan schools, where reading, writing and a mechanical recitation of the Koran are taught, and which are under the charge of mosque students representing the Old Turkey party, have no connection with the state. The higher institutions, where the native youth receive correct ideas of the outer world, the value of time and the responsibilities of life's various relations, are mainly controlled by the Catholic priesthood. It is from this source that the Turkish government, when at a loss, selects its public servants. These young men are generally

sufficiently clever to avail themselves of the new equality-edicts to rise rapidly in the service of the state, but they know nothing save their own interests. The meaning of a self-sacrificing, disinterested patriotism is so little understood that it cannot even be expressed in any Eastern language save in a round-about way. And even the few educational advantages above enumerated accrue almost exclusively to the benefit of the Christians and the inhabitants of the cities: the great bulk of the nation, the rural population, is designedly left in the deepest ignorance; and this will go on as long as the pleasure-loving, self-conceited governing Turkish classes continue to regard the toilers and producers as mere beasts of burden. Another deep-felt evil is the want of capable officials and competent schoolmasters, though this want might easily be supplied by inviting the proper material from abroad, and discarding the native favorites and fanatics. Since excellent instructors have been secured for the Turkish army, there should be no difficulty in finding the desired class of civilians; and if the foreign commissioned and non-commissioned officers have mastered the Turkish language, jurists, pedagogues and philologists might safely be expected to do the same. But the difficulties of procuring the services of men of this description are not half so great as the repugnance of the government to the humiliating confession which the step must involve, and to the struggle with the fanatic Old Turkey party, to whom the measure would virtually give the *coup de grace*.

In these evils mainly lies the utter hopelessness of a successful regeneration of the Turkish empire. What means regeneration? Is it not to renovate the entire system, from its foundation up?—to create something newer, better, stronger, healthier and nobler, without at the same time substituting something foreign and unnatural in its place? It means a new structure, reared as nearly as possible from the materials of the old. To regenerate Turkey is therefore to make it a newer and bet-

ter state than the present, and yet not to degrade it into a mere Russian or Greek province, or a colony ruled by the remote West. Such a regeneration of head and members seems, however, almost impossible—at least in the vital juices of a body diseased from its crown to the sole of its foot. It is this rotten old system which greatly increases the difficulty of engrafting upon it the unripe new, and especially when the process must begin at the top. The Augean stable in the sultan's own household should be thoroughly cleansed before the besom of reform can be effectively applied in the lower regions. W. P. M.

SOME GERMAN AUTHORS.

How small is the number of German authors who have a popular reputation in this country! Some of the names which are as much household words in Germany as those of Bushnell and Whittier in America would be hardly recognized here. Take those of Dorner and Julius Müller, for example. Every theological student has heard of them, for they are two of the very first theologians of the age, but it is in theological circles exclusively that they are known. Take Lepsius, the greatest living Egyptologist, Kiepert, the unrivalled cartographer, Barth, the eminent African explorer, Peterman, the distinguished geographer, Ranke, the famous historian, Moscheles, the well-known composer, and you see at once how great and yet how limited is their reputation. Take Carl Ritter as another example of what I mean. He has, in a certain sense, an English and American reputation, for two duodecimos and four octavos of his writings have been translated and published in both countries, and his life has also appeared in both England and the United States; and still his reputation is so limited by the conditions of interest in profound geographical discoveries and ideas that his name would not at once pique curiosity.

But when we come to men of letters, to such authors as Freytag and Auerbach, the case is different. Gustav Freytag, the author of *Debit and Credit* and

of *The Lost Manuscript*, was living just outside of the little village-city of Gotha during the summer which I spent at that place. We were both frequenters of the Ducal Library, and we therefore often met. Freytag was a sensible, learned man, deep in historical studies, and giving little trace in his ordinary conversation of the genius which produced his two masterly novels. I should judge him to have been then a little rising forty years of age, a fluent, pleasant talker and a genial man. He had a man-of-the-world look about him, very unlike the air of most German savants, and a practical, common-sense way of taking hold of everything. Most of those great Germans seem like grown-up children: with all their learning, you cannot repress an inclination to take care of them and keep them from hurting themselves, just as we do with our babies. But Freytag has the bearing of a man who can go alone.

But since the culmination of the star of Freytag another brilliant luminary has arisen and filled the German heavens with its light. Berthold Auerbach has long been known—indeed his *Village Tales* were translated into English and published in London years ago: I think a full quarter of a century ago—and in a certain line of quaint, simple, rustic stories he has long been unexcelled. But the English and American taste for German literature is recently developed, and those charming and idyllic little tales of Black Forest life which Auerbach wrote in his youth did not find a great circle of readers.

I may as well as not, while the feeling is on me, let you into a little bit of literary history, seeing that the book which it involves has now grown famous. When I was in London in '65, *On the Heights* appeared in Stuttgart. I ran through it with eager interest, and could not help seeing that it was one of the most notable books of the age. I saw that it is not only a charming and bewitching story, but that it is a reflection of the highest thought of our age; nay, that it is, on the whole, a most able and satisfactory representation of the doc-

trines of that religion which the human soul is setting up in the place of Christianity; that it is the last and highest word of Pantheism—a winning and powerful popularization of Spinoza's philosophy. So far it was clearly a dangerous book; and as a man wholly believing in Christianity, I could only fear its influence and deplore its production. But I found much more in the book: I saw that under the form of a German novel it is a discussion of the great problem of sin and atonement—that it tracks the course of sin in a human soul through all its grades, from its blinding fascination to its crushing despair. I saw all the efforts which a rationalistic philosophy could make utterly powerless to give peace and a sense of reconciliation; and thus I saw that the book was all the brighter a tribute to Christianity in that its power, its pathos and its beauty were so great. I went at once to the great publishing-house of Sampson Low & Co., and laid before them the extraordinary merits of this German work, telling them that, with the single exception of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, it must take its place at the head of German novels. They were interested in producing it, and wished me to undertake its translation and to negotiate with Auerbach for its production in England. His letter in answer to mine stated that he would part with the right of translation for three hundred pounds. I carried his answer to the London publishers: they replied that the sum demanded was outrageous—that the book could never possibly pay for itself under those conditions; and so the matter dropped. Not long after I returned to America. Meantime, the book ran through edition after edition in Germany; and after I had made other literary engagements in this country the London house was willing to undertake the book on Auerbach's terms. I hardly need say that it has been a source of great profit to the English publishers, that two rival American houses have reproduced it, and that its sale has entirely justified the estimate which the author put upon

its mercantile value at the outset. These facts, now made public for the first time, may have some interest for the literary public.

Of Auerbach as a man I can say but little. I remember him well, for we often took the London *Times* from one another at the well-known *Conditorei* of Spornagoponi in Berlin, but that crowded resort was no place for conversation. In form he is thick-set, muscular and vital, his head firmly set on a pair of sturdy shoulders, his hair short, crisp and dark, and his whole bearing full of power. He read the English journals very much, seeming to prefer them to the German. He had not written *On the Heights* then, and his fame was but moderate, but I remember that some one pointed him out as the author of the *Black Forest Village Tales*, and I then made this note of his personal characteristics.

It was a pleasant sunny morning when I called at the modest house in Leipzig where the world-renowned Professor Tischendorf has his home. It lies in a quiet, pleasant part of the city, away from its narrow streets, with their tall, grim, gray, gaunt buildings, some of them centuries old—away from the quaint churches and the castellated and fantastic Rathhaus—away from the places which Bach and Mendelssohn and Goethe used to frequent, and in the modern cheerful streets of the New Town. For Leipzig grows like an American city: its ancient limits no longer hold it in, but it is shooting away into the country on all sides, and turning the battle-field where Napoleon received his first great shock into densely-built streets and squares. One would almost think that a palæographer like Tischendorf, a man whose life-work is the exhuming of buried manuscripts and the making out of their contents, would choose for his home one of those old houses in the heart of the city; but when I saw the man I perceived at a glance that it was not in his nature to choose anything less free, pleasant and cheery than those suburban streets and their modern, sunny houses.

I did not venture to call upon this eminent man for the mere gratification of a natural curiosity, but for the purpose of ascertaining one or two facts which I needed for a note to Ritter's work on the Holy Land. As Ritter had been a near and valued friend of Tischendorf, it was a matter of great satisfaction to the latter that an American had proposed to give to the people of England and the United States a version of the works of that great and excellent man; and no welcome could be more cordial than Tischendorf extended. He is by no means the old, smoke-dried, bad-mannered, garrulous, ill-dressed person who often answers in Germany to the title of Professor. On the contrary, Tischendorf, who is now in his fifty-seventh year, is young-looking and florid. I have seen many a man of forty whose face is more worn and whose air is older than that of the greatest of German scholars. Nor has he at all that shyness which a life in the study is almost sure to engender: he is free, open, genial, and has the manner of a gentleman who has traveled largely and who is thoroughly familiar with society. And if there is more than a tinge of vanity in his talk, if he does not weary of speaking of his own works, his own exploits, his own hopes and purposes and successes, we only feel that he cannot praise himself more than all the world is glad to praise him, and that all the eulogies which he passes upon himself are not more hearty than those which all the great scholars of the age have lavished upon him.

Tischendorf, like all really great men, is as approachable as a child, and is not obliged to confine his conversation to learned subjects. He does not speak English at all, but will give his English or American visitor the choice of five languages—Greek, Latin, Italian, French and German. In all of these he is at home, speaking the first four not in any stiff, pedantic way, but with grace and fluency. Yet he loves best his mother-tongue, of course. In talking his countenance lights up pleasantly, his style becomes sprightly, his action

vivacious: he jumps up, runs across the room to fetch a book or document, enters into his guest's affairs, speaks warmly of friends, and evidently enjoys with great zest his foreign reputation. Of two Americans he spoke with much warmth—Professor H. B. Smith of New York, and Professor Day of New Haven. His relations with the great English scholars and divines are very intimate, and archbishops and deans and civil dignitaries are proud to enjoy the friendship of this great and genial German scholar.

As I run over those delightful years of German life, how I want to recall dear old scenes and faces, and jot down a word on paper to bring them before the reader's eye! But I fear lest these pages grow tedious. Going to Germany in 1867, to write the life of Carl Ritter and to translate his works, my errand was all the passport I needed, and advantages such as cannot be too highly prized stood at my command. So great is Ritter's fame in Germany, and so beloved his name, that any one who crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of making that name and fame the possession of England and America was sure of a hearty welcome. And so the memory of those days is an imperishable one; and when I think how freely persons like Tischendorf, Peterman, Lange, Hitzig, Mendelssohn, Perthes, Poggendorf, Bethmann-Hollweg, Barth, Kiepert, Madame Arndt, the Lenzes, Moscheles, Frantz—statesmen, geographers, explorers, publishers, theologians, naturalists, musicians, teachers—opened their homes and their hearts to the young American, no wonder I warm toward Germany, and love the dear "Fatherland" with an exceeding love. X.

A CHILD'S GLIMPSE OF THACKERAY.

So many years ago that I do not care to count them I was taken by my guardian to an evening party at the house of a distinguished physician in Philadelphia. Though too much of a boy at the time to appreciate or understand thoroughly what was going on, there were certain little occurrences

which made an impression on me then, and which have dwelt in my memory ever since.

The agreeable occupation of munching sponge-cake in which I spent the first part of the evening did not prevent my noticing a personage, tall, large, spectacled, slightly gray, leaning against one of the folding doors, and engaged in conversation with a number of gentlemen, among whom I recognized Mr. Peter, then British consul. What it was that attracted me I cannot exactly tell, but there certainly must have been something to beguile me out from a "coign of vantage" well adapted both for seeing and eating—a snug ambuscado behind the piano.

"Who is that man?" said I to my guardian with indicating forefinger.

"That *gentleman* is Mr. Thackeray," was the smiling reply as the forefinger yielded to gentle pressure and fell by my side; "and when your mouth is empty I wish to take you up and present you to him. I will come back for you in a few minutes."

Forthwith I retreated again to my fastness to finish the cake and prepare for the ordeal, curiously eyeing the Transatlantic author all the time.

It seems strange, but even now—and I have visited many scenes and mixed with many people since that night—I can perfectly remember the tenor of my boyish cogitations. They were about as follows: So, that was Mr. Thackeray? What had I heard about him?

I knew that he had written a book called *Vanity Fair*, because a charming lady (that is, she seemed charming to me in those halcyon days) had talked about it in my hearing, and said it was very clever. That was all I knew. How the people pressed round him and looked at him, while those across the room pointed and whispered! Was it, then, so very hard to write a book? How those girls on the sofa were pointing, and my guardian had just told me it was very rude to point!

I wonder if the manner in which fame first breaks upon him who achieves it is the same in which the reputation of an-

other first looms upon the mind of a thinking boy? I had not yet learned that those talents which win power and position for their possessor compel alike admiration from equals and obsequiousness from inferiors. Before many years had passed over me I had learned that lesson by heart; but it is pleasant to recall those independent hours when my little mind indulged in such unbiased speculations, as heedless of the future as the sponge-cake I had just devoured.

My guardian came back, and after due inspection of hands, mouth and clothes, took me up to the chatting group between the folding doors. The group separated, and I stood face to waistcoat with the great novelist, he looking kindly down on me through his glasses; I, after gazing up in his face for a moment, dropping my eyes and beginning a minute inspection of the watch-chain with which his left hand was playing, his right meanwhile holding my little pair tight in its mighty grasp. What he said to me I forget. It was probably more his manner than his words that induced me to stay at his side and listen to what others were talking about.

It struck me, from his languid position, that, without wishing to appear so, he was fatigued and sometimes a little annoyed by the trivial questions so often put to him. At last he took me with him across the room, where he sat down on a sofa, and soon made me feel quite at home beneath his genial sway. Some young ladies were sitting near, with whom he entered into some little talk about music, and flowers, and such things as women love. Anon, a dashing young secretary of legation made his appearance—keen, pert, semi-witty, just from abroad, perfectly satisfied with himself, ready to show the latest fashions to all true believers. He lounged on the other end of the sofa, picked up the thread of conversation immediately, and was soon in the middle of a fluent speech, oratorically instructing everybody. Mr. Thackeray waited patiently till he was through, rather glad, I think, to be relieved from talking himself, and then, in reply to some new and extra-

ordinary doctrine the young diplomat had broached, laughed and said, "*Bravo, jeune homme! à la bonne heure! Vraiment, on fait des progrès dans ce pays-ci!*"

Then, somehow there coming a little lull in the noisy talk, he turned to me and asked how old I was, where I lived, and what I wanted to do in the great world some day—whether I had ever been in England, and where I had learned to speak French; all which I answered, much to his apparent amusement and to the best of my small ability.

Then came supper, when I lost him in the crowd: if I felt any sorrow at losing him, it must have been a boyish sorrow, easily assuaged by the sight of divers comfits and good things on a well-spread table. I suppose there must have been a sense of gratified pride at being noticed by a distinguished man so publicly. Perhaps the sorrow has come with maturer years. At all events, I only saw him again just as he was taking his departure, when he turned and said a few kind words to me, and then was gone. M. M.

WE have received from an esteemed correspondent at Charleston a note, from which we make the following extracts, commenting on the account given in the article on Charles Francis Adams, in our last Number, of the expulsion of Mr. Hoar from South Carolina:

"That unhappy event was sufficiently discreditable to our State without any exaggeration, and has probably been more misrepresented than any fact of like importance which has occurred in the present century.

"I have no intention of correcting any of these misrepresentations save those contained in the following sentences: 'Mr. Hoar's life was threatened in the streets. A sheriff's officer assaulted him. A mob, headed by one Rose, who had profited so little by the education which he owed to the bounty of the Massachusetts University, conducted him to a steambot about to depart, and South Carolina once more drew tranquil breath.'

"As I was an eye-witness of Mr. Hoar's departure from the Charleston Hotel, I feel competent to correct some of the errors in this

extract. With regard to Mr. Hoar's life having been threatened in the streets, I can only give negative testimony. I heard nothing of it at the time, but I did hear that a policeman, who met Mr. Hoar in the street, advised him to leave the city as speedily as possible. The 'mob headed by one Rose' was composed of said Rose, Joseph Leland and David Leland (two natives of Massachusetts) and the distinguished James L. Pettigru. These gentlemen called to advise Mr. Hoar's departure, especially as he was accompanied by his daughter. They told him of the angry feeling which his mission had created, and represented that, as he could do no good by remaining, his proper course was to depart before this feeling culminated in violence. From Mr. Rose's lips I heard what was Judge Hoar's reply: 'Gentlemen, I have been appointed by the governor of Massachusetts to attend to a public duty, and I mean to perform it, regardless of consequences.'

"This *mob-leader*, Mr. Rose, who had previously urged the removal of the daughter to his private residence, then told Mr. Hoar that if he was determined to remain, he and his other friends would remain with him and protect him as far as lay in their power. As soon as the matter was presented to Mr. Hoar in this light, he immediately changed his mind, and said, 'Gentlemen, I will go. I have a right to peril my own life, but I have no right to expose you to any danger in my defence.' His luggage was brought down, and Mr. and Miss Hoar got into Mr. Rose's carriage, which was waiting at the Charleston Hotel, and drove to the steamer, without any escort save Mr. Rose himself.

"The insinuation that Mr. Rose was educated by the '*bounty* of the Massachusetts University' is probably about as true as that he 'headed a mob.' Mr. Rose inherited an ample fortune, and doubtless paid for all the education he received at Harvard University.

"As soon as the carriage drove from the Charleston Hotel, Mr. Pettigru walked over to my store, his bearing and manner indicating great excitement. To my remark that our Legislature had made a dreadful blunder in voting to expel Mr. Hoar, he replied, in the most emphatic language, that it was a most unhappy business; and he also stated, with a solemn oath, that before a hair of Mr. Hoar's head was touched, they should have walked over his dead body."

A WORK which promises to be of great importance to merchants, bankers and others whose transactions involve a large amount of telegraphing, is Bolton's *Telegraph Code*, published in America by Francis B. Felt & Co., New York. It aims to secure economy in the cost of telegrams, accuracy in the transmission, and secrecy when desired. It embraces a Word Code, a Letter Code and a Number Code. By the first, single words are substituted for several words, while by the second, groups of letters, and by the third, groups of figures, have a like representative value. The three are placed together in parallel columns, the words and letters in alphabetical, the figures in numerical order, the whole thus constituting a Telegraphic Dictionary. A single example will be sufficient to explain the system and to illustrate its use. A message is received consisting of the four words, *Barry Pebble Pushing Diagonally*. Turning to *Barry*, under the column "Code Word," we find that it represents the phrase, "The arrangements are completed:" while the remaining three words give: "Petroleum in good demand, at about previous rates: no fears entertained of a further decline;" the whole message of nineteen words being thus expressed in four. It might also have been expressed by four groups of four letters each (BXPR, LQZL, MKGV, FQGB), or by four groups of five figures each (07433, 69188, 74896, 28880), and each group would have been found on the same page and in the same line with the "code words" and their interpretation, but in separate columns. Secrecy is to be obtained by an understanding between the sender and receiver that certain letters or figures shall have a different meaning from that given to them in the Code. Full instructions are given in the volume, of which the first edition of one thousand copies was sold in England before the day of publication. It forms a large quarto of over eleven hundred pages, strongly bound in half Roxburgh. The subscription price is forty dollars.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, GENTLEMAN."
—*Parish Register.**

When, in April, 1564, the parish clerk of Stratford-on-Avon wrote "Gulielmus filius Johannes Shaksper," and in April, 1616, "Will' Shaksper, Gent.," little did he dream that then and there was made the most memorable record known to English-speaking men—a record destined to grow clearer and brighter as the generations passed; a record that was to bring to that same Stratford countless pilgrims from the remotest corners of the earth; a record whose illumination was to demand the labors and exhaust the lives of poets, of theologians, of lawyers, of statesmen, of archæologists, of philologists, of historians, of physicians, of naturalists; a record around which already cluster, in gathering numbers, more than two thousand printed volumes to illustrate, to explain, to daiken, to praise, to condemn; a record that must endure while human emotion and its language stir human hearts and move human lips. That Stratford parish register, with its crabbed penmanship and its false Latin, gives us the name of *the* Englishman of his own and of all coming ages. This man, whose birth and death are simply recorded, in the fifty-two years of his life on earth wrote for the instruction of men certain plays and poems—nothing higher; and yet upon this player and playwright have been alike exhausted the admirable scholasticism of a Theobald and the pitiable and idiotic folly of a Birch.

From 1593, when unhappy Robert Greene warned his fellow-poets in bitter and mocking words against the ingratitude of players—believed, not without reason, to allude to Shakespeare—down to the last review, no year has passed without the publication of something touching England's bard. A ripe and loving scholar and student in our city has prepared for his *Critical Dictionary of English Literature* a complete Shakespearian bibliography, embracing two hundred and fifty years, which must stand beside the labors

* A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Vol. I. ROMEO AND JULIET. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

of Lowndes, a wondrous monument of industry and a noble tribute to Shakespeare's fame. What a wonder-world these varied productions of man's brain present, from the deepest insight to the shallowest drivel, can be known only to that student who garners all that is written, lest a single grain be lost in the unwinnowed chaff.

About a hundred years ago the learning and the labors of English scholars began earnestly to elucidate the text of Shakespeare's plays. The student must ever gratefully remember the acuteness, the industry, the wit of the black-letter commentators of the last century. Their labors rendered modern scholarship possible, and from 1773, the date of the earliest "Variorum," to this hour, "Variorum" editions have with Shakespeare's disciples held a deservedly high place. To advance beyond our predecessors we must know how far they have gone and where they have stopped. The labors of the past are the stepping-stones of the present.

When, in 1821, Boswell reproduced Malone's edition of 1790, with the accumulated industry of thirty years of Malone's life, it was supposed that critical wit could suggest and do nothing farther. We have waited fifty years before a like task has been again attempted. Now, by a scholar of our own and in our own city (very fittingly too, for here the *first* American edition of Shakespeare was printed in 1795), a new "Variorum" is given to the student. This "Variorum" we must briefly examine.

In point of typographical execution, in beauty of paper and in all mechanical details, it is as handsome a volume, perhaps, as any American bookseller has yet published. The distribution of the text and notes in varied type, with heavy face for the catch-words of the notes, cannot be too much commended: every mechanical facility should lend its aid to the wearied eye of the student. The plan of the book is clearly given in the Preface, and the execution develops the plan. The Cambridge editors made an advance upon all preceding collations, and for the first time since the days of Jennens, wellnigh a hundred years ago, placed within the reach

of the scholar a student's text as carefully considered as the text of an ancient classic. Without this there can be no advancing scholarship. But a collation of texts is not all. The student must be informed who has adopted and who rejected readings and conjectures, and this service Mr. Furness has done, herein supplementing and vastly improving the plan of the Cambridge editors. It should be here stated that Mr. Furness' collation is entirely new, an independent one from the original sources themselves, not adopted from any preceding edition whatever. It is a collation of all known authentic editions and impressions, quartos and folios. The quarto of 1597, printed by John Danter, is here reprinted in facsimile, and itself collated with accurate footnotes of the various readings — a work so slovenly performed by Steevens in 1766 as to be misleading and worthless.

Nor is it enough to have all these readings of quartos and folios: one desires to know how these readings have been interpreted in different ages and in different tongues. And this too is done with an amplitude that leaves nothing to be desired. With Mr. Furness' *Romeo and Juliet* every reader is supplied, within the compass of a single volume, with an entire Shakespearian library, as to that play, arranged chronologically; and not only with what Englishmen have thought and said, but equally with what Germans and Frenchmen have thought and said. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on all this learning and all this labor of love given in English compactly and intelligibly. Perhaps the most attractive and enticing part of this volume is the Appendix, where mainly the foreign criticisms and critics are garnered, even down to the Realistic Herr Rümelin of 1870. And with the Appendix regretfully we close the book.

Whatever industry could accomplish, whatever learning could yield, whatever critical judgment could suggest, whatever mechanical skill could supply, has been expended upon this edition of that charming love-story which men will read with moistened eyes until the light of time shall fade. F.

Books Received.

Little Nellie, the Clockmaker's Daughter.
By F. M. C. W. Boston: Henry Hoyt.
16mo. pp. 263.

A Manual of Ancient History, from the Earliest Times to the Fall of the Western Empire. By George Rawlinson, M. A., Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford. New York: Harper & Brothers. Crown 8vo. pp. 633.

The Scripture Doctrine of the Person of Christ. Freely Translated from the German of W. F. Gess, with many Additions, by J. A. Reubelt, D. D. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 12mo. pp. 456.

The Conspiracy of Pontiac, and the Indian War after the Conquest of Canada. By Francis Parkman. Sixth edition, revised, with additions. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 8vo.

The Virtues and Faults of Childhood. Translated from the French of Madame Marie-Felicie Tertas, by Miss Susan E. Harris. Illustrated. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 16mo. pp. 269.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. A Revised Text, with Introduction, Notes and Dissertations. By J. B. Lightfoot, D. D. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 8vo. pp. viii., 396.

Gold and Name. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Paper cover. 8vo. pp. 210.

Light at Evening Time: A Book of Support and Comfort for the Aged. Edited by John Stanford Holme, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. Small 4to. pp. 352.

The Tone Masters: A Musical Series for Young People. By Charles Barnard. Illustrated. BACH AND BEETHOVEN. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 243.

Ad Clerum: Advice to a Young Preacher. By Joseph Parker, D. D., author of "Ecce Deus." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. pp. 266.

Penny Rust's Christmas. By Mrs. C. E. K. Davis, author of "No Cross, no Crown," etc. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 267.

Isaac Phelps, the Widow's Son; or, The Rugged Way Made Smooth. By M. M. B. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 281.

The Sealed Packet: A Novel. By T. Adolphus Trollope. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 407.

Checkmate. By J. S. Le Fanu. With Illustrations. Philadelphia: Evans, Stoddart & Co. 8vo. pp. 182.

Poems. By George Lewis Henck. Baltimore: Jas. S. Waters. 24mo. pp. 169.

Ester Reid: Asleep and Awake. By Pansy. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 346.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

JUNE, 1871.

A PROVENCE ROSE.

BY OUIDA.

I.

I WAS a Provence rose.

A little slender rose, with leaves of shining green and blossoms of purest white—a little fragile thing, but fair, they said, growing in the casement in a chamber in a street.

I remember my birth-country well. A great wild garden, where roses grew together by millions and tens of millions, all tossing our bright heads in the light of a southern sun on the edge of an old, old city—old as Rome—whose ruins were clothed with the wild fig tree and the scarlet blossom of the climbing creepers growing tall and free in our glad air of France.

I remember how the ruined aqueduct went like a dark shadow straight across the plains; how the green and golden lizards crept in and out and about amongst the grasses; how the cicala sang her song in the moist, sultry eves; how the women from the wells came trooping by, stately as monarchs, with their water-jars upon their heads; how the hot hush of the burning noons would fall, and all things droop and sleep except ourselves; how swift amongst us would dart the little blue-winged birds, and

hide their heads in our white breasts and drink from our hearts the dew, and then hover above us in their gratitude, with sweet faint music of their wings, till sunset came.

I remember— But what is the use? I am only a rose; a thing born for a day, to bloom and be gathered, and die. So you say: you must know. God gave you all created things for your pleasure and use. So you say.

There my birth was; there I lived—in the wide south, with its strong, quivering light, its radiant skies, its purple plains, its fruits of gourd and vine. I was young; I was happy; I lived: it was enough.

One day a rough hand tore me from my parent stem and took me, bleeding and drooping, from my birth-place, with a thousand other captives of my kind. They bound a score of us up together, and made us a cruel substitute for our cool, glad garden-home with poor leaves, all wet from their own tears, and mosses torn as we were from their birth-nests under the great cedars that rose against the radiant native skies.

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Then we were shut in darkness for I know not how long a space; and when we saw the light of day again we were lying with our dear dead friends, the leaves, with many flowers of various kinds, and foliage and ferns and shrubs and creeping plants, in a place quite strange to us—a place filled with other roses and with all things that bloom and bear in the rich days of midsummer; a place which I heard them call the market of the Madeleine. And when I heard that name I knew that I was in Paris.

For many a time, when the dread hand of the reaper had descended upon us, and we had beheld our fairest and most fragrant relatives borne away from us to death, a shiver that was not of the wind had run through all our boughs and blossoms, and all the roses had murmured in sadness and in terror, "Better the worm or the drought, the blight or the fly, the whirlwind that scatters us as chaff, or the waterspout that levels our proudest with the earth—better any of these than the long-lingering death by famine and faintness and thirst that awaits every flower which goes to the Madeleine."

It was an honor, no doubt, to be so chosen. A rose was the purest, the sweetest, the haughtiest of all her sisterhood ere she went thither. But, though honor is well no doubt, yet it surely is better to blow free in the breeze and to live one's life out, and to be, if forgotten by glory, yet also forgotten by pain. Nay, yet: I have known a rose, even a rose who had but one little short life of a summer day to live through and to lose, perish glad and triumphant in its prime because it died on a woman's breast and of a woman's kiss. You see there are roses as weak as men are.

I awoke, I say, from my misery and my long night of travel, with my kindred beside me in exile, on a flower-stall of the Madeleine.

It was noon—the pretty place was full of people: it was June, and the day was brilliant. A woman of Picardy sat with us on the board before her—a woman with blue eyes and ear-rings of

silver, who bound us together in fifties and hundreds into those sad gatherings of our pale ghosts which in your human language you have called "bouquets." The loveliest and greatest amongst us suffered decapitation, as your Marie Stuarts and Marie Antoinettes did, and died at once to have their beautiful bright heads impaled—a thing of death, a mere mockery of a flower—on slender spears of wire. I, a little white and fragile thing, and very young, was in no way eminent enough amongst my kind to find that martyrdom which as surely awaits the loveliest of our roses as it awaits the highest fame of your humanity.

I was bound up amongst a score of others with ropes of gardener's bass to chain me amidst my fellow-prisoners, and handed over by my jailer with the silver ear-rings to a youth who paid for us with a piece of gold—whether of great or little value I know not now. None of my own roses were with me: all were strangers. You never think, of course, that a little rose can care for its birth-place or its kindred; but you err.

O fool! Shall we not care for one another?—we who have so divine a life in common, who together sleep beneath the stars, and together sport in the summer wind, and together listen to the daybreak singing of the birds, whilst the world is dark and deaf in slumber—we who know that we are all of heaven that God, when He called away His angels, bade them leave on the sin-stained, weary, sickly earth to now and then make man remember Him!

You err. We love one another well; and if we may not live in union, we crave at least in union to droop and die. It is seldom that we have this boon: Wild flowers can live and die together; so can the poor amongst you; but we of the cultivated garden needs must part and die alone.

All the captives with me were strangers: haughty, scentless pelargoniums; gardenias, arrogant even in their woe; a knot of little, humble forget-me-nots, ashamed in the grand company of pa-

trician prisoners; a stephanalis, virgin-al and pure, whose dying breath was peace and sweetness; and many sprays of myrtle born in Rome, whose classic leaves wailed Tasso's lamentation as they went.

I must have been more loosely fettered than the rest were, for in the rough, swift motion of the youth who bore us my bonds gave way, and I fell through the silver transparency of our prison-house, and dropped stunned upon the stone pavement of a street.

There I lay long, half senseless, praying, so far as I had consciousness, that some pitying wind would rise and waft me on his wings away to some shadow, some rest, some fresh, cool place of silence.

I was tortured with thirst; I was choked with dust; I was parched with heat.

The sky was as brass, the stones as red-hot metal; the sun scorched like flame on the glare of the staring walls; the heavy feet of the hurrying crowd tramped past me black and ponderous: with every step I thought my death would come under the crushing weight of those clanging heels.

It was five seconds, five hours—which I know not. The torture was too horrible to be measured by time. I must have been already dead, or at the very gasp of death, when a cool, soft touch was laid on me: I was gently lifted, raised to tender lips, and fanned with a gentle, cooling breath—breath from the lips that had kissed me.

A young girl had found and rescued me—a girl of the people, poor enough to deem a trampled flower a treasure-trove.

She carried me very gently, carefully veiling me from sun and dust as we went; and when I recovered perception I was floating in a porcelain bath on the surface of cool, fresh water, from which I drank eagerly as soon as my sickly sense of faintness passed away.

My bath stood on the lattice-sill of a small chamber: it was, I knew afterward, but a white pan of common earthenware, such as you buy for two sous

and put in your birdcages. But no bath of ivory and pearl and silver was ever more refreshing to imperial or patrician limbs than was that little clean and snowy pattypan to me.

Under its reviving influences I became able to lift my head and raise my leaves and spread myself to the sunlight, and look round me. The chamber was in the roof, high above the traffic of the passage-way beneath: it was very poor, very simple, furnished with few and homely things. True, to all our nation of flowers it matters little, when we are borne into captivity, whether the prison-house which receives us be palace or garret. Not to us can it signify whether we perish in Sèvres vase of royal blue or in kitchen pipkin of brown ware. Your lordliest halls can seem but dark, pent, noisome dungeons to creatures born to live on the wide plain, by the sunlit meadow, in the hedgerow, or the forest, or the green, leafy garden-way; tossing always in the joyous winds, and looking always upward to the open sky.

But it is of little use to dwell on this. You think that flowers, like animals, were only created to be used and abused by you, and that we, like your horse and dog, should be grateful when you honor us by slaughter or starvation at your hands. To be brief, this room was very humble, a mere attic, with one smaller still opening from it; but I scarcely thought of its size or aspect. I looked at nothing but the woman who had saved me. She was quite young; not very beautiful, perhaps, except for wonderful soft azure eyes and a mouth smiling and glad, with lovely curves to the lips, and hair dark as a raven's wing, which was braided and bound close to her head. She was clad very poorly, yet with an exquisite neatness and even grace; for she was of the people no doubt, but of the people of France. Her voice was very melodious: she had a silver cross on her bosom; and though her face was pale, it had health.

She was my friend, I felt sure. Yes, even when she held me and pierced me

with steel and murmured over me, "They say roses are so hard to rear so, and you are such a little thing; but do grow to a tree and live with me. Surely, you can if you try."

She had wounded me sharply and thrust me into a tomb of baked red clay filled with black and heavy mould. But I knew that I was pierced to the heart that I might—though only a little offshoot gathered to die in a day—strike root of my own and be strong, and carry a crown of fresh blossoms. For she but dealt with me as your world deals with you, when your heart aches and your brain burns, and Fate stabs you, and says in your ear, "O fool! to be great you must suffer." You to your fate are thankless, being human; but I, a rose, was not.

I tried to feel not utterly wretched in that little dull clay cell: I tried to forget my sweet glad southern birth-place, and not to sicken and swoon in the noxious gases of the city air. I did my best not to shudder in the vapor of the stove, and not to grow pale in the clammy heats of the street, and not to die of useless lamentation for all that I had lost—for the noble tawny sunsets, and the sapphire blue skies, and the winds all fragrant with the almond tree flowers, and the sunlight in which the yellow orioles flashed like gold.

I did my best to be content and show my gratitude all through a parching autumn and a hateful winter; and with the spring a wandering wind came and wooed me with low, amorous whispers—came from the south, he said; and I learned that even in exile in an attic window love may find us out and make for us a country and a home.

So I lived and grew and was happy there against the small, dim garret panes, and my lover from the south came, still faithful, year by year; and all the voices round me said that I was fair—pale indeed, and fragile of strength, as a creature torn from its own land and all its friends must be; but contented and glad, and grateful to the God who made me, because I had not lived in vain, but often saw sad eyes, half

blinded with toil and tears, smile at me when they had no other cause for smiles.

"It is bitter to be mewed in a city," said once to me an old, old vine who had been thrust into the stones below and had climbed the house wall, Heaven knew how, and had lived for half a century jammed between buildings, catching a gleam of sunshine on his dusty leaves once perhaps in a whole summer. "It is bitter for us. I would rather have had the axe at my root and been burned. But perhaps without us the poorest of people would never remember the look of the fields. When they see a green leaf they laugh a little, and then weep—some of them. We, the trees and the flowers, live in the cities as those souls amongst them whom they call poets live in the world—exiled from heaven that by them the world may now and then bethink itself of God."

And I believe that the vine spoke truly. Surely, he who plants a green tree in a city way plants a thought of God in many a human heart arid with the dust of travail and clogged with the greeds of gold. So, with my lover the wind and my neighbor the vine, I was content and patient, and gave many hours of pleasure to many hard lives, and brought forth many a blossom of sweetness in that little nook under the roof.

Had my brothers and sisters done better, I wonder, living in gilded balconies or dying in jeweled hands?

I cannot say: I can only tell of myself.

The attic in which I found it my fate to dwell was very high in the air, set in one of the peaked roofs of the quarter of the Luxembourg, in a very narrow street, populous and full of noise, in which people of all classes, except the rich, were to be found—in a medley of artists, students, fruit-sellers, workers in bronze and ivory, seamstresses, obscure actresses, and all the creators, male and female, of the thousand and one airy arts of elegant nothingness which a world of pleasure demands as imperatively as a world of labor demands its bread.

It would have been a street horrible and hideous in any city save Rome or Paris: in Rome it would have been saved by color and antiquity—in Paris it was saved by color and grace. Just a flash of a bright drapery, just a gleam of a gay hue, just some tender pink head of a hydrangea, just some quaint curl of some gilded woodwork, just the green glimmer of my friend the vine, just the snowy sparkle of his neighbor the water-spout,—just these, so little and yet so much, made the crooked passage a bearable home, and gave it a kinship with the glimpse of the blue sky above its pent roofs.

O wise and true wisdom! to redeem poverty with the charms of outline and of color, with the green bough and the song of running water, and the artistic harmony which is as possible to the rough-hewn pine-wood as in the polished ebony. "It is of no *use!*" you cry. O fools! Which gives you perfume—we, the roses, whose rich hues and matchless grace no human artist can imitate, or the rose-trémière, which mocks us, standing stiff and gaudy and scentless and erect? Grace and pure color and cleanliness are the divinities that redeem the foulness and the ignorance and the slavery of your crushed, coarse lives when you have sight enough to see that they are divine.

In my little attic, in whose window I have passed my life, they were known gods and honored; so that, despite the stovepipe, and the poverty, and the little ill-smelling candle, and the close staircase without, with the rancid oil in its lamps and its fetid faint odors, and the refuse, and the gutters, and the gas in the street below, it was possible for me, though a rose of Provence and a rose of the open air freeborn, to draw my breath in it and to bear my blossoms, and to smile when my lover the wind roused me from sleep with each spring, and said in my ear, "Arise! for a new year is come." Now, to greet a new year with a smile, and not a sigh, one must be tranquil, at least, if not happy.

Well, I and the lattice, and a few

homely plants of saxafrage and musk and balsam who bloomed there with me, and a canary who hung in a cage amongst us, and a rustic creeper who clung to a few strands of strained string and climbed to the roof and there talked all day to the pigeons,—we all belonged to the girl with the candid sweet eyes, and by name she was called Lili Kerrouel, and for her bread she gilded and colored those little cheap boxes for sweetmeats that they sell in the wooden booths at the fairs on the boulevards, while the mirlitons whirl in their giddy go-rounds and the merry horns of the charlatans challenge the populace. She was a girl of the people: she could read, but I doubt if she could write. She had been born of peasant parents in a Breton hamlet, and they had come to Paris to seek work, and had found it for a while and prospered; and then had fallen sick and lost it, and struggled for a while, and then died, running the common course of so many lives amongst you. They had left Lili alone at sixteen, or rather worse than alone—with an old grandam, deaf and quite blind, who could do nothing for her own support, but sat all day in a wicker chair by the lattice or the stove, according as the season was hot or cold, and mumbled a little inarticulately over her worn wooden beads.

Her employers allowed Lili to bring these boxes to decorate at home, and she painted at them almost from dawn to night. She swept, she washed, she stewed, she fried, she dusted; she did all the housework of her two little rooms; she tended the old woman in all ways; and she did all these things with such cleanliness and deftness that the attics were wholesome as a palace; and though her pay was very small, she yet found means and time to have her linen spotless and make her pots and pans shine like silver and gold, and to give a grace to all the place, with the song of a happy bird and the fragrance of flowers that blossomed their best and their sweetest for her sake, when they would fain have withered to the root and died in their vain longing for the

pure breath of the fields and the cool of a green woodland world.

It was a little, simple, hard life, no doubt—a life one would have said scarce worth all the trouble it took to get bread enough to keep it going. A hard life, coloring always the same eternal little prints all day long, no matter how sweet the summer day might be, or how hot the tired eyes.

A hard life, with all the wondrous, glorious, wasteful, splendid life of the beautiful city around it in so terrible a contrast; with the roll of the carriages day and night on the stones beneath, and the pattering of the innumerable feet below, all hurrying to some pleasure, and every moment some burst of music or some chime of bells or some ripple of laughter on the air. A hard life, sitting one's self in a little dusky garret in the roof, and straining one's sight for two sous an hour, and listening to an old woman's childish mutterings and reproaches, and having always to shake the head in refusal of the neighbors' invitations to a day in the woods or a sail on the river. A hard life, no doubt, when one is young and a woman, and has soft, shining eyes and a red, curling mouth.

And yet Lili was content.

Content, because she was a French girl; because she had always been poor, and thought two sous an hour, riches; because she loved the helpless old creature whose senses had all died while her body lived on; because she was an artist at heart, and saw beautiful things round her even when she scoured her brasses and washed down her bare floor.

Content, because with it all she managed to gather a certain "sweetness and light" into her youth of toil; and when she could give herself a few hours' holiday, and could go beyond the barriers, and roam a little in the wooded places, and come home with a knot of primroses or a plume of lilac in her hands, she was glad and grateful as though she had been given gold and gems.

Ah! In the lives of you who have wealth and leisure we, the flowers, are

but one thing among many: we have a thousand rivals in your porcelains, your jewels, your luxuries, your intaglios, your mosaics, all your treasures of art, all your baubles of fancy. But in the lives of the poor we are alone: we are all the art, all the treasure, all the grace, all the beauty of outline, all the purity of hue that they possess: often we are all their innocence and all their religion too.

Why do you not set yourselves to make us more abundant in those joyless homes, in those sunless windows?

Now, this street of hers was very narrow: it was full of old houses, that nodded their heads close together as they talked, like your old crones over their fireside gossip.

I could, from my place in the window, see right into the opposite garret window. It had nothing of my nation in it, save a poor colorless stone-wort, who got a dismal living in the gutter of the roof, yet who too, in his humble way, did good and had his friends, and paid the sun and the dew for calling him into being. For on that rain-pipe the little dusty, thirsty sparrows would rest and bathe and plume themselves, and bury their beaks in the pale stone-crop, and twitter with one another joyfully, and make believe that they were in some green and amber meadow in the country in the cowslip time.

I did not care much for the stone-crop or the sparrows; but in the third summer of my captivity there with Lili the garret casement opposite stood always open, as ours did, and I could watch its tenant night and day as I chose.

He had an interest for me.

He was handsome, and about thirty years old; with a sad and noble face, and dark eyes full of dreams, and cheeks terribly hollow, and clothes terribly threadbare.

He thought no eyes were on him when my lattice looked dark, for his garret, like ours, was so high that no glance from the street ever went to it. Indeed, when does a crowd ever pause to look at a garret, unless by chance a man

have hanged himself out of its window? That in thousands of garrets men may be dying by inches for lack of bread, lack of hope, lack of justice, is not enough to draw any eyes upward to them from the pavement.

He thought himself unseen, and I watched him many a long hour of the summer night when I sighed at my square open pane in the hot, sulphurous mists of the street, and tried to see the stars and could not. For, between me and the one small breadth of sky which alone the innumerable roofs left visible, a vintner had hung out a huge gilded imperial crown as a sign on his roof-tree; and the crown, with its sham gold turning black in the shadow, hung between me and the planets.

I knew that there must be many human souls in a like plight with myself, with the light of heaven blocked from them by a gilded tyranny, and yet I sighed and sighed and sighed, thinking of the white pure stars of Provence throbbing in her violet skies.

A rose is hardly wiser than a poet, you see: neither rose nor poet will be comforted, and be content to dwell in darkness because a crown of tinsel swings on high.

Well, not seeing the stars as I strove to do, I took refuge in sorrow for my neighbor. It is well for your poet when he turns to a like resource. Too often I hear he takes, instead, to the wine-cellar which yawns under the crown that he curses.

My neighbor, I soon saw, was poorer even than we were. He was a painter, and he painted beautiful things. But his canvases and the necessities of his art were nearly all that his empty attic had in it; and when, after working many hours with a wretched glimmer of oil, he would come to his lattice and lean out, and try as I had tried to see the stars, and fail as I had failed, I saw that he was haggard, pallid and weary unto death with two dire diseases—hunger and ambition.

He could not see the stars because of the crown, but in time, in those long midsummer nights, he came to see a

little glowworm amongst my blossoms, which in a manner, perhaps, did nearly as well.

He came to notice Lili at her work. Often she had to sit up half the night to get enough coloring done to make up the due amount of labor; and she sat at her little deal table, with her little feeble lamp, with her beautiful hair coiled up in a great knot and her pretty head drooping so wearily—as we do in the long days of drought—but never once looking off, nor giving way to rebellion or fatigue, though from the whole city without there came one ceaseless sound, like the sound of an endless sea; which truly it was—the sea of pleasure.

Not for want of coaxings, not for want of tempters, various and subtle, and dangers often and perilously sweet, did Lili sit there in her solitude earning two sous an hour with straining sight and aching nerves that the old paralytic creature within might have bed and board without alms. Lili had been sore beset in a thousand ways, for she was very fair to see; but she was proud and she was innocent, and she kept her courage and her honor; yea, though you smile—though she dwelt under an attic roof, and that roof a roof of Paris.

My neighbor, in the old gabled window over the way, leaning above his stone-wort, saw her one night thus at work by her lamp, with the silver earrings, that were her sole heirloom and her sole wealth, drooped against the soft hues and curves of her graceful throat.

And when he had looked once, he looked every night, and found her there; and I, who could see straight into his chamber, saw that he went and made a picture of it all—of me, and the bird in the cage, and the little old dusky lamp, and Lili with her silver ear-rings and her pretty, drooping head.

Every day he worked at the picture, and every night he put his light out and came and sat in the dark square of his lattice, and gazed across the street through my leaves and my blossoms at my mistress. Lili knew nothing of this watch which he kept on her: she had

put up a little blind of white network, and she fancied that it kept out every eye when it was up; and often she took even that away, because she had not the heart to deprive me of the few faint breezes which the sultry weather gave us.

She never saw him in his dark hole in the old gable there, and I never betrayed him—not I. Roses have been the flowers of silence ever since the world began. Are we not the flowers of love?

"Who is he?" I asked of my gossip the vine. The vine had lived fifty years in the street, and knew the stories and sorrows of all the human bees in the hive.

"He is called René Claude," said the vine. "He is a man of genius. He is very poor."

"You use synonyms," murmured the old balsam who heard.

"He is an artist," the vine continued. "He is young. He comes from the south. His people are guides in the Pyrenees. He is a dreamer of dreams. He has taught himself many things. He has eloquence too. There is a little club at the back of the house which I climb over. I throw a tendril or two in at the crevices and listen. The shutters are closed. It is forbidden by law for men to meet so. There René speaks by the hour, superbly. Such a rush of words, such a glance, such a voice, like the roll of musketry in anger, like the sigh of music in sadness! Though I am old, it makes the little sap there is left in me thrill and grow warm. He paints beautiful things too; so the two swallows say who build under his eaves; but I suppose it is not of much use: no one believes in him, and he almost starves. He is young yet, and feels the strength in him, and still strives to do great things for the world that does not care a jot whether he lives or dies. He will go on so a little longer. Then he will end like me. I used to try and bring forth the best grapes I could, though they had shut me away from any sun to ripen them and any dews to cleanse the dust from them. But no

one cared. No one gave me a drop of water to still my thirst, nor pushed away a brick to give me a ray more of light. So I ceased to try and produce for their good; and I only took just so much trouble as would keep life in me myself. It will be the same with this man."

I, being young and a rose, the flower loved of the poets, thought the vine was a cynic, as many of you human creatures grow to be in the years of your age when the leaves of your life fall sere. I watched René long and often. He was handsome, he suffered much; and when the night was far spent he would come to his hole in the gable and gaze with tender, dreaming eyes past my pale foliage to the face of Lili. I grew to care for him, and I disbelieved the prophecy of the vine; and I promised myself that one summer or another, near or far, the swallows, when they came from the tawny African world to build in the eaves of the city, would find their old friend flown and living no more in a garret, but in some art-palace where men knew his fame.

So I dreamed—I, a little white rose, exiled in the passage of a city, seeing the pale moonlight reflected on the gray walls and the dark windows, and trying to cheat myself by a thousand fancies into the faith that I once more blossomed in the old sweet leafy garden-ways in Provence.

One night—the hottest night of the year—Lili came to my side by the open lattice. It was very late: her work was done for the night. She stood a moment, with her lips rested softly on me, looking down on the pavement that glistened like silver in the sleeping rays of the moon.

For the first time she saw the painter René watching her from his niche in the gable, with eyes that glowed and yet were dim.

I think women foresee with certain prescience when they will be loved. She drew the lattice quickly to, and blew the lamp out: she kissed me in the darkness. Because her heart was glad or sorry? Both, perhaps.

Love makes one selfish. For the first time she left my lattice closed all through the oppressive hours until day-break.

"Whenever a woman sees anything out of her window that makes her eager to look again, she always shuts the shutter. Why, I wonder?" said the balsam to me.

"That she may peep unsuspected through a chink," said the vine round the corner, who could overhear.

It was profane of the vine, and in regard to Lili untrue. She did not know very well, I dare say, why she withdrew herself on that sudden impulse, as the pimpernel shuts itself up at the touch of a raindrop.

But she did not stay to look through a crevice: she went straight to her little narrow bed, and told her beads and prayed, and slept till the cock crew in a stable near and the summer day-break came.

She might have been in a chamber all mirror and velvet and azure and gold in any one of the ten thousand places of pleasure, and been leaning over gilded balconies under the lime leaves, tossing up little paper balloons in the air for gay wagers of love and wine and jewels. Pleasure had asked her more than once to come down from her attic and go with its crowds; for she was fair of feature and lithe of limb, though only a work-girl of Paris. And she would not, but slept here under the eaves, as the swallows did.

"We have not seen enough, little rose, you and I," she would say to me with a smile and a sigh. "But it is better to be a little pale, and live a little in the dark, and be a little cramped in a garret window, than to live grand in the sun for a moment, and the next to be tossed away in a gutter. And one can be so happy anyhow—almost anyhow!—when one is young. If I could only see a very little piece more of the sky, and get every Sunday out to the dear woods, and live one floor lower, so that the winters were not quite so cold and the summers not quite so hot, and find a little more time to go to mass

in the cathedral, and be able to buy a pretty blue-and-white home of porcelain for you, I should ask nothing more of the blessed Mary—nothing more upon earth."

She had had the same simple bead-roll of innocent wishes ever since the first hour that she had raised me from the dust of the street; and it would, I doubt not, have remained her only one all the years of her life, till she should have glided down into a serene and cheerful old age of poverty and labor under that very same roof, without the blessed Mary ever deigning to hearken or answer. Would have done so if the painter René could have seen the stars, and so had not been driven to look instead at the glowworm through my leaves.

But after that night on which she shut to the lattice so suddenly, I think the bead-roll lengthened—lengthened, though for some time the addition to it was written on her heart in a mystical language which she did not try to translate even to herself—I suppose fearing its meaning.

René made approaches to his neighbor's friendship soon after that night. He was but an art-student, the son of a poor mountaineer, and with scarce a thing he could call his own except an easel of deal, a few plaster casts and a bed of straw. She was but a working-girl, born of Breton peasants, and owning as her sole treasures two silver earrings and a white rose.

But for all that, no courtship could have been more reverential on the one side or fuller of modest grace on the other if the scene of it had been a palace of princes or a château of the nobles.

He spoke very little.

The vine had said that at the club round the corner he was very eloquent, with all the impassioned and fierce eloquence common to men of the south. But with Lili he was almost mute. The vine, who knew human nature well—as vines always do, since their juices unlock the secret thoughts of men and bring to daylight their darkest passions—the vine said that such silence in one

by nature eloquent showed the force of his love and its delicacy.

This may be so: I hardly know. My lover the wind, when he is amorous, is loud, but then it is true his loves are not often very constant.

René chiefly wooed her by gentle service. He brought her little lovely wild flowers, for which he ransacked the woods of St. Germain and Meudon. He carried the billets of her fire-wood up the seven long, twisting, dirty flights of stairs. He fought for her with the wicked old portress at the door down stairs. He played to her in the gray of the evening on a quaint simple flute, a relic of his boyhood, the sad, wild, touching airs of his own southern mountains—played at his open window while the lamps burned through the dusk, till the people listened at their doors and casements and gathered in groups in the passage below, and said to one another, "How clever he is!—and he starves."

He did starve very often, or at least he had to teach himself to keep down hunger with a morsel of black chaff-bread and a stray roll of tobacco. And yet I could see that he had become happy.

Lili never asked him within her door. All the words they exchanged were from their open lattices, with the space of the roadway between them.

I heard every syllable they spoke, and they were on the one side most innocent and on the other most reverential. Ay, though you may not believe it—you who know the people of Paris from the travesties of theatres and the slanders of salons.

And all this time secretly he worked on at her portrait. He worked out of my sight and hers, in the inner part of his garret, but the swallows saw and told me. There are never any secrets between birds and flowers.

We used to live in Paradise together, and we love one another as exiles do; and we hold in our cups the raindrops to slake the thirst of the birds, and the birds in return bring to us from many lands and over many waters tidings of those lost ones who have been torn

from us to strike the roots of our race in far-off soils and under distant suns.

Late in the summer of the year, one wonderful fête-day, Lili did for once get out to the woods, the old kindly green woods of Vincennes.

A neighbor on a lower floor, a woman who made poor scentless, senseless, miserable imitations of all my race in paper, sat with the old bedridden grandmother while Lili took her holiday—so rare in her life, though she was one of the motes in the bright champagne of the dancing air of Paris. I missed her sorely on each of those few sparse days of her absence, but for her I rejoiced.

"*Je reste: tu 't'en vas,*" says the rose to the butterfly in the poem; and I said so in my thoughts to her.

She went to the broad level grass, to the golden fields of the sunshine, to the sound of the bees murmuring over the wild purple thyme, to the sight of the great snowy clouds slowly sailing over the sweet blue freedom of heaven—to all the things of my birth-right and my deathless remembrance—all that no woman can love as a rose can love them.

But I was not jealous; nay, not though she had cramped me in a little earth-bound cell of clay. I envied wistfully indeed, as I envied the swallows their wings which cleft the air, asking no man's leave for their liberty. But I would not have maimed a swallow's pinion had I had the power, and I would not have abridged an hour of Lili's freedom. Flowers are like your poets: they give ungrudgingly, and, like all lavish givers, are seldom recompensed in kind.

We cast all our world of blossom, all our treasury of fragrance, at the feet of the one we love; and then, having spent ourselves in that too abundant sacrifice, you cry, "A yellow, faded thing!—to the dust-hole with it!" and root us up violently and fling us to rot with the refuse and offal; not remembering the days when our burden of beauty made sunlight in your darkest places, and brought the odors of a lost paradise to breathe over your bed of fever.

Well, there is one consolation. Just

so likewise do you deal with your human wonder-flower of genius.

Lili went for her day in the green mid-summer world—she and a little blithe, happy-hearted group of young work-people—and I stayed in the garret window, hot and thirsty, and drooping and pale, choked by the dust that drifted up from the pavement, and hearing little all day long save the quarrels of the sparrows and the whirr of the engine-wheels in a baking-house close at hand.

For it was some great day or other, when all Paris was out *en fête*, and every one was away from his or her home, except such people as the old bedridden woman and the cripple who watched her. So, at least, the white roof-pigeons told me, who flew where they listed, and saw the whole splendid city beneath them—saw all its glistening of arms and its sheen of palace roofs, all its gilded domes and its white, wide squares, all its crowds, many-hued as a field of tulips, and its flashing eagles golden as the sun.

When I had been alone two hours, and whilst the old building was silent and empty, there came across the street from his own dwelling-place the artist René, with a parcel beneath his arm.

He came up the stairs with a light, noiseless step, and pushed open the door of our attic. He paused on the threshold a moment, with the sort of reverent, hushed look on his face that I had seen on the faces of one or two swarthy, bearded, scarred soldiers as they paused before the picinas at the door of the little chapel which stood in my sight on the other side of our street.

Then he entered, placed that which he carried on a wooden chair fronting the light, uncovered it, and went quietly out again, without the women in the inner closet hearing him.

What he had brought was the canvas I had seen grow under his hand, the painting of me and the lamp and Lili. I do not doubt how he had done it: it was surely the little attic window, homely and true in likeness, and yet he had glorified us all, and so framed in my leaves and my white flowers, the low

oil flame and the fair head of my mistress, that there was that in the little picture which made me tremble and yet be glad. On a slender slip of paper attached to it there was written, "Il n'y a pas de nuit sans étoile."

Of him I saw no more. The picture kept me silent company all that day.

At evening Lili came. It was late. She brought with her a sweet, cool perfume of dewy mosses and fresh leaves and strawberry plants—sweet as honey. She came in with a dark, dreamy brilliance in her eyes and long coils of foliage in her hands.

She brought to the canary chickweed and a leaf of lettuce. She kissed me and laid wet mosses on my parching roots, and fanned me with the breath of her fresh lips. She took to the old women within a huge cabbage leaf full of cherries, having, I doubt not, gone herself without in order to bring the ruddy fruit to them.

She had been happy, but she was very quiet. To those who love the country as she and I did, and, thus loving it, have to dwell in cities, there is as much of pain, perhaps, as of pleasure in a fleeting glimpse of the lost heaven.

She was tired, and sat for a while, and did not see the painting, for it was dusk. She only saw it when she rose and turned to light the lamp: then, with a little shrill cry, she fell on her knees before it in her wonder and her awe, and laughed and sobbed a little, and then was still again, looking at this likeness of herself.

The written words took her long to spell out, for she could scarcely read, but when she had mastered them, her head sank on her breast with a flush and a smile, like the glow of the dawn over Provence, I thought.

She knew whence it came, no doubt, though there were many artists and students of art in that street.

But then there was only one who had watched her night after night as men watched the stars of old to read their fates in the heavens.

Lili was only a young *ouvrière*, she

was only a girl of the people: she had quick emotions and innocent impulses; she had led her life straightly because it was her nature, as it is of the lilies—her namesakes, my cousins—to grow straight to the light, pure and spotless. But she was of the populace: she was frank, fearless and strong, despite all her dreams. She was glad, and she sought not to hide it. With a gracious impulse of gratitude she turned to the lattice and leaned past me, and looked for my neighbor.

He was there in the gloom: he strove not to be seen, but a stray ray from a lamp at the vintner's gleamed on his handsome dark face, lean and pallid and yearning and sad, but full of force and of soul like a head of Rembrandt's. Lili stretched her hands to him with a noble, candid gesture and a sweet, tremulous laugh: "What you have given me!—it is you?—it is you?"

"Mademoiselle forgives?" he murmured, leaning as far out as the gable would permit. The street was still deserted, and very quiet. The theatres were all open to the people that night free, and bursts of music from many

quarters rolled in through the sultry darkness.

Lili colored over all her fair pale face, even as I have seen my sisters' white breasts glow to a wondrous wavering warmth as the sun of the west kissed them. She drew her breath with a quick sigh. She did not answer him in words, but with a sudden movement of exquisite eloquence she broke from me my fairest and my last-born blossom and threw it from her lattice into his.

Then, as he caught it, she closed the lattice with a swift, trembling hand, and left the chamber dark, and fled to the little sleeping-closet where her crucifix and her mother's rosary hung together above her bed.

As for me, I was left bereaved and bleeding. The dew which waters the growth of your human love is usually the tears or blood of some martyred life.

I loved Lili.

I prayed, as my torn stem quivered and my fairest begotten sank to her death in the night and the silence, that I might be the first and the last to suffer from the human love born that night.

I, a rose—Love's flower.

Nessun maggior' dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.

THERE is no greater sorrow, Dante said,
Than to remember happy days in grief.
But to remember? Is this sorrow chief?
Can no more weight upon the heart be laid?
Yea; if from out those pleasures, which upbraid
Our present ills, return a withered leaf,
A face, a song—to sense however brief—
That thing is more than Memory's whole parade.
It is as though a sailor, from the wave
On which he struggles, sees his wreck go by,
An arm's length only from his yielding grave,
And hails his loss with a despairing cry,
Knowing the bark can neither live nor save,
Then tastes his briny death without a sigh.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

SHOPPING IN PARIS.

"One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate."

THE poor Peri was certainly to be pitied, but to her senses were vouchsafed gleams of celestial light, gushes of angelic melody and the perfume of the unfading flowers within. But we poor mortal women, who take heed wherewithal we shall be clothed, have been in a far worse plight since the closing of the gate of the American Paradise—the portal from whence issued the mandates and the munitions for the armies of Queen Fashion—at first by its grim besiegers, and later by its fractious guardians. Unless it be speedily opened we may look for a new siege, conducted by an army of Amazons rendered desperate by their fashionless condition, inflamed by the thought of an inexhaustible booty of bonnets and dresses, and rushing forward to the assault with the inspiring war-cry of "Chiffons!"

What the works of Beethoven and Mozart are to a musician, or the treasures of the Vatican and the Louvre to lovers of Art, the shops of Paris are to a feminine shopper. And what true woman goes not to Paris with intent to shop? Even if such be not the purpose of her going, it is impossible for any lady with an honest, healthy love for beautiful and tasteful dress to stroll unmoved through the temptations that assail her from every shop-window on the Boulevards. An unsexed hybrid panting for pantaloons or a cold-blooded petticoat philosopher might indeed scowl undazzled upon the bonnets and dresses, the shawls, laces, jewels, furs, ribbons and flowers which, each and all the loveliest of their kind, move the feminine eye to gaze and the feminine soul to be enchanted. But a real woman, with taste and sense, and a desire to fulfill to the best of her ability that duty which the eloquent author of *Eothen* defines as woman's first duty in this sublunary world—namely, of look-

ing pretty—may as well come down at once, like Davy Crockett's 'coon. Let her put money in her purse, and then surrender at discretion.

We will therefore picture to ourselves our *Américaine* after a week's sojourn and constant sight-seeing in Paris. She has visited the galleries of the Louvre and the Luxembourg, has seen the Madeleine and Notre Dame and the Pantheon, and has taken a drive in the Bois de Boulogne: she begins to distinguish the Rue Richelieu from the Rue Vivienne, and can actually find her way from the Place Vendôme to the Boulevards without any trouble. By this time the first keen edge of curiosity has been dulled, and she strolls forth, properly escorted or attended of course, and proceeds to inspect the wonders presented to her in the glittering succession of the shop-windows. Straightway she begins to covet her neighbors' goods, and goes on in a reckless way breaking the tenth commandment; which is, by the way, probably as often broken in Paris as is the seventh, and that is saying a good deal. From the treasures displayed by Samper, jeweler to the ex-queen of Spain, whose window, once christened *the Lorette's Chapel*, recalls the fabled splendors of the jeweled casements of Aladdin's palace, down to the fruit and asparagus exhibited by Messrs. Potel & Chabot, everything she sees is bewilderingly perfect of its kind. And what is worst of all, she sees spread out before her hundreds of things of which indeed she had dreamed, but in whose existence she had never actually believed. Every woman who thinks about her dress at all has shaped in visions bewitching ornaments and fascinating toilettes, which she confesses to herself she would like to possess did such marvels ever really find a local habitation on this sublunary globe. And, behold! here they are. There glitters the necklace whose pattern she sketched so long

ago—here sweeps the silk of the very shade she despaired of ever beholding. That lace, exquisite as though designed by a poet and woven by a fairy, has just reached that impossible pitch of fineness and artistic beauty which she longed to see. In yonder *modiste's* window bloom the blossoms whose velvet petals she thought inimitable—from yonder rod hangs suspended a Chantilly shawl whose vapory darkness seems woven from the midnight air. Put money in thy purse, O thou tempted worse than ever was St. Anthony!—put money in thy purse, and then thou wilt not be forced to endure torments worse than were those of Tantalus.

But when, with well-filled purse, our fair but inexperienced traveler essays to enter one of these bewitching establishments, she not infrequently finds that the feminine Paradise of Parisian shops conceals a very unpleasant serpent in the shape of the Parisian shopkeeper. American ladies are accustomed to enter the splendid stores of New York, Philadelphia or Boston with a calm and certain conviction that, whatever else they may vainly seek for, politeness will never be found wanting, even should they depart without making purchases and after giving much trouble. They may, if so inclined, spend hours at the establishments of Stewart, Tiffany, Homer and Bailey, and spend nothing else, yet will they never be reproved for the wasted time and disappointed expectations of the clerks by even an impatient gesture, a hasty word or an angry glance. They may wander at will through the gorgeous commercial palaces of our great cities, and feast their eyes on the marvels they contain unchallenged and unquestioned, save by an occasional query from some attentive salesman as to whether they wish to see anything in particular, and he, on receiving a reply in the negative, will usually retreat with a half-apologetic bow.

Flushed with these recollections and experiences, strong in the conviction that her womanhood and her refinement will ensure her courteous treat-

ment from the shopkeepers of that nation cited as being the politest in the world, our *Americaine* dons her prettiest walking-dress and sallies forth to look, to inspect, possibly to buy. Delicious moment, when a woman's dream of Parisian finery is about to receive gorgeous realization! So she wends her way to one of those gigantic *magasins de nouveautés*, as they are termed—the Grand Magasin du Louvre, La Compagnie Lyonnaise or the Grand Magasin de la Paix—and after hovering a few moments about the door or devoting a little time to an inspection of the treasures displayed behind the mighty plate-glass windows, she steps across the threshold. Instantly a Babel of sounds, a crowd of shopmen, assail her: "What does madame want?" "Will madame please to inspect these wonderful handkerchiefs, only one franc and ninety-five centimes each, and all pure linen?" "Step this way, madame, this way, and inspect the cheapest fans in Paris." "Will not madame condescend to look at these ribbons, reduced to half price only yesterday?" "This is the silk counter, madame—richest Lyons fabrics at fabulously low prices." "Does madame want anything to-day in stockings?—wonderful articles, superior to the English." Stunned, overwhelmed, confused, our traveler tries in vain to collect her thoughts and to remember what she really did want, and at last contrives to stammer forth "Silk jackets," having bid adieu in one brief moment to all her pleasant dreams of a sauntering inspection of the treasures about her. Twenty-nine of her tormentors retire: the thirtieth pioneers her past counters and shelves loaded with attractions on which, for fear of a fresh assault, she scarcely dares to cast a passing glance, and finally they reach the cloak department.

"Silk jackets? Of what style?" asks the shopman.

"I do not know: I cannot tell till I see the latest fashions."

One jacket, hideously ugly, is produced, placed on the shoulders of the dummy figure, and the shopman retires a step or two to judge of the effect.

"How does madame like it?"

"Not at all."

"But it is the very latest style, and just inspect the gorgeous quality of the silk. Madame could not do better than to take it."

But madame won't: she sees that the thing is ugly, and she does not want it; so she says, "Pray show me some others."

Jacket No. 2 is slowly drawn forth from its hiding-place. It is a little worse than the first, and madame confesses freely that it does not please her.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me what kind of a garment you *do* want?" says the shopman in a tone that lends to his words a color of exasperating impertinence.

"I cannot tell till I have seen all the different styles."

The shopman catches up the rejected garment and flings it to the other side of the room:

"Mon Dieu! Madame, if you don't know your own mind, do you think I can spend a whole day in trying to know it for you?"

And exit the lady with a very considerable accession to the color of her cheeks and to her knowledge of French politeness.

If, unwarned by this brief experience, she essays again, her second state is likely to be worse than the first. Finally, she learns that she must assume a tone and manner never rendered necessary in any of her shopping transactions at home—in a word, that she must protect herself from covert impertinence, as well as open rudeness, by a hauteur and decision in look and speech which are probably entirely foreign to her nature.

A very quiet, modest young American lady once entered one of the most elegant of the many handsome stores which surround the Hôtel du Louvre to examine some cravats which were exposed in the window. A very suave Frenchwoman displayed them, but on inquiring the price the lady found that they were several francs dearer than were some others she had purchased that morning.

So, merely remarking, "I think they are too high," she quitted the shop. Later in the day it occurred to her that one of those cravats would match a dress of a peculiar shade of blue that she possessed, and in that case she decided that she would be quite willing to pay the extra price. So she returned to the shop and asked very politely to be permitted to inspect the blue cravat again. It was laid on the counter: she drew forth the scrap of her dress, and on comparison found that they did not match at all. With a few words of apology she turned to go.

"You are not going to take it?" asked the shopwoman.

"No, madame. I regret to say that my eye deceived me—the cravat does not match my dress."

Up rose the infuriate Frenchwoman, her face scarlet and her eyes fairly ablaze. "How dare you come here to trouble people if you do not want to buy?" she fairly shrieked. "Get out of my shop, this instant!"

Now, the whole time consumed by the lady's two visits to the store could not have exceeded ten minutes, and the amount of trouble she had given was simply that of having the box of neckties transferred from the window to the counter. The attack was therefore as unprovoked as it was unexpected.

But worse even than the rudeness and impertinence to which travelers are subjected in Paris is the gigantic system of cheating to which they too often fall victims from their total lack of experience in any such villainy at home. The person who purchases a point-lace flounce, a velvet dress or a package of gloves at Stewart's or Homer's knows perfectly well that it is entirely unnecessary for him to inspect the quality or verify the quantity of his purchases before paying the bill. It is not so in Paris. The best-known and oldest houses do not scruple to add to their lawful gains by all kinds of cheating. I have myself been cognizant of cases where six yards of velvet have shrunk to four; where an embroidered dress has been found to be embroidered on one breadth only

—that one of course the part exposed to view; where packages of gloves have been opened and imperfect pairs substituted for those chosen; and where a velvet cloak has been sent home, carefully and elegantly done up in a box with quantities of ribbons and tissue-paper, but on being examined (the unusual care in the packing having roused suspicion) proved to have had one of the breadths replaced by a defective piece of velvet. I have also known an instance where some valuable Russia sable-skins were sent to a highly-recommended and well-known cloak house in Paris to be made up, and several of the skins disappeared in the process. In another case a lady bought a splendid engraved amethyst in Italy, and sent it to one of the fashionable jewelers of Paris to be set. The amethyst was sent home to her in an elegant setting, but the rich violet hues of the stone had faded strangely during the process; and examination revealed the fact that a well-executed copy in purple glass had been substituted for the costly gem. Fortunately, a small flaw on the under side of the amethyst had not been noticed by the imitator, and the lack of that identifying mark in the counterfeit enabled the lady, by threat of legal process, to recover her jewel. In a less important but equally flagrant case an American lady selected a bonnet, paid for it very unwisely on the spot, and gave orders to have it sent home. When it arrived it proved to be a miserable imitation of the article she had purchased, the feathers, lace, velvet, etc., being of very inferior quality. She went back to the milliner to make a complaint, saw there the identical bonnet she had originally selected, but, being powerless to obtain redress, was forced to pay a considerable sum to have the exchange effected and to obtain the article she had really bought.

An American gentleman, whilst walking along the Rue Richelieu one evening, was struck with the beauty of a necklace, which, with the ear-rings to match, reposed in a case in one of the shop-windows. He entered the store, bought

the set, and permitted the shopman to take it to the back of the store to wrap it up. On reaching home he found the necklace was in the case all right, but the ear-rings had disappeared; and on returning to the Rue Richelieu to inquire into the matter, he beheld the aforesaid ear-rings glittering in their former place in the window. But all efforts to procure their return was useless: there had been no witnesses to the purchase, and the luckless buyer was forced to go on his way lamenting.

It is a fact well known to all American habitués of Paris that the heads of one of the largest and most celebrated of the glove-houses there are in the habit of sending in their old and paid bills to their former customers whenever the Strangers' List apprises them of the arrival of these unwary foreigners. For in most cases the receipted bills have been left at home, and the hapless traveler has no other choice than to pay, and to anathematize French roguery as he does so. I was one day an eye-witness of an amusing scene in that shop. A gentleman entered with a countenance highly expressive of indignation, and summoning the shopwoman who spoke English, he displayed to her a long bill dated some two years back.

"I paid that bill before I left Paris," he said in a very positive tone.

"You must be mistaken, sir," was the equally positive reply. "We never send in our bills after they have once been paid." There was a very telling emphasis on the "never."

"But I know that I paid this one."

"Perhaps you can produce the receipt?" This was said in a sneering tone, calculated to exasperate a saint.

The gentleman made answer by laying down his cane and the disputed bill upon the counter, and extracting a pocket-book from the breast-pocket of his coat. From this he drew out a paper, which he unfolded and held before the shopwoman. It was the receipted bill.

To do the creature justice, I must confess that she seemed overwhelmed with confusion, and was profuse in her

apologies; upon which one of the proprietors of the establishment, who had been watching the scene from a distance, came to the rescue. "I think I can explain to the gentleman how the mistake occurred," he said in those mellifluous tones which come as natural to a Frenchman as purring to a cat, and are just about as indicative of good-nature or kindly feeling. "We have another customer of precisely the same name—merely an odd coincidence."

"But an odder coincidence," said the American, buttoning up his coat and suddenly blossoming forth into an astonishing knowledge of French, "is, that this gentleman with the same name as mine happened to purchase the very same articles that I did on the very same days of the year."

And having discharged this Parthian arrow, he retired.

A very fruitful source of annoyance to inexperienced travelers is to be found in the natural impulse which leads them to purchase dress-goods by the yard, thereby involving themselves in a labyrinth of difficulties; for, as all the fashionable dressmakers of Paris expect to furnish both materials and trimmings to their customers, it is a matter of no small difficulty to discover a skilled and reliable *couturière* to make up the articles thus bought. Even when one of the more celebrated condescends to oblige a customer by doing so unusual a deed, she usually contrives to charge nearly as much for the making and trimming of the dress as she would have done had she furnished the materials as well. Then, too, there rises before me the recollection of that luckless lady who sent to a well-known and highly recommended dressmaker in Paris the silk and velvet whereof her costume was to be compounded, and who, on receiving a dress made of materials very inferior to those she had supplied, went to make complaint, and was told that she was a thief, a liar and a cheat, and was ordered to quit the house instantly. It is, however, difficult to imagine a sublimer pinnacle of pride and impertinence than that on which the Parisian dressmakers

had of late perched themselves. It was a favor to obtain their distinguished patronage, and any attempt at dissatisfaction or criticism was instantly put down as an insolence not to be for one instant tolerated by their high mightinesses. For instance, a New York belle once returned a dress with the request that it might be made a little looser at the throat, as it was so tight as to incommode her breathing. Days rolled round, weeks followed them, and still the dress was not returned. The lady went in search of it, and the *grande dame* who presided over the establishment told her, with an air of haughty unconcern, "The dress did not please you, mademoiselle, so I sold it."

"Why, there it hangs!" exclaimed the young lady, pointing to the identical garment, which was suspended in an open wardrobe.

"You are mistaken. That is not the dress you returned. I sold it the very day it was sent back."

And, as usual, there was no possible redress for the injured customer.

It is said that a tall, raw-boned, round-shouldered Scotchwoman once applied to the celebrated Worth with intent to order a variety of toilettes. The great man considered the applicant with a critical eye. "Oblige me, madame, by walking across the room," he said at length, and the astonished lady obeyed. "That will do. I grieve to say that I cannot engage to supply your dresses, madame. My reputation would not stand it."

It is even said that he refused to "dress," as the French idiom phrases it, the Princess Mathilde on similar grounds, the *Veuve Demidoff*, as the republicans call her, being stout and shapeless of figure, as well as coarse and plebeian of feature, like the ex-queen of Spain, whom she resembles morally as well as physically.

Before quitting this part of the subject, I must state that in no instance have I drawn on my imagination for the scenes and incidents I have described, they being all careful transcriptions of actual experiences. Nor were

those experiences gained in the cheap stores of Paris and in those out-of-the-way quarters frequented by bargain-hunters. In every case I have cited the affair occurred either in one of those establishments which have a world-wide fame, and which long standing and great celebrity cause to be much frequented, or else in one of the gorgeous stores, less known, but not less outwardly attractive, which adorn the great thoroughfares of Paris. Nor do I wish to convey the impression that I include *all* Parisian shops and shopkeepers in one sweeping condemnation. There do exist establishments in Paris—and I have dealt at such—where dishonesty and discourtesy are unknown, and where the interests of the customer are studied to an amazing extent. I have, for instance, known a case where a lady ordered a costly walking-costume from a colored drawing, and on coming some days later to try her dress on, found only a model of it composed of paper muslin. "We have never yet made up this style," was the explanation, "and fearing that madame might not find it becoming when made up, we concluded to try it in these materials before cutting a rich silk." The dress on trial proved to be frightfully unbecoming, and a second and a third pattern were made, the last proving highly satisfactory. On another occasion I saw a stout, fair-haired matron persuaded out of a ruby-colored velvet on which her heart was set, and induced to select another color, infinitely more suitable as well as becoming, though the ruby velvet was much the more costly of the two. I believe it is not exactly *de rigueur* for a magazine article to give an address, but I take pleasure in here recording the name of this house: it is the Maison Gagelin, No. 83 Rue Richelieu—an establishment which dates back to the days of Marie Antoinette.

And with all drawbacks, all disadvantages in the selection and purchasing, how lovely were the articles thus obtained, how perfect in fit, how artistic in coloring, how exquisite in quality, how faultless in general effect! Dressmak-

ing and millinery in Paris soar almost to the level of the fine arts. With what wondrous dexterity and grace does a Frenchwoman fashion a bonnet! A few pieces of velvet, a yard or two of lace, a single sweeping plume, an hour's manipulation by those skillful hands, and, lo! a headgear fit to adorn Venus herself, did that cinctured divinity ever condescend to modern clothing. And how sad it is to an educated eye to see these exquisite dresses and dainty bonnets robbed of all grace and style and effect by being assumed by some ponderous British female, the beautiful costume stretched out of all its fair proportions by the mountain of flesh it encloses, the delicately trimmed skirts drooping helplessly over the great striding limbs and behind the mighty heels, and the latest chef d'œuvre of Magnier or Marx perched on the summit of a huge chignon, and essaying in vain to shelter a face broad and crimson as the rising moon! And, *per contra*, how delightful it is to see the American belles flit forth in all the freshness of their first Parisian toilettes! With all a Frenchwoman's style, and with ten times her beauty, how well do the fair faces and graceful forms suit with the dainty loveliness of their attire, and how marvelously do beauteous wearer and beauteous apparel set off and enhance each other's perfections! Fair countrywomen and fellow-travelers, fast you may be, flirtatious you may be, frivolous you may be, but you are very lovely to look upon, and a pride and pleasure to your less gifted compatriots and *compagnons de voyage*.

Verily the lovers of *chiffons* have lost much by the downfall of the imperial court. Who now will set our fashions and teach us how to loop our dresses and knot our sashes? Who will command us to wear unbecoming colors and ill-contrived garments and shapeless bonnets, making them all lovely by the magical word, Stylish? What successor in the world of Fashion has there been found for the fast, wild, kind-hearted Princess Metternich, the beautiful, bigoted, narrow-minded Eugénie?

Not quiet Empress Augusta assuredly, nor yet her fat, frowzy daughter-in-law, crown princess of Prussia and princess royal of England—the very picture (and not the picture-in-little, either) of that stout, respectable British matron, Queen Victoria. We trust that some Parisian Pepys dwelt perdu at the imperial court, and that some day we shall be able to call up from his pages a vision of the lovely Eugénie as she once appeared in all the lustre of her beauty, in all the gorgeousness of her regal toilettes. For instance, that wonderful dress, entirely composed of the finest point-lace, attired in which, and with the most splendid of the great diamonds of the world, the peerless Regent, flaming like a star upon her diadem, she sat enthroned on the Place Vendôme to witness the entry of the armies of France fresh from the glories of their Italian campaigns; or that other marvelous dress of diaphanous tulle, through the transparent puffs of which were drawn chains of sparkling diamonds. Then, too, shall we learn something respecting that suppressed costume of cloth of silver looped with diamond crescents wherein she was once minded to appear as the Goddess Diana at a grand *bal costumé*, with intent to prove to a censorious world that her beauteous form equaled in perfection her charming face. Rumor said that she incautiously put it on to allow the emperor to judge of its effect, and he found it so highly satisfactory that he laid his imperial and marital commands upon her not to dream of wearing it in public. So, shrouded in a domino of plain blue silk, the empress was that night the most simply dressed and most closely covered of all the fair dames that adorned the long talked-of ball. The beautiful Countess Castiglione on a similar occasion was more successful in a similar attempt. She appeared as the Queen of Hearts in a robe of cloth of gold cut open at each side nearly to the waist, and with the openings only caught together at intervals with jeweled hearts, while beneath appeared, in flesh-colored silk tights, banded and braceleted

with gold and gems, those members which it was once unlawful to suggest that queens possessed. The character she assumed that night was looked upon as significant, for she had but lately been recognized as the successor to Mrs. Howard, the predecessor of Marguerite Bellanger, in the sovereignty of that evil realm, the heart of Napoleon III. Equally singular and magnificent, but infinitely more modest, must have been the celebrated peacock costume once assumed by the Princess Anna Murat. A train composed entirely of the eyes of peacock feathers was worn above a dress of rich gold-colored satin, the corsage of which was almost entirely hidden by a broad band of jewels, worn transversely and composed of emeralds, sapphires and diamonds, to represent the glancing green and azure of the plumaged breast of the royal bird. A tiny diadem of the same gems, and representing the peacock's crest, crowned the fair wearer's brow. What has become of that jeweled baldric now? and what was the destiny of the diamond fringe, that more than royal trimming, with which the empress used sometimes to border the décolletés corsages of her state robes, setting her pearly shoulders in a border of great single diamonds, from each of which another diamond, a size smaller, hung pendent? Will any future chronicler arise to tell the story of another diamond necklace—the superb triple chain, one row of which, when worn, rested on the fair Eugénie's bosom, while the second came just below the border of her corsage, and the third fell to her waist?

But what boots it to remember those glittering gems, or to recall the splendors of those gay garments, when the court they and their wearers once adorned is, like themselves, a worn-out piece of finery, tarnished, faded, cast aside?

Last June I witnessed at the grand race in the Bois de Boulogne—the Grand Prix de Paris—the last grand pageant of the Empire, the last appearance in public of that glittering, gorgeous court whose splendor, extravagance

and profligacy have been the wonder and the pollution of the world. There was the superb equipage of the Duchesse de Mouchy, with its four bay horses, its postillions in emerald green satin fringed with silver, and its elegantly attired and lovely occupant. There too came Isabella, ex-queen of Spain, a mountain of pearl-colored silk, her three pale, fragile-looking little daughters in white, with their broad hats wreathed with violets and fluttering with white ribbons, and her splendid coal-black horses governed by servants in rich liveries embroidered with crimson. Next comes a very stunning barouche, the lady on the back seat magnificent to behold in a dress of pale gray silk trimmed with fine old point de Venise, and with one exquisite crimson rose set in front of her coquettish-looking little hat. This lady, black-eyed, piquante-looking and smiling, is Mademoiselle X—, of the Palais Royal, an actress much celebrated for her success in low comedy parts. "She does *all that* on a salary of three thousand francs a year," sneers a sullen-looking bystander with a scowl as the carriage moves slowly past. Then follows the equipage of the fair young Marquise de Gallifet, one of the beauties of the imperial court—youthful, lovely and most woefully wedded, her husband being one of the most profligate members of that most profligate of courts. There is no trace of her conjugal sorrows visible on her beautiful and placid face, which attracts so many admiring glances as her carriage passes slowly down the line. Her dress is a marvel of the *couturière's* art, and is covered with trimmings composed of curled ostrich feathers. Yon amateur coachman with the broad shoulders and flushed face, guiding his spirited steeds with infinite skill amid the crush of cabs, carriages and equestrians, is Prince Achille Murat; and whispered words and significant glances recall, as he appears, more than one outrageous scandal connected with his name. Next comes the four-in-hand of the Duke of Nassau, said to be the most elegant turn-out in Europe, with the four peerless dark bay

horses ridden by postillions in liveries of dark green velvet studded with silver buttons. Then dashes past the low, graceful victoria of Isabelle, *bouquetière* to the Jockey Club, its occupant brazen, *passée* and deeply rouged, but gorgeous in the magnificent toilette of blue and rose-color, made by Worth and presented to her by the club, she being vowed to wear the colors of the winner of the "Grand Prix" till the next anniversary of the great race, and blue and pink being the colors of the last victor, Count de Lagrange. How long will she wear the colors of the victor of today, the azure and white of M. Charles Lafitte, proud owner of the beautiful winning horse Sornette, rich gainer of the prize of a hundred thousand francs? If she wear the blue and white till another such race-day shines over France, methinks her shroud will be tinted with heaven's own azure and snowy white. And here come the imperial family—the pretty, graceful boy-prince, and with him the soft-eyed Eugénie in a dress of simple buff foulard and an equally simple straw bonnet, her lips wreathed into her usual set smile, stereotyped and forced as the smiles of a ballet-dancer, while beside her, faultless in apparel, but with lack-lustre gaze, sunken eyes and slow, feeble gestures, sits Napoleon III., lifting his hat from time to time in answer to the greetings of personal friends, for the thronging crowd sends forth no cheer of welcome, no cry of Vive l'Empereur!

How lovely seemed the Bois de Boulogne that day, in the golden lustre of the bright June sunlight, forest and lake and fountains and cascades vying with each other in the perfection of their summer beauty, and giving to the eye a scene of such loveliness that the sense ached at it! How endless looked the long returning procession of carriages, which made the road to Paris seem like one mighty parterre of gorgeous flowers, with the exquisite toilettes of the occupants, the glowing hues of silk and crêpe de chine, the soft flutter of lace, the ripple of ribbons, and the bloom of blossoms lovely as those fashioned by

Nature's self! But the retreating carriages fade in the dim, dust-clouded distance, in the gathering shades of twilight. The grand race-day is over, the crowd has dispersed, and night, solemn and starry-eyed, broods over the silence of the Bois de Boulogne. Pass,

pageant—fall, curtain, on this last grand scene, the Transformation Scene from glittering comedy to dark and terrible tragedy of the imperial court of France!

“ Toutes ces choses sont passées
Comme l'ombre et comme le vent.”

LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

A GERMAN POPULAR LECTURE.

“ In Berlin, says he,
Be you fine, says he,
And make use, says he,
Of your eyne, says he :
Knowledge great, says he,
You may win, says he,
For I've been, says he,
In Berlin.”

HÖLTY, *Trans.*

THERE are few things which afford me more pleasure than to wander through the great old libraries of Europe and rummage among their quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore. I highly value the privilege of being allowed to sit at leisure in their alcoves, and pull down one ponderous, dusty tome after another, “bound in brass and wild boar's hide” or in beechen boards and blue, catching now and then from their crabbed black-letter pages some whimsical conceit, or reading some story of those ancient worthies, the best that ever lived “thorough the unyversal world.”

Nowhere has this pleasure been oftener tinged with a certain pensiveness or melancholy than in the libraries of the Germans—a feeling almost as sacred as that which should attend the visitor in their village churchyards. Above all other men, the German finds his best companionship in books, and the circles of a society he has found so pleasant he wishes to enlarge until they shall embrace the whole mundane brotherhood.

He willingly relinquishes the enjoyments of social intercourse, his beloved mug and all the innocent and connubial endearments of his *Frau*, to give him-

self up wholly to his unselfish labors. With an unwearying and more than paternal affection he gathers and digs from innumerable sources the choicest roots, buds and blossoms of the True, the Beautiful and the Good, to furnish forth and embellish therewith the pages he is writing with such fond and confiding assiduity. Each volume we behold on these shelves informs us of some such earnest life, informs us, perchance, of long years of penury and pain, of nights of sleeplessness and days of hunger, all endured with cheerfulness in the sweet hope of fame, “that last infirmity of noble minds.”

And now he is dead, long dead, and the book which he wrote, and of which himself was the principal reader, has lived its appointed life and is found no more among the living, except in these dusty alcoves or amid the heterogeneous and musty collections of the antiquary. But when the thoughtful soul passes the antiquated book, or stops a while to explore its pages and ramble among its obsolete constructions and its queer old cranky involutions, he will not mock him who lived laborious days to write what no one cared to possess. It is the counterpart of the author's better self, the faithful Horatio whom the dying Hamlet piteously adjures to linger yet a while, and in this harsh world draw his breath in pain to tell his story.

“ He gave the people of his best :
His worst he kept, his best he gave.”

Here, then, in this great library is a

city of the dead. Through its populous recesses we should tread with a greater reverence than along the more pleasant and sunny pathways of the churchyard, for here repose, as it were, the remains of the soul, while yonder is only the mouldering and loathsome body. And while the separate particles of the latter return, by the chemistry of decay, each to its native dust, and appear again, after an innumerable succession of years, to gladden our eyes in the "forms and hues of vegetable beauty," who can tell what seeds of thought may have been planted in fruitful intellects by the mere passing glimpse of a title or by a casual perusal of these dead and forgotten pages?

One day, after a number of hours thus spent in the Royal Library of Berlin, I sauntered into the reading-room. After looking about for a while, I had my attention particularly attracted by a robust and rosy—or rather pink-faced—gentleman, who, the librarian kindly informed me, was none other than the celebrated Herr Professor Doctor Kinck von Kinck.

He kept buzzing and bobbing over a great number of large books bound in blue pasteboard, plucking out from a hundred places snippets of sentences and paragraphs, which he industriously transcribed into a memorandum-book. He was very short-sighted, and as he turned over the pages rapidly, thrusting his nose and green spectacles deep down between them, his motion reminded me of that of an athlete jumping through empty barrels set on end in a series.

My mind recurred at once to the scene so delightfully described by Irving in his "Art of Bookmaking," and I supposed that, as in that sketch, the persons present were all professional authors. What was my surprise when the librarian informed me they were popular lecturers, wholly distinct from the hundred ninety and seven regularly employed in the Royal University!

This bit of information piqued my curiosity to know something further concerning them, their audiences and subjects of discourse. I asked the libra-

rian if it was not a matter of great difficulty to procure audiences for such a multitude of lecturers. He replied that it had become extremely difficult, and that the lecturers thought of petitioning the Prussian government to institute military levies in their behalf.

Even while we were speaking, there presented himself in the library a collector of subscriptions for a series of lectures soon to be delivered "for the especial benefit of the laboring classes." He was a stout little man, with a rather dirty neck, and two small and very rosy-bright patches of color on his white cheeks, in the manner peculiar to many beer-drinkers. The librarian was a very pale, thin-featured gentleman, with preternaturally large black eyes, and one leg so crooked that he seemed almost to step on the knee.

The stout little man deliberately hung his overcoat and hat on the rack, set his cane beneath them, approached and bowed very low before the librarian, smiling all over his face. The librarian bowed very low, smiled an official smile and extended his hand.

"Good-day, Herr Doctor," said the little man.

"Good-day, mein Herr," replied the librarian, in an exceedingly bland but non-committal voice.

The stout little man wore a kind of gray jerkin, gathered tight by a band behind, and edged around the neck and pockets with green binding. From an inside pocket of this he now produced a very thin green memorandum-book, as broad as it was long, with leaves of intensely blue smooth paper. This he handed to the librarian, open at the subscription-page. "Herr Doctor," said he, "it gives me the greatest pleasure to inform you that Herr Professor Doctor Kinck von Kinck will lecture to-morrow, at seven o'clock P. M., in Hypothenus Hall, on the Satires of Horace. I have the honor to say, Herr Doctor"—here he bowed quite low—"that he has commissioned me to solicit the honor of your subscription."

Upon this the librarian bowed and smiled that painfully polite official smile,

so exquisitely and so inexpressibly less than nothing, so far as meaning is concerned, that such an attack as this must slip off it as raindrops off a duck's feathers. "Mein Herr," he replied, "it gives me the greatest pleasure to learn that the Herr Professor Doctor Kinck von Kinck will lecture. I need not assure you, certainly, that none knows better than myself how to value the opportunity thus afforded of profiting by the honored Herr Professor's acknowledged great learning, if my official engagements would permit."

Here both bow very low again and smile, and the stout little man resumes: "The price of admission, Herr Doctor, has been set very low—only four silver Groschen per ticket."

Again that exquisitely and excruciatingly polite official smile, the only answer the honored Herr Doctor librarian deigns to give to a suggestion so immeasurably and so insufferably contemptible as one that relates to money. The little man now turns on him his last battery, and very complacently, for he knows it will succeed: "Herr Doctor, I believe your next lecture is to be—"

"A week from to-day, mein Herr," says the learned librarian promptly.

"And the subject, I believe—"

"On a singular mass of fused flint recently found in the ashes of a burnt haystack." The Herr Doctor announced this with a very considerable animation and positiveness, for he had hitherto been exceedingly negative.

"Ach, ja!" The little man utters this in a tone of the most profound remorse and self-abasement to think he should have forgotten, and strikes impatiently before his face, as if he were killing a mosquito. "*Pardon*, Herr Doctor. I may do myself the honor to remark that the Herr Professor Doctor Kinck von Kinck observed, a few days ago, in my presence, that he certainly intended to be present at your lecture."

At this point the learned Herr Doctor librarian bows, and both of them smile very pleasantly. Need I add anything farther? The little man knew the librarian's weakness, and that the certainty

of having one auditor was a bait at which he would inevitably catch. He knew that he could have secured his subscription with the lure of half an auditor (like the forty professors of Erfurt, who in 1805 had twenty-one students), having him sit in a partition, with one ear opening into one room and the other into another; but he chose to be generous. Of course he got his subscription, and went away with many bows and smiles.

Next day I was leisurely sauntering along Subjectivity street, and stopped before one of the wooden pillars erected at the street-corners for that purpose, to read the latest bulletins of lectures. Among them was one announcing "A gratuitous course of lectures for the special instruction of the laboring classes;" and a few of the topics were as follows: "The Diseases of Chinese Silkworms," "Salubrity of the Climate of Beloochistan," "The figures of Equilibrium in Liquids."

Now, thought I to myself, is this all a philanthropic humbug? or are the "laboring classes" of Berlin possessed of such immense learning as to be able to extract intellectual nutriment from these things? Goethe makes one of the characters in *Faust*, on hearing a revolutionary song, declare his gratitude to Heaven that he is not responsible for the preservation of the Holy Roman Empire. But what government on earth can stand when such ponderous boulders of knowledge are pitched promiscuously about its bases? Surely Prussia is in danger!

While I was thus musing, whom of all men should I behold but the famous and learned Herr Professor Doctor Kinck von Kinck! He whisked past me on a keen run, and, turning round, I observed, a few rods in advance of him, a person whose blue linen blouse showed him to be a member of the "laboring classes," and of whom the learned Herr Professor was evidently in earnest pursuit. Being an elderly gentleman of a very considerable obesity, he waddled along with much difficulty, and was constantly losing ground. I

was certain it was he, from the immense roll of smooth, greasy-blue manuscript which protruded from his pocket.

Well now, thought I to myself, upon my word he is running after that workman to get him for an audience! He wants him to listen to his lecture. This is no longer the pursuit of knowledge, but the pursuit of ignorance, under difficulties.

I now determined that nothing should deter me from hearing the professor's exposition of Horace. On the appointed evening, therefore, I found myself in the spacious Hypothenuse Hall on Subjectivity street. There was not a soul present except the usher; but presently the pale librarian with the crooked leg arrived, and limped painfully up the aisle. He was followed by the stout little agent himself with the dirty neck and rosy-matted cheeks. Then came two other persons, one of whom had wads of jewelers' cotton in his ears, while the other had black hair and blue spectacles. We five composed the audience.

The learned Herr Professor Doctor arrived very promptly. He was, as before remarked, of a short stature and quite obese, very fair-skinned and ruddy-cheeked, though the color, as with many of these beer-drinkers, looked almost as if painted on, and not suffused from beneath. His hair was yellow, parted high on his head, combed behind the ears, and cut off square all the way round. In the lobe of each ear was a very small ring. Around his neck there was wrapped a very portentous black neckcloth in many a fold, covering his neck thickly from his ears quite down to his shoulders. He moved up the aisle with that peculiar German pace or gliding motion, consisting of short, level steps, which, as the novelist Richardson describes it in his own case, seems rather to steal away the ground than to get rid of it by perceptible degrees.

He was evidently gratified by the warmth of our applause and the size of the audience. He bowed low, then untied the blue pasteboard covers, and read as follows:

"*Meine Herren*: The lecture, as announced, will consist of a running commentary on Satire 9, Book I., of Q. Horatius Flaccus, popularly elucidating that amusing composition in the hodigetico-exegetical method of Westner. The subject of the satire, as you well know, is the encounter of the poet with a persistent Roman bore.

"If you will carefully observe the first verse of this admirable satire, you will discover in it a most beautiful instance of the adaptation of the rhythmical structure to the sense of the passage. The poet was ascending the Sacred Way, which is a brisk slope upward from the Coliseum, and the halting movement of the words *Ibam forte Via Sacra* fitly represents the laboriousness of the ascent. On the summit of the ascent, before you descend toward the Forum, stands now the Arch of Titus, where Horace probably sat down to rest himself—a movement which is beautifully represented by the cæsura in the verse, where we pause, or, as it were, sit down, in scanning. Then the line concludes with the soft, liquescent words, *sicut meus est mos*, which indicate the ease of the descent.

"You will observe, *meine Herren*, that the third line, which records the approach of the garrulous-fool, contains four words of two syllables each. Now here is a remarkable beauty of composition. In the first line, where Horace was still alone, the words are mostly of one syllable; in the second line, where he descends into the noisy Forum, the words swell out into a turbulent length; but in the third, where the poet and the fool are together, a majority of the words are of two syllables." [Applause by the man with the defective ears.]

"Next, I will call your attention to the words *O te, Bolane, cerebrî felicem!* O Bolanus! happy of your head! I need not tell you, *meine Herren*, that this celebrated passage has given rise to innumerable virulent controversies among the learned, beginning as early as the time of Permixtus in the second century. Everything hinges on the case of the substantive *cerebrum*.

"First, as to the reading *cerebri*. By this we must understand the poet as saying that Bolanus is happy of his head, in possession of his head—that is, in having any head at all. But we can form no conception of a man happy *without* his head; hence this reading seems to attribute to the poet an impertinence, and I condemn it as spurious.

"With regard to the reading *cerebro*, we know that poets are licensed to give the ablative the sense of *in*, without employing that preposition. From this we should have the reading, Happy *in* his head. But the usual sense of the ablative is privative, denoting absence, ablation or abstention. Understanding it so, we should read, Happy *out of* his head. But it can hardly be supposed the poet would write in this manner, although, as a purely psychological fact, people are often happier out of their heads than they are in them." [Profound silence.]

"I do not attempt to deny that there are also many difficulties connected with the reading *cerebrum*. The phrase, Happy *in respect to* his head, would indicate that he was peculiarly felicitous in regard to some peculiar quality of that organ. If this were a serious composition, we should be bound to suppose that Horace meant to congratulate him on his acumen or brilliancy; but since it is satirical, we are unsettled from the usual base of criticism, and compelled to seek for outside historical information. There is, indeed, an inherent probability that the poet meant to felicitate Bolanus on his obtuseness, since that quality would have shielded him (Horace) from this fool's inflictions.

"But this theory, unfortunately, is upset by the positive statement of Mallo-nius (ii. 27), that Bolanus was a remarkably astute advocate. On the other hand, however, Trebonius affirms with equal positiveness, in a fragment found at Brindisi in the fourteenth century, that when he dined with Bolanus on one occasion he had a peacock in the third course and boar's head in the fourth, and ate his celery with sweet oil. This would seem to indicate that he was

a person of rather imbecile understanding. So this important question still remains *sub judice*.

"*Misere cupis abire*, You are monstrous anxious to get away, says the inexorable bore to the poet as he writhes and wriggles. I desire, *meine Herren*, to call your attention to the profound metaphysical or psychological knowledge here displayed by Horace. He might have written *vis*, You wish to get away; or *petis*, You seek; or *desideras*, You desire; or *niteris*, You struggle; but not one of them would have conveyed the nice shade of meaning expressed by *cupis*. *Wish* denotes pure and simple volition; *seek*, muscular volition, as that of a stag-hound; *desire*, intellectual, or oftener moral, volition, without cause or reason expressed; *struggle*, strong and violent volition, accompanied by kicks, blows, flinging of stones, and the like. But *want* denotes intense, interior, subjective volition—a movement of the intellect seldom found among the superficial and objective Italians, or even among the ancient Romans, but more frequent among northern nations. *Cupis abire!* It is very expressive."

During the delivery of the above paragraph the professor seemed temporarily to lose himself in a profound metaphysical abstraction. He gradually lost sight of his manuscript, and began to pace slowly up and down the platform. Presently he fell into the national attitude of meditation—to wit, the left hand laid gently across the abdomen, the head thrown slightly to the right and upward, and the right forefinger placed alongside the nose. In this attitude he remained in deep meditation for some moments. Then he began, in a dreamy and pensive strain, to repeat what he had uttered, but with his right side toward the audience, and his eyes directed upon the side wall of the room, as if he were abstractedly apostrophizing an imaginary audience.

Here I ventured to commit a breach of decorum to which the student of human nature is sometimes tempted. I turned round and looked into the faces

of the audience of four persons. Any one who will perpetrate this piece of ill manners in a theatre or when listening to a comic speaker will be rewarded with an interesting phenomenon which will repay the loss of some of the finest passages. The facial muscles of the most impressible people in the audience, especially in Germany, seem to play in sympathy with the speaker's, assuming the same smiles and distortions. These movements sometimes extend, among the Germans, even to the neck and arms, causing them to gyrate in unconscious and gentle accord, as if in an effort to assist or supplement the thought of the speaker.

In like manner one may often observe little children at play, earnestly intent on some circular or twisting motion, industriously screwing their lips and tongues in the same direction. As Horace himself says—

"Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi."

So now, graven on the bewildered face of the poor fellow with the black hair and blue spectacles, I saw the word *cupis* in all its pregnant significance. Let the reader only consider what a dreadful thing it was for a member of the "laboring classes" to have this intensely psychological word written upon his lineaments! I was seriously alarmed for him, lest it should strike into his system.

The professor presently faced his audience again, and resumed upon *cupis*:

"I seem to myself, meine Herren, to see them before me—the irrepressible bore in his luxurious toga and perfumed, flowing locks, leering with a grin of exultation upon the unfortunate Horace, who 'sweats even down to the ends of his toes,' and looks piteously about for Apollo or some compassionate mortal to hasten to his rescue. The taunting

tone of the impudent snob in that word is quite untranslatable. *Cupis abire. Cupis—ha, ha! Misere cupis—ha, ha, ha!*" [Laughter.]

"When Horace tells this impertinent chatterbox—"

Here the Herr Professor Doctor was suddenly interrupted by a deep and prolonged groan, followed by a heavy thud, as of a man falling to the floor. Hastening to the spot, we found that the unfortunate laborer with the blue spectacles had fallen under a paralytic stroke, and was insensible. The kind-hearted professor hastened down from the platform in deep concern, and ran with great precipitation to fetch the sufferer a mug of beer. In the mean time, we carried him gently out into the open air, and then across the street into an apothecary shop, to await the arrival of a physician.

Seeing the lecture was hopelessly broken off, I started homeward, but lingered a while on the pavement, while the relatives and sympathetic friends were administering cordials, rolling the unfortunate man on a barrel, hammering him on the back, and performing other well-meant operations. A physician arrived presently, and, after glancing at the sufferer, took his companion aside to question him as to his habits of life and the probable cause of the stroke. I overheard only the concluding sentences:

"Did you say it was the honored Herr Professor Doctor Kinck von Kinck's lecture you were listening to?"

"It was, Herr Doctor."

"Ach! Donnerwetter! Then I can do nothing for him. It is a hopeless case."

Next morning I read in the newspaper the coroner's verdict: "Came to his death from an excessive and untimely administration of *cupis*."

STEPHEN POWERS.

THE MONARCH OF THE GILA.

A LEGEND OF ARIZONA.

HIGH on the mighty mountain, crowning the burning sand,
Lies there a wondrous image, carved by a cunning hand:
Ever the awful features, sunk in a solemn sleep,
Smile with the mystic meaning of a great thought they keep.

Heedless of times or seasons, out from the mountain's crown,
Over the desert landscape, that sculptured face looks down—
Sealed with the seal of silence, beyond all mortal ken,
Guarding some hidden secret locked from the minds of men.

Over those stony eyelids the storms and tempests beat—
Calm through the fierce tornado, calm through the scorching heat:
Ever that silent witness of some long-banished race
Looks through the lapse of ages with pale prophetic face.

There the great Montezuma—loved by his people well—
Sleeps on the barren mountain, held by a potent spell;
And there—so runs the legend—still must the warrior wait
Until his vanquished people, breaking the bonds of Fate,

Burst in a mighty torrent from centuries' slavish rest,
To wreak on the oppressor the wrongs of the oppressed;
And from the hidalgos' banner to wash with fiery rain
Those stains of lust and rapine, the blood-red bands of Spain.

Calm o'er the torrid desert, over yon eyrie high,
Smile the majestic features while the long years roll by:
Still does the slumbering monarch watch o'er the wondrous lands,
Waiting the coming sun-burst, waiting the marshaled bands.

Lord of the arid landscape, lord of the barren soil,
He heeds not strife or bloodshed, the spoilers or the spoil:
Still do the mourning millions beyond that mountain throne
Wait till the crownèd monarch shall come to claim his own,

When from the time-worn temples the war-drum's thundering roll
Wakes the fierce throb of freedom in every subject soul—
Till from the sacred city to distant Yucatan
The shout of "Montezuma!" shall pass from man to man.

EDWARD RENAUD.

STILL WATERS.

I OFTEN wonder if when, as the Bible tells us, "the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed," they will be revealed to our fellow-creatures as well as to the almighty Judge of men. I know it is the accepted idea, although there is no warrant in Holy Scripture for the belief; but should it be so, what surprises there are in store for some of us!

I am not usually given to philosophize, but the above remark was drawn from me by the receipt of a letter this morning from my niece, Justina Trevor, announcing the death of her "dear friend," Mrs. Benson, which recalled the remembrance of an incident that took place a few months since, whilst I was staying at Durham Hall in Derbyshire, the estate of her late husband, Sir Harry Trevor. I am an old bachelor, though not so old as I look; yet when I confess that I write "General" before my name, and have served most of my time in hot climates, it will readily be believed that no one would take me for a chicken. It was after an absence of fourteen years that, last November, I arrived in England and put up at a hotel near Covent Garden which had been a favorite resort of mine during my last stay in London. But I soon found that I had made a great mistake, for town was dark, damp, dirty, deserted, detestable: in fact, no adjective, however long and however strong, could convey an adequate idea of the impression made upon me by a review of the great metropolis; and it was with a feeling of intense relief that I perused a letter from my niece Justina, to whom I had duly announced my advent, in which she insisted that her "dear uncle" must spend his first Christmas in England nowhere but at Durham Hall, with Sir Harry and herself. Now, Justina if not my only is certainly my nearest relative, and I knew that *she* knew that I was an old fellow on the shady side of sixty-five, with a couple of pounds or

so laid by in the Oriental Bank, and with no one to leave them to but herself or her children; but I was not going to let that fact interfere with my prospects of present comfort; and so, ordering my servant to repack my traveling-cases, the next day but one saw us *en route* for Derbyshire.

It was evening when I arrived at Durham Hall, but even on a first view I could not help being struck with the munificent manner in which all the arrangements of the household seemed to be conducted, and reflected with shame on the unworthy suspicion I had entertained respecting those two pounds of mine in the Oriental Bank, which I now felt would be but as a drop in the ocean to the display of wealth which surrounded me. The hall was full of guests, assembled to enjoy the hunting and shooting season and to spend the coming Christmas, and amongst them I heard several persons of title mentioned; but my host and hostess paid as much attention to me as though I had been the noblest there, and I felt gratified by the reception awarded me.

I found my niece but little altered, considering the number of years which had elapsed since I had last seen her: her children were a fine, blooming set of boys and girls, whilst her husband, both in appearance and manners, far exceeded my expectations. For it so happened that I had not seen Sir Harry Trevor before, my niece's marriage having taken place during my absence from England; but Justina had never ceased to correspond with me, and from her letters I knew that the union had been as happy as it was prosperous. But now that I met him I was more than pleased, and voted his wife a most fortunate woman. Of unusual height and muscular build, Sir Harry Trevor possessed one of those fair, frank Saxon faces which look as if their owners had never known trouble. His bright blue

eyes shone with careless mirth and his yellow beard curled about a mouth ever ready to smile in unison with the outstretching of his friendly hand. He was a specimen of a free, manly and contented Englishman, who had everything he could desire in this world, and was thankful for it. As for Justina, she seemed perfectly to adore him: her eyes followed his figure wherever it moved: she hung upon his words, and refused to stir from home, even to take a drive or walk, unless he were by her side.

"I must congratulate you upon your husband," I said to her as we sat together on the second day of my visit. "I think he is one of the finest fellows I ever came across, and seems as good as he is handsome."

"Oh, he is indeed!" she replied with ready enthusiasm; "and you have seen the least part of him, uncle. It would be impossible for me to tell you how good he is in all things. We have been married now for more than ten years, and during that time I have never had an unkind word from him, nor do I believe he has ever kept a thought from me. He is as open as the day, and could not keep a secret if he tried. Dear fellow!" and something very like a tear twinkled in the wife's eyes.

"Ay, ay," I replied, "that's right. I don't know much about matrimony, my dear, but if man and wife never have a secret from one another, they can't go far wrong. And now perhaps you will enlighten me a little about these guests of yours, for there is such a number of them that I feel quite confused."

Justina passed her hand across her eyes and laughed: "Yes, that is dear Harry's whim. He will fill the house at Christmas from top to basement, and I let him have his way, though all my visitors are not of my own choosing. With whom shall I commence, uncle?"

We were sitting on a sofa together during the half hour before dinner, and one by one the guests, amounting perhaps to fifteen or twenty, came lounging into the drawing-room.

"Who, then, is that very handsome

woman with the scarlet flower in her hair?"

"Oh, do you call *her* handsome?" (I could tell at once from the tone of Justina's voice that the owner of the scarlet flower was no favorite of hers.) "That is Lady Amabel Scott, a cousin of Harry's: indeed, if she were not, she should never come into *my* house. Now, there's a woman, uncle, whom I can't bear—a forward, presuming, flirting creature, with no desire on earth but to attract admiration. Look how she's dressed this evening—absurd for a home party. I wonder that her husband, Mr. Warden Scott (that is he looking over the photograph-book), can allow her to go on so? It is quite disgraceful. I consider a flirting married woman one of the most dangerous members of society."

"But you can have no reason to fear her attacks," I said confidently.

The color mounted to her face. My niece is not a pretty woman—indeed, I had already wondered several times what made Trevor fall in love with her—but this little touch of indignation improved her: "*Of course not!* But Lady Amabel spares no one, and dear Harry is so good-natured that he refuses to see how conspicuous she makes both him and herself. I have tried to convince him of it several times, but he is too kind to think evil of any one, and so I must be as patient as I can till she goes. Thank Heaven, she does not spend her Christmas with us! For my part, I can't understand how one can see any beauty in a woman with a turned-up nose."

"Ho, ho!" I thought to myself: "this is where the shoe pinches, is it? and if a lady will secure an uncommonly good-looking and agreeable man all to herself, she must expect to see others attempt to share the prize with her."

Poor Justina! With as many blessings as one would think heart could desire, she was not above poisoning her life's happiness by a touch of jealousy; and so I pitied her. It is a terrible foe with which to contend.

"But this is but one off the list," I continued, wishing to divert her mind

from the contemplation of Sir Harry's cousin. "Who are those two dark girls standing together at the side table? and who is that quiet-looking little lady who has just entered with the tall man in spectacles?"

"Oh, those—the girls—are the Misses Rushton: they are pretty, are they not?—were considered quite the belles of last season—and the old lady on the opposite side of the fireplace is their mother: their father died some years since."

"But the gentleman in spectacles? He looks quite a character."

"Yes, and is considered so, but he is very good and awfully clever. That is Professor Benson: you must know him and his wife too, the 'quiet-looking little lady,' as you called her just now. They are the greatest friends I have in the world, and it was at their house that I first met Harry. I am sure you would like Mary Benson, uncle: she is shy, but has an immense deal in her, and is the kindest creature I ever knew. You would get on capitally together. I must introduce you to each other after dinner. And the professor and she are so attached—quite a model couple, I can assure you."

"Indeed! But whom have we here?" as the door was thrown open to admit five gentlemen and two ladies.

"Lord and Lady Mowbray; Colonel Green and his son and daughter; Captain Mackay and Mr. Cecil St. John," whispered Lady Trevor, and as she concluded dinner was announced and our dialogue ended.

As the only persons in whom my niece had expressed much interest were Lady Amabel Scott and Mrs. Benson, I took care to observe these two ladies very narrowly during my leisure moments at the dinner-table, and came to the conclusion that, so far as I could judge, her estimate was not far wrong of either of them. Lady Amabel was a decided beauty, notwithstanding the "turned-up nose" of which her hostess had spoken so contemptuously: it was also pretty evident that she was a decided flirt. During my lengthened career of five-and-sixty years I had always been cred-

ited with having a keen eye for the good points of a woman or a horse; but seldom had I met with such vivid coloring, such flashing eyes and such bright speaking looks as now shone upon me across the table from the cousin of Sir Harry Trevor. She was a lovely blonde in the heyday of her youth and beauty, and she used her power unsparingly and without reserve. My observation quickened by what Justina's flash of jealousy had revealed, I now perceived, or thought I perceived, that our host was by no means insensible to the attractions of his fair guest, for, after conducting her in to dinner and placing her by his side, he devoted every second not demanded by the rights of hospitality to her amusement. Yet Lady Amabel seemed anything but desirous of engrossing his attention: on the contrary, her arrows of wit flew far and wide, and her bright glances flashed much in the same manner, some of their beams descending even upon me, spite of my gray hairs and lack of acquaintanceship. One could easily perceive that she was a universal favorite; but as Mr. Warden Scott seemed quite satisfied with the state of affairs, and calmly enjoyed his dinner, whilst his wife's admirers, in their fervent admiration, neglected to eat theirs, I could not see that any one had a right to complain, and came to the conclusion that my niece, like many another of her sex, had permitted jealousy to blind her judgment.

I felt still more convinced of this when I turned to the contemplation of the other lady to whom she had directed my attention—the professor's wife, who was her dearest friend, and through whose means she had first met Sir Harry Trevor. There was certainly nothing to excite the evil passions of either man or woman in Mrs. Benson. Small and insignificant in figure, she was not even pleasing in countenance: indeed, I voted her altogether uninteresting, until she suddenly raised two large brown eyes, soft as a spaniel's and shy as a deer's, and regarded me. She dropped them again instantly, but as she did so I observed that her lashes

were long and dark, and looked the longer and darker for resting on perfectly pallid cheeks. *Au reste*, Mrs. Benson had not a feature that would repay the trouble of looking at twice, and the plain, dark dress she wore still farther detracted from her appearance. But she looked a good, quiet, harmless little thing, who, if she really possessed the sense Lady Trevor attributed to her, might prove a very valuable and worthy friend. But she was certainly not the style of woman to cause any one a heartache or to make a wife rue the day she met her.

And indeed, when, dinner being over, we joined the ladies in the drawing-room, and I saw her surrounded by my grand-nephews and nieces, who seemed by one accord to have singled her out for persecution, I thought she looked much more like a governess or some one in a dependent situation than the most welcome guest at Durham Hall. Sir Harry seemed pleased with her notice of his children, for he took a seat by her side and entered into conversation with her, the first time that I had seen him pay his wife's friend so open a compliment. Now I watched eagerly for the "great deal" that by Justina's account was "in her;" but I was disappointed, for she seemed disinclined for a *lôte-à-lôte*, and after a few futile attempts to draw her out, I was not surprised to see her host quit his position and wander after Lady Amabel Scott into the back drawing-room, whither my niece's eyes followed him in a restless and uneasy manner.

"I promised to introduce you to Mrs. Benson, uncle," she exclaimed as she perceived that I was watching her, and, willy-nilly, I was taken forcible possession of, and soon found myself occupying the chair left vacant by Sir Harry.

"We can so very seldom persuade Mary to stay with us, and when she does come her visits are so brief, that we are obliged to make a great deal of them whilst they last," was part of Justina's introduction-speech; and on that hint I commenced to speak of the charms of the country and my wonder

that Mrs. Benson did not oftener take occasion to enjoy them. But barely an answer, far less an idea, could I extract from my niece's valued friend. Mrs. Benson's brown eyes were not once raised to meet mine, and the replies which I forced from her lips came in monosyllables. I tried another theme, but with no better success; and had just decided that she was as stupid as she looked, when, to my great relief, the professor arrived with a message from Lady Trevor, and bore his wife off into another room.

Several days passed without bringing forth much incident. The gentlemen spent most of their time in the shooting-covers or hunting-field, and did not meet the ladies until evening reassembled them in the drawing-room; on which occasions I used to get as far as I could from Lady Trevor and the professor's wife, and in consequence generally found myself in the vicinity of Sir Harry and Lady Amabel. Yet, free and intimate as seemed their intercourse with one another, and narrowly as, in Justina's interest, I watched them, I could perceive nothing in their conduct which was not justified by their relationship, and treated it as a matter of the smallest consequence, until one afternoon about a fortnight after my arrival at Durham Hall.

With the exception of Sir Harry himself, who had business to transact with his bailiff, we had all been out shooting, and as, after a hard day's work, I was toiling up to my bed-room to dress for dinner, I had occasion to pass the study appropriated to the master of the house, and with a sudden desire to give him an account of our sport, incontinently turned the handle of the door. As I did so I heard an exclamation and the rustle of a woman's dress, which were sufficient to make me halt upon the threshold of the half-opened door and ask if I might enter.

"Come in, by all means," exclaimed Sir Harry. He was lying back indolently in his arm-chair beside a table strewn with books and papers, a little flushed perhaps, but otherwise himself,

and, to my astonishment, quite alone. Yet I was positive that I had heard the unmistakable sound of a woman's dress sweeping the carpet. Involuntarily I glanced around the room, but there was no egress.

Sir Harry caught my look of inquiry and seemed annoyed. "What are you staring at, Wilmer?" he demanded in the curtest tone I had yet heard from him.

"May I not glance round your den?" I replied courteously. "I have not had the honor of seeing it before."

Then I entered into a few details with him concerning the day's sport we had enjoyed, but I took care to be brief, for I saw that my presence there displeased him, and I could not get the rustle of that dress out of my mind. As I concluded, and with some remark upon the lateness of the hour turned to leave the room, a cough sounded from behind a large Indian screen which stood in one corner. It was the faintest, most subdued of coughs, but sufficiently tangible to be sworn to; and as it fell upon my ear I could not help a change of countenance.

"All right!" said my host with affected nonchalance as he rose and almost backed me to the door. "We'll have a talk over all this after dinner, Wilmer: sorry I wasn't with you; but, as you say, it's late. *Au revoir!*" and simultaneously the study door closed upon me.

I was very much startled and very much shocked. I had not a doubt that I was correct in my surmise that Sir Harry had some visitor in his room whom he had thought it necessary to conceal from me; and though Hope suggested that it might have been his wife, Common Sense rose up to refute so absurd an idea. Added to which, I had not traversed twenty yards after leaving him before I met Justina attired in her walking things, and just returning from a stroll round the garden.

"Is it very late, uncle?" she demanded with a smile as we encountered one another. "I have been out with the children. Have you seen Mary or Lady

Amabel? I am afraid they will think I have neglected them shamefully this afternoon."

I answered her questions indifferently, thinking the while that she had no occasion to blame herself for not having paid sufficient attention to Lady Amabel Scott, for that it was she whom I had surprised *ête-à-ête* with Sir Harry Trevor I had not a shadow of doubt.

Well, I was not the one to judge them nor to bring them to judgment; but I thought very hard things of Sir Harry's cousin during the dressing-hour, and pitied my poor niece, who must some day inevitably learn that it was a true instinct which had made her shrink from her beautiful guest. And during the evening which followed my discovery I turned with disgust from the lightning glances which darted from Lady Amabel's blue eyes, and the arch smile which helped to make them so seductive. I could no longer think her beauty harmless: the red curves of her mouth were cruel serpents in my mind; poisoned arrows flew from her lips; there was no innocence left in look or word or action; and I found myself turning with a sensation of relief to gaze at the Quaker-like attire, the down-cast eyes and modest appearance of the professor's wife, whilst I inwardly blamed myself for having ever been so foolish as to be gulled into believing that the flaunting beauty of Lady Amabel Scott was superior to Mrs. Benson's quiet graces.

I did not have much to say to Sir Harry Trevor during that evening: indignation for his deception toward Justina made me disinclined to speak to him, whilst he, for his part, seemed anxious to avoid me. For a few days more all went on as usual: my host's affability soon returned, and every one, my niece included, appeared so smiling and contented that I almost began to think I must have been mistaken, and that there could have been no real motive for concealing Lady Amabel in Sir Harry's room, except perhaps her own girlish love of fun. I tried to think the best I could of both of them; and a

day came but too soon when I was thankful that I had so tried.

It was about a week after the little incident related above that Sir Harry Trevor was shooting over his preserves, accompanied by his guests. We had had a capital day's sport and an excellent luncheon—at which latter some of the ladies had condescended to join us—and were beating the last cover, preparatory to a return to Durham Hall, when the report of a firearm was quickly followed by the news that Sir Harry Trevor had been wounded.

I was separated from him by a couple of fields when I first heard of the accident, but it did not take me long to reach his side, when I perceived, to my horror, that he was fast bleeding to death, having been shot through the lungs by the discharge of his own gun whilst getting through the hedge. I had seen men die from gunshot wounds received under various circumstances, and I felt sure that Sir Harry's hours were numbered; yet of course all that was possible was done at once, and five minutes had not elapsed before messengers were flying in all directions—one for the doctor, another for the carriage, a third for cordials to support the sinking man; whilst I entreated Mr. Warden Scott and several others to walk back to the hall as though nothing particular had happened, and try to prevent the immediate circulation of the full extent of the bad news. Meanwhile, I remained by the wounded man, who evidently suspected, by the sinking within him, that he was dying.

"Wilmer," he gasped, "old fellow! have I settled my hash?"

"I trust not, Sir Harry," I commented, but I suppose that my eyes contradicted my words.

"Don't say any more," he replied with difficulty. "My head a little higher—thanks! I feel it will soon be over."

And so he lay for a few moments, supported on my knee, with his fast-glazing eyes turned upward to the December sky, and his breath coming in short, quick jerks. The men who had remained with me seemed as though

they could not endure the sight of his sufferings: one or two gazed at him speechless and almost as pale as himself, but the majority had turned away to hide their feelings.

"Wilmer," he whispered presently, but in a much fainter voice than before, "it's coming fast now;" and then, to my surprise, just as I thought he was about to draw his last breath, he suddenly broke into speech that was almost a sob: "Oh, if I could only have seen her again! I wouldn't mind it half so much if I could but have seen Pet again. Call her, Wilmer! in God's name, call her!—call Pet to me—only once again—only once! Pet! Pet! Pet!" and with that name upon his lips, each time uttered in a shorter and fainter voice, and with a wild look of entreaty in his eyes, Sir Harry Trevor let his head drop back heavily upon my knees, and died.

When the doctor and the carriage arrived the only thing left for us to do was to convey the corpse of its master back to Durham Hall.

For the first few hours I was too much shocked by the suddenness of the blow which had descended on us to have leisure to think of anything else. In one moment the house of feasting had been turned into the house of mourning, and frightened guests were looking into each other's faces and wondering what would be the correct thing for them to do. Of my poor niece I saw nothing. The medical man had undertaken to break the news of her bereavement to her, and I confess that I was sufficiently cowardly to shrink from encountering the sorrow which I could do nothing to mitigate.

As I passed along the silent corridors (lately so full of mirth and revelry) that evening, I met servants and traveling-cases at every turn, by which I concluded, and rightly, that the Christmas guests were about at once to take their departure. And on rising in the morning I found that, with the exception of Lady Amabel and Mr. Warden Scott, who, as relatives of the deceased, intended to remain until after the funeral,

and the professor and Mrs. Benson, on whose delicate frame the shock of Sir Harry's death was said to have had such an effect as to render her unfit for traveling, Durham Hall was clear.

Lady Amabel had wept herself almost dry: her eyes were swollen, her features disfigured, her whole appearance changed from the violence of her grief, and every ten minutes she was ready to burst out afresh. We had not been together half an hour on the following morning before she was sobbing by my side, entreating me to give her every particular of "poor dear Harry's" death, and to say if there was anything she could do for Justina or the children; and notwithstanding the repugnance with which her conduct had inspired me, I could not repulse her then. However she had sinned, the crime and its occasion were both past: Sir Harry was laid out ready for his burial, and she was grieving for him. I am an old man, long past such follies myself, and I hope I am a virtuous man; but all my virtue could not prevent my pitying Lady Amabel in her distress, and affording her such comfort as was possible; and so (a little curiosity still mingling with my compassion) I related to her in detail, whilst I narrowly watched her features, the last words which had been spoken by her cousin. But if she guessed for whom that dying entreaty had been urged, she did not betray herself.

"Poor fellow!" was her only remark as she wiped her streaming eyes—"poor dear Harry! Used he to call Justina 'Pet'? I never heard him do so." Whereupon I decided that Lady Amabel was too politic to be very miserable, and that my pity had been wasted on her.

Of Mrs. Benson I saw nothing, but the professor talked about attending the funeral, and therefore I concluded that my niece had invited them, being such intimate friends, to remain for that ceremony.

On the afternoon of the same day I was told that Justina desired to speak to me. I sought the room where she

was sitting, with folded hands and darkened windows, with nervous reluctance; but I need not have dreaded a scene, for her grief was too great for outward show, and I found her in a state which appeared to me unnaturally calm.

"Uncle," she said after a moment's pause, during which we had silently shaken hands, "will you take these keys and go down into—into—his study for me, and bring up the desk and papers which you will find in the *escritoire*? I do not like to send a servant."

I took the keys which she extended to me, and, not able to trust myself to answer, kissed her forehead and left the room again. As I turned the handle of the study door I shuddered, the action so vividly recalled to me the first and last occasion upon which I had done so. The afternoon was now far advanced, and dusk was approaching: the blinds of the study windows also were pulled down, which caused the room to appear almost in darkness. As I groped my way toward the *escritoire* I stumbled over some article across my path, something which lay extended on the hearth-rug, and which even by that feeble light I could discern was a prostrated body.

With my mind full of murderous accidents, I rushed to the window and drew up the blind, when to my astonishment I found that the person over whom I had nearly fallen was no other than poor little Mrs. Benson, who was lying in a dead faint before the arm-chair. Fainting women not being half so much in my line as wounded men, I felt quite uncertain in this case how to act, and without considering how the professor's wife had come to be in the study or for what reason, my first impulse was to ring for assistance. But a second thought, which came I know not how or whence, made me lift the fragile, senseless body in my arms and carry it outside the study door into the passage before I called for help; which then I did lustily, and female servants came and bore the poor "quiet-looking little lady" away to her own apartments and the care of her husband, leaving

me free to execute the errand upon which I had been sent. Still, as I collected the desk and papers required by my niece, I could not help reflecting on the circumstance I have related as being a strange one, and could only account for it in my own mind by the probable fact that Mrs. Benson had required some book from the late Sir Harry's shelves, and, miscalculating her strength, had left her bed-room with the design of fetching it, and failed before she could accomplish her purpose. I heard several comments made on the occurrence, during the melancholy meal which we now called "dinner," by her husband and Lady Amabel Scott, and they both agreed with me as to the probable reason of it; and as soon as the cloth was removed the professor left us to spend the evening with his wife, who was considered sufficiently ill to require medical attendance.

We were a rather silent trio in the drawing-room—Lady Amabel, Mr. Scott and I—for ordinary occupations seemed forbidden, and every topic harped back to the miserable accident which had left the hall without a master. The servants with lengthened faces, as though attending a funeral, had dumbly proffered us tea and coffee, and we had drunk them without considering whether we required them, so welcome seemed anything to do; and I was seriously considering whether it would appear discourteous in me to leave the hall and return on the day of the funeral, when a circumstance occurred which proved more than sufficiently exciting for all of us.

I had taken the desk, papers and keys and delivered them into my niece's hands, and I had ventured at the same time to ask whether it would not be a comfort to her to see Mrs. Benson or some other friend, instead of sitting in utter loneliness and gloom. But Justina had visibly shrunk from the proposal: more than that, she had begged me not to renew it. "I sent for you, uncle," she said, "because I needed help, but don't let any one make it a precedent for trying to see me. I *couldn't* speak to any one: it would

drive me mad. Leave me alone: my only relief is in solitude and prayer."

And so I had left her, feeling that doubtless she was right, and communicating her wishes on the subject to Lady Amabel Scott, who had several times expressed a desire to gain admittance to her widowed cousin.

Judge, then, of our surprise, equal and unmitigated, when, as we sat in the drawing-room that evening, the door silently opened and Justina stood before us! If she had been the ghost of Sir Harry himself risen from the dead, she could hardly have given us a greater start.

"Justina!" I exclaimed, but as she advanced toward us with her eyes riveted on Lady Amabel, I saw that something more than usual was the matter, and drew backward. Justina's countenance was deadly pale; her dark hair, unbound from the night before, flowed over the white dressing-gown which she had worn all day; and stern and rigid she walked into the midst of our little circle, holding a packet of letters in her hand.

"Amabel Scott," she hissed rather than said as she fixed a look of perfect hatred on the beautiful face of her dead husband's cousin, "I have detected you. You made me miserable whilst he was alive—you know it—with your bold looks and your forward manners and your shameless, open attentions; but it is my turn now, and before your husband I will tell you that—"

"Hush, hush, Justina!" I exclaimed, fearful what revelation might not be coming next. "You are forgetting yourself: this is no time for such explanations. Remember what lies up stairs."

"Let her go on," interposed Lady Amabel Scott, with wide-open, astonished eyes: "I am not afraid. I wish to hear of what she accuses me."

She had risen from her seat as soon as she understood the purport of the widow's speech, and crossed over to her husband's side; and knowing what I did of her, I was yet glad to see that Warden Scott threw his arm about her for encouragement and support. She

may have been thoughtless and faulty, but she was so young, and *he* was gone. Besides, no man can stand by calmly and see one woman pitted against another.

"Of what do you accuse me?" demanded Lady Amabel, with heightened color.

"Of what do I accuse you?" almost screamed Justina. "Of perfidy, of treachery, toward him," pointing to Mr. Warden Scott, "and toward me. I accuse you of attempting to win my dear husband's affections from me—which you never did, thank God!—and of rendering this home as desolate as it was happy. But you failed, you failed!"

"Where are your proofs?" said the other woman, quietly.

"*There!*" exclaimed my niece as she threw some four or five letters down upon the table—"there! I brought them for your husband to peruse. *He* kept them: generous and good as he was, *he* would have spared you an open exposure, but I have no such feelings in the matter. Are you to go from this house into another to pursue the same course of action, and perhaps with better success? No, not if I can prevent it!"

Her jealousy, rage and grief seemed to have overpowered her: Justina was almost beside herself. I entreated her to retire, but it was of no avail. "Not till Warden Scott tells me what he thinks of his wife writing those letters with a view to seducing the affections of a married man," she persisted.

Mr. Scott turned the letters over carelessly. "They are not from my wife," he quietly replied.

"Do *you* dare to say so?" exclaimed Justina to Lady Amabel.

"Certainly: I never wrote one of them. I have never written a letter to Harry since he was married: I have never had occasion to do so."

The widow turned toward me with an ashen-gray face which it was pitiful to behold. "Whose are they, then?" she whispered hoarsely.

"I do not know, my dear," I replied: "surely it matters little now. You will be ill if you excite yourself in this man-

ner. Let me conduct you back to your room;" but before I could do so she had fallen in a fit at my feet. Of course, all then was hurry and confusion, and when I returned to the drawing-room I found Lady Amabel crying in her husband's arms.

"Oh, Warden dear," she was saying, "I shall never forgive myself. This all comes of my wretched flirting. It's no good your shaking your head: you know I flirt, and so does every one else; but I never meant anything by it, darling, and I thought all the world knew how much I loved you."

"Don't be a goose!" replied her husband as he put her gently away from him; "but if you think I'm going to let you remain in this house after what that d—d woman— Oh, here is General Wilmer! Well, general, after the very unpleasant manner in which your niece has been entertaining us, you will not be surprised to hear that I shall take my wife away from Durham Hall tonight. When Lady Trevor comes to her senses you will perhaps kindly explain to her the reason of our departure, for nothing under such an insult should have prevented my paying my last respects to the memory of a man who never behaved otherwise than as a gentleman to either of us."

I apologized for Justina as best I was able, represented that her mind must really have become unhinged by her late trouble, and that she would probably be very sorry for what she had said by and by; but I was not surprised that my arguments had no avail in inducing Mr. Scott to permit his wife to remain at Durham Hall, and in a few hours they had left the house. When they were gone I took up the letters, which still lay upon the table, and examined them. They were addressed to Sir Harry, written evidently in a woman's hand, and teemed with expressions of the warmest affection. I was not surprised that the perusal of them had excited poor Justina's wrathful jealousy. Turning to the signatures, I found that they all concluded with the same words, "Your loving and faithful Pet."

In a moment my mind had flown back to the dying speech of poor Sir Harry, and had absolved Lady Amabel Scott from all my former suspicions. She was not the woman who had penned these letters: she had not been in the last thoughts of her cousin. Who, then, had been? That was a mystery on which Death had set his seal, perhaps for ever. Before I retired to rest that night I inquired for my poor niece, and heard that she had Mrs. Benson with her. I was glad of that: the women were fond of one another, and Justina, I felt, would pour all her griefs into the sympathizing ear of the professor's wife, and derive comfort from weeping over them afresh with her. But after I had got into bed, I remembered that I had left the letters lying on the drawing-room table, where they would be liable to be inspected by the servants, and blow the breath of the family scandal far and wide. It was much past midnight, for I had sat up late, and all the household, if not asleep, had retired to their own apartments; and so, wrapping a dressing-gown about me and thrusting my feet into slippers, I lighted my candle and descended noiselessly to the lower apartments. But when I reached the drawing-room the letters were gone: neither on the table nor the ottoman nor the floor were they to be seen; and so, vexed at my own carelessness, but concluding that the servants, when extinguishing the lights, had perceived and put the papers away in some place of safety, I prepared to return to my own room.

The bed-rooms at Durham Hall were situated on either side of a corridor, and fearful of rousing the family or being caught in *déshabille*, I trod on tiptoe, shading my candle with my hand. It was owing to this circumstance, I suppose, that I had reached the centre of the corridor without causing the least suspicion of my presence; but as I passed by the apartment where the remains of my unfortunate host lay ready for burial, the door suddenly opened and a light appeared upon the threshold. I halted, expecting to see emerge

the figure of my widowed niece, but lifting my eyes, to my astonishment I encountered the shrinking almost terrified gaze of the professor's wife. Robed in her night-dress, pallid as the corpse which lay within, her large, frightened eyes apparently the only living things about her, she stood staring at me as though she had been entranced. Her brown hair floated over her shoulders, her feet were bare; one hand held a lighted candle, the other grasped the packet of letters of which I had been in search. So we stood for a moment regarding one another—I taking in these small but important details; she looking as though she implored my mercy and forbearance. And then I drew back with the gesture of respect due to her sex, and, clad in her white dress, she swept past me like a startled spirit and disappeared.

I gained my own room, but it was not to sleep. A thousand incidents, insignificant in themselves, but powerful when welded into one, sprang up in my mind to convince me that Justina and I and everybody had been on a wrong tack, and that in the professor's wife, the "quiet-looking little lady" with her Quaker-like robes, downcast eyes and modest appearance, in the "best friend" that my niece had ever possessed, I had discovered the writer of those letters, the concealed visitor in Sir Harry's room, the "Pet" whose name had been the last sound heard to issue from his dying lips. For many hours I lay awake pondering over the best course for me to pursue. I could not bear the thought of undeceiving my poor niece, whose heart had already suffered so much; besides, it seemed like sacrilege to drag to light the secrets of the dead. At the same time I felt that Mrs. Benson should receive some hint that her presence in Durham Hall, at that juncture, if desired, was no longer desirable. And the next day, finding she was not likely to accord me an interview, I made the reception of the missing letters a pretext for demanding one. She came to her room door holding them in her hand, and the marks of trouble

were so distinct in her face that I had to summon all my courage to go through the task which I considered my duty.

"You found these in the drawing-room last night?" I said as I received them from her.

"I did," she answered, but her voice trembled and her lips were very white. She seemed to know by instinct what was coming.

"And you went to find them because they are your own?" She made no answer. "Mrs. Benson, I know your secret, but I will respect it on one condition—that you leave the hall as soon as possible. You must be aware that this is no place for you."

"I never wished to come," she answered, weeping.

"I can believe it, but for the sake of your friend, of your husband, of yourself, quit it as soon as possible. Here are your letters—you had better burn them. I only wished to ascertain that they were yours."

"General Wilmer—" she commenced gaspingly, and then she turned away and could say no more.

"Do you wish to speak to me?" I asked her gently.

"No—nothing: it is useless," she answered with a tearless, despairing grief which was far more shocking to behold than either Justina's or Lady Amabel's. "He is gone, and there is nothing left; but thank you for your forbearance, and good-bye."

So we parted, and to this day, excepting that she is released from all that could annoy or worry her, I have learned nothing more. How long they loved,

how much or in what degree of guilt or innocence, I neither know nor have cared to guess at: it is sufficient for me that it was so, and that while Justina was accusing the beautiful Lady Amabel Scott of attempting to win her husband's heart from her, it had been given away long before to the woman whom she termed her dearest friend—to the woman who had apparently no beauty or wit or accomplishments with which to steal away a man's love from its rightful owner, but who nevertheless was his "loving and faithful Pet," and the last thought upon his dying lips.

Professor and Mrs. Benson never returned to Durham Hall. It was not long afterward that I heard from my niece that his wife's failing health had compelled the professor to go abroad; and to-day she writes me news from Nice that Mrs. Benson is dead. Poor Pet! I wonder if those scared brown eyes have lost their frightened look in heaven?

I believe that Justina has made an ample apology for her rudeness to Lady Amabel and Mr. Warden Scott: I know I represented that it was her duty to do so, and that she promised it should be done. As for herself, she is gradually recovering from the effects of her bereavement, and finding comfort in the society of her sons and daughters; and perhaps, amongst the surprises which I have already spoken of as likely to await us in another sphere, they will not be the least which prove how very soon we have been forgotten by those we left in the world behind us.

FLORENCE MARRYAT.

WILD IRELAND;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF SOME DAYS AND NIGHTS WITH FATHER MICHAEL.

III.

AN ARRIVAL.—THE PROFESSOR OF BOTANY.

"HERE'S the letter-bag, yer riverence," Peggy called in at the door. "Will I bring it in, or put it in the chamber?"

"Bring it in," answered Father Michael: "I'm on no ceremony with my friend."

"An' where's owld Phil?" demanded Peggy.

"He's away."

"An' niver passed the compliments of the day to me! Faith! but he's improvin' in his manners! I always thought they were mighty polite at the Rath, where he haunts."

"Peggy, as you regard my good-will," thundered the priest, half rising, "you'll make no word on the Rath."

"I ax yer riverence's humble pardin. May the tongue that says, or the heart that thinks, evil of the Rath-people rot in their livin' body!"

"Peggy, Peggy, you terrify me. However, here's Professor Rodgers coming."

"Profeshor Rodgers! Och! the little sowl! An' what will I do wid him? For the atin' an' drinkin', no fears, but for the sleepin'?"

"Where is the difficulty?" demanded the priest. "There's none at all."

"As you will," Peggy replied. "As you order I'll do."

Peggy had hardly retired when she was back again, exclaiming, "Why the profeshor is here now, the crathur, an' that unhang'd, crooked lim', Jim Sweeney, drivin' him! The Lord help us! he'll be as bad as twinty in the house. An' is he comin' to rape the moshes? Murder, murder! that a livin' man should gather moshes, an' risk his neck on the thrash a goat won't ate if he's starvin'!"

Heedless of Peggy, Father Michael hurried out, and the woman followed.

The priest returned with his friend. The gentleman was short, thin, slovenly in dress, and half shaven. I was barely introduced to him before his tongue went off at a rate that baffled my endeavor to keep up with it; and all the time the little man was running about the room, seemingly looking for something he had lost. He put a thousand questions, and answered most of them himself, positively or conjecturally.

Did I know anything of the important science of botany?

No, except that I knew an oak from a sycamore.

"Or a moss from a cabbage?"

"Well, yes, perhaps, under ordinary conditions."

"The cryptogams are in the highest degree worthy of the attention of philosophic minds."

"Probably so, sir."

"Probably so?" It *is* so, sir," emphatically asseverated Mr. Rodgers, and off he bounded round the room, looking for what he could find, or finding everything he looked for—it was hard to say which; but he returned to continue his questions:

"Do you know anything of natural history, sir?"

"No, sir—not, at least, I apprehend, in your sense of the word."

"What a lamentable ignorance!" the professor muttered to himself, starting again round the room.

I saw Father Michael was nearly convulsed. The professor pulled up once more, but he got too close to Finney, and the beast glared ferociously at him.

"Father Michael, my dear friend, why do you harbor that animal? I remem-

ber him by several tokens. It's impossible to be near him and be scathless."

But not waiting for answer, Mr. Rodgers faced about and resumed his intertergatories:

"Sir, you confess to a deplorable want of knowledge. We are to be co-inmates of this house, this hospitable house, the guests of my venerable and reverend and revered friend, Michael O'Brien. You must be companionable in some degree. What *do* you know?"

This was a poser. I looked at Father Michael, but he ran out, and I presently heard him screeching with laughter. I was alone in face of my inexorable inquisitor. Doubt of his sanity crossed my mind: I must bolt or make the most of my position, and I chose the latter. If he were mad and broke into a paroxysm, I could overpower him. So I answered him: "Well, professor, to be plain with you, I don't know what I know, but I am mostly ready when wanted in general matters."

"Then you'll be familiar with the *characæ* and the *algæ*?"

"That's an unwarrantable inference from the premises, sir. But permit me. I have some zoological knowledge. It is just possible so much that I may not be altogether speechless in your company. I can tell a crone ewe from a two-year old, without asking her to open her mouth. I know a hog pig from a store sow. I can see the difference between the face of a horse and the face of a mare. I know a Shropshire Down from a South Down sheep, and both from a Leicester. I am pretty familiar with wild birds and animals, their habits and instincts. I have some notion of fish, too, and their habits. Now, sir, as to botany. You have already discovered that I am not ignorant of the distinguishing characters, the distinctive differences, of mosses and cabbages. I can distinguish oat plants from wheat plants. I easily decide on samples of wheat, and what is malting and what grinding barley. Such, sir, is pretty nearly the extent of my knowledge in your line."

The professor sat down. He mutter-

ed, "Odd, singular—ay, very strange! 'Pon my word, what a confusion! Trash! All mere practical knowledge, as they call it." Still, he sat as if posed. His little brain could not work him clear of the puddle I had put him in. I had made an impudent venture, and I thought I was fairly rid of him—that he would wake up to the conclusion that I was not worthy of his conversation; but I was mistaken. I had but temporarily dazed him by a clatter in a to him unknown tongue, for he rallied to the subject and routed me completely. Flushed with victory, the professor extended his hand. I took it heartily. "Lord, sir!" he shouted in a sort of screech that quite startled me, "you've crushed my hand. Dear, dear! how brutish people are! Your muscles are not human, sir. Dear me, no!"

I apologized.

"Well, sir, well! Immense strength must be brutish—it can't help it—but I don't see the utility of it. Dear me, ay! I can do what Father Michael can't do: I have proved it many times. I can get where he would fail, with all his strength. You will see, sir, I shall beat you too."

"By my faith, Rodgers, you'd better not talk that in presence of the cat: she'd show you your comparative insignificance," Father Michael, who had rejoined us, rapped out, rather angrily I thought. "He's talking now about goating among the crags, where a heavy man like me would necessarily break his limbs. What call have I after his dirty mosses?"

"Certainly, surely, yes," chuckled the little philosopher: "that's my advantage, O'Brien."

"You're incorrigible, Rodgers," retorted the priest: "you might have no more brains than a woodcock."

The professor settled down, and Father Michael having business to attend to, I strolled out. On my return I found Mistress Peggy carrying turf in, but quite inclined for a gossip.

"That's a quare crathur, the profeshor, sur. Sure he's not in his right sines. I think he grows worse. He's here now

the second time these six months. How he gits here the Lord knows, for he's niver two sixpences to jingle one agin another that iver I could persave. Anyway, I niver seen the sight of a copper of his."

"He seems an eccentric, Peggy."

"Ye may say that, whatever it is. Last time he was here the priest an' him wint to gather moshes. I wonder the priest's sikh a fool! They'd called by invitation at owld McHugh's, a comfortable farmer by Slieve Donnel, you'll see to the east beyand. There was a call for Father Mick, an' he was forct to lave the profesor, on the understandin' he'd come home hisself. McHugh is a free man, a rale owld Irishman—there's few like him left: a new breed is come in—an' his whisky was good (maybe it was potheen, but no matter), an' the profesor, he liked it. They got from little to much, and Mistor Rodgers got dhrunk—not but he cud walk. McHugh wouldn't let the crathur go by hisself, an' he sent that wicked sinner, Thady Malone, to guide him. It was a parshul moonlight, an' as it was a dhry time, Thady thought the nighest way was asiest. The profesor didn't like the bog-way a haporth, but Thady towld him of the moshes on it, an' he tuk it like a calf the milk. At last they lit on a trinch made for the drain-in'. Thady wint over like a bird, but the profesor wint in. No matter for that: it was nigh dhry, an' Thady lugged him out. But not a fut farder would he proceed till he'd say his prayers—the sinner, an' him dhrunk! Thady laft till he dropt whin he towld it. The sowl! but not a word could he git out. The air had got a holt on him. He tried an' tried, but the prayer wouldn't come. Thady couldn't git him up aff his knees. He would pray for protection. Thady at last tried the moshes: he reminded the unfortunit *amadan* av 'em, whin up he jumpt and thraveled on. He kept gittin' the worse of the air, an' the boy had to howld him from fallin'. They got to the gravel-road through the bog, ladin' here, an' Thady thought to git him across a plank laid

over to the road, but they both fell into the trinch, an' it was wet an' muddy. Thady was up an' out, not a taste the worse, barrin' the dirt, but he couldn't git the profesor out. He coaxed an' cursed at him in turns. Not a bit would the *geallan* stir this time. He talked Lathin—anyway, it wasn't Irish nor English—an' his prayers he would say. He tried agin as he tried afore, an' could git nothin' sinsible out. At last he set to cryin', an' blubbered, 'God forgiv' me! I can't say me prayers. When was it I said 'em? I've forgót 'em, the sinner I am: God have mercy on me! I will perish in me sins.' Thady by this time was nigh dead, you may be sartin, with the laffin', but he got frightened lest the miserable *smugachan* would fall on his face an' smother. Small loss 'twould ha' bin! So Thady got help, an' got the profesor home. We got the dirt aff him an' put him to bed. But—it's thrue as you're standin' here—next mornin' he was up with the light, wint out an' bathed in the sea; an' whin Father Mick questioned him, he denied every word Thady had towld us, and it the thruth, as I hope to be saved."

"But here he is, and the priest."

"Would you be plased, sur, to help the clave to me back?—Good luck to the moshes, sur!" Peggy bawled to the professor. "I see ye're from the bog. But them bog-roads is bad, 'specially 'tween here an' McHugh's."

The shot hit, I could see, and the priest smiled.

"We are looking for you," cried Mr. Rodgers, "and have happily found you. Father Michael proposes a present substantial lunch, a long stroll and a late dinner."

"The very thing I was concocting, sir," said I.

"A 'thing,' sir! how a 'thing?'" demanded the professor. "Pardon me, I beg: I cannot resist the occasion. You Englishmen are notorious for inaccuracy of expression. And a 'concoction,' sir! Do pardon me: I cannot help it, sir. O'Brien, our friend agrees to our proposal: he had already 'concocted' it.

A proposed stroll and a lunch he calls 'a thing,' and he has 'concocted' it. Did you ever hear such inaccuracy of language, O'Brien? I have long heard of Englishmen's want of verbal accuracy, and I am now suffering under an infliction of it. I fear I am rude, sir. The occasion masters me. Dear me, yes! 'Concocting'—"

Before he could get farther, Father Michael stopt him by an outburst of laughter at my looks of amazement. "On my honor and conscience, Rodgers," he managed to say through his laughter, "you are concocting something you'll get or I'm a deceived man; and you'll get it in a way will satisfy your desire of accuracy, I'll go bail." He had now to turn his laughter on the professor, whose face had assumed an appearance that marked him panic-stricken. The priest's hilarity infected me, and I laughed as uproariously as himself. In the midst of it, poor Rodgers tried to make Father O'Brien listen to him. I heard his eternal "Dear me, no!" and "Dear me, yes!" but not much else, till the priest moderated.

"Dear me, no! You surely don't mean, O'Brien—dear me, no!—you can't mean, O'Brien— It's impossible, O'Brien, that my person is in danger from this gentleman. He doesn't look so. I had no intention—dear me, no!—no intention in life to offend him. Dear me, no! He can't be resentful. The occasion overcame my prudence. He will see all this on reflection. I tender him a thousand apologies. Dear me, yes! I have done very wrong, O'Brien."

The good priest must have caught up this appeal in full, for his laughter increased. "Come away in," at last he managed to utter—"come in and drop this nonsense, if you don't mean to be my death. I want my lunch and to be away."

I assured the nervous gentleman as well as I could: I had concluded that he had got into criticism unthinkingly. Persons subject to absence of mind are apt to give utterance to thoughts they ought to keep to themselves, and if they

be made conscious of their violation of propriety, they are sure in their confusion to make people doubt of their sanity.

At lunch I put the whisky over to the professor. He seemed to me heavy-handed with it.

"You do not take the spirit, sir?" he inquired, and without waiting for answer he added, "It's our national drink, sir, and quite innoxious to us, but not being yours, it may tend to cerebral excitement with you."

"You are right, Mr. Rodgers: it is inflammatory drink, and I think I shall make water serve me now."

"I greatly commend your prudence, sir."

"You do what, Rodgers?" shouted Father Michael. "I'll have none of it."

"But, Father Michael O'Brien, my dear friend, our excellent friend tells us whisky induces excitement in him—a condition to be avoided."

"He told us nothing of the sort, Rodgers, and I insist. I'll not have my hospitality cold-watered by your foolery."

The priest did not perceive the professor's drift at the moment: I gave way, and Mr. Rodgers looked blank.

As we rose from table, Father Michael said, "I'll take my long Spanish piece with me. There may be a seal."

The professor protested against the gun: "Dear me, no! Michael, why cumber yourself with that? I have a horror of firearms: I shall be in a tremor all the time I am with you. Dear me, no, O'Brien!"

The priest cut him short. "You!" said he—"we will leave you with the sea-weed, and take our own course for a while."

"But, Michael, my dear friend, you may in the distance mistake me for a seal."

"For a what?" shouted the priest. "Was there ever the like of that for con-sate? *You* mistaken for a sale! Och, murder!"

We left Mr. Rodgers with the sea-weed, but not without having to listen to a protest against our barbarous designation of the *algæ*.

"The little frump!" exclaimed Father Michael. "He took fright at my hint you were likely to give him a Rowland for his Oliver. And you marked how he strove at lunch to keep the whisky from you? I did not at the moment see his object. And the 'excitement!' The haporth o' cheese! But, though crazed in part, you will find him very far from unintelligent on many subjects. I must tell you, too, he is frightfully credulous. Taking what there is of him—and it's not much—he is a worthy bit of mortality. I respect him greatly for the goodness of his character. Where there is goodness we must endure any singularities that go with it. Such, however, is human weakness I cannot help exploding on him at times. Be merciful to him, I entreat you. He will improve on your hands."

We wandered pleasantly along, the priest relating sporting anecdotes associated with the tract we were on, adventures of people with seals, smuggling exploits, wrecking splores—connecting all with eccentric natives.

"Talking of seals, Father Michael," said I, "the people of these coasts, I have heard, have many singular beliefs about seals."

"They have more, I believe, farther north. Do you interest yourself in such absurdities?"

"Indeed I do. They are grotesque and incongruous creations, but they are also marks of national idiosyncrasies. I like them, however, for their very absurdity. As we stroll along, if you can draw on your memory, do, pray, relate

A SEAL STORY."

"I may as well, for I see no chance of a shot this turn," responded Father Michael. "But what I can relate is simply an exemplification of common fireside story-telling, and would be better told by Lyncheghan. We will walk to the point before us, and then return to Rodgers, who by this time has totally forgotten us.

"One superstition is, that seals are human beings transformed to undergo punitive probation for sins; and an-

other is, that they are disguised people from the enchanted island supposed to exist in the Atlantic, and to be occasionally seen by fishermen and others dwelling on the seaside.

"Several stories of encounters with metamorphosed seals are current, but though the names of the human heroes of the tales vary with the narrators, I suspect they are one and the same.

"There is one told of one Thady O'Toole that may serve you as a sample.

"Thady was a great hunter and fisher. His exploits in both characters were the wonder of the country. He was a 'dead shot,' but, like many another 'dead shot,' there was no doubt a good spice of brag in him. All your 'dead shots' are bully boasters. At any rate, the story I'm in hand with relates how an eye burst when the brains ought to have been knocked out—a mistake not to be expected from a 'dead shot.'

"On a day not recorded, Thady was among the cliffs skulking on his usual business. His luck or misfortune led him to sight an old seal basking in the sun. In his mind he settled the measure of the beast's oil to a pint, and fixed the value of the skin. The money was as good as in his pocket, Thady assured himself, but the boy's assurance was speedily proved valueless. He prepared to shoot. The click of the cock, or something else, awakened the seal, and when Thady stepped out to fire, the creature turned sharp round on him, and to Thady's amaze called out, 'Howld yer hand, ye murderin' ruffin, bad luck to ye! I'm dark in me lift eye fram ye already. Me curse be on ye if ye move! Down wid yer piece, I tell ye, ye *bodog*, ye owld cow, ye—'

"'An' is it ye I'm hearin' spake?' asked Thady.

"'Troth an' it is, ye misthraught vagon-bone.'

"'I'm misdoubtin' meself,' returned Thady.

"'Devil a need to misdoubt yerself, Thady. Ye're the man darkened me eye. May the black devil make a tarch av ye! Hwy didn't ye find betther game nor me to shute yer lead at? An'

do ye purtend not to know who I am, ye pulthron? Out o' that now! Och, ye *fod*, I'm 'shamed spakin' wid ye.'

"If I'm hearin' yer hanner spake, an' I'm not enchanted, I don't know ye, an' I humbly ax ye who ye are,' Thady replied.

"I tell ye it's I spakes to ye. Listen here now: ye don't know me?"

"An' how wud I, an' ye disguised as a sale?' demanded Thady.

"Howld yer tongue till I tell ye, ye unnathral haythen! I'm yer uncle, Cornalius O'Toole, doin' pinance for me sins in the shape av a sale. An' ye shot me eye out, yer own uncle's eye, ye sinner! an' if it wasn't for yer father's repute, ye unhanged villin, I'd tache ye that wud sarve yer lifetime. Away home wid ye, an' niver lift yer piece agin a sale as long as ye live! It might be yer own mother, let alone yer uncle.'

"Am I in me sinses?' ejaculated Thady.

"Come here,' says the seal, 'an' I'll convince ye, ye unbelavin' Turk! Come an' feel me.'

"Thady went. 'Now,' says the seal, 'what do ye say to that.' But before Thady could answer, says the seal, 'I'll giv' ye somethin' to remimber me, Thady avic;' and thereupon he gave Thady a whack that left him senseless on the strand. Thady got a caution. From that day he ceased to pull trigger on seals.

"Whisky," added Father Michael, "is at the bottom of these tales. They are drunken dreams, but such, after all, as none but a people of lively imagination could dream. But here is Rodgers in a brown study. We might speak to him and pass on without his recognizing us."

The professor, however, was not so far gone in abstraction. He was soon alive to our presence: "Ah, gentlemen, you are back? Been pleasantly employed, I hope. What have you murdered, O men of the gun?"

"Will you take the gun, D——, and relieve me? There's a ball in it. Draw it and take a charge of shot. You'll

knock a rabbit over. Rodgers likes rabbit vehemently."

"Dear me, yes! that I do, Father Michael; but would it not be better that you did the needful yourself? Our friend cannot be used to your fearful gun, and he may get into danger. Dear me! how I dislike firearms!"

"No fear, professor," said I: "you shall have your rabbit without harm to any one save the animal. But gracious, Father Michael, what a piece this is! what a length! And the twist, real Damascus; hand-made, never been in the lathe; and this silver mark on the breech is Arabic! The stock and lock may be Spanish, but I should say, father, the barrel is Moorish. In a wind you could not shoot with it from your shoulder."

"I could once," replied Father Michael, shaking his head, "but I have almost lost the trick. Do you think you can shoot with it at all?"

"I have doubts, it is so long."

"See! there is Mr. Rodgers' rabbit."

"Missed!"

"But never mind, professor, we won't go without a rabbit. I perceive how I failed—at least I think so. Let us walk on."

"Look! that little green hill."

"There now!"

The professor, to my surprise, darted away to the hill, and we followed.

"Dear me, yes! By Jove, we have killed two!"

"*We?*" whistled the priest.

"How that terrible woman, your housekeeper, O'Brien, will delight! Poor creatures! You'll not load again. No, dear me, no! there's no requirement for more. Stewed rabbit! Dear me, yes! delicious!"

"You're making me long, Rodgers. Push on," cried Father Michael: "I want my dinner."

"Och, yer hanner," saluted Peggy as we entered the house, courtesying to Mr. Rodgers, "yer welcom' back. Did ye find the moshes to yer satisfaction?" And she winked a fearful wink at me.

"Dear me, yes, Mistress Margaret!

Here are two rabbits I shot. Poor creatures! Dear me, yes! they will be excellent from your hands for dinner to-morrow. The least taste of mace would improve them."

Peggy took the rabbits, held them out at arm's length, looked them over and round about, wonderstruck, and whispered to me, "Did I hear the sowl right? He shoot! Tell me now."

"He said so, Peggy."

"Devil a man o' me believes it," said Peggy, striding off into the kitchen.

I own I was taken aback myself, but on reflection I attributed the professor's assumption of my act to absence of mind, and I was right. At dinner I remarked, "They were two very fine rabbits you shot, Mr. Rodgers."

"That I shot, sir! Dear me, no! I never shot anything in the whole course of my life. Dear me, no! I never was guilty of firing a grain of powder."

Peggy heard this, and exclaimed, "Why, Profeshor Rodgers, ye towld me ye shot the crathurs yerself."

"No, mistress—dear me, no! I could not have so told you."

"Indeed you did, professor," said I. This was a graveler. He gasped for breath.

"God bless me!" at last he cried—and it was a cry—"how unhappy I am! I must have personated you, sir, spoken what you would have spoken—speaking for you, sir. Dear me, dear me, yes!" And he looked imploringly.

A roar of laughter followed the explanation, and the professor sank into silence.

Peggy in passing asked, "Do ye believe the 'natomy? He was passin' hisself aff on me."

After dinner we drew to the fire, for the air was chilly. Mr. Rodgers was in a happy vein. The rich toddy smoked, and he chirped over it. "Sir," said he, "I should be happy to hold discourse with you. The zoological and botanical knowledge you laid claim to this morning is not science at all. It is the merest empiricism. Permit me to disabuse you of the opinion that your knowledge is scientific. No, no, it is

not, really not. Science, sir, is based on principles, on immutable laws."

I interrupted him by assuring him I had no pretension to science. But he cut me short, and I perceived he was bent on what I would have avoided—a lecture. So I thanked him and professed myself open to instruction. However, to throw him off from myself, I took a step in advance of him by opening the ball in a way that I judged would give him most of the dancing. I began by questioning him: "May I ask you, sir, what purpose your laborious collections of plants tend to serve?"

"Sir," replied Mr. Rodgers, "I am delighted to be questioned by you; and a very forcible question you have put: it involves more, I dare say, than you think of. Yes, I impress on my pupils the necessity of questioning. It is the way to acquire wisdom. Your great atheist, Locke, would question even a village blacksmith."

I protested against his libel on Locke, and told him plainly that he spoke without knowledge.

"Rodgers, my good fellow," interposed the priest, "do pray avoid topics that may lead to disputes and irritation."

"Assuredly, assuredly, Michael: dear me, yes, Father Michael! God bless me! what was I thinking of? Our friend is an Englishman."

"That's not it, Rodgers: you uttered a falsehood—unknowingly, of course, aspersed a great man."

"Well, well, say no more. I am sorry, very sorry.—I will answer your question, sir. The interruption has slightly discomposed me. I dislike interruptions. I delight chiefly—my labors are directed particularly to the *acrogens*. An acrogen, sir, is a flowerless plant. A moss, sir, is an acrogen; so is a fern, so is a mushroom. I have hungered and thirsted and jeopardized my life for them. I have gone down a dreadful mine-pit in pursuit of them. I shudder at the recollection of that eventful day."

"Had you some hairbreadth escape, sir?"

"Escape!—hairbreadth escape, sir! O'Brien you never heard me narrate the events of that day. I will narrate them now."

Thus we escaped from a lecture on acrogens to a narration of

THE PROFESSOR'S ADVENTURE IN A
MINE.

"Gentlemen, it was one of the greatest events in my life. Dear me, yes! I have a singular feeling over me when I think of it, a sort of faint sickening.

"I was taken to a great rectangular pit: over it was a complicated structure of posts and beams. A huge pump was drawing water from the profundity at our feet. It groaned and moaned and clanked appallingly. Ladders were attached to the sides of the pit, and I was informed they were the means of descent. My blood chilled at the sight, but conviction of the importance of my undertaking, and my devotion to the interests of science, bore me up against the terror before me. Dear me, yes! it was dreadful—a Stygian pit. I made up my mind to sacrifice myself, were it necessary, to science.

"I was led away from that preliminary horror and habilitated in a suit of coarse flannel, smelling horribly earthy, and a heavy and painfully hard hat put on my head. So invested, I addressed myself to my purpose with nerves braced, and with the determination of an ardent disciple of science.—I am an idolater, O'Brien, in that I devotedly worship Minerva.

"But as I was proceeding back to the pit I was seized with an unaccountable feebleness of the knees and a diarrhœal disposition of the bowels, exhibited in an alarming degree. You do not know—"

"You were frightened to death, Rodgers," shouted the priest—"frightened, man!"

"I was not, sir," vehemently asseverated the philosopher: "it was relaxation of the muscular system from some singular cause."

"Nervous system, man—the nervous system," insisted the priest.

The professor made no reply, and

continued: "'Dear me, sir, yes!' said I to the miner, my guide, 'the damp, earthy, metallic effluvium, I presume it is, has a very extraordinary effect on me; and the groanings and distressful laborings of the pumps make me melancholy.' "I shouldn't wonder,' he replied—he was a coarse savage, an Englishman—'you're not the first by many that's made the loike complaint. It whiles makes you look white, whiles loike to unkindly gossan, dark browny, with black strakes.' The shocking brute! His words pierced into my memory. 'You'll never come to grass again alive,' he continued, 'if you go below in this state.' 'Come to grass' I thought a brutal remark, but I afterward learned it was a technicality. 'I must, however, my friend,' I replied: 'the interests of science demand it.' He then questioned me touching my views. I told him all—put myself at his mercy—the discovery I hoped to make. Most surprising, that coarse man appreciated all I said to him—went over it with a precision that convinced me there was reason to apprehend he would put obstacles in my way, that he might gather the laurels I was aiming at. I became agitated with the direst apprehensions. 'Oh,' said he, 'I'll send a man down to bring some samples up for you.'

"'Samples,' he said: dear me, yes! Specimens he meant: what irritating inaccuracy!

"I assured him that it was indispensable that I saw my object in its habitat—saw it there with my own eyes. 'Ay, ay, meester,' said he: 'you're afraid o' slockin' stones: you'll judge the lode yourself'. It's quite the wisest way. But you mustn't be let to kill yourself. I'll send you down in a tub, like a collier. Here, Jake Davey,' he thereupon called to a man, 'sling a tub that'll take this little gentleman—the insolent!—'and yourself' to th' adit. There's none o' these Irish chaps to be trusted.' And me an Irishman and in Ireland! Such insults I had to endure."

"It was all kind consideration for you, Rodgers," said Father Michael—"a trifle awkwardly expressed, but care for

your safety none the less. I was expecting the English ogre would have led you to break your neck and make one Irishman less."

"Oh, to the devil I pitch such consideration!" snappishly rejoined the professor. "But permit me to proceed."

"A tub was hooked to a chain that passed over a great wheel overhead of us and descended to some machinery. I was placed in it, the man with me, and down we were lowered, the tub swinging frightfully; but the man, with wonderfully calm dexterity, prevented it from dashing against the pit sides, as it otherwise would have done, to our certain destruction. The moaning and groaning and clanking of the pumps were now a thousand times more horrible. I felt as though I were descending to the infernal abodes. It became hotter and hotter as we descended. When I thought I was approaching the point of death, a martyr to science, the man by some hidden means arrested the machine, and opposite me, there—there was the object I sought, pale green, beautiful in the dim Cimmerian light. The sight revived me. After a careful scrutiny I was satisfied. My attendant signaled, and we were rapidly drawn back to grass, as they call *terra firma*. Gentlemen, I was thankful. For a week after I was afflicted with distressing diarrhœa, caused by the exhalations of that Tophet."

"You are a brave little fellow, Rodgers," exclaimed Father Michael: "on my honor and conscience, you are; but it was fright, my boy, ailed you."

"I scorn your asseveration, O'Brien," retorted the professor. "Would I have persevered if I had been frightened? Answer me that."

"Well, I won't, Rodgers. But your Saxon savages took care of you and saved you from discomfiture, and your life too, I'm minded."

"Savages! Yes, dear me, yes! they did behave very well to me. The 'captain,' as they called him, was kind in the extreme to me when I 'came to grass'—the brutality of the expression!—but his language was terribly strong.

Every word was like a projected stone. Yes, O'Brien, he *was* kind. Nevertheless—yes, I always suspect a Saxon: there is always a motive."

I lost patience, and demanded, somewhat tartly, I own, "What motive other than to serve you could the man have? What signified you, a perfect stranger, to him?"

"Well, sir, well, I beg pardon. You are a Saxon: I ought not to make such remarks."

"I agree with you, professor. You ought not. You have no right to attribute bad motives without other ground than your prejudices. You may think I have motives for being companionable with you."

"Nay, nay, gentlemen," interposed Father Michael, "let this drop. Rodgers, you are ever committing some absurdity. Now tell us, did you find all you ventured for?"

"I'll tell you about that another time. But did I not deserve the highest honor for my indomitable resolution?"

"You did, sir, ungrudgingly."

"Then, gentlemen, I never got it. Such is the gratitude of mankind! Dear me, yes!"

The professor turned to his punch; and was happy in spite of the ingratitude of men.

"You are not a morsel the worse, Rodgers," said Father Michael, "and never will be, it's my belief. You're all cork and india-rubber."

"But," said I, "you have not told us in what your labors result: what is the real end and aim of them and of all such?"

"You are easily answered, sir, though the question surprises me."

"My ignorance, you mean, professor," said I, laughing.

"No, sir, no—not that. But, by the way, my words might be forced to that construction. Dear me, yes! The aim and end—*you* said 'end and aim,' sir—of my labors is to instruct mankind in true knowledge of the several kinds of plants; to teach them how to distinguish the one from the other by defined principles; to instruct men how to dis-

tinguish class from class, subdivisions and species."

"No more, sir?" I inquired.

"More! What more would you have?"

"Why, if that's all, mankind get along pretty cleverly without your aid. Your science, lacking profounder aims, is little worth, except that its arrangements and nomenclature being universal have a mechanical convenience, the convenience of the labels on the bottles and drawers in a drug-shop."

"You are going too fast, sir. The technologist takes up the means we have put into his hands, and teaches you the technical appliances of the natural products that make up the vegetable kingdom."

"The doctor's shop and the dye-house, professor—nothing more—mere mechanics, which your classing and labeling have really had little to do with. The mass of vegetable drugs and dyes, and all the edibles, are chance-finds."

I perceived I was blistering the professor, and I own I was pleased. I continued: "I want to know how I am to look for the principle of the modification of plan that gives us the oak and the fir, the beech and the bramble, the birch and the willow: they are all on one plan of creation, but each is a modification of the plan, and it is the modification that produces the orders and species of plants. You botanists are dumb as dogs on this, and it is what all the truly philosophic minds seek to know. I see, without help from your clatter of dog Latin, that an apple tree is not a pear tree, but what I want to know is, What caused the one to be an apple and the other a pear tree? A codfish and yourself, sir, are in plan identical, but from modification you differ."

The professor kicked out. He did not like the cod in juxtaposition with himself, and I felt it was an unlucky slip. But the priest peremptorily put an end to further disquisition. "You are," he said, "entering on a topic that will exclude me from the conversation. I will not submit to any such repression. Rodgers, you can sing. Come, let us

put philosophy on the shelf and invite reasonable mirth. The two of you can philosophize to your heart's content when I am out of company. Now, I tell you, I'll have none of it. So, Rodgers, my good fellow, I say you must sing one of our dear native songs."

The professor looked at his friend. His eyes moistened and his lips moved nervously. "O'Brien," he sighed, "I fear, my singing is over. I am in the sere and yellow leaf. Thought may be excited by a trifle to run back over years of life. My lost Eleen! The years are many, but the wound is fresh. Thus I did sing." And in a strain of great emotion he sang—

"More beauteous than Venus far,
More fair than is the midnight star,
My Helen, without stain you are,
Eibhlin a Ruin!

"My red rose, my lily white,
My treasure, unfading bright,
Darling! my soul's delight!
Eibhlin a Ruin!"

No, O'Brien, the music has left my heart."

This incident caused a pause. But Mr. Rodgers gradually recovered his spirits, and Father Michael took the direction of the conversation.

"You will," said he, "find the original of the piece you have now heard a portion of, in Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*. We have in our Gaelic a rich abundance of such gems. You Saxons are miserably mistaken in assuming that our language is barbarous, and never produced anything but dry chronicles, records of legends, lying histories, and so forth. It is a language of great compass and wonderful flexibility; and, moreover, it is the oldest of the known European languages. On the latter ground alone it is eminently worthy of the attention of scholars. It is the substratum of the so-called Romance languages.—Now, Rodgers, what's on the card for to-morrow? Fish we must, for one thing."

"Then I go with you, O'Brien. I can employ myself while you are lashing the waters."

"We are off by daylight. Tea and bed, then. But now comes to my mind what Hugh MacCurtin said of Irish, and

you shall not go without the benefit of it, D—:

'Níor dheabh an domhan uile ;
Teaugaidh is mílse morthúle ;
De briathraibh is briochtsnuite blas :
Caint is cialintíle cuntus.'

English that, Rodgers."

"It is a specimen, sir, of what we term *dan díreach*. It exhibits all the requisites of perfect versification, and they are six. The first is, that every *rann*, or stanza, must be complete in itself, and depend on no other stanza for its meaning; the second, that each quatrain have seven syllables; the third, alliteration, of which there are two kinds—true and apparent—the one requiring that the last two words of a line begin with a vowel, the other, only that two consecutive terms in a line alliterate; the fourth, assonance, vowel and consonantal; the fifth, rhyme, which is perfect or imperfect—the first requiring the accent to fall on the chiming syllables, but in Irish poetry there is seldom perfect rhyme, assonance being more sought after; the sixth, symphony—that is, rhythm and verbal parallelism. There are other requisites, but these are the chief."

"Rodgers, stop. You have given our friend a fair notion of the fetters our old poets chose to dance in. We can and do write without much heed to the old rules. But I asked you for a translation, not a lecture."

"Well, yes, O'Brien. MacCurtin's stanza is—'The world never had a language sweeter and more abundant of words, and of a finer-formed accent; a tongue the faithful conveyer of ancient story.' This is what MacCurtin says. I should be happy, sir, to go deeper into this matter with you. I assure you you would, as an Englishman, find much bearing on your own language in the Irish. I say this on the supposition that you have some inclination to philology."

This was addressed to me. I replied that I was of the professor's opinion that neglect of Gaelic is a mistake; and I added that I perceived no evidence that even in Ireland it was studied in relation to other languages—that is, comparatively. O'Donovan's Irish Grammar was, I presumed, the most perfect guide to the language.

The professor replied, "Yes, to the philologist." B. DONBAVAND.

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

ONE by one, all traces of the late war are passing away. Our army officers have been dismissed by hundreds, and the unused vessels of the navy have been sold. The national debt is diminishing, and taxes are slowly growing beautifully less. But perhaps nothing so distinctly marks our return to a normal state of peace and quiet as the cessation of the Freedmen's Bureau. The nation no longer thinks it necessary to teach the black idea how to shoot, nor does it any longer throw around the colored man the protecting ægis of the military arm of the govern-

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ment. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments have placed all manhood upon a plane of civil equality, and henceforth position is to be determined by individual effort.

Before our remembrance of the Bureau fades away into the dim past, we desire to chronicle some of the facts that have made its history so large a part of our national record for the last decade. The emancipation of the negro and his subsequent education have given this nation more credit abroad than any single fact of our preceding history. In his most eloquent Spanish, Señor

Castellar points to the work of the Freedmen's Bureau as the triumphant refutation of those who would assert the superiority of a monarchy to a republic; and in his official report to the authorities of France on public education in America, M. Hoppin says that nothing reflects more honor on the United States than the zeal which the government and private associations displayed during the most terrible periods of the great war of secession to assure to the negroes of the South the means of existence and education.

It was hard work to create this Bureau: Congress and the country were slow to recognize the necessities of the situation. The Proclamation of Emancipation was followed by two years of noisy and angry political discussion before the bill establishing the Bureau received the presidential signature. First it was christened the Bureau of Emancipation: then the House put it in the charge of the War Department, while the Senate located it in the Treasury. In a decidedly Republican House it was twice passed by a majority of only two. In vain were committees of conference appointed till the last day but one of the session, and then such a committee reported "An Act to establish a Bureau for the Relief of Freedmen and Refugees." This passed both Houses March 3, 1865, and received President Lincoln's signature on the same day.

The Act thus passed made no mention of that education which afterward became the chief work of the Bureau, nor did it contemplate a long work: it merely established the Bureau "during the present war of the rebellion, and for one year thereafter," for the supervision and management of lands abandoned by their rebel owners, and for the control of all subjects relating to refugees and freedmen. It was made a branch of the War Department; and it is one of the most singular circumstances connected with this abnormal work that the education of the children and the protection of the parents—both of them matters appertaining to the civil service of the nation—were thus

placed under the charge of the military authorities. In a time of great moral and political disturbance, when strained to its utmost to meet the demands and expenses of intestine war, the nation used the same arm which it was employing in the necessary work of death and destruction to protect the weak and educate the ignorant, at an expense of over fifteen millions of dollars.

When the Bureau was organized the condition of the colored people was indeed deplorable. Freedom had given them leave to travel, but had provided them with no homes. Their old masters refused to sell them homesteads or to allow them to remain in their former shanties. Vainly imagining that cities would afford them employment, they had huddled in large numbers around centres of population. Twenty thousand of them had swarmed at Washington, one hundred thousand were scattered about in Virginia, fifty thousand in North Carolina, and untold numbers in other parts of the South—all far away from their old homes. At the same time labor was in demand on the plantations, at rates low, to be sure, but yet sufficient for support. One of the first problems, therefore, brought before General Howard was to bring the idle laborers of the city into proximity to the labor-demand of the country. This was done by issuing orders of transportation at government expense for conveying refugees and freedmen from crowded cities to those places where labor was in demand. In 1866, 387 refugees and 6352 freedmen were thus transported; but for economy's sake, and that negroes might not look for a ride when they were able to walk, an order was issued, April 10, 1866, that transportation should not be given to able-bodied men and women except in extreme cases and to prevent actual suffering. In 1867 transportation was afforded to 720 refugees and 15,994 freedmen. The next year the great volume of population had become stationary, and the migratory movement was less visible: only 541 refugees and 3962 freedmen were transported. Looking back over

the whole history of the Bureau, we find that 3892 refugees and 29,460 freedmen were moved from one point to another. And in addition to this, 3677 teachers were carried free to open or close schools, while 18,852 packages of provisions were sent where there was lack of food. The benefit of this migratory movement to the labor of the country was very great, but its chief value was the employment it gave to the idle and unoccupied: it averted an untold amount of suffering and misery among the very poorest classes of the community.

The refugees, and the abandoned lands which were appropriated to them, as they are first named in the bill, claim our early attention. The bill was passed in March, 1865, and in June, President Johnson directed officers of the Treasury Department, military officers and others in the service of the United States, to turn over to the Bureau all abandoned lands and all funds collected by tax or otherwise for the benefit of refugees or freedmen, or acquired from abandoned lands. But the policy of Mr. Johnson soon began to change. The late Confederates received wholesale pardons, and orders were given that their plantations and other lands should be restored to them as fast as they were pardoned. The expected continuance of this policy made it unadvisable to locate refugees or freedmen on this kind of property: no guarantee of possession for even a limited period could be given to the temporary occupant. Where colonies of destitute freedmen had been planted on such lands, the Bureau retained control of them until the occupants could be removed without suffering or until the crops were gathered or paid for. The year 1865 saw 768,590 acres of abandoned lands in the possession of the Bureau: the next year saw but 272,231 acres in its possession, half a million of acres having been given back to the late owners within twelve months. The next year witnessed the return of fifty thousand more acres to the original proprietors. And as the amount re-

maining was too small to be of any use, an order was issued in 1868 directing the restoration to the former owners of all lands then in possession of the Bureau, or that these lands should be dropped from the returns except in cases where the government had already acquired a perfect title.

In addition to the transportation of laborers to scenes of labor and the care of abandoned lands, the Bureau has done an excellent work in collecting the claims of colored soldiers and sailors and their families for pay and bounty. At the organization of the Bureau it was found that the ignorance of the colored soldier exposed him to constant fraud. Large fees were charged, but too often no bounties were recovered. In March, 1867, Congress passed a law that all checks and Treasury certificates due to colored soldiers and sailors should be made payable to the Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, who was expected to see that the moneys were paid over to the right party. Up to October, 1870, the Bureau had filed in the various Departments 9622 claims, and had received from that of the Treasury, for the payment of those claims, \$7,683,618.61. The amount of fraud prevented in the payment of this large sum in small amounts and to ignorant claimants is incalculable. Colored pensioners have also, as far as practicable, been paid through the agency of the Bureau, thus ensuring their receipt of the whole sum due.

The charitable work of the Bureau next demands our attention—the provision it made for the starving and suffering; and here there was no distinction of color or sex. Wherever there was deficiency of food the Bureau used all its legal powers to supply the want. The issue of rations commenced in June, 1865, or nearly as soon as the Bureau itself; and in September of that year a million and a half of rations were issued to refugees and freedmen for that month alone—over three hundred and seventy thousand, be it observed, to the white race, or about twelve thousand rations a day. The full cost of one of these

days' rations was fifteen cents when meat was used, twelve cents when herrings were substituted. Not a large outlay for the support of a full-grown man, nor were the materials of the most valuable kind, yet the amount of suffering thus relieved and of misery prevented was incalculable.

In August, 1866, a circular was issued discontinuing rations, except to the sick in hospitals and in orphan asylums. But in 1867 the general failure of the Southern crops caused apprehensions of great want and suffering. General Howard was directed by the Senate to furnish an estimate of the number that would be in need of aid, and the cost of supplying them with food. He replied that 32,662 whites and 24,238 blacks would be in suffering circumstances before the harvest of another crop; and he estimated that eight and a half millions of rations would be required for their assistance. Whereupon Congress empowered the Department of War to issue supplies of food sufficient to prevent starvation and extreme want, and, with great economy, further voted that the rations should be issued through the Freedmen's Bureau and out of the sums already appropriated to it. Thereupon General Howard applied \$500,000 to the purchase of food for the Southern poor. By this provision 91,902 whites, 86,257 blacks and 55,213 others, "color not given"—in all 233,372 persons—were supplied with 6,809,296 pounds of corn and 850,388 pounds of pork. As these returns were made monthly for all the spring and summer months, the same persons are often included in the different months. Each adult received a bushel of corn and eight pounds of meat per month—children under fourteen, half that amount. The number of recipients greatly varied in each month, as well as in each State. In April, Georgia had 579 whites and 225 blacks fed at the nation's expense; in July, she had 21,771 whites and 18,584 blacks. Everywhere aid was granted not to color, but to humanity.

That the tendency of the Bureau has

not been to encourage idleness or pauperism is clearly evident from the fact that among a race of four millions of people, accustomed from infancy to the supporting and controlling hand of the master, but one in two hundred ever became an object of charity, and nearly all these were persons who by reason of age, infirmity or disease would have been objects of charity in any State and at any time. When the war had deranged the natural courses of industry, when drought or failure of the crops had induced famine among the poorer class of both colors, when sudden freedom had deprived the late slave of his accustomed reliance on his master's support, then the Bureau stepped in with kindly offices of Christian charity. It is no wonder that so many rations were issued: it is a greater wonder that more were not called for.

Freedom, following in the wake of our armies, released the slave from work: it also performed the corresponding office of releasing the master from the duty of supporting him. The sick, the poor, the aged blacks were thus left without resources or help. Even before the creation of the Bureau, wherever our army went, hospitals followed; and when the Bureau was organized, all medical charity was put under its supervision. The death-rate among the blacks, crowded in filthy shanties, living at just above the starvation-point, and destitute of medicines, was fearful. The first year of the Bureau's care reduced the death-rate in some localities from thirty per cent. to four and six-tenths. During that year alone 166,521 persons received medical treatment. Fifty-six hospitals were established, and five orphan asylums. During the four years of the Bureau's existence it had under its medical charge no less than 584,178 persons—sick, insane, idiotic, extremely aged—for whom no provision had been made by local authority, and who had no means of their own for procuring the attendance and necessaries due to their enfeebled condition; and it is estimated that there were as many more who received advice, but whose

cases were not recorded on the books of the Bureau; so that one million of the poor and the sick received medical aid and assistance. This was charity in its highest sense; and it is astonishing to note at how small a pecuniary cost this relief was afforded. The average expense for medicines, hospital stores and bedding furnished to each patient under treatment for the year ending June 30, 1866, was only a dollar and a quarter, and for the next year only eighty-five cents. Of all the work of the Bureau, none appears to have done so much good at so small an expense as the medical division.

There was one work done by the Bureau officers not recognized in the law that appointed them, and of too delicate a nature to be reckoned up in statistics; and yet it was of the happiest influence upon the well-being of both blacks and whites. Under slavery the black man had no use for intelligence. He made no contract: receiving his pound of pork, his peck of corn, he did the work assigned him, a mere brute of the higher animal order. With the advent of freedom came an unaccustomed right of choice. The laborer now had contracts to make and money to receive, yet he knew not how much to charge for his services, nor how to collect the sum when due. And there was a very suspicious doubt about the willingness of his late master to pay him. It was a very difficult task to instill into the Southern mind the idea that the labor of the black man was his own property, to be disposed of on his own terms. Too often the master tried to defraud his late slave, and the Bureau officer ordered him to pay the promised wage. On the other hand, the workman would sometimes propose to leave before the expiration of his contract; and here the Bureau told him of the sacred nature of his contract, and led him to work out his agreement. Both sides were taught to make fair contracts and to adhere to them. In one State and in a single year not less than fifty thousand contracts, executed in duplicate, were drawn up between the two parties.

The black man was thus educated to labor for pay, the white man led to give him the stipulated wage, and the bitterness and suspicion between the ex-master and his ex-slave were gradually smoothed away.

The negro had never been permitted to testify in courts of justice: the Bureau put him on the witness-stand, and accustomed the Caucasian to his presence there. Led by a supporting hand, the black man, so newly introduced to the life of freedom, was now taught the practical lesson of self-support and self-assertion. But it was by a rough and stony path that he entered upon his life of free labor. The first year after the war the small cruelties, the minor oppressions, were innumerable. One commissioner alone reported three thousand four hundred and five such cases adjudicated in a single quarter in his district. The chairman of the Committee on Freedmen's Affairs declared that more than one hundred thousand such complaints must have been heard and decided by Bureau officers in a single year. These complaints have not entirely ceased, but that they have dwindled to a minimum is mainly due to the judicious interference of the officers of the Freedmen's Bureau.

But the great work of the Bureau, though not originally so intended, has been educational. In its commencement it had to do with a terribly ignorant race—not only to grapple with the ignorance of childhood, but the far worse ignorance born of slavery. The minds of the black race had been torpid during two centuries of serfdom. The religion that should have elevated them consisted almost entirely of the duty of obedience, or partook of the animal nature of the believers. The marriage-tie was a movable yoke, imposed and taken away at the master's pleasure. The whole tendency of slavery had been to obliterate mind and conscience. And it was to four millions of such a people as this that Freedom now presented herself, offering the Bible and the spelling-book in the present, the ballot in the future. To quicken their

dormant minds became the work of the Freedmen's Bureau. In every large town, in most considerable villages, it at once hired school-houses and provided teachers. There is an intense hungering and thirsting after education amongst the colored people. War itself was made to educate them. The army carried its instructors with it. Officers' servants learned their letters at bivouac-fires. Chaplains of colored troops became instructors. The Christian Commission had a corps of fifty teachers in camp. So that at the end of the war it was estimated that twenty thousand colored soldiers could read intelligently, and a much larger number had laid the alphabetical foundations of knowledge. Wherever our armies led, schools followed. At Hampton, Beaufort, Roanoke Island and New Orleans—wherever there was a stationary corps of colored soldiers—schools were immediately put in operation. Major-General Banks inaugurated a school-system for Louisiana, and supported it by a military tax. On the entrance of General Sherman into Savannah schools were immediately opened, and ten intelligent colored men selected as teachers. Two of the largest of these schools were kept in Bryan's slave-mart, where the human auction-block became the teacher's throne of power. An army surgeon of the colored troops at Fort Livingston offered to teach a few soldiers of his regiment, if these in turn would teach others. The offer was gratefully accepted, and, selecting a class of the ten brightest and smartest scholars in the fort, he taught them 'two hours each day, on condition that each one of the ten should take a class, and thus communicate his knowledge to others. A year later the commanding officer of the fort reported that the men had made such progress that, besides other papers, they had subscribed for forty copies of Harper's and Leslie's weeklies.

One of the most remarkable instances of the determination of our black allies to acquire the rudiments of an education is found in the continuation of schools during the vacations, and often

in the absence of the teachers. It was always expected among them that the older scholars should carefully lead the younger up the first steps of the hill of science. It hardly seems juvenile nature, however, for boys and girls to give up their play for the sake of learning, but they did it, and paid their teachers for doing it too. In 1868, 178 schools continued open through all the heats of a Louisianian summer—in Mississippi, 75 schools, with an attendance of 3500 scholars, kept through the summer. Over six hundred schools were taught through that summer vacation. In 1869, one thousand two hundred schools were carried on through the vacation months, 309 of them in Alabama alone. Science may proudly point to the devotion of her older followers, but it may be doubted if the humbler annals of education can point to any such instance as this—a whole race of children foregoing their play and their pocket-money, and sacrificing not the luxuries, but the comforts, and in some cases the necessities, of life, that they might acquire that learning which they prized so highly.

Dr. Vogell, Superintendent of Education in North Carolina, meeting one of the old residents of his district, asked her, "Well, auntie, what are you doing?" "Please God, massa, trying to l'arn." "Who hears your lessons?" "Oh, I goes to de night-school ebery week." "Where are the children?" "Gone to school. They l'arn a heap, and when we gets round de fire at night, dey gets small bundles light-wood and t'rows on, and dey reads to me out of deir books: dey reads the Bible to me, too, and how good it makes me feel to hear de blessed book!" "But you want the children to aid you to get provisions?" "Dat's very true, massa, but dere is better bread than comes out of de arth. No, honey, can't stop de chillun: dey mus' l'arn. Dese old hands can work for de folks a little longer. I gets a little meal and bacon for my work two or t'ree times a week—we don't have much else—but I tells you, massa, we can't feel hungry when we reads: dat's better than vittals, massa."

It was impossible to be in the colored regiments, or to be associated with any of the institutions for their education since the war, and not notice the elevating influence of knowledge. One of the chaplains of our dark regiments had a body-servant named John Green. One morning John entered the tent to kindle the fire. His task was soon done, the chaplain still slumbering, as John supposed. And now the man began to study the lesson set him the night before: "Thou God seest me." He began to spell the first word: T-h-o-u. "John Green," he said to himself, "what is that? what did master say that was?" Looking and hesitating a while, he at last uttered, "Thou. John Green, you have it." Thus he spelled and pronounced through the sentence, stumbling considerably at the two-syllabled word, "seest," but finally deciphering the whole and reading it. Then, stretching himself up to his full height, he exclaimed, "John Green, you have it. You can read. JOHN GREEN, YOU ARE A MAN!"

Mr. Sydney Andrews notes the old washerwoman hard at work in the open air, her arms in the wash-tub, but her eyes fastened on the spelling-book before her, carefully tied back to the fence, so that she could at the same time pick out her *A B C's* and her dirty clothes. General R. K. Scott reports finding a native African at Charleston, South Carolina, a thoroughly educated man and a distinguished linguist, conversing fluently in ten languages, and equally conversant with the Greek Testament and the Koran. And yet this scholar was only a field-hand, and earning common wages, which he eked out by teaching an evening-school.

An old woman in Louisiana was seen at school one day holding her Testament upside-down. When the amused observer asked her if she could read, the aged scholar replied, "No, chile, but it's a blessed t'ing to hold it."

When the war ended, private benevolence and the Freedmen's Bureau began, *pari passu*, to broadcast the seeds of education over the South, but they

were unable to keep pace with the popular demand. The negro esteemed knowledge as synonymous with power: he knew that his great lack was culture, and he eagerly girded himself for the educational contest. The benevolent societies of the North sent teachers by hundreds, the American Missionary Association alone having at one time six hundred teachers in the field. The friends of the colored race in England gave half a million of dollars for education. The Bureau raised numerous school-houses, and threw around them the protecting ægis of the national government. Wherever thirty scholars were collected private associations provided the teacher and the Bureau paid the rent. But their efforts were insufficient for the wants of the race. Scattered over wide plantations, away from the great thoroughfares of travel, surrounded by a superior race, they yet succeeded in gaining very extensively the rudiments of knowledge. Perhaps not less than one million of scholars have received some smattering of knowledge during the last six years. Some have obtained a good common-school education, while a few have entered on the study of the classics. One of the graduates at Harvard in the class of 1870 was a colored youth. But what sacrifices they have made to win this education! In 1866 ten thousand negroes petitioned General Canby that an additional tax might be laid on themselves for colored schools, though they were already taxed for white schools. The Superintendent of Education for Virginia reported that many of the pupils at Louisa Court-house walked from five to eight miles to school. At Gordonsville two girls walked nine miles every morning and evening to attend school, and this they did steadily for two years. Two colored men in North Carolina walked one hundred and forty miles to ask for the establishment of a school in their neighborhood and to get some newspapers.

Such educational progress as the blacks have made has been won by hard fighting. The prejudices of the

South furnished innumerable obstacles. In the years that immediately followed the war the teacher of the colored school was socially ostracised from all white companionship. School-houses were burnt down, and the occasional murder of a teacher testified to the popular antipathy to such an employment. As a general rule, the teachers had to board with the parents of their scholars: no white tavern or boarding-house would receive them. But this state of things is slowly dying away. The employer is beginning to recognize the fact that skilled labor is superior to brute force. The black school-house is an existing fact, to which the Southern mind has gradually become accustomed.

The instruction the blacks have received during these last six years has often been exceedingly fragmentary, almost always rudimentary, yet they have steadily improved under it. Each year has witnessed more and higher schools and seminaries; and there are to-day eleven colleges and universities, seventy-four high and sixty-one normal schools, with some twelve thousand pupils in them, especially intended for colored youth. To be sure, the majority of students at these *soi-disant* universities pursue only the studies followed at our best Northern academies and normal schools, but black teachers in large and larger numbers are being sent out each year, and the whole race is steadily uplifting itself by the power of education and civilization. "We are rising, massa," one of the little scholars at Atlanta said to General Howard. The social position of the blacks and the callings they follow are improving every day. About three millions of dollars are now laid up in the Freedmen's Savings Bank, and this amount is increasing at the rate of a hundred thousand dollars a month. Of the thirty branches of the Freedmen's Bank, one-half have colored cashiers. At the close of the war three-fifths of the teachers of the colored schools were whites, two-fifths blacks, and these but poorly fitted for their work. Now more than three-fifths

of these teachers are blacks; and a few years hence our dark-hued citizens will be able to obtain their legal, medical and spiritual advice from well-educated persons of their own color.

It is interesting to note at how small an expenditure the work of the Bureau has been accomplished. The total expense in money has been \$13,028,304.27—in goods, \$2,330,778. These goods were unused army stores left on hand at the close of the war, and would hardly have realized half their cost at public sale. The collection of bounties has cost \$279,655; transportation, \$239,902.83; schools, \$3,572,365.94; while the whole amount expended in charitable purposes, including the old army stores at full cost, has been \$7,677,590.96. Of these fifteen millions of dollars, government has contributed but eleven millions, the remainder being taken from the Refugees' Fund—that is, from rent of lands and buildings taken from the Confederates, from payments made by the freedmen themselves, and from army stores. It may be fairly asked whether any great national work that accomplished as much has ever cost so little.

Speaking of Italian bondage in the Middle Ages, Lord Lytton says: "He who first arouses in the bondman the sense and soul of freedom comes as near as is permitted to man—nearer than the philosopher, nearer even than the poet—to the great creative attribute of God." This attribute has been the special office of the Freedmen's Bureau. It has created a soul beneath the dead ribs of the black race of America. It has taken a dull, degraded, imbruted people, and given protection to the parents, education to their children. If these four millions of blacks and their more numerous descendants are ever to be a component part of the people of the United States, educated, republicanized, Christianized, it will be mainly due, in the providence of God, to Abraham Lincoln, who proclaimed their emancipation, and to the Freedmen's Bureau, that educated them.

WILLIAM R. HOOPER.

THE MURDER STONE:

A ROMANCE OF ENGLISH LIFE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY SIR CHARLES L. YOUNG, BART.

CHAPTER III.

IT was nearly a year since the terrible night when I had been attacked by some murderous hand in that little town upon the shores of the Lake of Como. I had had a great deal of anxious work to do during the winter and spring, and now that I was once more out for my holiday, the dramatic events that had accompanied the close of my last year's trip to Switzerland and Italy had become almost like a dream. Hard practical work knocks romantic ideas about in a most uncompromising manner, especially when that work tends rapidly to the accretion of money; and so it was not till I was fairly released from desk and office that I really had much leisure to think of the Marchesa Levada and of the man who had attempted to drown her; and I always cherished a secret conviction that the same hand that had striven to pull the marchesa under water had stabbed me in the side.

Of the illness that ensued upon that wound I remembered but little. By great good-fortune I had knocked at the door of the house of Giuseppe, my boatman, and he had conveyed me at once to the hotel. I knew afterward that I had been delirious for many days, but through all that miserable time I retained the consciousness of the presence of a calm, majestic figure that tended me carefully. But when my senses had fairly returned to me and I began to be convalescent, I saw that figure no more, and on inquiry I learned that the Marchesa Levada had left the place, and no one knew in which direction she was gone.

As soon as I was able I returned to England, and on the journey home, which I was forced to make by slow

stages, I busied myself in endeavoring to discriminate between what had really happened and what was merely the offspring of my excited fancy. Two things alone were clear to me—the long scar upon my side and the indelible impression of the marchesa's face.

Well, winter, spring and summer passed away, and I was again, as I have said, upon my holiday trip. Medical advice had enjoined a good two months' entire relaxation; one or two opportune invitations gave me some excellent shooting in Scotland; and it was not till October that I turned my steps southward and received a letter from my friend John Weyland. After a little light gossip in his usual style, Weyland continued:

"Don't forget, my dear Hartley, that you have promised to pay me a visit, and I don't intend to let you off. You can take me easily on your way home, and I can promise you some tolerable shooting. Although I am still a bachelor, you will find I can make things pretty comfortable. Don't forget that among other inducements I have got to show you the *Murder Stone*, and you shall write an epic about it if you like."

I wrote back at once, saying that I should be delighted to come; and a few days afterward I arrived at Caine Warren, as Weyland's place was styled.

Weyland certainly did not exaggerate when he said he knew how to make things comfortable. The small, old-fashioned house was furnished in exquisite taste, though at the same time there was no unnecessary luxury; or rather, as certain good people consider that all luxuries are necessary, I ought to say that there was not so much luxury as to give one a sensation as if everything was a great deal too pleasant to last.

We had an admirable little dinner, but it was not until we were fairly settled down in a snug little room which he called his study, and were well engaged in the consumption of excellent cigars, that I told him all that had happened to me after I had parted with him in Switzerland.

"You seem to have kept this story pretty close," he observed when I had finished. "You never hinted at anything of this sort in your few letters to me, beyond saying that you had had a low fever."

"To tell you the truth," I answered, "I never cared to speak about it. Indeed, the whole thing seems to me much more as if I had read it in a book years ago than if it had really happened to myself. But the scar on my side reminds me of its terrible reality."

"And you feel a conviction that the man who stabbed you was the same scoundrel that endeavored to drown the marchesa?"

"I did not see his face, and I have no evidence to support my impression: still, I cannot get rid of my belief."

"What possible motive can a young man, as you describe this villain to be, have had in wanting to kill the marchesa, to say nothing about you?"

"My dear Weyland, that is precisely what puzzles me. Of course there is some mystery about her: you guessed as much when you saw her at Rome. She may have known some secret about this man. But how can poor innocent I have offended him?"

"You saved her life," said Weyland dryly. "Besides, I suppose you have heard of such a thing as jealousy."

I felt the burning color rise in my cheeks. I had never forgotten the sensation I had felt when first I saw the marchesa at Thun; and even after the time that had elapsed I could not repress a feeling of strange pleasure that any one should have dreaded my rivalry so much.

"I can't help thinking you must be mistaken, Hartley," said Weyland after a lengthened pause. "I expect it will turn out to have been only some vulgar

robber, after all. Besides which, you must admit that it is quite within the limits of possibility that the man who sprang from the rocks meant really to save the lady, and was only unfortunately clumsy in his efforts."

I shook my head. No one likes to have his one romance so rudely shaken, and I felt that my convictions would not bear arguing about. So I was silent for a few moments, and then changed the conversation by saying, "Tell me about this Murder Stone. Prepare me for a visit to this monument of mystery to which you have alluded. What is it like? Is it far from here?"

"I regret to say that, not being of an inquisitive or imaginative disposition, I have made but the faintest inquiries on the subject. I have left it all for you. The line of country I propose taking you over to-morrow shooting will bring us in its vicinity, and you shall see it and its surroundings with your own eyes."

"But do you know of no legend connected with it?" I asked, in some disappointment.

"I believe I have heard something about it, but I am compelled to say—I know it will shock your literary sensibilities—that I have forgotten all about it. Now don't look so unhappy. I have not raised your expectations unadvisedly. There is an old clergyman, the incumbent of this parish, who has the cure of souls in these parts by a sort of hereditary right, it appears to me, as his father and grandfather were the incumbents before him. Now, this is not a garrulous and fox-hunting old parson, but a man of deep and varied research, genial and kindly, and most deservedly beloved by all his flock. I have reason to believe that he knows the whole of the strange story, which is a sort of family property, like the incumbency. He is coming to dine here to-morrow to meet you. He likes a good bottle of claret, as any man with educated taste ought to: he shall have a bottle such as both of you will pronounce to be rarely equaled, and by a little judicious management I have

good hopes that his lips will be unlocked, and we shall hear all that is to be said upon the subject. Does that satisfy you?"

"Most unquestionably. I hope the claret will not be spent in vain."

The following morning we went out shooting, and enjoyed ourselves immensely all day. The sport was good, and the weather was everything that could be desired till about four o'clock: then the sky clouded over, and had every appearance of giving us a wet walk home.

"We have three miles to go, Hartley, and if you have had enough shooting, I think we had better set off for the Warren."

I assented at once, and after counting the game and seeing it stowed away in the cart, we walked briskly toward home.

"Whose woods are those, Weyland?" I asked, pointing to a long dark line of trees that stretched away to the right.

"That is the boundary of the Glascodine property," he answered. "The Chase itself lies deep within those woods."

"What sort of a place is it?"

"I have not seen it for many years. Since this property passed into my hands I have not caught a glimpse either of the house or of its owner. Nobody seems to know much about him. I dare say you remember what I told you about him at Thun. My own impression is that the wretched man is insane."

"What a dreadful fate!"

"Yes. We must step out, Hartley. How the wind is rising!—it will blow a gale before midnight."

"Are we going to cut through the woods of Glascodine Chase?" I inquired as I observed that we were making toward them.

"No: we have only to skirt them for a short distance. I am bringing you this way home that you may see the Murder Stone."

"Ah! true: I had forgotten. But it is getting dark so rapidly that I am afraid I shall not see much."

We walked on quickly, without more conversation. The rain was now beating in our faces, and as we neared the Glascodine woods we heard the wind roaring through the mighty trees.

"As we are going to have a devil of a night, and have nearly two miles still to go, I think we *will* cut through the woods and run the chance of being abused as trespassers. My keeper told me that there is a narrow path which will take us out close by the Murder Stone and save us a quarter of a mile at least."

"Are you sure you know the way, Weyland?" I asked, as we came to a rough stile which led from the bridle-path into the wood. "I hope our short cut may not turn out a long one."

"Don't be alarmed. There is only one path, and we cannot miss it." And so we struck into the wood, Weyland leading.

We were well sheltered from the driving rain, but the wind was raging furiously, and it had become very dark. After we had been walking on for about five or six minutes, Weyland suddenly stopped—so suddenly, indeed, that I almost stumbled over him.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "Have you lost the way?"

"No: that's all right; but I fancied I saw the figure of a woman in the path before me. She appeared suddenly, and now has disappeared. It must have been fancy;" and he hurried on, I following.

"It was no fancy, Weyland," said I, a few moments afterward, in a low tone: "I am certain I saw a woman crouching in the thicket a little to the left."

"Snaring pheasants, I dare say," said Weyland without pausing. "Glascodine does not preserve, I believe, but I have no doubt there are a few birds still left about." Just as he had said these words he slackened his pace and almost whispered to me, "Look out! there must be poachers or tramps about. I saw a man slink across the path a little forward." We proceeded cautiously: then Weyland half turned to me, and with a slight gesture of his head seem-

ed to point to a large oak two or three yards from the path on the right hand. I looked in the direction indicated, and fancied that I there saw standing the muffled figure of a man.

Watcher, tramp, poacher, whatever he may have been, why was it that an awful shudder came over me as I passed that tree and figure, and the sensitive scar in my side seemed to start into an open wound again? It was with a feeling of intense relief that I emerged from the wood into a broad open glade.

"We are well out of that," said Weyland as we stood in the midst of what seemed to be a deserted road. "They are rough customers to deal with, the poachers up from Blacktown. I am one of the magistrates, and I know that one or two of them bear me considerable ill-will. I don't mind facing a man or two out in the open, but I dislike the idea of being jumped upon from behind a tree."

"Somehow or other, I don't think that man was a poacher," I observed.

"Nonsense, Hartley! What else could he have been? No man would be slouching behind a tree in such a manner for any honest purpose."

"Perhaps he was taking a short cut like ourselves," I suggested, "and imagined us to be the poachers."

"Not likely," answered Weyland: "this high-road is never used now except by Glascodine's carts. Depend upon it, that gentleman is up to no good. Why, you are shivering! You can't be wet through?"

"Oh no—a slight pain in my side, that is all," I returned hurriedly. "I feel that wound of mine in damp weather sometimes still. What an odd-looking milestone that is!" and I pointed to a shadowy gray mass which we were just passing on the side of the grass-grown road, beside the wood.

"That is the Murder Stone," said Weyland. "We must come here again: it is of no use stopping and inspecting it now."

The Murder Stone! Fit name for that rough block in such a weird and deserted spot as this! And in the

stormy twilight of that wild October night the huge elms that lined the disused road along which we trod seemed of an unearthly stature, and the untrimmed hedges upon either side shook their disheveled heads beneath the wind, and, in my distempered fancy, seemed to bend toward us, as though impotently striving to hurt us with their thorns. The very road seemed to resent our journeying over it as we stumbled over ancient ruts and tripped over large stones that no wheels had ever crushed into the soil. Flop, flop, a large owl went past us down the wind, and for an instant I looked back and just caught the outline of the fearful monument.

"Weyland," I cried, "look there!"

"Where?"

"At the Murder Stone! See! there is some one close beside it."

"Only the man we saw in the wood. Come on."

We hurried on, as the rain was now falling heavily and we were likely to be drenched to the skin before getting home; but I heard then, as I have often heard since in dreams, what sounded like a long and bitter cry.

"Weyland," I exclaimed as I strode up beside him, "what is going on there? Did you hear nothing?"

He paused and listened for a moment: "No, nothing. Who could hear anything but this tremendous wind?" We quickened our pace, nor paused again till we reached Caine Warren.

Expecting that we should come in drenched, Weyland's thoughtful house-keeper had prepared blazing wood-fires in our rooms, and if the strange figures I had seen in the wood, the dull gray stone, the cry that I thought I had heard, had combined to impress me with sensations not altogether cheerful, the internal comforts of the Warren made another man of me at once, and I laughed at my absurd nervousness when I remembered the sharp pain which I fancied I had felt in my side.

Mr. Arden, the old clergyman whom Weyland had told me of, arrived punctually for dinner. Bearded parsons

were not so common in those days as they are now, but this priest wore a long beard and moustache of snowy whiteness, and, possessing a tall and upright form, he had a most venerable and reverend appearance. I took to him at once, and the conversation at the dinner-table soon showed that he was a man who had traveled much, had made the most of his opportunities, had broad and generous ideas, took more than a merely professional interest in the souls of whom he had charge, and decidedly ought to have been a bishop. Unfortunately, however, for his spiritual promotion, he was independent in his politics, was not related to any members of the cabinet, had never been tutor to a nobleman, and was in the habit of calling a spade a spade.

Weyland's claret, no doubt, was excellent, but so long as we were in the dining-room we never got near the Murder Stone—not near enough, that is, for an excuse which might draw out the story or legend from Mr. Arden. It was not till we got into the library, and had settled down in our arm-chairs comfortably to our tobacco—the priest owing to his partiality for a pipe at night—that we went back more in detail to our day's sport; and then we told him of our cut through the dark wildwood—of the figures we had seen in our path—of our passing the Murder Stone—“And, to add to the romance of all,” said Weyland, laughing, “my sensitive friend here would have it that he heard a shriek rising from the side of that grim monument.”

The priest glanced sharply at me for a moment: he did not join in Weyland's laugh, as I attempted to do, but he took two or three reflective puffs and said, “Mr. Hartley is not the first person who has thought that he heard such sounds in that unhallowed place.”

“What! are there ghosts there, Mr. Arden?” asked Weyland, still laughing. “You don't believe in such things, I am sure?”

“I have certainly never seen one,” replied Mr. Arden, “and therefore I can

say nothing of my own experience; and I am bound to say that I have formed no opinion on the subject. The fact of the appearance of ghosts is purely a question of evidence, and so far as I have cared to go into the question the evidence has not been such as to satisfy my inquiries. If a man tells me dogmatically that there *are* ghosts, I agree with him about as much as I do with the man who roundly asserts that there *cannot* be ghosts.”

“Well, the Murder Stone ought to be a good trysting-place for them, at all events,” said Weyland, carelessly. “There is some legend or other about it, is there not?”

“I believe there are many strange stories connected with it,” answered the priest, “but the real historical facts are known to very few. The Glascodines are not proud of the story, and I don't fancy they have been known to repeat it often. My family has lived in these parts as long as the owners of the Chase, and the history of the Glascodine tragedy seems as much our property as theirs.”

“Would it be an impertinence,” I inquired point-blank, “if I asked you to repeat it?”

“Certainly not,” replied Mr. Arden. “I never heard that it was a secret, though of course I should be sorry to talk about my neighbor's family history without any reason at all. If you and our host don't think you will be bored, I will tell it you as I have received it, in as few words as possible.”

Weyland's prophecy as to a gale before midnight did not seem likely to be fulfilled. The high wind had abated its fury since dinner, and now we only heard its long sad moans and the ceaseless patter of the rain upon the windows.

“This is just the night for a sensational story,” said Weyland. “I promise you that you won't bore us, Mr. Arden.”

“I must take you back a good many years,” said Mr. Arden, “to the time when the great-grandfather of the present Mr. Glascodine was a young man. The family at that time was represented

by two brothers—the elder, Ralph, and the younger, James. The elder brother seems to have been an imaginative and impulsive youth, of a sickly and delicate and yet nervous frame. James, on the other hand, was a resolute and healthy man, of great ambition and little scrupulous; and the story goes that he always felt that he ought to have been the eldest son, and that his brother could never worthily represent the ancient family, which had played no unimportant part in the history of the Great Revolution. The whole estate was strictly entailed upon the eldest son, and James had but a small portion to live upon. He was of extravagant tastes, and was frequently in London, and it was said he was a great favorite at court. He had conceived an idea that his elder brother's health would render him almost a recluse, and that there was very little chance either of his marrying or of his living long, and consequently he grew to look upon Glascodine Chase as his own. Judge, then, of his dismay and anger when he arrived one September at the Chase and heard that Ralph was going to be married!

“To be married, and not to the daughter of any family as proud or ancient as their own, but to some girl who had recently come with her mother—the widow of some staunch Puritan—to live in the village of which I am now the rector.

“Ralph had an imperious humor, and he informed his brother of his engagement in his proudest manner. It mattered but little what his future wife's family might be—the Glascodines could afford to marry where they chose. James must repress that sneer: he was expected to treat the lady whom his brother had honored with his choice and affection in a becoming manner.

“No more words passed between the brothers on this matter: a few days afterward, James saw Isabella Catesby, and at the first glance a method of thwarting Ralph's intention presented itself to him.

“For the lady surpassed in beauty

any demoiselle whom he had seen at court. She possessed a majestic figure, features that were grand in their uncommon loveliness, a voice calm and gentle, yet determined in its accents; and from the first moment that he saw her, James felt that he must be his brother's rival, and he formed his plans accordingly. He met her at the Chase and in her mother's house: he soon discovered that for his brother she had no real love whatever. Her family was extremely poor, and she was going to marry Ralph Glascodine to gratify her vanity and her ambition.

“With all those arts that he had learned only too well in a licentious society he laid siege to her heart, and he soon saw, or thought he saw, signs that she was not indifferent to his handsome face and honeyed tongue. Still, she gave him no real encouragement, and her coldness stimulated his eagerness; and more than that, he soon became the victim he had intended she should be: he was enthralled by a passionate and overwhelming love for her. But his efforts were all in vain: a cold betrothal was followed by an icy marriage.

“Passion, disappointment, revenge, all worked together in an awful manner in James Glascodine's heart. His chances of inheriting the Chase disappeared; his debts were heavy, and he knew not how to discharge them; and the thought that his brother possessed the woman for whom he would have sacrificed his soul almost maddened him. One hope was left: Ralph was of a fearfully jealous disposition. Might not this afford good ground to work on?

“The elder brother hated society, and he and his wife led a secluded life, which was evidently far from pleasant to the mistress of the Chase. James saw that she pined for excitement, and by his stories of the pleasures and the luxuries of London he made her more and more dissatisfied with her husband's mode of living. James—against her will it may have been—insinuated himself into her confidence, drew from her the reluctant confession that her life was not a happy one, and in carelessly painting pictures

of the power and happiness she might have enjoyed if she had fallen into other hands, he estranged her more and more from the unsympathizing man she had married.

"The jealousy of Ralph was not long in being aroused to the growing intimacy between his wife and James. It was too evident whose society she preferred: his ill-health prevented him from joining in their rides or rambles, and he sat at home in his library gazing at a miniature of the peerless Isabel, and gnashing his teeth in impotent rage.

"The story goes that there had been a summer of unwonted brilliancy and heat, and the succeeding autumn gave no signs of winter, till one day late in October the sun, that had not been clouded for months, rose upon a dull, dark day, and could not penetrate the strange and settled gloom. Mistress Glascodine and her brother-in-law played at billiards or sang together in the great drawing-room all the morning: Ralph glared in upon them now and again, or strode sullenly up and down the room where they happened to be, but never said a word. In the afternoon, James and Isabel went out to roam, as usual, through the woods. Twilight came on, but they had not returned. Heavy drops of rain had begun to fall, and low booms of thunder bellowed in the distance; and Ralph, who had been in a feverish rage all day, went out to look for them.

"He found them sitting just beyond the wood—mind you, this is the legend, and I have no further evidence to support the facts related—just beyond the wood, on the borders of the high-road, unmindful apparently of the gathering storm. What passed between these three was never accurately known, but, from expressions dropped by James years afterward in a drunken fit, it is supposed that Ralph in savage fury struck his wife violently upon the head with the heavy handle of a whip he carried. She was found wandering about the woods at daybreak, a hopeless idiot. The body of Ralph Glascodine was found upon the spot where the Murder

Stone now stands, two frightful sword wounds in his body. His brother had summoned the servants from the house, alleging that Ralph had been robbed and murdered by the highwaymen who at that time infested these parts, but the story was not believed by many. There was not sufficient evidence, however, against James, and he was never put upon his trial, though suspicion was very strong against him. He became the master of Glascodine Chase. At first he was there but little, but after a few years he returned from foreign travel, and brought with him a French or Italian wife. He lived a life of wild dissipation and constant excitement, and broke his wife's heart two years after their marriage. One night—the story says—he had been, as usual, drinking deep with a few dissolute companions, when suddenly he staggered to his feet, an awful expression upon his face, and said in a thick voice, 'Who is that calling me? There! do you hear?' He reeled to the window, drew aside the curtains and looked out. 'See!' he exclaimed, 'she beckons me with her white hand, and Ralph is calling me. Stand off! *I must go!*' He threw open the window, leaped out into the garden, and was soon afterward found lying dead not far from the house. He left behind him an infant son, who was the grandfather of the present Mr. Glascodine."

"'Tis a ghastly story, Arden," said Weyland, as he filled the rector's glass. "But you must not stop there: there is more to tell."

The rector looked up inquiringly.

"Can you not go a little farther? Can you not explain the strange seclusion of the great-grandson of James Glascodine? Has there been no fresh romance about the Chase?"

Mr. Arden replied: "There are strange tales afloat, I am aware, but I know nothing accurately. I knew this Mr. Glascodine when he was quite a boy, and a curious youth he was. He was married some six years ago, and within a short time his wife left him, I believe. There was some scandal about a man

who had been Glascodine's dearest friend, but I was traveling abroad for my health at the time, and really know nothing certainly. Since that catastrophe, or whatever it was that happened, Mr. Glascodine has carefully avoided everybody. One or two old servants are the only persons with whom he holds any converse, and no one else is ever allowed to see him."

"Do you think he is insane?" I asked.

"I can form no opinion," replied the rector: "his conduct certainly looks like insanity, and, coming from such a stock as he does, it is by no means improbable. Half-past eleven, I declare! Mr. Weyland, may I ring and order my dog-cart? I make it a rule to be in bed by midnight."

I did not sleep well that night. Dreams fantastic in their shape, and presenting themselves to me with a horrible reality, troubled me all night. Once I woke from the strong agony of endeavoring to cry for help. I thought that there had been a terrible earthquake, and the Murder Stone, which in my dreams had assumed colossal proportions, was loosened from its foundations and came rolling steadily toward me, and I could not move a limb to save myself from the impending horror. Next, I was endeavoring to force my way through the tangled thickets of the wood, but the thorns and brambles twined themselves about me like serpents, and I could not stir. All the while figures were passing and repassing, though none of them took the least notice of me. Suddenly all these figures disappeared with the exception of two, and these, I thought, I had not observed before. I was free of the brambles now, and was hurrying along the path that Weyland and I had trod on our way home from shooting, and these two figures were hurrying on in front of me. All of a sudden they disappeared from the path, and I stood still, fearing to go on, for I thought they were hiding in order to spring out upon me. I advanced slowly, glancing eagerly on either side. Again I saw them: one, a woman, leaned against a tree, her face

calm and sorrowful, and I knew it was the Marchesa Levada. The other figure crouched in the thicket, clutching a bright knife in his right hand, and in his face I recognized the features of the man whom I had struck at with the oar in the surging waters of the Lake of Como.

CHAPTER IV.

I CERTAINLY was not destined to be fortunate in the weather during my stay at Caine Warren. October is generally supposed to be rather a pleasant month than otherwise, associated in the ordinary mind with brewings, brown woods, calm warm days, apples, blackberries and filberts; but this particular year it seemed anxious to combine in its thirty-one days specimens of all those varieties of weather and temperature to which our favored climate is liable during the whole three hundred and sixty-five. The result was, that after three or four days' more shooting, combined with one or two mornings' cub-hunting, Weyland succumbed to a bad cold which confined him to his room, and I was thrown upon my own resources for amusement.

About a week after the day on which Mr. Arden had dined at the Warren, I went out shooting in the morning, accompanied by the keeper. The birds were very wild, and as the day wore on the wind increased, and I returned home early. I played a few games at *écarté* with Weyland, and toward dusk sallied forth again for a stroll before dinner. I had a couple of hours to spare, and I rather liked the high wind than otherwise; and as I walked on I soon became absorbed in the creation of the plot of a novel which I had been contemplating for some time.

There had been no rain all day, but the sky had looked very stormy, and light and shadow had alternated in a beautiful manner; but now, at sunset, the clouds seemed determined to have the best of it, and came up from the south-west in heavy, ominous banks.

I had taken but little notice of the paths I had followed, and it was not till I found myself well within a wood that I thought it was time to turn homeward, aroused from the indulgence of my fascination by the deepening roar of the wind through the trees and the patter of heavy rain upon the dying leaves above me. Some indistinct idea came over me that when I entered the wood I had merely intended to cross it, as the path seemed to promise a speedy outlet to some fields which I fancied I had shot over with Weyland a day or two before; so I did not turn back, but quickened my pace and hurried on.

The night seemed to come on in proportion to my speed, the wood grew darker and darker, and I felt convinced that I had miscalculated the path, and that I was going farther and farther from the Warren. I stopped short: had I better retrace my footsteps at once?

Hark! what was that? What was that sound that I heard above the bellowings of the wind? and what did it remind me of? Ah! I remembered I had heard that cry on the evening when Weyland and I had left the Murder Stone behind us. Nonsense! I must have been mistaken in thinking it was a human voice. It could only have been the creaking of some old tree bending in its weakened age beneath the blast.

Hark! there it was again, now straight in front of me. It must be some one in distress, and again I hurried on. I had proceeded some hundred yards farther when I stopped again and listened for a repetition of the cry. None came.

What had I better do? The boisterous fury of the equinoctial gale pierced through and through the trees, and the heavy rain had beaten down the slender shelter of the half-dead leaves. Should I go on, or should I at once turn back? For a moment I felt irresolute and confused: then I fancied that not far in front of me I saw the flashing of a light. I looked steadily in that direction. Yes. There could be no doubt about it: I saw what seemed to be a light in a window. I pushed on hastily, thinking this must be a keeper's cottage, and the in-

habitants would show me the shortest way back to the Warren. To my great astonishment, a few yards brought me clear of the wood, and I was standing in front of a long, low, old-fashioned mansion.

I had come upon what was evidently the drive up to the front door, but the gravel was thickly overgrown with weeds: this much I could distinguish in the uncertain light. I groped my way to the door, and soon found a bell-handle: I pulled lustily. The only result was a rusty creaking—the wire was broken and useless.

Was I awake? I asked myself. For what could this weird, deserted dwelling be? Weyland had never mentioned the existence of such a place as this. Stay! Was it possible that I had stumbled upon Glascodine Chase?

I retreated hastily from the door, and then again I saw the light which had led me on through the wood. It streamed through a latticed window only a few feet above the unused terrace; and in some trepidation as to what I might see, I advanced toward it and looked in.

A solitary lamp cast a dim light over an old-fashioned library, and in a chair by a table, on which a large tome lay open, a man was sitting: his back was toward me, and his head was resting on his hand. For a moment or two I watched him, uncertain as to what course to pursue. With a sudden motion he closed the book before him, threw his arms wildly into the air, and then buried his face in his hands.

To a man in my position this was decidedly not an encouraging gesture, but the exigencies of my condition, and a growing disinclination to plunge again into the wood without any definite instructions as to my way on such a night as this was, overcame every scruple, and I tapped sharply on the glass, once, twice, with no effect. At the third time the man in the chair started up, and then slowly turned his face toward the window.

My God! I had never seen a face like this before. Was it my excited imagination, or was it the effect of the

pale light of the lamp, or was it indeed a reality that the face I saw was white as the whitest snow? The features were regular, and the dark sunken eyes were bright, but the complexion of a corpse newly risen from its grave could not have been more ghastly than this. Involuntarily almost I tapped again, and the man approached the window and I shrank back. He threw open the casement, and in a hollow voice, which I heard distinctly in the roaring wind, demanded what the knocking meant.

Somewhat reassured by the sound of a human voice, I drew near again and said, "I must apologize for so disturbing you, sir, but I have lost my way, and should be glad if you could direct me in a few words the nearest way back to Caine Warren."

"Why do you come to this window and ask *me*?" he answered in almost mocking accents.

"I went to the door," I returned, "and pulled the bell: the wire is broken. My excuse must be the raging wind and rain, and my anxiety to return to my friend, who will be wondering what has become of me."

"'Tis all as I dreamed," I heard him murmur drearily. "The end is coming." Then, raising his voice, he added, "It is a wild night, and you must be wet. It is years since any stranger has crossed my threshold: will you do me the favor to come in and rest for a few minutes?"

There was a courtesy in his tones which convinced me that the invitation was not merely formal, and I am bound to say that a feeling of curiosity got the better of the uncomfortable sensations which the sombre aspect of the place and the repulsive appearance of Mr. Glascodine's face—for he I presume it was—had given me, and I accepted his offer.

He closed the window, and I watched him approach the fireplace for the purpose, I supposed, of ringing the bell, and I went back to the front door. Standing beside those gray and decaying pillars, waiting till the door should be opened, my nervousness returned again, and I half determined to say to

whoever opened the door that as it was growing so late I had no time to spare, and should be content if they would describe the way and let me go at once. The door was opened by a neatly dressed old woman. I had no chance of making any excuses, for Mr. Glascodine was standing in the hall holding a candle in his hand. As I entered no word was said: a gesture indicated that I was to follow him; so I passed the female janitor and went at once into the library. Mr. Glascodine motioned me to a seat close beside a blazing fire. He still kept silence, and stood before the fire gazing into the brightly burning flames. I had short time for observing him, and of course I did not exactly like to stare at my strange host. In the brief glance I ventured to take I saw that he was tall, but there was a stoop in his shoulders, and he was fearfully thin. The whiteness of his face was horrible to contemplate. Every now and again he pressed his hand to his right side, and when I saw that this action seemed to be a habit, I felt a strange creeping in my own long cicatrice.

Still gazing into the flames, it seemed as if he had forgotten my presence. I broke the silence by saying, "I am sure I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Glascodine, for offering me your hospitality. It is not everybody that would admit a stranger like myself who so unceremoniously startled you at the window."

"How do you know my name?"

"A guess—that is all. I knew that Glascodine Chase was somewhere about here, though I never expected to come upon it as I have done."

"And doubtless you have heard many stories about the master of the Chase, and are not displeased to see a man with whom gossip still is busy."

"I am better pleased to find that gossip is false, and that Mr. Glascodine is not so unmindful of his fellow-creatures as is supposed."

"Gossip is right," he answered sternly: "I care nothing for my fellow-men. When I lived in the world I hated and despised it: I hate and despise it still."

"Then why am I here?" I asked bluntly.

"Because I have expected you," he answered, now, for the first time since I had been in the room, turning the unearthly light of his sunken eyes upon me—"because I know that my end is drawing nigh, and you are the herald."

"How can that be?" I said, smiling. "Your long seclusion from society, if it is indeed a fact, has not been without its natural morbid effect upon your mind. Let me hope that I am the herald of happier times. The world we live in, Mr. Glascodine, is not so bad as it seems."

"The common cant," he returned, excitedly—"the favorite phrase of well-to-do philosophers and theorizing politicians. Not so bad as it seems! It is worse than it seems, a thousand-fold!"

"I, at least, have not found it so."

"Do you really think that if you live to threescore years and ten you will be able, with a shadow of sincerity, to repeat that sentiment? Wait: your turn will come. Ay, and with all the greater bitterness because your youth has rested on a bed of roses. Wait: you will feel the thorns yet."

"And if I do, shall I therefore deny the existence of all good and honest hearts? Because I suffer, shall I say that my sorrows are unmingled with happiness? Because I in my ambition may feel what disappointment is, shall I declare that there is no delight in following noble ideas and aspirations for their own great sake? Does the goal not exist because I may never have strength to reach it? Mr. Glascodine, you cannot think so."

"What does it matter what I think?" he answered bitterly: "what is the worth of the opinion of such a wretch as I am? I disbelieve in virtue; I disbelieve in honesty or unselfishness; I disbelieve in any abstract idea of good or excellence that man may choose to say he sets before him. No man does another the most trifling service without hope of a reward."

"Then again my question, Why am I here?"

"Is it not answered? We cannot help ourselves. I expected you: you had no choice but to come here to-night. Did you lose your way in the wood in this fearful storm of your own free will? Did I, who have spoken no word to any living man for six long years, invite you in simply from the impulse of hospitality?"

"Indeed I thought so," I replied as gently as I could do. What room for doubt that this unhappy man was mad?

I suppose my forced tone betrayed my thought, for with a cold laugh he instantly said, "You think that I am wandering in my talk—so wandering that your humane disposition makes you think me fit for a hospital of the insane. See now! is there method in my madness if I say your name is Hartley?"

I involuntarily half started from my chair: "You are quite right—that is my name."

"I was warned of your coming months ago. Read this."

He took from the drawer of a bureau a letter, a foreign letter, and spread it before me. It contained these words, written in a large, bold hand: "Let me make you happier still. Some one else loves her. He has saved her life, and she will love him. Hartley—remember the name, Hartley."

"Mr. Glascodine," I said calmly when I had read these two lines twice over, "whatever this may mean, it has no reference to me. I never loved a woman in my life."

"Not this woman?" he almost shrieked as he drew a miniature from his breast. "There! what do you say to this?" and he thrust an exquisitely painted portrait before me. I started in astonishment: it was the portrait of the Marchesa Levada. The truth flashed upon me instantaneously: she and Mrs. Glascodine were the same person.

"No, Mr. Glascodine, I never loved her, though I have admired her as one whose beauty is unsurpassable. I had the happiness to save that lady's life when her boat was capsized in a sudden storm upon an Italian lake last year. Beyond that, there is no truth in this

anonymous letter, written, it would seem, only to aggravate your wound."

"My wound!" he said with a strange smile as he placed his hand, as was his constant custom, on his right side. "Can you guess who gave me that wound?" I shook my head. "Ah," he continued, "you are speaking of the mental wound: you have heard something of my story—something, but not all. Do you see this ghastly face that in a foolish compassion for my kind I keep hidden from the gaze of every man? Do you guess its cause? The man who wrote those lines—who was my rival in our early years, over whom I triumphed for a time, and in whose defeat I reveled; who afterward in his hellish schemes trod me in the dust and bore my wife away—made his mark not only on my soul, but on my body. Here on this withered side there yawns a bleeding wound that no art can stanch, and which time is powerless to heal: hence this awful whiteness in my cheeks, and hence, too, the hatred that I bear mankind. He roams the world a happy man, if happiness exists where wealth and health pour down their so-called blessings. Powerless and helpless, nothing can avenge my wrongs." Exhausted by the energy with which he had said these words, he sank into a chair.

Was it possible that the man who had inflicted this double injury upon the wretched being before me was the same who had stabbed me in the side, in jealousy as bitter as that which raged in the heart of the husband he had wronged? I had no doubt of it.

"Mr. Glascodine, if it be any sort of comfort to you, let me tell you that the villain who thus destroyed your happiness and peace lives not the life of pleasure you think he does. *She* hates him, I believe. That letter betrays the jealousy he feels, and which he strives to transfer to you. I have suffered, in a far slighter degree than you have, physically; for, after I had saved *her* life, I was struck down in the dark night by a murderous hand, and on my right side I bear a lifelong scar. Hope, Mr. Glascodine, hope! There is

place for repentance in her heart—for forgiveness in yours."

I rose as I spoke, for I felt that the interview was becoming terribly painful.

"Hark!" he exclaimed, starting up. "Do you not hear a voice?"

"No. I hear nothing but the boisterous wind and the pattering of the rain upon the glass."

"I am the last of my race," he said mournfully as he stood upright and fixed his large bright eyes upon me. "The crimes of the fathers are visited upon the children's children. By the crime of an ancestor I am the heir of Glascodine, and with me the lineage of an ancient house becomes extinct. Hark! You do not hear it? The Pale Woman that summoned my great-grandfather, and left him dead within the wood, is calling me!"

"It is my presence, the strange accident of our meeting, that has disturbed you so. Take some rest, Mr. Glascodine. Give me your permission to call again and talk with you on other subjects."

"It will be in vain," he answered with a sad smile. "The broken wire you pulled at the front door to-night is a fit emblem of the master of the Chase. The end is come. Never mind such words," he added hastily: "I wish to be alone."

Then in a few hurried words he gave me directions to follow the weedy carriage-drive, which would lead me into the high-road, and would bring me in less than three-quarters of an hour to the Warren.

When I left this ill-omened house the rain had ceased and the moon had risen: the wind raged furiously as ever, and heavy clouds scudded across the sky, throwing strange lights and shadows across the disused drive. Somehow or other, my anxiety to get back to the Warren had disappeared. My thoughts were concentrated upon the unhappy man whom I had just left, his own miseries, and the dark romance attaching to his family. Stranger than all, too, seemed my own share in these events; and as I slowly passed along

the desolate highway a vision of the waveless Lake of Thun, the rose-colors on the silent, watchful Alps, the peerless face that had so fascinated me, came in a full flood of memory across my mind. Where was she now, this fatal beauty? Had she cast her spell round others in the past twelve months? Oh, it was hard to believe that that fair face concealed so false a heart—that this lovely Marchesa Levada, who had for the time so entranced my soul when I believed her to be all that was true and pure, was a treacherous, a dishonored and dishonoring wife! How long would it last? How long would she pursue her black career, deceiving as she had all along deceived?

What was that? Who rushed across my path in that wild manner? Some man, a hundred yards in front of me, and I caught a bright flash in the moonlight from something he brandished in his hand.

Away, all visions of the past! This was no fancy now. I ran at full speed toward the spot where he had disappeared into the wood. I found a trace of a path that the underwood tried to conceal, and, hardly knowing why I did so, I pushed along it almost frantically. Then I heard far down the wood the shriek as of some one in distress. I could not proceed very fast, as the brambles seemed to hold me at every step, but a shapeless thought possessed me, and I battled on, though more than once I thought that I must have lost the path. Once I paused involuntarily. What if the man I had seen was lying concealed in the thicket, and should suddenly spring out upon and strike me with that weapon I had seen flashing in the fitful moon-gleams? But it was only for an instant, for again I thought I heard that piercing cry. Some awful tragedy, I felt assured, must be at hand. By and by the path grew clearer and the darkness of the wood less intense: in a few moments more I burst across a hedge, and to my surprise found myself again in the deserted road. The perspiration poured down my face as I stood still, utterly at a loss

to know which way to turn. Out streamed the moon again from amidst the driving clouds, and almost close beside me I saw the silent Murder Stone!

Silent only for an instant, for from its base, hidden in the long, dank grass, rose up again the cry that I had twice heard before; and, groveling amid the noxious weeds, I saw a form which by instinct I recognized at once. What need to lift up that stricken head and put aside that dark disheveled hair, and wait for a kind beam to play upon that pale face? The wretched Edith Glascodine had come home to die!

But I was not to be the solitary witness of her act of expiation, for with a terrible crash through the tangled hedge two men rushed out. In an instant they seemed to recognize each other, and they closed in a fearful struggle. One rose uppermost, and as I sprang forward with a cry of horror I saw the fatal flash of steel, heard one faint moan. The murderer, before I could reach him, plunged into the wood, and human justice never caught its victim.

Beside that dull gray stone, the monument of ancestral crime, husband and wife, united in a bitter death, were found at dawn when I had incoherently told the awful tale. Years afterward, when the Chase had passed through several hands, and the old house had been pulled down and a modern red brick mansion built upon the ruins, and a prosperous owner had cleared the tangled wood and cut rides for ampler shooting, and prepared for vast *battues*, a skeleton was found in a long-disused chalk-pit, a rusted knife still clasped in the bony hand.

But, whatever may have been the improvements of modern taste, one part of the woods of Glascodine Chase still wears its old wild and weird appearance. The white scar upon my side still tells me that the romance of my youth was not a fevered dream; and old rustics and village gossips still maintain that unearthly cries yet haunt the sombre woods, and when the shades of night fall deeply round none care to linger by the dark gray MURDER STONE.

SERVANTGALISM IN VIRGINIA.

ALMOST the first words my wife said to me on my return to Richmond after Lee's surrender were—"Richard, speak to Amy: she's been our best friend."

So I "spoke to" Amy, a likely mulatto, which much embarrassed Amy.

"Why, Ann has not deserted you, surely?"

"Oh no; but Ann is in the kitchen now, and you can speak to her some other time."

Ann and Amy were the only servants we had; and the night before the fall of Richmond, when I went into the kitchen to take leave of them, and told them that the Yankees would be in town the next morning and they would be free, they asked me what they had better do.

"Stick to your mistress. Good-bye," was my reply, as I hurried away.

And they did stick to her faithfully all through that dreadful day, when the awful fire was raging, when fragments of shell were raining on top of our little home, when the houses across the street were in flames, and when our own house, on fire a dozen times, threatened to burn down over their heads. And every day for three weeks after they had clung steadfastly to her, doing everything they could to cheer, comfort and help her along, and abating not one jot or tittle of their former respect.

This news pleased me mightily, but did not in the least surprise me, because I had always had a high opinion of both Amy and Ann. Trained in the house, they belonged to the better class of servants, and were in themselves good-hearted people.

"How have the Yankees treated you?" was my first question.

"Very well. The morning of the surrender your father came early through the fire and smoke, bringing me a guard—a Pennsylvania boy, a private—quite handsome he was—who read his Bible often during the day, and treated me

with the utmost respect. At nightfall he was replaced by an Irishman, a full-grown man, equally respectful, who paced the back and front yards all night long, to guard against fire and to protect us from thieves. He remained several days, until order was restored in the city and danger was past. Other ladies, hearing of his presence, came and placed themselves under his protection. He was such a comfort to us that we were all sorry when he left, and I am sure that I tried to show my appreciation of him by giving him the best we had to eat in the house—not very good, you know, but the best we had."

"Haven't you had rations?"

"Yes, but neither myself nor the servants could eat the corn and bacon they gave us—they are so coarse, so different from ours."

"Then you like the Yankees, they have been so kind to you?"

"What! I? Oh, Richard, how can you ask such a question?"

"Why not?"

"Well, the men have been respectful, and the officers have certainly been very polite—they are going to send two great army-wagons and some men to move us next week to Mrs. B——'s, where I've rented rooms much better than these we have here, and the moving will not cost us a cent—but—but—I can't like them. Don't ask me why. They are so unlike us, have such a strange pronunciation, and they have conquered our country; and—and—I don't, I can't, like them."

"You wait a while. Their kindness will be sure to break you down."

"*Never!*" was this rebellious woman's reply.

After our removal to Mrs. B——'s we had some further talk about the Yankees—important talk—with a view to our future course in life. My wife's opinion was, that we had little to hope

from them: they hated us, were doing all they could to humiliate us, and would continue to do so. I did not agree with her. My idea was, that the reaction from the war would be quick and complete; that, as we had at least shown ourselves to be brave, they would be as proud of us as the English were of the Scotch after the union of the two countries; that they would make much of us, and do all they could to restore our waste places, in order that the whole country might prosper.

My idea is still the same. I believe now, notwithstanding Mr. Lincoln's most unfortunate assassination, that if the politicians and newspaper-men had given the cue of kindness, the people would gladly have followed, and that kindness shown so generally by military men just after the surrender would have been universally imitated by civilians, and would surely have broken us down. Restoration would then have been from the heart, without the need of complex laws and constitutional amendments. The opposite course was chosen by the authorities in Washington, and—the result is before us.

Here I am, Virginian-like, talking politics when I started out to tell about Servantgalism. My excuse is this—if, indeed, it were possible for me to help myself—that I have yet to read in a Northern magazine or literary paper the first story, essay or sketch relating to the war, or the events which followed it, that was not pretty well peppered with politics, and very sectional politics at that. But the conquerors have rights that the conquered have not.

My little debate with my wife ended thus: "While I believe that the Yankees are going to be kind to us, even more so than they have been already, I have no idea of remaining where I am—on the wrong side of the fence. I intend to turn Yankee myself."

"What?" I wish you could have seen my wife's eyebrows at that moment.

"Richmond is getting to be rather a hot and dark place for me. Too many impudent negroes here. I can't help feeling subjugated: can you?"

"No, indeed."

"Well, then, for one, I don't intend to remain a down-trodden rebel: I am going to be a free American citizen—I am going to Boston."

"Boston!" The poor little soul was aghast, and fairly screamed.

"Yes, Boston is the place for me. I want to be in the head-quarters of Yankeeedom. The laws passed for loyal men will be my laws, the tariff passed for their benefit will be my tariff, and—"

"Desert your country in its hour of trial? Oh, Richard!"

"My child, if by staying here and sharing the sufferings of my fellow-rebels (so called), I could do the least good, you know I would not hesitate an instant. But that is not the question."

"What is it, then?"

"The question is, How am I to make a living here?—how get food and clothing for you and the little girl?"

"Yes, yes," she answered sadly: "I had not thought of that."

So it came to pass that I went not to Boston, but to New York, where I remained several months, enjoying myself very much, as became a free citizen of the United States. Mrs. Elder—that is my wife—unwilling to be left alone in the negro-overwhelmed city of her nativity, accepted the invitation of a friend to visit her in a distant State. Amy went with her: Ann, of course, had to be left behind, and was discharged.

One day I ran down from New York to see Mrs. Elder. As I drew near the house there was my little Virginian toddling about the porch, and there, too, was the faithful Amy. Ah, how my heart warmed toward Amy! how I relied on her!

The weather was intensely hot. Looking from the porch, my attention was drawn to a white man who was mowing in a neighboring field. Through all the blazing hours of the long, long midsummer day that man swung his scythe, stopping a half hour for dinner, and never ceasing until the broad red sun went down in the burning west. Panting in the shade of the ample porch, I wondered he didn't drop from sun-stroke.

"Gussie," said I, "who is that man?"

"Why, that is Tom Watson, who used to live in Giles county."

"You don't tell me so! I must go to see him."

That very evening I did go to see him, and he gave me an item in Servantmanism.

"Tom," I asked, "how in the world do you stand the life you are leading? I wonder it don't kill you."

"Kill me! I never had such health in my life: I sleep like a top—like ten tops. But, Richard"—here his face and his voice fell—"my mind is going. I can actually feel my brain shrinking inside of my skull. You may laugh, but it is the solemn truth. Read! I never read, and I never think: I have no time to do either. When I get home at night it is as much as I can do to milk the cow, chop the wood, eat my supper and fall into bed. I'm asleep in a second. I can't even talk to my wife or play with my children. And on Sunday I literally *rest*—eat and sleep. As for going to church, I never think of it: it is out of the question."

"So, then, you don't believe in the Yankee theory about the 'dignity of labor?'"

"Not a confounded bit. It is the most infernal nonsense that was ever uttered."

Do you know that (being a Virginian) it pleased me hugely to hear Tom say this?

Then Tom, after explaining why it was that he couldn't afford to hire "help" on his little farm, gave me another item, this time about Servantgalism—or rather the want of it—and white Servantmanism in its stead.

"Are you well acquainted with the old gentleman your family is staying with?" inquired Tom.

"Well, no—I can't say that I am. But why?"

"Because he is the gamest old cock that ever I heard of."

"How so?"

"Well, a year or so ago, while the war was raging, the old gentleman's wife, who had just given birth to a

child, was attacked by typhoid fever. There was not a servant of any kind on the place, not even a farm-hand, and none to be had, because it was known that he was a Southern sympathizer. His only grown son, a chip of the old block, brave as Julius Cæsar, was in the Confederate army, and the rest of his children, five or six in number, were all small. I did not live in this neighborhood then, but I know it to be a fact that not a single neighbor came nigh the old gentleman in his distress. The 'sympathizers' were afraid to come, and the Unionists would not visit a rebel. The doctor, even, came but once or twice a week. Now what did this old aristocrat do? Why, he just did everything. He washed, he cooked, he ironed, he cleared up the house, he cut the wood, he brought the water, he washed and dressed the children, he nursed his wife by day and night, he attended to the baby, fed it from the bottle, made up the beds, swept out, dusted down, and finally, getting his dander fairly up, he sent to the city for a sewing-machine, taught himself to sew on it, bought patterns, and cut out and actually made with his own hands clothes for the children, down even to a dress for the baby!* Now, if that ain't doing well for a worn-out rebel aristocrat, I'd like you to say what is doing well. I tell you that the old fellow deserves as much credit as the most gallant officer in the Southern army."

As Tom Watson was not himself a born aristocrat, this deserved and disinterested tribute to a slave-lord tickled me prodigiously.

"And that is what you all have got to come to in the South," added Tom.

This did not tickle me at all. But I returned to New York in high good-humor, glowing with admiration for the faithful Amy.

Being an exotic, and old at that, transplanting did not agree with me, and I was forced to get back to a more congenial climate. At the time of my return to Virginia my wife was visiting a relation in the tide-water region. After

* An actual occurrence.

I had been in the house a few moments I said, very naturally, "I don't see Amy. Where's Amy?"

"Deserted me."

"*Deserted you?*"

"Yes; but I think her friends more to blame than she is."

"*We-ell*, if ever I put faith in a nigger again, you may shoot me."

The county in which we then were had been full of negroes, many of whom, of course, had gone off: still, a great many remained. But not a decent nurse was to be had for love, money or blarney. So we did the best we could without a nurse, and as the weather was warm and our relative's children helped us all they could, we got along very well. But after a time we had to return to Richmond. (You would like me to call it the "rebel capital," but I won't do it.)

Then came the tug of war—to me. Every Sunday afternoon, and some of the afternoons during the week, I had to "mind the child." Do you know what that is? If you don't, don't try to find out or let anybody force you to find out. The child could walk a few steps at a time: she might have walked farther, a great deal farther, but, to vex me, she wouldn't. So I had to tote her two-thirds of the time. I would put her down and in the sweetest tones would say, "Walk across, meese (miss)—walk for farberins-parberins" (abbreviation for father). "Walk across, that's a goody girly-purly."

The thing would waddle about ten paces, and then, holding out its chubby arms, would say in piteous accents, "Up-a-days."

Accordingly, I upped and daysed her, and toted her until my left ulna and radius were ready to break. Oh, how I maledicted the faithless Amy and objurgated the Yankees! At last I discovered a woodyard on the bank of the canal, and then, by throwing chips and bits of pine bark and brickbats into the water, I would sometimes keep the thing quiet and contented for twenty consecutive minutes. By that time water-splashing was played out, and I would

have to up-a-days and tote her again. She had learnt to say "teeple," and if she pointed at the Second Baptist church and Dr. Hoge's church once and said "teeple," and I responded once by pointing at Dr. Hoge's church and the Second Baptist church and saying "teeple," we pointed and said "teeple" ten thousand times apiece during those long, hot, horrible, tiresome, Amy-less afternoons. I was sick of "teeple." If a commission *de lunatico* had sat upon me, and one of its members had chanced to say "steeples," I would have gone off like a pack of fire-crackers, and a verdict of *non compos* would have been inevitable.

Finding that we *must* have a nurse, we induced Amy to return, or rather she asked us to let her come back, for she loved the "teeple"-pointer. It was an immense relief, but she was not the Amy to me that she had been.

Finding that boarding was too expensive, we rented rooms, the cheapest we could find—two rooms and a half, with kitchen privilege—for sixty-five dollars a month! Very soon a little brother introduced himself to Miss Up-a-days, and for many weeks thereafter Mrs. Elder was exceedingly sick. Dark weeks they were, I assure you. To get bread and meat and pay that sixty-five dollars a month rent was no easy matter. In my desperation, I tried to obtain the noble position of sewing-machine agent, and failed. I projected all sorts of schemes, and actually went to see a great railroad president, in order to induce him to join me in organizing a series of grand excursions from Northern cities to the battle-fields of Virginia. He was very civil, offered me a free pass over the whole length of his road and back again, but as for my scheme, he was unable to perceive it. Eventually, I touched bottom by determining to start a newspaper, the prospectus of which I wrote out in full, and now have in my possession, but nothing less than two dollars (the subscription-price, invariably in advance, of my paper) would induce me to part with it.

Just at this terrible time we discovered

Amanda. Ah, Amanda was such a treasure! She was a light, gingercake-colored girl, with hair like an Indian's, only it waved, and she *had had her dose of Yankees!* That was a great card in our favor. Running away from her master, she had found at Fortress Monroe bad shelter, bad food, hardly any clothing, not very kind treatment, and a plenty of ague and fever, with mercury and salivation to match. She knew her business as nurse and house-cleaner thoroughly, and we knew that she would stick to us.

So she did, for a good long time—eighteen months. If we had not gone to Blankton to live, she might possibly have been with us to this day. But the habits of the servants of Blankton were very different from the habits of the servants in other parts of Virginia. The first thing we knew, Amanda was bawling out of our chamber window at the maid in the chamber of the house on the opposite side of the street; and when we rebuked her for such unseemly conduct, she received the rebuke sullenly. But she obeyed our wishes, and continued to be a most admirable servant. Everybody envied us such a treasure. We praised her, we petted her, did everything for her—gave her the keys and made her mistress of the house. And a most excellent mistress she made, until—when?—until she got religion of the "once-in-grace-always-in-grace" kind. Her whole character was changed within a few weeks, and from being a friend rather than a servant, she became first a worthless huzzy, and then an actual enemy.

Particulars of her misconduct need not be given. When I returned to Blankton after a long absence, and heard of her shameful and cruel behavior to Mrs. Elder, my arm ached up my shoulder for a cowhide.

"Surely, you do not mean the inhuman lash?"

"My friend, I am the fragments of a slave-driver, with a fine Southern temper, an imperfect education in the 'humanities,' and an abiding belief that the inhuman lash is a good thing for

whites as well as blacks, and will continue to be until the last vestige of the original barbarism of mankind has been eradicated."

"You brute!"

"Thank you, ma'am."

So we left Blankton, and we left our treasure, Amanda. Strange to say, nobody coveted that treasure, and she had finally to go into a distant State to get employment.

After our separation from Amanda, servant-gals came thick and fast. The list, in brief, ran somewhat as follows: At Greenville, Kate; pretty good, well-behaved and capable, but her eyes got sore, and we had to give her up. Then Mary Ellen, with no particular faults, but miserably green, gawky and incompetent; had her one month. Then Ellen; no account. Then, at Drinkly Court-house, Lizzy, who stayed with us twenty-four hours, and told Mrs. Elder that she "seen from her face that she couldn't please her." Then Laura, an impudent wretch, who stayed half her time in the kitchen or anywhere away from the scene of her duties, and who wound up by telling my wife, early one morning, before breakfast, that "if she expected her to mind that child all day Sunday, she was mistaken." Off she went, and we swapped the devil for a witch, her successor being still another Ellen, a yaller—not yellow—square-built, awkward, slow, hideous, filthy, diseased and utterly good-for-nothing stupe, of whom we would gladly have got rid months before we did, if any human being could have been found to put in her place. At length, by moving to a distance, we procured Jane, a slim, thin, fourteen-year-old charcoal chit, lazy to a degree, and rejoicing in a sore finger the whole time we had her, from June till October. Jane's mother kept her to her duty, but about the time she began to know enough to be of some use, away *she* went, her finger still sore. Then nobody for a long time. Then Roberta for three weeks. She did very well for one of her age, but went home one Saturday "to git her clothes," and that was the last we ever saw of her.

A few servant-gal-less weeks ensued, and then turned up Melinda, a dirty, lazy but good-tempered creature, who actually remained an entire year. She began to be good for something, when one stormy night her stepfather came, in a state of beastly intoxication, and insisted on taking her home, nine miles away, through the pouring winter rain. And what is worse, he wanted her to walk! We found her crying bitterly, and it was a long time before she would tell us what was the matter, so afraid was she of the drunken wretch. When at last she did tell us, I went to the back door, called that stepfather out of the kitchen, where he lay in a drunken sleep, and told him, in my mild Southern way, that if he was not off that plantation in five minutes I would blow his besotted brains out.

He went, but in a few days sent her mother for her; and although she had another bitter cry because she did not want to go at all, she had to go. This is a sample of negro stepfatherism in Virginia. I could give many others if space permitted, but the above will suffice.

You will have observed that in several cases we were allowed to keep girls until they became familiar with the duties of nurse and house-servant, and, this gained, they were whisked away by their parents. Agreeable task, to train the youthful African, and have your training for your pains! And to pass one's life in training a series of youthful Africans, how remunerative and highly improving to the temper! To sit down servantless after some sudden bereavement of the Melinda-Jane-Roberta kind, with a world of house-work upon you and nobody to help you, and to look forward through a long vista of just such bereavements following fast and faster—ah, this is the bliss, this the ripe, red, watermelon core of Servantgalism in the South! Oh, who would not live alway, and who could welcome the tomb, under those peculiar circumstances? I put it to you of the North to say.

Pauline succeeded Melinda. A quick-

er, more teachable, neater servant we never had. An old grandmother, who had been the slave of a gentleman, made Pauline stay with us when she often wanted to go away, and made us keep her when we longed often to get rid of her; for Pauline, besides having two fathers, who bothered us a good deal, was about twice a week literally possessed of a devil. Such sulks on the slightest provocation or no provocation, and such intolerable, unheard-of insolence! The entreaties of her grandmother, who had six other grandchildren to provide for, without help from either of Pauline's fathers—one of whom has since married again, and threatens to dump six more children down upon his old mother-in-law—her grandmother's entreaties alone saved Pauline not only from dismissal, but from punishment—"correction," as we used to call it down this way.

Furious at some particularly unbearable insult to Mrs. Elder, I sent for Pauline to come to my private room, intending to—ah!—"correct" her, as her grandmother had requested me to do whenever she deserved it. She came. I showed her the inhuman lash—a small cherry switch, and cherry, you know, is brittle. She did not tremble, but she looked as if she felt very badly and expected to feel a good deal worse presently. I trembled—not, however, with fright. But, remembering that if, Othello-like, I did but lift "this puny arm," the consequences might be more serious than I contemplated or desired, I restrained my fine slave-driving temper, allowed my puny arm to subside, and in a low voice gave Pauline just such a lecture as I would have given one of my own children. The result was, that she ceased to sulk and to be possessed of the devil oftener than once a week, and in her anxiety to befriend me jumped out of bed one frosty morning and went in her bare feet to gather chips to build my fire with. Poor Pauline! An attack of inflammatory rheumatism ensued, as if her aged grandmother had not trials enough already, and—would you be-

lieve it?—Mrs. Elder is determined to have Pauline back as soon as she gets well.

Next in order comes Susan, a middle-aged woman and a most excellent servant. At the end of three weeks she left us, to go to another family, who had hired her previous to her engagement with us. Then Dilsy, a nappy-headed, frowsy, lagging, ignorant and unspeakably sluttish caricature of humanity, with whom the list might well end. But it does not.

About a month ago we moved back to the scene of my toting and my "teeples"-talk, and for three weeks we have been housekeeping. During that time we have had, of cooks, one—who can't make bread, but is a very well-conducted person, although she has a mulatto son, a fine-looking fellow, who is studying for the ministry; another mulatto son, who "wuks in de fac'ry," and a mulatto daughter, Mattie, barely grown and quite pretty, who goes to school in the morning and sifts cinders out of all the neighbors' ash-piles in the evening, in order to help out her mother's fire and save wood. Of nurses we have had three—to wit: First, Adelaide, who left at the end of the week, and wanted to leave in the middle of it, because Mrs. Elder ventured to speak disrespectfully to her on account of her being absent without leave at the very time of day when she was most needed; second, Ellen Randolph, a highly respectable old woman and a lifelong house-servant, who came for four days only, to tide us over a servant-gal vacuum; third, Penelope, a doleful young woman, who takes an hour to do anything, and then does not half do it, because she does not know how.

This foots up a total of eighteen servant-gals in eight years, which is a better showing than nine-tenths of our friends can make. As both the cook and the nurse we now have are to leave us next Wednesday, and as Penelope does not infuriate me more than twenty times a day, we are quite happy and contented; for to be able to look forward five whole days with an assurance

of having servants of some sort during all that stretch of time is happiness here below in Virginia.

Since our return we have been visited by Amy and Ann, and the entire retinue of old family servants, male as well as female; all of whom have been very kind and respectful. This has put us in a better frame. Life does not present itself to us quite so darkly as before, albeit it still promises to be an ever-revolving kaleidoscope of colored servant-gals, here to-day and gone to-morrow. Amy and Ann really talk as if they want to come back to us, but of course they can't, because they are bound by other engagements. I am not so excitable as I was. My temper is improving, my shirts are untorn and the hair is beginning to grow again on my head. Mrs. Elder dare not for her life allude to the subject, but, as Lizzy said at Drinkly Court-house, I "seen from her eye" that she indulges the hope that I will ultimately be restored to that amiability which characterized me in the halcyon years before the war, when I carried habitually a revolver in one pocket for my male, and a cowhide in the other pocket for my female, slaves.

Here, were I a literary New England woman-writer for the —— *Monthly* (as I hope to be in another and better world), I might fitly point this o'er-true tale and adorn it with a moral. But, sexed and Southern-sectioned as I am, I cannot do that. All I can do is to offer a few closing remarks.

I am no longer a rebel. The situation has accepted me, and I am devoted to the Union, I think. In theory, if not in practice, I am as radical as Charles Sumner himself, no longer believe in slavery or any other dead thing, and am accustomed to take the broadest views of all subjects. Keeping fully abreast of the age, I read all the books of all the ablest modern thinkers in the school of progress, and can, as a rule, attribute every event, good or bad, to "large general causes," as Mr. Buckle would say.

Still, *homo sum*; and when I see my

mother, my wife, my sister, my cousins, and the wives, mothers, sisters and cousins of all my friends, reduced to menials and compelled to drudge, with no chance of escape, no prospect of betterment, but every certainty of the reverse (for the next generation of negroes will be infinitely more unmanageable than the present, and the plagu

Democrats will *not* let John Chinaman come in)—when I see this, I say, I am utterly unable to take an impersonal, philosophical view of the matter. On the contrary, I grit what teeth I have left, and consign the Yankees to perdition with all the barbaric vehemence of my vulgar and ferocious Virginian nature.

RICHARD B. ELDER.

AT THE BEGINNING OF SUMMER.

WOULD anybody be young again if he had to take with it the penalty of going back and doing over again all the foolish things he was guilty of in his youth? *I* wouldn't.

"Give me back my youth again!" did you say? Friend, it's a mistake. Ten to one you wouldn't have it again if you could. If old Time were to come bodily to you to-day, saying, "Take back, O wise middle-aged Noodle, these twenty past years of your life, with all the pains and disappointments which have made you clear-sighted and sound-headed, with all the silly actions you perpetrated in those days, and all the occasions on which you made a long-eared donkey of yourself; worry through a second time all the tight boots and tribulations, all the toothaches and heartaches of your youth; do, be and suffer it all again; be, in short, once more just the soft young Noodle you were twenty years ago,"—ten of manhood's hearty hopes to one dolorous wail for your lost youth, that you answer, "Pass on, Father Time! And you may as well tip those twenty golden sand-grains back into the *lower* half of your hour-glass. I do not want them!"

It gives an odd feeling, especially if you are a woman, to find yourself getting to be a little bit middle-aged. First, you will notice that you begin to be left out of very young folks' picnics, and to get fewer notes in pink envelopes than

you used. Then you begin to be faintly haunted by vague, sneaking doubts as to whether white muslin and blue ribbons are becoming to you. Finally, and worst of all, once in a while you will see an infant of the male sex, whom you remember as a rosy little fellow in checked aprons when you were twelve years old, suddenly lifted over your head in the shape of a long, gawky biped, with the tender down of a first moustache sprouting from his upper lip. That gives you an intensely exasperating sensation. Nor is it pleasant to have saucy young snips of girls talk of you behind your back as Old Sarah Thompson.

But then, would you have again the bread-and-butter days of life, and be just the same moony, half-done creature you were then, even if, to buy back your youth, you had but to endure again the sentimental agony of your first quarrel with Harry? Again allow me to say, *I* wouldn't.

Then, too, you may as well make up your mind to the hard fact of middle age when you chance to open some old gilt-edged book of poetry, and discover, carefully pressed away between the leaves, a little lock of faded hair, and you can't remember for your life whose it is. I have half a dozen such myself. They were precious as gold once, no doubt, but I make confidential confession to you that if I were questioned on

the rack, I couldn't now tell whose heads they came from. What makes me *know* that they were precious as gold in their time is the fact (you will observe this is another confidential confession) that they are nearly all locks of longish-short hair, before college-students began to affect the present prize-fighting style of shaving their pates. O poor little rings of faded hair!—*schwarzes Haar, rothes Haar, goldenes Haar*—I grieve to say it, but I have forgotten you all!

Again, when you go to a party and dance more than half the night, far into the small hours, and then partake of that grindstone mess called a party supper, maybe you notice that you feel grumpy and out of sorts next day. Well, that's a sign, too. Especially if you have found yourself pausing to listen now and then to the chattering talk of persons younger than yourself, and sarcastically wondering whether you ever made such a wholesale idiot of yourself, or whether very young misses always deluge society with such quantities of simpering nonsense and affectation. (I believe they do.) It is a *sure* sign if you find yourself constantly feeling a call to give your younger sisters advice which they don't want, or to treat them now and then to a bit of a preachment, for which you get no reward except thankless insinuations about saving one's breath to cool one's broth. Or maybe you say occasionally to your sister Ella, who is sixteen and pretty, "When you have lived as long as I have, you will find that the majority of very young people have precious little common sense."

And you don't seem exactly to enjoy the literature which used to be so famously eloquent and beautiful. That fascinating romance which you sat up all night to read fifteen years ago has come to have a frightfully suspicious sound of buncombe in it, of late. Moreover, that mellifluous flow of English which used to be the seventh heaven of eloquence to your green young ears, that pow-wow of moons and stars and angels, of childhood's recollections, wherein girls of fifteen talk as though

they were at least a thousand years old,—whenever all this delicious, high-stepping multiloquence begins to sound a little tiresome and wishy-washy, accept the token that you are growing middle-aged. Your youthful glory, such as it is, has departed, to come again no more for ever.

What then? What matters it that the golden days have left us, if better days come after them? Let them go. Don't attempt the impossibility of holding them back. Once for all, there is no misery so distressful as the desperate agony of trying to keep young when one can't. I know an old bachelor who has attempted it. His affectation of youth, like all affectations, is a melancholy failure. He is a rapid young man of fifty. He plies innocent young ladies with the pretty compliments and soft nothings in vogue when he was a spoony youth of twenty. The fashion of talking to young ladies has changed within thirty years, you know, and this aged boy's soft nothings seem more out of date than a two-year-old bonnet. They make you think, somehow, of that time-honored frog-story wherein is set forth the discovery of galvanic electricity. When you see his old-fashioned young antics—his galvanic gallantry, so to speak—and hear the speeches he makes to girls in their teens, when he ought to be talking to them like a father, you involuntarily call him an old idiot, and long to remind him of that quaint rebuke of grand old John: "Thou talkest like one upon whose head the shell is to this very day."

That is how he seems. He is old enough to have been almost full-fledged before you were born, and here he is trying to make believe that he is still in the days of his gosling-green, with the shell sticking on his head to this day! It is a melancholy absurdity. One can't be young unless one *is* young. Only once is it given to us to be untried and soft, and gushing and superlative, and when the time comes for it all to go, no sort of effort can hold back the fleeting days.

After all, there isn't any particular

reason why one should want to hold fast, with such a desperate clutch, to one's departing youth. Are the days of our youth really our happiest days? Not at all. To be sure, pen-drivers of high and low degree contend that they are, but will facts bear them out in so doing? Again—not at all. The time of youth is, *par excellence*, the time of storms and disappointments. It is the time of illusive dreams and phantom hopes, just as infancy is the time of bugaboos. It is the time of fume and worry. It is the time when we want we don't know what. It is a most unsatisfactory time.

A wise, dignified middle-aged lady, the perfection of housekeepers, the perfection of mothers, the perfection of friends, confesses that at the age of sixteen it appeared to her dazzled vision that the climax of earthly glory was to be reached by learning to ride circus-fashion and becoming a famous bare-back equestrian. She says that her father's laugh when she timidly hinted her aspirations to him fairly broke her heart. There was no more joy for her in this life, she thought, when her own kindred went against her. For myself, to the best of my knowledge and recollection, the hardest trial of my youth was when my good mother and the laws of decorous society of the middle rank set their respective and respectable feet immovably down that I should not dress in boy's clothes and wander about the streets at night, smoking cigars. Strictly between ourselves, I am conscious of the same insane desire at times to this day. And one of the most moral, steady-going citizens of our town, a member of the Board of Education, tells me that in his youth he was "perfectly crazy," as the young ladies say, to go and be a professional gambler.

I do believe that when we are young there is in every one of us an intense, secret longing toward whatever isn't pretty to do. What a world of rogues and ruffians this would be, then, if we were allowed to fulfill the wicked youthful aspirations of the very best of us!

Nevertheless, terrible as they are,

youthful disappointments are by no means the worst things in the world. Not one in five thousand but survives them and does well. They only show us what we really want, or, better yet, what we really don't want. It is a good thing in this world to know what you don't want. Thoughtful young people in the latter half of their teens, probably without exception, are thrown into a muddle of conflicting hopes. It is a most perplexing muddle too. They are all morally certain that they shall do great things some day, and show the stupid old world what's what, or, if not exactly what's what, at least who's who. Perhaps in a general way they care more about the who's who than the what's what. Each one knows he can be an extraordinary something or somebody. But he doesn't know what to be—can't tell for his life in what particular direction to turn his mighty gifts. I knew a young man who tried successively to be a lawyer, a doctor, a preacher, a merchant and a Methodist; which brings him down to middle age and the present time, when I regret to say that the golden aspirations of his youth have ended in his becoming a manufacturer of tombstones. Perhaps the occupation followed logically enough as a result of long and mournful contemplation over the graves of so many buried hopes. In truth, the ambitious desires of our early days are mostly enveloped in a very dim, uncertain glamour; and the crude, unreal years during which the majority of mankind are afflicted with youthful aspirations are not highly satisfying when looked at in retrospect. An hour of the strong will and bright, steady hopes of middle age were worth a lifetime of them.

Youthful aspirations are mostly gammon. We don't believe it when we are young, but we discover it as we approach middle age. You remember how, when we used to have to grub out Virgil at school (how we hated it, didn't we?), we read that her majesty Queen Juno took the phantom of a hollow cloud and made a hollow Æneas, and placed a hollow helmet upon his hollow head,

and gave him hollow armor, "miracle wonderful to behold," and lastly finished him off by putting into his mouth empty words and sound without sense (*sine mente sonum*)—though I rather fancy that sound without sense wouldn't be so much of a miracle now-a-days: then she sent this image to delude Turnus and draw him away from the real fight. This phantom Æneas might represent the whole bundle of youthful aspirations after fame, or gold, or power, or what you will—any of those phantoms which trick us away from the true fight of life, and that solid, earnest work which is the real Æneas we are after.

We can't begin to see the battle of life as it is until the smoke has cleared away and our phantom Æneas has gone back into the clouds whence he came. It is worth being middle-aged if only to see what we are about. It is not the confidence of untried ignorance which we feel then, but the consciousness of known strength and power tried and tempered.

I have been told twenty times by elderly people that if there was a single aspiration dearer to me than another, a solitary hope upon which I had set my whole heart, that aspiration and that hope would surely be dashed to the ground and shivered to infinitesimal atoms. Well, I don't believe it—I never did believe it. They said that my poor little aspirations would be thus ignominiously dealt with in order to teach me the vanity of human hopes and the dependence of the human soul. I don't believe that, either. Cant! cant! cant! every word of it. The Good Father would not take such an ugly way of teaching his children a moral lesson. He is hardly so much like an old-fashioned human schoolmaster as that. But when we approach middle age, and turn to look backward upon the ruins of the youthful hopes we have left behind us, lo! they are but the ruins of crazy air-castles! There is not a worthy hope or a pure aspiration implanted within us but there is implanted also the means of its fulfillment. As a

matter of fact, the youthful hopes so ignobly crushed are only those illusive structures which are not built upon the tough foundation of common sense. And if, from all the undefined ambitions and misty aspirations of spring-time, there remains one single longing which has not perished, one single hope which we cannot quite put aside from our thoughts, let us accept the working out of that one aspiration as our life's task. Cherish it as a gift from God, and be thankful, O friend! that the day of spasmodic ambitions and general unripeness is over with you. It *is* something to be thankful for. Older folks can't make light of you any more because you are young and therefore foolish. You begin at last to be wise with the wisdom of experience, which is better than the wisdom of books.

Not the raw, fitful spring, but the warm, rich summer is the golden time. There is a deep, intense joy that comes from the indwelling knowledge of tried power which is like no other joy in this life. You had no such exultant joy as that when you were very young. You couldn't row your little boat then with that long, telling oar-sweep which now sends it shooting over the blue waves. Could you? Whatever purpose you set about, you have a strong will and a skillful hand for it, which you hadn't fifteen years ago, or even ten.

Is it not better?

It *is* better, far better. So let the days of youth go: let us turn our eyes before us. There are fairer islands in the sea of Time than even the enchanted shores we leave behind us. The summer flowers are brighter and richer than the pale roses of early spring. And the years just to come are the years during which we shall know all the fullness, all the intensity of life, with its depths of love, its heights of joy, its marvelous, unknown possibilities. Let us make room, then, gracefully and gladly, for the happy, workfully of middle age—

"Room for the swift, new seasons,
The years that burn and break!"

ELIZA ARCHARD.

PROFESSOR LOWELL AS A CRITIC.

MR. LOWELL owes his position in the world of letters to his poetry, or, more strictly speaking, to his humorous poetry. His prose writings would certainly not have gained him the same degree of favor from the general public. They are, in fact, addressed to a more limited circle. Yet this smaller number of readers comprises, as is not unusual, the warmest admirers. And even colder judges must admit that these productions, besides affording additional proofs of that versatility of talent which is their author's most striking characteristic, exhibit a combination of qualities for some of which poetry hardly offers scope—fancy, wit, acumen, scholarship, healthiness of sentiment, and a nice perception and ample mastery of the secrets both of rhythm and expression.

It is mainly as a critic that Mr. Lowell presents himself to the public in his last two volumes;* and his essay on Chaucer strikes us as his best and most highly finished piece of work in this capacity. The subject was one peculiarly suited to his powers. It afforded opportunity for the display of his familiar and critical acquaintance with early English literature—shown more elaborately but less agreeably in an article on "Old Authors"—while his relish for the poetry of Chaucer, with its simplicity and its art, its antique flavor and perennial freshness, its sly satire and gentle pathos, its shrewdness and what Mr. Lowell finely calls its "gracious worldliness," is so instinctive and entire as to keep him throughout at the height of his faculty and in his happiest mood. What he says of the Troubadours and the Trouvères, of Chaucer's originality and indebtedness, of his language and metre, and of the relation in which he stands to his predecessors and contemporaries—to Gower and Langdale in particular—is always learned and

acute, sometimes subtle and suggestive. His comments, too, on the qualities that make Chaucer, however unepical in form and even in spirit, our true English Homer, or substitute for Homer, embody the feelings and impressions of all appreciative readers, while clothing them with the charms of a graceful style and varied imagery. The pleased assent with which we follow him is checked, perhaps, only once, when he quotes, in proof of Chaucer's vivid conception and power of condensation, "a verse which makes us glance over our shoulder as if we heard a stealthy tread behind us—

'The smiler with the knife hid under his cloak.'"

Such a line, to produce the effect described, should come upon us with the force of absolute originality and of an observation from the life; whereas the trait is characteristic neither of English habits nor of Chaucer's manner: it savors of the south, of the land of the *capa y espada*, where we find, at a later period at least, the phrase, *Su risa y su cuchillo eran confines*—"his smile and his knife were neighbors"—applied as a popular saying to Philip II.; not very appropriately, it is true, since Philip's victims had but rare occasion to reproach him with his smiles.

Mr. Lowell asks at the beginning of the article, "Will it *do* to say anything more about Chaucer? Can any one hope to say anything, not new, but even fresh, on a topic so well worn?" He himself, we think, says many things on this topic, as well as on that of Shakespeare—in regard to which he puts a similar question—that are fresh; things, that is to say, which show a close and independent study of the subject, and which may help to revivify the impressions of readers who have gone over the same ground, as well as to instruct and stimulate those who have not. But we are compelled to admit that he says

* Among my Books, 1870; My Study Windows, 1871.

nothing on either topic which can properly be called new. In fact, the saying of new things cannot be described as Mr. Lowell's forte. One would probably search these two volumes in vain for a single striking thought bearing the stamp of originality. And this is a defect more noticeable, perhaps, in criticism than in any other branch of literature. Criticism is, so to speak, the scientific part of pure literature. It is therefore essentially progressive, and successive explorers, if they lead us into grounds already trodden, may be expected to guide us by new paths, and to bring us to a higher point and wider outlook than we had before attained. Mr. Lowell never appears to us to be doing this, although he too often has the air of making what he supposes to be an unexpected revelation while traversing the beaten ways and pointing to familiar sights. When he tells us, more than once, that "the love of Nature in and for herself, or as a mirror for the moods of the mind," is "a modern thing" and "was brought into fashion by Rousseau," he is merely repeating a text on which Sainte-Beuve and other critics had repeatedly discoursed; while in adding, as a reason for the fact, that "it is only within a century or so that the search after the picturesque has been a safe employment," he falls back upon one of the shallow theories by which Macaulay was wont to explain all things in the heaven above and on the earth beneath. His remark, that, "*so far as my observation goes*, the farther one penetrates the sombre solitudes of the woods, the more seldom does he hear the voice of any singing-bird," lends unnecessary confirmation to a commonly known fact, of which his additional remark, that "these songsters love the neighborhood of man because hawks and owls are rarer, while their own food is more abundant," offers the equally common explanation. The "sombre solitudes" from which they were gathered are to be found, we apprehend, in the sweet and unpretentious English of Goldsmith's

Animated Nature.* Nor is the matter much helped by the fact that these studies from nature are adduced in support of a further discovery to which other writers could establish a prior claim. "In spite of Chateaubriand's minuteness of detail," says Mr. Lowell, "*I cannot help doubting* whether he made his way very deep in the wilderness." The same doubt was expressed, and similarly, but much more amply supported, twenty years ago, by Sainte-Beuve,† who, not being in the habit of referring to sombre solitudes for facts to be gleaned from books, cites, among other authorities, an article in the *American Quarterly Review* for Dec., 1827.

Sometimes the borrowing is so direct that one hardly understands how it can have been unconscious. The epigram on Carlyle, who "sees history, as it were, by flashes of lightning," has been "conveyed" bodily from Sainte-Beuve's criticism on Michelet, to whose method the phrase was applied with a force which it utterly lacks when applied to a method so different from Michelet's as that of Carlyle. A more ludicrous instance is Mr. Lowell's statement, as of a matter of his "own experience," which "has been the *very opposite* of Mr. Carlyle's," that, "instead of find-

* "In the depth of the desert or the gloom of the forest there is no grain to be picked up; none of those tender buds that are so grateful to their appetites: insects themselves, that make so great a part of their food, are not found there in abundance, their natures being unsuited to the moisture of the place. *As we enter, therefore, deeper into uncultivated woods*, the silence becomes more profound; everything carries the look of awful stillness; there are none of those warblings, none of those murmurs, that awaken attention, as near the habitations of men; there is nothing of that confused buzz, formed by the united though distant voices of quadrupeds and birds; but all is profoundly dead and solemn. Now and then, indeed, the traveler may be roused from this lethargy of life by the voice of a heron or the scream of an eagle; *but his sweet little friends the warblers have totally forsaken him*.

† There is still another reason for these little birds avoiding the depths of the forest; which is, that their most formidable enemies usually reside there. The greater birds, like robbers, choose the most dreary solitude for their retreat; and if they do not find, they make, a desert all around them. The small birds fly from their tyranny, and seek protection in the vicinity of man, where they know their more unmerciful foes will not venture to pursue them.—*Animated Nature*, Book V., ch. i.

† Chateaubriand et son Groupe.

ing men disloyal to their natural leader, nothing has ever seemed to us so touching as the gladness with which they follow him when they are sure they have found him at last"—an announcement scarcely sufficient to demolish the doctrine of Hero-Worship, of which it simply echoes one of the two leading ideas.*

If the essay on Chaucer is Mr. Lowell's best performance in this line, his article on Carlyle must be pronounced the worst. Lack of power to grapple with the subject may easily be pardoned. Those who most revere and those who most detest Carlyle are agreed on one point, as is manifest from the intensity and extremity of their mutual opposition—namely, that he is a *power* in literature, one of those writers who cannot be fittingly measured by mere literary standards, but whose status must in great part be determined by the impress they have made upon their age. In Carlyle's case the time has not come when a full judgment of this kind can be formed. Yet one sees no reason why a writer of Mr. Lowell's pretensions should have picked up and strung together the wayside absurdities and trivialities which a vagrant criticism had flung over the theme—should tell us, for example, that "since *Sartor Resartus* Mr. Carlyle has done little but repeat himself;" that "he has come at length to believe in brute force as the only reality;" that what he chiefly aims at is to "attract," to "astonish," to gratify the longing of "the languid public for a sensation;" and that he "has gone on till mere strength has become such washy weakness that there is no longer any titillation in it." It is still more singular that a man of wit should descend to such "withering sarcasm" as the following: "Saul seeking his father's asses found himself

* "The certainty of Heroes being sent us; our faculty, our necessity to reverence Heroes when sent; it shines like a pole-star through smoke-clouds, dust-clouds, and all manner of down-rushing and conflagration." "We all love great men; love, venerate and bow down submissive before great men." "Show the dullest clodpole, show the haughtiest featherhead, that a soul Higher than himself is actually here; were his knees stiffened into brass, he must down and worship."

turned suddenly into a king; but Mr. Carlyle, on the lookout for a king, always seems to find the other sort of animals"—as, for example, Mirabeau, Danton, Cromwell, Frederick, and the like! We have heard much of Carlyle's undue admiration of mere intellect, but this is the first we have heard of his partiality for *bêtes*. For once Mr. Lowell has had a genuine "find."

In his discussion of the *Frederick*, Mr. Lowell enters into some particulars by way of correcting Carlyle's crude and uninformed notions of Prussian history. "It is our opinion," he says, "which subsequent events seem to justify, that, had there not been in the Prussian people a strong instinct of nationality, Protestant nationality too, and an intimate conviction of its advantages, the [Seven Years'] war might have ended quite otherwise." We shall venture still farther than Mr. Lowell, and assert our opinion, which preceding events seem to justify, that but for this instinct of nationality in the Prussian people the war would never have been begun. Frederick was at least not quite such a specimen of "the other sort of animals" as to back his little kingdom against the great powers of Europe if he had not taken quality as well as quantity into the account. We seem, however, to recollect having read some things about the Prussian nation and its character in the *History of Friedrich II.*—among them, several which, after Sadowa and after Sedan, were cited by the newspapers as indicating views which "subsequent events" had rather seemed to justify. But we remember also to have read in the same work things which were the corollary of those—the assertion, for example, that "without this king all its valors, disciplines, resources of war, would have availed Prussia little." Who doubts that the one statement is as true as the other—that the leader was as necessary to the people as the people to the leader—that without a Frederick the Great to call forth and direct her energies, Prussia, attacked by Austria, France and Russia, would have lost that national existence which

she had achieved under the rule and by the guidance of the Hohenzollerns? This, however, according to Mr. Lowell, would have been a very trifling catastrophe. He considers the game as not worth the candle which Carlyle has held over it. "There is something almost pitiful," he says, "in seeing a man of genius like Mr. Carlyle fighting painfully over again those battles of the last century, which settled *nothing but the continuance of the Prussian monarchy.*" Verily, Mr. Lowell is not among the prophets, however successful he may be in finding asses among kings. Read in the light of the "subsequent events" which since that sentence was written have flowed from the "continuance of the Prussian monarchy," his *only that and nothing more* sounds less like a prophecy than a parody.

Besides setting us right in regard to Prussian history, Mr. Lowell corrects the common notion in regard to the military capacity of Frederick, who "adds," we are told, "another to the many proofs that it is possible to be a great general without a spark of that divine fire which we call genius, and that good-fortune in war results from the same prompt talent and unbending temper which lead to the same result in the peaceful professions. Friedrich had certainly more of the temperament of genius than Marlborough or Wellington; but, not to go beyond modern instances, he does not impress us with the massive breadth of Napoleon, nor attract us with the climbing ardor of Turenne."

On a point of this kind we should have preferred a little plain English to any talk about the massive breadth that impresses us, the climbing ardor that attracts us, sparks of divine fire, the temperament of genius, and other flowers of poesy, though we suppose Mr. Lowell must be allowed to use his own tools even when he does not stick to his own trade, or—changing the metaphor—to have recourse to the floats when he gets beyond his depth. The distinction he seems to make between the "divine fire" of genius, of which Frederick had not a spark, and the "temperament of

genius," of which he had at least more than Marlborough or Wellington, is beyond our comprehension; nor are we sufficiently versed in high-falutin' to know even what is meant by the "temperament of genius." We had supposed that genius might vary where there was a similarity of temperaments—that temperament, according to its strength or peculiarities, might be more or less conspicuous as a medium through which genius displays itself, but that it was no more a quality of genius than the stained window is a quality of the light that shines through it. Temperament is apt to display itself strongly in poetry, because poets can hardly avoid making revelations of character, although art in its perfection ought perhaps—as Mr. Lowell himself preaches, though he does not so practice—to throw a complete veil over the personality of the artist. But inventors, men of science, and even generals, have less occasion and less temptation to expose themselves. We know nothing, for instance, of the temperament of Moltke, except that it is distinguished by glumness; which, though a useful quality in its way, is an insufficient evidence of genius, notwithstanding that, in the case of Trochu, some people were for a time inclined to take that view. On the other hand, the climbing ardor of Gambetta made itself very conspicuous. Mr. Lowell has fallen into a confusion of ideas, arising from the fact that, accustomed to estimate genius in connection with an art of which he knows much, he thinks it incumbent on him to estimate genius in connection with an art of which he knows nothing. He sees the genius of a poet in his poetry: not being able to see the genius of a general in his generalship, he looks for it in his temperament. But the proper judges of military genius are military critics; and military critics attribute genius to Frederick, not on account of his temperament, or for the "bluntness of speech," "shabby uniform," "frugal camp-equipage," and "timely familiarity" which, according to Mr. Lowell, "may make a man the favorite of an

army or a nation" (this being, we suppose, the kind of loyalty which Mr. Lowell has found so common and "so touching"), but for his displays of a quality which *is* an essential element of genius—that same quality of which we have to lament the absence in Mr. Lowell's criticism—originality; a quality which has its source in the high imaginative faculty necessary for all grand achievements, whether in poetry, in science, in politics or in war. Marlborough and Turenne were great generals, but not in the degree, or even in the sense, in which Frederick was great. They excelled in the application of the principles and methods of war as understood and practiced in their time, but they did not rise to the discovery and application of new principles and methods. They displayed their skill in planning campaigns, choosing positions, arraying their troops, detecting weak spots in the opposing lines, and hurling strong masses upon the points so exposed. Their battles were in the nature of duels, the two parties facing each other, and fighting, one might say, at a given signal. Frederick, setting at naught the traditions and precedents in vogue, introduced a new system and instilled a new spirit into modern warfare. Instead of resting in position, standing on the defensive, or waiting for some blunder on the opposite part, "he moved around the inert masses of a pedantical enemy like a panther round an ox,"* until by flank marches or oblique attacks he had placed his army across the extremity of his adversary's line, rendering null the advantage of ground, and compelling the formation of a new front at the very moment of attack or in the crisis of battle. *Before* Frederick there had been no manœuvring, unless for a position. *With* Frederick came the real manœuvring of the battle-field—Tactics properly so called. Modern military criticism drew its first lessons, its first inspiration, from the analysis of his battles and campaigns; and they continue to furnish instructive examples, even though the special system of Frederick

* Hamley: *Operations of War*.

yielded to that of Napoleon, which was to it "as the flexible chain is to the iron bar."

Napoleon's system itself is now perhaps obsolete. It produced overwhelming effects, but it demanded inexhaustible resources. It was suited to short wars, it was prolific of brilliant conquests, but it was wasteful, exhausting, and in a long war—especially a war of defence—inevitably ruinous. In this fact, as military writers tell us, more than in any other single cause, lies the secret of Napoleon's ending, so different from that of Frederick. On this point, however, Mr. Lowell has a theory of his own—a theory akin to that of the massive breadths and climbing ardors. "Frederick II.," he remarks, "left the machine of war which he received from his father even more perfect than he found it, yet within a few years of his death it went to pieces before the shock of French armies animated by an idea." (A strong proof, one would think, of the importance of having a Frederick to manage the machine.) "Again a few years, and the Prussian soldiery, inspired once more by the old national fervor, were victorious." Nothing can be simpler: the wars that grew out of the French Revolution were merely a struggle between France and Prussia, or between an idea and a fervor. But then why did the fervor, if it came from the instinct of the Prussian nation and needed no Frederick to keep it alive, go to sleep so soon after his death, allow itself for so many years to be pummeled and walked over by the idea, and only wake up again at last when the latter was itself having a bad time generally? For, after all, we are obliged to remember that Russia, Austria, England, Spain, all Europe in short, had a hand in the business, and that it was at least to a coalition of fervors that the idea finally succumbed.

If Mr. Lowell is weak on points of military history, he does not seem to us much stronger on points of ecclesiastical history. Writing of Rousseau, in a passage of which the grammar is

hazy, but the meaning discernible, he ascribes the moral inconsistencies of the Genevese philosopher in part "to the influence of a Calvinistic training, which certainly helps men who have the least natural tendency toward *it* to set faith above works, and to persuade themselves of the efficacy of an inward grace to offset an outward and visible defection from *it*." It has become so much a fashion to detect in a religious education the seeds of a subsequent depravity of life that we shall not be surprised to find this plea superseding that of insanity as a defence of prosecuted criminals. Novelists have already used it in a similar manner with striking effect. Mrs. Stowe, for example, in that sensational work on which her later and more durable reputation is based, represents her angelic heroine as taking a lenient view of the sin of incest in consideration of the sinner's Calvinistic training, which, it is to be inferred, had given him a bias in this direction. There was so much foundation for such a view that the real Byron had in his boyhood seen something of the stern features of a rigid Calvinism, and was in the habit of evoking the gloomy recollection and pretending to have been deeply impressed by it. But Rousseau had had no such experience, and never pretended to any such impressions. His early training, of which he has given us a full account, was anything but theological or rigid. The first books he read were romances, which he and his widowed father wept over in company. His other reading in early youth included such authors as Fontenelle and Molière, and only two theological works, both of them mere histories of the Church, and one of them the production of the greatest of Roman Catholic writers. Far from depicting the religion of Geneva as strict and severe, he lauds it for its unorthodox mildness and tolerance; and when *Émile* was condemned by the authorities under the influence of the French government, he taunted them with their inconsistency, citing proofs of that laxity of

belief and tolerance of unbelief which throughout his experience had prevailed at Geneva.*

All this may appear strange to persons who suppose, with Mr. Lowell, that Calvinism and Geneva are synonymous terms. But such a supposition implies an entire ignorance of an interesting though in some respects barren period of church history. In Rousseau's time Geneva was no more a seat of rigid Calvinism than Harvard College is now a seat of rigid Puritanism. It was, on the contrary, the centre of that general religious decline which began in the seventeenth century, and in most countries extended through the eighteenth—a decline in which the Calvinistic, or, more properly speaking, Augustinian, doctrine of "grace" fell into particular disrepute, being equally odious to Rationalists and Pietists. The Church of Geneva was during that period pervaded by the spirit of Rationalism; the ministers were generally Socinians; and if Calvin and Servetus could have returned to the scene of their famous controversy, the former would have been in much more danger than the latter of being "burned for the good of his soul."† But there was not life enough in the religious belief of the time to stir up such a controversy. A complete indifference, leading to a dislike and total avoidance of controversy, characterized the Church of Geneva, and rendered it the admiration of French skeptics.‡ Mr. Lowell is con-

* Rousseau, *Lettres de la Montagne*.

† "In the seventeenth century Geneva was distinguished only by its open profession of infidelity, till at length the Trinity, the Atonement and the Incarnation of the Son of God were prohibited by authority as subjects of public instruction."—*Barter's Tracts*, ap. Blunt, *Dictionary of Theology*. For proofs that this laxity continued through the eighteenth century, see Rousseau, *Lettres de la Montagne*; Voltaire, *Mémoires écrits par lui-même*; *Mémoires de Mallet du Pan*, introduction; Hagenbach, *Kirchengeschichte des 18ten und 19ten Jahrhunderts*; D'Alembert, art. GENEVE, *Encyclopédie*.

‡ See D'Alembert's famous article on Geneva in the *Encyclopédie*.—"I see from my windows," writes Voltaire from *Les Délices*, "the town where Calvin reigned, and the spot where he caused Servetus to be burned for the good of his soul. Almost all the priests of this country think to-day like Servetus, and go even farther than he did. . . . It is a very pretty revolution in the history of the human mind—one

sequently guilty of a further anachronism when he speaks of the "acute intellect" of Rousseau as having been sharpened in "a republic where theological discussion was as much the amusement of the people as the opera was at Paris." In this case, it is true, the anachronism is balanced, or over-balanced, by the absurdity of describing the opera at Paris as the amusement of *the people*. It would have been as correct to speak of *pâté de foie gras* and champagne as constituting their food and drink.

We do not forget that Mr. Lowell's department is the belles-lettres, and that the value of his literary criticism is not affected by any blunders he may commit when he steps beyond his proper range. The truth is, however, that mere literary criticism, applied to a by-gone period, has at present very little value or importance. Its function—that of teaching us to taste, to appreciate, to compare the productions of genius—has already been sufficiently performed, and may well rest suspended till new epochs and new schools of literature arise. The criticism we now need is that which shall teach us to look at literature as one of the vitalizing forces of society, placing the particular subject not under the concentrated rays of a single focus, but where the side-lights of history and cognate studies may reveal its various aspects and relative proportions. This is especially necessary in the case of works which exercised an influence on the past wholly disproportionate to their present power to affect the mind. Those of Rousseau offer a striking example. No one now weeps over *La nouvelle Héloïse*, seeks for a theory of educa-

which afforded room for a cutting of throats, a lighting of fagots and new Saint Bartholemews. But instead of this, there was not even any abusive language used, such has been the change of manners." As a solitary exception, he mentions a minister who, though as little of a Calvinist as the others, wished inconsistently to write in defence of Calvin against Voltaire, and applied to the government for documents; which were, however, refused, the council even forbidding any attack upon the arch-priest of infidelity, whose own writings were allowed a free circulation. "Jugez," concludes Voltaire, "si je ne dois pas aimer passionnément ce pays-ci!"

tion in *Émile* or for a theory of politics in *Le Contrat Social*, or reads the *Confessions* with a feeling either of intense admiration or of intense abhorrence. Yet the position of Rousseau as the apostle of a great social and political revolution remains unchanged, and his works are more closely identified than those of any other writer with the life, the thought and the history of the eighteenth century. In this point of view his education at Geneva would be no unfruitful subject of investigation. For, though Geneva had ceased in his time to be a focus of religious activity, it had become the focus of a political activity which, through him and through other channels, influenced the destinies of France and of the world. Discussion—not theological, but political; keen, vehement, metaphysical so to speak, and breaking forth at intervals into actual strife—constituted, we will not say the amusement, we might rather say the business, of the people. To understand that discussion it is necessary to be acquainted with the constitution and history of the state, and with a political vocabulary embracing many peculiar terms, or terms bearing a peculiar local meaning. Yet the principles involved were such as were afterward to agitate all Europe, and Geneva was the arsenal which, directly or indirectly, supplied the leaders of the French Revolution with the weapons they used for overturning an effete political and social system. Rousseau, as we have said, was the apostle of that revolution. Its history, in many of its strongest features, is unintelligible without a knowledge of his works; and his works, on the other hand, are in many features unintelligible without a knowledge of the institutions and the agitations of Geneva. Mr. Lowell, in his article on Rousseau, makes no mention of these matters, nor do we, of course, mean to intimate any surprise at his want of acquaintance with them. What he does is to defend Rousseau against the objurgations of "Mr. Burke" and "Mr. Thomas Moore." He tells us with a Burleigh-like gravity which

upsets ours, "With all the soil that is upon Rousseau, *I cannot help* looking on him as one capable beyond any in his generation of being divinely possessed." This passage, like so many others in which Mr. Lowell announces the results of his own very peculiar means of observation, is a weak dilution of some of Carlyle's "repetitions" thirty or forty years ago.* The sentiment may have been new to British Philistines at that period, but we do not think the *re*-repetition now can have much novelty for anybody.

Perhaps the most curious, and at the same time most characteristic, of Mr. Lowell's essays is his criticism of Pope. It is a tissue of absolute commonplaces, woven with so much pains and skill that if there be anywhere a person at once so ignorant as to need such instruction and sufficiently intelligent to appreciate it, to him we can cordially commend it. Mr. Lowell himself was once, it appears, in that condition. Having in some youthful criticism dethroned Pope from the supremacy he had held in our grandfathers' time, and having subsequently awakened to the consciousness of knowing nothing about the subject, he set diligently to work to repair the deficiency. He has since, he tells us, "read over every line that Pope ever wrote"—meaning, we suppose, published—"and every letter written by him or to him"—again meaning, we apprehend, only every letter that had been preserved and published—"and that more than once." The result of this conscientious and laudable investigation is, that Mr. Lowell has discovered—just what the world already knew about Pope, and has concluded to tell it to the world. The true position of Pope as a writer unequalled in a special line—the poet of society, not of life; of conventionalism, not of Nature; of wit and fancy, not of imagination or passion—is once more authoritatively

* "Through all that defacement, degradation and almost madness, there is in the inmost heart of poor Rousseau a spark of real heavenly fire." . . . "The wandering Tiresias of the time; in whom, however, did lie prophetic meaning, such as none of the others offer."

settled. Whether, on the completion of Mr. Elwyn's edition, with its newly-discovered verses and letters, the critic will think it necessary to reaffirm his decision, we cannot guess; but we feel very sure that no one by disputing it will provoke him to do so.

Mr. Lowell's "study windows" are, we fear, sadly in want of cleaning. How else is it possible to explain the fact of his thinking that the contest between the Romanticists and the Classicists is still going on? That he does so think is evident from the whole tenor of his essay on Pope, and particularly from the discussion into which he enters of the school of French criticism which gave laws to the world of letters at the time when Pope wrote. His conclusions on the matter are thus summed up: "The mistake of the whole school of French criticism, *it seems to me*, lay in its tendency to confound what was common with what was vulgar, in a too exclusive deference to authority at the expense of all free movement of the mind." So it seems to us—so it has long seemed to everybody. That is precisely the reason why the school referred to is now extinct.

Even on topics so trite as Pope and Dryden it would be possible perhaps to say things not so absolutely trite as those which Mr. Lowell has given us. But to do this it would be necessary to abandon the obsolete student's method—as we may call that which Mr. Lowell practices—and try the one so successfully cultivated by Sainte-Beuve and others—looking through the works at the author, tracing in the peculiarities of thought, sentiment and style indications of character, and thus making a contribution not simply to criticism, but to biography as well. Mr. Lowell is, of course, not so far behind his age as to say nothing of the personality of his subjects. He tells us, for example, of Dryden, that "his qualities and faculties were in that rare combination which makes character," and that "this gave flavor to whatever he wrote." What he here says is true; but it is very insufficient, and a little

vague. Yet here he stops—at the very point where we had looked for the revelations to begin.

He is especially shy of characters in which complications, apparent contradictions or heterogeneous elements would appear to offer especial opportunities and the most suitable test of critical analysis. When he does attempt to deal with such natures, his theorizing amounts either to commonplace or groundless excuses, like that of Rousseau's Calvinistic training, or to expressions of his own aversion for such types, as in his articles on Percival and Thoreau. He has a strong abhorrence of everything morbid—a sentiment which is no doubt natural, but which does not befit either the anatomist or the philanthropist. A French writer, speaking of the little popularity of men like Joubert, Vinet, and others in whom genius was combined with a frail organization and sensitive disposition, remarks: "Or, le public, en général, se porte bien; il ne comprend pas les malades, et il ne les aime pas." Mr. Lowell is like the public: he is in good health—he does not understand sick people, and he does not like them. He calls them harsh names, such as "sentimentalists, unreal men, misanthropes on the spindle side." He is especially severe on that love of solitude and of Nature which he finds a general characteristic of this class, and which he looks upon as a mere "symptom of the general liver-complaint." That they can "tolerate the puffin and the fox, but not the fool and the knave," seems to him a wonderful inconsistency. "It is a very shallow view," he tells them, "that affirms trees and rocks to be healthy, and cannot see that men in communities are just as true to the laws of their organization and destiny." This profound saying will, we trust, be taken to heart by all who are meditating a retirement to the wilderness. Let them also bear in mind that "in outward Nature it is still man that interests us, and we care far less for the things seen than the way in which poetic eyes like Wordsworth's or Thoreau's see them, and the

reflections they cast there." It may be doubted, however, whether a person who thinks and feels thus can have much knowledge or love of Nature, however great his knowledge and love of poetry. It might be correct to say that the productions of genius, collectively, are more essential helps to spiritual culture than the beauties and sublimities of Nature; but to affirm, in regard to any particular writer, that we ought to feel more interest in his talk about mountains and forests than in the forests and mountains themselves, is the emptiest of absurdities.

There runs through these books of Mr. Lowell's, as we have incidentally seen, a vein of self-complacency more offensive and more ridiculous than any plagiarisms or any blunders. We might not have called the reader's attention more directly to this trait, had not Mr. Lowell, by volunteering information on matters which an intrusive curiosity would never have urged us to pry into, seemed to invite us from his study windows to a window in his own breast. We do not accuse him of egotism on account of these disclosures. They have not the spontaneousness of genuine egotism. They seem intended to meet some anticipated demand. He tells us, for example, his age, his weight, and sufficient about his circumstances and surroundings to make us understand the broad and generous principles on which his cheerful philosophy, like optimism in general, appears to be founded. The only ruffling of his felicity is when some needy Teuton, attracted by his fame—perhaps also by his loudly-declared preference of society to solitude—comes to borrow money of him, and, failing in the attempt, proceeds to criticise the unæsthetic social system of America. On this, Mr. Lowell feels "a sensible itching of the biceps," and his "fingers close with a grip." But he does *not* knock the offender down, though he is in some doubt afterward whether in refraining he has obeyed the laws of his organization and destiny. We cannot help him to solve the riddle; for, though he has stated his own weight,

he has omitted to specify the Teuton's. A still darker puzzle to us is, why, if a strong man like Mr. Lowell cannot tolerate fools and knaves, he should demand this of such feeble creatures as he considers Petrarch, Rousseau, Saint-Pierre, Chateaubriand and Thoreau to have been. We are not sure, in fact, that their own shallow views, or the common weakness of poor humanity, would not have prompted these interesting invalids to pardon the splenetic ravings generated of an empty stomach. We are bound to add, however, that it is only as a patriot that Mr. Lowell allows his instincts to rebel against his philosophy. He goes on to tell us: "I am not, I think, specially thin-skinned as to other people's opinions of myself, having, as I conceive, later and fuller intelligence on that point than anybody else can give me." We are inclined to think that this latter fact may be true of all of us, if we had only the same fortunate right as Mr. Lowell to rely on the veracity of the intelligence, and were not rather forced to pray, with the publican Robert Burns, for "some giftie to see oursels as *others* see us."

The general impression left by a scrutiny of these volumes is that of a writer whose merits are many and striking, but wholly on the surface. Any thought which wears a semblance of depth may readily be traced to a different source. We have dwelt upon their defects at the instigation, we confess (perhaps the perspicacious reader has already guessed as much), of a sense of grievance. Our quarrel, however, is not with Mr. Lowell. We could have derived from his writings considerable pleasure, nor troubled ourselves

about the reasons why this feeling never amounted to ecstatic bliss, why it too often gave place to the opposite sensation, had we been permitted to do so in peace. But there are people who—perhaps because their regular avocation lies in a quite different line—take up some particular writer and extol him without stint and beyond endurance. Into the hands of a clique of this kind Mr. Lowell has fallen, and they have done their very best—or worst—for him. They have lifted him from the rank where every one is willing to place him, and set him on a pinnacle where he cuts a strange figure. They have carried their silliness so far as to talk about his "universality," and to bestow upon him the epithet "Shakespearian." That they have turned his head is, of course, no business of ours; and any harm that may have been done to ingenuous youth might give rise to painful reflections without absolutely deranging the digestive system. The beings with whom we sympathize are those whom weakness of nerves, combined with some sanity of brain, renders peculiarly susceptible to such infictions. On behalf of these unfortunates we respectfully call upon the adulators to stop. They have, as we have hinted, exceeded all permissible limits. The qualities they ascribe to their idol are precisely those in which he is most deficient. He is acute, versatile, occasionally brilliant; but he is narrow, shallow and hard—destitute of the insight, the comprehension, the sympathy by which the true critic, the true poet, searches the domain of thought and the recesses of the mind, illumines the emotions and kindles them.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

BELIEVING that the readers of this Magazine may feel some interest in the establishment from which it emanates, we have appended to this Number a view of the buildings erected and occupied by J. B. Lippincott & Co. for the manufacture and publication of the numerous works issued by the firm, and for the general purposes of a business involving, probably, a larger distribution of books than is carried on by any other house in the country, or indeed in the world. The whole structure extends from Market street to Filbert street, with a front of about fifty feet on the former and one hundred feet on the latter, the depth being three hundred and sixty-six feet. It consists of two distinct buildings, having a height of five and six stories respectively, exclusive of basements and sub-cellars. The first floors are connected, so as to form two sales-rooms, each extending through the entire length of both buildings. The upper stories of the rear building, which is just completed, are appropriated to the printing and stereotype departments and the bindery, heretofore carried on in a building on Fifth street. While this enlargement has been rendered necessary by the constant growth of the business, the greater convenience arising from its concentration was a motive of scarcely secondary importance.

The house was originally established before the close of the last century. But its great expansion and present position are the results of an energy infused into it during the past twenty years, and never relaxed in times of financial embarrassment or political troubles. The publications bearing its imprint now comprise over two thousand volumes, including numerous editions of Scott, Irving, Prescott, Bulwer, Thackeray and other standard writers; such well-known books of reference as *Chambers' Ency-*

clopædia, *Webster's Dictionary*, *Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer* and *Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology*, and *Allibone's Critical Dictionary of English Literature*; and six periodicals, three of which are reprints.

ROMA NUOVA.

ROME, February 18, 1871.

THE Carnival has begun. On Saturday, 11th of February, at one o'clock, the great bell of the Capitol sounded the opening of the gala, and at five the cannon gave the signal for starting the horses on their race down the Corso. There have been many dark predictions of what would be done under cover of the license and disguise of this general masquerade. The Neri (Blacks), or temporal adherents of the Pope, foretold that the disappointed Rossi (Reds), who wished for a republic and not a monarchy, would give trouble, but thus far they have made no disturbance beyond shouting songs in praise of Garibaldi through the streets at night. The streets are filled with well-dressed people and handsome carriages, and everybody seems in good humor. For Rome has been very dull this winter; and as it has been a point of honor with a large proportion of the high society not to amuse themselves, the Carnival is welcomed as a means of enjoying without committing one's self. As usual, politics—and it is impossible to regard the position of the Pope and the Italian government in any other light, though it is called by much higher names—have been made a social question. The majority of the Roman nobility are opposed to the new-comers, and all the old English and American residents have taken their side with a fervor of partisanship quite peculiar in foreigners and Protestants. The excitement about the king of Italy's movements was great

at New Year: he was coming to turn the Pope out bodily—he was coming to live here—he was not coming at all. Finally, he came and went away in one day, declining a public reception, and desiring that the funds intended for the purpose should be devoted to relieving the misery caused by the inundation, then at its height. Then everybody of a certain way of thinking said that he was afraid, though cowardice has never been reckoned among his faults. The next thing was the advent of the prince and princess of Savoy. A number of days were named for their arrival, but they did not come, and it was declared that they too were afraid, though others said that the Quirinal's not being ready for them was reason enough for the delay. At length positively the last day was announced for their appearance: the Guardia Nazionale were on duty marching about and mounting guard for hours in their new uniforms under a heavy rain, which gave them a slight air of veterans, harder to obtain than other suits. All the Neri salons were in a buzz: they certainly would not come, and if they did, nobody would go near them; and finally it was stated, on the best authority, that the prince had come and gone away again already, not to return. Just at this moment the cannon and the bell of the Capitol boomed forth their welcome, and all the common people of Rome, and not a few of the "better sort," crowded to the Quirinal, and, as the rain held up, filled the great open space before the palace, and the prince was obliged to appear upon a balcony again and again to respond to the cheers. An Italian cheer is a strange noise: it has nothing solid and round like an Anglo-Saxon huzza: it is a prolonged, confused cry, everybody shouting for himself, and something different; but it means well, and the Italians understand it.

The next afternoon was beautiful, and the prince and princess made their first appearance on the Pincio, the favorite Roman promenade and lounge. The whole hillside is terraced, with a wide gravel carriage-road running from grade

to grade to the top, where there is a real Italian garden, with rectangular walks and drives, a dense shade of evergreen avenues, groves and shrubberies, sparkling fountains, gleaming statues, tropical-looking rows of aloes, cactuses and palmettoes, while even at this season the grass is fresh and full of daisies, the "wee crimson-tipped flower" never seen in our country. The same combination of evergreens, marble figures, bright, leaping water, grass-plats and sunny gravel is repeated on all the slopes between the terraces down to the base. Over all this broods the magic spell of the Italian atmosphere, not to be described or divined; but those who have not felt and seen it may fancy if they can a union of the tender tones of our spring sky with the soft splendor of Indian summer, and add a touch of the brilliancy and vividness of October weather, and they will have a faint and imperfect idea of the Roman climate on a fine winter day. Each terrace is guarded by a stone parapet breast-high, adorned with busts, statues and vases, and on the level summit there is a fine balustrade looking westward over Rome: here one sees the sun set behind the opposite ridge; a violet gloom gathers over the city; the lofty domes and tall, slender cypresses stand out in velvet sombreness against the orange horizon, and one large star trembles above the cupola of St. Peter's.

Many eyes have looked upon this scene with the same emotions for many ages. The prince and princess whose future heritage it is saw it for the first time that afternoon, but they have seen it frequently since, for the Pincian Hill is the daily resort of everybody in Rome, high and low, and recalls both Rotten Row during the London season and North Broad street on a fine spring afternoon, with a difference—namely, that Roman fashion is less elegant and a Roman crowd less vulgar than any other. The enthusiasm was immense at first: people of all classes crowded round the royal carriage, waved hats and handkerchiefs, shouted, *clapped*—which strikes a foreigner oddly—threw

bouquets, and cried, "Bella Italia!" to the Princess Margarita; and, though now they are used to them and have grown less demonstrative, her sweet smiling face and slight graceful figure are warmly greeted everywhere, as well as her husband's less engaging physiognomy. Prince Humbert is a reduced likeness of his father, Victor Emmanuel, and looks like a very high-bred small pug: he has moreover a notably bad seat on horseback, and is known as *Il Simio* (the monkey) by those who do not admire him. The manners of both the young people are frank and gracious: they go to the Opera, to the meets of the hounds and to balls, and there is marked ease and unrestraint in their intercourse with their little court, without any taint of fastness. Despite the hostile attitude of many of the nobility, the princess' ladies, a bevy of beauties, are all of the oldest patrician families: the Caetani, the Massinei, the Pallavicini, the Colonnas, are all represented among them, and Prince Doria heads the Italian party (by contradistinction to the Roman) as mayor of the city.

Meanwhile, the religious side of Rome, usually the great attraction to strangers, is completely in the shade—a wonderful contrast to the state of things a twelve-month ago. No grand celebrations have been allowed by the Pope in any of the churches since his temporal power was annulled, and one might forget the Papacy altogether but for the troops of ecclesiastics in black, white, brown and red robes who still add to the picturesqueness of the streets. "Sword and gown" are brought into contact every moment, as the new national and municipal guards are very fond of showing themselves; but one would think that, even to the ears of the most devout Roman, Italian drums would have a pleasanter sound than those of the French, which so lately were heard in their stead. What the people will become under this new rule remains to be seen: it is hard to believe, unless one sees them, what they have been made by the old. The calling most actively pursued, and in which most intelligence

is shown, is begging. Too much has been said about Roman beggars, from Belisarius down, for us to enlarge upon them here, but the success of the business is proved by the ability of any of them to give you change if you have no coin small enough for your charity. A philanthropic lady saw a little ragged boy sitting on a step with an open book in his hand—a sight seldom seen in Rome: she stopped to ask him if he could read, and found that he was merely twisting the leaves for his amusement. The next day, however, as she passed the same place, her carriage was surrounded by ragamuffins, crying, "Io so leggere, signora—Io" ("I know how to read, ma'am—I do"). The humor of the thing was not thrown away upon the philanthropist, who replied, "Very well, then, I'll give you a book." This, however, was not received with any gratitude, so she drove on. The book she had seen was a New Testament, now for the first time being printed and distributed among the people, to the infinite horror of the priests. How much good it will do this generation is as difficult a question as the benefits of the abolition of slavery in our own country for the next quarter of a century. They are the most irreverent people in Christendom. A common man says, "Io preghero il diavolo" ("I will pray to the devil") for such and such a thing; not meaning that he worships the devil, but that he really worships nobody. A ballet is in rehearsal on the story of the Prodigal Son, and the idea excites no horror among men of the highest class. A caricature appeared lately in a shop in the Corso (the principal street) representing the Crucifixion, Napoleon III. being on the cross, the king of Prussia as the centurion piercing his side, the Pope and other supposed sympathizers with France representing the apostles in ridiculous attitudes of grief and dismay. The whole edition of this infamous blasphemy sold in twenty-four hours, and another was immediately called for. Whether these are the results of religion or race future times must decide.

In the midst of all the small buzz and tattle excited by Italian affairs, the terrible echoes of the great war are unheeded in the Roman world; but the Germans here have been raising money for their wounded. One evening lately they gave a truly national entertainment for that purpose. It purported to be a concert, and indeed began with music. The audience was by no means exclusively German, but included most of the English, Americans, Russians and other foreigners, and some Italians: most of them were in evening dress, and the whole affair was presided over by a committee. There was some very fine piano-playing by two lady amateurs and by a young German lad, a pupil of the Abbé Liszt; some very poor violin-playing; and two songs of Mozart by a young gentleman with a very fine voice and an excellent knowledge of music, but who sang with the last degree of German roughness and crudeness. Great was every one's sorrowful surprise to hear that he is a son of the incomparable artiste, Madame Sontag. Meanwhile, general curiosity had been excited by a white curtain hanging across a platform at the end of the room, on which from time to time a huge black shadow of distorted proportions had appeared and executed a sort of Mephistophelic dance without any reference to the music. At length an elderly woman, of most respectable aspect, in a snuff-colored silk gown, was lifted upon the platform and steadied there like a wax or wooden figure by two gentlemen of the committee, and before the universal surprise subsided she began to recite, in a voice somewhat impeded by false teeth, a patriotic ode to the Fatherland. Then the mystery of the curtain was revealed, for it rose to the solemn strains of a melodeon on the first of three *tableaux vivants*. First, the Farewell: a cottage interior; a Prussian soldier parting from his peasant wife, who has fainted on his shoulder; his white-haired father holds him by the arm and two little girls cling to his knees, while a comrade looking in through the casement is beckoning him to come away. The next was

Night on the Battle-field: the soldier is lying on the ground, his head supported by a Sister of Charity, while his comrade, pale and with a bandaged forehead, throws the light of a lantern on the death-like features and closed eyes of the other. The third was The Return: our soldier, with his arm in a sling and a medal on his breast, is standing on his own threshold again; the wife and children are rushing toward him, the old man clasps his hands for gratitude and joy. The light was well managed, and the effect of the groups striking and almost too pathetic. Everybody supposed that this was the end of the entertainment: by no means. We were then invited into an adjoining hall, where there was an exhibition of paintings to be raffled for the benefit of the wounded. The whole evening was so æsthetically *Deutsch* that it was an effort to remember that we were in the

"Land of the orange and myrtle."

Besides this, various charitable efforts are on foot for various purposes—among others that of converting Roman Catholics into Scotch Presbyterians. To this end tracts and papers of a sort well known to those familiar with the efforts of our Sunday-school Union are printed in Italian for distribution here: in the February number of the *Amico dei Fanciulli* (Children's Friend) there is a series of biblical questions whose apparent object is to undermine the character and standing of St. Peter. It will take some years to show what fruit will come of such seed, but the Protestant propagandists are zealous and sanguine.

Meanwhile, the Carnival has been going on merrily for a week: the weather is the finest of the winter, and dominos of every color and masks of every countenance, in carriages and on foot, block the narrow streets in high holiday spirits, though by rights the masquerade is limited to the Corso, where all the balconies and windows are hung with gorgeous drapery and crowded with men and women of the upper classes—the prince and princess and their suite having a balcony at the

Hôtel de Rome—and the air is thick with showers of confetti. One of the features of the show this year is a ship on wheels, manned with masquers in a pretty sailor costume, and gallantly named La Margarita; another, and quite a new one for Rome, though well known in Milan, is mounted processions; a very successful one has been a crusade, with knights and cavaliers of every order and degree, and among them a high sacerdotal personage extending the first two fingers of his hand over the heads of the crowd: this is received with much applause, though all travesty of religious subjects was strictly forbidden on placards issued by the authorities before the Carnival began. This afternoon a balloon or huge kite shaped like a cock floated slowly over the city, greeted by much crowing from the crowd. Could this too have been meant as an impertinence to St. Peter? There is no lack of straws to show which way the wind blows, and though the Ides of March are not over, they are passing away very peaceably.

SARAH B. WISTER.

BONAPARTISM.

THE Second Empire never really struck firm root in French soil—not even when it had triumphed over all opposition at home and was most eagerly courted abroad. For a time it enjoyed what might well be called—when the antecedents and capacities of him who stood at its head are considered—an unparalleled material prosperity. The world was profoundly astonished at the spectacle of a great people making itself the willing tool of a man who had in his earlier years played rather the rôle of an adventurer than a hero. Napoleon III. had never accomplished anything great or brilliant before he was called on to reign, and his position lacked the consecration which time alone can bestow. Napoleon I. died in exile, and the sickly life of his only son drew early to a close. Neither at that period, nor long after it, could any one have dreamt that the Corsican's family would rise once more into historical

prominence. When this, however, actually came to pass, the amazement knew no bounds. People instinctively felt that another grand tragedy was being rehearsed on the world's stage. Sooner or later, the rehabilitation of Bonapartism would have to end tragically, for wars and revolutions were inseparable from it. In manifestations which are as unavoidable in the life of nations as storms and earthquakes are in the economy of Nature, it depends on circumstances whether the effects are beneficial or injurious. Opinions in relation to the shock given to the political world by Louis Napoleon's elevation widely differed.

Professional politicians—chiefly those of the Metternich school, or such as had formed themselves after it—rejoiced above all that the Republic should have come to grief by the *coup d'état* and the Empire, but left the rest to the future, which they trusted might yet lead the revolutionary tendencies of the age back by a circuitous route to the haven of legitimacy and absolutism. Even many moderate Liberals were resigned to see the Empire renewed, for it put an end to the disorders and uncertainties of the Republic of 1848, which pitiful specimen of that political system of government was only calculated to bring it into disrepute. Others, again, cherished the hope that the accession of a parvenu to one of the first and oldest thrones might teach the other sovereigns to abate something of the overweening confidence which their recent victory over the democratic elements in Germany and Italy had given them, and induce them to show more consideration for the rights of the people. The same feelings and reflections to which the coronation of the uncle—before ambition and arrogance made him generally detested—had given occasion, also asserted their influence at that of the nephew. To many minds it had then (1804) been an inspiring sight to behold a man born in comparative obscurity mount over the heads of all by sheer force of genius. The dogma of the exclusive right in a certain caste,

which thinks itself predestined by "God's grace" to govern others on account of the mere accident of birth, already shaken by Napoleon I., received its deathblow from Napoleon III. The impassable barriers which pride and prejudice had raised against the self-government of the masses were weakened by the uncle, but overthrown entirely by the nephew. Such were some of the views which deceived not only the supporters of Bonapartism, but even many whose faith in political freedom and the equality of man was perfectly sincere.

This plausible reasoning has, however, been completely refuted by experience. The theory that birth constitutes the sole legitimate title to the throne has no doubt been practically demolished by the elevation of the Bonapartes, but rulers sprung from the people are none the less an anomaly in the history of states, and not even the two Napoleons have been able to keep their seats. With the exception of the Bernadottes, who obtained the crown of Sweden under extremely unusual circumstances, and retain it by the exercise of rare wisdom and moderation, no individual emerged from private life has bequeathed a crown to his heirs. The Bonapartes for a time ruled in France, Italy, Spain, Holland and Westphalia, but they have nowhere taken root. Those princes who now govern countries of which they are not natives themselves invariably belong to some of the reigning dynasties. There is no special need to draw a prognosis of the future, but it is quite certain that in this respect no new era dates from the accession of the Bonapartes, nor is such a thing likely hereafter. The ancient dynasties will find it sufficiently difficult to preserve their own crowns, and more than one of them may lose them before the expiration of the present century; but new dynasties, sprung from the people, will never again be seen. That epoch is past for ever.

Efforts have been made to represent it as a special virtue of the Bonapartes, and to prove from it their sympathies with the democratic spirit of the modern

era, that they recognized the principle of popular sovereignty, and always referred to it as the true source of their power. But on what other principle could they have relied to justify their assumption of supreme authority in the state? Napoleon I. could not have asserted that he inherited the right to rule, and he was therefore driven to acknowledge the divine right of the people: Napoleon III., who always imitated his uncle when he could, did the same. But no sooner were they firmly seated on the throne than they considered themselves rulers by "God's grace," transferred the people's omnipotence to their own persons, and played the part of born autocrats.

It required no Napoleon III. to vindicate the fundamental idea evolved by the Revolution, that all classes are equal in the eyes of the law. This is one of the few things which, in spite of all change and vicissitude, have not been forgotten, nor even jeopardized, in France. Herein, at least, the French have been consistent. Under Napoleon I. the laws were now and then violated by arbitrary arrests and imprisonments, but such outrages were rare, and always done in secret; yet even these exceptional cases were included among the charges by which the French Senate (April 3, 1814) supported its resolution for the deposition of the emperor. Far more reprehensible and fatal than these isolated breaches of the law was his political system, which eventually embroiled France with nearly the whole of Europe, which led to the loss of the acquisitions won by the arms of the Republic, and which terminated in a national humiliation that the last alone could have eclipsed. Why, then, should Bonapartism have reappeared after an abeyance of over four decades? and how happened it that a Napoleon who left France a child and returned there only a prisoner should have been suffered to wield an absolute power which was conceded neither to the Restoration nor to the July monarchy?

The means by which all this was brought about are now a matter of his-

tory, and we propose therefore merely to cast a rapid glance at the last great catastrophes which have overwhelmed the French people. When France accepted Louis Napoleon as her arbiter, she had long been sick—sick by her own fault, not, as occasionally happens in the life of nations, by outside influences—and far sicker than she herself believed or knew. One of the symptoms of this sickness was the February Revolution, when, under the influence of a raging fever, she demolished everything without object or provocation. The culminating point of this paroxysm was the Battle of the Barricades, June, 1849, which cost so many lives. From that hour the fever subsided and consciousness returned, but the moral constitution of the people was seriously impaired. The virus, which had thenceforth no longer a chance to vent itself, was absorbed into the system, where it committed during many years excesses which were artificially concealed. In the recent war with Germany the poison has manifested its presence most unmistakably, and this no less in the manner in which hostilities were provoked than in the incredibly blundering conduct of the whole campaign.

In more modern days the government of no ruler presents itself to the critical eye under such widely different aspects as that of Napoleon III. before and after the Italian war and the Peace of Zurich. Until the latter event it was constantly gaining, as well in the actual exercise of power as in its influence over public opinion: after that event it went on sinking steadily, though so slowly at first as to be hardly perceptible: then so rapidly that it became evident to all, until at last it sped, like some rock detached from the mountain side, with constantly accelerated motion into the yawning gulf below. Even in the very meridian of its splendor and success the policy of the Second Empire exhibited many inconsistencies and shortcomings, which might well have startled a world less blinded by appearances than that of these times. The Peace of Paris and the concessions ex-

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torted from Russia bore no proportion to the life and treasure which France had spent in the Crimean expedition. Content with the momentary humiliation of the czar, Napoleon III. dared not to cripple him effectually, as it was the intention of England, which had gone into the war with reluctance, but expected greater results from it. Napoleon III. perhaps meant to ally himself with Alexander II. for ulterior purposes, but this could hardly have been the sole reason why he should have lost sight so entirely of the real object of the war—the future security of Turkey. In the Italian campaign the contrast between what Napoleon set out to accomplish and what he really did was still more striking. The countersign with which he initiated hostilities was "Free to the Adriatic:" he closed them at Villa Franca by leaving Venetia to Austria, and forbearing, not from moderation, but from fear of the Prussian preparations on the Rhine, to follow up the advantages already secured. That all Italy would be stirred to the soul by the sound of the cannon at Magenta and Solferino, that the war would have such far-reaching results not alone for Italy, but Europe also, was certainly neither expected nor desired by the French emperor, who only wished to create a federation of Italian states after the pattern of the old German empire, though perhaps still more impracticable and with fewer elements of vitality. As in the Russian, so again in the Austrian war, Napoleon III. performed far less than he had undertaken, yet his prestige was in nowise diminished by it. He was regarded in an extravagant way as the saviour of the Porte and the liberator of Italy. Upon the whole, the victories won in the Crimea and Lombardy, though he had been personally a stranger to the former, while the latter would have been gained all the same without him, greatly added to the glory of his name, for there had been no wars between the great powers since the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte, and these campaigns were consequently a novelty, in which his own share ap-

peared glorious. The masses thus easily deluded themselves into the belief that the nephew was the successor of the uncle, in war as well as in peace. In addition to this, Louis Napoleon admirably understood the art of setting military enterprises *en scène* with the utmost pomp and *éclat*. He had now reached the zenith of his greatness and fame—that point where it is so difficult for a parvenu or conqueror to preserve his balance, and still more difficult to resist his own illusions than even the proverbial malice of Fate and that ebb which succeeds the full tide. Napoleon III. is cool and calculating by nature, yet not even he was able to escape that intoxication which history teaches us to be inseparable from the acquisition of new and great powers. Up to 1860 he had conducted himself with rare circumspection: though still rising, he advanced with extreme caution, and steadily kept within certain bounds. By protecting the Popedom he had won the hearts of the Catholic clergy, both in and out of France, and secured a foothold on the other side of the Alps. England, whose public opinion was at first very adverse to him, he propitiated by the Crimean war, and then cemented the alliance by a liberal commercial treaty. He had sapped the power of Austria in the Apennine peninsula, and sown at the same time the seeds for that discord between Austria and Prussia which he vainly hoped would lead to their mutual injury and enfeeblement. Judged from his standpoint, thus far all seemed to have been well planned and successfully executed. Neither public opinion nor the cabinets had as yet taken special offence. But the secret consciousness that to become indispensable to the fickle French people, and to perpetuate his dynasty, he must still further augment the prestige and power of the Second Empire by territorial aggrandizement, drove him into those ill-matured, rash enterprises which have terminated in his complete ruin. Now and then he appeared disposed to pause in the downward course into which he had been so reluctantly

betrayed, but Fate and the logic of events impelled him on, until he found himself reduced to a position closely resembling that of his uncle; all of which corroborates the opinion that the Bonapartes are incapable of creating anything lasting, and that they are fitted neither for a republic nor a monarchy, having destroyed the former and misused the latter. W. P. M.

A MODERN LEVEE AT HOLYROOD PALACE.

It was Assembly week in the "Modern Athens," and never had that charming capital looked more lovely than beneath the opening blossoms of a Scottish May. The "Seventy-eighth Highlanders," just returned from an absence of twenty years in India, were at the Castle. "Black coats" from every section of the country, accompanied by gayly-dressed ladies, were constantly passing and repassing from the Assembly hall. Everybody of note was in town, "grave and reverend signiors" were holding forth in that peculiarly controversial manner known to the orthodox Scot, and knotty points affecting the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Kirk of Scotland were being daily hammered out, beaten down and reduced to the finest imaginable point. Divinity and diversion reigned supreme, and a sort of clerical carnival held its sway. Processions paraded the streets, levees were held, breakfasts and dinners were given, and everything seemed bright and happy as the first blush of summer.

What a beautiful city is Edinburgh, with its ancient Castle on the one hand, and its light and graceful New Town on the other! It seems indeed to realize the words of the old song:

"Ye're like a chieftain old and gray,
Wi' a young and a bonny bride."

From the hoary crags of "Arthur's Seat," frowning upon the silver city below, to the beautiful river which bounds it on the north, it presents one grand panorama of picturesque antiquity and modern taste. Its ancient streets, with their wonderful "closes" and queer old stair-

cases, its historical Tolbooth and honest-looking churches, its statues and monuments, its undying historical interest, the beauty of its gardens and terraces,—all combine to render it one of the most interesting and beautiful cities in the world. The society of the Scottish capital has long been celebrated for its delightful and refining influence. There you may meet the stately countess, the chieftain's lady, with her grand old Highland air, the Lowland family of "lang pedigree," the retired army officer, the professor, the artist, the man of letters, the dilettante—the cream of all that is intellectual and that gives to life its charm and its sunshine.

Through our friend, the Reverend Donald MacDonald, of the parish of Muck, we had received cards to the commissioner's—or rather Lady Belhaven's—drawing-room, and we were to see Holyrood Palace lighted up as in the olden time, when Mary sat in her little boudoir with Rizzio, and these halls re-echoed to the clank of armed men. The night had come, and arrayed in our most resplendent raiment we sat in our carriage, calmly awaiting our turn in a line which must have reached at least a mile. It was the slowest drive I ever remember to have experienced—the sort of drive you might reasonably expect at the funeral of a tortoise. But human snails must expect to wait when they approach the presence of royalty, whether it be in the person of Queen Victoria's representative or the doorkeeper of the United States Treasury. This delay produced its effect in one way—it allowed the street-boys of the period an opportunity of displaying their critical and hereditary "wut." Their remarks upon the various toilettes as they came along were characteristic if not strikingly original: "Hullo, Wullie, here's a offisher!" "See that man wi' the gould coat!" "Jes-s-s-ie, wuman, sic' bonnie floonces!" "Michty me! I wonder if they're a' pai-ed for?" "Losh preserve us! see the muckle turnip on the tap o' her heed!" "Wheesht, Janet, ye're no seevil!" "Hurray! here's a

Yankee wi' a 'nannie goat' on his chin!" (That was myself, and I felt hurt, because I am rather proud of my imperial, and Somebody up town used to say it was "nice.") As everything upon this earth must come to an end, so at last did our weary waiting.

"There was" indeed "a sound of revelry by night" as we reached the massive portals of the palace. Lights gleamed from the windows, and the strains of martial music floated on the evening air. With a flourish our carriage door was opened, and we found ourselves in the royal custody of a well-fed "Beefeater." These "Beefeaters" are the "scarlet runners" attendant upon royalty. Our portly friend, whose costume resembled the King of Spades on one side and the Jack of Diamonds on the other, led us along the quadrangle to the inner entrance. Here two more "Beefs" took us in tow, and from the immense halberds which they carried and their sanguinary appearance, we could almost imagine ourselves being led to a state trial, with a hazy vision of blocks and an uncomfortable idea of axes. Ascending the brilliantly-lighted and carpeted staircase, we were duly consigned to the care of a more modern usher in black coat and white necktie, who demanded our cards. Having satisfied himself that we were the Reverend Mr. Macturk and the Honorable Mr. Mactavish, members of Assembly from Achanahoolish, we were handed over to the "gentleman usher of the black rod." Considering that we were better known at Delmonico's than in the councils of the Church, I am led to believe that we acted our respective characters with miraculous gravity and decorum. Having nodded and smiled to the black rod, the black rod nodded and smiled to us, and, beckoning us to follow him, formally introduced us to the "grand high usher of the white stick." This functionary escorted us to the entrance of the picture-gallery, or audience-chamber, and at the top of his voice announced, "The Reverend Mr. Macturk and the Honorable Mr. Mactavish." A blaze of light, a gor-

geous display of uniforms, a dazzling profusion of white lace, a bewitching array of snowy necks, the melting strains of "Scenes that are Brightest," a confused idea of bowing to something in a scarlet coat and gold epaulets surrounded by a sea of crinoline, and the ceremony of introduction was over. Among the crowd we soon regained our senses, the only regret felt by us on the occasion being that we were not prime ministers or major-generals, or something heavy and majestic. We were certainly surrounded by a most distinguished party. Any one accustomed to the glitter of foreign uniforms must have observed the brilliant effect produced by them in a ball-room. The scarlet and gold of the infantry, the blue and gold of the artillery, the gorgeous get-up of the cavalry, the elegant dresses of the ladies, the sparkle of jewels, the scent of flowers, the brilliant lights, for a time were quite bewildering; and we almost expected to hear a flourish of trumpets, and see the figure of Mary queen of Scots, or James IV., or Edward the Pretender, or Horace Greeley enter the hall—but neither came. The crowd was immense, and the rate of locomotion about the pace of an ordinary foot-adult on a rainy day at the corner of Canal street. Something pierced my favorite rib: it was the hilt of a sabre. "Pray, sir," said I to the warlike head of an immense huzzar, "oblige me by removing your skewer." He merely grunted. Dreadfully stuck-up fellows, these English huzzars, but of course one could scarcely expect such handsome wretches to possess ideas. Nature supplies hair—it would be asking too much to expect her to furnish the interior; and if they did possess such a horribly plebeian article as brains, could they possibly for one moment condescend to bestow them upon a poor, miserable, *blarsted* devil of a civilian in a black coat? Let us be charitable, however, and when a British cavalry officer stoops to growl at us, use the language of Sancho Panza, and say, "God bless the giver, and never look a gift horse in the

mouth!" I must do them the justice to say, on behalf of myself and the Honorable Mr. Mactavish, that they are a magnificent-looking set of fellows, and I am sufficiently aristocratic in my nature to imagine that on the battle-field they will drop the "haw-haw" and charge like men and lawyers.

And we were walking the very floor which felt the tread of Mary; and these were Darnley's rooms; and there had Bothwell brooded over his ill-gotten greatness; and in yonder room, where thirsty veterans are regaling themselves with ices and Crimean punch, the clang of heavy armor has sounded and the cry of death re-echoed through these halls; and above us, on the oaken walls, are the portraits of Scotland's kings! Mighty dingy-looking pictures they are too, and the grim figures stare at us as if they had grown with the walls and turned old and musty with the hand of Time. No ornament there, and we do our best to trace the noble features of the Stuarts or the Celtic grandeur of the Bruce, in vain. Some people have the audacity to doubt the authenticity of these pictures altogether, and to hint that they were taken from a select number of street-porters hired for the occasion. Be that as it may, we believed in them and gave them our homage. The costumes appeared to be correct, although as indistinct as one of J. M. W. Turner's landscapes, even with the aid of Ruskin. On the whole, the picture-gallery is an uninteresting place enough. We were, however, well repaid by an inspection of the private apartments of Queen Mary. We found in them an indescribable interest, for, apart from the sadness attached to the history of Mary herself, was there not enacted in that chamber one of the most exciting tragedies of history? There stands the royal bedstead, with its crumbling but still handsome draperies, just as it stood. Around the walls hangs the heavy and faded but exquisitely-wrought tapestry. In the corners of the apartment are collected, with affectionate care, relics and works of the unfortunate queen. Mary was the most

interesting and beautiful woman of her time, perhaps of any time; and as we gazed upon the miniature of her lovely face, and surveyed the works of her accomplished and industrious fingers, argument vanished from our minds, and we saw but the beautiful widow, her sad young heart yearning toward the home of her early love, and her trembling voice exclaiming, "Adieu, ma belle France, je ne vous verray jamais plus!" Guilty or not guilty, there is a fascination attached to the memory of this unhappy queen irresistible and attractive; and notwithstanding the ungallant exultation of Mr. Froude over her tragic fate, there is no man living but must link with her memory pity, if not sorrow. Separated from the bed-chamber by a small passage is the pretty boudoir where Rizzio met his fate. It is a very small room, scarcely capable of holding six persons seated. We were astonished to find the staircase so small and so very narrow. We had always held the idea, from the writings of Miss Jane Porter and Sir Walter Scott, that the men of that age were giants. We were, however, forcibly convinced, from the appearance of that door, that we ourselves, encased in armor, being persons of moderate size, could barely pass through it. It was up this staircase that the conspirators came, and at the doorway leading to the queen's bed-chamber David Rizzio met his fate. The marks of the blood still remain upon the floor, at least so thought Lord Brougham when last he visited Holyrood. There are those, however, who hint that a renewal every few years adds much to the artistic effect. Historically, there is no doubt about the scene of the tragedy: as to the authenticity of the spots, we reserve our judgment. There was for us a strange fascination about the place, a desire which many must have felt to be alone among the recollections of the stirring Past. We could have lingered long enough to bring before our mind's eye the scenes and incidents of those stormy times, but the most romantic longings after nothing must eventually collapse, and our thoughts

were brought back in spite of ourselves to the breathing Present.

Once more we found ourselves among the living beauties of the Scottish capital. The rooms were thinning. Portly dowagers and shaky old admirals were seeking their carriages. Beautiful young creatures, fresh and fair as the heather hills of their native land, were flirting at the open windows with dashing darlings in scarlet and whiskers. Prudent mammas were warning lovely maidens aforesaid that flirtations were very nice things in their way, but that colds and gruel were not improving as tonics. Reverend clericals were returning to the supper-room to refresh the inner man; and we have this observation to make to the credit of these estimable gentlemen—they are not nearly so straight-laced as many of their brethren on this side of the water, and do not object to a "wee drap o' the creature" to warm them on a cold night. Long may their sturdy honesty, say we, prove a terror to evil-doers, and their warm hearts beat to the music of whisky toddy! The clock was striking twelve, that peculiarly witching hour when graveyards are presumed to be sleepy, when two American bachelors bade a tender adieu to the historic recollections of Holyrood and waved a parting sigh to the bonny Scottish lassies they had left behind. A very few moments found us fighting bravely for hats and coats, side by side with men who had stormed the "Redan" and bearded the Russian in his den. The last echo of us that sounded through the halls of the palace was the voice of a "Beefeater" thundering through the midnight air, "The Reverend Mr. Macturk's carriage stops the way."

The Reverend Mr. Macturk — *né* Smith—slumbered. About the middle watches of the morning the Reverend Mr. Macturk awoke, with a "Beefeater" clinging fondly round his neck, Mary queen of Scots dragging frantically at his arm, and Darnley (darn him!) sharpening a dagger on his bones.

ANGUS LAMONT.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Thoughts about Art. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. A new edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Nine years ago, as Mr. Hamerton tells us, he published the substance of this book in his *Painter's Camp*. Now he has selected from that work all that he deemed of permanent interest, he has added several chapters and has furnished a new preface. The book is virtually new, and its readers will thank the publishers for the opportunity afforded them to enter into the artistic spirit, and to learn how society and the world appear from the artistic stand-point. Mr. Hamerton is a landscape painter whose eminence has been won by long years of labor. He has spent season after season in the wildest parts of the Scotch Highlands, he has painted in all sorts of weather and at every degree of temperature—with rain running from his drawing-paper and a dozen gnats busy at his face—and he has overcome the difficulties of his profession by the invention of a hut for winter and a tent for summer so admirably constructed that we long to be with him while he is defying the violence of the storm, and watching through his broad glass window, with quick eye and ready pencil, the tempestuous panorama before him. The final result of this long apprenticeship in the school of Nature has been that Mr. Hamerton, having learned to reproduce her beauty and her majesty according to the best measure of his art, has found among the dull-eyed gentry and manufacturers of England a few who could appreciate his fidelity: he has achieved fame and money, praise and pudding. Secure of his position, and possessing the literary facility so seldom found in his craft, he has written this book to tell the world, if only it will listen, how noble and serious a profession is Art; what a lifetime of patient work and careful study she requires; how difficult are her secrets and how glorious are her rewards. The *bourgeois* idea of Painting, which regards it as idle and unprofitable: the pietistic idea, which regards it as worldly and immoral; the "society" idea, which makes of painters either pets or Pariahs, but never equals,—all these move Mr. Hamerton to eloquent protest. "The one

thing," says he, "which artists want, and which they have never been able to get, is equality. They want to be treated seriously, as men occupied in a great pursuit. . . . I know an excellent artist in Paris who is always exasperated when a noble friend of his meets him in society, for the noble friend invariably offers his salutation thus: 'Bonjour, monsieur, et faites-vous toujours de jolies choses?' If people could only realize the kind of labor and aspiration in which artists who *are* artists have continually to live, they would at least take them seriously."

In the chapter entitled "The Housing of National Art-Treasures," the subject of picture-galleries is discussed. Elaborate structures like the Louvre, where the position of the paintings and the light thrown upon them are sacrificed to an ostentatious architecture, Mr. Hamerton condemns altogether. His model is a cotton-weaving shed with the looms taken out. An immense quadrangle, one story high, lighted from the roof and partitioned into corridor-like galleries, is in every way the best building for the purpose. If the owner is rich enough to build magnificently, let the casket be worthy of the gem, but if there are but a few thousand pounds to spend, let the exhibition of the pictures be the great desideratum. There should be only one line of them, with space around each frame equal to half the breadth of canvas. Each picture should be so hung that its horizon line be about five feet from the floor, and its effect enhanced by a broad border of dark velvet. Arm-chairs should be placed at convenient distances for the comfort of the spectators. In short, the owner should make it his one object that his pictures shall be adequately seen.

Mr. Hamerton's directions for furnishing the dining-room of a gentleman of large estate show that his preference for landscape has left him with a keen eye for *genre*: modern furniture in solid oak, left of its natural color, elaborately carved in handsome designs; the walls paneled in green velvet with oak frames; three or four large pictures, landscape subjects from the owner's estate or groups from a poem of Tennyson's, painted, if possible, by one artist, glowing from the

velvet. Then comes a remarkable direction: "The carpet ultramarine blue, with a broad border of green oak leaves, and the curtains ultramarine velvet, with a border embroidered in green silk." Of course every one cries out, "Blue and green together! what an unnatural contrast!" But the painter retorts that blue and green are Nature's favorite contrast; that he finds them everywhere together, except in millinery and upholstery; and that, if only we will get the right shades and match them as Nature does, they will prove the most harmonious of combinations.

The latter part of the book is mainly concerned with the social and outside aspect of Art, and the chapters on "Picture-Buying," "Word-Painting and Color-Painting," "Fame," and "Art Criticism" are thoroughly interesting. But we turn back with the keenest relish to the pages in which we can almost see the painter's work growing under his hand, while he sits at his easel in a comfortable studio, surrounded by piles of memoranda, or braves the Highland wind and rain to catch the fleeting sunlight on the crest of Ben Cruachan. R. S. H.

Plutarch's *Morals*. Translated from the Greek by Several Hands. Corrected and Revised by William W. Goodwin, Ph. D., Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. With an Introduction by Ralph Waldo Emerson. 5 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

There is, in the writings of this quaint and kindly moralist, a charming realism which accords well with the positive tendencies of the present age. Yet it was scarcely to have been supposed that a new edition of the standard English translation of *The Morals* would be called for at a time when the homely fancies and unscrutinizing philosophy still prevalent in the seventeenth century have given place to a refined and daring speculation. The publishers, therefore, in common with the learned and industrious editor, deserve praise for their courage in venturing upon an undertaking attended by so many difficulties, both philological and pecuniary.

The gentlemen whose labors Professor Goodwin has corrected and revised, although representing, in some degree at least, the scholarship of Oxford during the latter part of the seventeenth century, do not appear to

have had a very definite idea of the nature and aim of a translation; or, rather, each of them possessed a separate and peculiar theory, which he strove to reduce to practice whilst executing his allotted portion of a general task, never reflecting upon the almost entire want of unity which must result from such a course. But disregard of method was not the only fault committed by these worthy friends of learning. It is true that some of them displayed much ability and good taste, their renditions being marked by a vigorous style and a faithful adherence to the sense of the originals. Unfortunately, however, for the renown of their university and for their own reputation as a body of scholars, a large number of them fell into grave errors of fact and philology, for which the most charitable critics will be unable to find excuse. One of them, for instance, calmly informs us that the Parthenon is "a Promontory shooting into the Black Sea, where stood a Chappel dedicated to some Virgin God-head, and famous for some Victory thereabout obtain'd"; while another tortures a plain statement that a certain sheet of water when stirred produced *bubbles* (*πομφόβλυγες*) into a story of a new substance called *Pompholyx*, "made by Mixture of Brass with the Air."

But Professor Goodwin has well performed his work of revision; and those who are unable to appreciate *The Morals* in the language of their author have now an opportunity of perusing the work in a very readable English version, wherein they will discover as much unity of plan and grace of style as can be expected in an undertaking which resulted originally from a mere conjunction of many incongruous efforts.

Mr. Emerson's Introduction is a felicitous piece of writing. It dwells with uncton on the sweetness, the dignity and the vigorous purpose of Plutarch's writings, while indicating their value not only as literary productions and moral disquisitions, but also as exponents of the tastes, habits, customs, prejudices and aspirations of the ancients. There is indeed much to commend in the generous old pagan of Chæroneæ—breadth of humanity, sterling common sense, manly candor and a sincere love of truth.

The mechanical execution of the present edition should elicit hearty approbation. The merciless custom of issuing standard works in small type is one to be unceasingly depre-

cated. It is not many books that we require, but books which we can read. P.

An English-Greek Lexicon. By C. D. Yonge. With many new Articles, an Appendix of Proper Names, and Pillon's "Greek Synonyms." [To which is prefixed an Essay on the order of words in Attic Greek prose, by Charles Short, LL.D., Professor of Latin in Columbia College, New York.] Edited by Henry Drisler, LL.D., Professor of Greek in Columbia College, Editor of "Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Lexicon." New York: Harper & Brothers.

This timely contribution to classical philology deserves particular acknowledgment. As an English-Greek dictionary it surpasses in value any similar production within the range of our acquaintance. Mr. Yonge, the compiler, has evinced his appreciation of scholastic requirements by indicating the authorities upon which the use of every Greek equivalent is based; and the American editor, in his additions to the original text, has followed the same judicious rule. The importance of the work is farther enhanced by a catalogue of proper names, accompanied, in the case of gods and heroes, by the epithets most frequently employed in the writings of the ancient Greek poets to express the special attributes and characteristics of these mythological celebrities. Pillon's "Greek Synonyms" have been superadded by way of an appendix, and Mr. Charles Short, of Columbia College, has contributed an essay on the order of words in Attic prose. P.

Books Received.

Across America and Asia: Notes of a Five Years' Journey around the World, and of a Residence in Arizona, Japan and China. By Raphael Pumpelly. Illustrated. Fifth edition, Revised. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. Crown 8vo, pp. xvi., 454.

Chips from a German Workshop. By F. Max Müller, A. M., Foreign Member of the French Institute, etc. Vol. III.—Essays on Literature, Biography and Antiquities. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. Crown 8vo, pp. 492.

The Mystery of Edwin Drood, and Master Humphrey's Clock. By Charles Dickens. People's Duodecimo Edition: Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Pp. 440.

Italy: Rome and Naples, Florence and Venice. From the French of H. Taine, by J. Durand. Third edition. Two volumes in one, with Corrections and Indices. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. Crown 8vo, pp. xii., 363; *, 385.

The Apple Culturist: A Complete Treatise for the Practical Pomologist. By Serano Edwards Todd, author of "Todd's Young Farmer's Manual," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 334.

Hans Breitmann as an Uhlan, with other New Ballads. By Charles G. Leland. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Pamphlet. 12mo, pp. 47.

Scientific Addresses by Professor John Tyndall, LL.D., F. R. S., Royal Institution. New Haven: Charles C. Chatfield & Co. Pamphlet. 16mo, pp. 74.

New Exposition of the Science of Knowledge. By J. G. Fichte. Translated from the German by A. E. Croeger. St. Louis. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 181.

Daisy Nichol: A Novel. By Lady Hardy, author of "A Casual Acquaintance," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. Paper cover. 8vo, pp. 144.

Government: Human and Divine. By S. D. Fulton. Hannibal, Mo.: The Winchell, Ebert & Marsh Printing Co. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 40.

The Queen's Revenge, and Other Stories. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Paper cover. 8vo, pp. 226.

Mad Monkton, and Other Stories. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Paper cover. 8vo, pp. 132.

Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon. By Charles Lever. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Paper cover. 8vo, pp. 324.

Adrift with a Vengeance: A Tale of Love and Adventure. By Kinahan Cornwallis. New York: Carleton. 12mo, pp. 319.

The Black Tulip: A Novel. By Alexander Dumas. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Paper cover. 8vo, pp. 119.

After Dark: A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 195.

Mark Twain's (Burlesque) Autobiograph and First Romance. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo, pp. 47.

The Lover's Library. Vol. I. New York: J. S. Redfield. Paper cover. 12mo, pp. 240.

SERIAL SUPPLEMENT.

R O O K S T O N E .

BY KATHERINE S. MACQUOID,

AUTHOR OF "FORGOTTEN BY THE WORLD," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER I.

ROOKSTONE PARK.

THERE had always been Wolfers-
stons at Rookstone Park. There
had never been any notability in the
family, or any marrying among the
young folk for position or title, but for
old blood and unspotted fame you might
search England over and find no family
purer or truer than the Wolfers-
stons.

The present squire had succeeded his
maternal grandfather in the property,
and as the estate had been carefully
managed during his long minority, he
found himself a richer man than many
of his more immediate predecessors.

It seemed so far that Christopher
Wolferton's lot in life was a singularly
happy one. He had married, when very
young, the woman he loved: he had two
charming daughters, both nearly grown
up, and about eight years ago his dearest
wish had been fulfilled by the birth of a
son and heir.

A good landlord and a most tender
husband and father, all his friends and
neighbors said that the owner of Rook-
stone deserved this unceasing tide of
prosperity, he made such good use of it.
He might be slightly vacillating, a little
inclined to act on impulse, but he had
done much for the welfare of others.
His village schools were the best built
and endowed in the county, and lately
he had been planning the erection of
almshouses for old and impoverished
folk belonging to the neighborhood.

This afternoon he and his wife were
looking over some drawings which had
been sent in by the builder.

"Would you put Kitty Robbins in one
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of the almshouses?" said Mrs. Wolf-
erton.

"Old Kitty! Why, Amy, I believe it
would break her heart if I turned her out
of the lodge. No, I'll do this: if you
like, I'll make the lodge and the garden
it stands in her own as long as she lives,
so that in case my life drops before hers,
and Christy takes a dislike to her, she
may be safe."

"Christopher! how could Kitty out-
live you? she must be sixty-five at least."

"Well, I think she's older. She had
a grown-up daughter who died when I
was a child; but then these sort of
women are grown up when they are six-
teen, and I believe Kitty wasn't older
than that herself when she married.
But I think we owe the old woman some-
thing for the devotion she has always
shown to us, though she is such an old
crab."

"Is she? She is eccentric and rather
proud in her ways, but she is always
civil to me and the girls."

"You should hear Richard speak of
her. I expect he won't approve of this
gift of mine."

A cloud came over his wife's sweet
face: "I sometimes wish Richard had
stayed in America."

"Why do you wish that, Amy?"

Mrs. Wolferton looked at her hus-
band. There was almost a mischievous
smile on his happy, genial mouth, and
it puzzled her. It was painful to her
even to allude to a matter on which she
did not think as he did, for something
told her that he had guessed the cause
of her perplexity, and made light of it.
She got up from her chair, and, going
to her husband, put her arms round his

neck: "I believe you know my reason already, Christopher. It is for Mary's sake I shrink from Richard."

Mr. Wolferston took her hand, but he still smiled in the same easy, amused fashion: "Why should you shrink if Mary does not? I think she likes Richard. Now, don't sigh, Amy: do you know that I shall think her very lucky if he cares about her?"

"He loves her, I am sure of it; but Mary is such a child still—not seventeen, remember. I think—" She paused to gather courage, for what she had yet to say needed an effort.

"What do you think, my pet?" he said, kindly, for he saw the struggle in her face.

"I think that if you were to invite Richard less often to Rookstone, Mary and he might scarcely ever meet; and if this were managed carefully she would soon forget any slight impression he may have made on her fancy."

"And Richard? You have no regard for his feelings, then, supposing them to be what you suspect. You women only think of your own side of the question, Amy. Remember you were but eighteen yourself when you married, and Janet was younger when she engaged herself to Wenlock."

"I had better be quite candid, for I know you guess my reason, although you will not perhaps see its force as I do. I would rather have Mary made unhappy even by this separation than see her married to Richard. When he arrived in England you told me that his strange, free-thinking notions were merely the result of his colonial habits—that he had often lived so cut off from human beings that he had grown careless about even the outward forms of life. I made allowance, and waited. But more than a year has gone by, darling, and I see no change: he still takes every opportunity of scoffing at what he calls cant. Honestly, I often wonder at the sympathy you seem to find with a man so totally unlike yourself, so unlike any Wolferstons that I ever heard of."

She had made her husband look grave at last, and gravity was a very rare ex-

pression on his pleasant, handsome face: there was regret, too. His wife's words had awakened a sharp feeling of self-reproach. "I take some blame on my own shoulders," he said, after a short silence. "Perhaps if I had spoken to Richard he might have been led to think of things more seriously. But, my darling, you must remember that he has had no advantages: his mother was an Italian—a singer, I believe. What should I have been without your influence, Amy? and why may we not hope that Mary will do as much for Richard?"

His wife protested against this view of the case. Mary was so young and childish that Richard would be far more likely to mould her to his own opinions and habits. "If it were Janet, it would be quite different."

"Well, well"—the gravity of the conversation had exhausted his patience—"we won't discuss it any longer, dearest. Mary is of course too young to marry at present. But I think you are prejudiced, and we owe a far heavier debt than you are aware of to Richard. I wish now I had told you of it before, but I never knew quite the right story until he came over to England, and then he asked me to keep it quiet, so as not to revive the remembrance of his father's disgrace. I think you ought to know it, though, and if I get the opportunity I shall ask him to-night to release me from my promise of secrecy."

"I did not know you expected him."

"Yes: I forgot to tell you. He is coming down on business." He looked at his watch. "In fact, I thought he would have been here by this time."

CHAPTER II.

RICHARD WOLFERSTON.

THE sun was setting as Richard Wolferston passed through the gate beside the keeper's lodge. The red may tree in the little garden served as a focus for "last gleams:" it was intensely crimson in its full-blossomed beauty. But once through the gates, the tall trees intercepted the level sunlight, and the day looked at least an hour darker. The

candelabra-like blossoms on the horse-chestnuts stood out almost ghastly against their now sombre leaves.

The gate clicked in shutting, and the keeper's mother, old Kitty Robbins, came out into the little garden and looked after the visitor with a frown on her old brown face.

Farther on was a large clearing where several of the grassed rides that intersected the park met, some of them dark alleys full of mysterious shadow. Along that which ran westward the light still glistened, spangling the leaves here and there, and those so specially singled out burned with intense radiance.

Richard Wolferston's pale face glowed too as the distant light traveled to it, and the unusual tinge gave him a look of fire and energy. His ordinary expression was languid, almost indolent. He was a well-grown, handsome man, with singularly large, dark, dreamy eyes: these seemed to flash back the red western light angrily, and then he looked round him at the stately growth of trees.

He was thinking deeply as he made his way through the park, silent now except for the occasional cry of the nightjar or the sheep-bell's monotonous tinkle, or perhaps the whirr of a stag-beetle almost in his face. His thoughts went on in this fashion: "Another long minority—nothing would surprise me less: young Christopher cannot be more than eight years old, and his father—well, I imagine Christopher to be about forty; but the Wolferstons never make old bones. To think that all this may lie waste for years!" He sighed, and then walked on impatiently.

Near the house the trees were no longer in dense masses: they stood in twos and threes, well chosen both for form and color, and grouped harmoniously in the foreground of the picture which the distant country offered from the windows. It was a long, low house, with two widely stretching wings. Along the centre ran a terrace, with gray, worn stone balustrades on a red wall. On this, as Richard approached, two peacocks stood, stiff as if carved and then

painted to imitate life. But when he reached the flower-garden beneath the terrace, one of the birds flew away, with its shrill, ungainly scream, and the other soon followed, dropping a feather almost at his feet.

The sun had sunk quite out of sight: the red memory of him even had been replaced by the exquisite chrysolite hue one sees only at that hour—a time which speaks of peace and rest, soothing the perturbed soul by its infinite solemnity, and bidding the wearied body rejoice that the close of outdoor labor is come.

Richard Wolferston stood a minute gazing at the soft green sky: then he turned and mounted the steps. He had recovered all his easy indifference, and sauntered on toward the open windows of the saloon, balancing the peacock's feather on his finger. He had often seen the room before, and yet he stood looking in, before he entered, with keen admiration. Richard Wolferston loved the beautiful in nature and in art, but he preferred it in the latter; and there was so much in the arrangement of this sitting-room of Mrs. Wolferston's to give pleasure to the eye that it would have been wonderful if he had taken no heed of it. The saloon, as it was called, was a long room stretching almost the length of the terrace, with a huge fireplace at each end: a double row of four marble columns supported the two centre beams, wide enough apart to make another little room between them. All along the walls ran soft-cushioned divans covered with some dark blue woolen texture, and mounted in black carved wood, evidently Indian by its lightness and grotesque perforations. The walls showed a few choice pictures, chiefly in water-colors. But it was nothing in detail that caught Richard Wolferston's eye. It was the harmonious grouping of fresh flowers in simple crystal vases beside antique bronzes, of a straw work-basket on the table at the farther end of the saloon with the cabinet of cameos close by, and the *étagère*, filled with Chelsea and Dresden and Sèvres and Limoges, and here and there a rare, highly-prized specimen of Henri

Deux porcelain. The Chelsea Venuses and the bronze bull were equally at home in that pleasant, well-stored saloon—so well stored that you might have spent more than one day in it before you discovered all that it contained to delight eyes and heart alike.

He tapped playfully at the window and went in.

There was a likeness between the cousins as they shook hands—a likeness of features, but not of complexion, for Christopher was fair-haired, and his eyes were more brown than black: the one face, too, although it showed the same indolence, had not a trace of discontent.

"I had almost given you up, Dick."

"The train was late, and I loitered coming through the park. How are you?"

This to Mrs. Wolferston. Though she was his cousin's wife, he had not yet learned to call her by her name. He liked her—better, perhaps, than he usually liked people, for he was cynical about the good qualities of others—but he seemed never to attain the intimate footing at Rookstone which would have set him quite at ease with its mistress. Looking at the sweet, fragile face, it seemed impossible that a loving heart did not belong to Amy Wolferston, but Richard had begun to doubt this after a year's acquaintance; and Mrs. Wolferston's greeting was so cold this evening that it was a relief when his cousin asked Richard to come into his writing-room.

Mrs. Wolferston sat some time after the gentlemen had left her, perplexed and anxious. Putting the objection she had urged against Richard on one side, she had another cause for anxiety. Mr. Painson, the old family lawyer, had taken offence, about two months ago, at the deference the squire of Rookstone showed to his new-found cousin's opinion, and had begged him to seek another adviser. Mrs. Wolferston knew that her husband secretly regretted this estrangement, and also that he thought his cousin had been haughty and unconciliating in the tone he had taken in differing from Mr. Painson. The cause

of quarrel had been a mere trifle—the most advantageous way of leasing some farms which Mr. Wolferston had recently added to his property.

Richard Wolferston had been brought up to the law, and when Mr. Painson sent in his resignation the squire placed his papers and affairs in his cousin's keeping.

"I suppose Christopher is right and I am prejudiced," Amy Wolferston said to herself. "Richard must be quite thirty-five, old enough to manage business, if he is ever to manage it; clever, too, and certainly a person one feels inclined to like and consult; and yet I feel as if the property was no longer so safe under his management as with dear old Mr. Painson: he was often cross and fidgety, and not half so agreeable, but I wish he were still Christopher's adviser."

She went to the window that opened on to the terrace. There in the distance were her three children—Mary and Christopher running races, Janet walking slowly some little way behind. The sight cleared away Mrs. Wolferston's perplexity. "What is coming to me," she said, "that I should begin to doubt or despond? Surely no woman was ever so blessed as I am, with such a husband and such children; and why should I fear, for Christopher is better and wiser in every way than I am? Even if this foreboding that weighs on my spirits be a presage of evil, no efforts of mine can ward it off. I am forgetting the very precepts I teach my children, that all vexations and troubles, however small, are sent us."

She passed out on to the terrace to meet the group. They were close to the spot where Richard had stooped to pick up the peacock's feather. Mary, a tall, lovely girl, with her father's fair hair and soft, sweet brown eyes, was flushed and panting from her heedless racing, and little Christy's cherub face was scarlet and his golden curls all disordered.

"How you have heated yourselves!" said their mother: "come in and keep quiet, Mary."

"Tell us something first, do, please."

Christy had got both hands clasped round his mother's arm, and was squeezing it with a mixture of affection and eagerness that compelled her to stop and listen.

"Is Richard here, darling? Mary declared she saw him go up the terrace steps as we stood among the trees there, below the lake."

Mrs. Wolferston glanced involuntarily at her youngest daughter. She had been standing quite still, and yet the flush on her cheeks had deepened. Her mother sighed: she turned to Christy: "Yes, he has just come, but you cannot go to him—he is in the study with papa."

"I know, I know: it's a secret, but I know what it's about," and the wild little fellow let go his mother's arm and ran round and round her in his glee.

"Hush, Christy," said Janet: "you are talking nonsense about a secret. You ought not to repeat anything you hear papa say by chance."

Janet Wolferston was scarcely nineteen, but she had quite the manner and the authority of a much older person with her brother and sister. Strangers called her strong-minded and eccentric, but her mother, although she might sometimes regret the sternness of her eldest child's rebukes, respected the motive which she knew prompted them. Janet had never been so great a favorite with her father as either Mary or Christy, and thus had escaped the systematic spoiling they received at his hands. Reproof was intolerable to Mr. Wolferston's facile, sweet temper, and he found it pleasanter and easier to yield entirely to these young wills than to thwart them. In appearance, Janet was unlike either of her parents. Her hair and complexion were neither fair nor dark, though the latter had the bloom of Hebe: her eyes were bright and large, and of the darkest blue. Richard Wolferston said they were the eyes of a Diana, and the severe aquiline profile and firmly-cut lips confirmed this idea at first sight, though Janet Wolferston was not cold-looking; but Richard had taken a dislike to her from the beginning, and he

encouraged little Christy in mutinous behavior to his eldest sister.

"You are very clever, Janet," the child said, mischievously, "but you don't know a bit what I mean."

"Hush, Christy," his mother began; but he was hugging her arm again, and holding his fair, flushed face up to be kissed.

"It's only this," he said, too low for any one but his mother to hear: "Richard has come to-day to do something to papa's will. I heard them settling it just before he went away. I only said it was a secret to tease Janet, for they both knew I was close by, and papa took no notice."

CHAPTER III.

RICHARD WOLFERSTON TAKES OFFENCE.

A WEEK had gone by, and the subject of Richard Wolferston's visits at Rookstone had not been mentioned between the husband and wife. It was such a very rare circumstance for Amy to differ from her husband that she felt it must be a long time before she could get courage to renew the discussion.

She was sitting by herself: her husband was out riding with his daughters, and Richard Wolferston was announced. He thought her manner more formal than ever, and it irritated him. Buffeting with the world may brace a man's energies, but it seldom sweetens his temper, and Richard Wolferston had had a hard struggle to gratify his extravagant tastes ever since boyhood. He asked for the girls, and her cold, almost indifferent answer stung him beyond endurance. His pale face flushed: "I am afraid, Mrs. Wolferston, I have been so unfortunate as to offend you, or that I am no longer welcome at Rookstone."

He laid a stress on the name, to remind her of his claim of kindred.

She flushed too, but she did not answer at once. It seemed to her that as he had given her this opening, it might be well to speak frankly to him about Mary. The impulse was strong, and she yielded to it: "You have not offend-

ed me, but you are right in thinking that I do not welcome you to Rookstone."

"I scarcely understand such a nice distinction."

"Shall I be quite frank with you, then? and if I offend you will you believe that I do so without intention?"

He bowed, but he looked cynical. If Amy Wolferston had known how little belief he had in her sincerity at that moment, she would not have been so confiding.

"It seems to me"—she stopped, and then went on hurriedly, plunging into what was so difficult to approach by degrees—"that you admire our youngest daughter." She looked at him: every trace of color had left his face, but he made no attempt to answer her. "She—she is very young, perhaps you do not know how young—she is not quite seventeen: in mind she is quite a child still;" she remembered Mary's blush, and she faltered: "I should be very sorry to have her otherwise for a year or two longer," Still no answer, only his head rather more erect and his lips tightly closed. "Now you understand why—why—I may enjoy your society very much, and yet be unwilling to expose her to the risk of seeing you so constantly while you feel as you do toward her. You have not contradicted me, therefore I venture to think I have guessed rightly. Girls of Mary's age are not as quickly won as when their feelings are more fully developed, but constant association would be painful and unsafe for both of you, and I really wish to save you pain, too, Mr. Wolferston."

"Thank you." He bowed deeply as he rose. "I give you credit for the best possible intentions"—his lip curled with scorn at what he considered her mercenary views—"and you are quite right, doubtless, in thinking Mary far too beautiful to throw away on a poor, struggling lawyer. You have taught me my place, Mrs. Wolferston, and I thank you for the lesson. Poor relations, you know, are apt to forget themselves. I had meant to ask your husband's permission to—to admire Mary, as you say: now I

will refrain." His tone was so bitter that she saw he was deeply wounded. Before she had made up her mind how to answer him, he spoke again in his usual voice: "I will wait in the study till Christopher comes in: I have something to do to the papers I have brought." He left the room.

Mrs. Wolferston felt very dissatisfied. It would have been better to tell Richard the true cause of her objection to him. She had let him go away under a false impression, but he was so very angry that explanation would probably have been useless.

She thought for some time longer, and then decided to consult her husband and ask his permission to write frankly and fully to Richard Wolferston. She feared that Christopher would disapprove her having broached the subject at all. She could give herself no reason for having spoken: it had been an irresistible impulse, and it had only made matters worse. It might keep Richard away from Rookstone, but it was very painful to feel that she had made an enemy of her husband's most intimate friend.

She must see Christopher before he met Richard. He would be sure to come in through the saloon, and she could tell him in a few words all that had happened.

If she could have known the mischief her words were working she would at once have followed Richard Wolferston into the study and have braved his anger.

CHAPTER IV.

FORESHADOWINGS.

THE door opened, and Mrs. Wolferston started up, but it was only Newman the butler:

"If you please, ma'am, old Kitty from the lodge has slipped down just now coming into the court, and Mrs. Knight's afraid she's sprained her ankle."

"Where is she?"

"In the housekeeper's room, ma'am. Mrs. Knight thought you might quiet her perhaps, for the poor old creature will have it her leg's broken. She seems in awful pain."

"Poor thing!" and Kitty Robbins' sufferings put to flight all Mrs. Wolferston's anxieties. She was soon kneeling beside the old woman and examining the injury.

"Now dwoant'ee, dwoant'ee touch I." Kitty pushed away the soft white hand with her brown, hard-working fingers. "For pity's sake, dwoant, Madam Wolferston: ee may be as soft as feathers, but feathers 'ud rasp, I know. Oh dear! oh dear! The ways o' Providence goes crook'd at times, I be a-thinkin'. There'll be that gipsy hussy at the toll-house, as never does naught for her livin', with both her legs safe and sound, and no use for 'em; and here be I, with use enow for six, clean robbed o' the best of 'em. Ah! it be no use talking. I know—I hanna lived sixty years to be told and taught about my own bones and j'int, Mrs. Knight."

This was in answer to the housekeeper's assurance that her bones were uninjured.

Mrs. Wolferston asked if the doctor had been sent for, and finding this had not been thought necessary, she gave orders that a messenger should at once be despatched, for she saw that no meaner decision would have weight with Kitty.

"Tellin' I as it beant broke"—the old woman's indignation got loose as soon as the housekeeper had gone with her mistress's message—"when it yachs all the way up to the knee-j'int. Weary me! there be folks as knows th' extent o' other people's pains a deal better than th' extent o' their appetites."

Mrs. Wolferston petted and soothed the poor old woman, and bid the housekeeper summon her again when the doctor came.

As Mrs. Wolferston crossed the hall, on her way back to the saloon, she met Janet: "Where is your father?"

"Richard's here, and papa is in the study with him."

Then she had lost her chance of speaking to her husband, and, having lost it, it would perhaps be better not to mention what had happened till after his cousin went away, for she guessed that

she should scarcely see the squire for a minute before the dinner-bell rang. The little interview with old Kitty had calmed her. She began to think that Richard Wolferston would see he had been unjust and hasty.

His manner at dinner-time puzzled her. There was an uneasy restlessness she had never before noticed in him. In answer to his cousin's invitation, he said he could not sleep at Rookstone—he had an early appointment in London.

"But you will get home in the middle of the night."

"Not quite so bad," he said, with a forced laugh. "A train leaves Purley station at ten: I shall be safe in chambers by half-past one o'clock. But, I say, Christopher, we had better finish off that business to-night."

The two gentlemen spent the rest of the evening in the study. The bell was rung more than once.

Mrs. Wolferston and her daughters were sitting in the library, a cozy room, walled, except on the window side, with oak bookcases. The very door was concealed by sham books, so that when it was closed a stranger might have looked vainly for means of egress. Mrs. Wolferston was busy with needlework, Janet was reading, and Mary, having idled away the first part of the evening in play with her favorite dog Loulou, discovered that she had left her embroidery in the saloon. She came back with it, laughing: "What can papa and Richard have to say to those two men? I saw John, the new groom, and that young gardener, Kitty's nephew, going into the study."

"Mary, how curious you are!" said Janet, indignantly.

"People are sometimes wanted to write their names as witnesses, dear; and those are chosen who are the least interested in the papers they have to sign."

Ten o'clock struck, but the gentlemen did not come into the library.

"I suppose they will finish the evening there," Mary said in a vexed tone.

Mrs. Wolferston rang the bell.

"If you please, ma'am, master said I was to tell you he had driven Mr. Rich-

ard over to the station, and he hoped you would not stay up for him," said the butler.

Mrs. Wolferston sent the girls off to bed. She went up stairs herself, but she could not stay there: she felt too restless. The evening had been oppressive, and the saloon windows were still unclosed. She passed through the centre one on to the terrace. There was no moon, not even a star: the sky was almost awful in its vast darkness. Just then the stable clock rang out eleven in a shrill, clanging tone, as if it was telling the household it ought to be in bed. "I wonder what keeps Christopher?" she thought: "it is only half an hour's drive from the station." Still she paced up and down. A nightingale, far off in the woods, began to trill out his marvelous gurgle of sweet sounds, but they did not soothe her. Her hearing was so intently strained to catch the first sound of returning wheels that even the nightingale's song came as an unwelcome distraction. She had left the saloon in darkness—now she saw a light moving in it. It was only Newman come to close the windows.

"You can leave the centre one open," said his mistress: "I can close that. I shall stay here till your master returns. Is he not very late?"

"Yes, ma'am; only, this being the first of the month, we haven't got the new train-book yet, and Mr. Richard's train may go later now; and master would wait to see him off, ma'am."

This was said to soothe his mistress: the man was himself growing anxious at the delay.

Speaking out one's fears often relieves them, and when Amy Wolferston stepped on the terrace again her heart felt less heavy. How kind and good and unselfish her husband was! She believed that he had been at the trouble of driving his cousin over to Purley to please her. He would not press him to stay because she had asked him not to encourage Richard at Rookstone, and yet he would dismiss him so courteously that Richard could not take offence. Why should not his words come true—why should not his cousin be brought

to a better, less worldly life if Christopher bent his mind to the task of influencing him? "Then I could give him Mary joyfully," she said; "but I cannot believe it would be right to expose the child to Richard Wolferston's influence in order that she might benefit him. It would be doing evil that good might come."

Again a light in the saloon. She had not heard the wheels, but it might be her husband. The wind was rising among the trees, and amid the creaking and swaying of their giant arms other sounds were scarcely heard.

Newman came out on the terrace to speak to her before she reached the window. She could not see the man's face, but his voice sounded strangely: "It's half-past eleven now, ma'am. Should I go out along the Purley road and see if I can meet master?"

All the foreboding, all the nameless terror that had lately weighed on her, and which she had so bravely struggled with, thronged back suddenly as the man spoke. "Yes, Newman. I wish we had gone sooner. You and John can go with me, and let some of the other men follow us with lights."

Before the butler had got back into the hall with a lantern, his mistress stood there wrapped in a large cloak, the hood drawn over her head.

"You won't go yourself, ma'am?" he said, respectfully. "You'll take cold, ma'am, and perhaps—"

"Open the door," she said, in a more decided voice than he had ever heard from her. "You had better lead the way with your lantern, Newman, it is so dark." It was as dark as it could be—that impenetrable, immeasurable inkiness that makes one fearful where each footstep may lead. At another time Amy Wolferston would scarcely have dared to walk unguided in such blind fashion, but now she hurried on, helped by the glimmer of the butler's lantern, a faint help against the dense gloom. "You have told the men to bring lights, have you not?" she said: "we can see nothing distinctly by this lantern."

"Yes, ma'am: there are some torches

at the keeper's cottage, and I told them to wake up Jem Robbins and bring him along."

They had left the park behind them, and were in the high road leading to Purley.

"What is this?" she exclaimed, as her arm struck against something hard which seemed to be in the middle of the road.

Newman raised the lantern.

"It's the toll-gate," said the other man who accompanied them. "Molly must know if the master has passed through yet. Halloa, Molly! Molly, wake up, I say!"

They knocked long and vigorously before any signs of stirring were heard in the toll-house. At last an upper window was unclosed: "What d'ye mean by such a caddle at this time o' night?"

"It's me, Molly—Mrs. Wolferston. Has the master gone through the toll to-night?"

"Then be off wi' ye! ye're an impudent baggage. Ye'll not be tellin' o' I that a real lady born, like madam at the park yonder, 'ud be coming out in the high road 'twixt night and morning, rousing honest folk from their lawful rest."

"Let me speak to her, ma'am," said Newman: "she's only half awake, and doesn't know what she's about. Look here, Molly, my girl, and look sharp, too. You remember the master driving by here in his new dog-cart this evening, rather before ten, don't you now?"

"And what then? The master have a right to go where he choose, without folks a-spyin' after he and his ways. It's like I should see whether a dog-cart's old or new, and the night so dark I can't see my own hand! It were the master, though, for he said, 'Good-night, Molly.'"

"We're losing time," Mrs. Wolferston said, in an imploring, eager tone to Newman: "she can tell us nothing."

"And you're sure he hasn't been back?"

"I shouldn't talk of his going if he'd come back too—should I, ye dunder-head?"

"Well, then, lend us your lantern,

quick, like a good lass, for we're afraid something's gone wrong."

It was terrible to Amy to hear her own sickening fear put into words as a certainty. She could not stand still while the sleepy, unwilling woman groped about for her lantern. She hurried on alone in the darkness, and, feeling for the little swing gate, passed through it before Newman and John were ready to follow her.

CHAPTER V.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

ON the other side of the gate, alone in the utter darkness, Amy's courage failed. What was this horror that had come upon her? Christopher, her husband—it was impossible that anything should have happened to him.

"Christopher!" but her words seemed choked and muffled by the darkness: they fell back on her tongue and palsied it for a moment. The inner darkness was worse than that without, and then her heart was lifted up from that crushing despair, and she clasped her hands together and prayed for help and guidance in this her sore need.

As she turned to listen for her companions' footsteps, she saw the welcome sight of lights a little distance off: the men from the gamekeeper's cottage had made good speed, and would soon join them.

But Newman and John were through the gate. Molly's lantern gave a better light, and they went on faster.

The two men whispered together every now and then softly, but their mistress could not speak—she dared not even think: she was trying her utmost to keep calm and self-possessed, for a new dread had flashed into her mind.

Newman came up to her, even in that moment of fear and doubt touching his hat with his customary respect: "I don't see how there can be any accident, ma'am. If there'd been one, the horse and dog-cart would have come home, unless—"

He was surprised at his mistress's calm answer: "You are thinking Mr.

Wolferston has taken the lower road from the station, by the mill-pond. I think so, too. We had better stand still till the men join us, for we must be getting near the angle where the roads separate. As soon as they come up, make them light all the torches: then let John and a couple of them go to the station along the regular road—the others can follow you and me."

The man repeated her orders mechanically as the rest joined them a few minutes afterward. The mill-pond!—a thought, so Newman said to himself, to make a man feel sick and giddy, much less a delicate woman like his mistress.

It was a large, deep pool, encroaching far on the road, which was specially narrow at this spot, as the footpath was raised several feet above its level.

"Surely, although it is so much the nearest way, the squire would not have run such a risk on such a night as this is. Suppose he's gone to town with Mr. Richard, after all? He certainly said mistress was not to wait up for him; and yet he never did a thing like this before."

Mrs. Wolferston still kept at the head of the party. The next turn of the road she thought must bring them to the mill-pond, but in the darkness she felt uncertain. Suddenly she called out, in a high, unnatural voice, "Torches! bring them forward here."

She could not have told why she uttered that cry: she could not have described the chill horror that came with it; but it was no sudden shock or terror, when the red, smoky glare shed a broad light round the spot on which she stood, to see a dark form stretched across her very path, and to know before she looked that the white, upturned face was her husband's.

The red glare reflected brightly in the deep, quiet water of the pond. It was close beside its edge that the squire had fallen. His wife knelt down quickly beside him and loosened his collar: then she bent down her ear to listen, but all was still. She kissed his forehead gently, as if she feared to wake him. Till now she had acted as we act in a dream—moved and acted without sense or

feeling; but the icy chill that met her lips pierced through the stupor that had benumbed her: she gave a deep gasping sob and sank down beside her husband.

While Newman was busy sending men off in different directions for the doctor, for the means of conveying the squire's body and his almost lifeless wife to the park, some of the others were searching for the missing horse and dog-cart. The last was soon found on the farther side of the pond, more than half under water, and broken, but of the horse there were no traces—none, at least, discoverable in the darkness. He might be lying at the bottom of the pond, strangled in his attempts to free himself, or he might be rushing wildly about the country, maddened by the terror he had undergone.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. WOLFERSTON'S WILL.

NEXT morning the sun came streaming in through the windows as if nothing had happened overnight to make his presence unwelcome at Rookstone.

The blinds had been drawn down, but still the bright light forced its way in—into the bedroom up stairs, where Mary lay sobbing hysterically on her bed, deaf to Janet's tender, soothing words and entreaties to calm herself for their dear mother's sake—into the nursery, where little Christopher sat, his cherub face stiffened into an unnatural seriousness, more at the solemn stillness that reigned everywhere than because he as yet realized his loss.

But it was in the death-chamber below that the warm, cheerful sunbeams were most unwelcome. The master of Rookstone had been borne into a seldom-used room leading off from the entrance-hall, called the small library, and here his wife had taken her place beside him. Janet had stolen in once or twice during the night, but she felt that her mother's sorrow was too sacred to be intruded on. It had come with such a sudden sharpness that she could not believe in it. With her head bent slightly, listening

as intently as she had listened the night before for the carriage wheels, Amy Wolferton sat, almost as still as the rigid form beside her, except that every now and then she gently raised the covering Janet had placed over the face of the dead. Then the wistful yearning of her sad eyes told that all hope was not over within her.

But as the day wore on hope fled, and at last when Janet came and urged her to take some rest, she yielded, and suffered herself to be led away. Even then she said, softly, "You will not leave him, darling? We could not leave him alone."

At her room door she saw little Christopher seated on the mat. He jumped up and ran to her: "Nurse says I am to keep away from you, darling, am I? You want your own little Chris, don't you, poor, pretty mamma?"

As the little arms clung fondly round her the forced calm gave way. She buried her face among the child's golden curls and wept passionately: then she drew him into her room, and, closing the door, clasped him in her arms with a vehemence which startled him, it was so unlike his sweet, gentle mother. But the relief to pent-up feeling did her good. When Janet came to her, about two hours later, alarmed by Christopher's terrified account of the way "mamma cried," she found her with swollen eyelids, sadly worn and exhausted, but more really calm and resigned than she could have expected.

Next morning it seemed to Janet that her mother had grown years older. She had dressed herself in black: her beautiful hair was strained completely away from her face, and gathered in a simple knot behind.

And Amy Wolferton felt years older. It seemed to her as if she had lost half of her self, the moving spring of her life, the sun which had cheered and lighted her every thought and action. But she did not give way to sullen or uncontrolled sorrow.

Sorrow she must. While the wound was still so acute there was no use in trying to heal it, but she strove humbly

and patiently to see God's hand in it, and not to rebel. Meanwhile, Mary resisted all Janet's attempts to tranquilize her: "You have no feeling, Janet: strong-minded women never have, and they think others give way just because they have deeper feelings. If you had loved darling papa as I did—" And here the poor child burst into a fresh fit of sobbing and flung herself on her bed, resolved not to be comforted.

Janet had borne up bravely, and she had striven hard to keep the knowledge of Mary's state from her mother, but on this second day Mrs. Wolferton asked for her, and her sister was obliged to tell the truth.

Mrs. Wolferton put little Christopher off her lap and went to her daughter's room. Mary lay on the bed, still sobbing. Her mother wept with her at first, and then reasoned, but when she found that Mary made no effort at self-control, she grew anxious. "My dear child," she said, "do you think your father is pleased that you give way to such violent grief? Little Christopher said to me just now, 'I must be always good, mamma, for you know he can always see me now, and he used not to when I was in the nursery.'" But Mary was only quieted for a moment: she soon burst into violent grief.

It was strange to see the different effect that this trial had on the two sisters. On the quick-tempered, energetic Janet it seemed to have laid a softening, chastening hand. Her gentleness with all was wonderful, and her tenderness tried to save her mother even the trouble of thinking for herself. The slight, erect figure glided noiselessly about the house, giving directions and transacting business that might have been thought too serious for her age. On Mary, the sunbeam of the family, the bright, lovely darling who had cheered all hearts by her saucy, winning ways, the effect had been entirely opposite. She alternated between long, desponding fits of silence and sudden bursts of forced cheerfulness, which usually ended in hysterical sobs.

Poor Janet! In the midst of her sor-

row came what a week ago would have been hailed as a special joy—a letter from her betrothed husband, Captain Wenlock, to announce the return of his regiment from Malta. He had been away for more than a year, and Mr. Wolferston had promised that directly he returned the marriage should take place. Now, such a thought was mockery. She crushed the letter into her pocket, feeling as if the very gladness its contents had filled her with were a robbery from the sorrow due to the dear father just taken to his rest.

The same post, too, brought her mother a letter from Richard Wolferston—a formal letter of condolence, and an offer of service if he could in any way be of use to his dear cousin's wife and children.

Janet opened it, and grew thoughtful as she read. "I do not like to worry, dear mother," she said, "and yet I must. My father's will must be read. I wonder if Mr. Painson has it, or whether it was transferred to Richard?"

She wrote to Mr. Painson and asked the question before she spoke to her mother.

The answer came promptly. Mr. Painson regretted that he had no longer any claim to advise Mrs. Wolferston legally, although as a friend he would always be entirely at her disposal. It was a very kind, warm letter, contrasted with Richard's, and something in the difference between the two struck Janet painfully. She gave both letters to her mother.

Mrs. Wolferston read them attentively, but she made no comment, except to tell Janet that she wished both Mr. Painson and their cousin to be present at the funeral.

The day came, and with it that fearfully sharp wrench, almost like the severance of body and spirit, when the loved one is really taken from our mortal eyes for ever. Janet and little Christopher followed their father to the grave, and returned home soothed and comforted.

Janet came to her mother's room: "I am not going to stay with you, dear-

est." She kissed her fondly as she spoke. "Mr. Painson wishes me to be present when the will is read. Will Mary come too, or will she stay with you?"

To her surprise, Mary rose up briskly and said she would accompany her, but as she reached the door she looked back at her mother. There was a plaintive, beseeching tenderness in Mrs. Wolferston's face, doubly plaintive in the mournful cap she wore for the first time, that recalled her wayward daughter's straying thoughts. Mary left Janet abruptly and sat down again beside her mother.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Wolferston had any very near relations. Mrs. Dawson, a sister of the late squire's father, and Mr. and Mrs. Webb, the last a cousin of Mrs. Wolferston, the doctor, the clergyman, Mr. Painson and Richard Wolferston, and another person, a stranger,—these were all the group that Janet found collected in the dining-room. They seemed to have been waiting for her.

Kind Aunt Dawson came forward and made Janet sit between herself and Mrs. Webb: then there was some little earnest talk between Mr. Painson and Richard Wolferston, who stood half hidden in the deep bay window; and then the stranger, whom Richard named to Mr. Painson as one of his clerks, seated himself before a desk and began to read.

Janet tried to listen and to understand, but she could not. After the first few words all sounded like a confused jargon, belonging to some far-off period of language rather than the present. Exactly opposite to her as she sat was a portrait of her father, painted at the time of his marriage, and as she gazed on the fair, handsome face, with its winsome smile and open, fearless eyes, the memory of her loss grew painfully present, and all outward sights and sounds were obliterated.

Her own love for Captain Wenlock—for, though her reserve made her chary of speaking of him, she loved him with all the strength of her nature—gave

Janet some estimate of the agony her mother suffered, and the contemplation of the long widowed years that might yet be in store for this darling mother was almost more than she could bear. It was terrible to sit there racked with such sorrow, with the outward consciousness that it must be restrained and kept within bounds.

It seemed as if the clerk's monotonous voice had been reading on for hours when it suddenly stopped. There was a confused murmur of voices, some speaking with vehement disapproval. Mrs. Webb's was the loudest: "It's shameful, and there's no other word for it—after being such a wife, too, as no man ever had before! I do say it comes very near a fraud. Not but what I always thought poor dear Christopher inclined to be selfish."

Selfish! her father selfish!

Janet looked up quickly, but she saw Aunt Dawson quieting Mrs. Webb, and she sat still and tried to understand the cause of this commotion.

Mr. Painson stepped forward and begged for silence. He looked severely at Mrs. Webb: he was scandalized at such a breach of decorum.

The clerk went drawling on, and Janet tried to listen. She could not quite understand, but it seemed to her that Richard Wolferston's name came in continually. A few words at the close specially impressed her: "Therefore, as the estate, if entailed, must have belonged to the said Richard Wolferston years ago, and has only been alienated from him by a prejudice arising from no fault of his, I am hereby by this restitution merely doing the part of an honest man to him and his heirs, and relieving mine from the burden of unjust possession."

Then the paper concluded formally, and the clerk handed it to Mr. Painson.

There was a dead silence. Janet was conscious that something utterly unexpected had happened, that some new misfortune had fallen on her mother, but before she could in any way collect her thoughts Mr. Painson came up to her with the will in his hand: "You and

I, Miss Janet, will go to mamma now: the sooner this news is broken to her the better."

She took his arm passively, but directly she found herself alone with him, in the gallery outside her mother's room, she stopped: "I can't quite make it out." She passed her hand across her forehead, as if to clear away the confusion from her brain. "Why did Mrs. Webb call dear papa selfish, and why did every one look so angrily at Richard Wolferston?"

Mr. Painson pulled up his shirt collar stiffly. He had flattered himself that Janet had shown an early promise of developing excellent business powers: it was mortifying that an affair simple enough for the comprehension of a baby had puzzled her.

"Why, my dear child, it lies in a nutshell. Your father, in what—don't look shocked, Miss Janet—even I must call an unwarrantable fit of conscientiousness, has willed Rookstone and all its appurtenances to Richard Wolferston as heir-at-law, and left your mother four hundred pounds a year for her life, with succession to Christopher, and to you each one hundred a year. I must say, my dear, that it's fairly monstrous: it will take me some time to get over. Now shall we go in to your poor dear mamma?"

CHAPTER VII.

MR. PAINSON'S STORY.

"I WAS prepared for something unexpected in my late dear friend's disposal of his property," Mr. Painson said when he had communicated the contents of her husband's will to Mrs. Wolferston. "Before I got Miss Janet's note, Mr. Richard Wolferston had written to ask me to be present to-day, as he said his cousin had made a different will from his former one." The old lawyer checked himself. Mary's eyes were fixed on him with a strange intensity, and he began to consider whether the presence of so many listeners was desirable. He was a bachelor, a cautious as well as a nervous man, and he had a very hazy

belief in the trustworthiness of any woman, always excepting his favorite Janet, whom he had petted from her childhood. But as he could not well make a difference between the sisters, he said he thought what he had to say had better be told to their mother only.

Janet rose at once and looked at her sister, but Mary lingered: she felt that what Mr. Painson had to tell was in some way connected with Richard Wolferton, and she longed to stay and defend him from any blame which might be laid to his charge.

"You can go to Aunt Dawson and Cousin Louisa, dears," Mrs. Wolferton said. "After what Mr. Painson has just told me, I think I will not attempt to see them to-day: will you give them my love and ask them to excuse me?" As soon as the girls left the room she turned to Mr. Painson: "This news surprises me, of course, but still not so much as I dare say you expect. Only a short time ago he—my darling husband—spoke of restitution due to his cousin. We were interrupted, and he did not fully explain himself. I remember he said he had promised to keep the matter a secret, but I am sure he meant to have told me his intentions—if—if this had not happened." She tried to be calm, but it was very difficult to speak of her lost one without emotion. She went on presently: "You can do me a great service, Mr. Painson, if you will. You can caution Mrs. Webb especially that no one must venture to disapprove of this disposal of Rookstone—to me, I mean. Mrs. Webb means well, but there are times when well-meaning people can do a great deal of harm." She spoke with dignity. She wished the old lawyer to understand that this prohibition extended to him also.

He bowed: he was lost in wonder, partly reverent and partly pitying, for he thought in her extreme duty to her husband this perfect wife was forgetting the claims of her children.

"May I ask you a few questions?" he said. "I want specially to know when the conversation you mention took

place: can you remember the exact day?"

She thought a minute: "Yes: it was the 25th of May. I remember the day well, because Richard Wolferton came down on business."

"Ah!" The old lawyer's brows knit: he had never conquered his vexation at the breach that had occurred between the late squire of Rookstone and himself. "May I ask if my dear late friend had seen his cousin when he told you this?"

"No: he was sitting in the saloon with me, expecting him. It was his arrival, in fact, that broke off the conversation I spoke of."

"And when Mr. Richard left did you renew it?"

"No: he stayed till next morning, and—" She paused, and a faint color stole over her pale face. She could not say she had forgotten it, for she knew that during those few happy days that followed she had studiously avoided any topic which would lead to the mention of her husband's cousin, in her tender shrinking from a revival of the former discussion.

Mr. Painson's practiced eye saw that she was keeping something from him, but it was not his way with women to face a perplexity openly: he considered them subtle creatures, and therefore took them, if he could, at unawares: "You must forgive me, my dear lady, if I seem to give you needless pain, but from your applying to me, as you did, immediately after this distressing calamity, I imagine that you have some wish to rely on my advice?" She only bowed, and he went on, not looking at her. His green-gray eyes had a trick of wandering about nervously, as if they could find nothing satisfactory to rest on. "Now I want you to try and concentrate your memory on the occurrences of the last few weeks, and, having done so, to tell me whether you have not seen a difference in your husband's manner—a flightiness, perhaps, or a despondency, or a restlessness, or an irritability, which might have shown you, if you had been less blinded by—by natural affection, that— Stay, my dear lady, you prom-

ised to hear me out," for Mrs. Wolferton tried eagerly to interrupt him—"I say, which might have shown you that his intellect was clouded—not quite sound, in fact."

He touched his forehead to point his meaning, but Mrs. Wolferton had risen and stood looking at him with pained surprise: "I see what you mean, Mr. Painson, and I must tell you that you are very wrong even to hint such a suspicion. Do you think me so regardless of my boy's future as to suppose that I could take his disinheritance quietly if I thought his father had not really willed it?—for if his mind had been affected, I consider the act would not have been his own."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Painson, meekly—her outbreak had been more vehement than he expected, and he had as great a dread of a woman's wrath as some folks have of cold water—"but you led me into this supposition yourself."

"I?" She looked confounded.

"Yes. Just now, when you spoke of Richard Wolferton, your manner was so confused and hesitating that you irresistibly led me to the conclusion that he had unduly influenced the late squire in the disposal of his property, and that you had combated such a disposition; and knowing the nature of my dear late friend's feelings for you as I did, I could not fancy this influence being used successfully against yours had Mr. Wolferton's mind not been previously warped."

For a moment his manœuvre had nearly succeeded. In her anxiety to establish the soundness of her husband's intellect she was on the point of betraying the secret of their discussion and of her own dispute with his cousin; but Amy Wolferton had been trained early to set a watch on her words. Perhaps the very dispute I have mentioned was one of the few occasions when this habit had been neglected, and the bitter remembrance it had left, that on her last day of married life she had acted in opposition to what she knew were her husband's wishes, served to keep her watch-

ful over her words now. The bitterness was doubled, because, as we know, she had been obliged to keep the matter from her husband.

"My uneasiness arose from quite another cause," she said, quietly—"a cause which could not in any way affect your present inquiry."

She spoke, as she thought, the truth, and yet if she had then told Mr. Painson all that had really happened, he might have read his old friend's strange will through a different pair of spectacles.

"There is something I should like explained more clearly," she said. "You understand that I entirely accept this disposition of his property as Mr. Wolferton's deliberate wish, but I want quite to understand the nature of his cousin's claim."

Again Mr. Painson inveighed mentally against the dullness of womankind, for was not the whole claim of kindred fairly stated in the will he had just read to her?

"Richard Wolferton"—he pulled up his shirt collar and spoke in his most impressive manner, knocking off the different items of his statement with his raised forefinger—"is the son of his father, Charles Wolferton; and Charles Wolferton was the son of Christopher Wolferton, the late squire's grandfather and predecessor at Rookstone. You know—or it is quite possible you don't know, for such extraordinary pains were taken to keep the matter quiet that I don't believe there are above a couple of people left, besides myself, who remember the story—that the old squire had only these two children—Janet, the eldest, your husband's mother, and this boy Charles. Charles was intended for the army; he went to Eton first—there he was soon rusticated; and at Oxford he got worse and worse. He was about the wildest young fellow you can imagine. I fancy the old squire was too indulgent at first, and then desperately hard when he found he had been deceived. The mother had died young, you see, and Janet had married and was living abroad with her husband; so there was no one always at hand to say

a good word for the poor young scoundrel; for he was a scoundrel to deceive his father as he did. I did what I could. I was the junior in the firm that then managed the Rookstone property, but Charles contrived to blind me too. His father paid all his debts, as he supposed, purchased him a commission and made him a handsome allowance; and the first news he got of his son was that he was arrested for about three times the amount he had just relieved him from. Even then he did not quite give him up. He insisted on his leaving the army and taking to a more hard-working life, for he dreaded the extravagance which he might be led into. He went into a well-known banker's: it was difficult enough to get him in, but his antecedents had been kept so quiet that it was generally believed he had sold out because his regiment was ordered abroad and he couldn't get any exchange." Mr. Painsong stopped abruptly and looked searchingly at the pale, earnest face. He had got warmed with his subject, and it seemed to him that, circumstanced as his friend's widow was with Richard Wolferston, she ought to know his whole history. "Now comes a fact"—he spoke in a low, cautious tone—"which I can only mention in the strictest possible confidence. My dear late friend must have been aware of it, and it was this, no doubt, which he intended to communicate to you as soon as his cousin released him from his promise of secrecy. It is said in the will that Christopher Wolferston, your husband's grandfather, disinherited his only son Charles in favor of his daughter Janet, then the wife of Sir Gordon Dawson; that the same Janet had become a widow before this news of her brother's disinheritance reached her; that when she returned here to Rookstone after her husband's demise, bringing her boy Christopher with her, the old squire took legal measures to change his name to Wolferston—But of course you knew about this change of name before?"

"Ah, yes: I have heard it from old Aunt Dawson. She calls herself Mrs.,

but, as you know, she is the maiden sister of my husband's father."

"Yes, yes, she could tell you that, and she no doubt thought the young scapegrace Charles Wolferston rightly served for his extravagance and his unfortunate marriage, for he went over to Paris and got married to an opera-singer there; but he was not disinherited on those counts. Before then something had happened which broke the old man's heart: he lived some years afterward, but he never held up his head again. This is what did it: One day one of the partners of the firm in which Charles had been placed came down to Rookstone— You will not breathe this even to your daughter Janet?"

"No," she answered. She shrank from the story of another person's guilt, but the thought of Mary made her determine to know all that was to be known of Richard Wolferston.

"Charles Wolferston had forged a cheque for one thousand pounds on the bank in the name of one of the partners. Happily for him, the fraud had been discovered at once, and therefore was easily concealed. The firm behaved nobly: the only compensation they demanded was that the culprit should leave England and pledge himself not to return for a term of years—I forget the precise time: however, he died in California before the expiration of it, when his son, this very Richard, was about nine years old. I believe he still receives the allowance the old squire made to his cast-off son; but this was all managed so secretly that your husband knew nothing of his cousin's existence even until he received a letter from Richard himself, announcing his return to England, rather more than a year ago."

"Then no one knows anything about Richard Wolferston's previous life?"

"I have never met with any one who knows anything about him; but, my dear friend, if you will permit me to call you so, I have not many acquaintances, and none of them have ever lived in Australia or California."

SERIAL SUPPLEMENT.

R O O K S T O N E .

BY KATHERINE S. MACQUOID,

AUTHOR OF "FORGOTTEN BY THE WORLD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARY'S CONFESSION.

THE son of a felon!—for, although not convicted in a court of justice, what else had Charles Wolferston been?—and this was the man who loved Mary, and for whom she feared Mary had more than a mere cousinly liking!

Long after Mr. Painson left her, Mrs. Wolferston sat thinking in her dressing-room, tortured with the feeling that either she must risk her daughter's safety or her happiness. On one point she would not let her thoughts rest—her husband's incaution in admitting his cousin to intimacy with his children on such short acquaintance. The excuse for this was Richard's irresistible charm of manner—a charm which she acknowledged in spite of her disapproval of his principles—a charm which seemed to have subjugated all the inhabitants of Rookstone except Janet and old Kitty Robbins.

For the present the shock of Mr. Painson's story had dulled the remembrance that Rookstone was no longer a home for her and her children, but after a while this came back. It was so very hard to go away—to leave this first and only home of her wedded happiness—to go where she should have nothing to remind her of her husband; but a mind so raised above earthly things as Amy Wolferston's was soon restored from this trial of its peace. "What am I lamenting over?" she said—"I, the half of whose life has already passed away! How much worse it is for these young ones, just at the time when they were entering on all the pleasures and amusements their position entitled them to en-

joy! How shall I comfort them and win them to be resigned if I am myself rebellious?"

She spoke to both her daughters next morning. She found Janet silent, unwilling to enter on the subject of the will: she got up and left the room when her mother turned to Mary.

Mary's eyes were round with surprise: "But, mamma, why need we go? Richard does not wish it. How could he? He would not grieve you for the world: I am sure he would not."

"How can you be sure, Mary?"

The beautiful girl blushed at the grave question, but she crept up to her mother a minute afterward and put both arms round her:

"He told me so himself yesterday, when Janet took me away from you and that hateful old man."

"Hush, my darling."

"Well, I must hate him, for I know he tries to set you against Richard, just because he is so clever and knows better how to manage dear papa's business. When we got down stairs Richard was in the hall. I don't know what became of Janet. Just then I was very angry, because I thought, as you do, that he—Richard, I mean—was an usurper, and was driving you away from your rightful home."

"What else could you think?"

"Well, we are both wrong, darling mamma." She kissed her mother again, as if she would conquer the incredulity she read in her eyes. "Richard was so surprised and shocked when I said it that it was impossible to think he had ever contemplated driving us away. He told me that he and Mr. Painson had

been appointed joint guardians of Christy, and he said this is a plain proof that dear papa never meant us to leave Rookstone."

Mrs. Wolferston drew her daughter's hands into her own, and, holding them there, looked at her steadily: "My dear Mary, you are not quite a child: try and consider this question as if you had no interest in it. Would your father have made his cousin master of Rookstone during my lifetime if he had intended me to remain here?"

"Ah, but that is just the point Richard made so clear. He said dearest papa had suffered from a scruple of conscience ever since he had known that his uncle Charles had left a son, and it was only to quiet this scruple that Richard yielded to the will being in its present form; for, as he says, he was only ten years younger than papa when the will was made, and he thought his life the worst of the two. Even if the property had been left to you, some one must have managed it for you. Why cannot you stay here, dearest, and consider him as only the manager? You will make him and all of us happy by doing this." Mary spoke eagerly, with flushed cheeks and imploring eyes.

"My darling, listen. I know what Richard does not. Before your father made this will he was thoroughly aware that I wished to break off our intimacy with Richard. Stop, Mary, and hear my reasons." The impetuous girl pulled both hands away from her mother and hid her face between them. "It is not possible, therefore, that he could have intended us to live together: it would be an insult toward him to judge him so wanting in tenderness toward me. You are fond of Richard. It is quite natural: he is your cousin, and has been very kind both to you and Christy; but, Mary, Richard is not a good companion for either of you." The flushed face looked up, half angry, half tearful, the rosy, pouting lip drooping doubtfully. "I do not blame him, for he has had no home-teaching which could help him, and much foreign residence rarely improves a man. I do not

think, my darling, you could be long content with a friend who mocks at all religious ordinances as Richard does."

"Ah but, mamma, are we not told not to judge others, and may not he be thoroughly good, although he gives no outward sign of it?"

Mrs. Wolferston trembled. It seemed to her that the evil influence had gone deep with Mary already. "I am no bigot, Mary," she said. "I hold that love and truth in the heart must be pleasing to God, but I also think that he has always shown in all ages that he wills mankind to give him some outward form of worship, and I cannot believe that anything but self-will in its deadliest form refuses this act of public homage and thanksgiving."

The flush faded from the girl's face—faded to an almost deathlike whiteness: her hand fell idly in her lap: "Mamma"—the words were rather sobbed than spoken—"if I may not trust Richard take me away from Rookstone. I could never stay with him and not—" She buried her face on her mother's shoulder.

Mrs. Wolferston saw how deep the wound was, and shrank from probing it, but she saw, too, that she must not remain one day longer than was needful at Rookstone.

CHAPTER IX.

A CHANGE OF PLANS.

BUT matters will not always arrange themselves as we wish.

On the morning after the reading of the will the widow received a letter from the new master of Rookstone. In it he repeated all that Mary had already told her. He begged her not to remember, but to pardon, the hasty and uncourtous words he had spoken on the evening of his last visit. He would not attempt to deny his love for Mary, but if Mrs. Wolferston thought his presence at Rookstone undesirable, he would remain in London, and only visit her when she required his advice or when his presence might be wanted on the estate. If she would treat him as a

brother, as one whom her husband had loved and believed in, he would be satisfied to wait, and hope that her mind might change about Mary.

Mrs. Wolferton showed this letter to Janet. She had been so accustomed to carry every thought and every wish to her husband that she could not resist the comfort Janet's firm mind and single-hearted view of things gave her. Janet read the letter very slowly. The cloud of gloom that had settled on her face since the reading of the will had not left it. "I am almost sorry you consulted me," she said: "I feel I take a selfish view of the whole matter, and so cannot judge fairly."

"I think we must judge alike on one point, dearest — that Richard Wolferton is disposed to act generously and delicately toward us."

"That is just the point on which I suppose my mind is warped," Janet said, bitterly. She stood still a moment, thinking. "Mother, if one has a suspicion, a dreadful, terrible doubt about another person, and one knows at the same time that one's own motives are interested in cherishing this suspicion, how should one act?" She had taken one of her mother's hands as she spoke, and was grasping it with painful tightness.

"You are excited, my darling: you have been overwrought these last few days, and your mind mistakes fancies for convictions. Try to turn your thoughts to something else."

She bent forward and kissed Janet's forehead, lined slightly already with traces of thought, but the girl still looked restless and unquiet: "You don't quite understand me, mother: would it be wrong to tell you what my suspicion is?"

"Try to conquer it instead: if you cannot do that, then I suppose I must hear it; but I could only do this for your sake, Janet; and I believe if you take the means I suggest you will not find it necessary to consult me."

Janet turned away. The world had indeed changed if her own darling mother refused to listen to her confi-

dence. What had come to her? She seemed quite to have forgotten how this change of fortune had ruined her eldest child's hopes of happiness. When Janet had been promised to Henry Wenlock she was the daughter of the rich Mr. Wolferton of Rookstone: her lover could not be expected to keep faith with her in such a different position. If her mother would only have listened to her, she would have asked her advice, but this check threw her back into silence. "For the future I will lean only on myself," she thought.

Mrs. Wolferton watched her anxiously. She did not guess that distress and anxiety had brought disease to aid them, and that Janet's mind was no longer under her own control.

In the evening Mr. Painson came down from London to take Mrs. Wolferton's instructions. He was surprised to find her in such haste to leave Rookstone, but her resolution was not to be altered.

He returned to town early next morning, promising that by the end of a week he would have a small house ready for their reception in one of the London suburbs. Mrs. Wolferton thought, on Christopher's account, it would be desirable to give up a country life.

It had been arranged that the day before they left Rookstone, Richard Wolferton should come down and be formally put in possession by Mr. Painson. The latter had objected to this, as exposing the widow to unnecessary pain; but Mrs. Wolferton expressed a wish to see her husband's cousin once more at Rookstone before she left it.

On the morning of his expected arrival Janet did not appear at breakfast, and when her mother went to her room she found her so ill that all thoughts of a journey were postponed: the country doctor was summoned, and he told Mrs. Wolferton she had better telegraph for further advice. Richard Wolferton and Mr. Painson reached Rookstone in the evening, and they learned that the London physician, who had just preceded them, pronounced that

there was decided pressure on the brain, and that the slightest excitement might augment this to brain fever.

CHAPTER X.

THE WAVERLEY AVENUE.

FOR several days Janet lay between life and death. Her mother never left her. Mary wished to stay with her mother and share her anxious watchings, but Mrs. Wolferston would not even allow her to enter the sick room. "It can do no good," she said, "and the sudden sight of a fresh face may cause the excitement the doctor dreads."

In her utter absorption for Janet, Mrs. Wolferston did not ask whether Richard still remained at Rookstone. She had warned Mary against him. She knew that Mr. Painson, in his anxiety for Janet, would be frequently at Rookstone: she could only trust that all would be ordered for the best.

Mary came down stairs disconsolately when her mother forbade her to enter Janet's bed-room. She knew her cousin did not intend to leave Rookstone: she had heard him arranging plans with Mr. Painson which must occupy several days.

"I wish mamma would have had me with her," she said. "I want to obey her advice strictly, and yet I seem to be put into the way of temptation."

She strolled out on the terrace. Christopher was teasing the peacocks, making them fly so as to shake out their feathers. He said, "I want to make a fan for mamma. Richard won't mind my having these, though I suppose they are all his now." His joyous face looked serious, and the little fellow sighed.

"You poor, dear little thing!" Mary stooped and kissed him. "If it were only the feathers, we would not mind who took them from us."

"Now, that's where girls know nothing. I just should mind anybody taking my particular own feathers which I've always had to play with. Look, here comes Richard. I say, let us go and ask if—if I mayn't have them."

"No, Chris, come this way: I'll show

you such a lovely squirrel in that old oak in the copse-bit. Won't you come? Very well, then, I shall go alone."

She saw Richard hastening toward them. If he joined her she should forget all her good resolutions. She turned away and left the terrace.

Richard Wolferston bit his lips: he could not mistake Mary's action. She had waited till he came almost within speaking distance, and then had pointedly avoided him. Christopher ran up: "I say, Cousin Richard, do you mind my taking the feathers?"

"Where is Mary gone?" his cousin asked.

"She said she was going to look at a squirrel, but she never thought about going till I told her you were coming. Why"—he looked earnestly in his cousin's face—"you are quite red, Richard: don't be angry with Mary. I'll go and tell her you want her, if you like."

"Don't be a little fool!" Richard spoke savagely, and caught his young cousin by the shoulder. "Who said I wanted her?"

The boy made no attempt to struggle. He was so utterly surprised that for a moment his busy little tongue was silenced. He had been Richard's pet and playmate, and he thought his cousin must be joking. A glance at his frowning forehead and compressed lips taught him his mistake, and, rousing himself, he tried to shake off the rough grasp on his arm. "You never dared speak so to me when papa was alive," said the fearless child, his blue eyes looking as stern as Janet's. "You need not be afraid I shall fetch Mary. No, I am not going to tell tales of you;" for he saw a change in his cousin's face, and with childlike quickness of perception interpreted it rightly. "I shall leave her to find out for herself how cross you can be. Janet was right, after all."

Something in the words affected Richard. He let the child go, and walked into the house. "Janet was right, after all!"

He had gone into the study, and he sat deliberately down in his dead cousin's high-backed chair to think out the

child's meaning. "But I am a fool to worry myself about the nonsense of a baby like Chris." He got up and moved toward the door again. "I did not need to be told that Janet dislikes me because I would not submit to her proud and interfering spirit. Neither she nor her mother has ever shown me due courtesy. Why should I hesitate to plead my own cause with Mary? The only advocate I had with her is gone now. Poor Christopher! I suppose few people would believe how heartily I wish him back again. That sanctified wife of his will be civil to me to serve her own purposes, but she will leave no stone unturned to keep Mary from me: for what else was she hurrying away with her from Rookstone? She must have poisoned the dear little thing's mind to some purpose, too, for her to avoid me as she did just now." He stopped with his hand on the lock of the door. Had he been deceiving himself all this time, and was Mary really indifferent to him? "I was never deceived in a woman yet," he thought, "and a nature like hers cannot be mistaken. She's a sweet, loving, yielding child at present, but no doubt her puritanical mother has infused a strong ingredient of duty, which is another name for prejudice. I defy Mrs. Wolferston herself to rob me of Mary if I am determined to win her"—he smiled proudly—"but I don't see why the poor little darling should go through any mental torture on the subject. I said I would not attempt to win her affections, but that was on condition that Mrs. Wolferston accepted my terms; and moreover, Mary's manner tells me that her mother has not remained passive in the matter: the child has plainly been told to avoid me. Look to yourself, Mrs. Wolferston! you have taken the first step. By all means—I follow your example."

There was a bright, eager light in his eyes as he crossed the saloon. Chris was lying on one of the divans playing with Loulou. The sight of the dog made Richard doubt for a moment whether Mary was not nearer than he imagined, but he did not choose to ask any more

questions. It was in one way a comfort to have offended Chris: there was no danger that the child would follow him. The left-hand boundary of the lawn which stretched out at the foot of the terrace was a long range of conservatory. Beyond this the ground sloped gently to the entrance of a long alley, or rather avenue, of lofty elm trees: the avenue itself was narrow, so that the meeting branches overhead took the form of an acutely-pointed gothic arch, filled just now with the tender green atmosphere of "leafy June." Here and there were seats almost hidden behind the massive tree-trunks, and rather more in front, full of exquisite light and shade as stray sunbeams glinted down on them from between the leaves, were quaintly-sculptured graystone statues, representing characters from the Waverley novels.

Richard looked down this cool, inviting vista, but there was no trace of Mary. At its farther end, however, he saw the small iron gate open. He knew that this led to the flower-garden. He believed that Mary had retraced her steps from the copse-bit, and would be found here. Love's instincts are usually to be trusted, and with all Richard's errors his love for Mary Wolferston was true, and, so far as his lights guided him, unselfish. "I wonder where my grandfather picked up these quaint old bits of stone-work?" he said, looking at Ivanhoe, spear in hand, with the blank shield of the Disinherited Knight: "one would fancy they must have been new when he put them here, and yet they bear all the traces of antiquity. Exposure to the weather and the constant drip from the trees, I suppose, eats away the surface." He hurried on past Rob Roy in his bonnet and kilt, past the Lowland-garbed, bent figure of Old Mortality, almost past a stout, stalwart man-at-arms—no other than that dear friend of boyhood, Dugald Dalgetty—but he stopped here suddenly.

Out of sight, screened on one side by the square block on which the figure stood, and by a huge elm trunk on the other, safely sheltered in the deep, cool shadow, Mary lay on the grass, seem-

ingly asleep. She looked very lovely lying there, her fair hair half escaping from the black ribbon that tied it, and harmonizing perfectly with the green shadow, spangled with golden flecks and sparkling down between the leaves to rest on the virginal head at the foot of the stone pedestal. Her hat lay beside her, half filled with wild roses: it was plain she had been to the copse-bit.

But Mary was not sleeping. Richard had walked on the turf, which reached on either side as far as the wire fence dividing the avenue from the park, and she had not heard his footsteps. While he still stood gazing at the picture she made lying there beside the grim old soldier, she started up and suddenly faced him. A look of terror and then of uneasiness clouded her lovely face.

He did not attempt to take her hand: he spoke in his gentlest voice: he saw that she must be soothed if he would have her listen to him. "I have been looking for you," he said.

Mary blushed and hesitated, then she raised her eyes fearlessly: "I must go to dear mamma. Do you know Janet is in a very critical state?"

She spoke with a coldness that might have checked his ardor, but Richard Wolferston was too practiced a man of the world not to read this innocent young girl rightly; or rather he read her, because they loved each other, for fearless innocence will sometimes prove a hard enigma to mere worldliness without the help of that sure sympathy which unlocks all hearts.

"Yes, the doctor told me so, and I have been looking for you ever since." He stopped to see if her attention was gained, but she glanced furtively along the avenue, as if she still meditated flight. "After what Mr. Bannocks told me, I felt anxious to see your mother"—this was true: he was returning to the house with this intention when the sight of Mary on the terrace put everything else out of his head—"but perhaps it may be as well to send her a message through you."

Mary's face was fully turned toward

him now: her self-distrust was lulled to sleep—there could be no harm in speaking to him about anything that might be important to dear suffering Janet.

But Richard did not mean his interview to end under the elm trees.

CHAPTER XI.

A TESTING SCENE.

"MR. GORING said"—as he spoke he walked slowly on toward the little iron gate at the farther end of the avenue, and Mary found herself obliged to follow—"that he thinks your sister's illness will be a tedious one, but that he does not consider her symptoms dangerous: his anxiety seems to be quite as active on your mother's account." He saw the little start of fear, and he felt that she drew nearer in her eagerness to listen. "After all that has lately happened, Mrs. Wolferston will be unable to bear the fatigue of such continued nursing. Mr. Goring says that your maid Thomson is also a very delicate person. Now, my dear child, will it not be better to send to London for a professional nurse at once? Only tell me what you wish, and I will go to town myself and choose a desirable person."

The tears were coming so fast that she hung down her head to hide them. This was the man her mother and Janet had thought selfish! She had heard that sudden prosperity tested men more truly than sudden adversity. This was only the second time she had talked with him alone since the reading of the will, and how full of nobleness and generosity she had found him!

He was growing impatient for her to speak, but he was too wise to hurry her. The avenue was walled in from the flower-garden by a tall yew hedge on either side of the gate, and over this was an arch of rose trees: on the right, lying back beyond the gate, was a small bower covered also with clustering roses.

Richard had remembered this pleasant resting-place when he found Mary beside the old statue, and with the

prompt decision and iron will which, when united, enable men to rule others at their pleasure, he had resolved that the story of his love should be spoken here.

When they reached the gate he opened it and held it for her to pass through. "Well?" he said at last, for she stood still and silent.

"I don't know how to thank you, you are so very kind; but I am afraid dear mamma would not like any stranger to go near Janet: perhaps if I ask her again, she might let me help her."

"She will not do that," he answered. He meant that he should not consent to such a risk for Mary. "But is there no poor woman among the cottagers used to illness? I thought every village had its wise woman."

Mary stood thinking. "There is Kitty Robbins," she said at last. "She is a cross old woman, and never cares what she says, but she is a very good nurse; only I am afraid she is still lame."

"Sit down and rest while you think some of the people over. That Kitty looks a perfect old hag: I can't fancy your mother would like her."

He went into the bower, and she followed him and seated herself on the low bench which ran round it. Richard remained standing, his gaze fixed on her drooping eyes.

"I can't think of any one else," she said; "but had I not better go at once to mamma and ask her if she wants anybody?"

"Listen, Mary. You must try to rely on yourself and spare her the trouble of judging: her life may depend on it." He took her hand, and in her trembling anxiety she was too much overwrought to withdraw it. "The doctor made no *if* about it: he said, 'Mrs. Wolferton's health will give way.' What use is there in consulting your mother?—she is much too good to disobey the doctor. If you cannot think of some villager, I believe I ought to secure a nurse from London as soon as possible."

"If Kitty is not still lame, I know mamma would rather have her than a stranger: I remember when we all had

measles she sent for her to help nurse us."

"Very well, so be it," Richard said, with an impatient sigh: he was glad to get the subject disposed of, and yet he had a special dislike to Kitty Robbins. "We will walk over to the lodge and see her; and now, Mary"—seating himself beside her—"I want to know how I have been so unfortunate as to offend you."

"You have not offended me." In her surprise at his sudden accusation she forgot her resolutions and looked at him with the old sweet frankness.

"You are sure I have not? You don't know how happy you have made me; but I want you to make me still happier—to promise me that you never will be offended with me, but will let me do all I can to show my love for you." She tried to draw away her hand, but he held it firmly. "Mary," he said, softly—the tone stirred her young heart with a wild throb it had never before felt—"I want you to love me, not only as your cousin, but as a friend who will give all his life to serve you. I want you to promise to be my friend too—to cling to me, let who will try and prejudice you against me, for I have no friend but you, Mary."

But the promise did not come as easily as he expected. At first she refused resolutely to resume her former tone of intimacy with him without consulting her mother. He urged upon her the cruelty of distracting her mother's thoughts from Janet, and at the same time the torture she inflicted on him by any doubt of her feelings toward him. Duty struggled for a time, but his tender words and looks were not to be resisted. Before Mary left the bower she had confessed to Richard that she loved him better than any one else in the world, and had promised never to avoid his presence or to believe evil of him.

"There is much about me, Mary"—he drew her fondly toward him—fondly, but gently, for he felt the little fluttering heart's terror—"which I will explain to you some day: now I am content to be misunderstood, because I am too

proud to justify myself; but I am not afraid of you, Mary—I trust you fully: you have all my happiness in your keeping now. You know as little what that is as you do of my love for you. Come, shall we go to Kitty Robbins?"

That walk through the park was like a dream to Mary. Recollections of her mother's warning words came back and troubled her joy, but she soon chased them away.

Richard had said that no one understood him, and under the spell of his dark eyes she could not disbelieve: it was a spell that had magic in it. Mary seemed drawn to him by an irresistible influence, and yet she feared him: she knew she dared not disobey him, even at the risk of her mother's anger.

They were just in sight of the cottage when Richard stopped: "I shall wait for you here, my own: I don't like that old woman."

Kitty Robbins was in the garden watering her flowers when Mary lifted the latch of the little gate: "Good-evening, Kitty. I'm glad to see you about again: then your ankle was not sprained, really?"

"If 'ee means there wur any sham about it, Miss Mary, ye be altogether wrong: my foot wur strained and bruised enough for six, and there be folks as 'ud be sittin' still now, a-crying over it, but Kitty bean't one o' they as frets over spilt milk."

Mary smiled, for Kitty had the reputation of a professed grumbler: "Well, Kitty, I'm glad it is better. Are you well enough to come up and help mamma nurse Janet?" And then came the explanation of the doctor's fears.

While she listened, Kitty stood looking across the park. "Miss Mary," she said abruptly, "what be ye doin' wi' that cousin o' yourn? If madam knowed what I do, it's not a young pretty piece of innocence as 'ee be she'd trust to be slathered over with all the flattering lies he puts he's tongue to—"

"Silence, Kitty!" Mary's eyes flashed with indignation. "Is that the way you speak of your new landlord?"

"Landlord! Bless ye, child! why

your dear, good papa made over this cottage to I for life. What have a landlord to do wi' I? And it's not zackly of heself I wur thinkin': he be a stranger hereabouts, 'ee knaws. Miss Mary, for your life's sake dwoant 'ee love he, dwoant 'ee trust he, dwoant 'ee marry he. There be bad blood in he and his'n. Bide a wee, miss, and listen." The old woman's manner had changed from its usual cynical snarl to one of earnest warning. Mary was impelled to listen against her will. "I had a darter once, a rare pretty gal—not like you, maybe, for she's eyes wur as dark as the new squire's, and she's hair to match, but her wur a beauty. Your grandmother, Lady Dawson, tuk a deal o' notice o' Minnie, and for all of it her wur that modest and sweet, making no account o' sheself. Well, Master Charles, that wur the father o' yon"—she jerked her thumb toward the way by which Mary had come—"him never left my gal in peace till him made she say she loved he. I dwoant say him meant harm to she. Him knowed hur had been bred wi' a good name to uphold; but, Miss Mary, I dwoant think neither (as hur did, poor soul!) as him meant to marry she. Him just found he's time heavy on his hands when 'old squire kep' he fro' Lunnon, and my Minnie lightened it. I wur at Staple-cross nussing, and Jem's father wur too great a gowk to keep the young man fro' coming to the lodge more oft than a should ha' comed if I'd been to home."

"But you said just now no harm happened to Minnie," Mary said, doubtfully.

"I said, miss, no harm came to she's good name—none could ha' come to my Minnie—but if e'er a man killed a young girl in cold blood, that wur Charles Wolferston. Him taught the poor lass to love he better than all the world beside, and him went away from Rookstone wi'out so much as a look or a token."

"Ah, but that might not have been his own fault."

"Come, now, dwoant turn me agen 'ee too—dwoant 'ee now, Miss Mary. I tell ye," she went on, fiercely, "him wur married a few weeks after: him

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TO THE
ABSTRACT



“Miss Mary,” she said abruptly, “what be ye doin’ wi’ that cousin o’ yours?”

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only cared to look at Minnie's sweet face till he'd something else to pleasure he. He broke her heart: that wur bad eno', for she never held up she's head after she heard the news; and do 'ee think, Miss Mary, it wur fair to set a modest girl up to be talked of, as him did, by running after she for ever. A poor girl, Miss Mary, may be as good as gold, but hur mun keep to her likes if her will na make gossip about she. I telled ye this o' purpose: ye may guess Kitty dwoant go bragging easily o' her darter's sorrow. The new squire comes o' a bad father, and a bad mother too, I believe. Dwoant 'ee love he, neither trust he. He'll bring 'ee to bitter sorrow if 'ee do."

She turned her back abruptly on the frightened girl and disappeared into the cottage.

CHAPTER XII.

CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

MRS. WOLFERSTON was glad to accept Kitty's help, and after a day or two of anxiety a change for the better took place in Janet. Even the doctor, although loth to lose his patient, was obliged to say he thought she might be moved in a week.

Mr. Painsou was to quit Rookstone that day, and Mrs. Wolferston sent for him before he started to tell him the good news, and to ask him to prepare the new house for the reception of an invalid.

Janet held out her hand to him as he entered her mother's dressing-room. "You will see me walking about London next week," she said, brightly. "I am quite ready to begin our new life in the pretty little house you wrote to mamma about." Before he went away he had settled with Mrs. Wolferston that, if the amendment in Janet continued, they were to take possession of their new abode that day week.

"If I don't find Miss Mary in the saloon," the old gentleman said as he reached the door, "will you make my best respects to her and my apologies for scant ceremony?"

"I will send for her. Kitty"—Mrs.

Wolferston called the old woman out of her bed-room—"will you tell Miss Mary I want her?"

Kitty gave a sarcastic smile and limped toward the door.

"I won't trouble Mrs. Robbins," said the lawyer. "Perhaps I may find Miss Mary with Mr. Richard. I must see him before I start."

Kitty turned round with a grin: "That 'ee will, sir, if 'ee looks sharp. I saw 'em go down the statty walk together as I wur standing t' end o' long gallery."

Mrs. Wolferston turned so very white that even the busy old man, full of his deeds and plans, saw there was something amiss. He stood looking at her. She forced a smile. "I am not very well," she said. "Will you kindly send Mary to me when you have said good-bye to her?"

He bowed and went away.

Janet's pale face flushed crimson. "Kitty," she said, sharply, "are you sure you saw Miss Mary just now?"

The keen-eyed old woman knew that her words had made what she would have termed "a caddle." She had no actual dislike to Mary, but she took a secret pleasure in revenging herself for the indifference paid to her warning. "It mun ha' bin she," she said, doggedly: "it wur the new squire safe eno', and he and Miss Mary be allus side by side, beant they?"

"Kitty"—Mrs. Wolferston spoke almost as severely as Janet: she disliked asking questions about her own child, and yet she wanted to fathom Kitty's knowledge and to close her mouth toward others—"you cannot know much about Miss Mary since you have been shut up here."

"At your pleasure, Madam Wolferston; but what I said to her I say to you: He beant the man I'd let my girl choose for a husband. He be come of a bad father and a bad mother, and he be likely to come to a bad end heself."

"Hush, hush, Kitty! You must not speak against your new master. Miss Mary is far too young to think of marriage, and you should not couple her

name with her cousin's. Pray don't say anything more about it."

Kitty went down to the housekeeper's room to get her tea, wagging her old head in protest against madam's blindness. Meantime, Mr. Painson was hurrying along the Waverley avenue to overtake the lovers. He did not reach them till they had got to the end of it. They had been too deep in talk to hear his approach till he was close to them.

Mr. Painson was a very incurious old gentleman sometimes, although when need required it he could be as observant as a hawk. He saw Mary's flushed face as she turned round, and he thought she and her cousin had quarreled.

He gave her her mother's message. "I thought I should find you with Mr. Richard," he added; "and if I were you, Miss Mary, I would go to mamma at once, for she seemed ready to faint when I left her."

The truth flashed upon Mary: she looked imploringly at Richard.

"I dare not go," she whispered, "unless you tell me what to say."

Mr. Painson looked from one to the other. He had noticed during this week that they were often together, and although personally he did not care much about Richard Wolferton, he had settled in his own mind that his dear late friend's widow was a wiser woman than he took her for, and meant to make the best she could out of a bad business, by her youngest daughter's marriage with the new owner of Rookstone.

Richard's brows contracted: he took Mary's hand and drew it through his arm: "My cousin has promised to become my wife, Mr. Painson, and she fears that her mother is too much taken up with Janet to sympathize with her."

Mary's blushes deepened. This was not the truth, and yet she feared to contradict Richard.

Mr. Painson smiled gravely. "Young ladies are always diffident," he said: "if I were Miss Mary, I shouldn't keep the matter from my mother."

"She has no intention of doing so: we are simply waiting until Mrs. Wolferton's anxiety for Janet is ended."

Richard spoke very haughtily, and the old lawyer felt all his former doubt and dislike rekindle. "I should say that is quite over," he said coldly: "they are going to London this day week."

He bade them farewell, and went away troubled—he scarcely knew why. Mary was too young for Richard Wolferton, but girls of seventeen often marry men of five-and-thirty; and then Mr. Painson found he was late for his train, and forgot all else.

Mary had paid daily visits to her sister since she began to mend, but the subject of Richard Wolferton had been mutually avoided. Each time she had felt guilty and ill at ease. Richard had told her not to speak of anything that had passed between them until he gave her leave to do so, but she had been unhappy in this concealment.

"You are silly to be so frightened, my darling," he said when Mr. Painson turned away. "Why should your mother object to our engagement? for remember, Mary, it is a solemn engagement, which you cannot set aside without breaking your word."

"I don't want to set it aside," she said, sadly; "but oh, Richard, if you knew what it is to have to confess to mamma that I have deceived her, you would have some pity."

"You have not deceived her," he said, smiling. "I advised you to keep this from her because of her anxiety: it would have been very selfish to tease her with it when Janet was so ill. Don't tell her now unless you like—only that old chatterbox is sure to do it."

"If she does not know it already, I need not tell her then, but you will, won't you, Richard? I do so want her to know, although I dread telling her myself."

"Little coward!" he said fondly: "one would suppose your mother an ogress."

Mary knew the reason of her fears. She had never told Richard of her mother's warning: she feared it might stir up strife between them; but it was this disobedience that rankled so sorely.

When she entered the dressing-room she saw that all was known.

Kitty Robbins' knowing smile would have been enough, but her mother's sad pale face crushed away all the courage left her.

"You can go into my bed-room, Kitty, and shut the door," said Mrs. Wolferston.

It might have been better for Mary if her mother had seen her alone. Janet was the first to speak: "Mary, how could you do it? Is it possible that you have been spending all your time with Richard Wolferston?"

Mary's spirit roused. Before her mother could interpose she answered her sister haughtily.

"Let me speak, Janet," Mrs. Wolferston said, so sadly that Mary's pride melted. "Mary, I only ask you to be perfectly honest and candid. I have left you too much to yourself during this week, and I am therefore partly to blame. Has Richard been your companion often?"

Under Janet's stern reproving eyes Mary would not soften outwardly: "Yes, we have been together every day."

"But did I not warn you, Mary?"

For a moment the sad thrill in her mother's voice had almost conquered, but there is no nature so stubborn as a weak one at bay. Richard's words, "You are the only friend I have—no one understands me," came back to harden her. "You warned me, mamma, because you think Richard very different from what he really is. Please not speak against him to me: I have promised not to listen, and I cannot. You can separate me from him, of course, but nothing can ever change my feelings to him now."

She stood erect, her feet firmly pressed on the floor, resolved that nothing should move or conquer her.

There was a pause, and then her mother looked at Janet, who lay back exhausted on her sofa: "Come with me into your own room, Mary: Janet is not strong enough to bear discussion at present."

Mary followed silently while her mother walked slowly along the gallery, utterly confused by this new mood in her youngest daughter. Mary had been fretful and wayward when thwarted, never stubborn. Her mother prayed earnestly to be guided rightly: it seemed to her impossible that in so short a time matters could have gone far enough to engage Mary's affections irretrievably. If she had known the hours spent in those few days in that heart-to-heart communion which binds people more closely than months of casual visits, she might have given up hope. "Mary, you must answer me one question: Did you tell Richard I wished you to avoid him?"

"No."

"I hoped you would have done this."

"It would have been useless: it would only have made him angry with you."

A flush came into Mrs. Wolferston's face. "I would rather endure his anger than your disobedience," she said.

"Mamma!"—her passion burst from Mary at last: she clasped both hands together and then flung them out wildly toward her mother—"do you think I have not struggled? Do you think I have been happy all this while? I did avoid Richard at first, and that made him own his love for me. I cannot tell you what I feel, mother: it would be impossible. I will never hide anything from you again. I have promised to be Richard's wife, but only with your consent."

She flung her arms round her mother and hid her face on her shoulder, but her caresses were not returned. This cruel blow had come too suddenly to be at once received with resignation. The yielding her daughter up to such a man as her cousin seemed impossible to Mrs. Wolferston. She forgave Mary her deceit more readily than her obstinacy. "At least I may ask this of you," she said, when both had remained silent for a time: "during the rest of our stay at Rookstone only to see Richard with my leave and in my presence."

Mary hesitated. She was willing, in the repentance her mother's sad face was

fast awakening, to make some atonement for the sorrow she had caused, but she feared Richard's anger. "Then let me stay up here with Janet," she said: "if I go down again, I dare not refuse Richard anything he asks me."

Her mother sighed. It had come to this already! Would any length of absence wear out his influence? And then, when she remembered the wonderful fascination of his manner, she grew hopeful, and thought that perhaps at Mary's age the old proverb, "Out of sight out of mind," might be realized.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DRESSING-ROOM WINDOWS.

IT was a weary time for Mary.

For the first few days Richard was left without any explanation, to vent his anger and discontent as he liked. Christy had gone on a visit to Mrs. Webb until the moving was over, and, all things considered, he was well out of the way, for his cousin was by no means in an amiable humor.

He was angry with Mary for submitting to this imprisonment, as he termed it; furious with Mrs. Wolferton for daring to oppose him openly—he had not given her credit for so much courage—and he was therefore surprised when, on the evening of the fourth day, he found her waiting for him in the saloon. He bowed to her, and was passing out on to the terrace.

"I want to speak to you," she said, quietly: "can you spare me a few minutes?"

He sat down. At that moment he almost hated Mrs. Wolferton.

"I dare say you have guessed that Mary has spoken to me of you, and I must tell you frankly that after the assurance you gave me I was surprised and grieved to hear what had passed between you and her."

He smiled: he was not afraid of Mrs. Wolferton's influence with Mary, and he was resolved that she should not irritate him.

"I gave you that assurance when I asked you to remain here as mistress,

Mrs. Wolferton; but"—and he smiled with the winning sweetness which always made him hard to resist—"why will you harden yourself against me and against what I believe to be inevitable? You may find a better husband for Mary, but you will not find any one who will make her happier. Surely you wish your child's happiness?" he said earnestly.

Every word he uttered told her his power, and if *she* felt it, what hope could she cherish of freeing Mary from its influence? It was difficult to believe that those dark, soft eyes, looking so earnestly into hers, had been all aflame with hate and anger only an hour ago.

Mrs. Wolferton scarcely knew how to answer him. Had she been too harsh in her judgment? and might not this marriage prove, as her husband had said, the means of reforming Richard? But then, again, she felt sorely troubled—she knew so little of Richard Wolferton.

"I wish Mary's happiness," she said, at last, "but, even at the risk of annoying you, I must speak openly. You and I take different views of happiness: I would choose her happiness in the next world rather than in this."

He sneered—he could not help it—and Mrs. Wolferton saw that he did so.

"Let me finish," she said. "I do not presume to judge you or any one, but my daughter has been accustomed to outward observances which I believe to be essential to her through her whole life: you would probably teach her that these are valueless, and I cannot willingly give her up to such teaching. This is my objection to you; and besides this, I feel that you have been scarcely generous to take advantage of her extreme youth and inexperience."

He got up and walked the length of the room before he answered. He had judged Mrs. Wolferton from a wrong standard. He had not thought she would have spoken so frankly. "After all," he said, at last, "you must not be hard on me. Remember what Mary is, and how dearly I love her. Besides,

the old proverb says, 'All's fair in love.' I do not press for a speedy marriage, and I promise you at once that I will never interfere with her religious notions. If you continue to keep us apart, you will make us both very unhappy for nothing. Mary will not break her promise."

She knew this already, and her perplexity increased to positive torture. The burden of widowhood was indeed heavy now. "I separate you most unwillingly," she said, so sadly that even Richard could not disbelieve. "Mary is only seventeen. In a year you may no longer wish to make her your wife: remember how short a time you have known her. A year of separation will test you both, and will give me a better security, so far as regards her, against the danger I dread."

A year! Why, these four days had nearly killed him. No, he would not and could not endure it. But Mrs. Wolferston found his anger far easier to resist than his entreaties, and finally he submitted, on condition that he was to have one farewell interview in her mother's presence before Mary left Rookstone.

Then he bade Mrs. Wolferston a hasty and rather sullen good-night, and went down the terrace steps into the park.

He had made an immense effort at self-control, and now his anger passed all bounds. He hurried across the park with long, swinging strides. He reached the lake, but he passed round it and climbed the rising ground on the other side. The trees had been thinned out to give a good view of the house from this spot, and Richard flung himself down on the grass. There was still light enough to make out the windows. Mary's room, he knew, was on the other side, but she was probably with Janet, and those three windows exactly opposite to him represented the length of Mrs. Wolferston's rooms.

A year! He would not endure it. Wild ideas of inducing Mary to consent to a private marriage, of carrying her off whether she consented or not, crossed his excited brain; and yet he knew

that Mary would not marry without her mother's blessing. One moment he laughed at such folly, and the next he half owned to himself that he should respect her the more for her firmness.

The darkness grew fast, the surface of the lake dulled from the silver shimmer which had reflected the trees so clearly, lights began to twinkle over the distant house, but Richard Wolferston still lay on the grass above the lake, at war with himself and all the world.

At last he had found a pure, innocent girl who loved him truly—in whose love he might have the happiness of peace and rest; for, like most men who have had to struggle for existence, Richard fancied that he longed for rest, blind to the fact that the excitement engendered by necessity had become a real source of enjoyment.

"I do not pretend to goodness," he said—"what is it but a pretence at which the best player reaps the best reward?—but if I had Mary for a wife, I think I should feel more liking for my fellow-creatures. She seems to send all harsh and discordant thoughts away. She—But why do I say *if*?—she shall be my wife. I have had no *ifs* in my life as yet: no man has who knows how to seize on Opportunity and make her his fortune, instead of making for himself a lifelong regret by his unready hesitation. Her mother urges her youth. Bah!" He shrugged his shoulders with the foreign action inherited from his mother. "As if the cares of life being thrust on her too young—such cares, too, as I shall allow to burden her—could weigh down and crush her bright youth as much as this cruel, barbarous separation! I can fancy her there, tied to that precocious prude Janet, heavy-eyed and heavy-hearted, poor little darling!—perhaps just now crying bitterly over this precious covenant her mother has forced on me."

In his renewed anger at having been conquered by a woman he sprang to his feet, still keeping his eyes fixed on the house, now only a dark, shapeless mass, blent with the surrounding foliage, dotted here and there with spots of light.

As he gazed a quick exclamation escaped him.

At the corner occupied by Mrs. Wolf-erston's three windows there came a sudden brighter light: then one of the windows showed out plainly as if filled with flame. Almost before he had time to grasp the thought the flame had spread to the next window in a broad red glare that told its nature with fearful truth.

Richard Wolf-erston did not stay to see what came next. His wonderful self-possession helped him now. The keeper's lodge was much nearer to him than the house, and he almost flew there: he roused Jem Robbins, who was already snoring, bade him ride like the wind to Staple-cross for the parish engine, and then he turned and ran at full speed to the house.

He found a group of female servants on the lawn, gazing up at the blazing corner of the building. The house was very old, and the flames were spreading rapidly among the dry joists and beams. "Where are Miss Mary and her mother?" he cried.

The women pointed to the saloon. As he reached the window he met the butler: "We can't get the garden-hose to reach so high, sir, and water's scarce."

In an instant Richard's eagerness was gone, and he was calm and collected: "Make all the women help you, Simpson, and form a chain to the lake: there is plenty of water there."

But he had caught sight of Mary's white dress within the saloon, and the next moment he was beside her.

CHAPTER XIV.

FAREWELL TO ROOKSTONE.

MRS. WOLFERSTON stood by her daughter, trying to calm her agitation. Even in that exciting moment Richard Wolf-erston saw how deathly white she looked, but he only glanced at her, and then lifted Mary in his arms. "Come," he said to her mother, "you are not safe here. Look! the smoke is bursting through the ceiling already."

Mrs. Wolf-erston sprang after him and

clasped his arm: "Janet! will you save Janet? The staircase is still safe: I have only just left it. I brought Mary down first: she dared not venture alone. The servants are wild with terror: only you can help me."

She turned to re-enter the hall, but Richard held her back firmly. He replaced Mary in her chair. "Look!" he said. He opened the door just a little: the smoke rushed in with blinding force. "No one dare trust the staircase now: follow me at once."

He took up Mary again, and seemingly deaf to Mrs. Wolf-erston's agonized entreaties, he caught her hand and dragged her after him. As they passed down the steps he saw the men bringing ladders, and heard a cry of inquiry for Kitty. All the servants had thought Miss Janet safe with her mother in the saloon, and no one had felt troubled about Kitty Robbins. He laid Mary on the grass. She had fainted with terror.

"Will you save Janet?" said Mrs. Wolf-erston.

"Do you see those windows one sheet of flame?" said Richard sternly.

"Yes, yes! that is where she is."

"And you ask me to plunge in there and rescue your daughter at the risk of my life—"

"Oh, don't lose time," she said. "Yes, yes!" in her almost frenzied anxiety.

"If I bring Janet to you safe will you give me Mary for my wife?"

"Go, go! I will give you anything you ask," she said. She pushed him away in frantic terror for her child's safety.

He sprang up the steps at a bound. Two men had nearly reached the windows, but they were driven back by the smoke. Richard caught the last man by the collar and hurled him from the rung on which he still stood trying to get breath for another attempt.

"Now, my men, with a will!" he shouted. "There's less flame at this fourth window: move it there."

The men obeyed with the rapidity that a strong will always exacts in moments of danger, and almost before it was steadied, Richard had sprung up the

ladder and had disappeared in the gulf of black smoke above. Till now all had been eager-tongued excitement. A deep, dead stillness succeeded. The anxious crowd below held its breath in the fearful expectation. Mrs. Wolferston stood a little way apart, her hands clasped, her whole soul poured out in fervent prayer that her darling might yet be spared. How slowly time passed! The flames grew fiercer, and were spreading rapidly along the upper part of the house. The heat was so intense that only the men who held the ladder dared remain on the terrace. Through the black rolling masses tongues of flames leaped out, and then pyramids of sparks fell down, messengers to tell the havoc enacted within.

Mrs. Wolferston's agony grew more than she could bear. She sank on her knees and covered her eyes with her hands. A loud cry from those near her, and she looked up. There was no one on the ladder: its top was hidden by flames that wreathed themselves round it as completely as the smoke had done when Richard disappeared within; but something must have happened to cause this excitement. She started to her feet.

The terrace was in broad light now, and hurrying along it, with one woman in his arms and dragging another by the hand, was Richard Wolferston.

He placed the half-stified girl beside Mary. "You had better look to her," he said simply to Mrs. Wolferston, "and to the poor old woman, too. If she had not guided us to the back staircase, which is stone, you know, we should not be here."

"God bless you! How can I ever thank you?"

But he was on the terrace again, eager, now that anxiety for life was over, to stop the farther progress of the flames.

He could do but little. The water, thrown on in small quantities, seemed rather to refresh the hungry leaping flames, and give them new power to dart on their prey.

The engine came at last, but by that

time the fire had become so extended that it was not easily extinguished. About a third of the house was ruined, and much of the remaining portion seriously damaged.

Even Richard Wolferston agreed that it was better that the widow and her daughters should remove to their new home without delay, and next afternoon they bade a sad farewell to Rookstone—blackened, broken, defiled—no longer the dear home so cherished and so full of sacred memories.

It was a sad leavetaking, and Mrs. Wolferston shortened it as much as possible. Richard helped her into the carriage. "God bless you!" she said, earnestly. It was the first allusion that had been made to Janet's rescue, for he had scarcely seen her since the night before, and the words brought the whole scene back vividly.

He smiled, and pressed her hand in both his own: "I do not hold you to your promise. I asked it when I was beside myself at the thought of separation from Mary, but my own nature is too free to accept an extorted gift. I throw myself entirely on your mercy."

He spoke in so low a voice that only Mrs. Wolferston heard him.

Before she could answer he had signed to the coachman to drive on.

CHAPTER XV.

NO PROOFS.

"MR. PAINSON, ma'am," said the maid; "but he says unless you are quite well enough to see him, he will call again when your mamma is at home."

"Ask him to come in," answered Janet. "I am quite well enough to see an old friend."

She spoke almost eagerly: she seemed afraid he would go away before the maid reached him.

Mr. Painson came in trying to smile, as if there were no change from the luxurious elegance of the saloon at Rookstone to the small villa drawing-room in which he now found Janet. But when he saw how thin and pale she

looked, her deep mourning making this still more apparent, he fairly broke down in an attempt at a joke.

The room was pretty. Simply furnished, it yet had that nameless taste and elegance in its arrangements which the very presence of some inhabitants creates. It is their atmosphere, and it moves about with them, while in larger, more costly dwellings it is nowhere to be found, or, seen only in some isolated object, makes all the rest still less attractive.

A flower-table, full of graceful ferns, stood near Janet's sofa, and Mr. Painson sighed as he looked at it. He remembered having seen it at Rookstone.

"You must not do that," she said, cheerfully. "I know and understand all your kind feelings for us, dear Mr. Painson, but I believe we ought firmly to resolve against regrets, unless, indeed—" She stopped, and then, meeting his sharp inquiring glance, she blushed and went on hurriedly: "Mamma has taken Mary out for a drive. Mrs. Dawson very kindly sent her carriage, and such an offer is not one to throw away now, is it?"

Again Mr. Painson could not check a sigh, but he uttered no regrets: he inquired after Mrs. Wolferston's health.

Janet thought her mother better than could have been expected after the variety of emotions and trials she had undergone. "But then, you know, my dear mother's life is so bound up in that of others that I believe, in her anxiety first for me and then for Mary, she has given no heed to her own sufferings."

"Is Miss Mary ill, then?" he asked, anxiously.

Janet looked perplexed. "I am sorry I said anything," she said. "I fancied my mother had consulted you. Mr. Painson, will you let me think a minute?"

She rested one cheek on her slender, upturned hand, and sat with bent head. The old lawyer looked at her, wondering how any one could prefer her sister in Janet's presence. Mary was taller, larger in every way: she was certainly handsomer than Janet; but it was the

soul breathing out of Janet's every feature with sparkling truth and intelligence that to him eclipsed all the softer, more material charms of her young sister.

Presently Janet looked up. "You can scarcely fancy how old I feel," she said, sadly. "I seem to have thought more during the last fortnight than through the whole course of my life. Till now I have consulted my mother. It seems to me that I am grown too old to lean on her when she has no prop to sustain her. Do not mistake me: it is in no trust in my own power for self-guidance I say this: it is simply to spare her any little burden of the heavy load she must bear alone. Well," she went on abruptly, "there are things I cannot settle for myself, and in which I feel a man's judgment would help me greatly. If—if Captain Wenlock were in England, I should consult him, but I do not know when I may see him now."

Mr. Painson did not answer her at once: he sat thinking what an exceedingly injudicious adviser a hot-headed young man like Henry Wenlock would be in Janet's present position. Men above fifty are slow to acknowledge the merit of their brethren under thirty years of age.

"You have known me ever since I was a baby, Mr. Painson, and"—she smiled frankly up in his face—"I cannot remember that you ever refused me anything. Will you listen to me now? I have a horrible idea which is wearing me to death—which I believe caused my illness. I dare not burden my mother with it, and yet if I do not get some advice it will either drive me mad or kill me."

She clasped her hands nervously, and such a heartwringing look came into her face that he no longer wondered at her wasted appearance.

"I wish you had told me long ago," he said. "Remember, Miss Janet, for the rest of your life, there is nothing so dangerous for a woman to keep quite to herself as a secret. Now, what is this trouble of yours?"

SERIAL SUPPLEMENT.

ROOKSTONE.

BY KATHERINE S. MACQUOID,

AUTHOR OF "FORGOTTEN BY THE WORLD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

HE spoke gently and bent his head on one side, as if he were encouraging a timid child to confidence.

"Did you ever think—did it ever come into your head to doubt the genuineness of my father's will?"

He started, not slightly, but in positive fear of what her next words might be. To this man of the world, so trained in all its ways and maxims, it was terrible to speak out a plain, unvarnished suspicion. "My dear young lady," he said, "I will hear all you have to communicate before I answer; but remember, we cannot be too cautious in speaking of others."

Janet smiled almost bitterly. "I have been cautious," she said, "or I should not have waited till to-day to utter my doubts. From the first my feeling has been that my father never made that will—that it is a fabrication of Richard Wolderston's?"

He had stretched his hands out to her in deprecation of those last words which he felt were coming, but she would speak them, and then she sat still, relieved by this confession, but in breathless anxiety for his answer.

To her surprise, he smiled when he began to speak: "Well, you know, my dear young lady, such things have happened; and they have happened, we may say, I think, without meaning any offence, especially in cases where the relative who stepped into the property was the family adviser. Privately—you know, Miss Janet, we are talking privately now—relatives as advisers are a mistake." He fidgeted with a ring on his little finger.

MAY, 1871.

"Then you think my suspicion justifiable?" she said eagerly.

He drew his features together and looked at her through his half-shut eyes: "I said nothing of the kind in your case. I was merely stating a fact which, in my legal capacity, caused me to examine the document in question cautiously, and—and—well, Miss Janet, this is perfectly *entre nous*, I suppose—I went so far as to test the signatures, and found them perfectly genuine. No, there is no flaw in that will: the only peg I could find to hang a doubt on was your father's state of mind when he executed it, and that your poor dear mother won't hear a word against."

"Then, in your opinion, I may dismiss this suspicion at once as unjust and groundless?"

"Certainly, I should say so. Dear me!" he said, irritably, "what else can you do? If a thing can't be proved, there's an end of it." Then, without giving her time to speak, he went back to the question which Janet had purposely left unanswered: "Did you say that your sister was ill?"

Janet looked perplexed again: "I thought you knew that she had engaged herself to Richard at Rookstone. Well," for Mr. Painson nodded, "on the night of the fire my mother promised to consent to their marriage, and although Richard afterward released her from this promise, she considers herself bound by it."

"You don't mean to say your mother had anything to say against such a marriage for Miss Mary? Bless my soul!" said the lawyer, in such a state of nervous irritation that he fidgeted from

head to foot, "she must have lost her senses!"

Janet was silent. She was offended with Mr. Painson for blaming her mother, and thoroughly overwhelmed by his assurance of Richard Wolferston's innocence.

"My dear child," he said, "husbands don't grow ready made now-a-days: we must take 'em as we find them; and it will be a thousand pities if anything should occur to prevent your cousin from marrying Miss Mary. If I'd seen mamma I should have told her so. I really hope, Miss Janet, if there is any prejudice at work, you'll do your best to remove it. Dear me! dear me! Miss Mary mayn't have such another chance of settling while she lives."

He shook hands and went away, determined, if he saw Richard Wolferston, not to lose a chance of bringing the lovers together again. His feelings had not changed toward the new squire of Rookstone: he disliked him quite as much as ever. He shrank from his cynical, sarcastic words and his indifferent, supercilious manner, for Richard took no pains to conciliate him; but this marriage with Mary was, in Mr. Painson's eyes, a pure question of worldly advantage to the whole family—the only means, in fact, which would enable the Wolferstons to maintain their former position and connections; and position and connections were among the gods of Mr. Painson's worship. And while he walked quietly back to his office in one of those quaint, deserted streets leading down to what used to be the silent highway of the noblemen and gentlemen of London—streets in which are the remains of houses that tell how society has migrated westward since the days when nobles made the Strand their dwelling-place—Janet sat trying to realize the truth of his assurances. Before Mr. Painson she had controlled both surprise and agitation, but now she could do this no longer.

The will genuine!—the will which she had looked on only as a means of temporarily depriving them of their happy home, of all that was so justly

theirs; for during her illness she had solemnly vowed to devote the remainder of her life, if it were needed, to unravel the mystery of her brother's disinheritance; and now she must yield all this up, must give up the hope of ever again seeing her darling mother the rightful mistress of Rookstone. And Richard? Well, since he had saved her life, her task had seemed harder, but she had not flinched from it.

Almost as soon as they were settled in their new home she had spoken very strongly and warningly to Mary on the subject of her engagement, and had assured her that no blessing could rest on an attachment formed in opposition to her mother's wishes. Mary had reproached her for her own ingratitude to Richard; but the earnest warning, solemnly spoken, had troubled the young girl's peace, and Mary had told her mother that for the present she preferred not to see her cousin, and alleged Janet's warning as her reason.

Mrs. Wolferston was surprised. She could not understand Janet's strange persistence, for at her age it was not likely that the objections which weighed with herself against the marriage could equally influence her eldest daughter. She even felt pained by Janet's ingratitude, and she told her so.

The girl had borne these reproaches silently so long as they were unproven. She had resolved not to utter her suspicions against Richard to any one except Mr. Painson, and now she did not know how to act. It seemed as if the whole tenor of her conduct must change. She must retract her own words, unsay her own arguments, and yet without daring to give any reason for such seeming waywardness; for if Richard Wolferston married Mary, how could she ever tell even her mother the horrible guilt of which she had suspected him?

She tried to thank God for relieving her mind from such a dark, dreadful doubt, but she felt no comfort or relief in this thanksgiving: her words seemed to roll back on herself, confusing and depressing her. She told herself that



"Mrs. Dawson edged her chair confidentially close to her nephew's widow."

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ANSONIA

he was cleared from all suspicion, and yet, deep down in her heart, hiding away, doubt lingered—doubt which influenced her, even though as yet she was not aware of its existence.

"Oh, if Henry would only come back," she said, "I should have some one to help me combat this miserable perplexity; and yet why am I so weak? Probably I shall never see him again. Why do I not at once try to bear my own burden, instead of wishing to lay it on others?"

The servant came in with letters: one of them bore a foreign postmark. It was from Captain Wenlock. Instead of returning to England, his regiment had been ordered up the country for a year, so the letter addressed to him at Malta would probably never reach his hands, and he was still ignorant of all that had happened at Rookstone.

Poor Janet! It was a very hard trial. Three months at least she must still wait before she knew the effect which the change in her fortunes would work in her lover's affections.

CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. DAWSON'S INVITATION.

BEFORE she slept that night, Janet told her sister that she had given way to unjust prejudice in speaking of Richard Wolferton, and that she hoped Mary would suffer nothing she had said to influence her.

To her surprise, Mary burst into tears. "You are so cruel!" she sobbed: "why not leave me in peace? You first advise me one way and then the other, until I seem not to know what is right or wrong. If Richard really cared for me he would not have released mamma from her promise. Between you all I am made perfectly miserable."

There was no use in combating a mood like this, but next morning Janet repeated nearly the same words to her mother, and told her also how strongly Mr. Painson advised the marriage.

Mrs. Wolferton sighed. "I thought I was acting for the best in opposing it," she said, "but it seems to me that this

marriage is to be, and therefore, of course, I may not set my own will against it. It is a relief to me that you no longer dislike it, Janet, for I must own that since the night of the fire my feelings toward Richard have undergone a complete change, and it pained me to see your aversion."

Janet blushed: she could not confess the truth. "Did dear papa know of Richard's attachment?" she asked.

"Yes." Her mother spoke thoughtfully. "It seems to me that the knowledge of his own intentions toward Richard made your dear father encourage his visits to Rookstone lately. I see now that he must have planned this marriage from the first."

"Then, mamma," said Janet, impulsively, "ought you not to see his wishes fulfilled as soon as possible? Ought we not to invite Richard to come and see us?"

"At present Mary shrinks from seeing him. There is no hurry, Janet." Mrs. Wolferton smiled. "I believe it is always best to leave lovers to settle their own affairs. I wish I had thought this sooner."

Before Janet could answer, Mrs. Dawson was announced. She was a round, comely-looking lady, between fifty and sixty, with sparkling dark eyes, a good set of teeth, and a profusion of small iron-gray ringlets, which waggled a sort of accompaniment to her frequent bursts of laughter. The sight of Mrs. Wolferton subdued her liveliness to a minor key: "How are you to-day, poor dear? Enjoyed the drive yesterday? That's right! Famous thing for getting spirits right—nothing like it; but it's not you I've come to see—no, nor you either, you poor, pale-faced Janet. Mustn't tell her so, must we?" This in apology to Mrs. Wolferton. "That was a slip of the tongue, was it not? Where's the naughty beauty, as I call her? My visit is to her." Janet went in search of her sister. "Janet will not be coming back, will she?" Mrs. Dawson edged her chair confidentially close to her nephew's widow.

"I don't know," spoken coldly, for

Aunt Dawson's mysteries were not always to Mrs. Wolferston's taste.

"Oh, if she does, invent some excuse or other to get rid of her. Can't you say she had better lie down a little? I am sure she looks pale enough."

"No"—Mrs. Wolferston smiled in spite of herself—"I would rather tell her you want to tell me something privately."

"Oh no. Why, my dear Amy, you, a mother of two daughters!—really, I must say even an old maid like myself knows better than that."

"I scarcely understand you."

"No, I dare say not, poor thing! You see it is all so sudden and recent, and I'm no doubt premature, and that—only opportunities may come and go, and once gone can't be had back. You understand exactly, I've no doubt, and see the force of things just as I do—so wise you always were, you poor dear bereaved one!"

The "poor dear" looked thoroughly mystified, but she was not to be enlightened directly.

"Ah, here's the beauty!" and Aunt Dawson jumped up nimbly and advanced to meet Mary as she came in. "Now, Miss Careless, guess what I've got for you."

Mary was not in the saucy spirits her aunt expected. "I don't know," she said, simply.

"You'll be losing your head next, or your heart, I shouldn't wonder. Now, look here. I wonder who is the owner of this pretty thing?"

She was fumbling in a capacious pocket, so full of miscellaneous articles that a struggle was inevitable when any one of them had to be extricated. If the sharp-eyed old lady had not been thus occupied, she must have seen how deeply Mary blushed.

"My ear-ring! Oh, where was it found?"

"Ah, only suppose now you had been in a hired fly. I wonder what chance there would have been of your ear-ring coming home again? I have heard"—she dropped her voice to its tone of mystery—"that some of those fly-drivers

make large fortunes by what people drop. But now, Amy, I really want you to listen seriously. Mary's not of the least consequence, because you see she's not a party concerned; but I think you and I must put our wits together a bit and just see that the Rookstone property don't quite slip out of the family."

"But, Mrs. Dawson—"

"Now, my dear, I know what you are going to say as well as if you were a bee in a glass hive. You object to matchmaking, of course, dear, and very right and proper, too, as long as you had a roof over your head and your thousands to spend—and squander. I don't mean any reflections by squander, as you know, my dear Amy; but words come crooked when one feels as I do now." She might have added, "and speaks as fast," for in her excitement ideas flowed so rapidly that she had not words enough to express them, and they came tumbling out in strange, incoherent fashion. "Now, you know, Amy, Janet's quite marriageable, quite. Now don't shake your dear head, and consent to her wasting all the best of her youth in a desert, pining after a wild young officer like Henry Wenlock. Who's to say he is not married by this time? And, my dear, when one reads in the papers of breaches of promise for far less provocation than poor misguided Christopher's will, it seems to me that you should cut the Gordian knot yourself. Write and give him up, and so make an opening for Richard Wolferston."

"But, putting every other consideration aside, Richard Wolferston would never think of marrying Janet."

It was the first pause Mrs. Dawson had come to, and it happened more from want of breath than because she had nearly developed her ideas. "Ah, you see," she said, triumphantly, the iron-gray ringlets dancing with delight, "I should not have come here to-day, dear Amy, rousing you from the memory of the dear departed—for whom I'm sure no one can have a more sincere and hearty respect than myself—I shouldn't have dreamed of coming

here to state a theory: you thought so now, did you not? Ah no, my dear, I could not at such a time—oh no. The fact is, between ourselves"—here she stretched out her short, fat neck till her face nearly touched Mrs. Wolferston's, and jerked out each word with deliberate emphasis—"I saw my gentleman this morning—ascertained his intentions, or affections, or whatever men call the thing they wear under their waist-coats and fancy it's a heart; and if you'll only leave the matter in my hands, Amy dear, I'll undertake to have these young people married and settled before I'm six months older."

"Who are you speaking of, Aunt Dawson?"

"Patience, child! How you startled me, speaking in that solemn, serious way! I declare you gave me quite a turn, Mary. Well, you mustn't go and repeat it to Janet, you know, for of course Richard will like to tell his own story best; but of course you knew all about it long ago. Ah, I thought so! Why, my dear Amy, it is not likely that a man would go rushing into roaring, raging flames as he did to save a mere indifferent life: you couldn't expect me to believe such a thing. But now look here. Couldn't you let me take Janet back with me. Richard has promised to dine with me to-morrow. Now have I not arranged a pleasant little surprise for him? I'd have taken Janet off then and now, without a word to discompose her mind, only it struck me it might be as well to *congé* that tiresome, hot-headed young Wenlock first, and let her start fair with Richard. Don't you think I was right, Amy?"

Mrs. Wolferston could not answer: but for the distress in Mary's face she must have laughed at the good-natured busybody's mistake. The best course to pursue now was to dismiss her before Mary betrayed herself. "Thank you," she said. "I am sure you mean kindly, but Janet is deeply attached to Henry Wenlock; and even if he releases her from her engagement, she is not at all likely to marry any one else. Besides this, I feel quite sure neither she nor

her sister would think of visiting at present."

Mrs. Dawson was vehement in her protest against this decision, but she knew of old that, gentle as dear Amy was, she could be firm also, and she was obliged to go away alone.

CHAPTER XVII.

SETTLED IN HASTE.

DIRECTLY Mrs. Dawson had departed, her mother turned to Mary: "Of course, my dear child, your aunt has made a mistake, and has arrived at an entirely wrong conclusion about Richard."

"I cannot agree with you." The decided words, the abrupt manner were quite unlike spoiled, petted Mary.

"But, Mary—"

"Mamma, it is useless; the foreboding of this has been upon me ever since we left Rookstone. He loved me once—I know that well, I can never forget it—but oh, mamma, mamma, I lost his love"—she hid her face on her mother's shoulder and broke down in violent sobs—"on the night of the fire. He saw the difference between us. You know what a helpless baby I was, and I quite lost my senses at last, and Kitty told me that until the smoke choked her Janet was so brave and calm: it was my cowardice that killed his love, and I suppose saving her as he did drew him to Janet. Now do you see why he gave me up? So many things have become clear to me in these few minutes! Now I know why Janet has grown so suddenly kind about him: she does not love him, but she cannot hate a man who loves her; and she will love him soon, mother: she must—how can she help it?—and then it seems to me I must hate them both."

Mrs. Wolferston soothed and reasoned, but in vain: she persuaded the sobbing, unhappy girl to lie down on a sofa, and then went to find her eldest daughter.

"I wish you had sent for me at once," Janet said when she heard her mother's tidings. "I would have cross-question-

ed Aunt Dawson until I had found out the truth." The tears sprang to her eyes. "It seems as if every day brings some fresh cause of estrangement: till lately, Mary and I were so happy together, and now I dread to be left alone with her."

"In this last matter I believe silence is your best course," said Mrs. Wolferton: "perhaps if we both treat it with entire indifference, Mary may take the same view of the case: she is too much excited just now to judge at all."

"Poor girl! she has had unhappiness enough," said Janet, warmly. "Mamma, will you let me write to Richard? I have never yet thanked him for saving my life: surely I may ask him to come here and let me thank him personally."

Her mother smiled. "I begin to think you are imitating Aunt Dawson," she said; "but do as you like, my darling. I believe only Richard himself can calm Mary now."

Janet wrote, and then she sat counting the hours that must pass before Richard could make his appearance. She tried to cast all doubts and fears away, to tell herself that the marriage was ordained to be, and that therefore neither human right nor might could avail to prevent it; but she could not feel tranquil. The step she had just taken was not a mere resigning herself to the ways of Providence: instead of this, she had resolved on hastening Mary's happiness in her own way henceforth. Come what might of the marriage, humanly speaking, her act had rendered it inevitable.

She did not speak of Henry Wenlock's letter. It seemed to Janet that already her mother's sacred grief had been intruded on by care for others: she ought now to be allowed to give herself up to the seclusion of her own thoughts and memories; and for this reason also she wrote to Mrs. Webb, asking her to keep Christy a week or two longer, till they should be settled in their Brompton home.

There was a small garden—the sort of garden one finds attached to all new villa houses, which answers well

for those who can replenish the flower-beds as fast as gas and smoke empty them, but which bears as much comparison to a real flower-garden as an ordinary young lady fresh from the milliner's hands does to a beautiful Roman peasant woman in her festa costume. A London garden destroys all sentiment. You look in vain for the plants of last year; you had grown fond of them in your efforts to tend and increase their growth; you find only new-comers, like the "Veneerings," your neighbors, and the shining furniture you see over the way. If you care for old associations—links to the past—avoid an improving London suburb, where the very walks and green lanes dear to your childhood grow into streets with new, high-sounding titles: simplicity and freshness vanish with the daisies and buttercups.

Janet was in this garden, examining some of the plants they had brought with them, when Richard arrived. They had only just breakfasted, and she had not expected him so early. For the moment she felt really glad to see him, and she told him so.

He was touched by the change in her manner. "Where is Mary?" he asked.

"We shall find her in-doors." She did not tell him how unprepared her sister was to see him. Janet's fear had been that Mary would refuse to meet her cousin, or manage in some way to avoid him. The street door was open, and she went in quickly, followed by Richard.

Mary was sitting alone in the little morning-room, her head resting on her hands. She colored when she saw who was Janet's companion, and looked resentfully at her sister.

She made no sign of greeting, and Richard looked at Janet in surprise.

She smiled. "Mary is not well or happy," she said, rather mischievously, "but I think she will be better now;" and Janet went away thinking that Richard would find it easy enough to convince her sister of her mistake.

But it was not an easy matter to get her to listen at all. At first she begged

him to excuse her. She wished for the future only to see him when her mother or Janet was present, and when she found he would not listen she sought refuge in silence.

"Now, Mary"—he took both her hands and held them fast in his—"what have I done to deserve such a reception? I believe you are not in earnest: you are only trying some of your old saucy tricks on me." But when he drew her nearer to him the real sorrow in her eyes showed him she was in earnest.

He tried to soothe her and win her confidence by gentleness. She relapsed into a sort of forced indifference which tried his patience, and his anger rose. He let go her hands, and walked up and down the room. "Mary," he said, frowning, "you are determined to see the worst of me, or you would not use your power over me in this way. I have been living on the thought of your sweetness and your love, feeling as if I could not live without you. I came here as soon as I got Janet's letter: it seemed to me a new life had begun, and you receive me as if I had committed a crime." He stood facing her pale with anger, and Mary grew terrified. "You have promised to be my wife, and till I release you from that promise you are mine," he said, roughly taking her hand again in his strong, firm clasp; "and you are bound to tell me who has been making mischief between us: I insist on knowing. Is it your mother?"

He had touched the right string. She might not have yielded to fear for herself, although she was really afraid of him now, but it would be dreadful for her mother to be frightened by his violence; and, like many another woman, despite his anger, Mary loved him the better for compelling her obedience. She told him Mrs. Dawson's story. His brow cleared as if by magic: he laughed, and then, as if that were his best assurance of truth to her, he drew Mary to his heart and kissed her.

"You are a darling little goose," he said, "and Mrs. Dawson is more silly than I took her to be. It would serve

you rightly if I were really to transfer my love to Janet, don't you think so?"

"I don't know," she sobbed. "I feel as if you must love her best: she is so good and wise, and I am so silly."

"And do you think I should like a wise woman for my wife, Mary—a woman who would lecture and preach against everything not quite right in her eyes? My wife must be mine entirely: her thoughts, her opinions, her wishes, must be mine too. I am a dreadful tyrant, my pet; but I believe you will be the most loving, docile darling a man ever took to himself for his own."

There was almost a fierce earnestness in his words, and she trembled. A vague, faint memory of her mother's warning, that in marrying Richard she would yield up her notions of right and wrong, as well as her love, to his guidance, fell across the purple light of love which a minute before had seemed to penetrate every sensation; but under the spell of his eyes, listening to the fascination of his words, she could neither think nor remember distinctly. He was her idol, her all; and when a little while after he whispered that the only way to make his happiness sure would be a speedy marriage, Mary forgot her mother's grief, her own deep mourning, and let him take her consent for granted.

He asked to see Mrs. Wolferston. She looked pained when he told her that only her consent was wanting now to the celebration of their marriage. The wedding should be as quiet and private as she pleased, but he hoped she would allow it to take place immediately.

"I think this haste is cruel," she said: "why not wait till Mary is a year older? You shall see her as often and with as little restraint as you wish."

He entreated and argued, and Mrs. Wolferston already found it difficult to refuse him, when, to her surprise, she found Janet ranked on his side.

She had joined Mary when Richard left her, had gathered the purpose of his errand to her mother, and, deciding in her usual firm way, had come to the

conclusion that her mother would have no quiet or seclusion so long as these lovers' quarrels were likely to recur. Janet only lived for her mother now. She was angry with Mary for being able to think of marrying at such a time. "But if she can do so already," thought the eldest sister, "she will always be fretting and discontented unless Richard is here. They had better be married at once."

At once, according to Janet, meant in three months' time, a period which Richard's persuasions curtailed to two. He did not leave the widow till she had promised that the marriage should take place that day two months.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RETURN HOME.

A YEAR passed away. The monotony of Mrs. Wolferton's and Janet's life was only interrupted by Mary's letters, full of her fresh and delighted experience of foreign travel. Directly after the marriage, Richard had taken his young wife to Italy, and they had lingered there month after month, although Mr. Painson was continually urging on the new squire the importance of making himself thoroughly well known and popular among his tenantry.

Till the wedding was over, Mrs. Wolferton had borne up so wonderfully that even good-natured Mrs. Dawson had shaken her head, and thought that poor dear Amy had less feeling than she had given her credit for; nay, in a burst of confidence to Mrs. Webb she had even hinted that she was afraid old Painson was looking after the widow already, and that his attentions did much to keep up her spirits. But the good soul only chattered thoughtlessly, and felt sorry for her outpourings when she got home, after the fashion of impulsive females, while Mrs. Webb felt a calm satisfaction in repeating a slander not invented by herself. But before a week had passed, Time, the usual avenger of injustice, had silenced Mrs. Webb.

Mrs. Wolferton was seriously ill, and the London physician whom Janet

insisted on calling in to consult with Mrs. Dawson's doctor declared that only care and time could restore her, and even then she must be very tenderly dealt with. The anguish she had so bravely struggled against had brought to light or life inward weakness, and he said that although there was no actual disease of the heart at present, there was that which made it imperative that Mrs. Wolferton should be spared any fatigue or sudden emotion.

Janet did not write this news to Mary. The young girl's aim in the life she had planned for herself was to bear her own burdens alone—a good plan enough for a fretful, complaining woman, but one which has its evils in such a nature as Janet's. She grew silent, and less and less communicative in her replies to Mary's bright, amusing letters: confidence was gradually diminishing between the sisters, and it was Janet's fault. To her mother and little Christy she was all they could wish, but this constant effort at self-reliance had made her years older.

She softened when at length an answer came to her letter to Henry Wenlock. "What matters the loss of money," he wrote, after many expressions of sympathy for her sorrow, "to people who love each other as you and I do, my own Janet? I shall be in England, I hope, next September: then I shall sell my commission and get some more profitable employment, and your good, kind mother will give you to me as soon as I have made a home for you."

Captain Wenlock would have wondered if he could have seen the burst of tears his letter evoked, but these brought comfort and solace to the overburdened spirit. It was not for ever, then, that she should have to walk thus alone and unaided. In a few months she should have Henry to look to for guidance and sympathy, though she could not marry him while her mother lived—her desolate mother, who had only her to rest on now.

Mary had told Mrs. Wolferton that she hoped to become a mother early

in October: it was now August, and still they did not return to England.

But one morning, soon after the beginning of the month, Janet came into her mother's sitting-room with her hands full of letters. She was laughing, and seemed unusually animated. "What will you give me for my news?" she said, half fearing lest its suddenness might bring on one of the fainting-fits her mother had lately suffered from. "It is very surprising, but very pleasant; but the outside of the letters will tell their own story. Here is one from Mary, with a Geneva postmark: this one is from Richard, dated Paris; and now where do you think this comes from?"

"Are they indeed at Rookstone? Ah, Janet, I can scarcely tell you how thankful I am for dear Mary's sake."

"Yes, they reached Rookstone two days ago, and that is not all: Mary wants you to go to her at once; but, mother, if you have any shrinking from this visit I can easily take your place."

But Mrs. Wolferton was eager to go herself. In the joy of seeing her darling again after this long separation she forgot the pain all the old memories would suffer in this sudden rekindling.

Janet felt secretly indignant that Richard should have taken her sister home without staying even one day in London with her mother, but when she hinted this, Mrs. Wolferton said it was gratifying to her to see his anxiety that Mary should be spared fatigue. "Why, you see, dear, he has even written this last note himself, to save her trouble."

Janet did not answer: she thought it would have been more natural for Mary to have written and to have included herself and Christy in the invitation; but she had resolved not to harbor evil thoughts of Richard, and she went up stairs to pack her mother's trunk, as Mrs. Wolferton was asked to go to Rookstone as soon as possible.

She had grown so much stronger during the last few months that even Janet felt no anxiety in allowing her to make the journey only accompanied by a maid.

Richard Wolferton met his mother-in-law at the railway station. He looked aged: she thought his face had grown lined and anxious. "I thought Mary had better meet you in-doors," he said: "the idea of your visit has made her hysterical;" and then so grave almost stern a look came into his face that Mrs. Wolferton felt an uneasy restraint creep over her.

As they approached Rookstone she sank back in the carriage and drew her thick veil more closely over her face. She had not been outside the gates between that eventful night and the day of her departure, and every hedge-bank, every well-known group of trees, gave a fresh pang to the still keen sense of bereavement.

Here were the sprigs of wild clematis he had gathered for her to draw or in their early married days had wreathed round her hat; there were the cottages his liberal hand had restored from decay; and here—ah! here, indeed, was a poignant remembrance—the toll-house where on that sad night doubt had grown so strong—the doubt of her husband's safety. All that night came back to her with terrible reality: all her bitter anguish was renewed.

Richard turned to her abruptly: "I dare say Mary will tell you I wanted your visit deferred: the truth is, of course I am very anxious about Mary, and I was afraid this first coming back would depress and agitate you; and, frankly, it will annoy me greatly if my wife is in any way upset."

His tone was not unkind, but still she could not help shrinking from his words: even her gentle spirit roused to wonder why Richard should imagine her less careful of her daughter than he was of his wife. "But it is only his great love for her," she said to herself: "surely I should not complain of that, and he could not know how sad I am."

They were driving in at the great gates—not the entrance by which we saw Richard Wolferton go in more than a year ago. These gates were on the other side of the park, much nearer the house. Mrs. Wolferton looked to-

ward the house. Could this be Mary standing on the steps?—a beautiful woman dressed in the latest fashion, her hair so frizzled out of any resemblance to nature that her mother could hardly think it was her own.

She laughed and cried, and was so excited that Mrs. Wolferston could scarcely quiet her: in her heart she felt thankful that Richard had left them together: he would certainly have thought that her presence agitated Mary.

But after a little the girl's old bright, saucy self came back, and she was nestling her head on her mother's shoulder and kissing her as if she were still a child. "You will find the house so changed," she said: "I have not grown used to it yet. All our own sleeping-rooms have been rebuilt, and they are not a bit like the old ones. Will you like to see the room I have chosen for you? It is close to my own."

Mary rang the bell. Mrs. Wolferston looked in hopes to see a familiar face—she had remarked that the servants she had already seen were strangers—but a moustached foreigner answered Mary's summons.

"Send Eulalie."

"Is your maid French?" asked her mother.

"Oh yes: Richard prefers foreign servants. He says they are so much quicker-witted; so that, except coachmen, grooms and housemaids, we have nothing but French and German people about us."

Mrs. Wolferston had resolved not to volunteer an unasked opinion on any changes she might observe, but there was something in this thorough break-up of old associations which pained her. Most of the Rookstone servants had been there for years.

In some ways, perhaps, it was less trying that her new rooms did not remind her of the past: this was no longer her Rookstone, and when she came down to dinner she felt like a visitor in a strange house.

Richard was courteous, but his cold, watchful manner threw a constraint over everything. Mrs. Wolferston longed

for dinner to be over to find herself once more alone with Mary, but this was not to be.

To her surprise, he followed them almost immediately into the saloon. Nothing was changed here: even the new squire's fastidious taste had seen no need of alteration.

He came up to Mary: "I thought your mother would like a stroll in the park: there is still some light left. What do you think of it?"

Mrs. Wolferston was in hopes her daughter would have elected to remain in-doors, but Richard's slightest wish was law to his wife, and she seemed to think there was no doubt of her mother's acquiescence.

They strolled down the terrace steps, where the peacocks, all unconscious of any change of masters, strutted about, only thinking of themselves. At the edge of the lake, Richard was turning to the right, so as to climb the higher ground on the other side, which commanded a view of the house, when Mrs. Wolferston stopped. "I should like to see Kitty Robbins," she said: "I suppose she is still at the lodge?"

A dark shadow crossed Richard's face, and Mary looked frightened and nervous: "Oh, never mind now, dear mamma: Kitty is such a nasty, cross old thing, and—"

"Mary"—she checked herself suddenly at the sound of her husband's voice—"you are not going to see Mrs. Robbins: why do you interfere with your mother's wishes?"

Mrs. Wolferston looked from one to the other: she felt certain that Richard had forbidden his wife to hold any communication with the faithful old dependant, and her spirit rose against what seemed to her tyranny. "I'll go alone, Mary," she said. "I think poor old Kitty will feel hurt if I do not pay her an early visit."

"Very well," Richard Wolferston answered, "we will wait for you here: you will not be gone long, I dare say?" It seemed as if he implied "you must not," in spite of the courteous tone in which the words were spoken.

Mrs. Wolferston turned toward Kitty's cottage. The dark fears which at one time had influenced her so strongly against Richard Wolferston came back with overwhelming force. The bright, happy tone of Mary's letters had effectually quieted any lingering remains of these fears, and the sunshine in Mary's face had confirmed her mother's belief that Richard had proved a tender, indulgent husband, for she knew her daughter could not be happy unless she were petted and treated lovingly. But something in Richard's tone startled her: it was much like that of a master to an unreasoning child, and yet it seemed not to pain or perplex Mary. Why was she not allowed to visit old Kitty? For a moment Mrs. Wolferston had nearly turned back and asked her daughter to go with her. "But I resolved not to stir up strife between them," she said, "and I believed he would refuse to let her accompany me."

CHAPTER XIX.

KITTY'S WARNING.

THE light had faded quickly, and when Mrs. Wolferston stooped to enter the low cottage door the room was in darkness, except for the smouldering log on the hearth.

Seeing a visitor, but not making out who it was, Kitty got up briskly and struck at the half-burned wood. The sparks flew out in all directions: then, stooping down, the old woman took a few shavings from a heap in the corner, and in a moment, as if by magic, the little room was filled with bright, ruddy light.

The red glare flickered over Kitty's face as she turned sideways to peer at her visitor. She looked something like what we fancy the old witch of a fairy story; but a gleam of hearty, unfeigned delight, such as no witch's face ever glowed with, spread over hers when she recognized her visitor.

"Well, to be sure! Be it ee'self as is come back? Jem, he said summat on't, but him be a rare gawk at news, and I just bid he hold his idle talk.

Will'ee please sit ye down, Madam Wolferston? Ah! it wur a sad day for Rookstone when ye left it. Have 'ee brought Master Christy to see t'old place?"

"No, I came alone. My daughter, Mrs. Wolferston, is not well enough to bear the fatigue of much company."

Kitty groaned: "Not well, beant her? What call has her to look for health or welfare either, I'd like to know, flying in the face of a solemn warning?"

Mrs. Wolferston looked puzzled. She felt inclined to check Kitty, and yet the old woman's manner was too earnest not to be impressive. Kitty grew more and more excited as she went on: "I warned she as if her wur my own child. I telled she yon squire were naught for a 'ooman to trust to; and Mary beant a 'ooman—she be naught but a ungrown gal. More the pity for 'ee, Madam Wolferston, she be so untamed like; for they do tell I 'ee never liked the match, but they young folk wur too strong for 'ee. Bless us! I knaw what they sort o' gals be—easy enough to drive when they be coupled, but as hard-mouthed as colts when they be single. He'll know how to guide she, let him be for that!"

"You have been misinformed, Kitty." Mrs. Wolferston spoke very coldly: she thought the conversation better ended. "I was willing that my daughter should marry Richard Wolferston."

A cry of astonishment burst from Kitty before her visitor had finished speaking: "I ha' heerd o' witchcraft and other tomfooleries, an' I put 'em aside for idle talk. I a'most think there be summat o' that in Richard Wolferston, or he'd not ha' glamour'd the mother as well as the darter. Nobut yeeself," she went on, slowly shaking her head, "would ha' made I believe a quiet, sober, godly lady as 'ee be, Madam Wolferston, would uphold such awful ways and practices as goes on at Rookstone now."

"Well, Kitty, I came to see you, and to hear about your rheumatism and Jem; but if you can only find fault with Mr. Wolferston, I must go away."

Mrs. Wolferston rose as she spoke. The old woman's words had increased the dark fears and forebodings Richard had reawakened; but it was impossible to listen to any gossip about Rookstone.

To her surprise, Kitty laid her hand on her arm. "Dwoant 'ee bring Master Christy here, then," she cried in a shrill, eager voice. "Maybe him 'ull get tainted wi' all they new-fangled nosiuns—no prayers, no church-gwoing. Oh, Madam Wolferston, ye may have changed, tho' I can't credit such a falling away; but what would the dear squoire heself say—him as wur so right-minded—to see a lot o' cursing Frenchmen and drinking German chaps drivin' the whole village wild with they doin's?"

"It can be no business of yours or mine." Mrs. Wolferston was much moved by the old woman's earnestness, although she strove not to show it. "Remember, Kitty, that they have only been home a fortnight, and have not got into regular ways yet. Now I must say good-night, for it grows dark."

"Well, madam"—Kitty opened the door reluctantly—"there be they as won't see and they as can't—they as natur blinds and they as blinds theyselves. But one word I will speak, though all the world wur striving to keep my mouth shut. I beant one of they sort as dumbs my tongue when it ought to be waggin'. Yon squoire's a dark man, wi' more bad in he than good. I don't say what the bad be—I hanna found out; but he'd not ha' nourished bad blood agen an old creetur like I if I hadna somehow hit the right nail on the head in what I said to Miss Mary. Look ye here, Madam Wolferston! The real squoire—him as was kind by young and old alike—never meant to cast his little fair-headed boy on the world without a home over his head—nor you neither. I'm only a stupid old 'ooman, maybe as sour as a crab, some folks say; but I beant a shiftless 'ooman as leaves her work unfinished. My life, maybe, wanna last long enough, but while it lasts I beant a-gwoin' to rest till I ha' made out summat more about yon Richard Wolfer-

ston than he gives out. He's more than one story hid under that black head o' hisn."

"Good-night! I must go;" and Mrs. Wolferston hurried away, too much disturbed and bewildered for any settled thought till she rejoined Mary, and then her daughter's smiling, happy face seemed to give a decided negative to Kitty's dark warnings.

She felt pained when, coming down early next morning, she was told by the bearded Frenchman who seemed to act as major-domo that there would be no use in waiting breakfast—monsieur and madame always took coffee in their rooms.

Mary appeared about eleven o'clock, full of apologies: she had got into bad habits abroad, but she hoped to do better; and then, seemingly afraid of this topic, she flew off like a bird to all sorts of desultory talk, and won her mother to listen, though her heart was aching at what she felt was a want of confidence between them.

Sunday came next day, and Mary's maid tapped at Mrs. Wolferston's door soon after breakfast: "Would madame wish the carriage to go to church in?"

"No, thank you, unless your mistress usually drives to church."

The Frenchwoman shook her head: "Madame did not go to church, but she had thought that her mamma would find the walk much too fatiguing."

Mrs. Wolferston repeated that she preferred walking, and the smart maid departed.

Never went to church! But this was probably a hazarded assertion—the maid perhaps had not been long in their service: this was only Mary's third Sunday in England—she might have felt ill or tired.

But these excuses brought no comfort, and there was something in the warm greeting she met with after service was over from the clergyman and his flock which made her aware that faces from the park were rare in the village.

She went back to Rookstone sad and anxious. Janet, she knew, would have

spoken out her thoughts and remonstrated with her sister, but her mother hesitated. Richard had specially told her that his wife was easily agitated, and it seemed impossible to open such a subject without giving Mary some amount of pain; and this Mrs. Wolferston, in her tender longing not to alienate the child who seemed so anxious for her affection, could not make up her mind to give.

Should she speak to Richard? She did not know why—whether from the effect of Kitty's words or from the restraint his formal, courteous manner had created—but Mrs. Wolferston became suddenly aware, when she asked herself this question, that she had grown afraid of her son-in-law: she noticed, too, how seldom he left her alone with Mary.

He might be capable of separating them entirely if she interfered with his opinions; and yet was a mother to give up all right of influence over so young a girl as Mary, knowing as she did the utter incapacity of her husband to help her in these ways? And Mary was about to become a mother! Mrs. Wolferston had heard that those who give up appointed ordinances are apt to fall into careless ways about private ones. A prayerless mother! This idea was terrible, and when she at length slept her night was disturbed and restless.

She awoke with that strange sense of impending misfortune we all know so well: Kitty's words came back much more vividly. She knew Kitty to be a clever, energetic and persevering woman. It was terrible to think that she would henceforth be a perpetual spy on Mary's husband; and Mrs. Wolferston could not hide from herself the conviction that probably in his life in California there had been episodes which Richard might wish to remain unknown. The hints about the will had not troubled her. She always clung to the remembrance of that interrupted conversation with her husband as a safeguard against doubts or murmurs. He had thought Richard's father unjustly disinherited, and he had resolved that Christy should

not entail a curse on himself by possessing what was rightfully the property of another man.

But the arrival of the post entirely changed the current of her thoughts. Janet wrote that Henry Wenlock might be expected any day; and although she did not ask her mother to shorten her visit, Mrs. Wolferston felt how much comfort her sympathy would be in these anxious days of expectation.

When Mary came down stairs her mother told her Janet's news.

"I believe, my dear child, I ought to go home at once. Poor girl! she has no one but me to share her joy with."

Mary burst into passionate weeping: her mother tried to calm her, but it was useless. "You don't love me: no one loves me but Richard," she sobbed; "and he will not love me long, for I have teased him and made him angry. I know why you are going: you think me so wicked because I try to obey and please my husband; but, mother, it is cruel of you to punish me for this."

"But, Mary, what have I said or done?"

"I know," she said. "I was watching you the first evening: I begged him so hard before you came just to let things be as they used to be, and he said it would be acting a falsehood, and he would not have shams in his house—he is so true and noble, mother, he could not; and when I begged him hard, he went away angrily and said I was hysterical; and, mamma, mamma, I know if I were to try and please you by going to church and all that, it would not only make unhappiness between him and me, but he would never let me see you again."

A slight flush came into her mother's face: "I think and hope you wrong your husband, Mary; but if you feel yourself that you have acted wrongly in giving up these things, surely you are in great peril: we have nowhere a warrant to let human love or human duty come between us and that which we feel to be necessary to us. I am not speaking to you as I might speak: I am not urging you to disobey your husband, if

it is indeed possible that he has forbidden you a religious mode of life; but I only tell you to listen attentively to the fears and misgivings which I can see beset you: they are not idle scruples, my darling."

But Mary's agitation had become uncontrollable: it seemed as if something in her mother's words had moved her beyond endurance. One hysterical sob succeeded another, and Mrs. Wolferton was growing seriously alarmed when Richard came abruptly into the room.

CHAPTER XX.

SQUIRE CHRISTOPHER'S STUDY.

RICHARD WOLFERSTON looked sternly at his mother-in-law and then at Mary, but he did not speak.

"Ah, Richard," his wife sobbed, "mamma is going away from me already."

"How can you be such a baby?" he said, coldly. "I thought the post must have brought some very distressing news." He glanced at the letter on the table. "Surely you don't wish to force your mother to stay against her will?"

His words had a magical effect on Mary, but the tone jarred Mrs. Wolferton. She looked up at him: there was that cold, cynical sneer on his face which had at first alienated her from him.

"Willingness is not in question," she said, "but I find we may daily expect Captain Wenlock's arrival, and I think I ought to be with Janet."

"I am the last person who would willingly interfere with your notions of duty." He spoke with such studied politeness that it seemed to Mrs. Wolferton he was really angry, but she feared to agitate Mary by any explanation.

Mary had dried her eyes, and sat quiet and subdued till her husband asked her to execute some commission which obliged her to leave the room. Both mother and daughter felt that he did this on purpose, and as their eyes met the glance of suppressed alarm in each made them strangely alike. But Mrs. Wolferton's fear was only momentary: she rose to follow Mary.

Richard had turned away to the window, but he knew of her movement instantly. "I want you to look here, Mrs. Wolferton," he said quietly, without so much as a glance toward her: "you know the value of those oak trees as well as I do, and Painson wants to persuade me to cut them down." He spoke with that unruffled calm which always gives its owner an advantage over more impulsive, sensitive natures.

Instead of following Mary, she came and stood beside him. His forced manner left him at once: he kept her there talking for half an hour about the park and the trees, Captain Wenlock and his prospects, till she almost felt toward him as she had felt during the days of his short engagement to Mary, when he had won her to look upon him with real affection and confidence.

Suddenly he broke off the conversation: "I forget if you said when you would like the carriage to take you."

"I had not specified any time: I was just settling my departure when you came in, but I have no wish to leave Mary abruptly."

"You are always unselfish, I know," he smiled, "but whenever you go the poor child will feel it sadly: will it not be better to make one business of it and return to town this afternoon? I will order the carriage to be ready to meet the four-o'clock train."

He left the room before she could answer, and Mrs. Wolferton felt greatly bewildered. His manner had been frank and kind, winning even, and yet there was something so decided in his proposal, something which she felt herself so powerless to resist, that it was difficult to believe that he had not snatched at a pretext for separating her from Mary.

A sudden fear came upon her as she remembered his harshly-spoken warning on her way to Rookstone. Was he going to punish her for the agitation which he had witnessed in his wife, and to separate them for ever? And as the idea mastered her, with almost a wild terror she resolved to see Mary at once, and, if she found her urgent for her stay, to

remain at Rookstone a few days longer. If Richard's manner had been truthful, if he really liked her as much as he had implied, he could have no wish to hasten her departure. She knocked at the door of Mary's room: there was no answer, and when she knocked again, Richard himself opened it. "You want Mary?" he said in a low voice. "I have persuaded her to lie down in her dressing-room. I have told her as gently as possible that you are going to town this afternoon: I did this to save you another scene, but, as I suspected, she had imagined that you intended to leave Rookstone to-day, and I think she is ashamed of having so distressed you."

His words were gently and smilingly spoken, and yet they fell like a stone on the hope which had been struggling with all Mrs. Wolferton's dark doubts and fears. As he closed the door and she passed along the gallery, she felt half tempted to go into the dressing-room and see whether Mary was kept there against her will. It was only a momentary thought. Had she not resolved never to stir up strife between the husband and wife? Mary belonged more to Richard than to herself now: it was bitter to yield her child up to his guidance, but what could she do? Open remonstrance to him respecting his opinions would, she felt certain, ensure the separation she so greatly dreaded. All she could trust to was the influence affection gave her over Mary, and prayer that a better, higher life than the mere earthly existence they seemed to lead at present might yet be in store for her erring children.

Mary came down only a little while before her mother's departure: her husband followed almost directly.

She looked as if she had been crying, but she was calm and composed as she said good-bye: the strained clasp in which she held her mother alone told how deeply she felt this parting.

Her husband drew her hand into his arm and led her back into the saloon before the carriage was out of sight.

"That is brave and good," and he kissed her.

But she did not answer: for the first time since their marriage he felt that she received his praise and his tenderness passively, almost with coldness.

At another moment his strong power of self-control would have enabled him to appear unconscious, but self-reproach usually makes a man irritable, and Mrs. Wolferton's sad yearning eyes, as they took their last look at Mary, haunted him. "What is the matter now?" He spoke so sternly that his wife started. "Really my patience begins to wear out: one minute I find you in an agony of sobs and tears at the bare idea of losing your mother, and when I try to comfort you, you repulse me."

"Oh, Richard!" and then the facile, easily-moved nature broke down, its momentary anger melting in tears.

She did not know what was the matter with her: it seemed as if all her happiness had gone. She had behaved foolishly to her mother, and now she had made her darling husband angry. All this came in little bursts of penitent misery between her sobs: finally, she believed it would be much better if she died, and then Richard could marry a really good wife and be happy.

For a moment the cloud left her husband's face. "Come, come," he said, pettingly, "you are in a hurry to settle matters: we won't talk about a new wife till I'm tired of you, my pet; but I think for the future you will be more inclined to be guided by me than by your own inclinations."

These last words were gravely spoken, and he rose from the couch beside her and stood while she answered, "I don't know what you mean: I thought you always guided me."

He seemed uneasy: he took a turn up and down the room before he spoke again: "Your memory is worse than I thought it. I can hardly think you have forgotten the answer I made you when you urged me to let you ask your mother to Rookstone."

"I remember that, of course, but I don't see what it has had to do with my unhappiness."

He threw his head back with a quick,

impatient movement: "I should have thought it needed no application. I told you that a mother-in-law always breeds quarrels in a household—not from any fault, but from the natural jealousy she feels of her daughter's husband: you would not believe me, and perhaps it is as well that I allowed you to convince yourself."

"But, Richard, it is an entire mistake. Mamma never said a word to me until I spoke to her, and then what she did say was only what my conscience tells me if I listen to it—"

"Conscience, Mary! Have I not told you that I detest cant of any sort? And this conscience of yours"—he laid a sneering emphasis on the word—"seems to me to be very one-sided in its tellings. You promised me that if I would consent to your mother's visit you would hold no conversation with her on this special subject, and yet you say you began it yourself. Does your 'conscience' tell nothing about disobedience to your husband?"

He looked fixedly at her: to his surprise she sat quiet, without showing any of the impulsive sorrow he had expected. He had thought himself so thoroughly master of this loving nature's moods that he felt as disconcerted as a showman feels when he pulls the wrong strings of a puppet.

Mary pressed her hands tightly together before she spoke—a half-bewildered, half-imploring look came into her face: "I do not know: it is all confusion again. While mamma talked to me, light seemed to come into my mind. It was as if I caught sight of things I have been blind to since I left Rookstone, and it almost made me want to go back to the old life again. But it must be right to love and obey you, Richard. Why did I feel, when you spoke just now, as if I should follow inclination and not duty in obeying you?"

His face had grown very pale, and a nervous twitch about the mouth more than once betrayed a desire to interrupt her, but he waited till she had finished—waited while she sat there pale, with those soft imploring eyes raised to his.

She did not guess what a tempest she had raised. He almost trembled with passion when he found that all the subtle sophistries with which, aided by his real tenderness, he had lulled Mary's religious—or, as he called them, superstitious—scruples to sleep, had been swept away by a single conversation, and that deep down in his wife's heart the root of all this "folly and nonsense" was as firm as ever. If he had answered her in the heat of anger it might have been better for both, but he dared not: with all his tyranny he dreaded the power that his passionate love for his wife gave her over him: he must have time for thought.

"I will come back to you in a moment," he said, and then he went into the room on the left, which had been the late squire's study.

It was no one's room now: it had been left untouched since that sad evening, and there was something almost ghostly in the sight of that tall, high-backed chair in front of the davenport.

It was plain that Richard Wolferston thought so, for a perceptible shudder ran through him as he stood still in the middle of the room, his eyes strained on the chair as if he were striving to picture his lost cousin in his accustomed place. For a few minutes he stood spelled by the painful remembrance: then his eyes wandered listlessly over the room till they fixed themselves on the davenport: a start, a shock of sudden remembrance, and he went hurriedly to it and tried all the drawers, one after another: all were locked, but the key was in the top drawer on the right-hand side. He took this out and put it in his pocket.

He turned quickly to the door. As he reached it something seemed to occur to him: he went back to the davenport, raised the lid of the desk and placed the key of the drawer inside.

Then the same horror returned that had possessed him on his entrance: he hurried to the study door, locked it on the outside and put the key in his pocket.

SERIAL SUPPLEMENT.

R O O K S T O N E .

BY KATHERINE S. MACQUOID,

AUTHOR OF "FORGOTTEN BY THE WORLD," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

RICHARD WOLFERSTON'S JOURNEY.

MARY had felt too wretched about this first serious dispute with her husband to recur voluntarily to anything likely to revive it; so that when he returned to the saloon and asked her to come and sit beside the lake with him, she was only too glad to throw herself into the old happy life again, unclouded by doubts and misgivings.

Her mother's words came back with a vividness that now and then startled her; and then, with the sophistry which comes so easily when it finds us inclined to receive its teaching, she told herself that Richard was a good man, and, except in this one matter, neglect of the ordinances of religion, he led a blameless life. Why should he not be as right as her father and mother had been? His creed was, so far as she could discover it, that the abundant love which created us intended us to live free and unshackled by any forced service of prayer or praise; but she was vague on the subject of her husband's opinions. He had taught her in her first days of their married life that a woman who could argue seriously, or even think deeply, was unfeminine and unlovable, and this had hitherto checked any effort she had felt impelled to make toward discussion: her foreign life had helped to make her careless. The uncertain and short-lived nature of their household arrangements—for they had rarely remained more than a month in one spot—had precluded any attempt, even if she had felt inclination to make one, at order in her own way of passing time. Hitherto, hers had been a *dolce far niente* existence, full of love and sun-

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shine, her mind animated and amused, and her memory stored with variety of scenery, with famous pictures and statues and sights. She had scarcely had a moment for serious thought till she settled into the old life at Rookstone.

Even before her mother's visit, in those few intensely quiet, uneventful days succeeding her return, she had been conscious of a secret discontent. She had thought Richard's absence caused it, and already she regretted they had come back. Abroad there had been no one to take him from her side. At Rookstone, the bailiff, or the steward, or the gamekeeper, or some other, as she considered, troublesome person, was always on the watch to deprive her of her husband.

After Mrs. Wolferston's departure this had mended, and to her joy Mary found that her husband rarely left her. He had never shown himself so tender, so caressing, as during these last few days, and hour by hour her mother's influence grew fainter and its memory farther off.

One morning he came into the charming little room he had built for her special occupation on the site of one of those consumed by the fire—a room filled with the art-treasures his good taste had collected for her during their foreign travel; for Richard Wolferston possessed eminently the gift, call it by what name you will, which marks out the man of true taste from the mere amasser of objects of art. To him price and rarity were alike indifferent: he worshiped the beautiful, and if the object he saw fulfilled its requirements it must be his immediately. As he came in he glanced over the letter in his hand. The troubled look on his face alarmed his wife. In a moment she was cling-

ing to his arm, her heart beating fast and her eyes filled with eager inquiry.

"Nothing to be frightened at, my own darling; only a dreary prospect for both of us. What will you say now if I tell you I must go away for a whole week?"

"Oh, Richard, I should die—indeed I should. I could not live a week without you."

He drew her closer to him. "It is not worse for you than for me," he said fondly, "but I am afraid it must be. Just a year ago I promised Lord Seton to spend the first week of September with him, and I must keep my word. Now, Mary"—she had hidden her face between both her hands—"you do not believe that it is for the sake of slaughtering a few miserable birds that I am willing to leave you—I need not leave Rookstone to do that—but if I mean to be an English landholder I must follow Painson's advice, though the old rascal forgot his place when he gave it: I must improve my position."

"You say you only live for me," she murmured, hiding her eyes on his shoulder, for tears were gathering rapidly: "if I am satisfied with you, why need you care about others?"

He looked vexed for a moment, and then he smiled: "It is for you, you darling little unbeliever, that I undertake this journey to Scotland. You don't suppose I mean you to follow your mother's example, and spend all the best and brightest part of your life at Rookstone? I want other people to know how lovely my darling is—people who can appreciate beauty and grace a little more correctly than our beef-and-mutton-eating country squires and their awkward, red-armed daughters. I mean you to spend next spring in London, but at your age you must be under the wing of some great lady or other, and either Lady Seton or the Duchess of Moray, her mother-in-law, is exactly the person to do you justice and give you the prestige you deserve. I only wish you could go with me now."

Her foreign life had cured Mary of the little shyness she had by nature, and there was something in this brilliant

prospect that took her fancy. She looked up smiling, and then a sudden new thought checked her: "But I am afraid you are going to take all this trouble for nothing: there will be my dear little baby to think of next spring."

He laughed: "It is high time, I see, to put you under Lady Seton's care. When shall I teach you that everything is made for our enjoyment, not to fetter and torment us? We shall leave the baby in safe hands at Rookstone—far happier than it could be with such a very experienced mother in London. Now look bright and happy again, my own darling. Have I not always smoothed all your little troubles away for you?"

What could she do but listen and believe while he explained to her all his plans for their future life in England?—a life which seemed to Mary more like a peep into Fairyland than anything real. Richard had taught her that she possessed unusual loveliness, and she could not help sharing in his desire to display her beauty to the world.

Finally, she agreed cheerfully to his journey to Scotland. He was to start the next day, Monday, and to return the following Saturday.

"It will be very, very lonely, though;" and a thought which she dared not utter set her lips quivering.

He had expected her to speak it, but till now he had resolved not to lead the way. Somehow the tender, trembling mouth made him suddenly weak: "I know what you are thinking, Mary—that you ought to have your mother or your sister to comfort you in my absence, but you are too good to wish to disturb them now. Captain Wenlock must either have just arrived or he must be expected to arrive at any moment."

"Yes, I know, only if—if I should be ill, Richard, or—"

"Ill! You are looking as bright as a rose, and you are too good to fret yourself ill: besides, you have only to send me a telegram and I should be with you in twelve hours; but"—he laughed, though he looked uneasy—"why should you think of illness? Illness does not visit youth and beauty like yours with-

out a cause. Come, I want you in the flower-garden."

He started early next morning on his Scotch journey, and Mary was so brave at saying good-bye that the disquiet her words had roused faded quickly from his mind. Ambitions, thoughts and plans took possession of him; and although every now and then he remembered his darling's loneliness, still it was only a momentary idea, conveying no real sensation of uneasiness.

Mary stood looking after the carriage, and then she went back into the saloon, and hiding her face among the cushions of a sofa, she sobbed as if she could never be comforted. "It is not only losing Richard," she said—"that is bad enough; but there is something worse, though I dared not tell him. While he is here he keeps away those teasing, tormenting thoughts, because I am always with him; but now, all alone, what shall I do to get away from them? If he had not forbidden me, I would go and see old Kitty. She amused me even when she was cross. At any rate, if I meet her I may speak to her."

She had hesitated before she said the last words, but they seemed to cheer her. She rang for her hat, and then went down the terrace steps in the direction of a cove that stretched away behind Kitty's cottage and skirted the edge of the park.

CHAPTER XXII.

TWO TELEGRAMS.

ON the morning of Richard's departure for Scotland there was great excitement at the Brompton villa. A telegram came to Janet from Captain Wenlock at Southampton. He would be with them as soon as he could follow the message; but morning passed, and then afternoon, and still he had not come.

At length there was the welcome sound of a cab stopping before the gate. Janet ran to the window. The cabman had opened the door, and Mrs. Webb got out of the vehicle.

"Oh, mother"—Janet clasped her hands vehemently—"it is not Henry;

it is Mrs. Webb. She will be here when he comes: what shall we do with her?"

Before her mother could answer, Mrs. Webb was announced. She greeted her cousins with a series of kisses on the cheek: "So you have a telegram from Henry Wenlock? I am glad to know he is coming back at last. He has not hurried himself, has he, Janet? But I fancy, for those who like it, India is an attractive residence. When did he say he should be with you?"

The question was addressed to Janet, but she left her mother to answer it.

"He did not specify any time," said Mrs. Wolferston. "I think it possible he will stay to get some of his baggage cleared before he leaves Southampton."

Mrs. Webb laughed: she had one of those small metallic laughs that remind one irresistibly of a cracked bell: "Then you won't see him for a week, Amy. There is so much vexatious delay in clearing this Indian baggage. My notion was that a person in Captain Wenlock's position"—a significant look at Janet pointed her meaning—"would be far too impatient to trouble himself about baggage. I should have thought, you know"—another little stinging laugh—"that he would have made himself quite ridiculous in his hurry to get to town."

Mrs. Wolferston tried to turn the conversation to Mrs. Webb's husband and daughter.

"Ah, John's quite well, thank you—looking forward already to his holiday: he is thinking of Venice this year by way of the Tyrol. It is charming to know that he has so much enjoyment, is it not? I really rejoice in it."

Janet looked up sharply. There was very little sympathy between her and her mother's cousin: "What do you rejoice in—his absence?"

"Oh dear, no—not likely I should do that. When you come to have a husband, Janet, you will understand the trial of separation; but of course a woman is a mere nobody and nothing beside her husband, and if he enjoys himself she ought to be quite content."

"That is not my notion of married

happiness," said Janet. "It seems to me it must be mutual."

Mrs. Webb nodded her head with another provoking laugh: "Ah, but you see you have no real experience yet. Those sorts of ideas are very pretty and charming, but you have a little worldly wisdom to learn, my dear: nothing like it, you may depend, for checking disappointment afterward."

"I don't understand you," said Janet, hotly. She tried not to dislike Mrs. Webb, but she always came out of any discussion with her mother's cousin sore and worsted.

"Well, I mean, dear, that some girls have such exaggerated notions about love and romance, and all that; and my idea is, that it's a great pity for them to enter upon life with their eyes closed to the truth. All that sort of 'love's young dream' is very pretty in books, dear, but there's not one husband in a thousand who does not enjoy a little independent holiday every year. I'm not maligning men, you know. They mean all they say at the time, but there is disappointment to be found in everything, Janet, and the less worldly wisdom you begin life with, the sharper your disappointment will be."

Mrs. Wolferston saw the hot flush deepen, and she was afraid of Janet's answer. "Well, Louisa, we cannot expect her to benefit by experience just now. She must take her chance, as others do."

"Blindfold? Well, Amy, for a prudent, religious mother you have the strangest notions. By the by, how is poor dear Mary? I was so surprised to find you had left her, though, between ourselves, you never could have got on with that precious son-in-law of yours—dear me! no."

"I came back to receive Henry Wenlock."

Mrs. Webb laughed: "There, Janet, my dear, you looked indignant at me just now for counseling worldly wisdom: your mother doesn't despise it, you see. Poor dear Mary! I am sorry for her—so young, too! She's quite alone now, of course—oh yes, she is.

As I passed the Paddington station just before luncheon, who should I see in a cab but Richard Wolferston?"

The widow gave a little surprised start, but she recovered herself at once: "Very likely. I believe Richard will often be obliged to come to town to see Mr. Painson and other business-people."

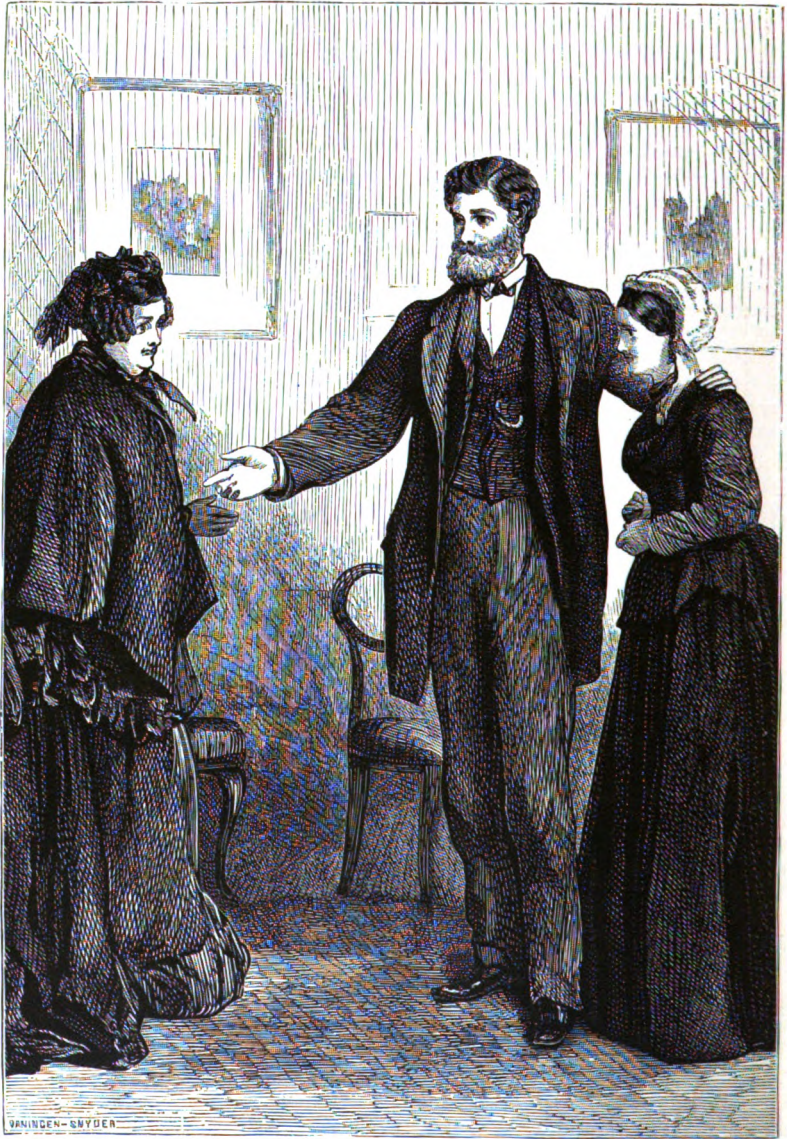
"Well, I don't know, I'm sure, about business: what with gun-cases and port-manteaus, it seemed to me that your son-in-law had luggage enough with him to travel over Europe."

Mrs. Wolferston looked pale and serious in an instant. What if her words had really awakened Mary to a sense of her neglected duties, and had created an estrangement between her and her husband? And yet this seemed impossible. "I scarcely think it could have been Richard," she said: "Mary would have written to me."

"Ah, my dear Amy, I am afraid I praised your worldly wisdom too soon: we all knew how you disliked that engagement, and of course poor dear Mary knew it too. It is not in human nature to suppose that she would let you know that you were right in your dislike; for of course, with all my disbelief in romance after marriage, I do say that a man who could leave his wife at such a time cannot be a pattern husband."

Janet quitted the room so suddenly that her mother's attention was arrested. Instead of answering her cousin, Mrs. Wolferston walked across to the window and looked out. There was no luggage, but a tall, handsome man had just sprung out of a cab, and was under the portico almost as soon as she caught a glimpse of him.

She hoped Mrs. Webb would not guess what had happened, but that good lady's sharpness never slumbered. She reached the window in time to see the cab driving off, and like lightning she arrived at the truth: "Then Captain Wenlock has come, has he, at last? Well, I am glad for poor Janet, after her long and wearisome suspense. Amy, don't you think we should go out to her?—she might faint, you know, from the suddenness of the thing."



HOME FROM INDIA.

[Rookstone. Page 53.]

She was hurrying to the door, but Mrs. Wolferston stopped her: "Don't go to her, Louisa. Indeed, I think she is best left alone; and perhaps when we have just said 'How d'ye do?' to Henry, you and I had better go up stairs: after such a long separation they must have so much to say to one another."

"I quite understand; but really, Amy, I must say you might have trusted my discretion. It is not probable that I, of all people, should be capable of anything likely to frustrate a match for poor Janet; for, although one can't say much for his prospects, it will be an immense matter to get another of them off your hands."

But any answer to this parting shaft was prevented by Captain Wenlock's entrance. Whatever his prospects might be, there could be no mistake as to the goodness of his expression. His deep blue eyes were handsome, but it was their hearty, genial truthfulness that fixed your gaze on them. His fair complexion, sun-browned by India, almost matched his tawny beard and moustache: he was a splendid specimen of an Englishman, and might have sat as a model for Richard the Lion-hearted.

Before Mrs. Wolferston could shake hands with him he had thrown both arms round her and given her a hearty kiss, at which impetuous proceeding Mrs. Webb's thin lips pinched themselves together, and her whole manner indicated a discreet terror lest the infiction should be extended to her.

"Ah, Mrs. Webb! You see I have not forgotten how I used to tease you and Louisa: how is Louisa?"

Such a rich, good-humored voice, it seemed to Mrs. Wolferston as if he had brought the first real sunshine into those small rooms of the Brompton villa.

"Louisa is quite well," her mother answered, stiffly, "but she is a young woman now, Captain Wenlock."

"Now, you don't mean by that that I am to call her Miss Webb?" He laughed heartily at her discomfited face. "Why, we are going to be cousins al-

most directly, you know, so I can't see the use of giving up good old customs."

There seemed to be no use in prolonging her visit, so Mrs. Webb reluctantly said good-bye. As she crossed the hall, escorted to the door by Captain Wenlock, she met Janet, and she mentally decided that her tall, well-grown daughter would be a far more suitable wife for him than that ordinary-looking girl.

"After all," she speculated, as she made her way back to Pimlico—"after all, they are not married yet, nor can they marry, so far as I can see, if he is to remain in England; and I don't suppose Janet would leave her mother. He has not a penny besides his pay, and Amy says that that absurd girl Janet scarcely allows herself necessary articles of dress, because she is saving all she can out of that paltry one hundred pounds a year for Christy's education. I hate such affectations of self-denial. However, dress would be thrown away on such a poor figure as Janet's."

Meanwhile, the three persons she had left at Brompton were in the fullness of that exquisite happiness which a sudden reunion with those we love, after long separation, creates.

Henry Wenlock laughed and talked and behaved far more like a schoolboy of twelve years old than a reasonable being. He called Mrs. Wolferston his darling mother already. He was going to give up the army and change into a hard-working man, he said. He should not care what he did or how hard he worked, so long as he made a comfortable home for Janet. "How long will you give me to do this in, mother?" he asked.

"I shall leave you to do it in your own time and according to your own wishes. I trust you entirely, Henry."

Her eyes filled with quick-springing tears. His manner was such a contrast to Richard Wolferston's; and yet if, instead of all this joy and warmth at their reunion, he had dropped his engagement to Janet because he was not rich enough to marry a portionless wife, she could not have censured him.

She soon found an excuse to leave him and Janet to themselves: she wanted to be alone, for her heart was overflowing with thankfulness for the return of warmth and sunshine to her home. Her great aim had been to rear her children equally, and latterly it had seemed as if all this was reversed—that all the earthly joys of life were showered on Mary, while Janet had a double burden of bitterness to bear alone. "And yet," said Mrs. Wolferston to herself, "before this confirmation of her long-tried hopes, in the time of her most wearing suspense, I believe Janet was really happier than her sister. I fear the brightness of Mary's life is a mere delusion, which keeps her from seeing the remorse she is laying up for the future."

But Mrs. Wolferston's was not a morbid, self-tormenting mind, and her thoughts soon went back to the contemplation of Janet's happiness. The meeting between Janet and her lover recalled vividly her own youth, and then came the remembrance of her early days at Rookstone, link by link, making the chain of events which had brought her to her present state. "It was too much happiness for earth," she said: "how brightly it all comes back!"

She sat leaning her head on her hand, trying to call up distinctly the last look she had seen on her husband's living face. She remembered that when he passed through the saloon after dinner, on his way to the study, he had turned and looked at her with his peculiar smile—the smile that Mary inherited, and which made her at times so like her father. Suddenly, Mrs. Wolferston started, and a keen remembrance shot through her. The study was the room her husband had last occupied, and she had never revisited it since his death. It seemed a strange omission now: she wondered at herself, as we often wonder at the non-fulfillment of purposes which, looked at deprived of all hindrances, seem more than practicable—absurdly easy: the excitement, the agitated mind, the suffering body, the manifold occupation, the overtaxed brain,—all those

things which, when present, so completely absorbed or hindered us, fade away into oblivion, and what we now call our negligence, or indolence even, stands out reproachingly. For the moment she forgot Janet's illness, the fire, her own hasty exit from Rookstone; and when some of these remembrances came back to soothe her self-reproach, she asked herself why she had not visited the study during her recent stay in her old home.

Well, she should soon be going there again: spite of their painful discussion, she felt that Mary clung to her, and when the baby should be born she knew that the tie between them would be drawn yet closer. "I do not often make resolutions," the pale, gentle woman said quietly to herself, "but if my life is spared the study shall be one of the first rooms I go into. If I find it is not occupied, I think I shall ask Richard to let me consider it my own whenever I stay at Rookstone."

The dinner-bell roused her to join the lovers. Almost before they were seated at table came an impatient ringing at the gate. It was a telegram from Rookstone. Mrs. Wolferston was wanted there *at once*.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TRESPASSING.

MARY reached the first belt of trees: then she hesitated. "Supposing I should meet old Kitty," she said, "and she were to begin some of her awful warnings and frighten me, what should I do now that I have not Richard to go to for comfort? And yet Kitty was fond of me once. I remember mamma used generally to take her something—tea or snuff—and when she was ill we used to send her jelly. I wonder if she is ill now? But I should not know how to help her if she is. I wish I had gone sometimes with mamma and Janet to see sick people: I should have learned how to speak to them, but I hate sitting in those little stuffy rooms. I never could understand the pleasure Janet seemed to find among the poor—kiss-

ing those little rough-headed children and listening to all their mothers' complaints. I would much rather follow Richard's plan—give them some money and have done with them; but I dare not offer money to Kitty, she would be affronted; and yet if I could win her over to speak well of Richard, I should be so happy. Oh, I know what I'll take her."

She clapped her hands in her wild, childish delight. The last time she saw Kitty Robbins she was crying over a dead thrush which she had kept in a cage for a long time. Mary had brought over several pet canaries from France, and she thought that one of these pretty little singing-birds would make an admirable peace-offering for cross old Kitty. It seemed strange that she should trouble herself about the old woman at all; but Kitty had nursed her through an illness, and had been very fond of her in her childhood, and Mary's was one of those clinging natures which cannot bear to be unloved by any one. Even at the risk of affecting more feeling than she really possessed, she never could resist the temptation of striving to win the love of others: it was this that made Janet consider her sister false and shallow, when in truth she was only weak and over-anxious for affection.

Kitty was the last remnant of the past left at Rookstone, and Mary clung to this remembrance: besides, deep down in Mary's heart lay a superstitious dread. Kitty had laid a sort of curse on her if she married Richard Wolferston, and it seemed to Mary that it might be well for her unborn child if she got Kitty's blessing before it came into the world, and thereby her good-will afterward.

She ran back to the saloon and took down the smallest of the birdcages: then, with unusual thoughtfulness, she opened the drawer of a cabinet in which she kept her bird-seed and rolled up a packet to take with her. As she forced the parcel into the pocket of her dress her hand struck against something hard and heavy. "It is that foolish key, and I am more foolish to cumber myself

with it, instead of putting it into some safe place till Richard comes back. He said I was to take great care of it, but he never said I was to carry it about me: it can't be lost, for I see it is labeled, 'Study door key.' It may just stay snugly on this mantel-shelf till I come in from my walk. Oh, I do hope I shall meet Kitty!"

She went down the steps again with her birdcage in her hand. The bird was so pretty in its bright golden plumage, surely Kitty must be appeased by such an offering.

She did not go direct toward the cottage: she could not do this without disobeying her husband's express injunction. She had often seen the old woman gathering sticks to mend her fire on the border of the copse that fringed the park, and she went there to look for her.

There was no Kitty, but a little way farther on, hidden among the thick bushes, she caught sight of the old woman's blue-checked apron. She opened a little white gate and passed through: there was a notice-board on either side of her, but she paid no heed to them. She only thought of her good-fortune in finding the object of her quest with so little difficulty. Yet as she drew nearer to the blue apron, half hidden by intervening tree branches, its stillness struck her as unusual.

She stooped below the drooping ash branches, so as to get a full view of the trunk where the blue apron still fluttered. Kitty was not there: one of her old aprons—which had evidently held the keeper's stores—hung on a fragment of bark.

A dreary feeling of loneliness seized on Mary. She could not remember ever to have been in this part of the park before. Just then a dry twig snapped loudly under her feet. At the noise a pheasant whizzed out of the leafy branches of a beech tree opposite her, almost touching her arm as it passed close by where she stood completely screened by the drooping ash boughs. She saw a sudden flash and felt a dull pain in the arm nearest the bird, and

then came like lightning the sharp report of a gun. Mary screamed, and then stood stunned with terror: it seemed a long while to her after when she saw a pale, awe-struck face peep cautiously between the branches of the beech tree. It was Jem Robbins the keeper.

His fright and face called back Mary's senses. "Run for your mother," she said, authoritatively, "and take care of this bird."

She had not let go the cage, and Jem took it from her hand and disappeared with it among the bushes: then she found she could stand no longer. She did not faint, for the pain in her arm kept her conscious; but she was so giddy and weak that she lay down, as well as she could, on the heap of brown mast at the foot of the beech tree.

Meantime, Jem ran at his utmost speed to the lodge. He found his mother bending over the stew she had concocted for his dinner, but his sudden entrance and agitated face gave her such a fright that with a loud exclamation she upset the saucepan and its contents into the fire. "Oh, Jem! ye be the unfortunatest gowk that wur ever cradled. To think o' a beautiful pheasant and two partridges burned and spiled past mendin'!"

"They be nothin'," he gasped. "Oh, mother, I've murdered she: it be only one barrel, but she ha' got it all in she's side. Oh, mother, will I be hanged for murder?"

The great, overgrown fellow hid his face and began to roar like a bull.

"Hold yer noise this minit', will 'ee?" his mother said, fiercely. "Who be she as yee's speakin' on. Tell I, will 'ee?" she said, shaking his shoulder when she found he did not answer.

"It be Muss Mary—pretty Muss Mary—the new squire's missus."

Kitty screamed and clasped her hands in an agony of terror; then like lightning her keen wits showed her the necessity for immediate action. "Where be her?" she said, hoarsely.

"I' the copse agen the white gate. Oh, oh!" and Jem began to howl afresh.

Then she spoke more gently: "'Ee must think o' nothin' else but she now. Run down to the house and send four or five of 'em to where you left she: then get on a horse and ride as fast as you can make it gallop to the station, and bid the master send one o' they wire messages for Madam Wolferston. Bide a bit"—she was fumbling in her great pocket—"here's the place: her writ it down when her wur here. Call for Dr. Bannock as ye pass, but dwoant loiter. The wire message is, to come at all speed to 'Muss Mary.'"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HEIR OF ROOKSTONE.

THE trembling suspense was over. Mary was the mother of a healthy little son and heir to Rookstone, and as Mrs. Wolferston bent over and kissed her the look in her daughter's eyes told her that this new little life would bind theirs for the future more closely together.

Mrs. Wolferston had reached Rookstone nearly as soon as the doctor had, but Kitty Robbins had been invaluable. She had found Mary insensible, and having satisfied herself that the wound in her arm was a mere graze, only serious on account of the shock that had accompanied it, she stood quietly beside her till more efficient help arrived, planning how best her young lady might be conveyed to the house.

Fortunately, François, the French butler, was equally ready-witted, and Mary was soon in her own bed-room, from which Kitty Robbins peremptorily expelled all assistants except one of the few English maids who had been retained in the household.

But as soon as Mary and her baby could be left for an instant, the old woman drew Mrs. Wolferston away from the bedside: "May I be forgiven, Madam Wolferston, but if 'ee had not ha' comed when 'ee did I wur just that frightened as I thought I wur dyin'. Her"—a jerk of her thumb toward the bed showed the subject of her words—"niver spoke a word to I: her looked at I hard like, and then her shut she's eyes

and says, 'It is Kitty's curse: oh, mother, if you were to pray for me!' I turned that cold, madam, as a stone, and shaked like as if the palsy had tooked I. To think of the poor lamb takin' my words to heart! Do 'ee think they have done she harm?"

"I trust not," said Mrs. Wolferston, gravely; "but I hope this may make you cautious for the future, Kitty, not to take up such strong dislikes, and to be more careful in what you say of others."

"Dwoant 'ee tempt I to make a promise I shall likely break, Madam Wolferston. There beant no mortal use in trying to speak up for them as 'ee dwoant think no good on. It be like papering a mildewed wall: it 'ud break out spite o' all I could do to keep it in."

"Well, you need not promise, but I think you might try, Kitty, and I hope you will."

Kitty shook her head doubtfully, and returned to her duties.

Mrs. Wolferston spent the night in her daughter's room. She felt very anxious, for Richard's absence put a double responsibility on her. She had sent off a telegram for him on her arrival, and another to announce the birth of his child, but Francois seemed doubtful about the possibility of his master's speedy return. Mr. Wolferston had said that he was not going direct to Lord Seton's.

Next morning the doctor pronounced his patient to be doing as well as possible, but he said she must be kept very quiet, and seemed to think Mr. Wolferston's absence was not to be regretted.

The days and nights passed uneventfully. The baby was a small, delicate creature, but pretty, nevertheless. Kitty said she wished it would not bide so still and quiet, but it was a comfort to see it alive and likely to live. On the afternoon of the third day, when the doctor had seen his patient, he asked Mrs. Wolferston to come down stairs with him into the saloon. "You must excuse me, my dear old friend," he said, kindly; "but there is no need for you to shut yourself up in Mrs. Richard's rooms. She is doing famously, and if

you don't take a little air and exercise I shall have another patient to look after. What will Mr. Wolferston say if he comes back and finds you ill?"

She smiled and said she was only a little tired, but the doctor would not go away till she had promised not to return to Mary's room till evening. "You may feel perfectly easy," he said: "I settled it all with Mrs. Robbins while you were admiring your grandson in his cradle. Good-day. If I don't find you less pale and heavy-eyed to-morrow, I shall order you back to Brompton. Mrs. Richard will do capitally now."

Perhaps there is no time when we feel so listless and at a loss what to do with ourselves as when we have been anxiously engaged in the incessant duties of a sick room. Till now, Mrs. Wolferston had scarcely left Mary's bedside. She had not quitted the rooms either night or day, and want of fresh air, as well as fatigue and anxiety, had told severely on her delicate frame. Tired as she was, she yet felt too restless to sit still. She walked from one end of the saloon to the other, looking about her eagerly. She wanted something to do, to think of. There was not even old Kitty to sympathize with. The clock on the mantelpiece had stopped. It was a curious, old-fashioned time-piece of the date of Louis Treize, and Richard Wolferston never allowed any one to wind it but himself. Strangely enough, the hands pointed to the exact time of baby's birth.

"How very remarkable!" thought Mrs. Wolferston. She bent down to examine the clock more closely. It was quaint and unique-looking, but certainly not an ornament to the handsome alabaster shelf—almost covered with figures and grotesque carvings collected in their travels, still lying in a sort of artistic disorder. Among these lay a key. She scarcely knew why—it was so contrary to her usual habit to examine that which belonged to others—but Mrs. Wolferston had taken up the key and read the label attached to it before she remembered what she was doing—"Study door key."

Her resolution flashed back on her remembrance. Up stairs, Mary and the baby had completely absorbed every thought. She had not once recollected her promised visit to her husband's room. All her listlessness and fatigue had gone now in an instant. She fitted the key into the lock of the door that divided the two rooms, and turned the handle. Then, unwilling that other eyes should pry into this retreat, now so dear and sacred to her, she went back to the double doors of the saloon and closed them.

The afternoon passed away in the quick fading of September daylight, the golden light of sunset quivered over the beech trees with the gleam of a pheasant's wing: here and there a leaf, sooner tired of life than his fellows, had withered to a rich red-brown, and in the intense warmth of that good-night of the day-king glowed a burning scarlet, making all else pale and tame by comparison.

But the man coming rapidly across the open sward between the terrace and the first belt of trees had no eye to note the burning leaves or the rose-colored clouds reflected in the lake, where the trees breaking away revealed the full glories of the sunset. A great moth whirred into his face, almost blinding him, but he did not even raise his hand to dash it from him.

Richard Wolferston was insensible to all outward things. He had received the telegrams together at four o'clock that morning, a change in Lord Seton's plans having taken him far away from the place to which they had been addressed, and he had not stayed to eat or drink, but had hastened southward with all the speed he could. When he reached the station his impatience had not let him wait while a horse or vehicle was being found for him: he had hurried breathlessly away, and striking across the fields, had reached the park gates by Kitty's lodge with wonderful rapidity.

Meantime, up stairs in the sick room Mary was growing weary of her mother's absence: she felt so much better

and stronger she was sure she might have talked to her this evening.

She asked Kitty to go and find Mrs. Wolferston, but the old woman refused to do this, although she wondered at "the madam's" absence. So Mary lay counting the roses in the border of the paper and wondering at her mother's neglect.

There was a sound of footsteps in the dressing-room at last, and Kitty hurried in. But instead of Mrs. Wolferston, there stood the new squire, pale as death through his bronzed complexion—for all the world, as Kitty told her son afterward, like a white nigger.

"Kitty," he said—he had never called the old woman by her name before, but now it seemed to come naturally—"will you tell Mrs. Wolferston I am here? She must not be startled, you know."

"Teachin' I!" growled Kitty to herself; "but it be like all new-comers: they all tries they's own ways at first goin' off, but they be glad enough to take advice afore they be done.—'Ee'd best find the madam herself," she said: "maybe her can let Muss Mary know as 'ee be here."

"What do you mean by 'madam'?" he said, roughly: "go and tell my wife as gently as you can that I am here, and ask her if I may see her."

"I'll do yer biddin'," the old woman said, sulkily; "but t' old madam 'ud ha' done it better and more quiet-like. Dwoant 'ee go for to cast blame on I if her be a bit frighted wi' t'."

He only pointed impatiently to the door of communication between the two rooms, and Kitty felt herself obliged to obey him.

Richard Wolferston had traveled so rapidly that he had scarcely realized all that had been happening at Rookstone, and as he looked round the dressing-room, metamorphosed for the time being into a nursery, a dreary feeling of change and discomfort crept over him. Instead of his darling's bright welcome, he should find her a weak, helpless invalid, likely to continue ill, perhaps, for several days longer. A little bleating sound caught his ear, and he became aware

that what he had looked at as a basket mounted on two chairs was the cradle of the heir of Rookstone. There had been too much of suddenness and anxiety at its unexpected arrival to think about the rich lace and pink silk hangings which had been ordered for its bed.

To most men, the sight of their first-born would have left no room for smaller feelings, but Richard's fastidious eyes saw nothing but a little crimson face between the folds of a blanket, and he drew back in disgust.

"Well, to be sure!" he exclaimed: "can that be Mary's child? And I suppose all my comfort will be sacrificed to this hideous little plaything."

It may seem absurd, but it is a truth notwithstanding, that he obeyed Kitty's summons and entered his wife's room with a strong feeling of jealousy already raised against the unconscious baby who in his eyes had worked so disastrous a transformation in his house.

CHAPTER XXV.

LOST.

MARY'S loving reception dispelled some of his gloom, but although he tried to seem contented and cheerful as long as her eyes were on him, his conversation with her had given him fresh causes for discontent. His mother-in-law at Rookstone, and Kitty Robbins, of all people in the world, installed, for the time being, as the manager of his child! "Not a very finished kind of nurse for the heir of Rookstone," he said to himself as he went down stairs in search of Mrs. Wolferston.

"Heir of Rookstone!" The words had a pleasant sound, a sure, genuine ring: it almost seemed to Richard then, as he came slowly down the great, dimly-lighted staircase—for the tall old stained-glass window was too full of armorial bearings to admit much sunshine—that the ground felt firmer beneath his feet.

The rightful branch of the family was grafted in again on the parent stock, the stain was removed from his father's name, and it was his doing, for if he

had not gained the good-will of his cousin Christopher, matters might have turned out differently.

As he reached the hall he met the doctor. The little man congratulated him, but not with the heartiness he had shown toward his old friend's widow. Something in the new master of Rookstone kept most men at arm's length whom he did not strive specially to fascinate.

"We have had it all our own way, you see, squire." He rubbed his hands with rather a mischievous look. "I expect if you had been at home you would have sent for some London big-wig or other, and a fine, stuck-up lady nurse, who would have wanted half a dozen servants to wait on her."

But Richard Wolferston had no fault to find: he shook hands cordially with Mr. Bannock. "As long as that ugly old woman does not cast an evil eye over the child," he said, laughing, "I suppose she is as good a nurse as my wife could have about her."

"Yes, yes," said the doctor: "she does well enough, because she does what one tells her; but as long as Mrs. Richard has her mother she is all right, squire. She has not left her for a moment till I insisted on it, and I just called in again now, as I came back from my afternoon round, to tell her not to sit up to-night: it's a perfect nonsensical throwing away of vital power," said the lively doctor, pulling up his shirt collar. "Perhaps you can tell me where I shall find Mrs. Wolferston, senior: the servants don't seem to have seen her since I left, some hours ago."

Richard rang and inquired. No, Mrs. Wolferston had not been seen or heard of since she went into the saloon with the doctor. Mary had complained to her husband of her mother's absence, so there was no use in looking for her up stairs: the French maid had already been up twice to seek Mrs. Wolferston in her own rooms.

"Don't you think she may be in the park?" said Richard.

The doctor thought this probable, but he had not time to continue the search,

and Richard promised to deliver the message he left for his mother-in-law.

A new tie had sprung up between them, and as he walked slowly toward the lake it seemed to Richard that his feelings were less bitter toward his cousin's widow. He had always heard that grandmothers became completely foolish in their devotion to their daughters' children. It might be well if this were realized in the case of Mary's mother: she would have no thoughts to spare for interference in the household; and if she were allowed undisputed sway in the nursery, he should have Mary all to himself again, for surely she would be willing to give the child up to her mother's care. What could she herself know about its management? He even thought it might be well next spring, when he took his wife to London, to ask Mrs. Wolferston to watch over her grandchild during their absence, for he determined that nothing should ever induce him to move about encumbered with nurses and children.

"People call them blessings," he said: "they might be if they came ready grown, but it seems to me for the next ten years or so there will be a perpetual hue and cry after the health of this precious morsel of humanity."

He grumbled thus to himself, but his pride of fatherhood grew stronger every moment, and already he was looking forward to the time when this son should be a candidate for honors which his own father's disgrace had debarred him from striving after. "We have been commoners long enough," he said: "why should not my son win himself the right to bear a title? Blood is all very well, but in these days, like most old-fashioned things, it is out of date, and must have the advertisement which popularity or a well-sounding title will give, to show people what it is worth."

He had become so wrapped in these speculations that he had almost forgotten the subject of his quest. By the time he had gone round to the point where a small rustic bridge spanned the lake, he had convinced himself that Mrs. Wolferston was not likely to re-

main so late in the park. The light had become dim. It was more probable that she had returned to the house by a different path from that which he had taken when he began his search.

As he reached the foot of the terrace steps he met one of the under-gardeners, a cousin of Jem Robbins, who had been born and reared on the estate. "Have you seen Mrs. Wolferston?" He spoke in the cold, haughty voice in which he addressed all the old dependants at Rookstone. They treated him with outward respect, but he had a vague consciousness that they regarded him as an usurper, and would gladly have seen little Christy in his place.

"Yes, squire, I ha' seen she."

"Where?—in the park?"

"In there," he pointed to the saloon: "she wur there when I came to work afore: I saw she through the window."

Richard felt irritated. No one could tell him anything but this—Mrs. Wolferston had been last seen in the saloon. "Were you here at work all the afternoon?"

"Yes, squire, and I'd finished, as I thowt, but Muster Sprague, when him heerd as 'ee wur a-comed back, puts I on again to sweep the gravel off the steps."

"Well, you can go now," said his master. "Then all the time you were at work here you did not see Mrs. Wolferston come down the steps, or out on the terrace even?"

"Hur have never comed out: I believe she be in yonder still."

This time Richard looked at him more attentively. He pointed in at the saloon window as before, but toward the little door of the study. The squire turned deadly white. It was not light enough for the gardener to notice his paleness, but he did remark a strange change in the tone of his master's voice. "In where? can't you speak plain, man?" he said, hoarsely. "Here, come in and show me where it is you mean."

He held open the glass door which led off the terrace into the saloon, and the man followed him. The squire's manner had "put him out," he told his

cousin Jem afterward, and he was determined to avoid further bullying. He walked straight up to the study door and touched the handle. "I see her go in there," he said.

The key was in the lock, but Richard Wolferton stood looking at it as if he had been smitten with paralysis.

The rough countryman, considering his errand fulfilled, pulled his hair and left him. But Richard did not know that he was left alone: he only saw the labeled key hanging in the door of his cousin's study.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MONSIEUR FRANÇOIS LEROUX.

MRS. WOLFERSTON'S maid Thompson had been spending the afternoon with her old acquaintances in the village, and she and Mrs. Slocombe, the mistress of the one shop of Rookstone, had waxed so very chatty over their tea that time had passed by unheeded. However, there was no evening dressing to go home for, and her lady had desired her not to hurry, so Mrs. Thompson did not feel very guilty, although it had grown quite dark by the time she reached the park gates. She saw some one coming up the avenue, and she soon made out that it was Monsieur François Leroux, the French butler.

Monsieur Leroux had seen a good deal of life in various ways. He had been a soldier, an actor, a hairdresser, and finally had attained the rank of major-domo to the squire of Rookstone. He said that in all his adventures he had always fallen on his legs, and this good-fortune he owed probably as much to his imperturbable good temper and ready courtesy as to the singular ingenuity on which he prided himself.

"Ah, Madame Thompson," he exclaimed, "we have been so dull without you! The house has been of a sadness to make me die. It is too— What you call this word I know not, or at the least I cannot utter it in your English, so I must tell to you, madame, in French, that you are *barbare* to desert us for so many hours. You and your charming

mistress, you come to Rookstone—well, we are so 'appy, we joy in your presence, and then—pouf!—you go back to your London, and we are left *tristes à mourir*."

Mrs. Thompson bridled. She was a plump, blue-eyed, comely damsel of thirty-five—a spinster calling herself Mrs. for the sake of dignity, for dignity was her weak point. She admired Monsieur Leroux's handsome black eyes and whiskers, but she treated him with the cold reserve she considered women should maintain toward men. She thought that Miss Mary had allowed herself to be won far too easily. Mr. Richard ought to have been kept in suspense much longer; and as Mrs. Thompson considered Monsieur Leroux as part and parcel of his master, she was resolved he should not imagine she was to be duped by "fine frilagree rubbish."

She told him that on their former visit her mistress had been obliged to return to town on business, and that their present stay was not likely to be a long one.

"Ah, madame, why will you poison the present by revealing the future? I come to you sore and wounded for consolation, and you, on the contrary, increase my vexations."

Mrs. Thompson laughed. She knew very well that in his master's absence Monsieur François reigned supreme. No one dreamed of disputing his authority, and the news of the squire's return had not reached the village. "Oh, Monsieur François!" she said.

"Madame, it is true." He put his hand on his heart. "That old woman have vexed me: she is, I think, one of the furies, or perhaps a vitch."

"A what?" said Mrs. Thompson: "you know, monsieur, I asked you not to use foreign words in speaking to me."

"But, madame, I speak English: it is your Shakespeare who tell to me the name of vitch—they are three. Oh it makes me turn cold to think of them—lean, and old, and horrible. Well, then, I call this old woman, for she is no other, a vitch. Just now the squire, my master, he have return while you take walk. He say to me, 'Go to that

old woman and tell to her, Where is Madame Wolferston?' Well, I go up stairs, and I tap so sweetly at the door. It open, and I see the vitch. I ask for Madame Wolferston, and the face of the old woman become red with fury. 'What you mean?' she say, and she come in the gallery and shut the door behind her. 'This is the third time my lady is disturb. Your master must be a fool: Madame Wolferston has not been here once since the doctor left.'

"Do you mean to say that my mistress has not been in Mrs. Richard's room all the afternoon?" Mrs. Thompson had found a sudden interest in the Frenchman's story.

"No, madame; and that which there is of most extraordinary is, that your madame has not been seen anywhere. She has, in fact, vanish away, just as the spirits fade in your Shakespeare, which telled me the name of vitch. Madame Wolferston is lost, but when I tell so to the old Madame Kittee, what think you she do? She take my shoulder and she say, 'Get away with you, and tell to your master he ought to be 'shamed: if the madame cannot be found he have made away with her.' Truly it is true, Madame Thompson. I feel so déconcerted that I try to soften the anger of the vitch. I think if I speak to her with much respect she will recover her reason, for she have the look of an insensate. So I say, 'Madame,' and then my tiresome memory cheat me, and I cannot remember the name of the vitch, but her eyes make me hurry, and by good luck (at the least it seems to me good luck) I remind myself that she have the name of a small and rather impertinent bird. So I tell her, smiling, you know, and bowing like so"—he put on his most fascinating manner—"Madame Kittee Sparrow, I assure you—' Well, Madame Thompson, I am ashame to tell to you the conduct of your vitch: she leave go of my shoulder and she box me."

"Law, Monsieur François!"

"It is true: even at this instant, madame, but for the obscurity, you would see my ear is always scarlet from her

box. Aha, madame! it is too much to suffer from the hand of a hideous fury. It is, perhaps, for her 'appy that she have at once made retreat into my lady's bed-chamber. If you have regard for her, madame—your vitch—you will counsel her not again to offer herself to the sight of François Leroux."

Monsieur François drew himself up with military rigidity: his outraged feelings had reasserted themselves as he related Kitty's insult: he was in no mood for compliments now.

By this time they had reached the side entrance of the house, and Thompson asked one of the housemaids, who was crossing the passage which led from it, if she knew where her mistress was.

"No, and no one else knows: we've all been looking for her ever since the squire came back."

"Where is the squire?" said Thompson, more frightened than she cared to show.

The girl shook her head and passed on, but Leroux had heard the question and answered it: "If the squire is in the house at all, he is sure to be in the saloon."

Thompson was too much agitated to remember proprieties, and she hurried through the passages till she reached the entrance hall, and then almost ran into the saloon, dressed for walking as she was.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FOUND.

THE light was so dim within the study that at first Richard Wolferston could not make out anything distinctly, but after a little, one familiar object, then another, became more and more visible, and he saw that the room had no occupant—empty, and seemingly undisturbed since he had locked the outer door and taken away the key. His cousin's high-backed wooden chair looked as if it had been pushed away from the davenport by some one who had occupied it, but he could not be positive that he had not himself pushed it on his last visit. And yet it was folly to tell him-

self all this. How came the key in the door? and who except his cousin's widow would have felt any interest in visiting this close, musty room? If he had followed the impulse of his strong loathing for the study and all that it contained, he would at once have retreated and locked the door; but he resolved to make himself quite sure that the room was in the state in which he had left it. In that uncertain light he could not be sure of anything. He knew there were candles on the chimney-piece, but he might knock something over groping in the dark, and he went back through the saloon and lit a taper from the gas-lamp in the hall.

Once more within the study, he held the light up and took a minute survey of all the room contained: nothing seemed disturbed. Standing in front of the fireplace, he faced the larger part of the room: he turned the light toward it suddenly, and he started.

On the desk, shown plainly now that the light fell on it, lay the key of the drawers—the key which he remembered to have taken out of his pocket and placed in the desk just before he left home.

He made a hasty forward movement, and his foot became entangled in something on the floor. The shudder that came with the touch told Richard Wolferton that he had at last found what he expected to find in his cousin's study, though not in such a situation. He held the light down an instant to see how she was lying, and then he raised his mother-in-law's insensible body and carried it into the saloon. He laid her on the nearest ottoman and went hastily back into the study.

It had been all so instantaneous that in raising and removing her he had been guided more by mechanical impulse than by any process of thought. But when he took up the small key and tried the drawers, one by one his senses came back to him. "Is she dead or living?" he asked himself. Even then he was careful to close and lock the study door behind him before he went back to look at her.

Mrs. Wolferton was white as death: her face had all the rigidity of a person lately departed, her hands were cold and lifeless. He was still bending over her, trying to feel her heart-beats, when Thompson burst into the room. Usually she was calm in moments of emergency, but the sight of her beloved mistress lying, as she thought, dead, made her frantic. "She has been murdered!" she exclaimed. "Who has done this, Mr. Wolferton? Oh, my poor dear, ill-used lady!" She fell on her knees in a paroxysm of tears and sobs.

"Don't be a fool!"—Richard spoke fiercely—"your mistress has fainted: if you can't control yourself, send Eulalie and François—they will know what to do."

He could not have taken a better means to restore Mrs. Thompson's senses: the idea of turning her darling mistress over to the tender mercies of that frippery Eulalie, who dressed to look no better than she should be, was at once a quietus and a stimulant. She saw that this was no time for argument, and running away, she quickly came back with the necessary remedies.

As soon as a faint movement quivered in the closed eyelids, the maid turned to Richard Wolferton, who had been anxiously watching her and in readiness to aid her efforts. "I mean no offence, sir," she said, gravely, "but I think Monsieur Leroux will help me to carry my mistress better than you can. Would you mind ringing for him, if you please, sir?"

Monsieur Leroux came. He raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders, but, a true man of the world, he made no comment on madame's helpless state. He not only carried the poor lady up stairs, but proceeded to turn down the bed and settle the pillows and toilet arrangements—much more like a woman than a man, as Thompson afterward related—and then he asked tenderly if he could be of any use or send any one to help his dear Madame Thompson.

Her answer surprised and discomfited him: "If Mr. Wolferton will be

good enough to stay with Mrs. Richard for a few minutes, I should like to see Kitty Robbins."

Leroux threw up both hands and his shoulders nearly touched his ears, but he obeyed, muttering to himself as he went down the gallery, "These English are truly an impossible people. If even a vitch is of their nation, they give her preference to a Frenchman well born, well made and well bred: they are of a prejudice and an ignorance that one cannot imagine to one's self."

His self-satisfaction was soothed next morning when he found Thompson waiting to speak to him as he came across the hall. Mrs. Wolferston was still very ill, and she wished Monsieur Leroux to step over at once to Mr. Bannock's and ask him to come and see her mistress. "But," she added, in a whisper, "you need say nothing about the fainting fit: my lady seems anxious not to have it spoken of in any way."

Thompson's own belief was that Richard Wolferston had quarreled with her mistress, and frightened her into the state in which she found her. She did not dare to say this, but she had made up her mind, if the doctor would only second her, that they should not spend an hour longer than was absolutely necessary at Rookstone; and in pursuance of this idea, by the time Mr. Bannock arrived she had packed everything and was ready to start at a moment's notice.

Mr. Bannock was greatly shocked at the change a few hours had made in his old friend. There was a wild, startled look about her, and her face was still deathly pale. He asked several very searching questions, but he did not elicit the truth, and he believed that Mrs. Wolferston was suffering from over-fatigue and anxiety. "If you are so weak as this," he said, gravely, "you ought to get a change at once. Now, Mrs. Richard has her husband to cheer her up a bit, she will not miss you so much: you can come back again, you know, when you feel up to it."

Mrs. Wolferston was strangely altered, he thought. At first she insisted on remaining with her daughter, and grew

eager and excited at his opposition; but when he said he should call her son-in-law to combat her arguments, she yielded at once and said she was ready to go.

On one point the doctor remained firm and deaf to all her entreaties. There must be no leavetaking: he would not answer for the consequences of such a trial to Mrs. Richard. He would take all on himself. He should tell his young patient that, as her husband had chosen to return before he was wanted, he had sent her mother home to prevent her from seeing too much company in her sick room at once.

Mrs. Wolferston did not speak or smile, but sat with the same fixed, scared look on her face that had so startled him on his first arrival. "Can I go at once?" she said suddenly. "If Mary hears I am gone, she will take my absence more quietly. She will fret to see me if she knows I am in the house."

The doctor felt her pulse again. "Yes," he said, cheerfully, though in his heart he felt terribly anxious: "I believe you ought to be with Miss Janet. If you start now you will get the early train."

Mrs. Wolferston lay back exhausted. "You could do me a great service," she said presently. "I believe you are right about leavetaking. If I could leave Rookstone without seeing any one at all—if you could manage this for me—I am sure it would be better."

A sudden look of inquiry came into the doctor's face. Had Mrs. Wolferston and her son-in-law quarreled? But this was no time for questioning, and he merely answered that nothing could be easier: the squire never appeared before eleven o'clock, and she would be on her way to town long before then.

So, with only the doctor and François to see her off, Mrs. Wolferston again bade farewell to Rookstone. She looked sad and pale, and her eyes wandered restlessly over the park, as if she was bidding good-bye to all her favorite haunts and remembrances. "Shall I ever come back again?" she said to herself, and something seemed to shut this hope from her future.

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