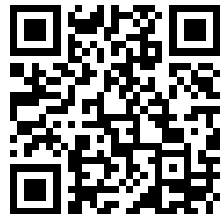


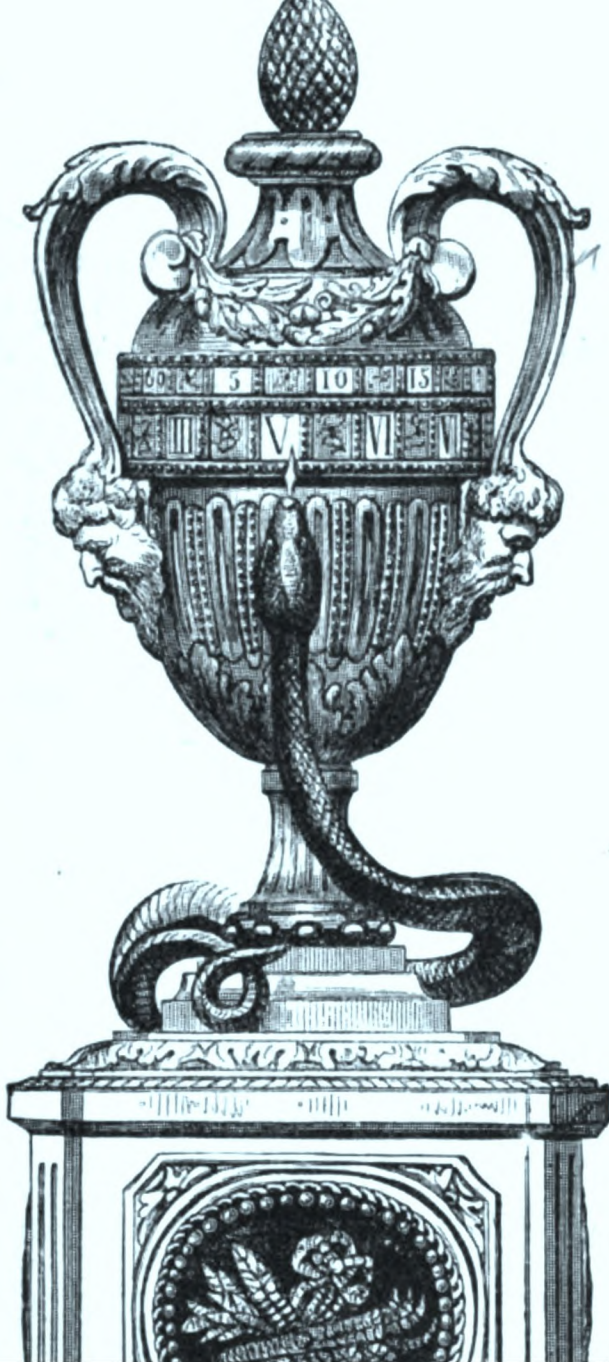
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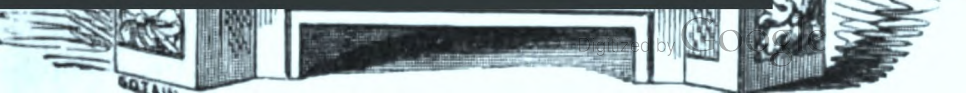
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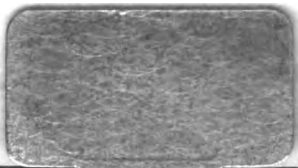




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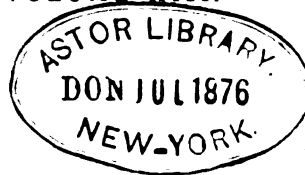
# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

6751

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

VOLUME XIII.



PHILADELPHIA:  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND CO.

1874.

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# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

JANUARY, 1874.

THE NEW HYPERION.

FROM PARIS TO MARLY BY WAY OF THE RHINE.

VII.—THE SEDUCTIONS OF BADEN-BADEN.



THE ANCIENTS AND THE NEWS.

THE supreme delight we take in being racked, tortured and suspended over chasms by the fickle tenure of a rotten plank is one of the most unselfish traits of human nature. For my part, I have never been so happy as when held, by the strong power of imagination, right over the depths of a mediæval *oubliette*, at the bottom of which the roaring of the sea or of a brace of gor-

mandizing lions was distinctly audible. The first question asked by Paul Flemming of the baron of Hohenfels, when at Heidelberg, was one about that tradition of the castle according to which Louis le Débonnaire was frightened by an apparition of Satan and the Virgin into delivering up his brother Frederick to the two Black Knights representing the Vehm-Gericht. "Ha! that is grand,"

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VOL. XIII.—1

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I said, inexpressibly refreshed with the allusion to the thrilling Vehm-Gericht. "Tell me the whole story quickly, for

judge, "that you would be safer if you were suspended by the hair over the abyss of Schaffhausen?"



ELICITING TRUTH.

I am curious as a child." Ah! that indispensable Vehm Council — true grammar-school in which the genius of Radcliffe and Ainsworth was formed — was there ever a contrivance so admirably adapted for pleasantly crisping the scalp and icing the veins! I am not ashamed to say that even in these latter years of mine there are certain stormy evenings when I draw forth the coals over the hearth, practice my geomancy, lock out all interlopers, and invoke the powerful Wizard of the North. He plunges me into a dream that is the very acme of sweet terror: a voluptuous swimming sensation overcomes me as my bed, in whose integrity I should elsewhere have perfect faith, sinks down, down, down, fathoms deep. The damps of dungeons are around me: around me also are black and awful forms, from one of which a solemn voice proceeds, asking if I know where I am. I am drilled in my lesson: "I believe that I am before the Unknown or Secret Tribunal called the Vehm-Gericht."

"Then are you aware," answers the

I enjoy it immensely, for I have recognized the voice, slightly broken with inward laughter, of the Wizard himself. I know perfectly well that he cannot afford to lose a hero in the very middle of the second volume, and I know, too, that he is a dear old hypocrite of a mediæval, with a mask of terror and a heart of butter. "Now, by my halidom!" says the great Vehm Wizard in his finest chest tones, "mockest thou me, caitiff? Off with him, then, to the profoundest bastiles of Breisach!"

And there I am, on a sheaf of fresh theatrical straw, with a bottomless pit in the floor, in which I can see the subterranean scene-shifters. And my name is not Paul Flemming, but Arthur Philipson, and I hear footsteps. They come, they come, the murderers! O Lady of Mercy! and O gracious Heaven! forgive my transgressions! And when the footsteps ap-

proach, there, robed in angelic white muslin, is Anne of Geierstein. "Can these things be?" I cry fatuously; "and has she really the powers of an elementary spirit?" And she, taking my hand, wafts me forth, as blissfully and easily as would a morning dream, into the daylight.

"I knew she was coming," observes the Wizard at my elbow, "and that was the reason I dumped you there."

When, however, I examined the underground portions of the Neues Schloss at Baden-Baden, I found the relics remaining there endued with a ferocious realism that took away my confidence.

Sylvester Berkley in evening-dress—



"KNOW THYSELF!"



for he had some people to meet at dinner—myself in my garden-cap, and a guide with a torch, committed ourselves to the exploration. We had hurriedly got over the examination of the palace for the sake of these famous sub-constructions. 'Tis there, they say, in the Middle Ages sat the terrible Vigilance Committee called Vehmic, formerly the terror of Europe, and more recently the cause of many a melodrama and opera.

We descended innumerable steps, formed of slabs of rock scarcely connected together, and worn by the steps of ages. Tottering or sliding under our feet, they threatened death for the least false balance. Relieved of this peril, we passed through ten vaults, each more sepulchral than the other.

A door, made of a single stone, presented itself. After long efforts the stiff portal opened—not by means of a key, but of powerful levers which we ourselves helped to move.

We were in the grand chamber of the Secret Tribunal. The form of the seats from which the judges spoke was still visible on some of the stones that rose out of the ground. After a silent examination, followed by a procession through numerous corridors, we were suddenly ushered into a large hall, more forbidding than all the rest. Bolts of iron, chains and rusty clamps adorned the blackened and slimy walls. "This is the inquisition-chamber," said the guide solemnly, moving his torch along the stones still spotted with blood: "here the victims, placed on the rack, were tortured with the pincers, their foreheads



"WHEN WE SHALL MEET AT COMPT."

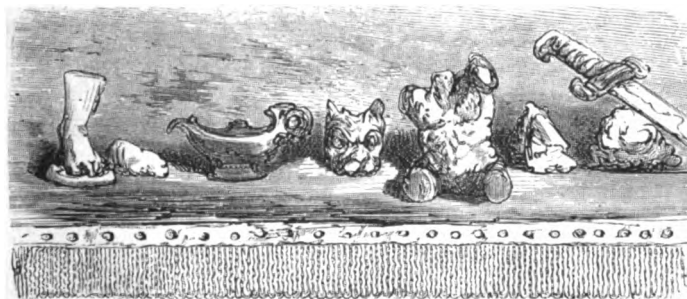
compressed by a constantly narrowing band of iron, and their feet set on a furnace."

I fairly choked in such an atmosphere, and at the presence of these visible, palpable irons rusted with blood, a cold perspiration stood out on my forehead. I looked at Sylvester. Smiling, white-crawvated, he was kissing the pommel of his cane.

"You are good-natured," he said, "to devote so much valuable emotion to such a small affair."

"A small affair!" repeated I, pointing to the tortures.

"In former times," he answered with the most perfect self-possession, "when enemies invaded the country, these big cellars were used to fold the sheep and oxen, as well as those less valuable beasts of burden, the women. You see the chains and fastenings for the cows. Up



ROMAN CAPTIVES DELIVERED TO THE VANDAL.



to this point, dear Mr. Flemming, I have not contradicted your errors—you seemed to feel a need for a Vehmic Council, and I indulged you—but now that it has brought out the perspiration over your temples and nose, thus including you

among the tortured, I suppress it. No Vehmic Council ever sat here."

Even painful feelings are sometimes not without their sweetness. I felt like keeping mine. I observed that the magnitude of these terrible halls witnessed



EX VOTO.

that they were constructed for some awful purpose. The guide, furnished only with the name and definition of each room, declined to take part in the discussion. After having made us pass over a little bridge, whose gaping planks allowed a damp, tomblike air to ascend to our nostrils, he turned suddenly. "The oubliettes!" he said in his hollowest tones.

I took a stone, and let it fall through a crack in the boards: it was ten seconds arriving at the bottom.

I crossed my arms and looked firmly at Sylvester. "Well?" I said.

"A well, certainly," he answered.

I was put out at having the word thus taken from my mouth to my disadvantage.

I asked the guide if he knew no story of the dark old times, with the name of some illustrious victim plunged into the oubliette.

He confessed to knowing, of his own memory, that formerly, a long while ago, when he was quite young, a little dog, that had stolen in at the heels of its master, had disappeared between the planks of the bridge. The animal's name was Love. The owner was an Englishman, and therefore very rich. He offered enormous bribes for the body of his dog, living or dead. With the dog, which was got out alive, but sneezing, they brought up a kind of dust, half white and half red, which evidently pro-

ceeded from human bones and weapons reduced to rust.

I did not consider that the adventure of the aforesaid Love was tabular in a class of historical events sufficiently grave to allow me to make a weapon of it against Sylvester.

The more I studied the character of the latter, the more it puzzled me. With his correctness, his measured phrases, his politeness, he united a strange obstinacy and an obvious exaggeration. As we emerged from the dungeons of the Neues Schloss, our discussion still proceeding, he combated my views with a vivacity and a personal strenuousness that surprised me. Here evidently was no man, like Flemming, content to hold his dearest opinions by a thread of fable or sentiment. But the trait was hardly noticed ere it was handsomely apologized for. Berkley, his own accuser, complained of a temper the reverse of diplomatic. "My poor uncle was just so," he observed, "and has been known to dance on his own chinaware like a dervish. He tried cold tubs, and I am trying whey. Every one, as Socrates observes, should know himself."

It appeared to me that there were depths in Berkley which I had not sounded. I took his arm and returned with him to dinner. Habituated to Baden-Baden, the dinner was for him a continual series of bows, compliments, sending off of brimming glasses to bowing and complimenting people at a distance. Of two especial friends of his, one was a German literary gentleman, so famous that I do not venture to mention his name—the other a landscape-painter.

After dining, I, for my part, discovered an acquaintance, one of the disputants of the table at Carlsruhe. After asking for a few points, such as whether the St. Lawrence River did not keep its color for a long time after running into Lake Superior, and whether Washington Territory were not synonymous with the District of Columbia, he gave me a chance for a question, to hear whose answer my ears were throbbing. I asked, as indifferently as possible, after Francine Joliet.

It appeared that since my departure Francine did nothing but sing from morning till night. Exceedingly dissatisfied with this reply, I turned to Sylvester, who



THE CHAPEL OF THE POOR.

with his friends intended to drop in at the Casino of Holland, a rendezvous for the archæologists and curiosity-hunters of the country. There is at the Casino a library of limited numbers, but composed exclusively of works connected with the traditions of the grand duchy. I found there several persons of my own kidney, capital fellows, Germans of that noble stomach that digests science equally with beer.

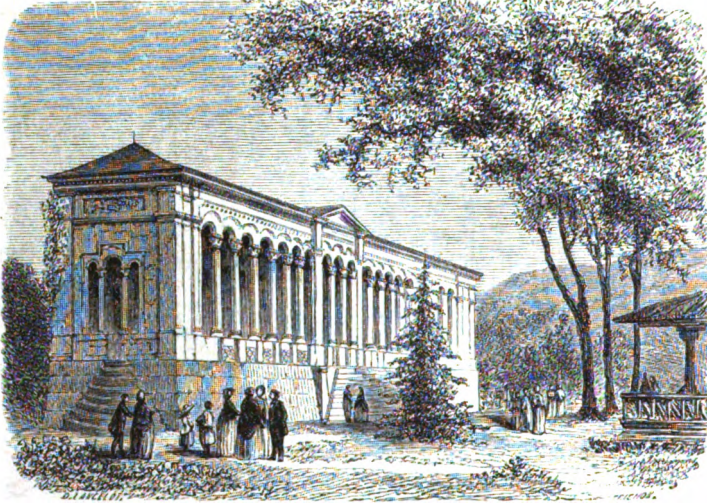
The next day I counted, of course, on returning to Paris, but the thing was not feasible. The clothes in which I stood would hardly bear the journey, while my funds, though unlimited in the letter which I carried in my pocket, were practically reduced to a few coppers. To change these conditions a little time was absolutely necessary.

For the matter of pocket-money, however, small change is perfectly useless at Baden-Baden. Once deposited by the train at the station of Oos, you become a privileged subject of the proprietor. He takes charge of your pleasures, treats you to balls, races, hunts and concerts, and will not let you pay so much as a cab-driver or a washerwoman. For these,

again, there is a formal tariff of charges, regulated by city ordinance. Of those wasps of the traveler's life you hear nothing until the day of your departure, when they make a feeble rattle in the hotel-clerk's bill.

The persuasions of my acquaintance,

the claims of my affairs, and, above all, a certain assonance and sympathy I found between this sentimental watering-place and my feelings, prevented my immediate departure. I therefore began to explore the locality. I dashed through the Black Forest like the Black Hunts-



THE GALLERY OF LEGENDS.

man of Fontainebleau—in a cab, however. I faithfully attended the concerts. I took part in the promenade—easily planted in a garden-chair. I frequented the Conversations-Haus. I enjoyed the Casino, with its books and its maggots. I even condescended to visit the reading-room of good Frau Marx, where, plunged into all the papers and all the reviews of the day, were noses of old club-men from half the countries of Europe, not to speak of the frosty ones belonging to German school-mistresses, who potted round the tables in impossible bonnets. I became reconciled to Baden-Baden, and no longer called it a theatrical decoration.

At the Old Trinkhalle, where is found the principal or father fountain, I would watch Sylvester, armed with a little thermometer, testing the water, which has the singular faculty of burning the hand, but not the lips. O simple problem, but too much for a diplomatist!

Berkley drank like a dolphin, and was probably the most superstitious believer in all the baths.

Opposite the Old Trinkhalle is the old drinking-gallery, now become the general shelter for all the broken statues, all the Roman potsherds, left from the ancient Aurelia Aquensis. There I saw a Mercury with ass's ears, found on the summit of the Stauffenberg, which owes thereto its modern name of Mount Mercury. With Berkley I visited the Stauffenberg aforesaid, the Fremersberg and many others. The old cemetery itself received our visiting-card, though there is no record of tourists having gone thither before us. We were rewarded by the sight of its calvary and cross, where the Saviour appears life-sized, while behind him, on a mountain two yards high, perches an angel in the most innocently-diminished perspective. At this grotesque monument Sylvester, to my surprise, crossed himself. Abstaining, for

my part, out of respect for art, if for nothing else, I asked him frankly the cause of his un-English action. "My views may be peculiar," said he, "but as I think a diplomatist is the mediator between different nations, I consider that he ought to observe all religious practices that are not in themselves immoral."

We next entered a little cell decorated as a chapel. The walls were covered with *ex voto* offerings, such as little twisted arms and clubbed feet, modeled in plaster: small paintings of many kinds, each with the story of a miraculous cure, told of the intercession of the saints, more powerful here, it would seem, than the thermal springs. In the chapel and around the door were good simple peasants, men and women, muttering their paternosters as they knelt. Sylvester knelt with them, and like them muttered a prayer.

It was after our promenade in the cemetery that I bethought me of a mundane but agreeable resurrection, that of my wardrobe. I dropped Berkley, with rendezvous at the New Trinkhalle, and in the discreet shelter of a tailor's shop caused my old scarred habit to disappear under a neat spring surcoat, with some further transformations of like character. I also procured varnished shoes and a silk-hat, so strong upon me was the influence of watering-place vanity and the fear of hotel-stewards. Making then for the Trinkhalle, I found in its vicinity a knot of my philosophic friends from the Casino, together with the painter and the literary man.

Opposite the New Trinkhalle, which is not to be confounded with the old one, rises an edifice in the form of a classic portico, presenting a long gallery upheld by Corinthian pillars. On the wall between each pair of columns is painted in fresco some legend of the country, to the number of fourteen pictures. One of these allegories the painter was demonstrating to his friends, like a geometrical theorem, with the aid of his cane. I joined the group. "It is the story of young Burkhardt Keller, a noble knight. On two different evenings he met, as he was riding through the forest of Kuppenheim, a lady veiled in white, who sank into the ground at his approach. He caused the ground to be dug up in the place where she had disappeared, and found there the remains of a Roman altar, then the fragments of a statue, of which the bust alone remained uninjured. The features were of great beauty, and the gallant Keller would fain have had it play for him the part of Galatea before Pygmalion. In the same wood, at the hour of midnight, Keller met the veiled lady for the third time. On this occasion she did not sink into the earth: leaning against the altar, she slowly raised her veil. The face was that of the statue, but animated and alive. Keller



THE MARBLE VEIL.



THE PAGAN ALTAR.

advanced ardently, and she opened her arms. When they closed again upon that perfect breast they had returned to stone. Next day the youthful knight

mouth. The veiled dame was one of the devils."

We politely applauded the artist's story, though I think we all knew it, and I for my part had been reading it the day before in a volume found at Frau Marx's.

The literary man, however, showed no marks of approval. "See how you have spoiled," said he to the narrator, "a fable bearing most pointedly on your own artistic and vagabond profession. Now listen to me. I have found the same episode in the Chronicle of Otho of Freisingen: I shall narrate it for your benefit, introducing a few details from that of Gunther. A good legend deserves a title. I shall call it 'The Unhappy Pre-Raphaelite.' It goes back as far as the twelfth century.

"In the court of the margrave Herrmann, sitting contemptuously on an overthrown saint in the chapel, might have been seen a comely young man biting the ends of his moustache with vexation. 'Why has the margrave made me his minister of the household and of fine arts?' he said. 'I am out of my element here. We make nothing but angular saints and angels in mediæval positions. They will call us purists, and worship us in the future, I know very well; but I am a born romanticist. Why has the school of Delacroix not arisen, that I might join myself to his standard?'

"The young man's name was Keller. He had accompanied Frederick Barba-



THE CONVERTED PRE-RAPHAELITE.

was found dead at the foot of the ruined altar, a pool of blood flowing from his





A BIT OF PRE-RAPHAELITE REALISM.

rossa on his first crusade, but, although brave, he had not disemboweled a single Saracen. 'The Oriental schools of 1840,' said he, 'will need them all for their *Turkeries*.' He brought home with him simply a raging mania for inlaid armor and palm-leaf shawls. You perceive, gentlemen, a veritable Decamps of the Middle Ages! Although of a meek and humble spirit, he could not attend mass before the hideous high altar, emblazoned with all the jeweled hideousness of Gothic statuary. Yet he had been in Rome to attend the coronation of the same emperor Frederick Barbarossa! What attracted him at Rome were not the processions, the pope, nor the Byzantine frescoes in the basilicas. 'They will do very well for Ruskin,' he said, 'but I wish to record myself as decidedly renaissance.' So he used to sit on fallen capitals and bewep the lost noses of heathen deities.

"Returning home, his behavior was remarked in church. Poor lover of plastic beauty, simple line and artistic suavity! he was obliged to turn away his eyes from the images of the saints. Whatever was angular, disjointed or grimacing affected him with nausea; and he used to groan when the licensed sculptor of the court, who was also the bellows-mender, set up a new saint with flutes for legs and a high seraphic expression.

"The margrave Hermann loved Keller like a father, having raised him from a simple page. As there was some danger of his being burnt for sacrilege by the pure-minded and devout pre-Raphaelites around him, an aristocratic match was hit upon. The daughter of the provost of Kuppenheim, known for the strictness of her Catholicism, would lead him back to a better way and to æsthetic principles more safe for the preservation of human life in a pious age. When Miss Kuppenheim, however, was paraded from her convent for his inspection, he found her long-footed, goose-necked, violin-breasted and ecstatic, much like the statue of Saint Ottilia; but he consented to visit her two or three evenings in guise of a suitor.

"Just at this period his secretary, knowing him curious about old broken china, Roman cement and such things, came



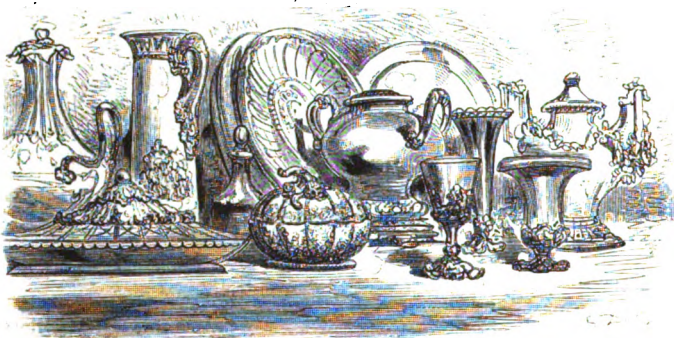
A SUBJECT FOR THE BATHS.

to announce that the foresters, in uprooting an oak somewhere about the pleasure, had uncovered a stone vault, built with mortar so hard that the roots had hardly succeeded in penetrating it. Keller caused an opening to be made, and descended with a torch.

"He was in a Doric chapel, in the

middle of which was a statue so beautiful that it betrayed the chisel of Phidias.

"You know the collector Sauvageot spent a quarter of a year in cleaning with a needle the splendid purse-clasp of Henri II., which was bought for three francs as old iron. Keller undertook a similar service for the white daughter of



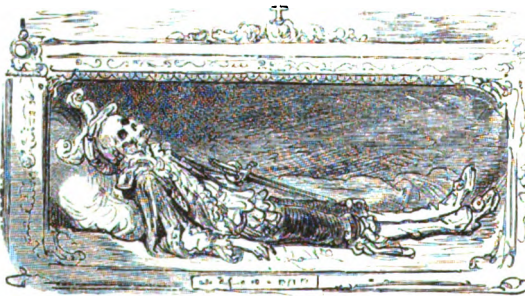
TREASURES OF "LA FAVORITE."

Phidias, in removing with the point of his dagger each mossy film from her marble skin. When a month had slipped away in this delightful labor, he passed many further days in measuring, analyzing and studying her soft perfections, to the complete neglect of Miss Kuppenheim.

"Now it was not so very long since

daily looking out for opportunities to drive back to the fold, with holy violence, the estrays both of politics and theology. The provost of Kuppenheim presided at one of these tribunals. He was heard to remark that the slight put upon his daughter had no influence on his legislation, but that the moral elevation of pre-Raphaelitism must be preserved.

"The temple was one day found overthrown and the daughter of Phidias shattered. The saint-maker, possessing himself of one of her legs, observed that he could make three or four out of it for the new group of Saint Ursula and her virgins commanded by Miss Kuppenheim. It is unnecessary to add that Burkhardt Keller was discovered lying among the fragments,



A DANDY SKELETON.

the soldiers of the Cross, after incessant struggles, had obliterated paganism in Germany. Some obstinate heathens, in the recesses of the Black Forest, were supposed to be still attached to their idols. The Vehmich tribunals were yet

pierced to the heart. The dagger was his own, but on it was perceived the seal of the Vehmich judges: they used to hide their hand, but they signed their works."

We received with suitable edification

this history of an early martyr for the Renaissance. Sylvester Berkley emerged from the Trinkhalle, his last drop of whey on his lips, at the moment when the literary gentleman was bringing in his Vehmic judges. I took care not to interrupt him, but at the moment of his conclusion I said: "So the Vehmic tribunal has held its sessions in this region? They occupied, then, the subterranean chambers of the New Castle, since, under the presidency of one Kuppenheim, provost of Baden, they could pronounce and execute sentence upon Burkhardt Keller?"

I regarded Sylvester sarcastically as I delivered this crusher. I supposed him annihilated. Berkley considered a few seconds; then, with a parliamentary gesture, addressing the others rather than myself, he poured forth a little history of the Vehmic institution from its foundation by Charlemagne, so lucid, rapid, fluent and bright that Clio in person could not have acquitted herself better. These courts, to believe him, had rendered in their time a service to religion as great as that of the Inquisition, which he praised in passing as having saved Spain and Italy from the bloody religious wars which raged contemporaneously in France, England and the Netherlands. The Vehmic judges, especially powerful in Westphalia, had successively fixed themselves in Frankfort, in Rastadt and in Baden. But they had never sat in the cellars of the Neues Schloss: he would answer for it.

To my profound surprise, the savants of the Casino were of his opinion, and even the author sustained him. To such a vacillating condition does a course of drinking at a fashionable watering-place bring a man's backbone!

Another picture in the Gallery of Legends helped to re-establish me after this humiliation.

A dispute sprang up about the powers of the natural springs taken as a bath. Sylvester, a headlong bather and a willing orator, pronounced a discourse in their favor. I opposed him, armed with complete ignorance of the subject, and adorning my arguments with botanical

flowers derived from my small study of simples.

"Mr. Flemming," said Berkley, concealing a smile, "you, in this age when



A FRIEND IN CHURCH.

legends are receiving their eternal quietus, remain one of the faithful. For you a story has only to be wild and improbable to receive the most ardent support. I will argue with you simply by means of another painting in yonder gallery." And, borrowing the artist's cane, he pointed to the picture of the *Baldreit*.

This was the name of one of the most celebrated old hotels near Baden-Baden. Cured at the spring, an ancient prince of the Palatinate leaped up early one morning, leaving his gout behind him in the wash-basin. He ordered a horse and pranced about the courtyard in his joy, awakening landlord, ostlers and servants with his din. Waving his hand to them, the prince said: "See how soon I can ride." But the noise was such that "soon ride" were the only words they could hear, and "soon ride" remained the sign of the house. In the fresco, animated and blithe, he leaps to the saddle, while the landlord thrusts his night-cap from a window, the chambermaid

lifts her arms to Heaven, the servants stare, the knight's "nurse curses in the pantry, and everything is in extremity."

My answer was ready. "What is the picture about?" I asked of Sylvester. "The palatine comes to Baden with a



HERCULRS-CUPID.

palsy, and is instantly cured. Why, then, as the painting shows you, it is a special miracle, a fact without precedent. By their surprise, amounting to terror, yonder Boniface and servants testify that they have never seen or heard of such a thing. It is, then, not the habit of the water, but the exception, that is commemorated by the artist—"

"Herr Goetzenberger," put in the landscape-painter.

"Mr. Goetzenberger's picture is the only one in the gallery of which the programme conceals the date and hero's name. The plumed hat and the yellow boots he puts on his knight indicate the thirteenth or fourteenth century for the miracle. Be assured it has never happened since."

I got the laughs that time, and Berkley had an aspect decorously diabolical.

Meanwhile—such an enigma is the heart of man—I felt less and less like returning home. My imperious longings to depart were strangely mitigated when I held in my hand the key of deliverance.

With the first application I made to Meyer on the strength of my letter of credit I felt the swelling need of disporting a day or two on the strength of my funds, away from the chains of home and the tyranny of my faithful Charles and Josephine. To increase the congeniality of my surroundings, I found myself in a perfect saturation of legendary romance. I could hardly put my head out of window but a poem or a fable was unerringly darted at me, like the bouquets with barbed pins which are shot at you by the flower-girls of Naples. If I examined some faded print in a bookseller's window, and idly wondered who might be the hero of that triumphal entry or civic reception, an obliging Teutonic voice was ready at my ear: "It is the return of the margrave Ludwig-Wilhelm to Baden-Baden, sir, after conquering the Turks. What do they think of our hero in your country, sir?" the voice would add.

"He is highly esteemed," was the necessary reply, upon which I would fly like a scared child to the good Frau Marx or to the Casino of Holland for the purpose of mending the deplorable ignorance from which, in company with my good fellow-countrymen, I suffered in regard to this particular immortal.

The snare thus laid, it was impossible to get rid of the heroic warrior, who stuck to me like birdlime. The library of the



EXTRAVAGANCE.

Casino informed me that he was brought up like a girl, after the precedent of Achilles at Scyros, his mother having exacted solemn oaths from his tutors that never a weapon should touch his hands. One day the unfeminine girl kissed her governess like a trooper, and then leaped from the window to box with the porters in the courtyard. Become margrave of Baden, Ludwig made twenty-six campaigns, conducted twenty-five sieges, appeared in forty fights, shared with John Sobieski the glory of delivering Vienna from the Turks, and died peaceably in bed. A few hours after it would be the tomb. Here, having unwittingly strayed into the collegiate church of Baden-Baden, I was fascinated for an hour by the allegories piled up in honor of this same Ludwig-Wilhelm by Pigalle, and the pompous Latin in which his glories were celebrated: *Atlas Germaniæ—Imperii protector—Hostium terror—Infidelium debellator—Quoad vixit, semper vicit, nunquam victus*. O illimitable glories of this world! how small a part of its geography do you really cover!

It was from the tomb of Ludwig that I was excavated by a waiter from the hotel, who had been sent out by Sylvester to search until he found me. There was project of an excursion to Ebersteinburg, *La Favorite*. Every tourist visits the *Favorite*, a mile from Baden-Baden, and it harmonized well enough with my thoughts of the instant, for it was built in 1725 by the margravine Sibylle-Auguste, Ludwig-Wilhelm's eccentric spouse.

In approaching the favorite residence of Ludwig's widow, kept intact, in furniture and upholstery, since her death about 1733, I assumed my behavior of propriety: my head bent, my nose in my hat, I prepared to enter a palace which was in some sort a mausoleum.



THE CELESTIAL MASS.

What I actually found was an endless curiosity-shop. The shelves were stuffed with Venice glasses, Bohemian crystal, hard-paste, soft-paste, Chinese crackle and Limoges enamels. The glass cases were filled with carved rock-crystal and jade. Similar baubles were accumulated on the walls, the cornices, the chimney-pieces and the stoves.

Berkley, my cicerone, had told me that I should find the portrait of my hero Ludwig, and even under several different types. I passed rapidly over





THE UNWILLING LISTENER.

the faience and majolica, searching eagerly for that warrior; for, in my opinion, there is no historical document equal to the simple physiognomy of the individual faithfully copied without flattery by an artist. Lost among the memorial gimcracks, I failed to find a likeness of the margrave, and consulted in despair a multitude of miniatures representing a whole nation of women.

Among these ladies some were in court costume, some in mourning robes, the majority in many different travesties, as of gypsies, dancers or jugglers with pointed caps or fanciful turbans. On a closer examination, all these faces had a look of relationship, an air of resemblance. I had in fact under my eyes, in this extravagant German seraglio, a single woman, the margravine Sibylle-Auguste, nun, odalisque, marchioness or witch at pleasure!

Berkley, who joined me, showed me a series opposite, representing a good, vulgar, burgher's face adorned with as great a variety of costumes as its neighbor's. This good burgher, unfortunately for himself, was the dashing hero, the Turk-slayer, Ludwig-Wilhelm himself!

There were seventy-two margravines, seventy-two margraves—in all, one hundred and forty-four portraits from two models. How the ghost of Ludwig must have haunted the painter who seventy-two times slandered him!

Was the extraordinary Sibylle a lunatic, a poetess or a saint? We visited next the cell of the same princess, constructed in a corner of her park. Here, during every Lent, she repented of her sins for the year, sleeping on earth and straw, causing her maids to flogellate her with leaded thongs, and dining in company with waxen statues of the Virgin and Saint Joseph. Easter arrived, she flung her nun's cap up the chimney, and began again those orgies prolonged till daylight which were the scandal of the land.

But it is the country of lady eccentrics. What tourist has not had pointed out to him, but a few years back, the extraordinary concurrence of female celebrities gathered around the green tables of Baden-Baden? A woman now playing the violin is far from an every-day spectacle. A nun stroking the same instrument is, one would say, a still rarer sight. Yet that was what was seen formerly at the convent of Lichtenthal. At present you do not see the pious fiddlers, but you hear them still.

Soothing my homeward-yearning conscience by the assurance that I had some very important notes to take on the history of Ludwig-Wilhelm, I went for one last time to the Casino of Holland. When I observed neatly tacked upon the door the legend, "Shut on account of Sunday," I remembered what day it was. I then followed one of the prettiest Sabbath promenades of Baden-Baden by strolling over the pleasant walk to Lichtenthal.

The little church of the Augustine nuns at Lichtenthal was founded in the thirteenth century by the widow of Margrave Hermann V. It still retains the fine Byzantine Madonna which once marched to the door and offered the keys in heavenly sarcasm to a band of marauders. On either side of the altar I saw the glass cases in which are pre-

served the bones of Saint Pius and Saint Benedict. Better-dressed skeletons are seldom met in mortuary circles. Collars of lace, rosettes of velvet and pearl on each rib, on the bald ivory skulls rich caps in plumes—they are altogether what

Victor Hugo has well called "troubadour skeletons."

Another singularity struck me. Twenty minutes before the mass the candles were blazing on the altar, and the sounds of distant music, like heavenly viols,



NUN VIOLINISTS.

seemed to celebrate a service that was invisible to the eye. Probably the Sisters, in their cloister, were tuning their violins. The congregation, not yet diluted with the throngs of curious travelers who attend later in the season, was completely German, silent and absorbed. Not far from me I recognized, seated in his stall, one of my savants of the Casino: he was a fine little gentleman, asthmatic and short-stemmed. On his right was a villager, or perhaps my friend's servant, mumbling over his breviary. This learned man had obliged me, the day before, with a crabbed manuscript, so insufferably fine that I had incontinently stuffed it in my pocket. Now, as if there were a system of dumb-show established between us, this man of learning began to make signs to me, pointing out the altar and one of the skeletons, his head all the while playing a perfect fountain of nods. I nodded in my turn, without a particle of comprehension, and in due time yielded myself to the enjoyment of

the Sisters' music. After service I approached to ask an explanation, but he was encircled by a bevy of ladies. As I passed, however, he flung me out a kindly ejaculation: "There, you see—it was the invisible mass—the legend—you know," and sent me back quite bewildered to the hotel.

On my walk, however, it occurred to me to examine the manuscript. I passed the happy promenaders with my face quite shut up in the book, of which the writing was so close that the eyes could decipher it only by a sort of contact. There I found question of my warrior Ludwig-Wilhelm; of the fiddling nuns; of one of the canonized skeletons by the altar; of the wild penitent Sibylle-Auguste; the whole playing around the person of a relative of the margrave's—none other than Margrave Charles of Carlsruhe, he who had dreamed in the forest, and sketched that fair city as the delineation of his dream.

This prince was in his youth extreme-



A FOREST DRIVE.

ly wild. At the same time he was the pride of his father, Margrave Frederick VII. of Baden-Durlach, and so handsome and vigorous that the historian Schoepflin says of him that "Nature, hesitating whether to form a Hercules or a Cupid, made both the one and the other." He was called to Stockholm to see if he would answer for husband to the queen-dowager's granddaughter. But his conduct was so wild in Sweden that he was not invited to prolong the visit. He fought with Ludwig at Landau, and came back wounded to the baths, where Sibylle-Auguste received him honorably and lodged him in the Neues Schloss. Hercules-Cupid's unhappy reputation soon began to gather around him again like a cloud, and one day an Augustinian nun ran pouting to the abbot Benedict and complained that the devil had kissed her. The good abbot arranged that the devil should not return, and took his measures so well that Charles conceived against him a deep feeling of spite.

At this time, in the general state of poverty consequent upon war, the Church was threatened with bankruptcy. The nuns feared being obliged to abandon the orphans whom they were educating. In such an extremity the abbot, although eighty-seven years old, took the field and begged from door to door, arriving finally at the New Castle.

His young enemy, Charles, promised ten thousand florins on condition that he, the abbot, should say a mass for the success of his enterprises; and this not once nor twice, but ten times a year for ten years. The abbot pointed out that such an engagement, for a nonagenarian, would be unsuitable and impious. The young margrave held firmly to his condition that the mass should be performed by the abbot alone, even should he have to return from the other world to do it. Upon this the good man crossed himself as if he were conversing with the Fiend in person, and retired to pursue his quest elsewhere. Soon, however, he returned: the citizens were impotent, the nuns were weeping. He signed the bond, and hurried back to the convent with his ten thousand florins. That very night, after so strange an excitement, he was seized with apoplexy and died.

Already revenged on the abbot, the pitiless Charles pursued the Church. Refusing the masses of any substitute, or even of the bishop, he instituted a suit. The princess Sibylle-Auguste threatened him with her anger, but he was unyielding. The Sunday arrived at length for the first of the ten annual masses. Sibylle and the nuns

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were in their chapel, the hour passed, and the bishop did not appear. The princess sent a page for him, when, to the great surprise of the congregation, the doors of the church rolled back of themselves on their hinges: a man appeared, haggard, gasping, and staggered toward the choir as if impelled by superior force. It was Charles.

The door closed behind him, and immediately the church was filled with eerie music, vibrating from harps and violins in the upper arches. At the altar now could be heard the holy mutter of a man's voice—a voice that made Charles tremble. Bending his starting eyes upon the spot, he easily distinguished there the shade of Benedict going through the office as of yore, while angels swung the censers. For the congregation it was an invisible mass: they only saw the stirring of the altar-laces, the book opening of itself, the sacred wafer entering voluntarily into the tabernacle.

Mass over, the pale witnesses of this miracle found Charles leaning against a pillar of the doorway, panting. He had wished to fly, but a superior force withstood him at the portal.

Charles stopped his suit. The elegant and pious Sibylle, struck with the celestial harmonies she had heard, and was not quite certain of hearing again, conferred an endowment providing for a choir of violins to be played on Sundays and feasts by the nuns. Charles, or Carl-Wilhelm, the hero of this prodigious history, became very brave, but never lost his gallantry. After the peace of Rastadt, renouncing his residence at Durlach, he laid out Carlsruhe, as we have seen, on the model of a lady's fan.

It was still early in the day, the weather was delicious, and I felt ashamed of my inertia as I flung away the little manuscript book. Sylvester Berkley had refreshed himself at the sermon of an Anglican divine, the first of all that flock of curate-tourists who would brighten the atmosphere of Baden-Baden during the summer—an edification which seemed to express itself in the enhanced whiteness and accuracy of his cravat and the transfigured effulgence of his highlows.

VOL. XIII.—2

We arranged a drive to New Eberstein, on the Murg, a castle eight miles off, inviting the artist and the literary man, who had been sacrilegiously devoting the morning to chess.

It was a beautiful excursion along the bases of the hills and under the tasseled



THE DISCONTENTED ARTIST.

shadows of the Black Forest. However, when, walking up an ascent for the ease of the horses, I burst into exclamations at the view, I could get no response from the landscape-painter. He stood digging his cane into the bark of one of those immense trees called Hollanders, because they are chosen for the Holland marine. As I expatiated on the scene, he gruffly said, "Humph! Light badly distributed, sky improbable."

Who ever knew a landscape-painter to approve a landscape unless it were on canvas?

Long rafts of felled timber were slowly coiling their way along the Murg. It was Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane—the Black Forest moving in serried



ranks down upon the Netherlands. From far up the little stream—from the cloudy recesses of its humid forest cradle—come pouring the uptorn, helpless trees, caught in its eddies, precipitated over its

cascades, trying with dumb fidelity to learn the fluidity of water.

We were unable to enter the Eberstein, it being occupied. The visitors were disposed to complain of this disappoint-



THE MURG RIVER.

ment, with the exception of one, who sat down muttering quite cheerfully under a tree. That one was Flemming, and he sat as contentedly as possible, crooning ballads of Uhland and Schiller, and filling his reverie with Black Knights and ghostly battles. Was not the Grafensprung, the Count's Leap, before him? Were not those the toiling whirlpools of the Murg? Was he not free to penetrate the Eberstein at the advantage of some centuries in advance?

A great poet and a great painter have blended their genius over the fortunes of Count Eberhardt and his family. It will not improve the romance of the situation to explain their ancestral tree, but a few words will place the works of

these two immortal artists in harmony with each other.

Schiller's ballad and Scheffer's canvas celebrate a sister and a brother, children of Count Eberhardt II. of Wurtemberg. The son, a youth of promise, for yielding the victory to some troops of the palatinate, was reproached by his father, who cut the tablecloth in front of his place, signifying that the young knight had not gained his bread. Afterward, on a day of splendid victory, the boy was slain, and his father retired weeping to his tent amid the general acclaim. His name was thereupon changed from Eberhardt the Fighter to Eberhardt the Weeper, and his mourning over the gallant dead is the subject of Scheffer's picture in the

Luxembourg, of which a magnificent replica by the artist is visible to my American reader in dear old Boston Athenæum.

The sister, Lida, was forced by her father to marry her cousin Conrad; but the bride was placed upon the noble horse Tador, which had been taken from her own true love, Count Wolf of Eberstein. Obeying some impulse quite worthy of Pegasus, this steed, in the ballad of Schiller, flies like the wind with Lida to the castle on the Murg where Wolf is hiding. He leaps with her upon the horse, braves the pursuers as long as possible, and then wildly dashes with his two loves, his horse and his affianced, over the steep cliff into the river.

With much converse over the German ballad-form between the author and myself, we returned to Baden-Baden. The painter and the diplomatist, disgusted with our frivolous sentiment, fell to talking on the subject of skimmed milk, upon which theme they met with equal enthusiasm, the fluid serving the one as a varnish for his charcoal-sketches, the other as an occasional diet.

Our horses were good, and we arrived quite early in the afternoon. I felt like taking advantage of the weather, and asked the landlord how I should put in my time. As I approached him with this question, my vision of a stay in Baden-Baden was extended over several days at least. His reply set me to packing my new pantaloons and trifles as if my life depended on it. At the moment when I felt most assured of some settled fixity my incomparable enthusiasm of

temper set me flying off like a projectile. He spoke—and it was disinterested of him—of an amusing conference going on at Achern, a station on the road to Kehl. The catchword of Kehl reminded me of Strasburg, Épernay and home.



SCHILLER AND SCHRFFER.

As for the attraction, it was a congress of all the philharmonic and orpheonist societies of Alsace and the grand duchy. This Sunday night would be their grand *pot pourri*.

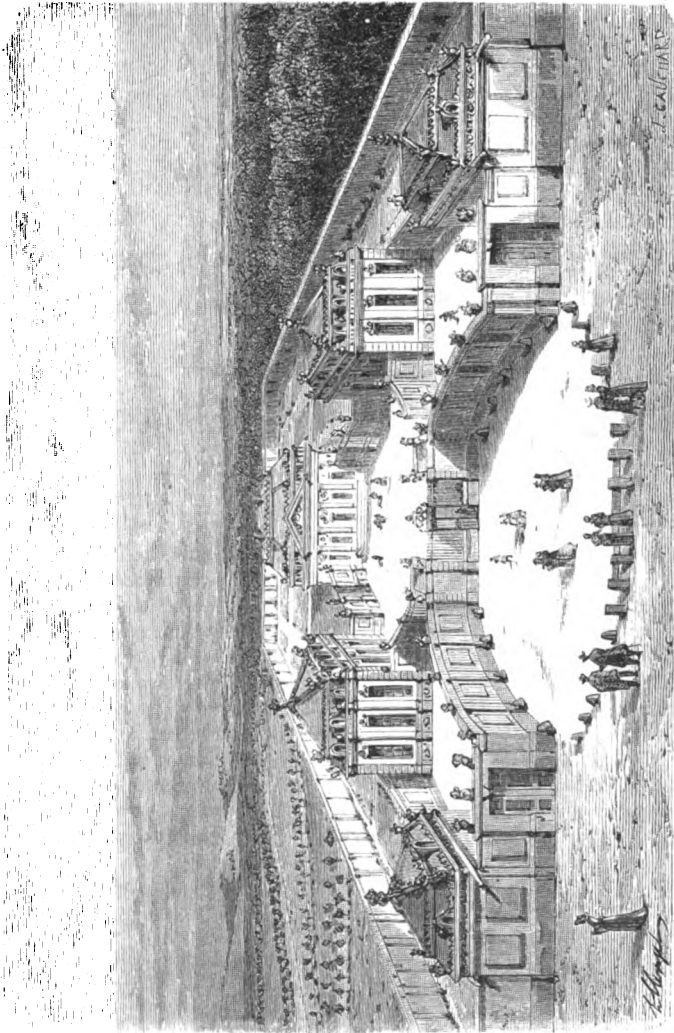
The temptation was too strong for me. The train was just attainable. Wringing Sylvester's hand until the glove split, and settling my landlord's bill, I—went to Achern on the route to Kehl.

EDWARD STRAHAN.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TRIANON PALACES.

STANDING on the upper terrace in the rear of the quaint old château of Versailles, the traveler is apt to linger enamored with the magnificent panorama spread out before him. He has perhaps just finished a run over the



THE TRIANON IN THE TIME OF LOUIS XIV.

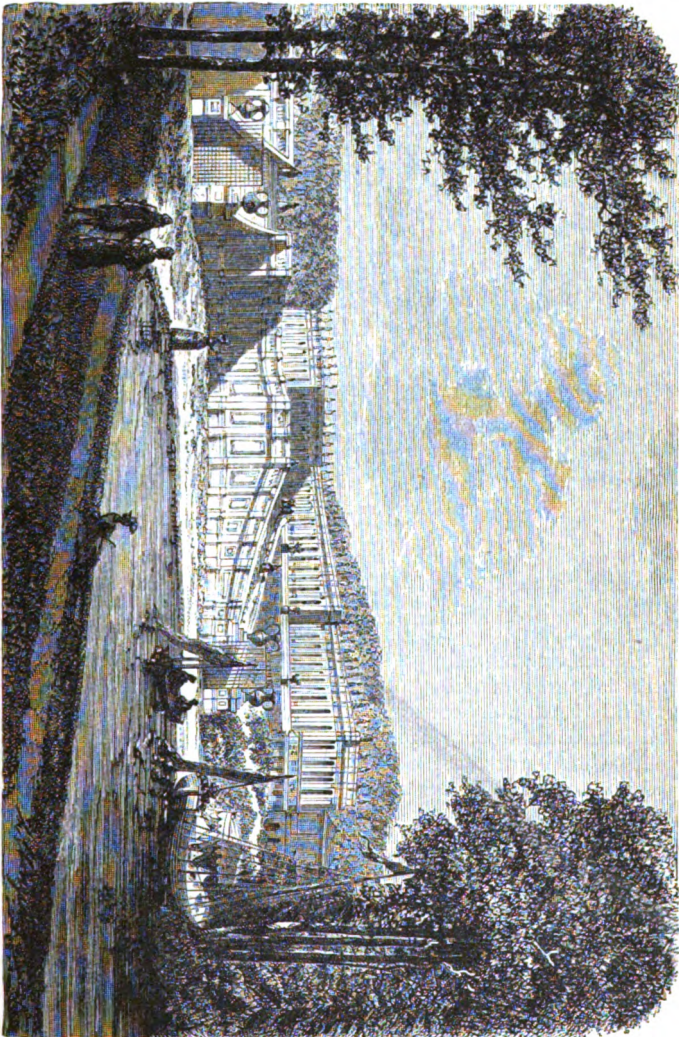
many salons and galleries of the palace, and his mind is a confused mass of paintings, frescoes, sculptures, rare old gilded furniture and historical relics innumerable. He cannot hope to retain anything but a feeble, fragmentary impression of all these; but the superb landscape that now bursts upon him is a

single ravishing picture where the genius of man seems to have made Nature his Slave of the Lamp, and he tries to grasp it and fix it indelibly in his memory.

Looking directly west, straight through the grounds from the centre of the ter-

race, the eye meets first two oblong basins bordered with twenty-four magnificent groups in bronze. From the centre of each basin rise jets of water forming fountains in the shape of a basket: a little beyond is the Basin of Latona, pre-

VIEW OF TRIANON UNDER LOUIS XV.



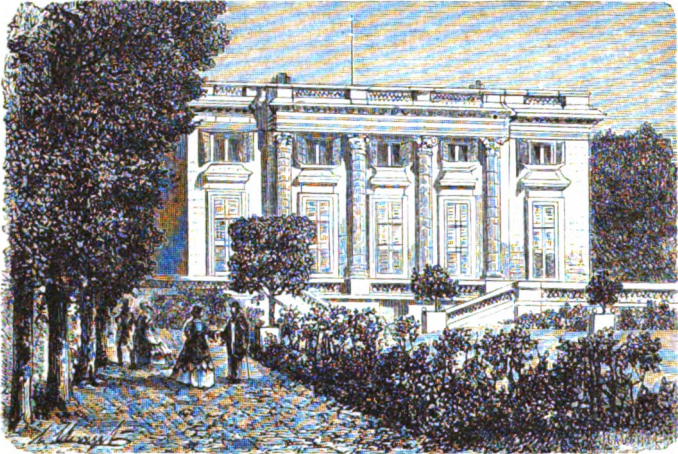
senting five circular tables in red marble, rising pyramidally one above the other, and surmounted by Latona imploring the vengeance of Jupiter against the Lybians, who had refused to give her water. The prayer is answered, and

there are the poor Lybians, some half, some wholly, metamorphosed into frogs, fishes, tortoises, seated on the edges of the tables, each mouth a fountain throwing water on Latona from every direction. On either side of the pyramid is a



column of water thirty feet high, falling into the basin. Beyond this is a long ribbon of lawn (the Tapis Vert) ornamented with vases and statues; then comes the Basin of Apollo, with a magnificent fountain of tritons, nereids, dolphins and sea-monsters; and then the

long arm of the Grand Canal, which is in the shape of a cross, each arm about two hundred feet wide. And these are only the principal objects seen in one straight line. Everywhere there are lovely walks, parterres of flowers, vases, colonnades, fountains, statues, groves and



THE PETIT TRIANON.

beautiful avenues bordered with long lines of evergreen trees forced by the pruning-knife to grow into fantastic shapes.

The two Trianons are but royal summer-houses in these superb gardens. They are both located on the right of the Grand Canal, and separated only by a few rods of the gardens belonging to the Grand Trianon built by Louis XIV. in 1671 for Madame de Maintenon, who was then nearly forty years of age. The king was three years younger. For nearly eleven years he had been reconstructing the palace of Versailles, enlarging and beautifying the royal parks and gardens, sometimes impressing thirty thousand soldiers at once into the work, which cost France a thousand millions of francs at least. The Fountain of Apollo alone cost a million and a half. The building of the terraces was a gigantic work in itself, while the water for the fountains is all brought from the Seine, some miles distant, and it costs from two to four thousand dollars every time

the *grands eaux* are set in motion: this was every day in the time of the Grand Monarch, but at present only the first Sunday afternoon of each month.

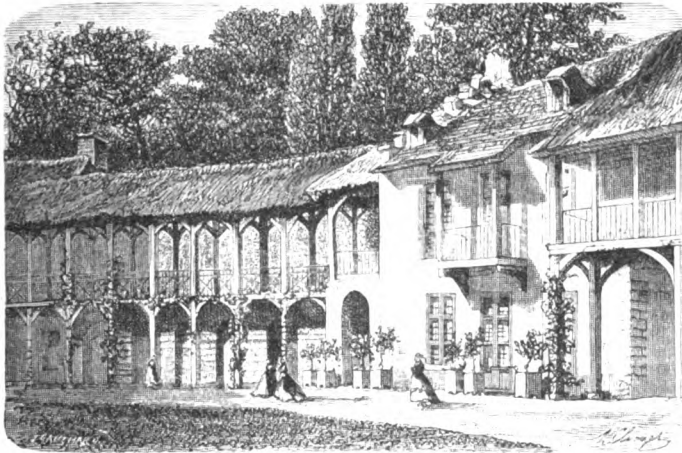
The resplendent court of Versailles, at its zenith in the time of Louis XIV., with its gorgeous costumes, display and ceremony, failed to wholly satisfy the purely human needs of the king, and the Trianon was built as an escape from the onerous fatigues of greatness. Here, in the company of choice favorites, the monarch played that he was only a man, loved and caressed for his own sake like the simplest of his subjects. Louis XV. was also fond of this retreat, and Louis XVI., "with his brusque bonhomie, walked through its gardens frightening the birds with his loud laughter, and making the flowers tremble under his elephantine tread." Marie Antoinette, his queen, is especially associated with the place: she has left everywhere the "ineffable trace of the foot of the rustic goddess." Whether as the humiliated wife, the triumphant mother or the unpopu-

queen, we see her always in imagination the presiding genius of this Eden in the gardens of Versailles, unless indeed this picture is effaced by that of her tragic fate.

Trianon in the twelfth century was the name of a parish which later was absorbed in the dependencies of Versailles. In 1687 the first Trianon pavilion was destroyed to give place to the new caprice of Louis XIV. Mansard furnished the designs of the Grand Trianon, such as it exists to-day. Like the first, it is one story in height and in the Italian style, but constructed of the most precious marbles. An open peristyle unites the two lateral portions of the building. The balustrade surrounding the entablature was ornamented with vases filled with flowers, and groups of Cupids bearing the symbols of the chase. Saint-Simon calls the Trianon a "porcelain house for collations," the term being doubtless suggested by the great number of porcelain flower-vases decorating not only the outer walls, but the stairs, corridors and other portions of the interior.

It seems a plausible theory that Louis

XIV. tore down the first Trianon as a kind of penance for the many sins he had committed there. Certainly he had by this time become a rare devotee to religion, "thanks to the fear of hell and Madame de Maintenon," according to one interpretation. It is certain that as soon as the new Trianon was finished a canon of Notre Dame of Paris was solemnly sent by the archbishop of that city to bless the Trianon chapel and celebrate mass there. This was three years after Madame de Maintenon had consummated a secret marriage with the king, and so made him an honest man. All the reunions at the Grand Trianon thereafter, or at least after 1700, were models of exemplary conduct; and while we must sincerely approve the change, we are compelled to imagine the secret reflections of the old beaux and belles of the court when, after ceremoniously paying their court to the king, they were dismissed supperless at nine o'clock. The king, prematurely old, gouty and tottering in his gait, supped no more. He thought only of the salvation of his soul. Banished for ever were the gay feasts, the



THE QUEEN'S SWISS COTTAGE.

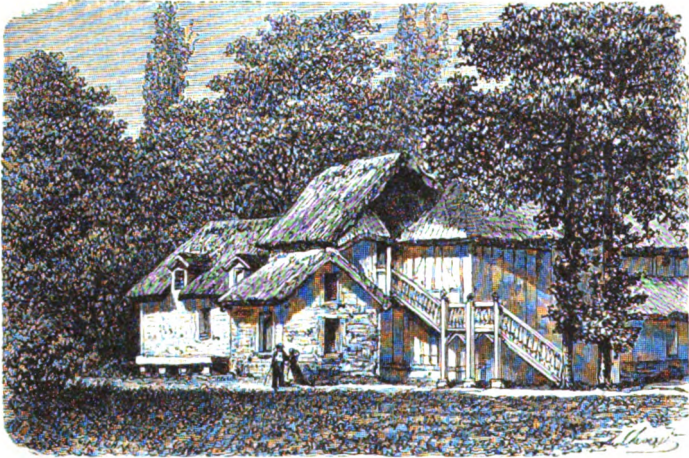
theatrical representations, the music and the fireworks. The only self-indulgence of the king was to dine at the Trianon with Madame de Maintenon, to inhale the odor of the tuberose and to watch

the play of the fountains. "Very bourgeois and innocent were these last pleasures of the king," says Saint-Simon, who calls those domestic evenings "magnificent," when "the king yawned, Madame

de Maintenon yawned, the duchess of Bourgogne yawned, and even the flowers themselves yawned." In 1715 the king died, being seventy-seven years old. Twenty years before, Madame de Maintenon, an honorable, intelligent lady, and sincerely devoted to the king, spoke of the trouble she had had to amuse "the least amusable of men;" and no doubt as he grew older and more and more difficult to please, she paid dearly enough for the barren honor of being the legal wife of the Grand Monarque.

The Trianon gardens suffered a complete change in the reign of Louis XV., who, becoming greatly interested in botany, gave to the study and culture of

flowers and trees what time he could spare from his laborious and sterile secret correspondence—"the frivolous monument of a frivolous reign." He built the Petit Trianon for Madame du Barry in 1766. It is a small building, seventy-two feet square, decorated with fluted columns and pilasters. In front was the orangery, consisting of fifty large orange trees in huge boxes standing in a semi-circle. That the king had a real passion for flowers is clearly evident from the way his courtiers took to flatter him on one evening when he was to visit the Petit Trianon: they ornamented the whole front of the orangery with a species of flower new or very rare in



THE FARM-HOUSE.

France before that time, arranged in twenty-four letters, each seven and a half feet high. These formed the words, "*Vive le Roi Louis le Bien-Aimé*," the whole finely illuminated. The flower was a variety of white chrysanthemum.

In the dining-room of the Petit Trianon, in the parquetry of the floor, may still be seen the traces of that famous trap through which the perfectly served tables rose noiselessly before the pampered Louis XV. and his carousing favorites. It was a happy inspiration for banqueters who had good reasons for avoiding the curious eyes and blabbing tongues of valets. From time to time

many royal visitors have been entertained at the Trianon palaces as a special mark of friendly courtesy, for they were not intended for court display and ceremony, but simply to escape the ennui of court etiquette. During the last years of Louis XV. he passed several days at the Petit Trianon five or six times every year, and it was there in 1774 that he experienced the first symptoms of the smallpox, of which he died two weeks later at Versailles, abandoned by all the court, by his most petted favorites, and, to crown his humiliation, even by Madame du Barry herself.

In May of the same year Louis XVI.

gave the Petit Trianon to Marie Antoinette, who was then twenty years old. There are various pretty stories relative to the offering and the acceptance of the

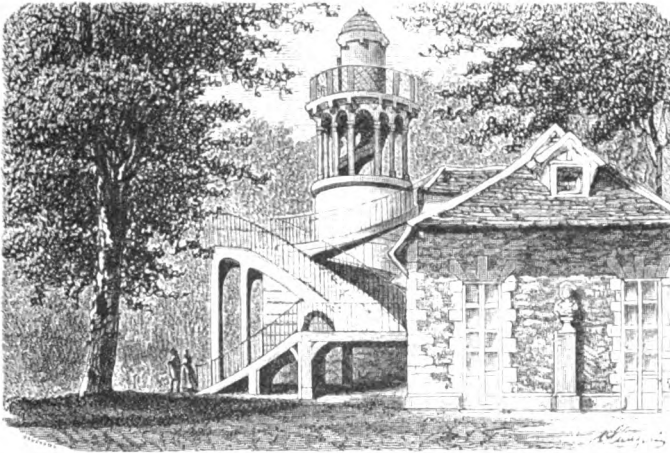
gift: one is that the king said to his wife, whose rustic and idyllic tastes he had noticed, "You love flowers. Very well, I have a bouquet to offer you. It is



THE SHEEPFOLD.

the Petit Trianon." According to De Bachaumont, when the king offered both the Trianons to Marie Antoinette, she replied, smiling, that she would ac-

cept the Petit Trianon on condition that he would never enter it except when invited. This was in harmony with the rebellion of the ladies of the court at



THE DAIRY.

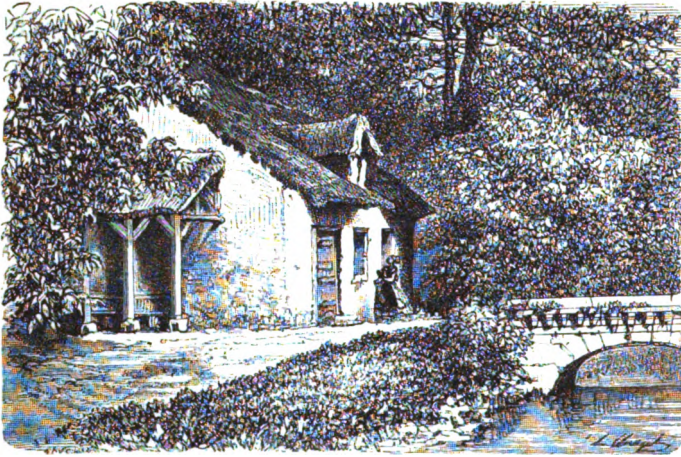
that time, who organized suppers and amusements for themselves alone, closing the doors to all male intruders, in revenge for the constant abandonment of

their society for the attractions of hunting and other masculine sports. On one of these occasions two of the excluded husbands gained entrance by the ruse of



transforming themselves, one into a bear and the other into a tiger, muzzled and held in leash by a third accomplice.

After some performances as wild beasts, they were simultaneously seized with a fit of ferocity, showed their teeth, rolled



THE PARSONAGE.

their eyes, broke their chains, and after greatly terrifying the ladies, who ran away in all directions, they threw off the disguise and with victorious laughter conducted their wives into the supper-room. On the same day the queen, instead of forcing her husband to enter her privileged retreat by stratagem, showed her gratitude for his gift by inviting him to a charming dinner there. At that dinner, Bachaumont says in his *Secret Memoirs*, the Petit Trianon was christened *Le Petit Vienne*. The queen, however, soon found it prudent to deny positively that it had been so named; for from this moment date the first rumors of her lack of patriotism for France—the first mutterings of the thunder that burst over Versailles a few years later.

Marie Antoinette is an attractive character in history because of her passion for rustic and simple pleasures, her impatience with the forms of court etiquette, her devotion as a mother, her tenderness as a friend, and, at the last, her heroic spirit in facing the scaffold. As a child her education had been of the most careless kind, and the books of her library bearing her monogram show that her literary tastes were in keeping with her

education. Sainte-Beuve believes that she never opened a book of history in her life. No woman could have been less adapted for the queen of a feeble monarch than Marie Antoinette, and especially at a time when the country, bankrupt and on the eve of a revolution, required the decisive statesmanship of a Catharine II. of Russia or of an Elizabeth of England. While the kingdom was in debt eight hundred million dollars, the revenues wholly insufficient to pay the interest on this sum; while the people murmured savagely, and writers incessantly lampooned the feebleness of their rulers and the extravagance and corruption of the court, — Marie Antoinette, reminding us of nothing so much as a child sleeping among flowers on the brink of a precipice, ruled her miniature court at the Trianon, and gave her whole time and energy to the decoration of a boudoir or to the study of a peasant's part for her own theatre.

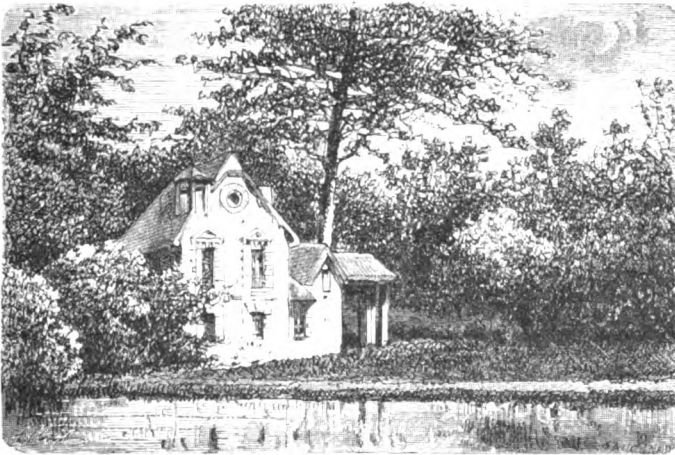
Her beauty has been much celebrated. She was below the medium height; had large but not very expressive eyes; a high aquiline nose, of which an eyewitness said, "I can never convince myself that the queen's nose really belongs

to her face;" a waist rather too plump for ideal grace; fine, light, ashen hair, rolled above her forehead in a very becoming style; an agreeable smile, though her under lip was rather large; a walk light and graceful; a complexion of the most dazzling freshness; and hands and arms of great beauty. Says another witness, "There was always about her, even in negligée, an air of sovereign nobility;" but this smacks of the courtier's adulation. A gay little woman, fond above all things of playing soubrette parts on the stage, can hardly have presented a very regal air.

For ten years after taking possession of the Petit Trianon, Marie Antoinette entered with enthusiasm into the pleasures of planting and building—the two hobbies of every proprietor, from the peasant to the king. The passion for "English gardens" was then in full vogue—gardens irregular, fantastic, romantic. The dethronement of those straight perspectives, those solemn quincunx plantations, occurred during the same revolution in fashion that toppled down the towering head-dresses, powdered wigs and monstrous straw bonnets; and with the winding paths, arti-

ficial waterfalls and grottoes came the small chignons, natural ringlets and simple kerchiefs of white lace. The queen at this time was in the glory of her youth, beauty, and whatever popularity she ever succeeded in winning. At Marly and Choisy, while her Trianon improvements were in progress, she gave herself up to the seductions of every innocent amusement of the time. It was at Marly where she used to drive a gig with a dexterity and coolness that astounded the old courtiers and delighted the new. At Marly also she wore the Russian skating or sleighing costume and made swift courses over the snow.

In 1781, after eight years of marriage, the birth of the first dauphin occurred. The event was received with rejoicing by the court: to Marie Antoinette it was a triumph. As the mother of the heir to the throne she was invested with new dignity and importance, and, confident of her secure position, she resumed her embellishment of the Trianon gardens with redoubled enthusiasm, though Necker, the minister of finance, foresaw the threatening storm and growled over the ever-increasing debt of the nation. The little Swiss hamlet on the borders of the



THE MILLER'S HOUSE.

lake was built at this time. It lacked nothing. It had its farm-house, its sheep-fold, its dairy in white marble, its par-

sonage, its school, a mill with "a wheel that really turned," a guard-house, a miller's house, and even a bailiff's res-

idence, besides little barns to hold the harvests—a veritable village of the comic opera. Yet these tiny houses were capable of serving a useful purpose, for after 1785, just before the Revolution, the queen, tired of playing with the hoe and the rake, tired of her miniature harvests

and vintages, installed a dozen poor families in the cottages as permanent residents. These little houses with thatched roofs and exterior staircases were made to resemble picturesque ruins. A sinking support here and there, fissures in the stone walls, moss and ivy everywhere,



THE TEMPLE OF LOVE.

produced this effect. The prettiest cottage of the hamlet was the queen's. The entrance to this was decorated with rare shrubs in boxes and climbing flowers. In this was a dining-room and a pretty boudoir. The queen's ladies, while playing the rôle of peasants with their mistress, had each a cottage. The miller was the king, and the schoolmaster monsieur his brother. The farm was not a very profitable investment, for the cows, the hens and pigeons were entertained in a style of luxury that made the milk more costly than champagne, and an egg worth its weight in silver. The flowers that adorned this paradise "would hardly have cost more had their stems been made of gold and their petals of bank-notes."

During the fine weather Marie Antoinette often spent a whole month at the Trianon in the society of her sister, the amiable Madame Elizabeth, her devoted friend, the princess de Lamballe, and a few other favorites. Dressed in fine white percales, fichus of delicate gauzes

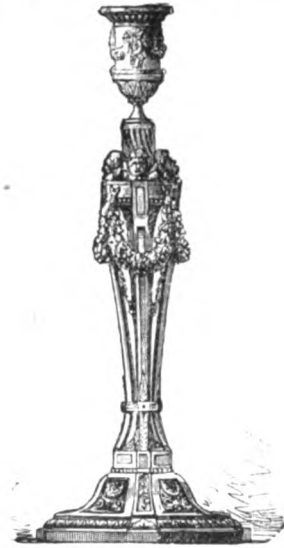
and broad-brimmed straw hats, they promenaded the woods and gardens without constraint on account of soiling their dresses, ate fresh eggs at the farm, drank milk at the dairy, fished in the lake, or sat down in umbrageous nooks to spin from rustic distaffs or to embroider, while their cavaliers read or walked about. The king and princes at such times supped at the Trianon every night, enjoying complete immunity from all useless ceremony. Ladies continued their spinnet- or piano-playing, gentlemen their backgammon, undisturbed by the entrance of the queen. In the Belvedere, a charming little pavilion on a hill overlooking all her domain, the queen generally had her breakfast served on an elegant table of gilded bronze. The Belvedere had four doors opening to the four cardinal points; eight marble sphinxes crouched upon the steps leading to these entrances; and the little bell-tower crowning the structure was draped with climbing jasmines and clematis. On the lake, by which the palace

was ordinarily approached, was an exquisite gondola decorated with golden fleurs-de-lis and lined with costly silk, while on a fairy island in the lake rose the Temple of Love, a little rotunda of exquisite design and finish. But even to catalogue the objects of a queen's caprices on this domain of a hundred acres would be a task. It was a veritable Eden, lacking nothing—not even the traditional serpent, which under the form of a figure in red stockings lurked in the illuminated grounds and terrified the queen by his unbidden presence on the night of one of her greatest triumphs. This was the dissolute Cardinal de Rohan, who through the scandal known in history as "the necklace affair" (*l'affaire du collier*) did more than any other to precipitate the causes that brought the head of Marie Antoinette to the guillotine.

During the same year the queen's allowance for pocket-money must have been generous, for her dramatic expenses alone were over one hundred and fifty thousand francs. This covered her annual subscription for boxes at two of the principal theatres of Paris, ten thousand francs, and the cost of the representations at her Trianon theatre, of which one item, that for flesh-colored silk stockings, amounted to twelve hundred francs. The Trianon theatre was inaugurated in 1780, and on that occasion the queen played Jenny in *The King and the Farmer*, and a soubrette rôle in the second piece. Grimm gives us an account of the entertainment, and though he does not definitely praise the queen's acting, he does not hint that it was "royally bad," as some one else has done. The building, capable of accommodating over six hundred, had three tiers of galleries, and was decorated in white and gold. Two satyrs held back the stage-curtains, and the central medallion over the front of the scene, supported by nymphs, presented the portrait of the queen. The seats were covered with blue velvet.

The Little Trianon and its gardens, fearfully mutilated during the Revolution, were nobly restored by Louis Philippe

after he had converted Versailles into an historical museum; and such as they appeared in 1837 they still remain. The palace is a white marble building embowered in luxuriant foliage. The orange trees in large boxes that decorated the front are no longer seen, but the sinister



FLAMBEAU OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

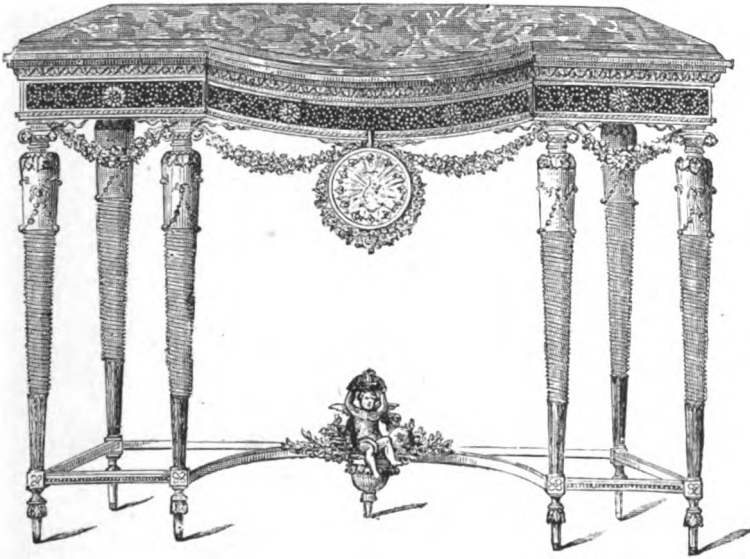
head of Medusa still stands guard at the head of the marble steps. In the interior you see the monogram M. A. on the gilded staircase and in the decorations everywhere. The principal salon suggests a temple of Bacchus—garlands of grapes, baskets of fruit, masks, tambourines, guitars and the pipe of Pan. The caryatides supporting the mantelpiece are two goats. Everything is done with exquisite art. The little boudoir preceding the queen's bed-room is ornamented with delicate arabesques—cornucopias, smoking tripods, doves in their nests, and every emblem of fecundity, love and peace. The ceiling decoration of the bed-room is a lovely garland of forget-me-nots. The faded furniture in blue silk, which was there a few years ago, still "exhaled the rare perfume of that queen of taste," if we may believe an enthusiastic tourist. Certainly the room must have been lovely in its day,



but the bed can hardly be the same as that described by contemporaries, hidden in clouds of delicate white lace looped back with brilliant scarfs fringed with pearls. A clock costing eighty thousand francs once marked the hours for this sybarite queen of the Trianon.

In 1788 occurred the last "comedy, supper and illumination" at the Trianon. The king always ate like a second Gar-

gantua, and we may suppose this repast, the *menu* of which is still preserved, met even his demands. There were four soups, two grand and sixteen minor entrées — one being a roasted pig — four hors-d'œuvres, six roasts and eighteen entremets. France at this time was in a deplorable condition, the treasury exhausted, public credit abroad destroyed, industry everywhere suspended, the peo-



CONSOLE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

ple taxed unmercifully, and starving by hundreds or lacking the necessities of life, while the "comedy, supper and illumination" continued at the court, the queen spending money enough on each entertainment to save thousands from the hunger that consumed them, and the weak king, apparently unconscious of the coming storm, perspiring over his turning-lathe and anvil, enamored of the high mysteries of lockmaking.

The Parliament saw the danger that was imminent, and discussed means for raising money. But how was this to be effected? The nobility and the clergy raised a hue and cry, and demanded the instant dismissal of any minister of finance who proposed that they should bear their share of the heavy taxes.

Turgot, Necker, D'Ormesson and Brienne were thus driven from their post in succession. Scandals, calumnies, epigrams, lampoons filled the air, and yet the "governing class" would not take warning. Revelry continued at Versailles; and while the masses could not afford soap for their necessary cleanliness, royal and princely guests were entertained at the Trianon on such a scale that the washing for a single day comprised four thousand pieces. The ignorant, long-suffering people naturally considered Marie Antoinette, the foreigner, the *Autrichienne*, as they insultingly called her, the worst adviser of the king and their most bitter enemy. When Necker, recalled to his post, convened the famous National Assembly in May,

1789, they saw with indignation the *tiers état*, their own representatives, treated with contempt by the nobility and clergy, and for every unwise measure supported by the king they held the queen respon-

sible. And yet no one could be more innocent of any real intention to increase the misfortunes of the people than was Marie Antoinette. But such is the corrupting, belittling effect of the doctrine



CLOCK OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

of the rights of privileged classes that no one nurtured in it can possibly do justice to those who by labor create the wealth of the world. Our blood curdles with horror at the thought of the blond head of the princesse de Lamballe borne on a

pike before the prison windows of the fainting queen, and so we are too apt to forget that action and reaction are equal, and to curse the brutal effect instead of the brutalizing cause.

Under the auspices of the empress

Eugénie the Little Trianon was repaired, and in it was exposed a rich collection of historical objects of the eighteenth century—distinctly a Trianon museum. Among the articles loaned by the empress was a sample book of Marie Antoinette's dresses. Most of them are gauzes and Indian fabrics so fanciful in design, so brilliant and varied in color, so light in texture, that they suggest the wardrobe of a fairy rather than that of a mortal woman. Another object is a curious toilet caprice—a little flat water-bottle, curved to fit the head, designed to keep flowers fresh in the *coiffure*. "The effect was charming," says the baroness Oberkirch—"June on the head in the midst of powdered snow." At one of those fairy Trianon entertainments, characterized in the journal of the phlegmatic Louis XVI. as "*Comédie, souper et illumination*," a grand duchess wore on her head a humming-bird in precious stones which by certain concealed springs was made to beat its wings and hover over an open rose.

At the time of this writing the public

attention is specially directed to the Grand Trianon, not as the scene of the *petits soupers* of a royal court, but as the theatre of a grave and solemn trial of a distinguished military leader, charged with the betrayal of his country. The court is sitting in the long gallery which unites the two wings. This gallery is pierced by seven arcades on the outside, and the roof is supported by double Ionic columns of rose-tinted Languedoc marble. The arcades are closed by large glass doors, through which appear the gardens and the avenue leading to the Little Trianon. At one end of the gallery a platform and semicircular tribune have been erected. In the centre is the seat of the duc d'Aumale, the president, and on either side of him are the judges. Over the president's seat is a life-sized painting of the Crucifixion. Before the tribune, on one side, is the prosecuting attorney: on the other side, and facing him, sits the prisoner in front of his counsel, wearing the uniform that he wore at Metz, one of the epaulettes being torn by a German ball.

MARIE HOWLAND.

## THE NECKLACE OF PEARLS.

HE met her in the garden,  
 A bright and beauteous maid,  
 Who, grown at once a woman,  
 Was not of love afraid:  
 She loved, and could not help it,  
 Her heart went out to his;  
 And as he stooped to kiss her,  
 She rose to meet his kiss.

He kissed her in the garden,  
 And—was it what he said,  
 Or the shadow of the roses  
 That made her cheeks so red?  
 Her bosom rising, falling,  
 With new and strange delight—  
 The string of pearls upon it  
 Was not so white, so white.

He drew her down the garden,  
He would not hear her "No:"  
She must go if she loved him  
Who loved her, loved her so:  
They must go pluck the roses  
And listen to the dove:  
The dove was wooing, wooing,  
As he was her—for love.

He led her down the garden,  
And while her arms were round  
The neck she, parting, clung to,  
She saw upon the ground  
The string that held her necklace,  
With not a pearl thereon:  
The slender string was broken,  
And all the pearls were gone.

Then up and down the garden  
She wandered with dismay,  
And wondered where her pearls were,  
And how they slipt away:  
They nestled in her bosom  
One little hour ago,  
Before they plucked the roses;  
And her tears began to flow.

So round and round the garden  
She went with peering eyes:  
Oh is not that the necklace  
That shining yonder lies?  
'Tis but a string of dew-drops  
The wind has broken there,  
Or the tears that she is shedding  
That make her look more fair.

Still round and round the garden  
She hunted high and low—  
In the red hearts of the roses,  
The lily's breast of snow:  
The thorns they pricked her fingers:  
Her fingers bled and bled,  
But her heart was bleeding faster:  
Oh why was she not dead?

For she must leave the garden  
And meet her mother's eye,  
Who will perceive she sorrows,  
And ask the reason why;  
And she must meet her father,  
Who, as she hangs her head,  
Will miss the priceless necklace,  
And rise and strike her dead.

R. H. STODDARD.

## A WIFE'S REVENGE.

## I.

POETS, novelists and essayists have all published it as their opinion that the season of courtship is the happiest time given to mortals on earth. Perhaps something might be said against this; indeed, there is no doubt a good deal might be said against it, but I am not going to say it. Rather I shall throw my little testimony into the same scale; so, there is no doubt, would Mary Somers. Mary Somers is the person parts of whose history I am going to tell.

The town of Innerpark, Mary's native place, stood in one of the midland counties of Scotland—not a mere row of houses on each side of a road, no house being either a match or a contrast to its neighbor: on the contrary, the buildings were regular, and even stately, and the principal street broad and handsome, with altogether a quiet dignity about it not often seen or felt in a country town.

It also stood in a plain that was well watered: a considerable stream, dividing itself into two branches at a distance above the town, joined again below it, thus locking it in its glittering arms. There were bowery, shadowy, winding walks by the sides of these streams, much frequented by the townspeople. The children played there, and picked up without knowing it almost all the knowledge of natural history they ever got; in the leafy nooks young men and maidens met during the entrancing period that has been referred to; and the old and middle-aged walked and mused and moralized, recalling their youth—that youth which comes back and joins old age, the two linking hands lovingly and sinking into oblivion together.

This was all very well and pleasant to look upon in the long summer evenings when the sun stayed till the last minute, and when he did disappear left a lingering glow of glory all over the heavens, fading and deepening into the twilight gray, up which the gold of the moon

glided with quiet, calm, ineffable beauty. Ah! those were nights for lovers. But suppose it were March, and a dry, biting east wind, the birds all silent, and the trees declining to unfold their buds, the daylight glad to get away out of a leaden sky it is ashamed of: any respectable elderly person compelled to take a walk on such an evening, and passing two people sitting in very close proximity among the leafless trees, would have muttered to himself, "A pair of young fools! they'll get their deaths of cold." It is extremely probable that if such an individual had sat down there he would have sustained serious damage, but human beings in a state of pleasurable excitement are not so easily injured. A glad heart not only works well, it resists evil influences.

Mary Somers and her lover did not know that it was east wind; they did not know that it was cold; in point of fact, they did not know much but that they were sitting there together, and that was in the mean time enough for them to know. But Mary took no scaith, although she was a delicate-looking girl and not accustomed to exposure, for she was a dressmaker and spent most of her time in a close room. She was an orphan, without either brother or sister, and had some two or three hundred pounds for a fortune. Her lover, Robert Bathgate, had just begun business in a small way as a draper. He was a good-looking youth, with fine features, white and red complexion, glossy fair hair, and an expression of bland good-nature that was very winning. It may be said that Mary in her own mind thought him the impersonation of her idea of the apostle John. Mary herself was dark, having black eyes and black hair. Black eyes are often a deception, seeming to mean far more than they do; but on this cold, bleak night Mary's eyes were kindled into a deep glow above her pale cheeks, for here was the oak to

which she was to cling all her days, the strength which was to support her weakness. And he looked like it, he really looked like it, as he bent toward her, his face full, if not of tenderness, of something that could very well be taken for it—was taken for it by an individual who passed in the gathering darkness, passed unnoticed by the pair; not the elderly man who thought them very foolish to be sitting there in such a bleak wind, but a young man, a youth who admired Mary, who loved her, and would have asked her to be his wife had not the ground been preoccupied. Supposing this man—Adam Lander by name—had come first, it is very likely that Mary's tender heart, vacant of very close ties, would have admitted him quite readily. We are so much creatures of circumstances, the knowledge of which ought to make and keep us humble; but no doubt Mary thought she never could have loved any one but Robert. Nor was the young man mentioned a prey to fierce jealousy, of all human passions perhaps the worst to bear. One could have had some sympathy for him if he had been consumed with anguish from not only the pangs of unrequited love, but the horror of seeing another basking in the lady's favor. However, he was not. His heart was a little heavy, perhaps, but he was resigned, most provokingly resigned. What business had he to be resigned? He ought to have done something—to have walked fast and far to let off the steam of high-pressure emotion, or to have written a despairing letter or a copy of verses. Instead, he went quietly home and to bed, calmly and judiciously considering that since such was the will of Providence, it must be all for the best. Now, no one can deny that this was an admirable frame of mind, but oh it was tame and provoking! Still, it was his nature, and, though not heroic and all that, it might have been very comfortable to live beside him. It is very comfortable even to think of him, for you don't need to let his case weigh on your mind, and that's a great thing in such a world of sin and misery.

## II.

Before Tuesday, the 3d of June, came, the day on which they were married, the little dressmaker and her lover found many an opportunity for a saunter by the water-side. What an April and May that was! It was the *one* April and May in Mary's life. Nothing like this season had ever come to her before, and nothing like it ever came again. She was lost in happiness to which there was not a drawback. Every one approved of the marriage: even the gentry of the town, who did not think it beneath them to turn over such an obscure event as this, expressed their opinion of the extreme fitness of the thing. The pair were well matched, and likely to be helpmeets to each other. Eve's bower in Eden was not dearer to her than the little rooms above the shop were to Mary, nor were there more heart and delight put into the touching of it up. The accessories were different, to be sure; still, perhaps the angels who sympathized in Eve's joy sympathized in Mary's, for we have been told by one who had insight that while a man can sympathize with sorrow, it takes an angel to sympathize with joy. Mary would not have changed her own Robert for many of Eve's Adams, and the one was as violent a case of look-up as the other, for, notwithstanding all the present outcry for the equality of women, it is every woman's instinct to look up as long as she has the shadow of a thing that she can possibly look up to. Poor creature, how she takes her solitary way out of Eden when the possibility of looking up ceases!

Robert Bathgate had a fine manner for a shop, frank and fluent; besides, he was generally reckoned good-looking, and so long as people have eyes that is a pretty considerable advantage. Mary too began by helping in the shop, and in a different way she was equally fitted for the business. She had not very much to say, but she was singularly obliging, and made friends of her customers—not pushing her wares, but gently and conscientiously helping ignorant or wavering or lazy individuals to make up their minds as to what they wanted,

or as to what would be best for them to take.

After their joint work in the shop all day, it was pleasant during the first year or two of their married life to see this pair turn out in the summer evenings and repeat their courting days, or appear to repeat them; for, if the truth must be told, Mary had often difficulty in getting her husband's company in her walk—not that he had tired of her, but a man needs some more exciting recreation, you know, than a saunter by the water-side with his wife, whose company he can have whenever he likes.

It were long to tell and sad to trace how, by imperceptible degrees, Mary became alive to the fact, not that her husband was bad or heartless, but that he was thoughtless, and fond of amusement—questionable amusement—to the neglect of his duty. She took occasion to hint such a thing. "Nonsense!" he said. "Neglecting my business! Why, if there's anything amiss, it's the business that's neglecting us: I've often thought it was a waste of time to potter on in a dull little place like this."

"We have a very good share of business," began Mary.

"Then what are you complaining about?"

"I don't like you being so much from home," she said boldly.

"But I like it. I can't stand in a shop the whole year round. It's different with you: you have been accustomed to that kind of thing all your life. I can't be cooped up: I should lose my health. Besides," he said, relaxing into a better humor, "you are the better shopman of the two, and manage famously."

"I do my best, but I can't make up for your absence: when people come in they like to see the head of the business."

"Well, well, I dare say. I'll try and stick a little closer, so say no more about it."

Mary did manage, and managed well, but there was one department which her husband kept strictly in his own hands: that was the money, and there was always a scarcity of money. The small fortune that Mary had inherited and brought with her was all used up almost immediately

to pay for the stock in the shop, and was given not only ungrudgingly, but with eager thankfulness. It seemed Mr. Bathgate had begun business on nothing—not a very uncommon plan. Mary did not think she had been deceived: probably she had never asked how the goods came there, or thought of the matter at all. Could it have occurred to her to doubt his wisdom or uprightness, or to think that her little sum of money had been the subject of due consideration, and in point of fact had kicked the beam in her favor? A simple-minded, upright woman herself, capable of loving to the death, she did not know heartlessness when she saw it, or at least till it was forced on her attention in a remarkable way. But she could not but be conscious that her married life was not all she could wish: the oneness had departed, although there was still the appearance of it. It had never existed, however, except in her own imagination: there never could have been oneness between such a pair, any more than between light and darkness.

In a small place like Innerpark it was not long in being known that Robert Bathgate led rather a fast life, and every one had his or her say about it. His wife was to be pitied, some said, and others said she was to be blamed. If she had only taken some particular way with him, he would have been quite different; but she was a stiff sort of woman, who had no plan of adapting herself to circumstances—very good in a shop among goods, but not the wife for a man like Bathgate. These were people who were adepts at "reading character." Remarks of the other class were, "Poor Mrs. Bathgate! what a pity she threw herself away on such a man!—such a nice, quiet, well-doing woman!"

People will talk, and there lived very near Mrs. Bathgate a childless widow, with an intense curiosity regarding her neighbors' affairs, who was not slow to make remarks. A kindly interest, even if it is impertinent and officious, is tolerable, but sympathy which acts like a blister is difficult to bear. To those who did not know her, Mrs. Middleby seemed a most kindly woman: it was

only experience that taught you to expect a sudden scratch on the face from a claw hidden under the velvet. When first married, Mary unsuspectingly took this woman to her friendship; and no wonder. The trials Mrs. Middleby had undergone, the way she had all her life sacrificed herself for everybody, the fineness of her feelings, were something extraordinary, and much sympathy Mary expended on her: it was not till Mrs. Middleby began to try to creep into her confidence regarding her husband's failings, and tell her what people said, and offer her advice candid and cruel, all under the guise of kindness and sympathy, that she began to understand Mrs. Middleby and guard her communications with her.

There had been a more than usual scarcity of money in Mr. Bathgate's business: his wife could hardly get the small sum needed for the daily wants of the house. She spoke of it. "Ah," said her husband, "Mr. Lander borrowed some money from me, but I'll get it back in a week or two."

"Mr. Lander!" said Mary. "I should not have thought that he would have needed to borrow money."

Oh," said he, with his bland open smile, "it was not for need—it was only for convenience."

"It was a little strange he should come to you."

"Well, maybe: strange things happen sometimes, and I was glad I could accommodate him. One never loses anything by being obliging."

"That's true," said Mary; "only he might have gone to some one who would have felt the want of it less. I hope you'll get it back next week: Wilson's traveler will be round then, expecting to get his account squared."

"Always anxious, Mary, always anxious," said her husband, patting her on the shoulder pleasantly, and looking so well and winning that Mary felt herself blessed.

### III.

After dinner on that day Robert Bathgate went out, and he did not come back

at night; but this thing had happened before, and though Mary sat up till morning waiting for him, and felt very unhappy, she had no doubt but he would appear next day; and when, after an hour or two of sleep, she went down into the shop in the morning, she merely said Mr. Bathgate was from home, and she was not certain when he might return. It was a long day: any one who has kept up an appearance of cheerful alacrity with a heart the weight of lead will understand how long. When the shutters of the shop windows were up and her door locked, what a relief it was to be once more alone and not compelled to act a part! But then she watched and listened and wondered, and grew sick with apprehension, for she loved him—how she loved him!

Before it was time next morning to go again to the shop the postman's rap came to the door, and he handed in a letter from Robert: at least he was alive and able to write. It was some seconds before she could open it, and then she read this:

"DEAR MARY: I'm off for Australia. I think you should do your best to carry on the business meantime, and if I succeed you can come out to me. I was awfully tired of Innerpark, and I have long been thinking of leaving, but only made up my mind lately, and did not tell you, as it was no use: you would have opposed it. I'll write to you, and I shall expect you to write to me.

"I am yours, etc.,

"R. BATHGATE."

It was dated the previous day on board ship at London. Mary could hardly believe her eyes: at first she smiled faintly, and thought or tried to think that it must be a joke. That he should leave her, and leave her in this way, possibly for ever, was almost more than she could bear.

There was another knock at the door, and almost immediately Mrs. Middleby walked in—a sight which made Mrs. Bathgate brace her nerves well and suddenly. She did not mean to be the victim of this woman's sympathy.



"I heard Mr. Bathgate wasn't at home," said Mrs. Middleby in insinuating tones, "and I came in; but I hope you have not got any bad news: you look put about. Don't let me stop you reading your letter." Bad news, news of any calamity, refreshed Mrs. Middleby exceedingly, and she believed herself a true daughter of consolation. "How thankful I am that I happened to come in! It is such a trial to get bad news when one is alone! Ah! I know the feeling." There were very few feelings that Mrs. Middleby did not know.

"But my news are not bad," said Mary with a briskness she would not have believed herself capable of a few minutes before; "only I shall be anxious for a while. Mr. Bathgate sailed for Australia yesterday, and of course I shall be anxious till I hear of his safe arrival."

"Australia!" repeated Mrs. Middleby in blank astonishment. "What's he going to do there?"

"Probably he does not know that himself yet," said Mary.

"And why did he go? I hope there's nothing wrong here? You should have gone with him, Mrs. Bathgate: it's a woman's duty to stick by her husband. But if he went suddenly, you might not have had time to get ready."

Mary said never a word. She knew her visitor well enough to know that she was trying to elicit all the circumstances for the gratification of her own low curiosity.

"Has he gone alone?" she resumed.

"Yes."

"You're sure of that?"

"You'll excuse me, Mrs. Middleby," said Mary, "but it is time I was in the shop."

And Mrs. Middleby went away to discuss the particulars of Robert Bathgate's flight—for that it was a flight she did not doubt—with whom she might. "What had he done? Depend on it, a man did not run away for nothing. There was something at the bottom of it—nothing good, you might be pretty sure," etc. etc.

Mary kept up bravely. She did not think of herself: she thought of her husband, and she thought of him, now that

he was away, as when their love was young: she put the latter days out of sight, and set herself to shelter his good name. What else had she to care for? Only herself.

The news of Mr. Bathgate's voyage brought his creditors about his wife pretty quickly, and he owed a good deal one way and another; but she had little fear of being able to carry on when she got back the sum which had been lent to Mr. Lander. It struck her as remarkable that Mr. Lander, knowing the circumstances, did not offer her the money he had borrowed, and being very hard pushed she went and asked him for it. He looked very much surprised, and said he had never borrowed any money; but he immediately guessed how it was, and wished that Mrs. Bathgate had got a better husband. Mary was dumbfounded: she stammered something about surely having mistaken what Mr. Bathgate had said, and went back to her home with the full knowledge that her husband had gathered together all the money he could lay his hands on to take with him, and had told her a lie to account for the want of it. Oh the bitterness of that moment! And yet she searched round for excuses for him, although you may think they were difficult to find.

She hid this knowledge, so far as it could be hidden, and asked her creditors for time, and she would pay them all. They knew that Mrs. Bathgate's word was as good as her bond, and that now that her husband was out of the way there was little doubt she would do well, and they agreed to all she asked.

It was good that she had something to do, and was compelled to do it. When people are stung to the very core of their nature, it is an awful thing to have nothing to do.

She not only carried on her business successfully, she extended it. She was a thriving woman, but she was a woman, and she did not forget her husband: she only forgot his misdeeds. But for the love that was in her heart for him she could have judged him rightly.

He wrote to her irregularly at first, but

by and by pretty steadily, and she had infinite comfort in the accounts he sent. He liked the country amazingly, the climate suited him, and he was prospering in his business, of which he gave her circumstantial details, asking her to do the same: their interests were one, etc. She lived on these letters—absolutely lived on them; and they were fluent, plausible letters, but they would not have been good for food had she not put the nutriment into them out of the riches of her own loving nature.

## IV.

The years passed, and not only had Mrs. Bathgate paid all the debts that had been left her, but she began to make money, and her expenses being almost nominal, when that process fairly set in it went on prosperously. She was happy: she thought she would succeed in tempting her husband home if she could prove to him that they could make a competence in their native place. She was not very romantic, but she loved her native place, its street and its church, and its water-side and the familiar figures of the inhabitants, and the hills in the near distance, gazing at which had so often soothed her when in perplexity; and she had gained a good position in it. If only she could lure her husband home she could ask for nothing more.

She wrote with simple eloquence urging this, but he said, "No, he could not come back. A place like Innerpark would stifle him: he cared nothing for it, and had been glad every day that he had left it; but he cared for *her*. If she would come to him, she would see there were better as well as bonnier places in the world than Innerpark: she would get her mind enlarged and her sympathies widened in a way she could have no idea of if she sat still all her days in a little hole like Innerpark. He was confident she would not regret coming, and the sooner she embarked herself and her money for Melbourne the better. Her love for him was surely not very great, or she would never hesitate," etc.

This letter was like rain on the mown grass to Mary. Her love not great! It

was all he knew. What, after all, was Scotland or Innerpark, her own little premises, which she had grown to fit as a mollusk fits every fluting of its shell,—what were all her associations connected with them compared with the living, waking bliss of being with her husband?

Very shortly Mrs. Bathgate's business was in the market, and was disposed of by private bargain to a fellow-townsmen.

Mrs. Middleby, who disapproved of her not sticking to her husband when he went away, equally disapproved of her going to him now, and went about commenting on Mrs. Bathgate's folly in giving up a good business and comfortable circumstances to go to a man of whom she knew nothing but what he told her himself: it was possible it might be all right, but she had her doubts, etc. However, she got no opportunity of giving her opinion to the person most concerned.

So, bidding her many friends good-bye, and carrying the good wishes of them all with her, Mary took her departure. It was something of an enterprise for her, who was very little accustomed to traveling or change of any kind, to break up all her habits, leave her home and embark for the antipodes. No creature but Robert Bathgate could have tempted her to do it.

It so happened that the day she went on board the Albatross, bound from London for Melbourne, was the fourteenth anniversary of her marriage-day. She remembered it well: there had been no year in which she had forgotten it during all the eight years of her solitude. and now it seemed as if she were going to celebrate a second wedding-day. Wearied, and somewhat sick and confused by the noise and bustle round her, she yet was happy: before she stepped out of that vessel she would meet her husband, for he was to come on board for her as soon as they touched land. And she had no desperately bitter parting to go through, as some of those round her had—in particular a girl who attracted her attention by the utter abandonment of her sorrow: her very body was convulsed with grief, she sobbed.

without control, and by degrees Mary learnt that she had parted with the man she loved, not expecting ever to see him again. "Ah, he was so kind, and I loved him!" she sobbed to Mary. "He was only kind to me—only kind; and I loved him, and he does not know it." Mary's heart melted for the girl: she sat and held her hand and tried to soothe her, till her great anguish wore itself out and she fell asleep. They two and another lady with a child shared the same cabin during the voyage, and they grew very intimate. The girl had been in England on a visit to relatives, and was going home to her father's house: she was a bright, happy girl when her grief wore off, as it did in the natural course of things.

Mrs. Fleming, the mother of the child, was a delicate woman going to join her husband in Melbourne. He had been an unsuccessful man in his native country, but she seemed very secure of his success in the land of his adoption. She had had many struggles with adverse fate in one shape or another, but when they "joined papa" every difficulty was to vanish. The child, Mary Fleming, was a bright little human being. She was three years old—just the time when Nature seems to call a short halt, to give a momentary leisure to admire the small rounded form before it begins to shoot out and loses its exquisite childish perfection. Her broken speech too, trying at every long word she heard used, and her utter simplicity and trust, believing everything that was said to her, and ready to put her hand in the hand of any living creature, unaware that such a thing as harshness or cruelty could exist on earth, made her wonderfully attractive. Her mother being very much of an invalid, Mrs. Bathgate took her almost entirely in charge, and the child crept very far into her heart. She always called her "m'other mamma," being her way of saying "my other mamma," and the sound was dear to Mary.

The voyage drew to a close. It had been a pleasant voyage, especially pleasant to Mrs. Bathgate. As her husband had told her, she did find her mind en-

larged and her sympathies widened and her range of knowledge vastly increased; and all the time she was speeding toward happiness: hope laughed within her.

They are over the bar, they have touched the quay. The young girl's father and mother are the first to come on board, and they carry off their daughter, as radiant with joy in leaving the ship as she was steeped in grief when she entered it. No doubt before long she would marry some lucky antipodean, and the little episode of her English visit would look like a dream.

The next person Mary saw was her husband—not changed, at least not much; stouter in person and fuller in face somewhat, but with the same soft expression and bland smile—heavenly she used to think it. She stood quietly, waiting to see if she would be recognized.

She had dressed herself carefully that morning, spending much more thought and time on the business than she had done on any occasion for the last eight years. She had felt a keen, sharp interest in it. She had scanned her face closely, and wondered if she looked much older, or whether she was changed; not that personally she cared about it, but what would Robert think?

He walked along the deck, eyeing the passengers. At last he saw his wife. He came up, took her hand, and saying, "Mary, you are here at last," drew her to him and kissed her. She fairly broke down and burst into tears.

"Why, what are you crying about?" he asked. "Is there anything wrong?"

"Oh no, but my happiness seems more than I can bear."

"Well, that is extraordinary! Come, we may as well go on shore. Are you ready? You need not mind your luggage: we can get that to-morrow. But perhaps you had better bring your money or anything valuable that you can carry. It may be as well to bring it as to leave it."

Mary was ready. She had only to bid Mrs. Fleming good-bye, and say they would find each other out again after they were settled. Mrs. Fleming looked very worn and excited: her husband

had not appeared yet. The child clasped her arms round Mrs. Bathgate's neck and kissed her. "Good-bye, m'other mamma," she said: "'ou'll be back to-morrow day?"

"We'll see," said Mary, and with a pang of regret at leaving her she set the little creature down on the deck and walked away with her husband.

## v.

They walked on for a time without speaking, then he said, "You see we have a fine city here—different a little this from Innerpark."

"I liked Innerpark," she said: "I liked it; but then, Robert, it never was home to me after you left it. Have we far to go to your house now?"

He looked down at her with exactly the smile of fourteen years before when they wandered by the water-side in the light of the moon, and said, "Wouldn't you like to see the town and the fine shops a bit first?"

"Oh yes," she said. She saw he was proud of the place, and she sympathized with him. Here she was fifteen thousand miles from Innerpark, never likely to see it again, yet she was happy leaning on the arm she held: she was at home.

They still walked on, having no more complex conversation than arose from the objects they saw on their way.

"What have you in that bag?" he asked, looking at a small leathern bag she held in her hand. "Is it heavy? could I carry it for you?"

"It might be better," she said, giving it to him: "my money is all in it."

"Your money! Then it's valuable: how much is there?"

"There's everything I have in the world, except the money owing for the stock and goodwill of the business, which is to be sent by half-yearly installments. There are six one-hundred Bank of England notes, besides some twenty-five sovereigns. Was it foolish to bring it in that form? I thought it would be the easiest plan."

"Oh, it will do very well, but it's not very safe carrying such a sum about: had I not better hand it into a bank

meantime? Here is the bank I do business with: just wait a minute here, and I'll lodge it. I won't be three seconds. You won't mind waiting?"

"No, no, not at all," she said; and she watched him spring up the flight of steps and disappear behind the swinging doors.

She kept her eyes on the door waiting for his reappearing: he was not quite so quick as he had said. She looked at shop windows and at people passing, glancing continually at the bank, but still he did not come out. She wondered, but waited patiently for perhaps an hour: then growing alarmed as to what could be detaining him, she went into the bank. She glanced eagerly round, but among the persons there she did not see her husband. She went up to one of the clerks and asked if Mr. Bathgate was in the bank.

"Mr. Bathgate?"

"Yes: he is in the habit of doing business here. Mr. Robert Bathgate."

"We don't know him, ma'am."

She described his appearance, and said that about an hour ago she saw him enter the bank, and she knew he meant to leave six hundred pounds. Had he done so? "I gave it to him for that purpose," she said, feeling that without such explanation they might decline giving her the information she wanted. The clerk said he would make inquiry. There was a good deal of speaking in low tones, and one after another the bank officials raised their heads and looked at Mary.

The clerk came back to her and said, "No sum of six hundred pounds has been lodged here within the time you mention, and we know nothing of Mr. Robert Bathgate: he is not one of our customers. Probably you have mistaken the bank," he suggested, seeing Mary's bewildered look. Another clerk came up and said, "A man answering your description came in by the front door more than an hour ago, changed some money, and went out at the other door."

"If you have been robbed," said the first man, "you should go to the police-office direct."

"I have not been robbed," she said: "he is my husband, and there must be some mistake. It is the more awkward as I am a complete stranger. I only landed from England to-day: my husband, who has been eight years here, met me at the ship."

"Probably," said the man, pitying her painful perplexity, "when he can't find you he'll go back to the ship: you should go there."

"Thank you," she said, and left the place.

"He's a rogue," said the one man to the other: "she'll never see either him or her money again. She's sold."

Once more in the street, she stood in the place where Robert had left her and thought what she would do: she considered he would come back there before he went to the ship, and she walked to and fro in the faith that he would reappear. He had said that this was the bank he dealt with, but she did not doubt that when he went in he discovered that it was not, and had gone the shortest way to the right one: probably he had been back looking for her while she was inside the building. So she waited and waited till the day was far spent, and it became a necessity that she should find her way back to the ship, for she was weary and faint, having had no food since morning, and not having a single coin in her possession. She took her way back wearied, but not at all hopeless. It could not occur to her of any man, far less of the husband she loved as her own soul, that he would ask her to cross fifteen thousand miles of ocean, meet her with a kiss, rob her of everything she had in the world, and leave her standing destitute in the streets of a strange city. No wonder that she did not think of such a thing as this: could any upright human being have thought of it?

#### VI.

She walked slowly, keeping a constant watch; not that she could have walked very quickly if she had wished to do so, for she was getting very tired, and, either from getting a wrong direction or mistaking what was said to her, instead

of going toward the harbor, she went a different road altogether, and at last found herself in a kind of suburb. In other circumstances she might have had her interest and curiosity excited by the sights of such a far country, but she was occupied thinking what house she could venture to apply to for shelter, and how she could get courage to beg a night's lodging. She passed many houses without being able to make up her mind: some were too grand and big, some too poor and dirty and disreputable. At length she came to a door at which a woman with a child in her arms was standing. This woman was young, probably not more than four or five and twenty, and she was very good-looking, in spite of an expression of care and misery in her face. Mary would have passed her by, for she was hardly like a person to appeal to; but the child stretched out its hand to her and laughed at the moment she was going on. She stopped and said, "That's a pretty child."

"Oh," said the woman with bitterness, "good looks are not what we are worst off for here."

"He is not like you, though," said Mary.

"No," said the woman shortly, but there was a kind of melting in her eye that belied her curt, hard manner, and emboldened Mary, since she was speaking to her, to go on.

"Might I ask," she said, "if you would let me rest in your house? I have lost my way: I am a stranger. I only landed from England this morning, and my husband and I have missed each other in the street, and he has my purse: I expect to find him to-morrow at the ship I came out in. Could you take me in for the night? I am very wearied."

"I don't know," said the woman, looking at her in a dispirited way: "my husband is not in, and he might be angry."

"Oh, surely not. I can pay you: I can pay you well if you'll only trust me till to-morrow. I can go no farther."

"Then come in," she said. "He need never know you are here, for that matter: it will not be his usual if he is in before midnight. Are you hungry?"

"I don't know. I need food; I have had nothing since morning."

"I am sorry I have little to offer you. We are very poor. I have been married seven years: I was only seventeen then, and I have had a hard life since. Three of my children have died. My husband is a bad man, and yet he loved me once. Oh, he loved me!" she cried impulsively. "Take the baby, will you, for a little, till I see if I can get you something to eat?"

Wearied as she was, Mary took the baby and diverted herself while she diverted it. She loved children, and they loved her. It was a strange experience for her who for so many years had lived such an even, secure, busy life, to find herself thrown wide on the world of the antipodes listening to this communicative, impulsive woman from whose poverty she had begged a shelter. The house consisted of two rooms, and the furniture, if furniture it could be called, was of the scantiest. The mistress of the house, such as it was, kept talking: it seemed, and no doubt was, a relief to her to talk, and she had no difficulty in confiding her griefs and wrongs to a stranger.

"We had a nice house when we married," she said, looking round on the bare squalor. "I never was accustomed to a place like this, and he said I should always wear silk and do nothing; but I have toiled and he has done nothing. Ah," she said, interrupting her own story, "you spoke of your husband: is he good and kind?"

Mary hesitated: although she tried to make herself believe in him, and succeeded very nearly, she could not just pass on her belief to another without reservation.

"I hope so," the woman went on: "there are some good men in the world, surely. If my son lives, I hope he'll be good—that he'll never make a woman suffer as his father has made me. Would you hold him a minute longer? I'll be back immediately;" and she disappeared into the other room, and came back carrying a child of three years in her arms. "This is Annie," she said fondly

—"my little Annie. Annie will sit up and take some tea, will she?"

The child had a face of a beauty almost faultless, except that it was nearly vacant of expression. She drank the tea held to her mouth, turned her head round on her mother's arm and went to sleep.

"Surely she is not well," said Mary.

"She is dying," the mother answered quietly: "her sister went the same way not long since. She sleeps most of the time: it is disease of the brain, the doctors say. She does not seem to suffer much;" and she went and laid her down again in bed.

"That is a sore trial," said Mary, feeling that anything she could say would be but feeble comfort in such a case.

"No, it is not," was the answer in a cold, hard voice. "I shall have no more anxiety about them. Women have but a poor lot in this world."

Mary shuddered to hear her speak in this way. "Surely you must feel grief for the loss of your child," she said.

"It's the keenness of the grief and suffering that has brought me to this. I have often wished I was dead, but I don't die, and they die before my eyes—die for want of everything they ought to have."

Mary lost sight of her own anxieties in the presence of this woman, still so young, but on whom her hard lot had told so bitterly. "You should not despair," she said: "your husband may change."

"Never!" said the woman with emphasis. "His nature is stone: you may kill yourself against it and never make a dint. When I married him I thought him perfect;" and she laughed a laugh not good to hear. "Well, you had better go to bed and rest, and when you meet your husband to-morrow you'll know how thankful to be;" and she showed her guest a narrow recess in the room they were in, across which a curtain was drawn. "That's all the bed I can offer you. I hope you'll sleep: my husband won't make a noise when he comes in. He does not drink—at least, not to excess."

"That's one good thing," said Mary.

"I don't know that. A bad man who

drinks is bad, but a bad man who does not drink is worse: he always knows what he is about, and you have only himself to blame: it would be a comfort to blame the drink."

A strange source of comfort, Mary thought. Wearied though she was, she could not sleep. Her first day's adventures in Australia had been much more remarkable than pleasant, but she had no doubt she would meet her husband at the vessel next morning, and get herself fairly settled in her own house. How thankful she felt that, though Robert was thoughtless, he was not as this woman's husband, and she determined, whatever she did, to befriend her. Who knew but that Robert and she might be the means of bringing about a better state of matters between this wretched pair? The woman, she felt, had the making of a noble woman in her if only she were in happier circumstances, and she was too young to be thoroughly hardened by despair. Mary was moved to tears hearing her softly singing her baby to sleep: it was a grand outlet for the deep tenderness that had been driven back into hidden places by the cruelty of her husband. The singing lulled her at length as well as the infant, and with a dreamy idea that she was in her own house at Innerpark, in spite of the comfortless bed and the very strange circumstances, she slept.

#### VII.

She slept, and was at Innerpark during the first years of her married life, and she heard her husband speaking so distinctly that in an effort to answer him she awoke and came to herself. There was a light in the room, which shone through her curtain, and she heard voices speaking: she had no desire to listen, and she closed her eyes to sleep again, when one of the voices said, "But I tell you I've got it," in tones that made all her pulses stop. It was no dream assuredly: that was her husband's voice. She did not speak or move.

"You have long been to get it," said Mary's hostess.

"Well, I've got it: seeing is believing,

isn't it? Look, and you may count them, if you like—six one-hundred notes of the Bank of England. Did you ever see as much money before, eh?" and he laughed.

"Where did you get it?"

"From England. It has been sent me from England, and I got it to-day."

"Really?"

"Yes: do you not believe me yet?"

"You would hardly steal it, I think. I hope you did not steal it."

"Oh, if it's any pleasure to you to think I stole it, by all means do so. I'm off for Sydney to-morrow: there's a hotel there I am in terms for, and I can manage it now. This will set me agoing famously. You can come after with the children, and I'll make you the lady you're so anxious to be."

"A hotel?"

"Yes: have you any objections?"

"If I had, would it make any difference?"

"Who knows? I'm in a good humor to-night."

They moved from their seats. Mary raised herself gently, and through a hole in her curtain saw her husband's face with the full light of the lamp on it which he had lifted from the table. They disappeared into the other room.

Mary did not faint nor scream nor speak, nor did she spring forth and confront this man to his face. Can love be suddenly transmuted to hate? But what she felt had nothing of the keenly-cut, proud, hard-and-fast lines of just hate: it was more horror and loathing. Her whole nature revolted from such cruel depravity. As she lay she writhed in anguish at the discovery that the man she had loved should be so base. It is a terrible thing to have love killed in the heart, and more terrible to find that when you thought it dead it will begin to move once more and struggle back to life in horrid pain. She worked round to this point, but the reviving feeling had more in it of yearning pity than of love. As for jealousy regarding this woman who believed herself to be his wife, it never once entered her mind.

But she was compelled to think what she should do—what it would be best

she should do. It was light; therefore a new day had come, as new days will come, without regard to griefs that would fain shroud themselves in darkness, or joys that laugh in the face of the returning sun. The house was still, and she rose very quietly, and stepping to the door of the other room, she looked in. They were all in a deep sleep: she went in, lifted her husband's coat, in the breast pocket of which she had seen him put the money: she took it. She gazed for a moment at her husband's face. How well and innocent he looked in sleep! He used to be her ideal of the apostle John, you remember, and at this moment there was almost a smile on his face, and certainly not a sign of the hard, base nature within. She was neither nervous nor flurried. Somehow, she did not care much whether he awoke or not: she would rather that he did not. Going back to the room she had slept in, she took a pencil and a bit of paper from her pocket and wrote on it, "I give you the half. M. B." She wrapped the paper round three of the notes and left them on the table. Then silently she glided from the house. Whether she had done right or wrong, she did not know: she acted on impulse. Probably if she had had time and opportunity to reason the thing out with Archbishop Whately, she would not have given way to her impulse; but she had thought, "What is money to me now, and they are in starvation? I'll give them the half, and I'll go home." The very thought of that word nearly upset her. What was home? where was home? The hope that had made home to her for many a year had died a horribly cruel death. But she was on the public road, and the world was beginning to stir. There had been rain in the night, and everything was fresh and glistening, but just at this moment she could not see it: with a face in which the light was quenched and with a heavy step she kept on her way, and reached the ship, whose friendly shelter she had left only twenty-four hours before. In point of feeling she had lived a century, as it seemed to her.

## VIII.

Some of the men on deck greeted her cheerily. As she passed she met the captain at the head of the cabin stairs. "Ah, you are bright and early, Mrs. Bathgate," he said. Then, seeing her face better, he stopped.

"When do you sail again, captain?" she asked.

"Not for some weeks."

"Is there any ship that goes sooner?"

"That one next us, the Australia, sails to-day."

"Thank you. Then I'll go back with it."

He asked no questions: something had happened, he saw, and it was neither want of interest nor want of curiosity that made him hold his tongue. Some people show interest by asking impudent questions, some by letting you alone. Oh, there are times when it is unutterably grateful to be let alone.

Mrs. Bathgate went down to the cabin, where the stewardess was busy. "Ah, Mrs. Bathgate, you'll be sorry to hear the news," she said.

"Sorry!" repeated Mary in a dry, hollow tone. It seemed to her as if she never could be either sorry or astonished more—as if every feeling of her nature was exhausted.

"Yes," said the stewardess, who in the comparative darkness had not noticed the change in her late passenger. "Just after you left yesterday a man came, who had known Mrs. Fleming's husband, to tell her that he died six weeks ago. She fainted, as we thought, but she never came out of it: it was death. The doctor said she had heart disease, and the shock had killed her."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Bathgate, finding herself stirred by the story of another's woe. "But ah," she thought, "there are things worse to bear than death." She sat down in silence, and the stewardess, seeing something was wrong, did not speak again till Mary asked, "Where is the child?"

"Here: she is sleeping yet as sound as a top. The body, you know, was taken on shore, and will be buried to-day. What is to be done with the child



no one knows yet: she hasn't a friend here, and as few at home, I fancy."

"I am going home in the Australia: I'll take her with me if no one else claims her."

"It will be a charity, ma'am, and she's very fond of you," said the woman; while she thought to herself, "You must have found your husband a terribly bad lot."

But Mary did not enlighten any one as to the reason of her immediate return: it was a story she could hardly have brought herself to tell to a human being.

She went to the berth where the little Mary Fleming was sleeping, and sat down by her to wait till she should wake: during the voyage she had many times done this. Now, when the little creature began to move and sat up bewildered, and plunged her small fat fists into her eyes, she looked at Mrs. Bathgate with a sly roguish laugh, and proceeded to business at once: "Get on my c'oes, please, m'other mamma."

"Kiss me first," said Mary.

She jumped up and flung her whole little person on Mary's neck.

"You love me dearly?"

"Es, I 'ove 'ou and mamma."

"Would you like to live with me always?"

"Es, and mamma."

"Your mamma is away, darling, and she would like you to live with me. I am to take care of you."

"Till mamma comes back?"

"Yes, my darling."

"She is 'way to look for papa. Soon back."

The two Marys had breakfast together. The thoughts of the elder went back to that miserable house she had left some hours since. What kind of scene would be enacted there? Would Robert be ashamed or enraged, or how would he feel, if he could be said to have feeling? Would he let the ill-fated woman know that she had the misfortune—if misfortune it could be called—not to be his wife? It was impossible to guess, and it was far from a pleasant subject to dwell upon, and the child trotting about constantly diverted her attention, and

before night they sailed on their return voyage on board the Australia. Poor little Mary! she did not soon forget her mother, and there were times when her face grew grave and she went away and sat alone, and would be found in tears and saying never a word. This quiet grief of such a little creature touched her adopted mother to the heart: it seemed as if it were the very sympathy she needed for herself, and in soothing the child she found salve for her own jagged, painful wound, and they grew together as mother and daughter for life.

When they reached London, Mary wrote to her successor at Innerpark. It was a trial to her to do this: she could not publish her husband's shame. She merely said that circumstances were such that she had judged it better to return home than to remain. Of course she did not doubt that the circumstances would come to be known, but she at least would keep silence on the subject. She also said that she meant to begin business again, and would have preferred Innerpark, but she could not in honesty start in opposition to him, but would try some other town in the same district. Did he know of any opening at present? She got an answer by return of post, saying that she had arrived just in the nick of time, as he had been offered an advantageous post abroad, and had been on the eve of advertising the business for sale. She might enter on it immediately, and the sooner she could come the better, as they would then be able to settle the affair satisfactorily. So they went down to Innerpark.

When Mrs. Bathgate went into her own shop again and sat down in her own chair, she wondered if the past six months had been a dream or a reality; but for the child at her feet she would almost have made herself believe that she had never been away—that the bright hope that had so long lighted up the hours in that shop still hung in the future; but her old friend Mrs. Middleby arrived to convince her of the stern facts. She said, "Mrs. Bathgate, I am so glad! But indeed I would need to know why you have come back before I say I am glad

to see you : perhaps I should say I am sorry."

"I should not like you to be sorry on my account," said Mary. "I came back because I judged it best to do so."

"But why? Did you see Mr. Bathgate? Was he well?"

"I saw him, and he was quite well."

"Did he not want to come with you?"

"No."

"It is a pity you were at so much trouble and expense : it would not cost you little?"

"No."

"And you did not think of staying there?"

"No."

"Well, if I had been you, when I was there I would have stayed a while. A child of one of the passengers? Did you think it altogether prudent to burden yourself with a child?"

"Yes, I thought it one of the very best investments I could make."

"That will be as it turns out."

"I never doubt such a thing turning out well."

"Well, it says a good deal for your faith, Mrs. Bathgate, after being so sorely tried. I've learned never to expect much from anything earthly."

And Mrs. Middleby went away, having a fine field on which to exercise her small curiosity in the mystery of Mary's hurried return and the parentage of the child ; for of course she was far too clever to believe the simple truth : persons like her always see a deeper deep, especially if it is to any one's discredit.

#### IX.

No relative of Mary Fleming's ever turned up to claim her, and she and her "mother mamma" moved on quietly together.

Wounds must heal if people are to live. The old lightness of heart and step could never come back to Mrs. Bathgate, but she had many things to enjoy for all that, and was capable of enjoying them, although she could never entirely banish from her mind that scene in which she stole her own money, and left her husband sleeping with a smile

upon his face. Often she wondered what had been his fate since, but she could never bring herself to expose the story so as to set on foot inquiries till about six years after her return from her one remarkable voyage. She heard that her townsman, Adam Lander (whose admiration for herself and judicious resignation she had never either known or suspected), had been advised to take a voyage for his health, and had fixed to go to Australia. He was now a middle-aged man in good circumstances ; and if this had been a mere story it would have ended by word coming home of Robert Bathgate's death, and Mary and Adam joining hands and living comfortably ever after ; but one must stick to the truth, and the truth in this instance is a good deal less stale than such a conclusion as that would have been. Now Mary knew that Mr. Lander was a quiet, discreet man, and she resolved to ask him to seek out the man who had been her husband, if possible. Mrs. Bathgate was not the slim, delicate-looking girl that Mr. Lander had fancied in his quiet way exactly twenty years before. She was, if anything, stout, having the color of health in her face, and the air of a person who is thoroughly well to do ; but she trembled like a girl as she unfolded her story, and the man felt himself burn with indignation as he heard it.

"The scoundrel ! the base scoundrel !" nearly burst from his lips, but for her sake he did not utter his thoughts.

"And now," she said, "Mr. Lander, I have told you all. You would oblige me deeply, if you should come across them and they need help, by giving it as you think best, and drawing on me for repayment."

"He does not deserve it, Mrs. Bathgate, from you."

"We don't all get our deserts, though, and I can't help doing it : it is to gratify myself, so I take no credit for it."

"And that's her revenge!" thought Mr. Lander after she was gone. "Giving him half of all he stole, and wanting to give him more ! She is a good woman — I was not mistaken in her — too

good for this world. If I could help him to a thorough flogging and a diet of bread and water, that would gratify me. To think of such a woman being yoked to a miscreant like that!"

When Mr. Lander reached Melbourne he went direct to a boarding-house to which he had been recommended. He did not forget Mrs. Bathgate's request, and made inquiries in various directions where he thought it possible he might get information, but was not successful. He thought of telling the story to Mrs. Ramsgate, his landlady; but as he had got it, he supposed, in confidence, he did not feel himself at liberty to do so, although he was tempted, for Mrs. Ramsgate was a very frank, social, pleasant woman, who gave him her own history freely enough.

In showing him the photograph of a boy she said, "That was my last child: he died at three years old. I had five, and none of them lived beyond that age. Ah, if only one had lived, what he would have been to me now! My husband was a bad man: he kept us in poverty and wretchedness, till he was killed by a wall falling on him as he was walking under it. You may think me hard, Mr. Lander, but I was not sorry for his death—not on my own account; and yet he looked well," she said. "You would never have supposed he was the man he was, without a particle of feeling for any one but himself. See, this is his likeness: he gave it to me before we were married. Handsome, is it not?"

"Why," said Mr. Lander in surprise, and taking it into his hand, "that's Robert Bathgate!"

"You knew him?" she exclaimed.

"Perfectly: he belonged to the town I came from. I saw his—" Mr. Lander was going to say, "his wife just before I left," but he stopped abruptly on the edge of the communication.

"Well," she said, "I have sometimes suspected his name was not Ramsgate. He used to get letters from a Mary Bathgate, I know, although I only saw a bit of one once by chance. He said she was a married sister. Do you know her, Mr. Lander?"

"Yes, I know Mary Bathgate."

"Was she his sister?"

Mr. Lander hesitated.

"Was she?" she asked again. "I suspect not."

"No, she was not."

"His wife?" she said in a low voice.

"Yes."

"There is nothing I can't believe of him," she said in the hard manner that the very remembrance of her life with him brought back—"nothing. And it was she he stole the money from, I know." Her face grew white and set as she spoke. "But I'll send that money to her—the three hundred pounds she left us. I can do it. Oh, to think that she stripped herself for us—for him—for me!" and she burst into tears.

"She did more," said Mr. Lander: "she commissioned me to try to look you out, and help you if you needed help."

"I'll write to her. Ah, I'll write to her and tell her my gratitude, and return her money."

"You may write, but you need not send her the money. I don't think she would take it."

"If she does not need it herself, she may give it to some one who does. From her hands it is sure to do good: it saved me. That morning when my husband—or hers—rose and found the money gone, he would not believe it, and then he accused me of having taken it; and I, mad with anger, told him a woman had asked for a night's lodging, and that no doubt she had taken it, but if he had come by it honestly, the police would help him; and I described my visitor. He said, 'I'll get it yet,' and he rushed out of the house. He was brought back in two hours alive, but that was all. He never spoke again. By that time I had found the half of the missing money on the table, wrapped in a paper, with the words, 'I give you the half. M. B.' I thought it must have been his sister, and I took the money and began a boarding-house, and I have succeeded every day since. There has been a blessing on it. Ah, if my boy had lived! But it was not to be, and perhaps it was

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better: he might have had his father's nature;" and she shuddered.

Mrs. Ramsgate wrote a long, warm-hearted letter to Mrs. Bathgate, and sent the three hundred pounds. Mary shed tears over the sad end of the man, the love of whom she could not cast wholly out of her heart, for hers was a nature loving much and forgiving much, and they kept up a correspondence, these two women, and a loving interest in each other.

Mr. Lander remained in Australia and married Mrs. Ramsgate, and his friends at home made the sage remark that this was a marriage "that must have been to be," seeing he had gone so far for a wife; but they did not know all the particulars that made it really a remarkable outcome of the chances and changes of life.

*The Author of "Blindpits" and "Quixstars."*

### JAPANESE FOX-MYTHS.

THE science of comparative mythology cannot approach completeness until the lore of the far East (or the new West) is added to the general store. Japan and China are known to us in commerce and by geographical caricatures called maps, but our knowledge of the inner life and thought of their people is as yet exceedingly vague and uncertain. It is a fact highly damaging to the vaunted complete systems of philosophy and theology that they are founded upon the experience, beliefs and traditions of scarcely more than a fourth of the human race. The great reservoirs of humanity, India, China and Japan, are understood by a very small fraction of the self-styled "heirs of all the ages." Faithful and unintermitted investigation, unshackled by prejudice, is needed to unveil the Oriental mind; and when this is done the Western World will find a few things in heaven and earth as yet undreamed of in its philosophy.

In offering a slight contribution to comparative mythology, and to a knowledge of the Japanese people, we cannot do better than describe the fox-myths which are such characteristic productions of Japan.

The fox, to the Aryan mind, is an animal of the genus *Vulpes*. It burrows in the earth; it preys on young lambs and on geese and chickens; it is

a hen-roost robber and the terror of the poultry-yard; it is noted for its cunning, and is the slyest of sly animals. In allegory the fox has his place among the other animals that figure in our fables and nursery-stories, and he even enjoys the distinction of appearing as the hero of an epic poem. But in the popular beliefs of China and Japan his position is altogether unique, or shared only with the badger, which is considered to be his next of kin. Both these animals, together with the mole, are popularly believed to live eight hundred or one thousand years. It is a curious idea that ascribes their longevity to their living in caves, away from the sunlight. The tiger is belived by the vulgar Japanese to be the king of beasts, though the aboriginal Ainos, who still inhabit the island of Yezo, consider the bear to be such; but the fox is honored as being the wisest of all animals, and able to outwit even the bear. Reynard (Old German, *Reinhardt*, "strong in counsel") is sometimes called by the Japanese the *sangi*, "high, grand, wise counselor," and the following is a very popular native story.

One day all the animals in Japan heard that the tiger, the king of beasts, was coming to their country to fight with them. They were very much afraid that the tiger would prove too powerful for

the bear, so the fox was ordered to meet the tiger, and if possible outwit him by cunning; failing which, the bear would try his strength. The tiger, having reached Japan, came to a large forest a thousand miles in diameter. The fox met him, and said, "How do you do, sir? I have heard that you are the king of animals in foreign countries. Is it true, great sir?" The tiger replied with a fierce roar, "Yes, I am, and no one can run faster than I can." "Then, will you not run a race with me?" said the fox. "Yes; but you don't suppose you can win, do you?" answered the tiger. They retired to one side of the forest and began to run. The cunning fox lightly leaped up and laid hold of the tiger's tail. The tiger, intent upon the race, ran until exhausted, when the sly fox leaped over his head, and was declared the winner.

Of the fox's craft, slyness, desire and ability to deceive there is believed to be no end. The power of metamorphosis is his at all times, and he freely avails himself of it. Although appearing in many characters, the ones most commonly assumed are the alluring form of a lovely maiden and the frightful shape of a monstrously tall priest with a long neck and wide mouth. The exact method by which a fox metamorphoses himself is thus given by a native authority: When a fox wishes to change its shape into that of a man or woman, it covers its body all over with leaves to make itself a coat, and on its head it binds a wisp of straw to make a top-knot or queue. This being done, it turns three double somersaults without touching the ground. When it returns to its former position it will be in the shape desired. The b. dger changes its shape in the same manner.

Thus metamorphosed, Reynard (or, as the Japanese call him, Kitsunè) plays the most fantastic and amusing, though sometimes the most cruel and bloody, of tricks. He knocks at the door at night and lures out children or unmen to deceive or mislead them, though should any one wary or armed reply to the knock, Kitsunè disappears into the darkness. He lights the jack-o'-

lantern, will-o'-the-wisp or ignis fatuus (Japanese, "fox-light"), and the weary traveler flounders vainly through swamps at the risk of his life. He lurks in dark rooms, in lofts and in private places to bewitch and ensnare the young and the aged. He appears as a traveler on the high-roads, rides the pack-horses, and pays the owner in glittering coin that afterward turns into dead leaves. He climbs the trees and swells out his eye until the boor, plodding homeward, thinks it the moon, and wanders so far out of his course that he must needs stay in the cold swamp, amid the damps of night, till sunrise. He invites sociable fellows to accompany him to hotels, calls for luscious viands, eats his fill and then scampers off, leaving the dupes to settle the bill. He so bewitches the staid scholar that he wanders amid the tea-fields "spouting" poetry, or astounds his friends by singing lewd songs. He leads the devotee to what seems to be a gorgeous temple, but which, when the victim comes to himself, he finds to be but a dung-heap beneath a roof. He leads the lover, the night marriage, to the supposed nuptial couch, but sadly the man wakes to find himself at midnight in a graveyard, surrounded by dead men's tombs, his betrothed and his companion a tombstone. Even the staid householder is lured away from wife and home to rush into the arms of young Beauty, but comes to his senses to find himself rheumatic and stiff in the lone graveyard. From a collection of such stories gathered in various parts of Japan we give the following as specimens.

One day a man was walking near a piece of woods, when he met a beautiful woman, who said to him, "I am very much troubled because I cannot find my way: if you will lead me home I will give you something very nice." They agreed to go with her. When they had walked about three miles they came to a house, and she said, "This is my home: please come in." He went in and she pressed him to eat and drink, and gave him a handsome present in money, saying, "It is now very late; so please stay with me all night, and you can return in

the morning." So he stayed all night, but when he awoke he was surprised to find no house, and nothing but woods all around him. Then he knew that he had been cheated by a fox. "However," he thought, "I have plenty of money now, anyhow;" but on opening his wallet he found nothing but dead leaves.

A Japanese friend from one of the southern provinces told the following story as related to him many a time in his boyhood by his mother. It is about the celebrated female fox Osan:

"This fox was the most cunning and mischievous in my province. She lived in the forest of Jioyama more than a hundred years ago. She was accustomed to wait near a certain bridge at night, and delude any one who carried certain kinds of food of which she was fond. One night a man was returning from Nishimi to Imadzu, carrying a basket of fish and a bottle of oil. The fox transformed herself into a beautiful woman, and told him she had lost her lantern, and if he would help her she would grant him any favor he might ask. She carried his bottle of oil and basket of fish for him, took him to her house, and they went the night in feasting; so that he forgot to return home, and slept there until sunrise. Then, to his sorrow, he found himself under a lone tree on a high mountain, stiff and sore, far from home, minus his fish and oil. Then he knew he had been deluded by the fox Osan."

The death of Osan is thus recounted: One night a brave man determined to kill the fox. He went to Jioyama and waited, smoking his pipe under a tree. He had not waited long before a beautiful woman approached him, and telling him that her lantern had been taken by a fox, requested him to go with her to the opposite side of the river. At first, tempted by her beauty, he was almost on the point of accompanying her, but suddenly drawing his sword, he cut her in two. He examined her dead body, but no traces of the fox appeared, and he was horrified lest he might have been mistaken. Going home, he passed a

sleepless night, and early next morning he visited the spot again, but saw only what seemed a dead woman's body. Knowing he would have to fly the country as a murderer, he obtained his feudal lord's permission, and bidding his wife and children farewell, prepared for flight. However, he went once more to the scene of the previous night's adventure, and there, to his great relief, he saw the carcass of the huge fox Osan.

One of the favorite tricks of the foxes is shaving the victim's head, and many a bald-pated dupe has had his neighbors' laugh raised against him. In this case the fox appears as a priest all shaven and shorn, who saves the life of the victim on condition of his becoming a disciple and submitting to the tonsure. The dupe agrees, and loses his hair to save his head. Here is such a story: Long, long time ago there was a poulterer who carried capons, chickens, and sometimes ducks, to the market in the city. An old and cunning fox had his lair near the road, but although he deceived other men, he could never deceive the poulterer, because the latter was always accompanied by a good hunting-dog. The fox, nettled at his lack of success, and tantalized by the daily sight of the fat fowls, at length hit upon the following plan: Sending his young cub into the road, the dog ran after it of course, and the old fox immediately transformed himself into a pretty woman, who said to the seller of fowls, "Look out for your fowls: there is a cunning fox near by." The poulterer answered, "Oh, there is no danger: my dog ran after the beast just now, and will surely catch it." "That's very true," replied the woman, "but the other cubs will be very angry, and will be revenged on you. To avoid them, suppose we take the shorter road to the city? It is much shorter, and we can together pray at the shrine of the goddess Kuannon, who will deliver us from the foxes. I know the road." The poulterer, dazed by her beautiful appearance, followed her through a narrow and dark path, which seemed to him a broad and fine road. Arriving at a beautiful shrine of Kuannon, they worshiped and pra-

ed for deliverance from the deception of all foxes. They then sat down to a splendid dinner. The fox-woman said, "If you drink some wine from this bottle, and eat some of the sweet cake on this plate, you will never be deceived." The man ate and drank heartily. After dinner the woman said, "Please wait a moment;" and then she disappeared. After a while the fox-woman, having changed herself into a very tall priest with a long neck and horribly large mouth, appeared, and in a great rage cried out to the terrified man, "You are a robber: you have stolen the wine and cake belonging to the goddess Kuannon, and you must be killed." The poor wretch begged piteously for his life, promising to do whatever the priest required. The priest answered, "My business is to save life; therefore I do not wish to kill you, but if you become my disciple I will pardon you." The poulterer was very glad, and submitted his head to the tonsure, after which the old priest put him in the bath to purify his body. When the poor bewitched poulterer came to himself, he found all his fowls gone, and himself lying in a ditch of muddy water near a wretched straw shed, a pit of manure and a flat stone heaped with refuse. The jeers of his neighbors at his bare head on his return home made him feel almost worse than when he awoke in the ditch.

Story-telling is a regular profession, by which thousands of persons get a living in Japan. Seated on a box behind a small reading-board or desk, with a fan, a piece of hard wood to clap upon the board for effect, and a tea-pot near at hand to moisten his throat, the story-teller may be seen in many a thronged street in Yedo, surrounded by a crowd of eager listeners from sunrise to sunset. Besides these professionals, neighbors and friends, oftener mothers or grandmothers, versed in vulpine and ghostly lore, and children, gather around the brazier of coals at night and recount many an instance well authenticated by neighbors and listened to with open eyes. Although the entrance of the world's light and knowledge must cause these

superstitions to vanish and the fox-myths to disappear, yet they are now, and long will be, potential in the Japanese mind. Of course, the educated native laughs at the fox-superstitions, and scouts the idea of the rustic and uneducated people being made victims of *kitsunè-tsuki*, or fox-delusion; yet even the cultured native is not always free from a tincture of the superstitions that seemed to be breathed with his native air. I knew a Japanese gentleman who prided himself on having not only the ordinary education of his countrymen, and of having been a magistrate, but also on his knowledge of foreign countries and personal acquaintance with foreigners, who could yet understand certain strange events only on the vulpine theory. For example: A little girl in Fukui, his native city, was able to relate the most wonderful things about Yedo and Osaka, and even tell about foreign countries, though she had never been out of her native village and could neither read nor write. My worthy friend believed it to be a moral impossibility that such a phenomenon could exist without the direct agency of His Vulpine Majesty. I even knew a student in the college of Yedo, possessed of the rudiments of a foreign education, who had lost nearly all his former beliefs, but who found it impossible to abandon the fox-theory of evil. He could explain the maudlin and indecent conduct of certain foreign gentlemen, the shining exponents of modern Aryan civilization, only upon the theory of vulpine possession. Ignoring the effects both of alcohol and of total depravity, or that partial depravity of which the catechism does not speak, commonly called "cussedness," he declared that the fox had surely bewitched these foreigners; and perhaps he still clings to his belief, in spite of the ridicule of his instructor, who was, after all, but a foreign infidel and scoffer. An American gentleman of my acquaintance in Yedo will keep no native maids and nurses in his family, because he has repeatedly found them frightening the children into obedience by threats of the coming fox, until to these little Americans the fox be-

came as hideous a reality as the "kidnapper" or the "black man" was to those of us who in our infantile days were adjured by those creatures. Even at the present day the native newspapers give apparently well-authenticated accounts of men possessed of foxes.

Every Japanese, whether rustic or urban, has his memory stored to repletion with fox-stories. In the country especially many localities have the sinister reputation of being the haunt and rendezvous of these deceivers of mankind. Until within a few months the fox-doctors, charmers, sorcerers and exorcists, who gained their subsistence by keeping alive an old superstition, formed a numerous class of professionals. Certain people were supposed to be able by incantation to bewitch a person with the fox, causing the evil spirit of the animal to enter his heart, and make him suffer all the lamentable disorders which our fathers once believed were endured by the victims of witchcraft. As soon as a person was discovered by his friends to be bewitched, they called in the most skillful exorcist, who came to the house and with all gravity proceeded to drive Kitsunè out. The most efficacious remedy was to burn the moxa under the nose of the victim. A moxa is a pellet of dried mugwort, and when burned its smoke has a most intolerable odor. The fox-doctor utters loud cries while the smoke ascends, and Kitsunè, being brought to bay, flies out into the smoke and disappears in the form of a small round black ball, which is his spirit. The relieved victim is congratulated, and the doctor receives a fee and thanks. Be it said, to the honor and credit of the present efficient government of Japan, that a severe blow has been dealt to this disgraceful superstition by abolishing the profession of the fox-exorcist, and forbidding him on severe penalties to ply his trade.

People who cannot afford to pay for the professional services of a fox-doctor have a ready means of baffling the arts of the enemy of their souls, which is as potent as a horseshoe against witches. It is said that a roasted rat will entice His Vulpine Majesty from one of

his victims or out of the shapes which he assumes. Even when in the form of a lovely woman, should a roasted rodent be thrown down before the suspected beauty, Kitsunè forgets himself, and the spectacle of a pretty girl on her hands and knees devouring a rat is the result. The moxa-smoke, however, is the standard and most aristocratic remedy. Profiting by a knowledge of this infallible specific, or rather by knowing its effect on the most sensitive organ in the head, a friend of mine, though neither a doctor nor the son of a doctor, achieved marked success in relieving a severe case of vulpine possession. Returning to his house one day, he found his man-servant rushing wildly about, with his loaded shotgun in his hand, and peering in all directions as if in eager search of some victim or target, and crying out, "Where is he? The fox! the fox! show me the fox!" Approaching the excited man cautiously, since it was hardly pleasant to see unskillful fingers playing nervously on the delicate hair-trigger, my friend ordered him to put the weapon away. The man obeyed, but, still wildly excited, informed his master that his wife, then lying on the floor, was possessed with a fox. He knew it by the way in which she talked and acted, and he should have no peace till the evil was driven out. A brilliant idea seized my friend. Hastening to the closet, he took out a bottle of strong hartshorn, and uncorking the vial applied it to the nose of the victim, at the same time advising her to take a good sniff. After a sudden tumble backward, and several minutes consumed in making facial expressions never before witnessed by her delighted spouse, the fox was declared exorcised. The woman, plus watery eyes and a very red nose, was herself again, and the new medicine was acknowledged to be of marvelous potency. Kitsunè did not make himself visible to give testimony, but he doubtless had enough of it; and it is worthy of remark that the woman was never again fox-stricken while the vial of ammonia remained in the house. Besides entering into and possessing his victims, Kitsunè spirits away young



girls from their home into the dark forests; and though sometimes only a cold corpse or a bleached skeleton is found, yet in general the girl comes back after a few days to her home, and quietly resumes her duties. She is never able to explain her absence, or she simply pronounces the word "Kitsunè," when further explanation is needless. When a child is thus lost, the distressed parents or friends go about ringing bells, making inquiries, and continually beseeching the god of foxes, Inari Sama, to compel his servant foxes to restore their beloved child.

Inari Sama is the most popular deity in Japan. He is the god of rice and the patron of foxes, who obey him and do his behests. The votaries of all the native religions in Japan honor Inari Sama, and his shrines probably outnumber all others together. In the city of Yedo there are tens of thousands of them. They are found by the wayside, in the groves, village temples and private houses throughout the country. As rice is the staple of food, and as foxes are the most mysterious of creatures, the most extravagant honors are paid to him. His festivals are the gayest and liveliest of all, and in Yedo the day dedicated to Inari, the seventeenth of the first month, is the red-letter day of the year. Votive tablets are then hung up, processions are held, and all kinds of merry dances, rude music and grotesque and curious displays are made to propitiate the god and to amuse the people. Whatever the religious beliefs of the Japanese may be, it is certain that in practice fun and frolic, games and sport, always form a large part of their religious observances. At the festivals, both in temporary booths erected along the streets and on huge open cars, dances by men dressed as foxes or with a fox-mask are frequently and loudly applauded. All kinds of effigies and pictures of Kitsunè are always conspicuous. One of the most popular and standard dances at household entertainments is called the "fox-dance," in which the education and training of her cubs by the old mother-fox are illustrated by postures, gestures

and various accessories of sticks, nooses, cords, etc. One of the favorite games played by two persons, and depending on adroitness of the hands and fingers, represents the hunter, gun and fox. The fox can conquer or delude the hunter, but the hunter is master of the gun, and the gun kills the fox. But it is necessary to see this game in order to understand it.

The Inari shrines are generally small, consisting of a little house with one room. On the altar are strips of white paper, and images of the fox on either side. On the shrine and around it hang votive pictures of Kitsunè, and outside in the yard are stone images of the old foxes, often with a litter of young, or with small bundles of rice in their paws. Sometimes scores of plaster images of the fox are ranged in the shrine. On the votive pictures they are usually represented with a sealed scroll, keys or a jewel in their mouths or paws, indicative of their business as messengers of the gods.

Children and country-folk are the most devoted admirers and worshipers of Kitsunè and Inari, though nearly all classes of people pay him honor, and even the great Booddhist and Shinto temples often have one or more Inari shrines within their grounds. The foxes are said to be best propitiated and evil warded off by making the shrines face north-east. Among the lowest and most ignorant classes the feeding of the live fox at night with *tofu* (bean cheese) fried in oil is thought to please Inari and ward off threatened evils from his messenger foxes.

In broad daylight, when captured by dogs or men, the fox of flesh and blood is not very highly respected. I have seen farmers set their dogs on the animal whose bushy tail flashed through the standing rice. Not only are foxes plentiful in the country, but even in that great *rus urba* Yedo they are by no means rare. They burrow in the numerous open spaces in the city, and I not only know of several shot near my own house, but have seen the native grooms in the stable make merry over the death

and feast upon the body of the fox which their master had shot.

In a curious old shop in the north-eastern part of the capital, where our Darwinian ancestors are exposed for sale, together with roast badgers, fried eagles, stewed bears, etc., foxes either whole or in steaks, chops and cutlets are sold when in season to the epicures whose mouths water for such delicacies. The men who most relish the cooked Kitsunè are often those who most fear the ideal creature of their own imaginings. The Japanese pharmacopœia does not at present include fox livers, blood, hearts, etc., as of yore, though a demand for these specifics may still exist in out-of-the-way places and with the uninformed, who have not lost their faith in the old Chinese system of medicine. In China numerous and important prescriptions can be compounded only from the fox's body, and his position in the *materia medica* is by no means contemptible.

In Japanese literature the fox is as standard an element as is the fairy in our Aryan lore. In the grave volumes of what calls itself history and in the tiny novelette and story-book for children the exploits of the fox are described, his character portrayed and his evil influence deprecated. In comic, serious, didactic, amorous and moral literature the foxes appear in every guise and in every condition in life; now wielding baleful power, now playing harmless practical jokes, and rarely exerting a beneficent influence. Picture-books and the pictorial broadsides so common in Japan represent the seven ages of Reynard—his birth, cubhood, marriage, prime, old age, death and burial, with his tomb. The fox's courtship is a favorite subject of the popular artists. Beginning with the gay and festive young Kitsunè, or as the meditative student who in his walks meets two lovely lady foxes, the melter of his heart and her maid, it passes up through all the stages of "stern parents," anxious mammas, the wedding, bridal veils, presents and wedded bliss, to a happy divorce or a good old age.

Again, the fox appears as a troubler of domestic bliss. Many a story is told

of a fox transforming herself into a rare and radiant maiden who is wooed and won by a Japanese lover and married. Husband and wife live happily together, and children are born to bless their union. Suddenly things begin to go wrong. The husband begins to suspect the truth, and one day is thunderstruck at seeing his wife and all his children turn into foxes and scamper away to disappear in their holes among the tombs. I have heard that there exists an illustrated book which represents a young man setting out on a journey and met by a fox who appears as his tempter throughout, transforming himself into all manner of alluring and frightful shapes. Through all these various forms of evil the youth manages to pass safely, sometimes by learning, sometimes by finesse, sometimes by courage, till, becoming a Buddhist priest, he secures victory and rest by cutting off the fox's head. The resemblance of all this to the general outline of Bunyan's immortal allegory needs no comment, and furnishes interesting matter for reflection. I have sought for the book, but have not yet succeeded in procuring it.

The conception of a flying fox, so common in China, does not seem to exist in Japan, though the nine-tailed Reynard is a common picture in street-shows and in the blood-and-thunder stories so relished by the vulgar. In the province of Oshin the nine-tailed fox which had golden hair and could leap as if flying stands petrified, it is said, at the present day. Birds which light on it are said to fall dead.

It would be tedious to recount at length the innumerable phases of the fox-myths of Japan, or to measure their immense influence upon the average Japanese mind. Being the growth of centuries, they will be the last to be rooted out of the mind of the dweller on the soil of Dai Nipon. Before the advance of light, knowledge, and especially the Christian religion, they must fade away, and be remembered only as withered specimens in the museum of comparative mythology.

Whence arose the fox-myths, and what

is the philosophy that underlies these curious phenomena of the human imagination? Why do we find the fox-myths cropping out in China, Japan, India, America and elsewhere? Surely these ascriptions of malice, enormous power and almost supernatural cunning do not arise from accurate observation of the living creature himself. The first settlers of America tell of the prevalence of fox-beliefs similar to those of Japan. In India the fox has long been looked upon as the embodiment of feminine malice, and we doubt not that the revelations of comparative mythology will show us other countries in which the fox-myth has flourished. The origin of the fox-myths of Japan is obviously in China. The Anios of Yezo, evidently the aborigines of Japan, if they have similar ideas about the fox with the Japanese, are not known to lay much stress upon them or to be influenced by them. All evidence derived both from superficial observation and critical examination points to China as the birthplace of the most powerful superstition in Japan.

To explain the fox-myths is not so easy as to state their form. Yet, reasoning from actual facts and personal experience among the Japanese people, rather than evolving the idea from inner consciousness, we should say that they were inventions to save thinking. All false religions—though it is not for us to say which are false and which true—may be looked upon as "devices to explain the incomprehensible," or, as Spencer puts it, the unknowable—as pictured curtains to limit the invisible, to prevent search, and to lull curiosity with what is material and comprehensible. The natural man does not like to think. Curiosity he may have—patient, profound, severe thought he hates and shirks. He eagerly seizes upon any myth, superstition or fable that will satisfy his hungry curiosity and appease his eager desires to know as a child wishes to know—to receive without reasoning. Man desires a scapegoat. Like the little child that has bumped its head, he wishes to beat the object that hurt him. Does anything go wrong? He looks not to himself: he lays the

blame on some one else. The first man did not eat the forbidden fruit: it was "the woman whom Thou gavest to be with me." Man will never acknowledge the direct results of his own cowardice, stupidity, ignorance or weakness. He must have a devil, a scapegoat, a fox. Kitsunè is as necessary to the stupid boor of Japan as was the horned and hooped devil to the Middle Age saint. What would Saint Dunstan have done without his fiend? The man who gets drunk and wallows in the mud, or wanders into the graveyard and falls asleep like Gabriel Grubb, will, like Gabriel, wake up stiff and sore. Does he blame his own stupidity, call himself a drunkard, and try to reform? Not he: he says the fox did it. He laughs, fears, and burdens his mind and conscience no more. Does the young blade who, instead of manfully conquering desire, visits the house of the temptress, losing time, reputation, and perhaps health, look to himself and cleanse his ways? Not he: bewailing his folly to his remonstrating friend, he yet declares that he cannot help it, for the fox leads and deceives him. The bumpkin who stands agape at city sights, stumbles and drops his fish or food, which is whisked off in a wink by the keen curs of the street, will swear that the fox made him fall and stole his food. The proud and boasting superior being, outwitted by woman's wit and finer strength, is angry, and forthwith declares she is helped by a fox. A hundred other such cases of fox-delusion might be explained rationally by one who is neither philosopher nor scholar. Our belief concerning the fox-myths of Japan is that they were invented and still hold their ground because they are a device to explain the incomprehensible: they save thinking, and they furnish that which all men, especially fools and cowards, so much need—a scapegoat. As to the worship of Inari Sama, it points to a "culture-myth" based on the introduction of rice into Japan, or improvements in its cultivation; but how it came to be connected with the fox-myths I am unable to conjecture.

WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS.

## CHESTER HARDING, THE SELF-MADE ARTIST.

WHEN a man begins life as a backwoodsman inured to the roughest kind of labor and privation, and ends it as a celebrated painter whose works are cherished in hundreds of homes in America and Great Britain, his career cannot be devoid of interest or undeserving of record. Such a man was Chester Harding, one of the most eminent portrait-painters whom America has produced, and a connecting link between her earlier and later artists. During the last years of his life Mr. Harding drew up an account of his life, which after his death was printed for his family and friends, but has never been published. It is an interesting piece of autobiography, containing a full but unpretentious narrative of incidents which I have often heard him relate; and it graphically depicts that indomitable force of character through which he won competence and honor in the face of adverse circumstances. From this little work, supplemented by my own recollections, the following sketch has been prepared.

Chester Harding, the son of very poor parents, was born in Conway, Massachusetts, on September 1, 1792. His father wasted his energies and impoverished his family by abortive schemes for the discovery of perpetual motion. His mother was a noble woman, and he inherited her striking common sense. He was reared as other poor boys were at that period, with very little education, and at the age of fourteen the family removed to Madison county in Western New York, then an unbroken wilderness. They had a hard struggle for existence, and Chester, besides helping to clear the farm, which was covered with heavy timber, worked with an elder brother in making flag-bottomed chairs. During the war with Great Britain he enlisted for a time, and served as a drummer at Oswego and Sackett's Harbor. After his discharge he started forth as a peddler of a patent spinning-head, the right

of which he sold in Connecticut, and toward the close of the war embarked with a younger brother in the manufacture of chairs and furniture at Caledonia, a small town in Livingston county, New York.

At this period he fell desperately in love, at first sight, with Miss Caroline Woodruff, a beautiful girl of twenty. She soon removed with her family to a distance of fifty miles, but, drawn by her magnetic power, he twice walked the whole distance to urge his suit. He was at length accepted, and the wedding-day was fixed for February 15, 1815. On the preceding day the bride was making her last preparations: the guests had been invited, the wedding-cake was in the oven, and her brother had been despatched to a neighboring town for the white kid gloves and sash. Presently the bridegroom elect drove up to the door in a sleigh, and, after the first salutations had passed, announced that he had come to be married on *that* day, for the snow was melting so fast that if they waited twenty-four hours they would not be able to get back to Caledonia. So they were married *the day beforehand*. "And," Mrs. Harding was accustomed to say, in allusion to her husband's habit of quick and impulsive decision, "it has been the day beforehand ever since."

Hardly had he married when business troubles beset him. Proving unfortunate in his trade, he tried tavern-keeping, and fell into debt. His creditors became pressing, and fearing to be thrown into jail, he hastily and secretly bade adieu to his wife and infant daughter, and made his way to the head-waters of the Alleghany, whence, when the river opened, he took passage on a raft and worked his way down to Pittsburg. Here he managed to save a few dollars by working at house-painting, and then started for home again, walking all the way over mountains and through thick-forests without a path or any guide except

blazed trees. Fearful of arrest, he lay concealed in his house three or four days, and then retraced his steps with his wife and child to the head-waters of the Alleghany, experiencing many hardships on the journey. A raft, with a shanty built upon it, floated them in a week's time down to Pittsburg, where he had previously rented a small tenement. All his money, however, was now gone, and he was almost at his wits' end to earn daily bread. Fortunately, he was befriended by a barber who occupied part of the same tenement, and who, not knowing his utter destitution, lent him twenty dollars, which Mr. Harding, after many efforts, summoned courage to ask for. A chance offering in sign-painting, he took up the trade and followed it for a year. Up to this time he had been utterly unconscious of the power that lay dormant within him, never having conceived any notion of art or seen any of its productions. The incident to which he owed his first conception of what was henceforth to occupy his life will be best related in his own words: "About this time I fell in with a portrait-painter by the name of Nelson—one of the primitive sort. He had for his sign a copy of the 'Infant Artists' of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with this inscription: 'Sign, Ornamental and Portrait Painting executed on the shortest notice, with neatness and despatch.' I saw his portraits, and was enamored at once. I got him to paint me and my wife, and thought the pictures perfection. He would not let me see him paint, nor would he give me the least idea how the thing was done. I took the pictures home and pondered on them, and wondered how it was possible for a man to produce such wonders of art. At length my admiration began to yield to an ambition to do the same thing. I thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night, until I was stimulated to make an attempt at painting, myself. I got a board, and with such colors as I had for use in my trade I began a portrait of my wife. I made a thing that looked like her. The moment I saw the likeness I became frantic with delight: it was like the dis-

covery of a new sense: I could think of nothing else. From that time sign-painting became odious."

Several sitters confirmed him in his new love, but Nelson, whom he had invited to see his productions, discouraged him by saying that the portrait of his wife was no likeness at all, and that it was of no use for him to pursue "the trade" which he (Nelson) had been ten years in learning. Cast down at first by this adverse criticism, he was cheered by the good opinion of an Irish apothecary, who justly attributed Nelson's remarks to sheer envy of Harding's evident superiority. Thus encouraged, he persevered in the face of much trial until he heard from a brother established in Paris, Kentucky, that there was an opening there for a painter; when, winding up his affairs in Pittsburg, he sought a new home, and fairly commenced his career as a professional artist.

Writing of this period, he says: "I had never read any book but the Bible, and could only read that with difficulty. My wife, who had received a comparatively good education, and had once taught school, borrowed of one of the neighbors *The Children of the Abbey*, a popular novel of that day. I was rather opposed to her reading it, as I had been taught to believe by my mother that cards and novels were the chief instruments of the devil in seducing mortals from the paths of virtue. However, her desire to read it was too strong to be overcome by any objections I could raise, so I had to yield; but I insisted upon her reading it aloud. One dark and rainy day she commenced the reading. She read on till bed-time, and then proposed to leave the rest of the story until the next day; but I was altogether too eager to hear how the next chapter ended to consent to that. She was persuaded to read the next chapter, and the next, and the next. In short, I kept her reading all night, and gave her no rest until the novel was finished. The first novel I ever read myself was *Rob Roy*. I could only read it understandingly by reading it aloud, and to this day I often find myself whispering the words in the daily newspaper."

At Paris Mr. Harding had opportunities of enjoying cultivated society which had been denied him at Pittsburg. Soon after his arrival he painted the portrait of a very popular young man, and was so successful in the likeness that in six months he had painted nearly one hundred portraits at twenty-five dollars each. Hitherto, he writes, "I had thought little of the profession so far as its honors were concerned. Indeed, it had never occurred to me that it was more honorable or profitable than sign-painting. I now began to entertain more elevated ideas of the art, and to desire some means of improvement. Finding myself in funds sufficient to visit Philadelphia, I did so, and spent two months in that city, devoting my time entirely to drawing in the Academy and studying the best pictures, practicing at the same time with the brush. I would sometimes feel a good deal discouraged as I looked at the works of older artists. I saw the labor it would cost to emulate them, working, as I should, under great disadvantages. Then, again, when I had painted a picture successfully, my spirits would rise, and I would resolve that I could and would overcome every obstacle."

On his return to Kentucky he found that a financial crisis had occurred there which much diminished the number of his sitters, and after struggling on for a few months he determined to try his fortune farther west. He accordingly left Paris in 1819, and finding no encouragement in Cincinnati, pushed on to Missouri, then only a Territory, and presented one of his letters to Governor Clarke. The governor sat to him, and the portrait proving successful others were quickly engaged, and for fifteen months he was kept hard at work. By this time he had developed those characteristics which made him so successful an artist. He excelled as a colorist, and although his works exhibited occasional faults of drawing, he not only made admirable likenesses, but infused into his portraits the predominant mental traits of their originals. In this last respect Harding came nearer to Gilbert Stuart, the greatest of American portrait-painters, than any of his compeers.

In June of this year (1820) he made a journey of one hundred miles for the purpose of painting the likeness of the venerable Daniel Boone, the most famous of Western hunters and pioneers. The old warrior was ninety years of age, and was living in an ancient block-house which had been built to guard against the incursions of the Indians. There, surrounded by a very large number of descendants, one of his granddaughters having eighteen children, the aged frontiersman lived in the most homely fashion, shunning as far as possible the approaches of civilized life. Mr. Harding had some difficulty in finding him, and discovered that even near neighbors scarcely knew by name one whose exploits had made him as celebrated in Europe as in the West, and who had won the poetic tribute of Byron. Mr. Harding found him engaged in cooking a venison steak wound around the end of a ramrod, and had some trouble in making him comprehend the object of his visit. When, however, this had been made clear to him, he consented to sit. "His memory of passing events," Mr. Harding writes, "was much impaired, yet he would amuse me every day by his anecdotes of his earlier life. I asked him one day, just after his description of one of his long hunts, if he never got lost, having no compass. 'No,' said he, 'I can't say as ever I was lost, but I was *bewildered* once for three days.' He was much astonished at seeing the likeness." This exceedingly valuable and unique painting—no other portrait of Boone having ever been taken—is now in the possession of Miss Ophelia King of Springfield, Massachusetts, granddaughter of the artist. It represents the old warrior with white hair, his aged features still stamped with the iron will which bore him unscathed through a thousand perils with ferocious beasts and savage Indians, dressed in his hunting-shirt edged with fur, and wearing a large buck-handled sheath-knife at his girdle. It was engraved many years ago for the *National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans*.

Having accumulated some money,

Mr. Harding determined to visit Europe with a view to improvement by careful study of the old masters. He accordingly returned to Western New York, where his parents were still living, and astonished his relatives by his success, as well as his old creditors in Caledonia by paying off his debts in full. His maternal grandfather, Mr. Smith, who, at an advanced age, had followed his children to the West, by no means shared the general sentiment, and took an opportunity to remonstrate with the artist on the mode of life he had chosen. He considered it, he said, "little better than swindling to charge forty dollars for *one of those effigies*," and he begged Chester to "give up this course of living, settle down on a farm and become a *respectable man*." Mr. Harding, at the earnest solicitation of his mother, did buy a farm on which to place his family, and in accordance with her prudent counsels gave up for a time his intended visit to Europe, although his trunk was packed and he intended leaving his family that very day. Singularly enough, the ship he had engaged passage in, the ill-fated Albion, was cast away on the coast of Ireland, and only one man survived to tell the tale of horror.

After placing his family on the farm, Harding started for Washington, where he made the acquaintance of many distinguished men, and painted a number of portraits. He then passed a season in Springfield and Northampton, and while painting in those towns received an earnest invitation from two Boston gentlemen to visit that city. His reputation had preceded him, and he was at once overwhelmed with orders, painting eighty portraits in six months. Gilbert Stuart, who was also in Boston, found a rival who seemed to eclipse him in popularity, and left him unemployed half the winter, although Mr. Harding invariably spoke of him as "the greatest portrait-painter this country ever produced." Stuart during this period would frequently inquire, "How rages the Harding fever?" While at the height of success in Boston, Mr. Harding's great anxiety to visit Europe again prevailed, and

after establishing his family in Northampton he sailed for England on August 1, 1823, and landed in Liverpool after a passage of eighteen days.

We can scarcely call to mind any American who met with the immediate and brilliant success in the mother-country which attended Mr. Harding. His noble presence and fine manners, coupled with his skill as an artist, gave him a passport to the highest circles, and the patronage of the duke of Sussex, the king's brother, procured him the countenance of many of the nobility. It is gratifying to record that he was not in the least spoiled by these attentions, but always preserved his natural simplicity of character and regard for the social forms and institutions of his native country. While in England he kept a journal which forms a charming portion of his autobiography. He soon became intimate with Leslie, Newton and other noted artists, and he was kindly received by Sir Thomas Lawrence, then at the height of his fame and president of the Royal Academy. About the beginning of the new year (1824), he painted a portrait of the duke of Sussex, who was so graphically described by Haydon as a fat man "with a star on his breast and an asthma within it, wheezing out his royal opinions." His Royal Highness was very friendly, and Harding relates with pleasant humor his experience at a grand banquet of the Highland clans at which the duke presided. Being placed near the foot of one of the long tables with several other gentlemen in black coats, he tried to carry on some conversation with them, but they were very unsocial until in the course of dinner the duke's servant came to Mr. Harding and said, "His Royal Highness will take wine with you, sir." Mr. Harding rose and bowed to the duke, who also half rose and bowed, and at this mark of distinction the taciturn gentlemen became suddenly very cordial and respectful.

The following extract from his diary gives an account of his visit to Holkham Hall, the magnificent seat of Mr. Coke, afterward earl of Leicester, the greatest

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agriculturist in England: "Arrived at Holkham at ten in the evening. Rang at the door, and was answered by a footman in powder, who announced me to the next servant, and my name rang through the long hall most awfully. One of the head-servants then asked me if I would go to my room or be introduced to the family. I chose the former. Next morning I went down to breakfast with trembling steps. As I passed through the long range of splendidly-furnished apartments the echo of the shutting doors, and even my own steps in these large rooms, were frightful; and what rendered my embarrassment greater was that I had never seen Mr. Coke, and had to introduce myself. At length, however, I reached the breakfast-room, and was ushered into it. There were but a few persons in the room, and neither Mr. Coke nor Lady Anson was present. They soon came in and broke the painful silence I was constrained to observe. We were soon seated at table to the number of five-and-twenty ladies and gentlemen, the latter in their shooting-dresses. Here I felt a little awkward, as the table arrangements were very different from any I had seen. In the centre of the room was placed a long table, around which the company were seated, and side-tables, loaded with cold meats and cold game, were resorted to by any one that wished for flesh or fowl. It struck me at first as being a queer sort of hospitality not to be asked to take this or that, but left to help myself or go without. Each calls for coffee, tea or chocolate as he fancies, without being asked which he prefers. After breakfast I joined the shooting-party: we set off in terrible array, with guns, dogs and game-keepers, the older gentlemen mounted on horseback. In the course of the day I shot about a dozen in all—pheasants, partridges and hares—and was withal excessively fatigued. At six we sat down to a sumptuous dinner. The men with whom I had been shooting and conversing freely all day had so changed the 'outer man,' by throwing off their shooting habiliments and putting on their finery, that I hardly recognized a

single face at table. Every dish was of silver, gold knives and forks for dessert, and everything else on the table of corresponding costliness. The ladies retired about eight, and the gentlemen, with a few exceptions, gathered round a smaller table and sat until nine, and then joined the ladies and took coffee. After coffee some of the company retire to their rooms; others to side-tables to write letters; and such as have nothing else to do play whist or chess or some other game until ten, when a supper is served up on a side-table, where the company stand and eat or drink what they wish. After supper one after another calls for a bed-room candle, and goes to his room. None stop later than eleven o'clock.

"The furniture of this house is in the most extravagant style. Lady Anson showed me the state rooms, bed-rooms, etc., which are magnificent. The bed-curtains of one of the beds cost eight guineas a yard: the rest of the furniture was equally costly. All the principal rooms are hung with tapestry. I had no idea of the wealth of an English gentleman until I came here. Mr. Coke owns seventy thousand acres of productive land. He is now, and always has been, an ardent admirer of America: he often says it is the only country where one spark of freedom is kept alive; and he regrets very much not having gone over at the termination of the Revolutionary struggle, that he might have seen the brightest character that ever adorned the page of history."

On his return to London, Mr. Harding was gratified to find that his pictures, sent to the exhibition at Somerset House and hung amidst those of Lawrence, Beechey, Jackson, Shee, Phillips and other eminent painters, were favorably received and criticised. Yet we find him writing in his diary, with characteristic modesty, "My own portraits do not look as well as I thought they would. On going into the room I wished there was to be another exhibition immediately, that I might shun the defects in my next that I saw so plainly in these. The greatest advantage I shall derive from this exhibition is the opportunity of com-



paring myself with others." Hearing that his portrait of Mr. Owen had been pronounced by Mr. Coke one of the two best in the room—the other being that of the duke of Devonshire by Lawrence—he writes: "This pleased me much: at the same time I knew he was not correct; but such is the insatiable desire that man has for distinction that he is willing to give ear to the most extravagant flattery, and will try hard to reconcile it to himself, however absurd it may be."

Having painted a number of portraits, and his reputation continually increasing, after a year's sojourn in England he began to think seriously of sending for his family. The duke of Sussex gave him a letter of introduction to the duke of Hamilton, and he set out for Scotland, stayed some days at Hamilton Palace, and painted the duke's portrait. "The palace," he writes, "is two hundred and sixty-five feet long by two hundred broad. The picture-gallery is a hundred and thirty-five feet long, full of old cabinets and other curious furniture." The duchess he describes as "pretty, witty and sociable." She was the daughter of the celebrated William Beckford, author of *Vathek*. On Mr. Harding's second visit to Europe, more than twenty years after the first, the duchess had become stone blind, but recognized him instantly on hearing his voice. In regard to the impression he produced upon persons whose training and habits were so different from those of his own early life, we have the testimony of N. P. Willis, who wrote, many years afterward, in the *Home Journal*: "My best authority with the duchess of Gordon, and the brilliant ladies who formed the court around her, was my assured intimacy with Harding the artist. Her Grace's first question was of the 'prairie nobleman,' as they described this Western artist, whom they considered a splendid specimen of a most gifted man."

In November, 1824, he visited France, and made an attentive study of the grand collections of the Louvre and other galleries. He found the French artists of that period far superior in every department but portrait-painting to what he had been led to expect. "In

the higher walks of art," he writes, "they stand decidedly above the English. A slovenly finish and a contempt for the minutæ of Nature seem to possess the English; while a love of the sublime and a high finish, given even to the most trifling object, seem the ruling passion of the French." "Yet there is often," he adds, "a want of harmony about their pictures, as if their heads were painted in one light, the hands and drapery in another." Cogniet's picture of "Marius among the Ruins of Carthage" was the object of his special admiration. "It is nearer perfection than any, either ancient or modern, that I have seen. It has poetry in every inch of it."

Mr. Harding passed the next year in different parts of England and Scotland, and in September was joined by his wife and four children, whom he had sent for with the view of permanently settling in Great Britain. At this period his prospects were brilliant: he had the secure friendship of many distinguished men and of many leading members of the nobility. But in the summer following (1826) occurred a most disastrous panic and financial crisis, which prostrated nearly every branch of industry. "No one wanted pictures while this excitement lasted," he writes, "and no one could tell when it would end." This and other considerations determined him to return to America. He accordingly finished such pictures as he had on the easel, collected what money was due to him, and took leave of his many friends. Among the parting communications addressed to him was a sonnet which bears no signature, but which I believe to have been written by James Sheridan Knowles, who was one of his warmest friends and admirers:

TO CHESTER HARDING, ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM  
BRITAIN FOR AMERICA.

Son of another shore! we bid thee not  
To linger longer in this alien land—  
Alien in naught but distance—while thy thought,  
Anticipating time, doth to the strand  
Of thy far father-home waft thee away.  
Ours be the fond farewells that say not "Stay!"  
But 'tis because we love the world's young hope,  
Thy country, more than even we love thee,  
That we do seek not to transplant a lop  
From her yet budding boughs of Art's green tree

Into our earth ; though yet we trust it drew  
Some healthful nurture from our older soil.  
No, Harding, no—of such she yet hath few.  
Go, and enrich her with triumphant toil !

Three years had passed since Mr. Harding's departure for Europe, and during that interval many changes had occurred in Boston. Of the eighty applicants on his list when he left the city, not one returned to fulfill his engagement. Yet he soon had numerous sitters, the first being Miss Emily Marshall, a lady of exquisite beauty, subsequently the wife of Mr. William Otis. This was a very happy period of his life, and he always spoke with the utmost gratitude of Boston for its warm appreciation of his merits, and on account of the numerous friends he prized there in social life. With Washington Allston and N. P. Willis he was particularly intimate. To the latter he continued always warmly attached, although by no means blind to his faults ; while of Allston he never spoke but with the greatest reverence. Mr. Allston, indeed, was most remarkable in life, character and appearance—less imbued, probably, with the commonplace working-day world than any artist who ever lived in America. His striking features, enkindled with genius and the most exquisite refinement, his long white curling hair, and the pensive beauty of his musing face, suggested the thought that he had suddenly stepped into the nineteenth century from the companionship of Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci. Mr. Harding thus writes of him in his autobiography, or, as he entitled it, "My Egotistigraphy :—" "His habits were peculiar in many respects. He lived alone, dining at six o'clock, and sitting up far into the night. He breakfasted at eleven or twelve. He usually spent three or four evenings, or rather nights, at my house every week ; and I greatly enjoyed his conversation, which was of the most polished and refined order, and always instructive. I sometimes called at his studio. It was an old barn, very large, and as cheerless as any anchorite could desire. He never had it swept, and the accumulation of the dust of many years was an inch deep. You

could see a track leading through it to some remote corner of the room, as plainly as in new-fallen snow. He saw few friends in his room, lived almost in solitude, with only his own great thoughts to sustain him.

"Just before I sailed for Europe he had shown me his great picture of the 'Feast of Belshazzar.' It was then finished with the exception of the figure of Daniel. I thought it a wonderful picture. I was not to speak of it to any one but Leslie. During the three years of my absence he did not work on it. I had a fine large studio, and when I went to Washington, which I did in the winter of 1828, I gave it to Mr. Allston to finish his picture in. But he did not unroll it. He painted all winter, instead, on a landscape ; and when I came home I found he had wiped out his winter's work, saying it was not worthy of him. He smoked incessantly, became nervous, and was haunted by fears that his great picture would not come up to the standard of his high reputation. One day he went to his friend Loammi Baldwin and said, 'I have to-day blotted out my years' work on my "Handwriting on the Wall."'

"He had discovered some little defect in the perspective which could not be corrected without enlarging the figures in the foreground. Had he painted this picture in London, surrounded by the best works of art, and in daily intercourse with artists of his own standing, his picture would undoubtedly have taken a high rank among the best works of the old masters. As it is, it is only a monument of wasted genius of the highest order."

During the visit to Washington mentioned in the foregoing extract, and on other occasions when staying there or at Baltimore, Mr. Harding painted a large number of portraits of distinguished men. One was a cabinet-size full length of Henry Clay ; another of George Peabody ; and a third that of Colonel John Eager Howard, of Revolutionary fame, the hero of "Cowpens." The most valuable was one of the venerable Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independ-

ence. Other portraits painted about the same period were those of President John Quincy Adams, John C. Calhoun, William Wirt, Chief-Justice Marshall and all the other judges of the Supreme Court, and three different portraits of John Randolph "of Roanoke;" of the last of whom he writes: "I never in all my practice had a more agreeable sitter. At the close of the second sitting he said, 'If you have no objection to showing your sketch, I should like to see it. I know, if it is like, it will be very ugly. Ah! it *is* very like.'"

During his stay at the national capital in the winter of 1830-31, Mr. Harding was present at the memorable passage of arms between Webster and Hayne on the subject of "Foote's Resolutions." All who heard the scathing speech of the fiery South Carolina Senator felt convinced or feared that Mr. Webster would be unable to answer him. Harding went that night to pay a friendly visit to the champion of the North, and greatly to his surprise found him in quite a playful mood, with his own daughter Julia and Mr. Harding's daughter, who was on a visit to her, sitting upon his knees. Mr. Harding said he had expected to find him in another room, pointing to the library. "Time enough for that in the morning, sir," replied Mr. Webster. After the memorable speech of the next day Harding asked Mr. Calhoun, who had intimated an opinion that Hayne had annihilated "the great champion of the North," what he thought of it. He said simply, but very emphatically, "Mr. Webster is a *strong man, sir—a very strong man.*"

In the summer of 1830, Mr. Harding and his family had established their residence in Springfield, which remained his home until his death, thirty-six years afterward. He lost his wife in 1845, and in 1846 he again visited Europe, remaining abroad nearly a year. He renewed his intimacy with Leslie and a number of his old friends, and painted the portraits of Alison the historian, Rogers the poet, Lord Aberdeen and several other noted men. He also astonished the Scotch gentry by his great skill in salmon-fishing. He was indeed an adept at angling, catching a salmon as readily

as he caught a likeness, and tickling a trout as happily as a sitter. He spent the winter immediately succeeding his return in Washington, being fully employed there with professional labors, and sharing the intimate society of Mr. Webster, with whom he and the Hon. George Ashmun, and one or two other gentlemen who "messed" together, were in the habit of dining two or three times a week. "These family dinners," he writes, "were always charming. We always found sumptuous fare, though not elaborate. Often the great feature of the feast would be chowder or dun-fish, both of which dishes he excelled in. One day I was admiring and praising the latter, and asked him where he procured them. He said from his friend Charles Cutter of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. I said that I got my fish from the same gentleman, but they did not seem to be of the same quality, but perhaps they were not as skillfully cooked. Thereupon he gave a detailed history of the fish, mode of curing, etc. Then he entered into a minute description of the way of cooking it, ending with, 'Have ready good mealy potatoes, beets, drawn butter and oil: have it all served up hot, and *then send for Ashmun and me.*'"

"I had a few bottles of old Scotch whisky, such as Wilson and Scott have immortalized under the name of 'mountain dew.' This beverage is always used with hot water and sugar. I put a bottle of this whisky into my overcoat pocket one day when I was going to dine with Mr. Webster; but I thought, before presenting it to him, I would see who was in the drawing-room. I put the bottle on the entry-table, walked into the drawing-room, and, seeing none but the familiar party, said, 'I have taken the liberty to bring a Scotch gentleman to partake of your hospitality to-day.' 'I am most happy, sir,' was the reply. I walked back to the entry and pointed to the bottle. 'Oh!' said he, 'that is the gentleman that bathes in hot water.'"

Mr. Harding's opinion of Webster's intellect and character is worth citing as that of an observer free from any strong political bias. "I do think him," he

writes, "the greatest man I ever came in contact with. He is not only full of wisdom and delightful anecdote, but of that sort of playful wit which startles the more coming from the same fountain, as it does, with the wisest maxims that man ever uttered. With all this eulogium he is far from being a perfect character. He lacks many of the essentials requisite in the formation of the good man. He lacks sympathy. He has the art of making many admirers, but few friends." In exemplification of this last trait he once remarked to me very emphatically, "I tell you, sir, that when politics went wrong, and money was scarce, and the wind was east, Daniel Webster was the blackest man I ever saw in my life." It was during this winter in Washington that he painted the full-length portrait of Webster which is in the Boston Athenæum, and also the one of Henry Clay in the City Hall of Washington.

From this period Mr. Harding relinquished the more arduous duties of his profession. He always painted during a portion of each year, visiting Boston, Washington, New York, St. Louis, and other cities, but he took the world easily, and with the first month of spring laid aside his maul-stick for the fishing-rod, and was off after his favorite trout before the ice was well out of the brooks. A few years before his death he painted a very fine portrait of himself with all his former fire and strength, and had it engraved for presentation to his friends. His last work, and one of his very best, was a nearly full-length portrait of General Sherman. This masterly picture was painted in St. Louis, where one of Mr. Harding's daughters was residing. He completed it only the day before his last journey to the East.

My acquaintance with Mr. Harding began in 1855. In the early part of that year I went to Springfield, and soon determined to make it my residence. Our homes were adjoining, and during many a winter night, while he was repairing his fishing-gear, and many a summer day, as we strolled under the maples, was I charmed by his conversational powers and the reminiscences of his

eventful life. My first interview with him was characteristic of the man. He was, as I have said, as ardent a sportsman, an angler especially, as he was an artist; so that he was always associated in my mind with woods and waters, as well as the studio; and now I saw him standing on the edge of a pond about which two of his grandchildren were disporting *in puris naturalibus*, while he entered into a disquisition on salmon-trout with my friend the introducer. I beheld a man of giant frame, noble and commanding presence, and with a manner indicating converse with polished society, cordial without familiarity, and dignified without hauteur. Though slightly bent with age, he was still one of the grandest-looking men I ever saw. His features were very large and strongly marked, but handsome, and his face, grave in repose, beamed with a very pleasant smile when animated. His eyes of dark gray were quick and piercing. In height he measured six feet three inches in his stockings, and his frame was so finely proportioned that its dimensions were noticed only when he stood beside a man of average size. His hands and feet were so large that he was obliged to import his gloves and to have his boots made on lasts prepared for him. The width between his eyes was such that an ordinary pair of spectacles would but half cover them. During the later years of his life he wore a full beard, which, as well as his hair, was almost white, giving him a patriarchal appearance.

On the 27th of March, 1866, he left Springfield for Boston, on his way to Sandwich, on Cape Cod, one of his favorite fishing-grounds, apparently in vigorous health, notwithstanding his advanced age of seventy-four years. He caught a severe cold on his journey to Boston, and after a brief illness expired at the Tremont House on Sunday evening, April 1st, before any of his children, who had been summoned at the first appearance of danger, could reach him. "His death," writes his daughter, Mrs. White, "was such as he had often hoped for—sudden, painless, and before the fail-

ure of physical or mental powers." Many eloquent tributes were paid to his memory in the community where he had so long been admired and beloved. Instead, however, of citing any of these, I shall content myself with quoting some lines, written during his lifetime, from an unpublished letter of Washington Allston: "In most cases we should regard as a misfortune the want of early educa-

tion, which was denied Mr. Harding's youth; but Nature has been too liberal to him to make any feel, however his own modesty may cause him to regret, the need of it, for in forming him she has not only made him a painter, but a gentleman; and you know her too well not to know that she does her work far better than any schools."

OSMOND TIFFANY.

### THE WHITE DOE:

A LEGEND OF SPANISH FLORIDA—A. D. 1540-1575.

HOW sweet, above the placid Ays,\*  
The rainbow mists dissolve and shiver  
When first the morning's early rays  
In shifting colors clothe the river!

The wild hydrangeas nod and dip,  
The water-lilies crowd the shallows,  
The spider sails his painted ship  
In archipelagoes of mallows.

The spoonbill blushes to the quill  
In midleg musing in the water;  
The trout, in parlors cool and still,  
Lies hidden from the busy otter.

The jasmin bugle blows a rhyme  
Across the wind and water vantage,  
As if, distilled in bowls of thyme,  
An ancient love-song turned to fragrance.

And all is fair as in the days  
When, slim and feathered like his arrows,  
The White Doe saw, across the Ays,  
The Spaniard riding down the narrows.

Old ways go out as seasons fall,  
The rosary drives the Zuni feather,†  
But Love's the cord that runs through all,  
And holds the beads of prayer together.

Pea-blossoms blew, and trumpet-flower,  
The spring was sweetening for the farmer,

\*The Appalachee name of the Kissimee—some authorities say Indian River—Florida.

†The symbol of prayer in the Indian phallic worship.

When to her door, in evil hour,  
The Spaniard rode in shining armor.

He wore the pine and paroquet  
Embroidered on his shield and pennon:  
The golden spurs were at his feet,  
His bugle baldric shone in linen.

He kissed the gourd she held to him:  
Their hands, their lips, were pressed together;  
He crossed the ford where lilies swim,  
And vanished like a drifting feather.

She heard his carol faintly float  
Away across the border sedges,  
And die, in many an amorous note,  
Along the river's marshy edges.

A kiss! How small, how sweet a thing!  
It thrilled her like a field of clover  
That feels the lips of light in spring,  
And breaks in red and white all over.

She saw him, as on placid Ays  
The rainbow mists dissolve and shiver  
When first the morning's early rays  
In shifting colors clothe the river.

He could not be a mortal born,  
He came so fair, he shone so brightly;—  
His wonder-steed, his bugle horn,  
His bearded lip that kissed so lightly;—

And so she built herself a shrine  
To Phœbus and the Zuni feather,  
And sang the paroquet and pine  
In cooing hymns to summer weather.\*

Now in those days sought bigot Spain,  
From Cofachí to Carloo-Hatchee,  
By curse and fagot, to restrain  
The worship of the Appalachee.†

The wild knight of the paroquet  
(Would God he met our good Sir Walter!),‡

\*The Indian feast of *Ho Toya*, at first corn-ripening, corresponded to the Syrian feast described by Milton.

† "Sommatton à faire aux habitans des contrées et provinces qui s'étendent depuis la Rivière des Palmes et le Cap de la Floride." First proclaimed by Pamphilo de Narvaez in 1527, and cruelly enforced by the adelantado d'Aviles forty years later, which gives a date for the legend.

‡ The esteem in which Sir Walter Raleigh was held

by historians of Florida at that period is best shown by an anagram affixed to "L'Histoire notable de la Floride, située es Indes Occidentales. Mise en lumière par Basanier, Gentilhomme François, mathématicien," Paris, 1586:

"WALTER RALEGH. LA VERTU L'HA À GRÉ.  
En Walter cognoissant la vertu s'estre enclose,  
J'ay combiné Raleigh pour y voir quelle chose  
Pourroit à si beau nom convenir; à mon gré  
J'ay trouvé que c'estoit: *La vertu l'ha à gré.*"

Like levin storm and hail in wheat,  
O'erthrew and scathed her simple altar.

Then kneeling at his feet she prayed:  
"God-man, or God, or more than human,  
Save me from shame, a simple maid,  
For you are strong and I am woman."

In vain she prayed. But now to June,  
By zodiac paths of stars, ascended,  
The sun, throned high in afternoon,  
Looked down the radiant deeps, offended.

As berries are of blossoms raped  
By power transforming and impassioned,  
To silver hoofs her hands were shaped,  
And in the Doe her form was fashioned.

And as the caitiff knight drew off,  
Appalled by such metempsychosis,  
The sunbeams smote his metal coif,  
And shaped it like the rod of Moses.

"Blind in love's warmth, accursed thing!  
Your portion be to guard and follow,  
Until the shifting seasons bring  
A mate for her who loved Apollo."

Three hundred times the orange-bloom  
Has blown its bubbled gold in juices—  
Three hundred times in song's perfume  
The jasmin bugles sounded truces;

And still the White Doe wears the form  
And nature of her timid fashion—  
The rattlesnake still sounds alarm,  
And all who see her burn with passion.\*

But when her lover shall appear,  
Once more will rise the Zuni feather,  
The corn grow fuller in the ear,  
And red and white shall live together;

And brighter yet above the Ays  
The rainbow mists dissolve and shiver,  
And richer still the morning rays  
In shifting colors clothe the river.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

\* "To hunt the White Doe" is a proverbial phrase applied to any infatuated pursuit. The Doe once seen, its chase becomes a passion, as is believed

among the Florida hunters. I leave to naturalists the question whether a milk-white doe was ever seen native in America.



## A PRINCESS OF THULE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON."

## CHAPTER XXV.

## THE VOYAGE OF THE PHOEBE.

IT was a cold morning in January, and up here among the Jura hills the clouds had melted into a small and chilling rain that fell ceaselessly. The great "Paps of Jura" were hidden in the mist; even the valleys near at hand were vague and dismal in the pale fog; and the Sound of Islay, lying below, and the far sea beyond, were gradually growing indistinguishable. In a rude little sheiling, built on one of the plateaus of rock, Frank Lavender sat alone, listening to the plashing of the rain without. A rifle that he had just carefully dried lay across his knees. A brace of deer-hounds had stretched out their paws on the earthen floor, and had put their long noses between their paws to produce a little warmth. It was indeed a cold and damp morning, and the little hut was pervaded with a smell of wet wood and also of peat-ashes, for one of the gillies had tried to light a fire, but the peats had gone out.

It was Lavender who had let the fire go out. He had forgotten it. He was thinking of other things—of a song, mostly, that Sheila used to sing, and lines of it went hither and thither through his brain as he recalled the sound of her voice:

Haste to thy barque,  
Coastwise steer not:  
Sail wide of Mull,  
Jura near not!

arewell, she said,  
Her last pang subduing,  
Brave Mac Intyre,  
Costly thy wooing!

There came into the sheiling a little, wiry old keeper, with shaggy gray hair and keen black eyes. "Cosh bless me!" he said petulantly as he wrung the rain out of his bonnet, "you hef let the peats go out, Mr. Lavender, and who will tell when the rain will go off?"

"It can't last long, Neil. It came on

too suddenly for that. I thought we were going to get one fine day when we started this morning, but you don't often manage that here, Neil."

"Indeed no, sir," said Neil, who was not a native of Jura, and was as eager as any one to abuse the weather prevailing there: "it is a ferry bad place for the weather. If the Almighty were to tek the sun away a' together, it would be days and weeks and days before you would find it out. But it iss a good thing, sir, you will get the one stag before the mist came down; and he is not a stag, mirover, but a fine big hart, and a royal, too, and I hef not seen many finer in the Jura hills. Oh yes, sir, when he was crossing the burn I made out his points ferry well, and I wass saying to myself, 'Now, if Mr. Lavender will get this one, it will be a grand day this day, and it will make up for many a wet day among the hills.'"

"They haven't come back with the pony yet?" Lavender asked, laying down his gun and going to the door of the hut.

"Oh no," Neil said, following him. "It iss a long way to get the powny, and maybe they will stop at Mr. MacDougall's to hef a dram. And Mr. MacDougall was saying to me yesterday that the ferry next time you wass shoot a royal, he would hef the horns dressed and the head stuffed to make you a present, for he is ferry proud of the picture of Miss Margaret; and he will say to me many's sa time that I wass to gif you the ferry best shooting, and not to be afraid of disturbing sa deer when you had a mind to go out. And I am not sure, sir, we will not get another stag to tek down with us yet, if the wind would carry away the mist, for the rain that is nearly off now; and as you are ferry wet, sir, already, it is no matter if we go down through the glen and cross the water to get the side of Ben Bheulah."

"That is true enough, Neil, and I fancy

the clouds are beginning to lift. And there they come with the pony."

Neil directed his glass toward a small group that appeared to be coming up the side of the valley below them, and that was still at some considerable distance.

"Cosh bless me!" he cried, "what is that? There iss two strangers—oh yes indeed, and mirover—and there is one of them on the pony."

Lavender's heart leaped within him. If they were strangers, they were coming to see him, and how long was it since he had seen the face of any one of his old friends and companions? It seemed to him years.

"Is it a man or a woman on the pony, Neil?" he asked hurriedly, with some wild fancy flashing through his brain. "Give me the glass."

"Oh, it is a man," said Neil, handing over the glass. "What would a woman be doing up sa hills on a morning like this?"

The small party below came up out of the gray mist, and Lavender in the distance heard a long view-halloo.

"Cott tam them!" said Neil at a venture. "There is not a deer on Benan Cabrach that will not hear them."

"But if these strangers are coming to see me, I fear we must leave the deer alone, Neil."

"Ferry well, sir, ferry well, sir: it is a bad day whatever, and it is not many strangers will come to Jura. I suppose they hef come to Port Ascaig, and taken the ferry across the sound."

"I am going to meet them on chance," Lavender said; and he set off along the side of the deep valley, leaving Neil with the dogs and the rifles.

"Hillo, Johnny!" he cried in amazement when he came upon the advancing group. "And you too, Mosenberg! By Jove, how did you ever get here?"

There was an abundance of hand-shaking and incoherent questions when young Mosenberg jumped down on the wet heather and the three friends had actually met. Lavender scarcely knew what to say, these two faces were so strange, and yet so familiar—their appearance there was so unexpected, his pleasure so great.

"I can't believe my eyes yet, Johnny. Why did you bring him here? Don't you know what you'll have to put up with in this place? Well, this does do a fellow's heart good! I am awfully pleased to see you, and it is very kind of you."

"But I am very cold," the handsome Jew-boy said, swinging his arms and stamping his feet. "Wet boats, wet carts, wet roads, wet saddles, and everywhere cold, cold, cold—"

"And he won't drink whisky; so what is he to expect?" Johnny Eyre said.

"Come along up to a little hut here," Lavender said, "and we'll try to get a fire lit. And I have some brandy there."

"And you have plenty of water to mix with it," said the boy, looking mournfully around. "Very good. Let us have the fire and the warm drink; and then—You know the story of the music that was frozen in the trumpet, and that all came out when it was thawed at a fire? When we get warm we have very great news to tell you—oh, very great news indeed."

"I don't want any news—I want your company. Come along, like good fellows, and leave the news for afterward. The men are going on with a pony to fetch a stag that has been shot: they won't be back for an hour, I suppose, at the soonest. This is the sheiling up here where the brandy is secreted. Now, Neil, help us to get up a blaze. If any of you have newspapers, letters or anything that will set a few sticks on fire—"

"I have a box of wax matches," Johnny said, "and I know how to light a peat-fire better than any man in the country."

He was not very successful at first, for the peats were a trifle damp; but in the end he conquered, and a very fair blaze was produced, although the smoke that filled the sheiling had nearly blinded Mosenberg's eyes. Then Lavender produced a small tin pot and a solitary tumbler, and they boiled some water and lit their pipes, and made themselves seats of peat round the fire. All the while a brisk conversation was going on, some portions of which astonished Lavender considerably.

For months back, indeed, he had almost cut himself off from the civilized world. His address was known to one or two persons, and sometimes they sent him a letter; but he was a bad correspondent. The news of his aunt's death did not reach him till a fortnight after the funeral, and then it was by a singular chance that he noticed it in the columns of an old newspaper. "That is the only thing I regret about coming away," he was saying to these two friends of his. "I should like to have seen the old woman before she died: she was very kind to me."

"Well," said Johnny Eyre, with a shake of the head, "that is all very well; but a mere outsider like myself—you see, it looks to me a little unnatural that she should go and leave her money to a mere friend, and not to her own relations."

"I am very glad she did," Lavender said. "I had as good as asked her to do it long before. And Ted Ingram will make a better use of it than I ever did."

"It is all very well for you to say so now, after all this fuss about those two pictures; but suppose she had left you to starve?"

"Never mind suppositions," Lavender said, to get rid of the subject. "Tell me, Mosenberg, how is that overture of yours getting on?"

"It is nearly finished," said the lad with a flush of pleasure, "and I have shown it in rough to two or three good friends, and—shall I tell you?—it may be performed at the Crystal Palace. But that is a chance. And the fate of it, that is also a chance. But you—you have succeeded all at once, and brilliantly, and all the world is talking of you; and yet you go away among mountains, and live in the cold and wet, and you might as well be dead."

"What an ungrateful boy it is!" Lavender cried. "Here you have a comfortable fire, and hot brandy-and-water, and biscuits, and cigars if you wish; and you talk about people wishing to leave these things and die! Don't you know that in half an hour's time you will see that pony come back with a deer—a royal

hart—slung across it? and won't you be proud when MacDougall takes you out and gives you a chance of driving home such a prize? Then you will carry the horns back to London, and you will have them put up, and you will discourse to your friends of the span and the pearls of the antlers and the crockets. To-night after supper you will see the horns and the head brought into the room, and if you fancy that you yourself shot the stag, you will see that this life among the hills has its compensations."

"It is a very cold life," the lad said, passing his hands over the fire.

"That is because you won't drink anything," said Johnny Eyre, against whom no such charge could be brought. "And don't you know that the drinking of whisky is a provision invented by Nature to guard human beings like you and me from cold and wet? You are flying in the face of Providence if you don't drink whisky among the Scotch hills."

"And have you people to talk to?" said Mosenberg, looking at Lavender with a vague wonder, for he could not understand why any man should choose such a life.

"Not many."

"What do you do on the long evenings when you are by yourself?"

"Well, it isn't very cheerful, but it does a man good service sometimes to be alone for a time: it lets him find himself out."

"You ought to be up in London, to hear all the praise of the people about your two pictures. Every one is talking of them: the newspapers, too. Have you seen the newspapers?"

"One or two. But all I know of these two pictures is derived from offers forwarded me by the secretary at the exhibition-rooms. I was surprised when I got them at first. But never mind them. Tell me more about the people one used to know. What about Ingram now? Has he cut the Board of Trade? Does he drive in the Park? Is he still in his rooms in Sloane street?"

"Then you have had no letters from him?" Mosenberg said with some surprise.

"No. Probably he does not know where I am. In any case—"

"But he is going to be married!" Mosenberg cried. "You did not know that? And to Mrs. Lorraine."

"You don't say so? Why, he used to hate her; but that was before he knew her. To Mrs. Lorraine?"

"Yes. And it is amusing. She is so proud of him. And if he speaks at the table, she will turn away from you, as if you were not worth listening to, and have all her attention for him. And whatever is his opinion, she will defend that, and you must not disagree with her. Oh, it is very amusing!" and the lad laughed and shook back his curls.

"It is an odd thing," Lavender said; "but many a time, long before Ingram ever saw Mrs. Lorraine, I used to imagine these two married. I knew she was just the sort of clever, independent, clear-headed woman to see Ingram's strong points, and rate them at their proper value. But I never expected anything of the sort, of course; for I had always a notion that some day or other he would be led into marrying some pretty, gentle and soft-headed young thing, whom he would have to take through life in a protecting sort of way, and who would never be a real companion for him. So he is to marry Mrs. Lorraine, after all? Well, he won't become a man of fashion, despite all his money. He is sure to start a yacht, for one thing. And they will travel a deal. I suppose I must write and congratulate him."

"I met them on the day I went to see your picture," Mosenberg said. "Mrs. Lorraine was looking at it a long time, and at last she came back and said, 'The sea in that picture makes me feel cold.' That was a compliment, was it not? Only you cannot get a good view very often, for the people will not stand back from the pictures. But every one asks why you did not keep these two over for the Academy."

"I shall have other two for the Academy, I hope."

"Commissions?" Johnny asked with a practical air.

"No. I have had some offers, but I prefer to leave the thing open. But you have not told me how you got here yet," Lavender added, continually breaking away from the subject of the pictures.

"In the Phoebe," Eyre said.

"Is she in the bay?"

"Oh no. We had to leave her at Port Ellen to get a few small repairs done, and Mosenberg and I came on by road to Port Ascaig. Mind you, she was quite small enough to come round the Mull at this time of year."

"I should think so. What's your crew?"

"Two men and a lad, besides Mosenberg and myself; and I can tell you we had our hands full sometimes."

"You've given up open boats with stone ballast now," Lavender said with a laugh.

"Rather. But it was no laughing matter," Eyre added, with a sudden gravity coming over his face. "It was the narrow squeak I ever had, and I don't know now how I clung on to that place till the day broke. When I came to myself and called out for you, I never expected to hear you answer; and in the darkness, by Jove! your voice sounded like the voice of a ghost. How you managed to drag me so far up that seaweed I can't imagine; and then the dipping down and under the boat—!"

"It was that dip down that saved me," Lavender said. "It brought me to, and made me scramble like a rat up the other side as soon as I felt my hands on the rock again. It was a narrow squeak, as you say, Johnny. Do you remember how black the place looked when the first light began to show in the sky? and how we kept each other awake by calling? and how you called 'Hurrah!' when we heard Donald? and how strange it was to find ourselves so near the mouth of the harbor, after all? During the night I fancied we must have been thrown on Battle Island, you know."

"I do not like to hear about that," young Mosenberg said. "And always, if the wind came on strong or if the skies grew black, Eyre would tell me all the story over again when we were in

this boat coming down by Arran and Cantyre. Let us go out and see if they come with the deer. Has the rain stopped?"

At this moment, indeed, sounds of the approaching party were heard, and when Lavender and his friends went to the door the pony, with the deer slung on to him, was just coming up. It was a sufficiently picturesque sight—the rude little sheiling with its peat-fire, the brown and wiry gillies, the slain deer roped on to the pony, and all around the wild magnificence of hill and valley clothed in moving mists. The rain had indeed cleared off, but these pale white fogs still clung around the mountains and rendered the valleys vague and shadowy. Lavender informed Neil that he would make no further effort that day: he gave the men a glass of whisky all round, and then, with his friends, he proceeded to make his way down to the small white cottage fronting the Sound of Islay which had been his home for months back.

Just before setting off, however, he managed to take young Mosenberg aside for a moment. "I suppose," he said, with his eyes cast down—"I suppose you heard something from Ingram of—of Sheila?"

"Yes," said the lad, rather bashfully, "Ingram had heard from her. She was still in Lewis."

"And well?"

"I think so—yes," said Mosenberg; and then he added, with some hesitation, "I should like to speak to you about it when we have the opportunity. There were some things that Mr. Ingram said—I am sure he would like you to know them."

"There was no message to me?" Lavender asked in a low voice.

"From her? No. But it was the opinion of Mr. Ingram—"

"Oh, never mind that, Mosenberg," said the other, turning away wearily. "I suppose you won't find it too fatiguing to walk from here back? It will warm you, you know, and the old woman down there will get you something to eat. You may make it luncheon or dinner, as you like, for it will be nearly two by the time

you get down. Then you can go for a prowl round the coast: if it does not rain I shall be working as long as there is daylight. Then we can have a dinner and supper combined in the evening. You will get venison and whisky."

"Don't you ever have anything else?"

"Oh yes. The venison will be in honor of you: I generally have mutton and whisky."

"Look here, Lavender," the lad said, with considerable confusion, "the fact is, Eyre and I—we brought you a few things in the Phœbe—a little wine, you know, and some such things. To-morrow, if you could get a messenger to go down to Port Ellen— But no, I suppose we must go and work the boat up the sound."

"If you do that, I must go with you," Lavender said, "for the chances are that your skipper doesn't know the currents in the sound; and they are rather peculiar, I can tell you. So Johnny and you have brought me some wine? I wish we had it now, to celebrate your arrival, for I am afraid I can offer you nothing but whisky."

The old Highland woman who had charge of the odd little cottage in which Lavender lived was put into a state of violent consternation by the arrival of these two strangers; but as Lavender said he would sleep on a couple of chairs and give his bed to Mosenberg and the sofa to Eyre, and as Mosenberg declared that the house was a marvel of neatness and comfort, and as Johnny assured her that he had frequently slept in a herring-barrel, she grew gradually pacified. There was a little difficulty about plates and knives and forks at luncheon, which consisted of cold mutton and two bottles of ale that had somehow been overlooked; but all these minor inconveniences were soon smoothed over, and then Lavender, carrying his canvas under his arm and a portable easel over his shoulder, went down to the shore, bade his companions good-bye for a couple of hours, and left them to explore the winding and rocky coast of Jura.

In the evening they had dinner in a small parlor which was pretty well filled with a chest of drawers, a sofa and a

series of large canvases. There was a peat-fire burning in the grate and two candles on the table, but the small room did not get oppressively hot, for each time the door was opened a draught of cold sea-air rushed in from the passage, sometimes blowing out one of the candles, but always sweetening the atmosphere. Then Johnny had some fine tobacco with him, and Mosenberg had brought Lavender a present of a meerschau pipe, and presently a small kettle of hot water was put in requisition, and the friends drew round the fire.

"Well, it *is* good of you to come and see a fellow like this," Lavender said with a very apparent and hearty gratitude in his face: "I can scarcely believe my eyes that it is true. And can you make any stay, Johnny? Have you brought your colors with you?"

"Oh no, I don't mean to work," Johnny said. "I have always had a fancy for a mid-winter cruise. It's a hardening sort of thing, you know. You soon get used to it, don't you, Mosenberg?" And Johnny grinned.

"Not yet—I may afterward," said the lad. "But at present this is more comfortable than being on deck at night when it rains and you know not where you are going."

"But that was only your own perversity. You might just as well have stopped in the cabin, and played that cornopean, and made yourself warm and comfortable. Really, Lavender, it's very good fun, and if you only watch for decent weather you can go anywhere. Fancy our coming round the Mull with the Phœbe yesterday! And we had quite a pleasant trip across to Islay."

"And where do you propose to go after leaving Jura?" Lavender asked.

"Well, you know, the main object of our cruise was to come and see you. But if you care to come with us for a few days, we will go wherever you like."

"If you are going farther north, I must go with you," Lavender said, "for you are bound to drown yourself some day, Johnny, if some one doesn't take care of you."

There was no deep design in this

project of Johnny's, but he had had a vague impression that Lavender might like to go north, if only to have a passing glimpse at the island he used to know.

"One of my fellows is well acquainted with the Hebrides," he said. "If you don't think it too much of a risk, I should like it myself, for those northern islands must look uncommonly wild and savage in winter, and one likes to have new experiences. Fancy, Mosenberg, what material you will get for your next piece: it will be full of storms and seas and thunder. You know how the wind whistles through the overture to the *Diamants de la Couronne*."

"It will whistle through us," said the boy with an anticipatory shiver, "but I do not mind the wind if it is not wet. It is the wet that makes a boat so disagreeable. Everything is so cold and clammy: you can touch nothing, and when you put your head up in the morning, pah! a dash of rain and mist and salt water altogether gives you a shock."

"What made you come round the Mull, Johnny, instead of cutting through the Crinan?" Lavender asked of his friend.

"Well," said the youth modestly, "nothing except that two or three men said we couldn't do it."

"I thought so," Lavender said. "And I see I must go with you, Johnny. You must play no more of these tricks. You must watch your time, and run her quietly up the Sound of Jura to Crinan; and watch again, and get her up to Oban; and watch again, and get her up to Loch Sligachan. Then you may consider. It is quite possible you may have fine, clear weather if there is a moderate north-east wind blowing—"

"A north-east wind!" Mosenberg cried.

"Yes," Lavender replied confidently, for he had not forgotten what Sheila used to teach him: "that is your only chance. If you have been living in fog and rain for a fortnight, you will never forget your gratitude to a north-easter when it suddenly sets in to lift the clouds and show you a bit of blue sky. But it may knock us about a bit in crossing the Minch."

"We have come round the Mull, and we can go anywhere," Johnny said. "I'd back the Phœbe to take you safely to the West Indies: wouldn't you, Mosenberg?"

"Oh no," the boy said. "I would back her to take you, not to take me."

Two or three days thereafter the Phœbe was brought up the sound from Port Ellen, and such things as were meant as a present to Lavender were landed. Then the three friends embarked, for the weather had cleared considerably, and there was indeed, when they set out, a pale, wintry sunshine gleaming on the sea and on the white deck and spars of the handsome little cutter which Johnny commanded. The Phœbe was certainly a great improvement on the crank craft in which he used to adventure his life on Loch Fyne: she was big enough, indeed, to give plenty of work to everybody on board of her, and when once she had got into harbor and things put to rights, her chief state-room proved a jolly and comfortable little place enough. They had some pleasant evenings in this way after the work of the day was over, when the swinging lamps shone down on the table that was furnished with glasses, bottles, cigars and cards. Johnny was very proud of being in command and of his exploit in doubling the Mull. He was continually consulting charts and compasses, and going on deck to communicate his last opinion to his skipper. Mosenberg, too, was getting better accustomed to the hardships of yachting, and learning how to secure a fair amount of comfort. Lavender never said that he wished to go near Lewis, but there was a sort of tacit understanding that their voyage should tend in that direction.

They had a little rough weather on reaching Skye, and in consequence remained in harbor a couple of days. At the end of that time a happy opportunity presented itself of cutting across the Little Minch—the Great Minch was considered a trifle risky—to Loch Maddy in North Uist. They were now in the Western Islands, and strange indeed was the appearance which the bleak region presented at this time of the year—the lonely coasts, the multitudes of wild fowl, the

half-savage, wondering inhabitants, the treeless wastes and desolate rocks. What these remote and melancholy islands might have looked like in fog and misty rain could only be imagined, however, for, fortunately, the longed-for north-easter had set in, and there were wan glimmerings of sunshine across the sea and the solitary shores. They remained in Loch Maddy but a single day, and then, still favored by a brisk north-east breeze, made their way through the Sound of Harris and got to leeward of the conjoint island of Harris and Lewis. There, indeed, were the great mountains which Lavender had seen many a time from the north, and now they were close at hand, and dark and forbidding. The days were brief at this time, and they were glad to put into Loch Resort, which Lavender had once seen in company with old Mackenzie when they had come into the neighborhood on a salmon-fishing excursion.

The Phœbe was at her anchorage, the clatter on deck over, and Johnny came below to see what sort of repast could be got for the evening. It was not a very grand meal, but he said, "I propose that we have a bottle of champagne to celebrate our arrival at the island of Lewis. Did you ever see anything more successfully done? And now, if this wind continues, we can creep up to-morrow to Loch Roag, Lavender, if you would like to have a look at it."

For a moment the color forsook Lavender's face. "No, thank you, Johnny," he was about to say, when his friend interrupted him: "Look here, Lavender: I know you would like to see the place, and you can do it easily without being seen. No one knows me. When we anchor in the bay, I suppose Mr. Mackenzie—as is the hospitable and praiseworthy custom in these parts—will send a message to the yacht and ask us to dine with him. I, at any rate, can go up and call on him, and make excuses for you; and then I could tell you, you know—" Johnny hesitated.

"Would you do that for me, Johnny?" Lavender said. "Well, you are a good fellow!"



"Oh," Johnny said lightly, "it's a capital adventure for me; and perhaps I could ask Mackenzie—Mr. Mackenzie: I beg your pardon—to let me have two or three clay pipes, for this brier-root is rapidly going to the devil."

"He will give you anything he has in the house: you never saw such a hospitable fellow, Johnny. But you must take great care what you do."

"You trust to me. In the mean time let's see what Pate knows about Loch Roag."

Johnny called down his skipper, a bluff, short, red-faced man, who presently appeared, his cap in his hand.

"Will you have a glass of champagne, Pate?"

"Oh ay, sir," he said, not very eagerly.

"Would you rather have a glass of whisky?"

"Well, sir," Pate said, in accents that showed that his Highland pronunciation had been corrupted by many years' residence in Greenock, "I was thinkin' the whisky was a wee thing better for ye on a cauld nicht."

"Here you are, then! Now, tell me, do you know Loch Roag?"

"Oh ay, fine. Many's the time I hiv been in to Borvabost."

"But," said Lavender, "do you know the loch itself? Do you know the bay on which Mackenzie's house stands?"

"Weel, I'm no sac sure aboot that, sir. But if ye want to gang there, we can pick up some bit body at Borvabost that will tak' us round."

"Well," Lavender said, "I think I can tell you how to go. I know the channel is quite simple—there are no rocks about—and once you are round the point you will see your anchorage."

"It's twa or three years since I was there, sir," Pate remarked as he put the glass back on the table: "I mind there was a daft auld man there that played the pipes."

"That was old John the Piper," Lavender said. "Don't you remember Mr. Mackenzie, whom they call the King of Borva?"

"Weel, sir, I never saw him, but I was aware he was in the place. I have

never been up here afore wi' a party o' gentlemen, and he wasna coming down to see the like o' us."

With what a strange feeling Lavender beheld, the following afternoon, the opening to the great loch that he knew so well! He recognized the various rocky promontories, the Gaelic names of which Sheila had translated for him. Down there in the south were the great heights of Suainabhal and Cracabhal and Mealasabhal. Right in front was the sweep of Borvabost Bay, and its huts and its small garden patches; and up beyond it was the hill on which Sheila used to sit in the evening to watch the sun go down behind the Atlantic. It was like entering again a world with which he had once been familiar, and in which he had left behind a peaceful happiness he had sought in vain elsewhere. Somehow, as the yacht dipped to the waves and slowly made her way into the loch, it seemed to him that he was coming home—that he was returning to the old and quiet joys he had experienced there—that all the past time that had darkened his life was now to be removed. But when, at last, he saw Mackenzie's house high up there over the tiny bay, a strange thrill of excitement passed through him, and that was followed by a cold feeling of despair, which he did not seek to remove.

He stood on the companion, his head only being visible, and directed Pate until the Phœbe had arrived at her moorings, and then he went below. He had looked wistfully for a time up to the square, dark house, with its scarlet coping, in the vague hope of seeing some figure he knew; but now, sick at heart and fearing that Mackenzie might make him out with a glass, he sat down in the state-room, alone and silent and miserable.

He was startled by the sound of oar and got up and listened. Mosenber came down and said, "Mr. Mackenzie has sent a tall, thin man—do you know him?—to see who we are, and whether we will go up to his house."

"What did Eyre say?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is going. Then Johnny himself came below

He was a sensitive young fellow, and at this moment he was very confused, excited and nervous. "Lavender," he said, stammering somewhat, "I am going up now to Mackenzie's house. You know whom I shall see: shall I take any message—if I see a chance—if your name is mentioned—a hint, you know—"

"Tell her—" Lavender said, with a sudden pallor of determination in his face; but he stopped, and said abruptly, "Never mind, Johnny: don't say anything about me."

"Not to-night, anyway," Johnny said to himself as he drew on his best blue jacket with its shining brass buttons, and went up the companion to see if the small boat was ready.

Johnny had had a good deal of knocking about the Western Highlands, and was familiar with the frank and ready hospitality which the local lairds—more particularly in the remote islands, where a stranger brought recent newspapers and a breath of the outer world with him—granted to all comers who bore with them the credentials of owning a yacht. But never before had he gone up to a strange house with such perturbation of spirit. He had been so anxious, too, that he had left no time for preparation. When he started up the hill he could see, in the gathering dusk, that the tall keeper had just entered the house, and when he arrived there he found absolutely nobody about the place.

In ordinary circumstances he would simply have walked in and called some one from the kitchen. But he now felt himself somewhat of a spy, and was not a little afraid of meeting the handsome Mrs. Lavender of whom he had heard so much. There was no light in the passage, but there was a bright-red gloom in one of the windows, and almost inadvertently he glanced in there. What was this strange picture he saw? The red flame of the fire showed him the grand figures on the walls of Sheila's dining-room, and lit up the white table-cover and the crystal in the middle of the apartment. A beautiful young girl, clad in a tight blue dress, had just risen from beside the fire to light two candles

that were on the table; and then she went back to her seat and took up her sewing, but not to sew. For Johnny saw her gently kneel down beside a little bassinet that was a mass of wonderful pink and white, and he supposed the door in the passage was open, for he could hear a low voice humming some lullaby-song sung by the young mother to her child. He went back a step, bewildered by what he had seen. Could he fly down to the shore, and bring Lavender up to look at this picture through the window, and beg of him to go in and throw himself on her forgiveness and mercy? He had not time to think twice. At this moment Mairi appeared in the dusky passage, looking a little scared, although she did not drop the plates she carried: "Oh, sir, and are you the gentleman that has come in the yacht? And Mr. Mackenzie, he is up stairs just now, but he will be down ferry soon; and will you come in and speak to Miss Sheila?"

"Miss Sheila!" he repeated to himself with amazement; and the next moment he found himself before this beautiful young girl, apologizing to her, stammering, and wishing that he had never undertaken such a task, while he knew that all the time she was calmly regarding him with her large, calm and gentle eyes, and that there was no trace of embarrassment in her manner.

"Will you take a seat by the fire until papa comes down?" she said. "We are very glad to have any one come to see us: we do not have many visitors in the winter."

"But I am afraid," he stammered: "I am putting you to trouble;" and he glanced at the swinging pink and white couch.

"Oh no," Sheila said with a smile, "I was just about to send my little boy to bed."

She lifted the sleeping child and rolled it in some enormous covering of white and silken-haired fur, and gave the small bundle to Mairi to carry to Scarlett.

"Stop a bit!" Johnny called out to Mairi; and the girl started and looked round, whereupon he said to Sheila, with

much blushing, "Isn't there a superstition about an infant waking to find silver in its hand? I am sure you wouldn't mind my—"

"He cannot hold anything yet," Sheila said with a smile.

"Then, Mairi, you must put this below his pillow: is not that the same thing for luck?" he said, addressing the young Highland girl as if he had known her all his life; and Mairi went away proud and pleased to have this precious bundle to carry, and talking to it with a thousand soft and endearing phrases in her native tongue.

Mackenzie came in and found the two talking together. "How do you do, sir?" he said with a grave courtesy. "You are ferry welcome to the island, and if there is anything you want for the boat you will hef it from us. She is a little thing to hef come so far."

"She's not very big," Johnny said, "but she's a thorough good sailor; and then we watch our time, you know. But I don't think we shall go farther north than Lewis."

"Hef you no friends on board with you?" Mackenzie asked.

"Oh yes," Johnny answered—"two. But we did not wish to invade your house in a body. To-morrow—"

"To-morrow!" said Mackenzie impatiently: "no, but to-night!—Duncan, come here! Duncan, go down to the boat that has just come in and tell the gentlemen—"

"I beg your pardon, sir," Johnny cried, "but my two friends are regularly done up, tired: they were just going to turn in when I left the yacht. To-morrow, now, you will see them."

"Oh, ferry well, ferry well," said Mackenzie, who had hoped to have a big dinner-party for Sheila's amusement. "In any way, you will stop and hef some dinner? It is just ready—oh yes—and it is not a ferry fine dinner, but it will be different from your cabin for you to sit ashore."

"Well, if you will excuse me—" Johnny was about to say, for he was so full of the news that he had to tell that he would have sacrificed twenty dinners to

get off at this moment. But Mr. Mackenzie would take no denial. An additional cover was laid for the stranger, and Johnny sat down to stare at Sheila in a furtive way, and to talk to her father about everything that was happening in the great world.

"And what now is this," said Mackenzie with a lofty and careless air—"what is this I see in the papers about pictures painted by a gentleman called Lavender? I hef a great interest in these exhibitions: perhaps you hef seen the pictures?"

Johnny blushed very red, but he hid his face over his plate, and presently he answered, without daring to look at Sheila, "I should think I have seen them! Why, if you care for coast-landscapes, I can tell you you never saw such thorough good work all your life! Why everybody's talking of them: you never heard of a man making such a name for himself in so short a time."

He ventured to look up. There was a strange, proud light in the girl's face, and the effect of it on this bearer of good tidings was to make him launch into such praises of these pictures as considerably astonished old Mackenzie. As for Sheila, she was proud and happy, but not surprised. She had known it all along. She had waited for it patiently, and it had come at last, although she was not to share in his triumph.

"I know some people who know him," said Johnny, who had taken two or three glasses of Mackenzie's sherry and felt bold; "and what a shame it is he should go away from all his friends and almost cease to have any communication with them! And then, of all the places in the world to spend a winter in, Jura is about the very—"

"Jura!" said Sheila quickly, and he fancied that her face paled somewhat.

"I believe so," he said: "somewhere on the western coast, you know, over the Sound of Islay."

Sheila was obviously very much agitated, but her father said in a careless way, "Oh yes, Jura is not a ferry good place in the winter. And the west side, you said? Ay, there are not many houses

on the west side: it is not a ferry good place to live in. But it will be ferry cheap, whatever."

"I don't think that is the reason of his living there," said Johnny with a laugh.

"But," Mackenzie urged, rather anxiously, "you wass not saying he would get much for these pictures? Oh no, who will give much money for pictures of rocks and sea-weed? Oh no!"

"Oh, won't they, though?" Johnny cried. "They give a good deal more for that sort of picture now than for the old-fashioned cottage-scenes, with a young lady dressed in a drugget petticoat and a pink jacket sitting peeling potatoes. Don't you make any mistake about that. The public are beginning to learn what real good work is, and, by Jove! don't they pay for it, too? Lavender got eight hundred pounds for the smaller of the two pictures I told you about."

Johnny Eyre was beginning to forget that the knowledge he was showing of Frank Lavender's affairs was suspiciously minute.

"Oh no, sir," Mackenzie said with a frown. "It is all nonsense the stories that you hear. I hef had great experience of these exhibitions. I hef been to London several times, and every time I wass in the exhibitions."

"But I should know something of it, too, for I am an artist myself."

"And do you get eight hundred pounds for a small picture?" Mackenzie asked severely.

"Well, no," Johnny said with a laugh. "But then I am a duffer."

After dinner Sheila left the room: Johnny fancied he knew where she was going. He pulled in a chair to the fire, lit his pipe, and said he would have but one glass of toddy, which Mackenzie proceeded to make for him. And then he said to the old King of Borva, "I beg your pardon, sir, but will you allow me to suggest that that young girl who was in here before dinner should not call your daughter Miss Sheila before strangers?"

"Oh, it is very foolish," said Mackenzie, "but it is an old habit, and they will not stop it. And Duncan, he is worse than any one."

"Duncan, I suppose, is the tall fellow who waited at dinner?"

"Oh ay, that is Duncan."

Johnny's ingenious bit of stratagem had failed. He wanted to have old Mackenzie call his daughter Mrs. Lavender, so that he might have had occasion to open the question and plead for his friend. But the old man resolutely ignored the relationship between Lavender and his daughter so far as this stranger was concerned, and so Johnny had to go away partly disappointed.

But another opportunity might occur, and in the mean time was not he carrying rare news down to the Phœbe? He had lingered too long in the house, but now he made up for lost time, and once or twice nearly missed his footing in running down the steep path. He had to find the small boat for himself, and go out on the slippery stones and sea-weed to get into her. Then he pulled away from the shore, his oars striking white fire into the dark water, the water gurgling at the bow. Then he got into the shadow of the black hull of the yacht, and Pate was there to lower the little gangway.

When Johnny stepped on deck he paused, in considerable doubt as to what he should do. He wished to have a word with Lavender alone: how could he go down with such a message as he had to deliver to a couple of fellows probably smoking and playing chess?

"Pate," he said, "tell Mr. Lavender I want him to come on deck for a minute."

"He's by himsel', sir," Pate said. "He's been sitting by himsel' for the last hour. The young gentleman's lain doon."

Johnny went down into the little cabin. Lavender, who had neither book nor cigar, nor any other sign of occupation near him, seemed in his painful anxiety almost incapable of asking the question that rose to his lips. "Have you seen her, Johnny?" he said at length, with his face looking strangely careworn.

Johnny was an impressionable young fellow. There were tears running freely down his cheeks as he said, "Yes I have,

Lavender, and she was rocking a child in a cradle."

CHAPTER XXVI.

REDINTEGRATIO AMORIS.

THAT same night Sheila dreamed a strange dream, and it seemed to her that an angel of God came to her and stood before her, and looked at her with his shining face and his sad eyes. And he said, "Are you a woman, and yet slow to forgive? Are you a mother, and have you no love for the father of your child?" It seemed to her that she could not answer. She fell on her knees before him, and covered her face with her hands and wept. And when she raised her eyes again the angel was gone, and in his place Ingram was there, stretching out his hand to her and bidding her rise and be comforted. Yet he, too, spoke in the same reproachful tones, and said, "What would become of us all, Sheila, if none of our actions were to be condoned by time and repentance? What would become of us if we could not say, at some particular point of our lives, to the by-gone time that we had left it, with all its errors and blunders and follies, behind us, and would, with the help of God, start clear on a new sort of life? What would it be if there were no forgetfulness for any of us—no kindly veil to come down and shut out the memory of what we have done—if the staring record were to be kept for ever before our eyes? And you are a woman, Sheila: it should be easy for you to forgive and to encourage, and to hope for better things of the man you love. Has he not suffered enough? Have you no word for him?"

The sound of her sobbing in the night-time brought her father to the door. He tapped at the door, and said, "What is the matter, Sheila?"

She awoke with a slight cry, and he went into the room and found her in a strangely troubled state, her hands outstretched to him, her eyes wet and wild: "Papa, I have been very cruel. I am not fit to live any more. There is no woman in the world would have done what I have done."

"Sheila," he said, "you have been dreaming again about all that folly and nonsense. Lie down, like a good lass. You will wake the boy if you do not lie down and go to sleep; and to-morrow we will pay a visit to the yacht that has come in, and you will ask the gentlemen to look at the Maighdean-mhara."

"Papa," she said, "to-morrow I want you to take me to Jura."

"To Jura, Sheila? You cannot go to Jura. You cannot leave the baby with Mairi, Sheila."

"I will take him with me," she said.

"Oh, it is not possible at all, Sheila. But I will go to Jura—oh yes, I will go to Jura. Indeed, I was thinking last night that I would go to Jura."

"Oh no, *you* must not go," she cried. "You would speak harshly—and he is very proud—and we should never see each other again. Papa, I know you will do this for me—you will let me go."

"It is foolish of you, Sheila," her father said, "to think that I do not know how to arrange such a thing without making a quarrel of it. But you will see all about it in the morning. Just now you will lie down, like a good lass, and go to sleep. So good-night, Sheila, and do not think of it any more till the morning."

She thought of it all through the night, however. She thought of her sailing away down through the cold wintry seas to search that lonely coast. Would the gray dawn break with snow, or would the kindly heavens lend her some fair-sunlight as she set forth on her lonely quest? And all the night through she accused herself of being hard of heart, and blamed herself, indeed, for all that had happened in the by-gone time. Just as the day was coming in she fell asleep and she dreamed that she went to the angel whom she had seen before, and knelt down at his feet and repeated in some vague way the promises she had made on her marriage morning. With her head bent down she said that she would live and die a true wife if only another chance were given her. The angel answered nothing, but he smiled with his sad eyes and put his hand for a moment on her head, and then disap-

peared. When she woke Mairi was in the room silently stealing away the child, and the white daylight was clear in the windows.

She dressed with trembling hands, and yet there was a faint suffused sense of joy in her heart. She wondered if her father would keep to his promise of the night before, or whether it had been made to get her to rest. In any case she knew that he could not refuse her much; and had not he himself said that he had intended going away down to Jura?

"Sheila, you are not looking well this morning," her father said: "it is foolish of you to lie awake and think of such things. And as for what you wass saying about Jura, how can you go to Jura? We hef no boat big enough for that. I could go—oh yes, I could go—but the boat I would get at Stornoway you could not go in at all, Sheila; and as for the baby—"

"But then, papa," she said, "did not the gentleman who was here last night say they were going back by Jura? And it is a big yacht, and he has only two friends on board. He might take us down."

"You cannot ask a stranger, Sheila. Besides, the boat is too small a one for this time of the year. I should not like to see you go in her, Sheila."

"I have no fear," the girl said.

"No fear!" her father said impatiently. "No, of course you hef no fear: that is the mischief. You will tek no care of yourself whatever."

"When is the young gentleman coming up this morning?"

"Oh, he will not come up again till I go down. Will you go down to the boat, Sheila, and go on board of her?"

Sheila assented, and some half hour thereafter she stood at the door, clad in her tight-fitting blue serge, with the hat and sea-gull's wing over her splendid masses of hair. It was an angry-looking morning enough: rags of gray cloud were being hurried past the shoulders of Suainabhal; a heavy surf was beating on the shore.

"There is going to be rain, Sheila,"

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her father said, smelling the moisture in the keen air. "Will you hef your waterproof?"

"Oh no," she said, "if I am to meet strangers, I cannot wear a waterproof."

The sharp wind had brought back the color to her cheeks, and there was some gladness in her eyes. She knew she might have a fight for it before she could persuade her father to set sail in this strange boat; but she never doubted for a moment, recollecting the gentle face and modest manner of the youthful owner, that he would be really glad to do her a service, and she knew that her father's opposition would give way.

"Shall we take Bras, papa?"

"No, no," her father said: "we will hef to go in a small boat. I hope you will not get wet, Sheila: there is a good breeze on the water this morning."

"I think they are much safer in here than going round the islands just at present," Sheila said.

"Ay, you are right there, Sheila," her father said, looking at the direction of the wind. "They got in in ferry good time. And they may hef to stay here for a while before they can face the sea again."

"And we shall become very great friends with them, papa, and they will be glad to take us to Jura," she said with a smile, for she knew there was not much of the hospitality of Borvabost bestowed with ulterior motives.

They went down the steep path to the bay, where the Phœbe was lurching and heaving in the rough swell, her bowsprit sometimes nearly catching the crest of a wave. No one was on deck. How were they to get on board?

"They can't hear you in this wind," Sheila said. "We will have to haul down our own boat."

And that, indeed, they had to do, though the work of getting the little thing down the beach was not very arduous for a man of Mackenzie's build.

"I am going to pull you out to the yacht, papa," Sheila said.

"Indeed you will do no such thing," her father said indignantly. "As if you wass a fisherman's lass, and the gentle-

men never wass seeing you before! Sit down in the stern, Sheila, and hold on ferry tight, for it is a rough water for this little boat."

They had almost got out indeed to the yacht before any one was aware of their approach, but Pate appeared in time to seize the rope that Mackenzie flung him, and with a little scrambling they were at last safely on board. The noise of their arrival, however, startled Johnny Eyre, who was lying on his back smoking a pipe after breakfast. He jumped up and said to Mosenberg, who was his only companion, "Hillo! here's this old gentleman come on board. He knows you. What's to be done?"

"Done?" said the boy, with a moment's hesitation; and then a flush of decision sprang into his face: "Ask him to come down. Yes, I will speak to him, and tell him that Lavender is on the island. Perhaps he meant to go into the house: who knows? If he did not, let us make him."

"All right!" said Johnny: "let's go a buster."

Then he called up the companion to Pate to send the gentleman below, while he flung a few things aside to make the place more presentable. Johnny had been engaged a few minutes before in sewing a button on a woolen shirt, and that article of attire does not look well beside a breakfast-table.

His visitors began to descend the narrow wooden steps, and presently Mackenzie was heard to say, "Tek great care, Sheila: the brass is ferry slippery."

"Oh, thunder!" Johnny said, looking at Mosenberg.

"Good-morning, Mr. Eyre," said the old King of Borva, stooping to get into the cabin: "it is a rough day you are getting. Sheila, mind your head till you have passed the door."

Mackenzie came forward to shake hands, and in doing so caught sight of Mosenberg. The whole truth flashed upon him in a moment, and he instantaneously turned to Sheila and said quickly, "Sheila, go up on deck for a moment."

But she, too, had seen the lad, and she came forward, with a pale face, but with

a perfectly self-possessed manner said, "How do you do? It is a surprise to me your coming to the island, but you are used to talk of it."

"Yes," he stammered as he clasped hands with her and her father, "I wished to come here. What a wonderful day it is! And have you lived here, Mr. Lavender, all the time since you left London?"

"Yes, I have."

Mackenzie was getting very uneasy. Every moment he expected Lavender would enter this confined little cabin and was this the place for these two to meet, before a lot of acquaintances?

"Sheila," he said, "it is too close for you here, and I am going to have a pip with the gentlemen. Now if you was a good lass you would go ashore again and go up to the house, and say to Mair that we will all come for luncheon at one o'clock, and she must get some fish up from Borvabost. Mr. Eyre, he will send a man ashore with you in his own boat that is bigger than mine, and you will show him the creek to put into. Now go away, like a good lass, and we will be up ferry soon—oh yes, we will be up directly at the house."

"I am sure," Sheila said to Johnny Eyre, "we can make you more comfortable up at the house than you are here although it is a nice little cabin." And then she turned to Mosenberg and said "And we have a great many things to talk about."

"Could she suspect?" Johnny asked himself as he escorted her to the boat and pulled her in himself to the shore. Her face was pale and her manner a trifle formal, otherwise she showed no sign. He watched her go along the stones till she reached the path: then he pulled out to the Phœbe again, and went down below to entertain his host of the previous evening.

Sheila walked slowly up the rude little path, taking little heed of the blustering wind and the hurrying clouds. Her eyes were bent down, her face was pale. When she got to the top of the hill she looked, in a blank sort of way, all round the bleak moorland, but probably she

not expect to see any one there. When she walked, with rather an uncertain step, into the house. She looked into the room, the door of which stood open. Her husband sat there, with his arms outstretched on the table and his head buried in his hands. He did not hear her approach, her footfall was so light, and it was with the same silent step she went into the room and knelt down beside him and put her hands and face on his knee, and said simply, "I beg for your forgiveness."

He started up and looked at her as though she were some spirit, and his own face was haggard and strange. "Sheila," he said in a low voice, laying his hand gently on her head, "it is I who ought to be there, and you know it. But I cannot meet your eyes. I am not going to ask for your forgiveness just yet: I have no right to expect it. All I want is this: if you will let me come and see you just as before we were married, and if you will give me a chance of winning your consent over again, we can at least be friends until then. But why do you cry, Sheila? You have nothing to reproach yourself with."

She rose and regarded him for a moment with her streaming eyes, and then, moved by the passionate entreaty of her face, and forgetting altogether the separation and time of trial he had proposed, he caught her to his bosom and kissed her forehead, and talked soothingly and caressingly to her as if she were a child.

"I cry," she said, "because I am happy—because I believe all that time is over—because I think you will be kind to me. And I will try to be a good wife to you, and you will forgive me all that I have done."

"You are heaping coals of fire on my head, Sheila," he said humbly. "You know I have nothing to forgive. As for you, I tell you I have no right to expect your forgiveness yet. But I think you will find out by and by that my repentance is not a mere momentary thing. I have had a long time to think over what has happened, and what I lost when I lost you, Sheila."

"But you have found me again," the

girl said, pale a little, and glad to sit down on the nearest couch, while she held his hand and drew him toward her. "And now I must ask you for one thing."

He was sitting beside her: he feared no longer to meet the look of those earnest, meek, affectionate eyes.

"This is it," she said. "If we are to be together—not what we were, but something quite different from that—will you promise me never to say one word about what is past—to shut it out altogether—to forget it?"

"I cannot, Sheila," he said. "Am I to have no chance of telling you how well I know how cruel I was to you—how sorry I am for it?"

"No," she said firmly. "If you have some things to regret, so have I; and what is the use of competing with each other as to which has the most forgiveness to ask for? Frank dear, you will do this for me? You will promise never to speak one word about that time?"

How earnest the beautiful, sad face was! He could not withstand the entreaty of the piteous eyes. He said to her, abashed by the great love that she showed, and hopeless of making other reparation than obedience to her generous wish, "Let it be so, Sheila. I will never speak a word about it. You will see otherwise than in words whether I forget what is passed, and your goodness in letting it go. But, Sheila," he added, with downcast face, "Johnny Eyre was here last night: he told me—" He had to say no more. She took his hand and led him gently and silently out of the room.

Meanwhile the old King of Borva had been spending a somewhat anxious time down in the cabin of the *Phoebe*. Many and many a day had he been planning a method by which he might secure a meeting between Sheila and her husband, and now it had all come about without his aid, and in a manner which rendered him unable to take any precautions. He did not know but that some awkward accident might destroy all the chances of the affair. He knew that Lavender was on the island. He had frankly asked young Mosenberg as soon as Sheila had left the yacht.



"Oh yes," the lad said, "he went away into the island early this morning. I begged of him to go to your house: he did not answer. But I am sure he will. I know he will."

"My Kott!" Mackenzie said, "and he has been wandering about the island all the morning, and he will be very faint and hungry, and a man is neffer in a good temper then for making up a quarrel. If I had known the last night, I could hef had dinner with you all here, and we should hef given him a good glass of whisky, and then it wass a good time to tek him up to the house."

"Oh, you may depend on it, Mr. Mackenzie," Johnny Eyre said, "that Lavender needs no stimulus of that sort to make him desire a reconciliation. No, I should think not. He has done nothing but brood over this affair since ever he left London; and I should not be surprised if you scarcely knew him, he is so altered. You would fancy he had lived ten years in the time."

"Ay, ay," Mackenzie said, not listening very attentively, and evidently thinking more of what might be happening elsewhere; "but I was thinking, gentlemen, it wass time for us to go ashore and go up to the house, and hef something to eat."

"I thought you said one o'clock for luncheon, sir," young Mosenberg said.

"One o'clock!" Mackenzie repeated impatiently. "Who the tefle can wait till one o'clock if you hef been walking about an island since the daylight with nothing to eat or drink."

Mr. Mackenzie forgot that it was not Lavender he had asked to lunch.

"Oh yes," he said, "Sheila hass had plenty of time to send down to Borvabost for some fish; and by the time you get up to the house you will see that it is ready."

"Very well," Johnny said, "we can go up to the house, anyway."

He went up the companion, and he had scarcely got his head above the level of the bulwarks when he called back, "I say, Mr. Mackenzie, here is Lavender on the shore, and your daughter is with him. Do they want to come on board,

do you think? Or do they want us to go ashore?"

Mackenzie uttered a few phrases in Gaelic, and got up on deck instantly. There, sure enough was Sheila, with her hand on her husband's arm, and they were both looking toward the yacht. The wind was blowing too strong for them to call. Mackenzie wanted himself to pull in for them, but this was overruled, and Pate was despatched.

An awkward pause ensued. The three standing on deck were sorely perplexed as to the forthcoming interview, and as to what they should do. Were they to rejoice over a reconciliation, or ignore the fact altogether and simply treat Sheila as Mrs. Lavender? Her father, indeed, fearing that Sheila would be strangely excited, and would probably burst into tears, wondered what he could get to scold her about.

Fortunately, an incident partly ludicrous broke the awkwardness of their arrival. The getting on deck was a matter of some little difficulty: in the scuffle Sheila's small hat with its snow-white feather got unloosed somehow, and the next minute it was whirled away by the wind into the sea. Pate could not be sent after it just at the moment, and it was rapidly drifting away to leeward, when Johnny Eyre, with a laugh and a "Here goes!" plunged in after the white feather that was dipping and rising in the waves like a sea-gull. Sheila uttered a slight cry and caught her husband's arm. But there was not much danger. Johnny was an expert swimmer, and in a few minutes he was seen to be making his way backward with one arm, while in the other hand he held Sheila's hat. Then Pate had by this time got the small boat round to leeward, and very shortly after Johnny, dripping like a Newfoundland dog, came on deck and presented the hat to Sheila, amidst a vast deal of laughter.

"I am so sorry," she said; "but you must change your clothes quickly: I hope you will have no harm from it."

"Not I," he said, "but my beautiful white decks have got rather into a mess. I am glad you saw them while they

were dry, Mrs. Lavender. Now I am going below to make myself a swell, for we're all going to have luncheon on shore, ain't we?"

Johnny went below very well pleased with himself. He had called her Mrs. Lavender without wincing. He had got over all the awkwardness of a second introduction by the happy notion of plunging after the hat. He had to confess, however, that the temperature of the sea was not just that he would have preferred for a morning bath.

By and by he made his appearance in his best suit of blue and brass buttons, and asked Mrs. Lavender if she would now come down and see the cabin.

"I think you want a good glass of whisky," old Mackenzie said as they all went below: "the water it is ferry cold just now."

"Yes," Johnny said blushing, "we shall all celebrate the capture of the hat."

It was the capture of the hat, then, that was to be celebrated by this friendly ceremony. Perhaps it was, but there was no mirth now on Sheila's face.

"And you will drink first, Sheila," her father said almost solemnly, "and you will drink to your husband's health."

Sheila took the glass of raw whisky in her hand, and looked round timidly. "I cannot drink this, papa," she said. "If you will let me—"

"You will drink that glass to your husband's health, Sheila," old Mackenzie said with unusual severity.

"She shall do nothing of the sort if she doesn't like it!" Johnny Eyre cried suddenly, not caring whether it was the wrath of old Mackenzie or of the devil that he was braving; and forthwith he took the glass out of Sheila's hand and threw the whisky on the floor. Then he pulled out a champagne bottle from a basket and said, "This is what Mrs. Lavender will drink."

Mackenzie looked staggered for a moment: he had never been so braved before. But he was not in a quarrelsome mood on such an occasion; so he burst into a loud laugh and cried, "Well, did ever any man see the like o' that? Good

whisky—ferry good whisky—and flung on the floor as if it was water, and as if there was no one in the boat that would hef drunk it! But no matter, Mr. Eyre, no matter: the lass will drink whatever you give her, for she's a good lass; and if we hef all to drink champagne, that is no matter too, but there is a man or two up on deck that would not like to know the whisky was spoiled."

"Oh," Johnny said, "there is still a drop left for them. And this is what you must drink, Mrs. Lavender."

Lavender had sat down in a corner of the cabin, his eyes averted. When he heard Sheila's name mentioned he looked up, and she came forward to him. She said in her simple way, "I drink this to you, my dear husband;" and at the same moment the old King of Borva came forward and held out his hand, and said, "Yes, and by Kott, I drink to your health, too, with ferry good will!"

Lavender started to his feet: "Wait a bit, Mr. Mackenzie. I have got something to say to you before you ought to shake my hand."

But Sheila interposed quickly. She put her hand on his arm and looked into his face. "You will keep your promise to me," she said; and that was an end of the matter. The two men shook hands: there was nothing said between them, then or again, of what was over and gone.

They had a pleasant enough luncheon together up in that quaint room with the Tyrolese pictures on the wall, and Duncan for once respected old Mackenzie's threats as to what would happen if he called Sheila anything but Mrs. Lavender before these strangers. For some time Lavender sat almost silent, and answered Sheila, who continuously talked to him, in little else than monosyllables. But he looked at her a great deal, sometimes in a wistful sort of way, as if he were trying to recall the various fancies her face used to produce in his imagination.

"Why do you look at me so?" she said to him in an undertone.

"Because I have made a new friend," he said.

But when Mackenzie began to talk of the wonders of the island and the seas around it, and to beg the young yachtsmen to prolong their stay, Lavender joined with a will in that conversation, and added his entreaties.

"Then you are going to stay?" Johnny Eyre said, looking up.

"Oh yes," he answered, as if the alternative of going back with them had not presented itself to him. "For one thing, I have got to look out for a place where I can build a house. That is what I mean to do with my savings just at present; and if you would come with me, Johnny, and have a prowl round the island to find out some pretty little bay with a good anchorage in it—for you know I am going to steal that Maighdean-mhara from Mr. Mackenzie—then we can begin and make ourselves architects, and plan out the place that is to be. And then some day—"

Mackenzie had been sitting in mute astonishment, but he suddenly broke in upon his son-in-law: "On this island? No, by Kott, you will not do that! On this island? And with all the people at Stornoway? Hoots, no! that will neffer do. Sheila she hass no one to speak to on this island, as a young lass should hef; and you, what would you do yourself in the bad weather? But there is Stornoway. Oh yes, that is a fine big place, and many people you will get to know there, and you will hef the newspapers and the letters at once; and there will be always boats there that you can go to Oban, to Greenock, to Glasgow—anywhere in the world—whenever you hef a mind to do that; and then when you go to London, as you will hef to go many times, there will be plenty there to look after your house when it is shut up, and keep the rain out, and the paint and the paper good, more as could be done on this island. Oh this island!—how would you live on this island?"

The old King of Borva spoke quite impatiently and contemptuously of the place. You would have thought his life on this island was a species of penal servitude, and that he dwelt in his solitary house only to think with a vain long-

ing of the glories and delights of Stornoway. Lavender knew well what prompted these scornful comments on Borva. The old man was afraid that the island would really be too dull for Sheila and her husband, and that, whereas the easy compromise of Stornoway might be practicable, to set up house in Borva might lead them to abandon the North altogether.

"From what I have heard of it from Mr. Lavender," Johnny said with a laugh, "I don't think this island such a dreadful place; and I'm hanged if I have found it so, so far."

"But you will know nothing about it—nothing whateffer," said Mackenzie petulantly. "You do not know the bad weather, when you cannot go down the loch to Callernish, and you might hef to go to London just then."

"Well, I suppose London could wait," Johnny said.

Mackenzie began to get angry with this young man. "You hef not been to Stornoway," he said severely.

"No, I haven't," Johnny replied with much coolness, "and I don't hanker after it. I get plenty of town life in London; and when I come up to the sea and the islands, I'd rather pitch my tent with you, sir, than live in Stornoway."

"Oh, but you don't know, Johnny, how fine a place Stornoway is," Lavender said hastily, for he saw the old man was beginning to get vexed. "Stornoway is a beautiful little town, and it is on the sea, too."

"And it hass fine houses, and ferry many people, and ferry good society whateffer," Mackenzie added with some touch of indignation.

"But you see, this is how it stands, Mr Mackenzie," Lavender put in humbly "We should have to go to London from time to time, and we should then get quite enough of city life, and you might find an occasional trip with us not a bad thing. But up here I should have to look on my house as a sort of workshop. Now with all respect to Stornoway, you mus admit that the coast about here is a little more picturesque. Besides, there's another thing. It would be rather more difficult at Stornoway to take a rod or :

gun out of a morning. Then there would be callers, bothering you at your work. Then Sheila would have far less liberty in going about by herself."

"Eighthly and tenthly, you've made up your mind to have a house here," cried Johnny Eyre with a loud laugh.

"Sheila says she would like to have a billiard-room," her husband continued. "Where could you get that in Stornoway?"

"And you must have a large room for a piano, to sing in and play in," the young Jew-boy said, looking at Sheila.

"I should think a one-storied house, with a large verandah, would be the best sort of thing," Lavender said, "both for the sun and the rain; and then one could have one's easel outside, you know. Suppose we all go for a walk round the shore by and by: there is too much of a breeze to take the Phoebe down the loch."

So the King of Borva was quietly overruled, and his dominions invaded in spite of himself. Sheila could not go out with the gentlemen just then: she was to follow in about an hour's time. Meanwhile they buttoned their coats, pulled down their caps tight, and set out to face the gray skies and the wintry wind. Just as they were passing away from the house, Mackenzie, who was walking in front with Lavender, said in a cautious sort of way, "You will want a deal of money to build this house you wass speaking about, for it will hef to be all stone and iron, and ferry strong whatever, or else it will be a plague to you from the one year to the next with the rain getting in."

"Oh yes," Lavender said, "it will have to be done well once for all; and what with rooms big enough to paint in and play billiards in, and also a bed-room or two for friends who may come to stay with us, it will be an expensive business. But I have been very lucky, Mr. Mackenzie. It isn't the money I have, but the commissions I am offered, that warrant my going in for this house. I'll tell you about all these things afterward. In the mean time I shall have twenty-four hundred pounds, or thereabouts, in a couple of months."

"But you hef more than that now," Mackenzie said gravely. "This is what I wass going to tell you. The money that your aunt left, that is yours, every penny of it—oh yes, every penny and every farthing of it is yours, sure enough. For it wass Mr. Ingram hass told me all about it; and the old lady, she wanted him to take care of the money for Sheila; but what wass the good of the money to Sheila? My lass, she will hef plenty of money of her own; and I wanted to hef nothing to do with what Mr. Ingram said; but it wass all no use, and there iss the money now for you and for Sheila, every penny and every farthing of it."

Mackenzie ended by talking in an injured way, as if this business had seriously increased his troubles.

"But you know," Lavender said with amazement—"you know as well as I do that this money wass definitely left to Ingram, and—you may believe me or not—I wass precious glad of it when I heard it. Of course it would have been of more use to him if he had not been about to marry this American lady."

"Oh, you hef heard that, then?" Mackenzie said.

"Mosenberg brought me the news. But are you quite sure about this affair? Don't you think this is merely a trick of Ingram's to enable him to give the money to Sheila? That would be very like him. I know him of old."

"Well, I cannot help it if a man will tell lies," said Mackenzie. "But that is what he says is true. And he will not touch the money—indeed, he will hef plenty, as you say. But there it is for Sheila and you, and you will be able to build whatever house you like. And if you wass thinking of having a bigger boat than the Maighdean-mhara—" the old man suggested.

Lavender jumped at that notion directly. "What if we could get a yacht big enough to cruise anywhere in the summer months?" he said. "We might bring a party of people all the way from the Thames to Loch Roag, and cast anchor opposite Sheila's house. Fancy Ingram and his wife coming up like that in the autumn; and I know you could

go over to Sir James and get us some shooting."

Mackenzie laughed grimly: "We will see—we will see about that. I think there will be no great difficulty about getting a deer or two for you; and as for the salmon, there will be one or two left in the White Water. Oh yes, we will hef a little shooting and a little fishing for any of your friends. And as for the boat, it will be ferry difficult to get a good big boat for such a purpose without you wass planning and building one yourself; and that will be better, I think, for the yachts now-a-days they are all built for the racing, and you will hef a boat fifty tons, sixty tons, seventy tons, that hass no room in her below, but is nothing but a big heap of canvas and spars. But if you wass wanting a good, steady boat, with good cabins below for the leddies, and a good saloon that you could hef your dinner in all at once, then you will maybe come down with me to a shipbuilder I know in Glasgow—oh, he is a ferry good man—and we will see what can be done. There is a gentleman now in Dunoon—and they say he is a ferry great artist too—and he hass a schooner of sixty tons that I hef been in myself, and it wass just like a steamer below for the comfort of it. And when the boat is ready, I will get you ferry good sailors for her, that will know every bit of the coast from Loch-Indaal to the Butt of Lewis, and I will see that they are ferry cheap for you, for I hef plenty of work for them in the winter. But I wass no saying yet," the old man added, "that you were right about coming to live in Borva. Stornoway is a good place to live in; and it is a fine harbor for repairs, if the boat was wanting repairs."

"If she were, couldn't we send her round to Stornoway?"

"But the people in Stornoway—it iss the people in Stornoway," said Mackenzie, who was not going to give in without a grumble.

Well, they did not fix on a site for the house that afternoon. Sheila did not make her appearance. Lavender kept continually turning and looking over the

long undulations of rock and moorland; and at length he said, "Look here, Johnny, would you mind going on by yourselves? I think I shall walk back to the house."

"What is keeping that foolish girl?" her father said impatiently. "It is something about the dinner now, as if any one wass particular about a dinner in an island like this, where you can expect nothing. But at Stornoway—oh yes, they hef many things there."

"But I want you to come and dine with us on board the Phoebe to-night, sir," Johnny said. "It will be rather a lark, mind you: we make up a tight fit in that cabin. I wonder if Mrs. Lavender would venture: do you think she would, sir?"

"Oh no, not this evening, anyway," said her father, "for I know she will expect you all to be up at the house this evening; and what would be the use of tumbling about in the bay when you can be in a house. But it is ferry kind of you. Oh yes, to-morrow night, then, we will go down to the boat, but this night I know Sheila will be ferry sorry if you do not come to the house."

"Well, let's go back now," Johnny said, "and if we've time we might go down for our guns and have a try along the shore for an hour or so before the daylight goes. Fancy that chance at those wild-duck!"

"Oh, but that is nothing," Mackenzie said. "To-morrow you will come with me up to the loch, and there you will hef some shooting; and in many other places I will show you you will hef plenty of shooting."

They had just got back to the house when they found Sheila coming out. She had, as her father supposed, been detained by her preparations for entertaining their guests; but now she was free until dinner-time, and so the whole party went down to the shore to pay a visit to the Phoebe and let Mackenzie have a look at the guns on board. Then they went up to the house and found the tall and grim keeper with the baby in his arms, while Scarlett and Mairi were putting the finishing touches on the gleam-

ing white table and its show of steel and crystal.

How strange it was to Sheila to sit at dinner there, and listen to her husband talking of boating and fishing and what not as he used to sit and talk in the old-time to her father, on the summer evenings, on the high rocks over Borva-bost! The interval between that time and this seemed to go clean out of her mind. And yet there must have been some interval, for he was looking older and sterner and much rougher about the face now, after being buffeted about by wind and rain and sun during that long and solitary stay in Jura. But it was very like the old times when they went into the little drawing-room, and when Mairi brought in the hot water and the whisky, the tobacco and the long pipes, when the old King of Borva sat himself down in his great chair by the table, and when Lavender came to Sheila and asked her if he should get out her music and open the piano for her.

"Madam," young Mosenberg said to her, "it is a long time since I heard one of your strange Gaelic songs."

"Perhaps you never heard this one," Sheila said, and she began to sing the plaintive "Farewell to Glenshalloch." Many a time, indeed, of late had she sung its simple and pathetic air as a sort of lullaby, perhaps because it was gentle, monotonous and melancholy, perhaps because there were lines here and there that she liked. Many a time had she sung—

Sleep sound, my sweet babe, there is naught to alarm thee,

The sons of the valley no power have to harm thee.  
I'll sing thee to rest in the balloch untrodden,  
With a coronach sad for the slain of Culloden.

But long before she had reached the end of it her father's patience gave way, and he said, "Sheila, we will hef no more of those teffles of songs! We will hef a good song; and there is more than one of the gentlemen can sing a good song, and we do not wish to be always crying over the sorrows of other people. Now be a good lass, Sheila, and sing us a good cheerful song."

And Sheila, with great good-nature,

suddenly struck a different key, and sang, with a spirit that delighted the old man,

The standard on the braes o' Mar  
Is up and streaming rarely;  
The gathering pipe on Lochnagar  
Is sounding lang and clearly;  
The Highlandmen, from hill and glen,  
In martial hue, with bonnets blue,  
Wi' belted plaids and burnished blades,  
Are coming late and early!

"Now, that is a better kind of song—that is a teffle of a good song," Mackenzie cried, keeping time to the music with his right foot, as if he were a piper playing in front of his regiment. "Wass there anything like that in your country, Mr. Mosenberg?"

"I don't know, sir," said the lad meekly, "but if you like I will sing you one or two of our soldiers' songs. They have plenty of fire in them, I think."

Certainly, Mackenzie had plenty of brilliant and cheerful and stirring music that evening, but that which pleased him most, doubtless, was to see, as all the world could see, the happiness of his good lass. Sheila, proud and glad, with a light on her face that had not been there for many a day, wanted to do everything at once to please and amuse her guests, and most of all to wait upon her husband; and Lavender was so abashed by her sweet service and her simple ways that he could show his gratitude only by some furtive and kindly touch of the hand as Sheila passed. It seemed to him she had never looked so beautiful, and never, indeed, since they left Stornoway together had he heard her quiet low laugh so full of enjoyment. What had he done, he asked himself, to deserve her confidence? for it was the hope in her proud and gentle eyes that gave that radiant brightness to her face. He did not know. He could not answer. Perhaps the forgiveness she had so freely and frankly tendered, and the confidence she now so clearly showed in him, sprang from no judgment or argument, but were only the natural fruit of an abounding and generous love. More than once that night he wished that Sheila could read the next half dozen years as though in some prophetic scroll, that he might show her how he would

endeavor to prove himself, if not worthy—for he could scarcely hope that—at least conscious of her great and unselfish affection, and as grateful for it as a man could be.

They pushed their enjoyment to such a late hour of the night that when they discovered what time it was, Mackenzie would not allow one of them to venture out into the dark to find the path down to the yacht, and Duncan and Scarlett were forthwith called on to provide the belated guests with some more or less haphazard sleeping accommodation.

"Mr. Mackenzie," said Johnny, "I don't mind a bit if I sleep on the floor. I've just had the jolliest night I ever spent in my life. Mosenberg, you'll have to take the Phœbe back to Greenock by yourself: I shall never leave Borva any more."

"You will be sober in the morning, Mr. Eyre," young Mosenberg said; but the remark was unjust, for Johnny's enthusiasm had not been produced by the old king's whisky, potent as that was.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

##### THE PRINCESS SHEILA.

"I SHOULD like," said Mrs. Edward Ingram, sitting down and contentedly folding her hands in her lap—"I should so much like, Edward, to have my own way for once, it would be so novel and so nice."

Her husband was busy with a whole lot of plans all stretched out before him, and with a pipe which he had some difficulty in keeping alight. He did not even turn round as he answered, "You have your own way always. But you can't expect to have mine also, you know."

"Do you remember," she said slowly, "anything your friend Sheila told you about your rudeness to people? I wish, Edward, you would leave those ragged children and their school-houses for three minutes. Do! I so much want to see some places when we go to Scotland, for who knows when we may be there again? I have set my heart on the Braes of

Yarrow. And Loch Awe by moonlight. And the Pass of Glencoe—"

"My dear child," he said at last, turning round in his chair, "how can we go to those places? Sheila says Oban on the fifteenth."

"But what Sheila says isn't an act of Parliament," said the young American lady plaintively and patiently. "Why should you regulate all your movements by her? You are always looking to the North: you are like the spires of the churches that are said to be always telling us that heaven is close by the Pole Star."

"The information is inaccurate, my dear," Ingram said, looking at his pipe, "for the spires of the churches on the other side of the world point the other way. However, that does not matter. How do you propose to go rampaging all over Scotland, and still be at Oban on the fifteenth?"

"Telegraph to Mr. and Mrs. Lavender to come on to Edinburgh, and leave the trip to Lewis until we have seen those places. For, once we have got to that wild island, who knows when we shall return? Now do, like a good boy. You know this new house of theirs will be all the drier in a month's time. And their yacht will be all the more ship-shape. And both Sheila and her husband will be the better for coming down among civilized folks for a few weeks' time—especially just now, when numbers of their friends must be in the Highlands; and of course you get better attention at the hotels when the season is going on, and they have every preparation made; and I am told the heather and fern on the hills look very fine in August; and I am sure Mr. and Mrs. Lavender will enjoy it very much if we get a carriage somewhere and leave the railways altogether, and drive by ourselves all through the prettiest districts."

She wished to see the effect of her eloquence on him. It was peculiar. He put his pipe down and gravely repeated these lines, with which she was abundantly familiar:

Sez vather to I, "Jack, rin arter him, du!"  
Sez I to vather, "I'm darned if I du!"

"You won't?" she said.

"The proposal comes too late. How can you expect Sheila to leave her new house, and that boy of hers, that occupies three-fourths of her letters, just at this time? I think it was very kind of her, mind you, to come away down to Oban to meet us; and Lavender, too, is giving up the time out of the best working-season of the year. Bless you! you will see far more beautiful things as we go from Oban to Lewis than any you have mentioned. For we shall probably cut down by Scarba and Jura before going up to Skye; and then you will see the coast that you admired so much in Lavender's pictures."

"Is the yacht a large one, Edward?" his wife asked, somewhat timidly.

"Oh, big enough to take our party a dozen times over."

"Will she tumble about much, do you think?"

"I don't know," Ingram said with an unkindly grin. "But as you are a weak vessel, Lavender will watch the weather for you, and give it you as smooth as possible. Besides, look at the cleanliness and comfort of a smart yacht! You are thinking of one of those Channel steamers, with their engines and oil."

"Let us hope for the best," said his wife with a sigh.

They not only hoped for it, but got it. When they left the Crinan and got on board the big steamer that was to take them up to Oban, all around them lay a sea of soft and shining blue, scarcely marred by a ripple. Here and there sharp crags that rose out of the luminous plain seemed almost black, but the farther islands lay soft and hazy in the heat, with the beautiful colors of August tinting the great masses of rock. As they steamed northward through the shining sea, new islands and new channels appeared until they came in sight of the open Atlantic, and that, too, was as calm and as still as a summer night. There was no white cloud in the blue vault of the sky, there was no crisp curl of a wave on the blue plain of the sea, but everywhere a clear, radiant, salt-smelling atmosphere, the drowsy haze of which

was only visible when you looked at the distant islands and saw the fine and pearly veil of heat that was drawn over the soft colors of the hills. The sea-birds dipped and disappeared as the big boat churned its way onward. A white solan, far away by the shores of Mull, struck the water as he dived, and sent a jet of spray into the air. Colonsay and Oronsay became as faint clouds on the southern horizon, the jagged coast of Lorne drew near. And then they went up through the Sound of Kerrara, and steamed into the broad and beautiful bay of Oban, and behold! here was Sheila on the pier, already waving a handkerchief to them, while her husband held her arm, lest in her excitement she should go too near the edge of the quay.

"And where is the boat that we have heard so much of?" said Mrs. Kavanagh, when all the kissing and handshaking was over.

"There!" said Sheila, not without some shame-faced pride, pointing to a shapely schooner that lay out in the bay, with her white decks and tall spars shining in the afternoon sun.

"And what do you call her?" asked Mrs. Kavanagh's daughter.

"We call her *Princess Sheila*," said Lavender. "What do you think of the name?"

"You couldn't have got a better," Ingram said sententiously, and interposing as if it was not within his wife's province to form an opinion of any sort. "And where is your father, Sheila? In Borva?"

"Oh no, he is here," the girl said with a smile. "But the truth is, he has driven away to see some gentlemen he knows, to ask if he can have some grouse for you. He should have been back by this time."

"I would not hurry him, Sheila," Ingram said gravely. "He could not have gone on a more admirable errand. We must await his return with composure. In the mean time, Lavender, do make your fellows stop that man: he is taking away my wife's trunk to some hotel or other."

The business of getting the luggage on board the yacht was entrusted to a



couple of men whom Lavender left on shore, whereupon the newly-arrived travelers put off in a little pinnace and were conveyed to the side of the handsome schooner. When they were on board an eager exploration followed; and if Sheila could only have undertaken to vouch for the smoothness of the weather for the next month, Mrs. Ingram was ready to declare that at last she had discovered the most charming and beautiful and picturesque fashion of living known to civilized man. She was delighted with the little elegancies of the state-rooms; she was delighted with the paintings on the under skylights, which had been done by Lavender's own hand; she was delighted with the whiteness of the decks and the height of the tapering spars; and she had no words for her admiration of the beautiful sweep of the bay, the striking ruins of the old castle at the point, the rugged hills rising behind the white houses, and out there in the west the noble panorama of mountain and island and sea.

"I am afraid, Mrs. Ingram," Lavender said, "you will have cause to know Oban before we leave it. There is not a breath of wind to take us out of the bay."

"I am content," she said with a gracious calm.

"But we must get you up to Borva somehow. There it would not matter how long you were becalmed, for there is plenty to see about the island. But this is a trifle commonplace, you know."

"I don't think so at all. I am delighted with the place," she said. "And so are you, Edward."

Ingram laughed. He knew she was daring him to contradict her. He proposed he should go ashore and buy a few lines with which they might fish for young saithe or lythe over the side of the yacht, but this project was stopped by the appearance of the King of Borva, who bore triumphant proof of the success of his mission in a brace of grouse held up in each hand as a small boat brought him out to the yacht.

"And I was seeing Mr. Hutcheson," Mackenzie said to Lavender as he stepped on board, "and he is a ferry good-

natured man whatever, and he says if there is no wind at all he will let one of his steamers take the yacht up to Loch Sunart, and if there is a breeze at all we will get it there."

"But why should we go in quest of a breeze?" Mrs. Ingram said petulantly.

"Why, mem," said Mackenzie, taking the matter seriously, "you was not thinking we could sail a boat without wind? But I am no sure that there will not be a breeze before night."

Mackenzie was right. As the evening wore on and the sun drooped in the west, the aspect of affairs changed somewhat, and there was now and again a sort of shiver apparent on the surface of the lake-like bay. When, indeed, the people on board came up on deck just before dinner, they found a rather thunderous-looking sunset spreading over the sky. Into the clear saffron glory of the western sky some dark and massive purple clouds had risen. The mountains of Mull had grown light and milk-like, and yet they seemed near. The glass-like bay began to grove, and the black shadow of a ship that lay on the gleaming yellow plain began to tremble as the water cut lines of light across the reflection of the masts. You could hear voices afar off. Under the ruins of the castle and along the curves of the coast the shadows of the water were a pure green, and the rocks were growing still more sharp and distinct in the gathering dusk. There was a cold smell of the sea in the air. And then swiftly the pale colors of the west waxed lurid and fierce, the mountains became of a glowing purple, and then all the plain of the sea was dashed with a wild glare of crimson, while the walls of Dunolly grew black, and overhead the first scouts of the marshaling forces of the clouds came up in flying shreds of gold and fire.

"Oh ay, we may hef a breeze the night," Mackenzie said.

"I hope we sha'n't have a storm," Mrs. Ingram said.

"A storm? Oh no, no storm at all. It will be a ferry good thing if the wind lasts till the morning."

Mackenzie was not at all sure that

there would be storm enough, and went down to dinner with the others rather grumbling over the fineness of the weather. Indeed, when they came on deck again, later on in the night, even the slight breeze that he had hoped for seemed impossible. The night was perfectly still. A few stars had come out overhead, and their light scarcely trembled on the smooth waters of the bay. A cold, fresh scent of sea-weed was about, but no wind. The orange lights in Oban burned pale and clear, the red and green lamps of the steamers and yachts in the bay did not move. And when Mrs. Ingram came up to take Sheila forward to the bow of the boat, to sit down there and have a confidential talk with her, a clear and golden moon was rising over the sharp black ridge of Kerrara into the still and beautiful skies, and there was not a ripple of the water along the sides of the yacht to break the wonderful silence of the night.

"My dear," she said, "you have a beautiful place to live in."

"But we do not live here," Sheila said with a smile. "This is to me as far away from home as England can be to you when you think of America. When I came here for the first time I thought I had got into another world, and that I should never be able to get back again to the Lewis."

"And is the island you live in more beautiful than this place?" she asked, looking round on the calm sea, the lambent skies and the far mountains beyond, which were gray and ghost-like in the pale glow of the moon.

"If you see our island on such a night as this, you will say it is the most beautiful place in the world. It is the winter-time that is bad, when we have rain and mist for weeks together. But after this year I think we shall spend all the winters in London, although my husband does not like to give up the shooting and the boating; and that is very good amusement for him when he is tired with his work."

"That island life certainly seems to agree with him," said Mrs. Ingram, not daring even to hint that there was any

further improvement in Sheila's husband than that of mere health: "I have never seen him look so well and strong. I scarcely recognized him on the pier, he was so brown; and—and—and I think his sailor-clothes suit him so well. They are a little rough, you know: indeed, I have been wondering whether you made them yourself."

Sheila laughed: "I have seen you look at them. No, I did not make them. But the cloth, that was made on the island, and it is very good cloth whatever."

"You see what a bad imitation of your costume I am compelled to wear. Edward would have it, you know. I think he'd like me to speak like you, if I could manage it."

"Oh no, I am sure he would not like that," Sheila said, "for many a time he used to correct me; and when he first came to the island I was very much ashamed, and sometimes angry with him."

"But I suppose you got accustomed to his putting everybody right?" said Mr. Ingram's wife with a smile.

"He was always a very good friend to me," Sheila said simply.

"Yes, and I think he is now," said her companion, taking the girl's hand and forcing herself to say something of that which lay at her heart, and which had been struggling for utterance during all this beating about the bush. "I am sure you could not have a better friend than he is; and if you only knew how pleased we both are to find you so well and so happy—"

Sheila saw the great embarrassment in her companion's face, and she knew the good feeling that had driven her to this stammering confession. "It is very kind of you," she said gently. "I am very happy: yes, I do not think I have anything more to wish for in the world."

There was no embarrassment in her manner as she made this simple avowal, her face was clear and calm in the moonlight, and her eyes were looking somewhat distantly at the sea and the island near. Her husband came forward with a light shawl and put it round her shoulders. She took his hand and for a mo-

ment pressed it to her lips. Then he went back to where Ingram and old Mackenzie were smoking, and the two women were left to their confidences. Mrs. Kavanagh had gone below.

What was this great noise next morning of the rattling of chains and the flapping of canvas overhead? There was a slight motion in the boat and a splashing of water around her sides. Was the Princess Sheila getting under weigh?

The various noises ceased, so also did the rolling of the vessel, and apparently all was silent and motionless again. But when the ladies had dressed, and got up on deck, behold they were in a new world! All around them were the blue waters of Loch Linnhe, lit up by the brilliant sunshine of the morning. A light breeze was just filling the great white sails, and the yacht, heeling over slightly, was cutting her placid way through the lapping waves. How keen was the fresh smell of the air! Sea-gulls were swooping down and around the tall masts: over there the green island of Lismore lay bright in the sunshine; the lonely hills of Morven and the mountains of Mull had a thousand shades of color growing on their massive shoulders and slopes; the ruins of Duart Castle, out at the point, seemed too fair and picturesque to be associated with dark legends of blood. Were these faint specks in the south the far islands of Colonsay and Oronsay? Lavender brought his glass to Mrs. Ingram, and, with many apologies to all the ladies for having woke them up so soon, bade her watch the flight of two herons making in for the mouth of Loch Etive.

They had postponed for the present that southward trip to Jura. The glass was still rising, and the appearance of the weather rendered it doubtful whether they might have wind enough to make such a cruise anything but tedious. They had taken advantage of this light breeze in the morning to weigh anchor and stand across for the Sound of Mull: if it held out, they would at least reach Tobermony, and take their last look at a town before rounding Ardnamurchan and making for the wild solitudes of Skye.

"Well, Cis," Ingram said to his wife as he busied himself with a certain long fishing-line, "what do you think of the Western Highlands?"

"Why did you not tell me of these places before?" she said rather absently, for the mere height of the mountains along the Sound of Mull—the soft green woods leading up to the great bare shoulders of purple and gray and brown above—seemed to draw away one's eyes and thoughts from surrounding objects.

"I have, often. But what is the use of telling?"

"It is the most wonderful place I have ever seen," she said. "It is so beautiful and so desolate at the same time. What lovely colors there are everywhere—on the sea, and on the shores there and up the hills—and everything is so bright and gleaming! But no one seems to live here. I suppose you couldn't: the loneliness of the mountains and the sea would kill you."

"My dear child, these are town-bred fancies," he said in his usual calm and carelessly sententious manner. "If you lived there, you would have plenty to do besides looking at the hills and the sea. You would be glad of a fine day to let you go out and get some fish or go up the hills and get some blackcock for your dinner; and you would not get sad by looking at fine colors, as town-folks do. Do you think Lavender and Sheila spend their time in mooning up in that island of theirs? and that, I can tell you, is a trifle more remote and wild than this is. They've got their work to do, and when that is done they feel comfortable and secure in a well-built house, and fairly pleased with themselves that they have earned some rest and amusement. I dare say if you built a cottage over there, and did nothing but look at the sea and the hills and the sky at night, you would very soon drown yourself. I suppose if a man were to give himself up for three months to thinking of the first formation of the world, and the condition of affairs before that happened, and the puzzle about how the materials ever came to be there, he would grow mad. But few people luckily have the chance

of trying. They've got their bread to earn: if they haven't, they're bent on killing something or other—foxes, grouse, deer, and what not—and they don't bother about the stars, or what lies just outside the region of the stars. When I find myself getting miserable about the size of a mountain, or the question as to how and when it came there, I know that it is time to eat something. I think breakfast is ready, Cis. Do you think you have the nerve to cut this hook out of my fingers? and then we can go below."

She gave a little scream and started up. Two drops of blood had fallen on Lavender's white decks.

"No, I see you can't," he said. "Open this knife and I will dig it out myself. Bless the girl! are you going to faint because I have scratched my finger?"

Lavender, however, had to be called in to help, and while the surgical operation was going forward Mrs. Ingram said, "You see we have got townfolks hands as yet. I suppose they will get to be leather by and by. I am sure I don't know how Mrs. Lavender can do those things about a boat with the tiny little hands she has."

"Yes, Sheila has small hands, hasn't she?" Lavender said as he bound up his friend's finger; "but then she makes up for that by the bigness of her heart."

It was a pretty and kindly speech, and it pleased Mrs. Ingram, though Sheila did not hear it. Then, when the doctoring was over, they all went below for breakfast, and an odor of fish and ham and eggs and coffee prevailed throughout the yacht.

"I have quite fallen in love with this manner of life," Mrs. Ingram said. "But, tell me, is it always as pleasant as this? Do you always have those blue seas around you, and green shores? Are the sails always white in the sunlight?"

There was a dead silence.

"Well, I would not say," Mackenzie observed seriously, as no one else would take up the question—"I would not say it is always ferry good weather off this coast—oh no, I would not say that—for if there was no rain, what would the

cattle do, and the streams?—they would not hef a pool left in them. Oh yes, there is rain sometimes, but you cannot always be sailing about, and when there will be rain you will hef your things to attend to in-doors. And there is always plenty of good weather if you was wanting to tek a trip round the islands or down to Oban—oh yes, there is no fear of that; and it will be a ferry good coast whatever for the harbor, and there is always some-place you can put into if it was coming on rough, only you must know the coast and the lic of the islands and the rocks about the harbors. And you would learn it ferry soon. There is Sheila there: there is no one in the Lewis will know more of the channels in Loch Roag than she does—not one, I can say that; and when you go farther away, then you must tek some one with you who was well acquaint with the coast. If you was thinking of having a yacht, Mr. Ingram, there is one I hef heard of just now in Rothesay that is for sale, and she is a ferry good boat, but not so big as this one."

"I think we'll wait till my wife knows more about it, Mr. Mackenzie," Ingram said. "Wait till she gets round Ardnamurchan, and has crossed the Minch, and has got the fine Atlantic swell as you run in to Borvabost."

"Edward, you frighten me," his wife said: "I was beginning to give myself courage."

"But it is mere nonsense," cried Mackenzie impatiently. "Kott pless me! there is no chance of your being ill in this fine weather; and if you had a boat of your own, you would ferry soon get accustomed to the weather—oh, ferry soon indeed—and you would hef no more fear of the water than Sheila has."

"Sheila has far too little fear of the water," her husband said.

"Indeed, and that is true," said her father; "and it is not right that a young lass should go about by herself in a boat."

"But you know very well, papa, that I never do that now."

"Oh, you do not do it now," grumbled Mackenzie—"no, you do not do it now.

But some day you will forget when there is something to be done, and you will run a great danger, Sheila."

"But she has promised never to go out by herself: haven't you, Sheila?" her husband said.

"I did: I promised that to you. And I have never been out since by myself."

"Well, don't forget, Sheila," said her father, not very sure but that some sudden occasion might tempt the girl to her old deeds of recklessness.

The two American ladies had little to fear. The Hebrides received them with fair sunshine and smooth seas, and all the day long their occupation was but to watch the wild birds flying from island to island, and mark the gliding by of the beautiful coasts, and listen to the light rushing of the waves as the fresh sea-breezes flew through the rigging. And Sheila was proud to teach them something of the mystery of sailing a small craft, and would give them the tiller sometimes, while her eye, as clear and keen as her father's, kept watch and ward over the shapely vessel that was making for the northern seas. One evening she said to her friends, "Do you see that point that runs out on this side of the small islands? Round that we enter Loch Roag."

The last pale light of the sun was shining along the houses of Borvabost as the Princess Sheila passed. The people there had made out the yacht long ere she came close to land, and Mackenzie knew that twenty eager scouts would fly to tell the news to Scarlett and Duncan, so that ample preparation would be made in the newly-finished house down by the sea. The wind, however, had almost died away, and they were a long time getting into Loch Roag in this clear twilight. They who were making their first visit to Sheila's island sat contentedly enough on deck, however, amazed and bewildered by the beauty of the scene around them. For now the sun had long sunk, but there was a glow all over the heavens, and only in the far east did the yellow stars begin to glimmer over the dark plain of the loch. Mealasabhal, Suainabahl, Cracabahl lifted their grand

shoulders and peak into this wondrous sky, and stood dark and clear there, with the silence of the sea around them. As the night came on the yellow stars grew more intense overhead, but the lambent glow in the north did not pale. They entered a small bay. Up there on a plateau of the rocks stood a long, low house, with all its windows gleaming in the dusk. The pinnace was put off from the yacht; in the strange silence of the night the ripples plashed around her prow; her oars struck fire in the water as the men rowed in to the land. And then, as Sheila's guests made their way up to the house, and when they reached the verandah and turned to look at the sea and the loch and the far mountains opposite, they beheld the clear and golden sickle of the moon rising from behind the black outline of Suainabhal into the soft and violet skies. As the yellow moon rose in the south a pathway of gold began to tremble on Loch Roag, and they could see the white curve of sand around the bay. The air was sweet with the cold smell of the sea. There was a murmur of the far Atlantic all around the silent coast.

It was the old familiar picture that had charmed the imagination of Sheila's first and only lover, when as yet she was to him as some fair and wonderful princess living in a lonely island and clothed round about with the glamour of old legends and stories of the sea. Was she any longer this strange sea-princess, with dreams in her eyes and the mystery of the night and the stars written in her beautiful face? Or was she to him now, what all the world long ago perceived her to be, a tender wife, a faithful companion and a true and loyal-hearted woman? Sheila walked quietly into the house: there was something there for her friends to see, and with a great pride and gentleness and gladness Scarlett was despatched on a particular errand. The old King of Borva was still down at the yacht, looking after the landing of certain small articles of luggage. Duncan had come forward to Ingram and said, "And are you ferry well, sir?" and Mairi, come down from Mackenzie's house, had done

the same. Then there was a wild squeal of the pipes in the long apartment where supper was laid, the unearthly gathering cry of a clan, until Sheila's husband dashed into the place and threatened to throw John into the sea if he did not hold his peace. John was offended, and would probably have gone up the hillside and in revenge played "Mackrimmon shall no more return," only that he

knew the irate old King of Borva would, in such a case, literally fulfill the threat that had been lightly uttered by his son-in-law. In another room, where two or three women were together, one of them suddenly took both of Sheila's hands in hers and said, with a great look of kindness in her eyes, "My dear, I can believe now what you told me that night at Oban."

### MONTE CARLO.

THE Monagasques, as the good people of Monaco are called, have a quaint old ballad, still popular amongst them, which very aptly illustrates the peculiarities of their geographical position:

Son Monaco, sopra un scoglio :  
Non semino e non raccoglio,  
E pur mangiar voglio.

("I'm Monaco, perched upon a rock: I neither sow nor reap, yet I must eat.") Monaco, situated in a barren and mountainous district, with a foreground of salt sea and a background of lofty and often inaccessible rocks, has, in fact, but little ground for cultivation. There are a few fine fruit-gardens, but no wheat-fields, and the immediate mountains enclosed within the petty dominions of the prince are too naked to afford pasturage for sheep or oxen; so that if Monaco were suddenly cut off from the rest of the world, its population would soon die of starvation, as it depends entirely on its neighbors for all the necessaries of life. During the Middle Ages the Monagasques were famous robbers and corsairs, and brought back with them from their marauding expeditions sufficient booty to render life supportable in war times; and in those of peace an active commerce was kept up with Genoa, Nice and Marseilles. On one occasion, however, at the close of the sixteenth century, the city was so entirely severed from all communication both by land

and water that the people suffered in an extreme degree the pangs of hunger and thirst, and nearly two-thirds of their number perished. This happened under circumstances as peculiar as they were tragical. Honorat I. reigned over the little principality. This prince, who, like Henry VIII., "never spared man in his wrath or woman in his lust," fell desperately in love with a beautiful peasant-woman named Paulina. In order to win her to his desires he offered her all manner of magnificent presents—robes of velvet, brocades of gold, gems, even rank; all the good things of earth, in short, save peace of conscience and a wedding-ring. Paulina, a woman of high mind, indignantly refused his gifts, and took refuge from his persecutions in a convent. But the inviolability of the sanctuary was of little account to Honorat, and he caused his armed minions to penetrate the sacred enclosure and drag thence the unfortunate woman, whom he first violated and then murdered. The people, horrified at so outrageous a crime, rose in arms, besieged the palace, and after a brief resistance laid violent hands on their fiendish sovereign. They fettered him with heavy irons, led him to the summit of a steep rock overlooking the sea, and thence hurled him headlong into the watery abyss below. This Honorat left a son, a minor, whom the Monagasques refused to recognize, and

in consequence his interests were espoused by the king of Spain. The Spaniards besieged Monaco, and so successfully surrounded it both by sea and land that in a few weeks a majority of the population were starved to death, and the rest, in order to save life, surrendered.

At present the good Monagasques, no longer living by pillage, and possessing railroads and steamboats, have wisely turned their attention toward rendering their city one of the most attractive places in Europe. In 1860, when Nice passed under the French rule, M. Blanc, the proprietor of the gambling *salons* of Homburg and Baden, tried to persuade the emperor that the lovely capital of his newly-annexed province could easily be made the winter rival of the great German watering-places. He had only to grant permission, and in a few months the *Promenade des Anglais* would see rise up amidst its palms and oleanders a temple of Oriental splendor dedicated to Chance and Fortune. The emperor, however, was for many reasons obliged to deny his sanction. Blanc went at once to Monaco, and received a hearty welcome from its prince, who readily perceived that the establishment of a gambling salon in his territory would soon render his capital as attractive as the most popular of the German spas. A large sum of ready money was immediately paid into the treasury of the shrewd Florestan II., ample promises were made, conditions mutually agreed upon, papers signed, and ere the first light frosts of a second winter nipped the edges of the semi-tropical vegetation in the princely gardens the hitherto barren hill of Monte Carlo, a mile beyond the town, was thickly covered with marble palaces, leviathan hotels, gorgeous saloons, fountains and statues, rising in the midst of gardens of such exquisite beauty that they may well be esteemed the modern rivals of those of the Babylonian queen. These gardens are planted upon terraces skillfully cut in the rock, which rises abruptly from the sea, and contain fine specimens of the rare plants of almost every clime. Here can be admired some of the noblest palm trees in Europe, rho-

dodendrons of every hue, and rose trees which, by reason of their size and the number and splendor of their flowers, would easily eclipse those of the renowned Cashmere valley. The Casino, which contains two *salons de jeu*, a reading-room, concert-hall and three reception- or ball-rooms, is of white marble, and built externally in the Italian style. Internally it is ornamented in the Arabian fashion, and is remarkably gorgeous, though the rich coloring and elaborate gildings are blended skillfully enough to please without dazzling or offending the eye. To the left of the Casino is the Hôtel de Paris, the dining-saloon of which is reputed to be the finest apartment of its kind in Europe. To the right stands the Grand Café, a handsome edifice, alongside of which is a notable jeweler's store, where, if you be short of money or Fortune in her neighboring temple play you an ill turn, you can obtain a loan on your watch, chain, rings, bracelets, etc. by paying reasonable interest. The space between these buildings is ornamented with orange trees, statues and marble vases, and in the centre a graceful fountain sends up a lofty jet of water, which is caught again in a brazen basin of elegant design.

In this square, of a summer's night, congregates a lively crowd to listen to the Casino orchestra, which is usually stationed in the hot season on the great terrace. I shall not readily forget the first time the Monaco band played the "Marseillaise." It was in 1870: the war had only just been declared, and the Marseillaise was allowed to be performed as the national anthem after many years' suppression. A large number of persons had come from Nice on purpose to hear this grandest of popular airs executed by a band which is almost without a rival in the world. The square was crowded, and the scene it presented was unusually animated and picturesque. The many and mellow-tinted lamps, both within and without the palace, were already lighted, and those in the garden had been increased both in variety and number for the occasion. The French flag

fluttered drowsily in the breeze over the principal entrance to the Casino, and above it the great terrace or balcony was filled with musicians. The moon shone brightly, and threw her silvery rays around, now upon the lofty palm trees, now on the glittering sea or the distant towers of the city, or on the abrupt peaks of the mountains. All seemed joyous and peaceful, and one could scarcely realize that the people had assembled thus to hear the playing of that fatal air which was already leading their army to destruction. The Marseillaise is not a lucky tune. Composed during the great Revolution, it soon became synonymous with the "terror." Under the First Empire it fell into disuse, and was not again heard until the second Revolution, which also ended fatally for the republic. Again its notes became popular in 1848, and again they were hushed for nearly twenty years, during which time "*Partant pour la Syrie*" was forced upon the people as the national anthem. When Napoleon III. permitted the Marseillaise to be played in 1870 there were many persons who declared that it would bring ill-luck; and sure enough "ill-luck" it brought. But on the October night I speak of had you ventured to question the success of the French arms in hearing of the multitude gathered round the fountain in the square of Monte Carlo, you would either have been denounced as a Prussian spy or treated as an idiotic wretch much to be pitied. What a shout of *Vive la France!* rose when the last bar of the anthem ceased! It was loud enough to awaken the hundred echoes of the neighboring mountains. A few months afterward I visited Monte Carlo on just such another moonlight night. The square was deserted, the Casino closed, Paris was invested, and Nice herself had been declared in a state of siege.

*Ma basta!* I am wandering from my subject, and must return to Monte Carlo. The chief game played here is of course *rouge et noir*, there being but one *trente et quarante* table to three *rouge et noir*. I never played at *trente et quarante*, and do not understand the game. It is, I believe, much the same as *rouge et noir*,

but played with cards. *Rouge et noir* I have played at half a dozen times. It is a very exciting game, and your chances of winning are pretty fair; but to play well you must be thoroughly "initiated," and to be "initiated" requires time and a good teacher. However objectionable a gambling-saloon may be, a public establishment carried on with decency, regulated by laws and under the strict surveillance of a government, seems to be far preferable to our private gambling-hell system. At Monaco everything is conducted in the most proper manner, and if you are fool enough to play, you only run the risk of losing what you stake, and none whatever of being cheated or bullied. I have often heard men of the world say that they would rather have twenty "*Monacos*" than one "*club*." I believe that there is more gambling on a large scale carried on at Nice than in Monaco. In certain clubs in that city I know of gentlemen who have in a few nights lost half their fortune. At Monaco this would be impossible, as no credit is given, and you can only risk what ready money you can command. Very large sums of money are lost nightly at the Circle Massena and other clubs in Nice, and I do not believe that anything worse goes on there than in most club-houses elsewhere. Some of the greatest gambling in Nice takes place in private houses, the green tables of which are presided over by ladies with fine names and long titles. They are especially charming in their manners to Americans with long purses, but a little experience of European society will soon show that these "great ladies" are not "received." They frequent Monte Carlo a good deal of evenings, and there display the most astonishing toilettes. They are often persons of high education, graceful manners and members of even princely houses, but the stories circulated about them would make a decent American matron's hair stand on end. A great majority of them hail from Russia, the Levant, and even Georgia and Circassia—Oriental women who have varnished themselves with an European gloss and been emancipated from harem life.



Let me describe a group I saw gathered round the principal table of the second salon one day toward the close of the season of 1871, the most brilliant known in Nice for many a year. In the centre, just by the man who turns the wheel, appears the face of an elderly woman wearing two bunches of crisp little black curls on either side of her temples; her eyes, originally of the deepest violet, have through age lost almost all their color, excepting round the edge of the iris, and there it is wonderfully clear and deep, but their restless, eager expression has something weirdly fascinating in it. The excited way in which they follow the motion of the ball as it goes swiftly round is amazing: they never lose sight of it, and yet, strange to say, the eyes, and the eyes only, of this person display emotion: the rest of her face is as quiet and composed as if she were reposing in her bed. Her other features may have been beautiful in youth, as in age they are still pleasant to look upon, for when the eyes are quiet the countenance is unusually amiable in its expression. On her head she wears a genuine black coal-scuttle bonnet, such as your and my grandmother, reader, wore at the time of the battle of Waterloo—a period when the old lady in question dazzled the Allies in Paris by her beauty and fascinating manners. She is the famous Countess Kisselef, the widow of the Russian statesman and general of that name, and one of the greatest gamblers in the universe. If you approach her you will see that she is seated in an invalid's chair, in which she is wheeled to and fro. In summer you will meet her at Baden (or rather you would have done so before 1870), and in winter she is sure to be at Monaco. She is a strange being. Immensely rich, she has divided her fortune into four exact parts—one for charity, one for the Church, one for her personal expenses, and the last to gratify her passion for gambling. She never encroaches on any one of these divisions of her wealth, but lives strictly within her fixed limits.

Leaning over this singular old lady is

an elderly gentleman, whose fine cast of features at once recalls the well-known portraits of Henry IV. of France. The resemblance is not accidental, for the personage in question is H. R. H. Charles II., duke of Parma, who descends in direct line from the gallant Bearnais, through his mother, the Infanta Maria Louisa, daughter of King Charles IV. of Spain, and widow of King Luis of Etruria. It would take too long to narrate here how the duke came by the duchy of Parma, or why he abdicated in favor of his unfortunate son, Charles III., who was so barbarously assassinated by the revolutionists in '54. Since that terrible event the old duke has resided almost entirely at Nice in the most unostentatious manner. He lives in a somewhat dilapidated villa, with his secretary and two or three faithful servants. There is scarcely in the city a more popular person than this ex-sovereign. His affable manners and exceeding benevolence have won him universal respect. Amongst the young men he is an especial favorite, as he is ever willing to do them a service. His manners are very quiet and unassuming, and he is a most agreeable *causeur*. There is something very pathetic in the habitual expression of his face. It is easy to see that he has known grief, but his misfortunes have not hardened his heart, but, on the contrary, taught him to sympathize with the miseries of others. His Highness belongs to the brotherhood of Black Penitents, an ancient guild created in the Middle Ages for the succor of prisoners and to attend criminals to the scaffold. The duke performs punctually all the rules of this society, and I have not unfrequently seen him walking in religious processions, robed in black, with a cowl on his head and a taper in his hand. Although a very religious man, one who attends mass every day and frequents publicly the sacraments on all high festivals, the duke of Parma is fond of gayety, and is to be seen at nearly all the balls and parties given during the season. He goes to Blanc's salons for the mere fun of the thing, and rarely stakes more than a few dollars. When there is

nothing particular going on, he drops in of an evening at Mrs. Arabin's. This charming old lady is one of the daughters of the celebrated Sydney Smith, and a most delightful talker, full of anecdote and humor. She has a nephew, Sir Horace Rombold, married to an American young lady, the daughter of Mr. Harrington, late Treasurer of the United States. If His Highness is not at Mrs. Arabin's, he is pretty sure to be found in the *salon* of the count de Sully-Béthune, where, as nobody plays cards, he amuses himself at working tapestry, and right nimbly does he ply his needle. Here he can enjoy a rare musical treat, that of hearing Madame de Béthune play upon the piano. The countess was a true friend to Chopin, and one of his best pupils. To hear her play his waltzes, polonaises and mazourkas is certainly something never to be forgotten. The duke of Parma is married to a princess of Savoy-Carignan, Marie Thérèse, sister of King Victor Emmanuel I., and grand-aunt of Victor Emmanuel II. The royal pair have been long since amicably separated. The duchess is a woman of rigid manners and austere piety, whose life is entirely given up to acts of devotion. She lives in Tuscany near Lucca, and once or twice a year is visited by her husband for a few days at a time. The duke is on good terms with all the members of his family, including Victor Emmanuel. His daughter-in-law, the ex-regent of Parma—regent during the minority of her son, Robert II.—is a sister of the duc de Berry, and consequently aunt to the comte de Chambord. She is also the grandmother of the duchess of Madrid, wife of Don Carlos. The ramifications of the house of Bourbon, of which Parma is the junior branch, are something quite bewildering, and extend even to the New World, for the duke is somehow or other related to the imperial family of the Brazils.

Close by the duke stands a lady of rare beauty, the lovely duchess of Newcastle. Her hair is golden, her eyes black and sparkling, her features Grecian, her complexion dazzling, and her figure slight and perfect. Add to these charms

a fine education and many graceful accomplishments, and you may easily understand how it came to pass that plain Miss Hope, the Parisian banker's daughter, became a duchess. She can sing too, this English duchess, like an *artiste* of the first water, and has frequently sung in public for charities; and on one occasion at Exeter Hall created great enthusiasm by the perfection of her vocalization. Not far from the duchess is the duke of Newcastle, of whose doings too much has been said, and by him his friend, Tom Hochler the tenor-singer. Then come three pretty New York girls, each with a roll of dollars in her hand, and each with flushed cheeks and over-brilliant eyes. Evidently, their mother, a portly dame who is gossiping on yonder sofa, is a fool, and these three "sweet ladies" were best at home. A blackleg from Chicago, another from London, a *cocotte* with dyed yellow hair and painted cheeks, a burly farmer from Piedmont, a Russian princess with a name as long as your arm and an astounding history, and lastly the vivacious face of Honorine of the Palais Royal Theatre, and by her the ever-to-be-seen-everywhere face of Cora Pearl, with a Swedish count as tall as Anak and as handsome as Adonis, leaning over in earnest conversation. A "*Messieurs, faites votre jeu,*" and round goes the ball.

Let us leave them to their sport and be off to dinner at the Hôtel de Paris, where we can get the cheapest and the best table-d'hôte dinner in the world—only five francs, wine included. Blanc is a wise man in his generation, and knows that a fellow is more likely to spend his money freely after a good meal than before; hence, doubtless, this almost gratuitous banquet. After dinner we will stroll through the moonlit gardens, and there discourse on gambling-tables and gamblers. Gambling, I think, is one of the strongest of men's passions, and it is strange to note with what rapidity it will take complete possession of the mind after only a few trials. I once knew an Englishman who had never touched a card in his life, and who believed himself utterly incapable of

ever becoming a gambler, until one unfortunate day he was brought to Monaco and induced by some young sparks "to try his luck." He won: he played again, he lost. He staked once more, and won—then lost, and won again. He came the next day, and the next, and the next. In six months he had lost every penny he was worth. He is in Australia now, and, I hear, gambles there. It requires little foresight to know how he will end—by a violent death or by that of a pauper. Gambling is just as insatiable a passion and just as pernicious to the bodily health as drinking. I have noticed strong, muscular men quiver and shake with excitement as they watched the ball go round. Even from my own slight experience of the physical excitement produced by the rapid changes from good luck to ill, I can understand what a well-known medical man once told me: "Gambling develops more diseases than would easily be imagined, especially of the brain, heart and nerves."

Perhaps the worst feature of a place like Monte Carlo is the attraction which it offers to men and women of loose character and to adventurers of all kinds. Its existence has done Nice, in a social sense, great injury, and Americans especially cannot be too particular as to whose acquaintance they make at any of the watering-places in the neighborhood of Monaco. They will do well to avoid "chance acquaintances," and they will do still better if they avoid Monte Carlo itself as much as possible. It seems to me almost beyond belief that English and American men and women of the world, who ought to know better, will insist upon dragging their young sons and daughters with them to Blanc's salons day after day. No French father or mother with any pretence to decency would do so. It is quite true that French families sometimes form a party and come to Monte Carlo, enjoy the music, stake a few dollars, dine and go home again; but they never do this more than once or twice during the season, whereas our compatriots make a constant practice of it; and they can

scarcely do a thing which goes more strongly against them in good foreign society. Monte Carlo ought certainly to be seen by all travelers as a "curiosity," but it ought to be sternly avoided by all respectable people as a lounge. It is a very fascinating, but also a very wicked, place. Lovely as this Eden is, the demons are unchained amidst its flowers—the demons of licentiousness, idleness and despair. There have been many suicides at Monte Carlo; and from the flower-crowned rocks of its exquisite gardens many a poor wretch, utterly wrecked in fortune, has flung himself into the briny grave below.

It was once my fortune to save a youth from such a death. While receiving my education at Nice I had for my "chum" the son of a wealthy merchant of the Riviera, a most charming lad, exceedingly handsome, but willful and wild as a young colt. His father was a man of deep feeling, though of cold and severe manners. I knew him well, and often enjoyed his hospitality. The son became an officer in the Italian army, and I lost sight of him for years. A few years ago he returned to Nice and led there a very dissolute life. I perceived that little sympathy existed between himself and his father. The merchant, a religious man, was hardened toward his son, whose life he utterly disapproved, and treated him like a stranger in the house. One day, happening to enter the cathedral late in the afternoon, I saw the old gentleman kneeling in front of one of the altars weeping bitterly. The great church was nearly empty, and I approached noiselessly, and heard him mutter between his sobs his son's name in a manner so earnest and touching that I longed to give him consolation; but, naturally fearing to offend, I withdrew as silently as I had advanced. In the evening I met the son. He was pale, and I saw at once that some violent scene had taken place between himself and his father. After a word or two he told me that he had been playing at Monaco, and had lost a great deal of money, and that his father had refused to allow him to return to his home. "But,

in fact," he said, "I have no home. My mother is dead, the house is like a monastery, and my father is colder and more stern than an abbot." "You do not care for him much, anyhow," said I. "You know little about it, then," he replied. "I do love him, and always did, even as a little child; but he would never let me confide in him. He is so cold and stern. *Basta!* I have no father and no home, and so *addio*."

About a week afterward I went with a party to dine at Monte Carlo. After dinner I sauntered off down by the sea. In one of the avenues of the garden I came across the young man I am writing of. His face was haggard and his manner excited. He tried to avoid me, but I would not be shaken off. Suddenly he asked me if I had a Napoleon: he would try his luck again. I lent it, and going to the telegraph-office sent a despatch to his father, and then went into the salon to watch proceedings. It was then eight o'clock. He lost and won, and won and lost small sums for two hours. At ten o'clock I ran off to the station, just in time to meet the father, who had received my despatch, and had hurried off by the next train. After a short explanation, and an entreaty on my part that he would take this opportunity to bring his prodigal back, we hastened to the hotel, where he hired a private room, whilst I returned to the salons in quest of his son. He was gone. I ran down to the garden, and made for a spot where several suicides had been committed. No one was there. I was about to give up my search when on a sudden a case-ment of the Casino was flung back, throwing a vivid stream of light across the garden, which fell upon the peak of a rock at some little distance from me.

On it knelt a figure in the attitude of prayer. In less time than it takes me to write these words I had my arms around it. It was my man. At first I thought he would have thrown me into the water with him, but, though a stronger man than I am, he was weak from excitement, and having mastered him, I induced him to believe that a wealthy friend was in the hotel awaiting him, in order to lend him sufficient money to leave the country. I knew that the mere mention of his father's name at such a moment would have been fatal. In a little time he grew calmer, the terrible expression, resembling that of temporary insanity, which I had noticed in his eyes, subsided, and we returned toward the Casino arm in arm, without attracting attention. Entering the hotel, I opened the door of the room where the father was, and, obeying a sudden impulse, pushed my friend in. In an instant he was locked in his father's arms, and a voice broken by sobs, but tender as a woman's, as a mother's, was consoling and comforting him. All I need add is, that father and son are now united by the strongest confidence and affection, and the once cold home, the "monastery," as the young man had called it, is a wonderfully pleasant abode, brightened by the presence of a youthful and pretty lady, who does the honors, and enlivened by the frolics of a baby, who rules over the stern "abbot."\* R. DAVEY.

\* I have just heard from Nice that M. Blanc is at present realizing over forty thousand pounds sterling per annum as the net profits of his Monaco speculation. He owns the Hôtel de Paris, the Casino, and in short everything connected with the place, and is building additional saloons, another hotel and a theatre, all of which are to be on a scale of the greatest magnificence.

## MY CHRISTMAS BALL.

"WHAT a comfortable thing a holiday is to us tired-out idea-inserters! There's a compound worthy of a German philosopher. I wish Christmas came six times a year: don't you, Patience? Why, Patience—sister Patience—you cannot surely be asleep? My first evening home, too, of all evenings! Patience! wake up, I say, Patience!"

"What wouldst thou with me, Adelaide?"

"Is that a quotation from Shakespeare, you sepulchral female?"

"No—Kotzebue. Didst never see *The Stranger*?"

"I should like to see a stranger just now—one that would make himself agreeable. I feel restless: I want to talk, and I do believe you are half asleep again. Patience, such somnolency must surely be a symptom of approaching illness—brain disease or typhoid fever most likely. It isn't natural: it's lethargic."

"Leth—what? Say that again, please. I could not take the whole word in at once."

"Patience, don't be provoking. Talk to me a little, please: I want to be amused. And you have not told me one syllable of news. Any new scholars coming after the holidays?"

"Two—Teesie Wilson's little sister, and—"

"Teesie Wilson! That child is well named. What a torment the little wretch is! Confess now—don't your fingers often ache to give her a good cuffing?"

"Sometimes. Then Rosie Grey is coming back, and I have the promise of two more—Mrs. Ralston's oldest girls. The school will be full again when they come, and I think matters look very fairly altogether. And you? How are you getting on, Addie?"

"Oh, very well. The children tease sometimes, but Mrs. Jamieson is very kind, and always upholds my authority. And then the girls are really fond of me,

and the whole family made me pretty presents. I must show you as soon as my trunk arrives."

We were alone in the world, sisters—Patience Carr, the school-tress, and I, Adelaide, the governess. Ten years before we had known a treme of luxury—a house in a fashionable quarter of New York, horses,riages, servants, French dresses, diamonds for Patience, broad worked muslins and velvet suits for me. That was when Antarctic Mail was ing at 130, and Richard Carr, our father, was considered one of the shrewdest most successful of Wall street speculators. Then, one bright day, Antarctic took a downward leap, and carried father's fortune with it: his reason failed, and in the end his life. So morning a woman and a child (Patience and I) set forth into the world to seek not our fortunes, but our daily bread. There was a difference of twelve years between Patience and myself—years were expressed by a neat row of little graves with elegantly carved stones out at Greenwood, where our brothers and sisters slept a calm sleep that no depreciation in Antarctic had power to disturb. Our mother died when I was only two years old; she too had gone where Wall street ceases from troubling and the builders bears are at rest. So Patience took of me for six long years, and then, being eighteen, went forth to win her own bread as a governess.

I cannot say that the usual adventures which novel-writers describe as befell every young woman, whether attractive or otherwise, who goes out as a governess, ever happened to me. No, in some youth, the only son of the family in which I taught English, French, rudiments of German, music, and dancing, ever fell at my feet and besought permission to remove me to a more congenial sphere. I found out no dark

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deadly mysteries, no hidden maniac or undiscovered crimes; nor was I ever subjected to a series of petty slights and injuries from narrow-minded *mères de famille*. I was usually very well treated and fairly paid, so I never had a chance of posing myself either as a victim or a heroine of romance. At the time of which I write I was indeed as pleasantly situated as it is possible for a governess to be. My employers were cultivated, kind-hearted people, my eldest pupils intelligent, well-brought-up girls, and the rest of the children not more unruly or tormenting than healthy children, especially boys, are apt to be. So that particular Christmas Eve of which I write found me very much inclined to enjoy my holiday, and fully prepared to enter into all the little festivities of the season which might fall to my share.

"We are to have roast turkey for dinner to-morrow," remarked Patience after a brief silence.

"*Gourmande, va!*"

"And what do you say to a *matinée* as a pleasant method of passing the day?"

"You know I love a play above all things. Where shall we go?—to Wallack's? Booth's? the Fifth Avenue?"

"Choose for yourself, Addie: you are company, you know. There is the newspaper on the table."

I sat down to pore over the advertisements with as much eagerness and excitement as though my twenty-two years had been suddenly diminished by ten at the very least. At last I looked up: "Patience!"

"Well, dear?"

"Don't you wish that something would happen to us, as so often happens in plays?—that is, don't you wish that some unknown relative or rich old uncle would make his appearance and shower untold wealth upon us?"

"I am sure we are very comfortable now. And what is the use of wishing such things?"

"Not much use, only some amusement. Castles in the air are very easily erected, and cost nothing for bricks, mortar or laborers' hire."

"Yes, but when they tumble down, as they invariably do, you may chance to get a rap on the head from some of the flying timbers. Best stay on *terra firma*, Addie."

I laughed, and bent again over my paper. But the momentous question of the Christmas *matinée* once settled and the newspaper thrown aside, my thoughts reverted to my airy castles, and instinctively I began to rear them again. We were both silent. Patience leaned back, half asleep, in her rocking-chair, whilst I sat on a low seat at her feet and gazed dreamily into the glowing coals of the grate. I saw myself a lively, laughing child again, flying down the broad staircase of our Fifth Avenue mansion in embroidered muslin and floating silk sash, en route for some childish party or other; and then I remembered a certain dinner-party which my father had once given, and how I, peeping slyly through the chink of the dining-room door, had thought privately that sister Patience in her mauve silk and pearls was the prettiest lady there. Poor, dear Patience! the prettiness still remained, though the silk and the pearls were things of the past. Suddenly a thought struck me, a recollection of an odd story told me in those far-off days. I would wake Patience up, and she should tell me all about it. So I faced round and looked up into the fair, placid face that showed so sweet and calm in the ruddy fire-glow.

"Patience, once and for all, you *shall* wake up and talk to me, or I will go straight back to Mrs. Jamieson's to-morrow morning. You hurt my feelings by treating my arrival so soporifically."

"Do they feed you on minced dictionary at Mrs. Jamieson's?" queried my much-put-upon sister, opening her eyes in a very languid manner. "You do use such very long words."

"I think *you* must have been going to several classical concerts lately. You look as though you had scarcely recovered from a severe attack of Opuses in X minor."

"I was not asleep, child: I was only thinking."

"Stop thinking through your nose, then : it is a very bad habit for a lady to indulge in."

"Well, I am wide awake enough now for anything. What is it you want me to do?"

"I want you to tell me a story. Is there not a queer one extant about an old uncle of ours and a precious stone?"

"Our grand-uncle—yes. Did you never hear about Stephen Carr, our father's uncle, and how oddly his fortune disappeared?"

"Long ago, when I was a very little child, I suppose, for my remembrance of the affair is as vague and uncertain as possible. There was something about a voyage to Europe and a lost jewel, but I recollect nothing definite. I want you to tell me all about it. Begin at the very beginning, please. Come, now, I'm all ready to listen. Once upon a time—"

"Well," said Patience, gazing at the coals as though trying to read there the commencement of her narrative, "you must remember that our father's family was far from being a very aristocratic one, at least on our grandfather's side, for there is no better blood in New York State than that of our grandmother. She was a Miss Van Lorten."

"You remind me of that woman in *Hard Times*, 'whose mother was a Fowler.'" Go on."

"I will not unless you promise not to interrupt me. Where was I? Oh yes! Our grandfather had an only brother, an old bachelor, who was by trade not exactly a jeweler, but a diamond-broker—I think they call such a person—a man who buys and sells precious stones. He used to go abroad once or twice a year for the purpose of visiting pawnbrokers' establishments and second-hand dealers in search of gems that might be cheaply purchased, as well as for the usual transactions of his business. He was a grave, taciturn man, and never discussed his affairs with any one, not even with our grandfather, to whom he was much attached. His picture used to hang in the old Carr mansion—a heavy-browed, close-lipped, stern-looking face, with

nothing genial or communicative about it.

"Now, as regards the curious part of the story, remember I only speak from hearsay. I tell the tale as it came to me from the lips of our grandmother when I was quite a child; and the old family servants also were fond of discussing this rather mysterious family legend; but since our grandmother's death and the breaking up of the old establishment (all of which happened when I was about nine years old) I have heard scarcely anything about it, except a few words which my father once let fall on the subject. But I heard the story so often in my childhood that it made a deep impression on my memory.

"One year—about forty years ago, I should think, somewhere between 1830 and '35—my grand-uncle set out on his annual pilgrimage to Europe. He took with him all his disposable funds, varying by report from twenty to forty thousand dollars, but probably nearer the former sum than the latter. Before he sailed he signified to our grandfather his intention of making a somewhat extended tour, and also gave him to understand that he contemplated making a purchase of unusual importance and magnitude. If he had only been a little more explicit much trouble might have been saved, but it was never his way to talk much about his affairs with any one.

"He sailed early in the spring, and reached the Old World in safety. I have seen some of the letters he wrote during that last journey—all brief, curt epistles, telling little but the state of his health, the place from whence he was writing, and the probable date of his departure for another point. The last country to which he went was Holland. He stayed some time at Amsterdam, and then went to Rotterdam, where he remained several weeks; but, as usual, his letters contained no intelligence respecting his business transactions. At length word was received of his approaching return. He took passage direct from Rotterdam in a sailing-vessel, but he was not destined to reach his home alive. The cholera broke out on board of the ship

before she had been many days out of sight of land, and Stephen Carr was one of its earliest victims. It was supposed that the virulence of the disorder and its speedy termination prevented him from making known anything respecting his property. He was accustomed always to travel with his precious merchandise carefully concealed in nooks and corners among his baggage; and on this last voyage his purchases must have been of unusual value, and were either stolen or so carefully concealed that they were never discovered. Nor have they ever been found from that day to this."

"How was it known that he had bought anything of importance?"

"Grandfather went to Holland expressly to trace out some indication of the whereabouts of his brother's missing fortune. He found that the whole of the large amount of money which Stephen Carr had taken abroad with him had been drawn out on one day about a week before he sailed for home. He also discovered that he had had dealings with a man named Nicholas Leerjen, a dealer in bric-à-brac and jewelry, who had a shop on the Boompjes; but this Leerjen, on being interrogated, sturdily denied that any transaction of importance had ever taken place between himself and Mr. Carr, who had bought from him, he averred, nothing but an antique silver salver, which he described minutely; and as such a salver had been found among the effects of the deceased, there seemed no reason to doubt the Dutchman's word. So, after spending some weeks in fruitless inquiries and investigations, our grandfather was forced to return home no wiser and no richer than when he had set out.

"Now comes the strangest part of this strange story. A short time after grandfather's return home, which was very speedily accomplished, the vessel he came in being an American clipper and the winds favorable all the way, he was awakened one night by my grandmother, who declared that she heard some one breaking into the house. My grandfather listened, and was soon convinced that her suspicions were correct;

so he threw on a dressing-gown, loaded his pistols, and softly unbarring his door slipped stealthily out into the passage. He heard footsteps proceeding up the stairs to an upper room which had been his brother's. He followed with noiseless tread, and on reaching the door of that apartment he saw, by the faint glimmer of a dark lantern, a man on his knees before Stephen Carr's trunk (which still contained all the articles that had been brought from abroad), and engaged in forcing the lock. Some sound which he made attracted the attention of the robber, who sprang up and rushed upon him; but our grandfather, who was not easily thrown off his guard, presented his pistol full at his advancing assailant, fired, and the man fell to the ground."

"Was he killed outright?"

"Unfortunately, yes: the bullet had passed through his head. I say unfortunately, as with him died the last hope of discovering the missing property; for on examination the would-be robber proved to be no other than Nicholas Leerjen, the Dutch shopkeeper."

"And his motive? What could have been his reason for committing such a crime?"

"Do you not see," said Patience, "that our grand-uncle must have purchased from him some exceedingly valuable gems, and that he, being apprised by my grandfather's inquiries that the whereabouts of this purchase was unknown, and being also probably aware of its place of concealment, had made a desperate attempt to gain possession of it?"

"I see. I wonder what really did become of it?"

"Father came to the conclusion that it must have been stolen from his brother's trunk on board ship, after his death. But he always kept the trunk and its contents very carefully, and enjoined on me to do the same, though it has been ransacked again and again, and every article it contains thoroughly examined."

"And where is it now?"

"Up stairs in the little third-story back room. Don't you remember it—a middle-sized sole-leather trunk, with 'S. C.' marked on it?"



"I tell you what, Patience," I said, springing up, "I mean to have a look at the contents of that trunk early to-morrow morning."

"What nonsense, Addie! Don't I tell you that everything in it has been thoroughly examined hundreds of times?"

"Well, then, it will do no hurt to examine them the several hundred-and-oneth time. But was not that a ring at the bell? Yes, indeed! Here comes my trunk, Patience. I want to show you my Christmas gifts, and I have knit you such a pretty shawl." And in the unpacking and examination of my little stock of treasures the remainder of the evening passed swiftly away, and there was no further question of Stephen Carr or of the lost jewels. But I had not relinquished my purpose, and as soon as the breakfast things were put away the next morning I assailed Patience anew: "Where is the key of Stephen Carr's trunk? I know you mean to be closeted with Norah for an hour at least superintending the stuffing of that turkey; so, unless you wish me to die of ennui during your absence, you might as well let me amuse myself after my own fashion."

"Curiosity, thy name is—Adelaide Carr!" laughed Patience as she went to her desk to look for the key. "Here it is. And put on a shawl, Addie: there is no fire in the room, and I do not want you to catch cold."

"And if I find the fortune?"

"Bring it down stairs and show it to me: that is, if it is not too heavy for you to carry."

So Patience disappeared laughing in the direction of the kitchen, and I hastened to put on my heavy cloth traveling sacque, and made the best of my way to the third-story back room—a little, dingy apartment used as a lumber-room, and half filled with old trunks, broken furniture, discarded pictures; in fact, all the rubbish which collects in old houses, and which, though considered too good to throw away, is usually mere useless lumber. An old picture, the portrait of some forgotten friend or distant relative of our parents or grandparents,

leaned against the wall, and seemed to leer at me out of its faded eyes with a look of mockery and discouragement. An old high clock in the corner, jarred probably by my step on the floor, started suddenly into a wheezy series of ticks, and then was silent again. The air of the shut-up room smote coldly on my senses, and chilled me despite my warm wrappings. Gathering my dress about me, I picked my way across the floor, avoiding sundry jagged nails and broken trunk-corners, and soon stood in front of the trunk marked "S. C." Stooping, I fitted the key to the lock: it turned slowly and creakingly, and with an eager yet trembling hand I flung back the lid. No sudden glow of gold or jewels flashed from the interior. A quantity of masculine habiliments, carefully folded, greeted my eyes, and a strong odor of camphor assailed my nose. That was all.

I took the things out one by one, unfolding each article as I did so, and scrutinizing it carefully. Old-fashioned shirts yellow as saffron; coats from which every vestige of the lining had been ripped in the search for the hidden wealth; trousers with the pockets turned inside out; stockings not rolled in compact balls, but stretched out at full length,—such were the uppermost things in the old trunk. Underneath lay a pair or two of boots, a small dressing-case covered with Russia leather, a small flat workbox (containing two spools, one of black silk and one of white thread, a lump of wax scored by passing threads, a needle-book shaped like a butterfly, and a pair of scissors) and a writing-case, also covered with Russia leather. I took this last to the light, and carefully examined it in the vague hope that it might contain some fragment of writing, some entry in cipher perhaps, that might prove a clew to the mystery. Vain hope! The stained blotting-paper, the shabby pen-holder, the rusty penknife revealed nothing; and all written papers had been removed long ago, had there indeed ever been any. The dressing-case, the workbox were alike unfruitful of discoveries. The heels of the boots had been cut off

and cut in pieces, and I found the fragments lying at the bottom of the trunk. And the trunk-bottom itself had been split open and pried apart, in a search for a false compartment doubtless. Truly, careful searchers had been before me: where was the marvel if I failed to find anything?

Slowly and reluctantly I refolded and replaced the scattered garments in the trunk, laid the workbox, writing-case and dressing-case on top of them, closed the lid, turned the key, and putting it in my pocket ran down stairs, resolved to forget old Stephen Carr and all his belongings.

The afternoon was spent, as we had planned, at the theatre, and in the evening it was agreed that Patience should read aloud whilst I sewed. I had a piece of finery that needed renovating—a black cloth coat, the shabby fringe of which I was going to replace with fresh and new-fashioned fur trimming—and I was anxious to get it done that I might look my best at church the ensuing Sunday. I got out my work, and my good sister produced a thick, promising-looking novel.

"What have you got there, Patience? But stop. Before you begin, can you lend me a piece of wax?"

"I have not a bit in the house."

"How provoking! This black silk tangles and knots so when it is not waxed. Patience, there is a nice ball of wax up stairs in old Stephen Carr's workbox. Do you think his ghost would come after me were I to go up after it?"

"For three cents I will insure you against all ghosts."

"Done! I'll send you the three cents in the shape of a postage-stamp on the very next letter I write you. Where's the candle? I have the trunk-key still in my pocket."

So up I went, and soon returned with the yellowish ball of thread-scored wax in my hand. Then we sat down, and for some time the work and the reading proceeded in a merry duet. At length, growing deeply interested in the fortunes and follies of the heroine, I let my

sewing fall on my lap and sat with folded hands in a state of lazy enjoyment.

I was brought back to a sense of my duty by my scissors slipping from my lap and falling with a clatter to the floor. Patience still read on, while I, being rather conscience-stricken at my own indolence, strove noiselessly to collect my belongings. Work, scissors, thimble, spool, had all found their way to the ground during my temporary abstraction. I gathered them up, and prepared to go to work again. But where was the ball of wax? How stupid! It had rolled under the grate, and now lay in close proximity to two red-hot coals, sizzling a little from time to time, and decidedly lessened in size. I dislodged it with the poker, pulled it toward me, and endeavored to cleanse it from the ashes and to mould its softened bulk into shape again. But as I pressed the half-melted wax between my fingers they encountered a hard substance—something firm and with sharp edges—that resisted the pressure. My hands trembled with eagerness and nervous excitement as I stripped the waxen shell from this hard kernel. Patience's voice seemed to die away in the distance as I plied my scissors and my fingers in their hurried work. At last it was done: the hidden thing lay bare before me on my open palm. This was what I saw.

A stone resembling in size and shape the half of a good-sized hickory nut if the nut were divided transversely, cut into a few broad facets on top, and underneath cut into smaller facets. Its shape was perfectly regular, its color a rich glowing crimson, or rather deep rose-red. I gazed at it in mute admiration and bewilderment for a moment: then I started to my feet, amazing Patience, who stopped reading and dropped her book as I cried out, in a state of almost frenzied excitement, "Patience, look! I have found this. What is it? Can it be—"

Quiet, calm and unruffled as ever, my sister rose, looked steadily at the stone as it lay on my shaking palm, then took it in her own hand and drew it lightly across the glass shade of the little clock

that stood on the mantelpiece. A sharp grating sound was heard, and when she took her hand away a long scratch was visible on the surface of the glass. She turned toward me then, and her voice had a sudden quiver and her cheek flushed with unwonted red as she answered, "It is a ruby—an enormous one. Adelaide, the missing fortune of Stephen Carr is found at last!"

Whereupon I seized my old cloth coat and flung it straightway into the fire: "I mean to have a seal-skin sacque before the new year is born. Don't look so astonished, Patience. I am not mad—only beside myself with joy." But my excitement died away as Patience bent her gentle head and whispered softly, "Let us give thanks to God."

LUCY H. HOOPER.

### A STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE.

TO appreciate the qualities and comprehend the scope of an excellent work of art requires both a natural aptness and a special training. The nice discrimination, the poise and development of faculties which enable the artist to arrive at the fitness of things, to pass by the unessential and seize the essential, so adjusting infinitesimal parts as to make an harmonious whole, are qualities which he himself rarely understands. The great artist gives to his work the best results of accumulated art-influences and of the innumerable conditions that surround him. He is impelled by forces greater than himself, and whatever his hand touches is imbued with an inexorable necessity. Thus it is that his work is sometimes broader than an age, and that the distance of time is needed to reveal the fullness of its magnitude. These results, however, are only attained by that order of genius of which Nature in her economy is never prodigal. A genius of this comprehensive and all-absorbing kind seems to be the outcome of a civilization when it has reached the fullness of its stature and has attained to what is worthy of perpetuation. This period has not yet come for us, but in order that we may not further the growth of rank and ungainly weeds under the delusion that we are nurturing art, we may at least endeavor to find out what the true functions of art are as applied to the wants of the time.

One office of art, and the special office of statuary art, is to commemorate the men who are recognized as the benefactors of our race. Their memories, it is true, are embalmed in literature. But as literature can do what art cannot, so can art accomplish things which lie beyond the province of literature. A noble statue of a noble man, being always before the eyes of the people, will speak directly to their senses, giving new life to capabilities and inspiring emulation. But in order that statues should elevate rather than belittle our conceptions of their subjects, it is essential that they should be, in the broadest and best sense, truthful—not mere effigies of the outer man, but vehicles for the expression of greatness of soul. Let us, then, learn to look at art as we do at other things; and when we examine the statue of a man whose character we know, let us judge it by the truthfulness and power with which it expresses that character, for in so far as it fails in this does it fail to be a work of art.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his Fifteenth Discourse, says: "A late philosopher and critic has observed, speaking of taste, that we are on no account to expect that fine things should descend to us. Our taste, if possible, must be made to ascend to them;" and he recommends us even "to feign a relish till we find a relish come, and feel that what began in fiction terminates in reality." Such philosophy and criticism as this, though intended

to further art-education, have done perhaps more than anything else to retard it, enslaving the free judgment, and imposing upon us outrageous performances under the name of "fine things," for which we are to feign an admiration we feel they do not deserve. It is, of course, not to be expected that people now-a-days will have an adequate appreciation of the remains of Greek art, or even of the art of the Renaissance. We can only comprehend the art of a remote period through a study of the civilization of which it was a result. Taine says of the ancient Greeks: "There was no break with them between the language of concrete facts and that of abstract reasoning, between the language spoken by the people and that of the learned; there is no term in any of Plato's dialogues which a youth leaving his gymnasia could not comprehend; there is no phrase in any of Demosthenes' harangues which did not readily find a lodging-place in the brains of an Athenian peasant or blacksmith." And Sir Joshua Reynolds, speaking of the art of Michael Angelo, says: "In perusing this great art it must be acknowledged that we labor under greater difficulties than those who were born in the age of its discovery, and whose minds from their infancy were habituated to this style—who learned it as a language, as their mother-tongue." Yet while perceiving this he falls into the error of recommending a revival of that style, knowing that at best it could never grow to be more than the merest shadow of a great substance. Again, in his lecture on sculpture, speaking of the manner in which the statues of modern men should be draped, Sir Joshua holds that "he who wishes not to obstruct the artist and prevent his exhibiting his abilities to the greatest advantage would certainly not desire a modern dress." This opinion is still prevalent, as is exemplified in Greenough's statue of Washington in the robes of a Roman senator, and in a less degree in many others of more recent date. If sculpture has to resort to such incongruous means to produce a portrait, then it has, as Mr. Emerson holds, "long ago perished to

any real effect," and had better be given over at once to the dilettanti. Let us have done with such expressions as "the difficulties of modern dress" and the ungainliness of certain great men's forms: they are the shallow subterfuges by which incompetent artists would excuse their weakness. If Abraham Lincoln was an ungainly man, there were times in his life, as many can bear witness, when the more symmetrical soul within lent a simple dignity and homely beauty to his lank figure more noble than the splendid grace of the Apollo Belvedere; and if a statue of him fails to give so much, the fault is with the artist. The art which represents form for the mere sake of its beauty has its own noble uses, but an individuality can only be adequately rendered through such forms as Nature herself has used. In the one, physical, in the other, spiritual beauty is the object. To apply to the latter conceptions which belong only to the former is sheer materialism, and an encouragement to that fatal facility of execution which stops short of everything else, because it is a short and easy road to transitory success. Shallow people are more attracted by the skillful rendition of draperies than by the realization of a great and comprehensive idea; and a tendency to pander to this taste seems to be the besetting sin of American sculpture. The art can only be lifted above so low a function by persistent and vigorous protests against every public statue that shall fall short of a fair expression of its subject's character. That the more intelligent portion of the public has come of late to feel the worthlessness of much that passes current as art, there can be little doubt. The press has become more chary of the praise it was wont to shower upon every fresh performance. Even Congressional committees have rejected models and sketches found to be unworthy of their subjects; and these are encouraging signs of a dawning perception that the art of sculpture has some meaning beyond that of clever manipulation. Yet much remains to be done before an enlightened public taste shall have established standards and criterions

by which every new work may be readily tested and judged.

The statue of Shakespeare which was placed in Central Park more than a year ago was, it will be remembered, the subject of a somewhat extended controversy, which, unfortunately for the enlightenment of the public, spent itself in technical grubbings. The public, it is fair to presume, care little to know how many of its heads in length a statue may be, or by what canons of proportion its sculptor may have been guided. These are the artist's means, and the public is interested only in results, although it may be a matter of amusement to find the artist's conformity to certain canons triumphantly vindicated by critics who had at first applauded his disregard of them. As little do we care to be told how many years the sculptor had given to the study of his art, in whose workshop he had learned its rudiments, what good intentions he had expended on confessed failures, or with what peculiar frankness and candor he is in the habit of discussing his motives and performances. Such matters are out of place in estimating any production of contemporaneous art, where the critic has nothing to do with the artist apart from what he may have displayed of himself through his work.

A question of far greater moment is raised when we are gravely informed that the artist had in mind to represent the *real* and not the *ideal* Shakespeare. How he could give the one without the other it would be hard to imagine, unless, indeed, he should give form to an abstract ideal of his subject's genius, entirely ignoring facts of form and feature; which method would certainly not be a satisfactory one so long as even the slightest material existed from which to form an idea of the real semblance. The ideal in art, simply stated, means the portrayal of certain things in nature, giving due prominence to the characteristics in the order of their importance. Applying this proposition to sculpture, a portrait-statue of Shakespeare should be a just expression of his individuality,

based upon such portraits of him as exist. The portraits generally esteemed authentic are, as is well known, the De Witt engraving, the Chandos painting, and the Stratford bust. To these may be added the German mask, the history of which has been too recently published to need repetition here. It is beyond doubt a mask taken from the poet's face. The Stratford bust and Chandos portrait bear about the same resemblance to the mask that an inferior copy of a Vandyke would bear to the original. The forehead is of unusual breadth and massiveness, forming a splendid dome, which finds support in the vigorously marked cheek-bones. The chin is strong, of peculiar formation, with a certain hanging of the nether lip, and a redundancy of flesh beneath the lower jaws, betokening a mode of life not all in keeping with a sentimental conception of Shakespeare, though not less accordant with his intellectual pre-eminence. The slightly aquiline, well-cut nose and large full eyes go to make a face of finely-poised strength and great manly sweetness—a face which once seen one of the Soudan would always bring to mind with striking vividness and pleasure.

The Stratford bust seems to have much of the character of the mask which would have been left intact by a mechanic. Whatever of truth it possesses is identical with similar points in the mask. The nose of the bust must of course have been broken off through careless chiseling. The face is filled on either side and equalized, just as a mere workman would naturally have done, for he would scarcely have understood that harmony which Nature seems always to arrive at in the face of a strongly marked character, as in her works, through apparent dissimilarity. The eyes, too, are widely open, showing but little of the upper lids, which must have been done through ignorance for both the Chandos painting and the mask plainly indicate heavily-lidded eyes. The great breadth of brain distinguishing a character in the mask is lost in the bust by a squareness

ment evidently arbitrary, while the harmonious and improbable character of the cerebellum shows how utterly at fault the workman was after the guidance of the mask had failed him.

In the Chandos portrait, the mask and the bust were exhibited together, the latter generally would doubtless come out in favour, with Mr. Page and other eminent artists, that it is a mask of Shakespeare, so complete are the evidences. However this may be, we are told by Mr. Ward "believes in the German bust as a veritable mask taken from the face of the dead Shakespeare." Such is the case, it will be no more than to compare that gentleman's work with what must have been to his mind the most reliable material upon which to found his portrait. Beginning with the head of the statue, the first thing that strikes one is the facial angle, which, instead of approximating to the perpendicular line which distinguishes the high-Caucasian type, slopes backward, giving the angle of the lower races. A line drawn from the tube of the ear to the point of the chin will be found longer than one drawn from the same point to the prominence of the frontal bone, thus giving undue importance to the mastic apparatus, the teeth and jaws, which not only detracts from the dignity of the head, but at once precludes all possibility of its expressing intellectual grandeur. The facial angle of the mask, on the contrary, is one of great dignity, and perfectly conforms to the craniological standards of the highest types; and the artist has no excuse for this obvious departure from a most essential truth save in the grossly apparent errors of the Stratford bust.

There be any such thing as harmony of parts, the frontal conformation of the mask would plainly indicate a more like brain; but in the statue, as in the bust, the cerebellum does not give the faintest trace of the strong and splendidly poised intellect of its subject. In the head of the statue, as viewed from the front, gives nothing of the breadth seen in the mask; on the contrary, it is a compressed head, somewhat

less than the usual width, and from the angle of the lower jaw to the parietal bone the line is almost straight, giving an insipidity of expression which stands out in glaring relief when compared with the generous wealth of forms seen in the mask. Here, too, may be seen the influence of an obvious error in the Stratford bust. The cheek-bones, which in the mask are ample, with splendid sweeping planes, forming a most essential support to a massive brain, in the statue are marked by a childish timidity of modeling which is without excuse. The eyes, which are proportionably larger than those of the bust, are opened wider and show as little of the lids, while in the Droeshout engraving, the Chandos painting and the mask the eyes are extremely heavy-lidded. The blank and strained effect of the eyes of the statue is further aggravated by their feebly-marked upper lids, which are not so treated, as is usual in sculpture, as to give the effect of lashes. In fine, the head, taken as a whole, seems to be nothing more than an undigested outcome of the Stratford bust, having none of those suggestions of subtle beauty and power which abound in the mask. Indeed, the artist has modeled one side of the face from the other, making them as near alike as he could, thus departing from a most noticeable feature in the mask, wherein the forms of either side differ even more widely than is usual. The great principle before referred to, which is illustrated in the best Greek statues, in every human being, in the leaves of the forest, in blades of grass and in all created things, exhibiting the wealth of Nature in her infinitely varied forms, seems to have been unknown to this artist. If we were to look for a motive in the head, apart from the very common one of making something that should resemble the conventional likenesses of Shakespeare, it would only suggest a too anxious pursuit of elegant intellectuality, which, going beyond knowledge and skill, has resulted in inanity.

Passing from the head to the poise of the statue, it will be found that it is something like four inches out of balance—

that a perpendicular line drawn from the inner prominence of the left ankle will very nearly touch the lobe of the right ear. This may be explained away as "suggested motion," lightness of poise, or something of that kind, but to the ordinary observer it seems to be contempt of the law of gravitation. The extreme comparative size of the head is somewhat obviated in effect by the unnatural squareness of the shoulders, which, together with their great width, go to make a body belonging to a much taller figure—a body which certainly has nothing in common with the very weak-jointed pair of legs that bear it up: indeed, there is scarcely a suggestion of a body within the nicely-wrought tunic, but, so far as we are enabled to imagine one, it could neither be graceful nor strong, for the chest would be as hollow as a consumptive's, and the abdominal regions are thrown out in a way that one sometimes sees in photographs when the subject has been painfully conscious of having his picture taken. Finally, the legs, which, as already intimated, have a painful appearance of giving way under the body, show the roundness of a woman's legs, without the delicacy: the calves are much too low and the ankles and knees are vulgarly pronounced.

In the labored defence of this statue to which we have already referred, and which, despite the warmth of its advocacy, wears throughout the air of an apology much more than of a justification, we are told that it was the sculptor's intention "to make a figure that should represent the man William Shakespeare" (which seems to be a superfluous announcement), and further, "a figure upon which it might be agreeable to look, and in looking conjure up all that is connected in our minds with that name, all that we know of the plays and poems by our own experience—a statue that should resemble the real man Shakespeare." This much possibly every one who has attempted a portrait of Shakespeare has done, and those efforts, in different degrees, no doubt all *resemble* the original, as also did Mr. Thomas Nast's caricatures of Tweed, though they were scarcely good

portraits of him, however characteristic. But what, we may ask, is the distinction intended to be conveyed by this expression, "the real man Shakespeare"? There can be no purely ideal Shakespeare so long as it is admitted that there are veritable portraits of him, and above all a mask which was taken from his face. A statue of Moses would of necessity have to be a purely ideal affair, for there is nothing in existence from which to form anything but a very general idea of what he looked like. If by "the *man* Shakespeare" we are to understand a conception opposed to that of Shakespeare the *poet*, then we are remitted to a purely ideal image, so far as his mental individuality is concerned, for this is known to us only through his poetry. That Shakespeare was a play-actor, and at one time of his life possibly a poacher, is of no significance in itself. We are interested in such facts solely as they are connected with the image of him we have derived from his works. It was the outward semblance of the poet we looked to have portrayed in a statue in Central Park, and that which has been put there can be of worth only in so far as it represents this real Shakespeare.

Dryden says of Shakespeare: "He was the man who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient, poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of Nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously; but luckily . . . he was naturally learned: he needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature." Ben Jonson says: "He was, indeed, honest and of an open and free nature, had an excellent phantasy, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary that he should be stopped." Are we to accept this statue of a gentleman who holds a book in his right hand, and who has evidently been "grubbing" in it for an idea, as the image of that Shakespeare whose phantasy flowed with too great a facility, and who "needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature." Is it possible to look upon this excruciatingly dressed figure of a person who daintily and with much

apparent effort holds a corner of a short cloak over an arm which seems incapable of more manly action, and conjure up all we know of the creations of a great poet? Clearly this conception was based on something different from a study of "the man Shakespeare." It is a matter of little consequence from what source an artist gathers suggestions, so long as he bends them to his purpose, thus losing the sense of their origin; but when the source of the suggestion is allowed to obtrude itself it claims attention. It is therefore pertinent to notice the indisputable fact, admitted by the admirers of the statue, that it suggests and was suggested by Mr. Edwin Booth in the reading scene in *Hamlet*. It is indeed capable of suggesting nothing else. We shall not stop to inquire by what right an actor's impersonation of one of Shakespeare's characters is identified with the poet's conception. It is sufficient to notice the error of identifying the offspring of the poet's brain with the poet himself. The very thoroughness of Shakespeare's dissection of this morbidly intellectual type argues the complete healthfulness of his own mind. Who could imagine Hamlet to be the author of *Venus and Adonis* or the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, or regard him as anything but the merely speculative dreamer that he was? None of Shakespeare's creations can be taken to represent himself, if only from the fact that none of them exhibit his creative faculty, or that universality which was the crowning characteristic of his genius. He divined alike the motives of the boor and the king, the tenderest emotions of the most fragrant womanhood and the profoundest depths of sensuousness. As he was the greatest of poets, we may well believe him to have been the manliest of men, serene and gentle in conscious power, and thoroughly human, with inclinations as deep and varied as his thoughts. Let the reader filled with such impressions turn to this poor image and seek one respon-

sive thought. The opposite of every quality of Shakespeare will be suggested—first Effort, the Philosopher, not the Poet, reason, not song; then self-assertion rather than conscious power. The head is bowed in contemplation, as if the mind were digesting something just read; the mouth is compressed and the eyes are distended; in every part of the figure there is exaggeration and effort without definite purpose.

It may seem to have been superfluous to dwell thus at length upon a work so obviously faulty that its staunchest admirers have only defended it negatively; and if the work carried with it no other weight than its own merits the task would indeed have been a bootless one. Its importance springs from other considerations. No writer has ever exercised through his work so broad and deep an influence as Shakespeare. His plays are familiar to all classes, and the greatest intellects still draw inspiration from his genius as from an inexhaustible fountain. No subject could afford to the sculptor higher or more varied motives, or call forth greater appreciation. This, then, being the first statue essayed of Shakespeare in this country, it awakened an interest proportionate to that of the subject, and we had a right to expect a production that should represent our highest art-capabilities—that should furnish a standard of excellence by which others might be judged. It must be remembered, too, that this statue has been placed before the world with the endorsement of some of our most eminent citizens, and that, having this weight of commendation, it challenges judgment by the highest tests. If, tried by such tests, it is found wanting, there can be no good reason for suppressing the fact. American art has been fostered long enough in the atmosphere of the hot-house. The time has come for it to be transplanted into the open air, and left to thrive among the hardy productions of the soil.

WILLIAM R. O'DONAVAN.



## THREE FRENCH MARRIAGES.

I WAS present yesterday at a wedding-mass in the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin in the Faubourg St. Germain. In the square before the church ladies in elegant costume were descending from their carriages and mounting the steps, where a rich carpet was laid for them, as one would see in New York on a similar occasion. At the door stood two vergers in white hose and scarlet breeches, with blue coat, gold-embroidered baldric, and the picturesque three-cornered hat trimmed with light-gray ostrich feathers.

While awaiting the arrival of the bridal cortège I took a survey of the church, which was built by the Dominicans near the close of the seventeenth century, and during the Revolution was occupied by the Theophilanthropists. It was richly decorated, like most Roman Catholic churches, where art seems to lavish all its resources. Some one has called Art the handmaid of Religion, but she seems often to forget this subordinate position, and to arrogate for herself a temple in the house of God. I noticed particularly a marble group of Saint Vincent de Paul with an infant in his arms and an older child at his feet, and a Descent from the Cross by Guillemot; but I looked in vain for Ary Scheffer's "Saint Thomas Appeasing the Storm," which I greatly desired to see.

At length the bridal party entered, preceded by the vergers with their glittering halberds. The bride was leaning on the arm of her father, while the bridegroom conducted her mother. They were attended by several bridesmaids and groomsmen, and followed by a long train of relatives and friends. Passing up the main aisle, they took their seats in the enclosed space before the high altar, the bride and bridegroom in the centre, apart from the rest, in chairs of crimson velvet and gold, rich enough for thrones. There was a profusion of

white flowers around the altar, but they were all artificial, as seems to be always the case in France on such occasions. Though they are exquisite imitations, one would prefer to have real flowers at one's wedding. More show than sweetness is a bad omen.

The officiating priest and his assistants wore white robes, with lace which would have made the despair of a duchess. The bride looked very graceful in a white gown perfectly plain, with the tulle veil floating to her feet and orange-blossoms gleaming out from her dark ringlets. The ceremony was long and impressive. In one part of it the priest presented to the bride and bridegroom the "*pièces de mariage*"—that is, silver medals about the size of a dollar bearing the names of the young couple, with the date of their marriage and appropriate emblems. A little later they advanced toward the altar, when the priest presented to them two golden *pateræ*, which they reverently kissed, and, returning to their seats, two of the groomsmen held above their heads a long white mantle of cloth of silver with fringes of gold, while the priest went on with the service.

During the offertory the vergers passed through the assembly with their monotonous chant, "*Pour les pauvres, s'il vous plait*" ("For the poor, if you please"), each followed by a groomsmen and a bridesmaid, who held out the small crimson velvet bag to receive the offerings. I would rather have taken part in the charge at Balaklava than do this myself, but the perfect ease and grace of these young French girls made it charming.

At the close of the mass the bridal party passed around the altar into the sacristy, when they received the congratulations of their friends, afterward returning through the grand aisle of the church in the same order as they had entered, except that the bride now

leaned on the arm of her husband, while the organ pealed forth exultingly the "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn.

As we came out of the church my friend, Madame Lefort, said to me, "You have seen what is very rare in France, a marriage of love and inclination, à l'Américain. It is the only one I have ever known."

"And your own, madame?" said I.

"Mine has been a happy marriage, but I was not acquainted with M. Lefort when I was married to him. The first time I ever saw him was on the day of rejoicing at the birth of the prince imperial. He was presented to me in the Champs-Élysées, but I was engrossed with the scene around me and did not much observe him. 'How did you like M. Lefort?' asked my mother on the way home. 'I do not know: I scarcely looked at him.' 'But, my daughter, your father has selected him for your husband. He will dine with us to-morrow, and unless he is very disagreeable to you—' M. Lefort was a handsome man: he is so still, you know, and he was much handsomer then. He pleased me, but I never spoke ten words to him till after we were married, which was just a month from the day I first saw him; and all the time we were so busy, my mother and I, with preparations for the wedding that I had not a moment to think. He sent me the most beautiful flowers every day, and for my *corbeille de mariage* he gave me diamonds and an India shawl which cost five thousand francs. He was in a state to commit follies then," said madame with a little sigh. "I was bewildered with all this new splendor, for French girls are always dressed in the simplest way—not at all as in your country, where miss has everything as handsome as mamma—and they never go into the street without a chaperone. I was full of life and longed for excitement: my mother was an invalid and went out very seldom, so that marriage was like an open door to freedom."

"But I do not see how you dared."

"Oh, as to that, I was thoughtless enough, and besides I never expected anything different. Eugène was very

good to me: by and by we had our little Clarice, we fell in love with each other by degrees, and we have been very happy. I think marriages are so happy in France as anywhere else. I helped to make three last winter, and they have all been happy."

"Do tell me about them," said I.

"With the greatest pleasure, this evening after dinner."

"The girls will like to hear the story too," said I. (The girls were four charming specimens of American young womanhood who were under my care temporarily.)

Accordingly, when the lamps were lighted (for there is no gas in French parlors) we drew our chairs around the table to hear the story of the three marriages.

"You remember," began madame, "the fat colonel who dined with us last Sunday? His wife is my cousin, and a year ago she was not Madame de Courcelles."

"But the little boy?" said Alice with a naïve surprise in her blue eyes.

"Oh, the colonel was a widower," said madame, laughing. "My cousin lived with her father in a country town. She was the youngest child. Her mother had been dead many years; her brothers and sisters were married; she had been asked in marriage, but she did not like to leave her father, and he would have been so desolate without her that he had not the heart to urge it. My uncle died about two years ago: his property was divided among his children. Pauline had a moderate income, which would not permit her to live in the style to which she was accustomed. She wrote me a very sad letter, lamenting her father's death and her own loneliness and desolation. She asked me to find her a room and board in Paris, in a convent or in some quiet family, I wrote that I would do all I could for her. 'But, my dear cousin,' I added, 'why do you not think of marriage? It will be very disagreeable to you, who have so long been the mistress of a handsome establishment, to live in the way you propose. Seriously, marriage is the only solution of all your

perplexities.' I had not long to wait for a reply. Pauline wrote that she would willingly marry, but she was now thirty-six years old, her dowry was not excessive, and she feared it would be impossible to make an advantageous marriage. 'Difficult,' I wrote in reply, 'but not impossible. Come to Paris, make me a little visit, and we will see.' Now I had in mind my friend Colonel de Courcelles, whose wife had been dead about a year and a half. He often came to see me, and always bewailed his loneliness and the unhappy condition of his children (he had but two, a girl and boy) without a mother. It occurred to me that two sorrows rightly mingled might make one joy; and the next time he called and entered on his usual monologue I interpolated the question, 'Why don't you marry again, colonel? It is the only thing that can make you forget your sorrows.' 'I know it,' said he, 'but there is no lady.' 'Pardon me, colonel. I have a cousin who is just my age. She has recently lost her father: she has a dowry of fifty thousand francs, and she is coming to spend a few weeks with me.' 'I shall be delighted to meet your charming cousin, madame.'

"In due time Pauline arrived. After the first greeting and condolences were over, I said, 'Pauline, I think I have found a husband for you—Colonel de Courcelles. I have been acquainted with him many years: he has a fine position, and he was very indulgent to his wife: she was very happy with him. He will dine with us on Sunday, and you will have an opportunity to see him. I have said nothing to him about it: you may feel completely at your ease.'"

(My American readers, who have been brought up, I hope, with a strict regard for truth, will doubtless be shocked at madame's want of veracity. I was not sorry to see my young Bostonians exchange a glance of surprise, which madame did not observe, and would not have understood if she had observed it. Frenchmen appear to regard a lie as a thing innocent in itself—one which may be even highly meritorious, and which becomes criminal only under certain cir-

cumstances, deriving its moral character entirely from the motives that prompt it.)

"On Sunday the colonel came. Clarice was at school then, and there were only four of us—M. Lefort and I, my cousin and the colonel, who sat opposite her. They looked at each other furtively from time to time, and when their eyes met dropped them instantly on their plates in the most comical manner. Dinner over, I took my cousin aside: 'What do you think of him?' 'He is too fat,' said Pauline. 'Fat? You think so? The idea!' 'Oh, madame, how *could* you? He is immense!' said my innocent Pauline, with a look of distress. 'Only consider what a fine position he has,' said I, 'and such an excellent man! If you could only see how well he looks on horseback at the head of his regiment!'

"Later in the evening I had an opportunity to speak to the colonel. 'Well?' said I, interrogatively. 'Madame, your cousin is charming, but she is rather too tall.' The huge colonel had a giant's penchant for little women. 'There is no occasion for you to go any further,' said I. 'I have not mentioned it to my cousin, of course.' 'I should like to call to-morrow,' said he.

"In six weeks Pauline was Madame de Courcelles, but up to the wedding-day she continued to say piteously, 'If he were only not so fat!'"

"That is not romantic at all," said Emily.

"But they are very happy," said madame.

"Doesn't she think he is too fat now?" asked Belle.

"I dare say she would be very indignant if you were to say so," laughed madame.

"Now for marriage Number 2," said Helen.

"A short time before my cousin's marriage," continued madame, "my friend, M. Auber, called on me. 'That is a strange idea of yours, to marry your cousin to that great fat colonel,' said he, 'I have a friend who would suit her much better, I am sure.' 'It is rather late for that now: she is to be married in ten days.' 'How vexatious!' said M.

Auber. 'But, monsieur, I have a sister-in-law, a young widow, several years younger and far handsomer than my cousin. Your friend might be pleased with her.' 'I wish I could see her.' 'Nothing easier. Dine with us the day after to-morrow, you and Madame Auber, and I will invite Julie to meet you.' My sister is really very beautiful, and M. Auber could not restrain his admiration: 'Oh, madame, she is adorable! If my friend can please her, he is a man to be envied. Let me see: to-day is Tuesday. Well, Thursday, if you and your sister and M. Lefort will dine with us, my friend will be there.'

"Thursday came, the dinner and the guests. I had told my sister what was in contemplation, and we were naturally a little curious to see M. Vernon. He was a good-looking man, about fifty years of age.

"Oh, madame, wasn't he bald?" asked Alice.

"Well, he was a little, on the top of his head."

"I hate bald men. How old was she?"

"A little under thirty."

"I should not think she would have married him if she was so beautiful."

"Well, my dear, he had a fine social position and a large fortune, hôtel in Paris, house in the country, elegant carriage, and servants in livery. It was a great temptation, and then she was not very young, you know. Well, dinner was over, and we had returned to the parlor. M. Auber seemed restless and fidgety, for he is of a very impatient temperament. 'Madame Lefort,' said he, rising, 'I should like to show you a painting by Paul Delaroche in the next room.' I had seen the painting hundreds of times, but I followed without a word. 'Vernon, wouldn't you like to see it too?' said M. Auber. No sooner was the door closed than he asked in his eager way, 'Well, madame, what does your sister think of my friend?' 'But, monsieur, how should I know? I have not had an opportunity to speak to her. Besides, it would be more suitable to know M. Vernon's impression first.'

'Oh, I saw that in an instant,' said M. Auber. 'There is no need of asking him. He is enchanted.' 'Truly, she is the most beautiful creature I ever saw,' said M. Vernon. 'Far too young and lovely for me, I am afraid.' 'That remains to be seen,' said his friend. 'Ask her, madame—just as well now as any time.' 'But M. Vernon must go away.' 'Certainly, madame;' and he opened the door into the parlor. 'Come, then, Julie, don't you wish to see this beautiful painting? Have you no taste for the arts?' She came. 'M. Auber wishes to know how you are pleased with his friend.' 'He is very well,' said she coolly—'rather old.' 'Oh, madame, is that all you can say for one of the best matches in France?' 'I do not know that I have any objection,' she added. 'Then, madame, we will consider the affair settled.'

"Early the next morning M. Vernon called to ask my husband to accompany him to the house of Julie's mother, and after the usual compliments of presentation he immediately asked the hand of her daughter. In three weeks I had the pleasure of being present at the wedding."

"Oh, how dreadful!" cried the girls in a chorus. "No love-making!" "No walks by moonlight!" "So prosaic!" "Everything hurried up so, just like a parcel of goods bought and delivered."

"Why, how long are betrothals in your country?" asked madame.

"Two or three years generally. Seldom less than one year when the parties are young."

"I should have changed my mind three or four times in a year," said M. Lefort, looking up from the book which he had been reading all the time, apparently.

"And I mine *five* times," said madame. "How, then? Are not such long engagements often broken?" she inquired.

"Oh, never!" said Belle with fervor.

"But, my dear child," interrupted I, "I am afraid you are mistaken there: I have known a great many broken in my time."

"And do these young lovers see each other often during this long interval?"

"Very often, madame, if they happen to live near each other."

"But always in the presence of the young lady's mother, I suppose?"

"No: it is very common for a young lady to receive her betrothed alone."

"Oh, shocking!" and madame looked rigid with astonishment. "But if the engagement were broken, she would never find a husband after such an intimacy?"

"That would make no difference," I rejoined, "unless a girl were engaged six or seven years, and the man broke his engagement then, as sometimes happens. She would have lost her fresh young beauty, and her heart might be so set on the faithless lover that no other could ever take his place."

"Ah," said madame, "our young girls are at least saved from all pains of the heart."

"And they are kept from indecorous flirting and manœuvres to attract attention too," said I, with a glance at my young Americans—not that they needed the hint particularly, however.

"They flirt enough afterward," said Belle spiritedly. "Don't you remember that odious Madame T., with her yellow curls, and the young officer at the Grand Hotel? I never saw any such flirting in America."

"Don't talk, girls," said Emily. "I want to hear about the third marriage."

"Well," resumed madame, "I felt a good deal of complacency in my success, and it formed a subject of conversation at my next reception. 'I am disgusted,' said Madame Belval. 'I have been trying all winter to bring about a marriage between two of my friends, and it has failed at last. I will never try again if I live a thousand years.' 'I am ready to try again to-morrow.' 'Pray be so kind as to give me some assistance, then,' said Madame C., wife of the minister of marine. 'I am looking for a suitable wife for Émile, as I am very desirous that he should marry. Young men are exposed to so many temptations in Paris—actresses and grisettes, and all that kind of thing—enough to drive a

mother distracted. Émile will be twenty-five next month.'"

"I should think he was old enough to find a wife for himself," whispered Alice.

"His salary is twelve thousand francs, which is not bad for a young man, and his father will do something more for him when he marries.' 'I know a girl that will suit him exactly, cried Madame Belval eagerly, forgetting, like Rip Van Winkle, that she had 'swore off.'" (This is an interpolation. I am afraid the French ladies had not the pleasure of being acquainted with Monsieur Van Winkle.) "'The administrator of the Lyons Railway has a daughter almost nineteen, the most amiable, the most lovely, and her father will give her a hundred thousand francs.' 'That is very reasonable,' said Madame C. 'I shall be under everlasting obligations to you if you will speak to him of our son.' 'With the greatest pleasure in the world.'

"Madame Belval had an interview with the administrator of railways. He would make inquiries about the young man. The result was satisfactory, and in a week the friends of both families, including M. Lefort and myself, received an invitation to a soirée at Madame Belval's, where the two young people would meet for the first time. It was very embarrassing for them in the presence of so many curious observers. Mademoiselle Thérèse was lovely, with long fair curls and that delicate blond beauty which is so rare in France. I pitied the poor child, she was so distressed at the thought of being on exhibition, as it were, and looked pale and then flushed alternately."

"I am glad I am not a French girl," said Helen.

"And the young man was scarcely less agitated. They hardly dared to look at each other, and were as silent as deaf-mutes the whole evening. The next day his father made a formal demand of M. Thouvel for the hand of his daughter."

"His father! and the young man had nothing to do with it?" exclaimed Belle amazed.

"Marriages are always arranged by the parents with us," said madame. "M. Thouvel gave an affirmative answer, and the marriage took place shortly after, as is usual in France."

"And shall you be married in that way, Clarice?" asked Alice compassionately of madame's pretty young daughter.

"How else? I am not going to America."  
MARY E. BLAIR.

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## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

### CHITCHAT FROM NEW YORK.

A PALL of sadness has till quite lately hung over the city. One might almost have said, "In every house there is one dead." And so we have said, for in every house, almost, there was a dead reputation. No other financial revolution that we have experienced has revealed so much guilt and shame. Sons have lost the fortunes of mothers and sisters; husbands have wrecked the happiness of wives and children, wives have deserted their husbands; and stories so ghastly that they cannot but be true have formed the staple of conversation. No one could complain if the suffering stopped with those excessively dissipated men and women who are and have been called our *fashionable society*, for there has been for ten years a growing license of behavior amongst them, which recalled Aretino and his description of Venice in the days of Titian. But suffering has not stopped with them. They but "point a moral and adorn a tale," while many a quiet mother in some side street, a "bird of sober plumage and soft cooing note," ties on her boy's cap with trembling fingers and tells him that he must study hard, for she does not know how long she can send him to school.

Even the starry Nilsson was at length reached by the "times." A few weeks ago, it is said, she refused on Friday to sing again unless paid in full. Strakosch offered her his note, which she refused, saying she would prefer some *blank* paper, as she might use that. He paid her on the following Monday, and she sang,

afterward paying the chorus herself, which is the finest note yet of the Swedish Nightingale.

Tamberlik has been seen in society somewhat here. He is a man of very fine manners, and with his grand European fame he is very much disgusted at being with a second-rate troupe, posted from one theatre to another. He looks like an old Brighton beau of the time of George IV., and has many anecdotes of his time and class. His voice is still phenomenal, and he takes the *ut de poitrine* better than that young stage-driver Wachtel did, and is also a very fine old-fashioned artist, which Wachtel was not. It is whispered that Mrs. Charles Moulton will give some parlor concerts in New York this winter, if her fine voice is not too much injured by our infamous climate.

Sunday, November 15th, was a glorious day, the last of our autumnal splendor, and as that glittering serpent the promenade in Fifth avenue swept its splendid length along for three miles unbroken, I said to my companion, "One brilliant moment at least: how well the women dress!" "Yes," said he: "what do American women care what happens to the men?" I fear he had reason, for American women have been so pampered that they cannot soon learn to succumb to circumstances. "I am so glad my French trunk got in before the panic!" said a reflecting woman the other day. How George Eliot would have served up such a Rosamond Vincy! We do not know how many French trunks did *not* get in.

What is hit is history,  
What is missed is mystery.

At the brilliant weddings I see no diminution of beautiful wedding-gifts. The last thing an American loses is his generosity. Tiffany sends up the silver, and then, as soon as the wedding is over, it is sent back again to be stored in his spacious cellars, every one is so afraid of burglars. In view of hard times some wag has proposed that Tiffany should hire out the silver on these occasions. If we have a bread-riot or a revolution, I suspect Tiffany's will be the first place attacked.

The failure of the person who built our beautiful new Windsor Hotel has caused much talk about hotels and prices and bills of fare. The Windsor is simply a royal palace. Rosewood is inlaid with satinwood, that again with black walnut, and so on. The hangings are of crimson, blue and purple velvet; the carpets of three-ply velvet; the walls are frescoed, and the whole thing is built for a very sovereign people. The dirty traveler from five days and nights' travel on the railway is ushered into a finer room than he will see in Buckingham Palace. How absurd! What does he want but a clear large space, a wash-bowl, a bath-tub and plenty of water, a good bed and an excellent breakfast? I do not deny that luxurious women need and demand a little more if they go there to live for the year round, and if they can pay for it; but it was natural that such an over-estimate of the needs of the public should come to grief. The prices for a gentleman and his wife, two bed-rooms and a parlor, were two hundred dollars a week. They have come down, as has almost everything and everybody in New York, and I believe one could drag out a miserable frontier-outpost existence there, with purple and fine linen, and four meals a day of the most delicious French cookery, for one hundred and fifty dollars a week.

I wish we had your Philadelphia art-critic here to describe the collection of pictures owned by Mr. Wolfe in the Fifth avenue. He has Bougereau's last and most splendid work, a satyr pushed into

the water by nymphs—the most charming thing in modern art. The flesh-tints, the drawing, the dark cool atmosphere of the wood, all are delicious. He has twenty or thirty more gems, while *bric-à-brac*, ancient armor, metal plates, old bellows five feet high, Lucrezia Borgia cabinets, old china and beautiful clocks of the Regency, make this house a study for the art-student. Eastlake's *Hints on Household Taste* and *A History of the Gothic Revival* have had great influence on this pursuit of internal beauty which we all seek to ferret out of the Past.

Should you go to Bellevue Hospital some day you would see a sight to do you good—some beautiful, young and intelligent women of the highest social standing working there to reform abuses, whitewashing the walls (but not the officials), nursing the sick with tenderness and discretion, soothing the dying "with a pale cheek, but yet a brow inspired," and in every way becoming Florence Nightingales in their own city. They have got possession of the doctors, have turned out Mr. Bumble and Mrs. Corney, are throwing light in dark places, and letting Heaven's own breezes blow through the stagnant wards. It is the "tenth wave" of reform, of goodness, of mercy, which comes to sweep away the corruptions and the follies of a great city. As I see one of these bending over a poor sick boy who has no other friend, I kiss her shadow on the wall. This splendid work for women, a visiting committee of ladies to the public institutions of charity, was organized about three years ago by Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler. She, with her efficient friends, Mrs. D'Orémieux and Mrs. Hobson, has instituted a school for training nurses, which is doing admirably, so that in a few months the sick stranger who arrives in New York can send to this institution and get a trained, experienced and honest nurse—one of the most impossible persons to find heretofore.

I heard when in England a good story of Florence Nightingale which perhaps has not been told here. She took to the Crimea a perfect dragon of a maid, of mature years, whose duty it was to "keep

all vexatious intruders away;" so, when one day a very shabby-looking elderly man called at Miss Nightingale's tent, the maid refused him entrance. "Very well," said the caller: "my name is Raglan. Perhaps she will see me." The maid went inside, but presuming that he was a man who wanted help, and finding Miss Nightingale was asleep, she returned and dismissed him on her own account, saying her mistress could see nobody. When Miss Nightingale awoke she said, "Well, Abigail, any one been here?" "Yes, miss, a very poor man who said his name was Ragman; and he looked it." "Oh, Abigail! Abigail!" said Miss Nightingale in distress, "you have dismissed the commander-in-chief!"

I have returned from such a resplendent wedding that I begin to fear I have drawn too gloomy a picture of our financial situation. Such flowers, such avenues of calla lilies—those delicate types of luxury—such a beautiful bride, such well-dressed lovely women, such prosperous-looking men, such music, and such gorgeous presents, that my dismay is rebuked. "There still is France," as the duc d'Aumale said to Bazaine. There are some splendid and untouched fortunes: we still have oceans of terrapin soup, and croquettes nearly equal to Augustine's. The volatile New York temperament is not entirely quenched.

I began in a deep despondency: I close in better spirits. Both are justified: yesterday the city wept; to-day it laughs.  
MARGARET CLAYSON.

PHILIP GULLETON: A CHRISTMAS STORY.

[THE peculiarity of the following tale is, that it can easily be written on a postal card.]

CHAPTER I. Many years ago in the west of England there resided a wealthy old squire, whom Fortune had blessed with three daughters—Ann, Mary, and Janet. Ann, the eldest, was tall and fair; Mary had black eyes and was very lovely; while Janet loved nothing so much as her book. They lived in a rambling old house with quaint gables

and heavy oak wainscots, far away from neighbors, and—

CHAP. II. The scene now changes to Canada. Arthur had cut down a part of the forest, and built a decent log-cabin as a shelter for his wife and babe. The bracing air agreed with them all, and they were happy. Still there would come at times the inevitable longing for beautiful Runnymede. At such moments Arthur would fill his pipe with strong tobacco, which—

CHAP. III. But it is time to return to Mr. Fox. We left him, you will remember, dear reader, standing in the doorway of his office, gazing with longing eyes up the road. Suffice it to say, after he got through he went in and shut the door. But—

CHAP. IV. Deep in the gloomy recesses of the Black Forest two peasants were trudging along contentedly enough just before sunset. Neither spoke a word. Inasmuch as neither spoke a word, nothing whatever was said. Consequently—

CHAP. V. And so Alfred Davenport bade adieu to his friend and tripped lightly down the steps. He tripped lightly into a Madison avenue stage. Nor was it an unusual trip, although Blanche—

CHAP. VI. The conspirators had done the deed. The glittering steel had descended in rapid and fatal strokes. Old Stubbles lay dead in his harness-shop. Dark and stormy was the night. Not a soul was stirring in the streets. The wind moaned, then shrieked in fitful gusts, while the signs creaked on the rusty irons. This was all. The assassins had fled.

But the will?

Ay, the will!

Ask Boucicault.

CHAP. VII. "Says she won't marry him, eh?" and Dr. Roughshod shook his head like a man whom it was dangerous to contradict. "We shall see, we shall see." Julia sat a while unmoved. Then she cried. She did not speak. Simply cried. Then she got up and left the apartment.

Then the doctor got up, and *he* left the apartment.



Then there was no one there—only the apartment.

Suddenly—

CHAP. VIII. But what of Philip Gulleton?

I confess I do not know.

SARSFIELD YOUNG.

#### HOW TO COOK A GOOSE.

AMONG our many readers there may be a few who are willing to take the trouble to make a right royal dish of a fowl which is very commonly despised as unfit for the table. For their benefit we offer the following recipe, derived from a *chef de cuisine* who is a graduate in the schools of Paris and St. Petersburg. Select a young and healthy goose, well grown and in his first feathers. Feed him for one week on well-cooked cornmeal dough or stiff mush, and give him the free run of the yard, with its sweet grass and abundant fresh water, to keep his liver in order, for you are not contemplating a *pâté*. Then for two weeks feed on thoroughly boiled rice. If chopped celery or parsley be mixed with the rice, so much the better, but the rice alone will answer.

Our bird is now ready for the knife. Knock him on the head, and cut his throat tenderly, being careful to let him bleed freely. *Draw* him without removing the feathers. Then, in place of the intestines, insert a large herring (Labrador preferred), wrap him in several folds of old linen or cotton cloth and bury him for five days under at least three feet of good clean clay soil. At the expiration of the five days exhume him, remove the herring and throw it as far as the strength of your arm will enable you to send it, or, better still, bury it from five to seven feet out of sight and 'smell of yourself and neighbors.

Next pick your goose, singe him, wash him in many waters and wipe perfectly dry. Put him then into a kettle, cover him (barely) with cold salt water, and let him boil gently for an hour or an hour and a quarter. While the boiling is in process prepare the dressing as follows: Take of best pippins (other apples will serve, though not so

well) a sufficient quantity, peel and core them, stick a few cloves into each, and place a small flake of mace in each core. When the goose has been sufficiently boiled—and of this the cook must judge by inspection—take it from the pot, drain carefully and fill with the prepared apples, the liquor in which it was boiled being in the mean time concentrated as rapidly as possible to about one-fourth of the original quantity. Lay the goose in an old-fashioned oval Dutch oven, placing more apples around and over it, pour on the liquor, cover closely, and apply a gentle fire of clear live coals over, under and around the oven for from four to six hours, according to the size of the goose, and until it is thoroughly done.

When done, dish, and invite a set of really good fellows to help you eat your goose. It will be a kingly feast. Allow three pounds to the man, but if your guests are men of taste and capacity, you may allow four pounds to the man without fear of the goose proving too much for their digestion—provided always that the wine is what it should be.

#### LONDON IMPROVEMENTS.

AFTER Paris, probably no city in the Old World has during the past quarter of a century undergone more extensive changes and improvements than London. Snow Hill and Holborn Hill are now of the past, for they have been superseded by a huge viaduct, and you now travel on level ground from the summit of the one to the summit of the other. Then there is the Thames embankment, the greatest improvement of all, which, with the gardens laid out alongside of it, recovered from what was slime and marsh, have added a wonderful charm to the banks of the now clear river, purified within the same period, sending up the value of property in an amazing degree.

Keeping along the embankment, a splendid road with trees planted on both sides, you reach Westminster, where also the hand of improvement has been clearing away unsightly buildings around the old Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, and giving space to see them to advan-

tage. Proceeding in a straight line from the splendid new Westminster Bridge, you pass through Great George street into St. James's Park, and thence, if you are on foot, up Constitution Hill into Hyde Park; while if you are driving you have instead only to go up Grosvenor Place, whose old, mean brick houses have now been replaced by some of the finest in the world.

In the city, too, improvement has been and is very active. A splendid street, Cannon street, has been constructed to connect the south-east end of St. Paul's Churchyard with London Bridge, whilst from the south-west corner of the churchyard runs a fine new street down to the Thames, close to Blackfriar's Bridge, at a point where there is a station of the Underground Railroad, which has ramifications throughout the metropolis and its suburbs. This street is a great relief to the traffic of the Strand and Ludgate Hill.

And now great things are to be done in St. Paul's Churchyard. The ponderous iron railings which guarded the cathedral are to be removed, and a large part of the space thus gained thrown into the roadway at the west end; and it is suggested that the space at the other end, opposite St. Paul's School, shall be converted into a cheerful garden, instead of remaining the gloomy paved section it now is.

The New Courts of Law also are at length, after a delay which would have done credit to that legal Fabius, Lord Eldon, to be commenced at the spot selected for them, close to Temple Bar; and we read that "the visitor to the Temple Gardens, who remembers the unsightly paling which has long flanked the southern terrace facing the embankment, will note with pleasure that in place of that flat deformity now stands—for it is rapidly approaching completion—a handsome wall of solid masonry, high enough to secure privacy to the peripatetic and contemplative Bencher, while not too high to shut out the river or the embankment." Leaving the Temple for Lincoln's Inn, we find the reformer's hand busy in the work of pulling down and building

up. "Old Square" is coming down block by block, number by number, and no sooner has one dingy, mouldy pile disappeared, than on its ruins there stands a smart modern edifice, harmonizing in style with the Inn Hall and Library, wherein the equity barrister of the future (assuming that he is to exist after October, 1874) will rejoice in pleasant, airy chambers, recalling his college "rooms," and contrasting delightfully with the gloomy dens which seem to have been immemorially associated with the Court of Chancery.

Last, but by no means least amongst the improvements in this last quarter of a century, let us mention an admirable and gigantic system of drainage, with a consequent reduction of the death-rate to twenty-three in the thousand, against thirty-one in the thousand in New York.

#### NOTES.

SOME of our readers may remember the charming fable of La Fontaine, called "Le Vieillard et les Trois Jouvenceaux," beginning, "Un octogénaire plantait," etc. A skillful artist has made of this subject a striking picture, whose political point, combined with its intrinsic merit, has attracted all Paris to see it. It will be remembered that three youths, on discovering an octogenarian engaged in planting, asked him what he meant—insisting that he must be in his dotage to expect to gather the fruit of his labor, unless he should live to the age of one of the patriarchs. "Why burden your life with cares for a future not made for you? Think only of your past errors, and quit far-reaching hopes and vast calculations, which belong only to us." The happiness of the artist's application of the fable so familiar to Frenchmen will be apparent when we say that M. Thiers is the husbandman, just about to plant a tree—the tree of the republic. He leans on his spade, and with an expression full of vivacity replies to the younger men, who are the count de Chambord, the count of Paris and the prince imperial. But if there is a happy turn in the phrases which they are supposed to address to him, there is still more

in the old man's answer, as the fable records it. "*Tout établissement vient tard, et dure peu,*" he says, adding that his grandchildren for generations will enjoy the shade he has planted. Shall a man be told not to devote himself to the good of others in planting institutions because he himself cannot enjoy them? On the contrary, he tastes the fruit of his labors by anticipation. "Besides," says the old husbandman, firing up, "I may yet outlive all three of you, and many a day watch the sunshine on your tombstones." The fable then does poetic justice to its subject by showing how every one of the three presumptuous youths did die by strange casualties before the old man, who "*grava sur leur marbre ce que je viens de raconter.*" It is not strange to learn that this felicitous use of a well-known nursery story has had a great success. "I saw it," a correspondent writes us, "or rather got a glimpse of it, for the crowd around the picture was too great for me to get very near. The face of M. Thiers was full of expression. Behind him is M. Gambetta, also in a peasant's costume, and holding a watering-pot. The latter's figure is well drawn, resembling one of those handsome harvesters that Leopold Robert could paint so effectively. The count de Chambord is represented in a mediæval costume, completely white, with a white *berret* surmounted by a great white plume: you might call him the personification of one of his own Bourbon lilies. The count of Paris is calm and indifferent. The prince imperial smiles." Our correspondent adds that it will be easy to understand the sensation produced by the picture, and that it certainly merited all the attention shown it by the public.

THERE is a story told of Rossini which may not possibly be the less authentic from its failure to become incorporated among the many anecdotes collected in the formal biography of the maestro. One day an organ-grinder, making his rounds, stopped before Rossini's door, and began executing "*Di tanti palpiti*" on his instrument in that excruciating

way which has caused Holmes to describe street-organists as "crusaders sent from some infernal clime to lop the ears of sentiment and dock the tail of rhyme." Pretty soon a voice called out to the musician, "Quicker! quicker!" The performer only stared. "Quicker, I say: it's *allegro.*" The organist professed his inability to secure these refinements, when the impatient Rossini—for he it was—seized the handle and turned it to the right measure. "Thank you for the lesson," said the organ-grinder. The next morning the pupil reappeared, and played with so much spirit that a voice from the house cried "Bravo!" while a louis rattled on the pavement. This is perhaps the oddest bit of instruction ever said to have been given by Rossini.

WE believe it is the *Evènement* that must be credited with a certain curious study in statistics which does more honor to its love of disseminating knowledge than to its gallantry, though it should be observed that the French journalist adroitly foists his calculation upon an "English savant," in order, doubtless, to give his story a greater appearance of probability with the Paris public. An English savant, then, says the *Evènement*, has lately calculated that a man talks, on an average, three hours a day, at the rate of about twenty-nine octavo pages per hour. This would make eighty-seven such pages a day, or about six hundred pages a week—in short, fifty-two bulky volumes every year. With what curious details does the modern science of statistics abound! "Can you tell me, sir," inquired a lout, with singular disrespect for the sex to which we owe our mothers, "if your calculation is equally applicable to women?" "Yes," coldly replies the British professor, "but in that case multiply by ten."

THE *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1784 contains a little item relative to William Pitt which we do not recollect to have seen either in Lord Stanhope's memoir of him or elsewhere. "About the middle of the month" (September) "the chancellor of the exchequer, after *mis-*

taking his road from Edgcombe to Wimbledon, was *mistaken* for a smuggler, and fired at by a farmer at whose house he called to inquire his way. Providentially, he received no harm." Had this circumstance occurred on the Kentish sea-board at the same period, the farmer's apprehensions would seem accountable

enough, but why a smuggler should be expected in a suburb of London far above London Bridge seems rather inexplicable. Pitt had a villa at Putney Wimbledon, where he died. What a difference the stray shot of that "funky" farmer might have made in the history of Europe!

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Recent Music and Musicians, as described in the Diaries and Correspondence of Ignatz Moscheles. Edited by his wife, and adapted from the original German by A. D. Coleridge. New York: H. Holt & Co.

It is not a long while since the death of Moscheles. He was, if we except the extreme tendencies of some of the so-called musicians of the future, in full sympathy with the art of to-day, yet so brief is the history of modern music that this one lifetime seems to have included the greater portion of it. We speak of Beethoven as one of the old masters, and when Salieri or Albrechtsberger is mentioned we are wont to think of very remote times. Yet the last-named two were teachers of Moscheles, and the first was his friend. Mozart and Haydn were but a generation earlier, and Bach, one of the oldest as well as the greatest of those whose works are still honored, wrote during the first half of the eighteenth century. The few names to whom all do reverence are of so recent a date that it would seem vain to class any of them as immortals. Why music should, as Heine says, prove to be "the last word of art," affords a fine field for aesthetic inquiry. Certain it is that its development has been comparatively recent and wonderfully rapid.

An executant of distinguished ability, a composer of more than ordinary taste and learning, Moscheles became at an early age a favored member of the art-circles of Vienna, and during his long residence in London he was often the counselor as well as the friend of the musical celebrities who successively visited that capital. His career, both artistic and

social, was evidently a happy one, for he seems to have combined an earnest devotion to his art with charming personal manners and a thoroughly lovable character. His journeys were ovations, and, whether at home or abroad, he seems always to have been fortunate enough to meet with and endear himself not only to composers and virtuosos, but to many persons of high distinction in other walks of art. Thus we have glimpses of Humboldt and Scott, of Horace Vernet and Heinrich Heine, amid those of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, and those of Malibran, Sontag and Jenny Lind. Of his intercourse with the Mendelssohns the diary and correspondence afford much welcome information, and the passages referring to the death of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy are eloquent in their affecting simplicity.

To those who are curious as to the musicians of this century we cannot suggest a more satisfactory gossiping book than this, in which figure the names of many who are still famous, as well as others who have long been forgotten, or who, at best, have been embalmed in musical lexicons and thus snatched from oblivion.

The English Gypsies and their Language.  
By Charles Godfrey Leland. New York:  
Hurd & Houghton.

Scholarship, wrapped in a mantle of burlesque too thin to conceal it, was betrayed in "Hans Breitmann." Only a philologist as accomplished as he was witty could have written that carnival work of outrageous masquerade. In the present book Mr. Leland betrays more of the pure scholar, with-

out to sing his omnipresent sense of fun. His knowledge of the many languages upon which the Gypsy tongue has been supposed to be based appears to be amply sufficient for his studies; and his tact in "drawing out" the difficult human subjects who were his teachers cannot be too highly praised and envied. Gypsies in camp and gypsies on the road, gypsies vagrant in town and gypsies comfortable in cottages, were the professors from whom he gained his knowledge. The varieties of the genus were endless, and Mr. Leland's knowledge of Rommany was the password which enabled him to enter every door as a friend. Some of his hosts were aristocrats, pretending to be anything but gypsies, and fooling the outer world and unwelcome visitors, while they gave their real thoughts and opinions to their confidential guest. Mr. Leland speaks of gypsies rich, cultured and prosperous, moving about unknown to us in the social and commercial world. The president of his college, however, the chief authority for the much that he has learned in linguistics, was a less formal character, a charming old vagabond whom the author trained to speak and translate slowly and suitably for dictation. This jolly pedagogue, rolling into a friendly studio to give his lessons, and playing there with a little pet fetich in the shape of a carved bear, is the hero of the book, which is almost as much a story-book as a book of study. Its real contribution to philology, though, is the saving grace of a work otherwise ephemeral—a work which may be laid on the shelf against the work of Borrow, in which juxtaposition it will shine like gilding on a prayer-book.

Pre-historic Races of the United States. By J. W. Foster, LL.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

This volume, the author tells us in the preface, is intended as a compendium of our antiquities, as at present known. Every day is adding to our knowledge in this department of science as the Western States and Territories are explored, for these remains, whether burial-mounds, walled enclosures, forts or garden works, are found chiefly in the Mississippi Valley and the region west of the great river. So little was known of them forty years ago that the historian of the United States declared that the Mississippi Valley had no monuments, and ascribed the mounds and earthworks to the action of water. Dr. Foster gives the evidence of the antiquity of man in

Europe and America in human remains and works of art, describes the Western earthworks, so numerous and extensive, and discusses the question, Who were their builders? On this point he has collected valuable evidence in the researches of Dr. Stimpson and himself into burial-mounds in Iowa, Illinois and Indiana, from which he infers that the crania of the mound-builders were different from those of existing races of man, and particularly of the North American Indians. He concludes that the mound-builders were identical with the ancient races of Brazil and Central America, and not immigrants from the Old World. The volume contains a table, supplied by Dr. J. A. Lapham of Milwaukee, for the computation of the age of standing trees, which may be found useful and interesting; and it is furnished with numerous illustrations.

### *Books Received.*

- Papers relating to the Transit of Venus in 1874, prepared under the direction of the Commission authorized by Congress, and published by authority of the Hon. Secretary of the Navy. Part II. Washington: Government Printing-Office.
- The Payson, Dunton and Scribner Manual of Penmanship. By J. W. Payson, S. Dunton, W. M. Scribner, G. H. Shattuck, A. S. Manson. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.
- The Passions in their Relations to Health and Disease. Translated from the French of Dr. X. Bourgeois. By Howard F. Damon, M. D. Boston: James Campbell.
- Count Kostia: A Novel. Translated from the French of Victor Cherbuliez. By O. D. Ashley. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Holt & Williams.
- Resources and Advantages of Colorado. Prepared and published by authority of the Territorial Board of Immigration. Denver, Colorado.
- The Progressionists and Angela. Translated from the German of Conrad von Bolanden. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.
- Johannes Olaf: A Novel. Translated from the German of Elizabeth de Wille by F. E. Burnett. Boston: Roberts Bros.
- Eunice Earld, and other Poems. By Frederick Williams. Augusta, Georgia: Constitutional Book and Job Print.
- Half Hours with the Telescope. By Richard A. Proctor. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

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POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

FEBRUARY, 1874.

THE NEW HYPERION.

FROM PARIS TO MARLY BY WAY OF THE RHINE.

VIII.—THE MUSIK-FEST AT ACHERN.



"SHUT UP!"

I WAS never a dancing man, having been in youth so absent as to forget the figures while I whispered poetry into my partner's ear, and in age too obese; but I love the concord of sweet sounds, and, like Henry of Osterdingen in Novalis's story, Paul Flemming thinks to music. I become so absorbed at the opera that I have been eyed in my box by the principal lady in the female choruses, with an absolute certainty that I was a conquest. I still repair with the baron to representations of *Don Giovanni*; and when Faure is serenading the prima donna, guitar in hand, I ob-

serve to my good Hohenfels, "How that melancholy chord he plays vibrates through the gayety of the air! So in the noisy crowd do I hear the mournful string of my own heart."

"You are addled eternally, my poor Paul," the baron replies. "Don't you know that Faure's guitar is a dummy, and that his accompaniment is really played by that squinting young man at the large harp?"

The baron, an excellent fellow, is too prosaic to perceive that my imaginative way of hearing is the best. It was with genuine anticipation, then, that I rolled along to hear the orpheonists at Achern: these choral reunions are superb affairs in Germany.

On my way I took the towns of Ottersweier and Sassbach: unless a route has something of vagabondage it is no route for Flemming. At Ottersweier I had been told I could find some curious documents—removed thither from the great historical stores of Heidelberg—about Ludwig-Wilhelm, my scourge of the Turks and husband of the frivolous devotee Sibylle-Auguste. Greatly interested in recovering this biographic trace, which I had only lost at Baden-

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Baden for the vile reason of the Casino being closed for Sunday, I presented myself eagerly at the bureau of archives.



THE ASHES OF TURENNE.

Still the same baffling privacy and the same dominical excuse—"Shut up on account of Sunday!" My Sabbath had truly been a day of prayer, but of prayer ungratified. The church, though, was open, and among its mural paintings and stucco angels I got the better of my chagrin.

Nor was Sassbach a very satisfactory success. I wished to see the monument to Turenne, who fell here in 1675, having before him, for adversaries, Montecuculli and my hero Ludwig-Wilhelm of Baden, then a boy twenty years of age. I had vaguely heard that at Sassbach, by international consent, the death-place of Turenne was considered as having been conquered to the French nation by the warrior's fall—that the scene was, in fact, a miniature France, defended by an army of a corporal and four zouaves, still commanded by the ghost of the mighty Turenne. I might have known that since the disasters of 1871 no such martial courtesies could be claimed by France. The real tomb of Turenne is at the Invalides, happily safe from the reverses of war. His monument, which covers nothing, and the relics of the tree under which he died, are in the custody of an honest Teuton, who warms his feet in his little box while he waits for patriotic tourists. He showed me the

bullet which killed the great soldier. I could but secretly wonder how many of these authentic balls he might have sold to eager French purchasers. The vicarious bullet, however, has been inspected by more credible eyes than mine. On the visit register I saw, under date of April 4, 1832, the names of Honoré "duchesse de Saint-Leu," and Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the latter then a wandering actor, who had written the greatest comedies and tragedies to play, but believing in his own power even before the missile which killed Turenne.

I was chased out of Sassbach by a volley of large drops, precisely of a sullen and determined character which almost literally floated into Achern. The streets, however, were as flush with people as though the Acherners, like garden flowers, were in the habit of coming out to get the sun. It was not the deluge which attracted them.

I found Achern a city of silken gingham domes, on which the drums thumped its funeral marches peculiarly. A thousand umbrellas surrounded two or three thousand human heads.



"NEITHER BED NOR BOARD!"

these canopies, however, might have been more impartial, for they did not protect the sculptured heads of Haydn and Mozart.

zart, which in turn surmounted them: the lyre of Strasburg, the Belgian lion, the civic arms of Heidelberg, of Colmar, of Mannheim, of Mülhausen, tore their way on a dozen banner-staves through the world of umbrellas. Worse than the

crowd or the flood, the landlord of the Golden Crown met me with that overdone air of politeness which announced, even before he spoke, that he could offer me neither bed nor board.

My situation would have discomfited



"WAITER! WAIT!"

Turenne himself. The overstocked Golden Crown would naturally be the type of other hotels; besides, my hat, a curly silken leaf of the Baden-Baden parterre, did not invite me to a journey of exploration. No more did the absence of my stout umbrella, which I had left behind: it was probably still plunging in quest of the bottom of some bottomless *oubliette* of the Neues Schloss. There is nothing which awakens the careful and tender instinct of a man's heart—no, not one's first-born—like a perfectly new hat: you shelter the vanity from a wind to which you willingly expose the baby. To be sure, the loss of your hair excites commiseration, but that of your hat scorn. I naturally put up my hand to examine mine as I stood in the porte-cochère amid a group of unfortunates as sad and shelterless as myself, with not a dry cheek among us. Jupiter Pluvius! the hat was gone!

I had hit upon a method, of specious but fallacious cleverness, to reconcile my smart chapeau and my rustic garden-cap. On the road, ugly and sympathetic, it was my bonnet that crowned the situation: in the street—that is to say, among marts and cities—I wore my hat. Inside it I had found a cunning way to secrete my cap, reduced to its simplest expression, or, in other words, deprived

of the whalebone that gave it a circular bent. This proof of penetrability in matter, at least in matter of costume, had not a little set me up. I was less proud of it now, when the deceptive clasp of the whalebone had treacherous-



THE RECOVERED HAT.

ly lulled my poor old head in false security, and when my volatile hat was probably flying back to its native Baden.



I must seek repose, and it shall be elsewhere. I am already quite willing to follow my hat. I am quite disgusted with Achern, which has become the merest bog, and with its landlords,

Who are indeed a bog that bears  
Your unparticipated cares,  
Unmoved and without quaking.

I apply for instructions. The landlord, who appears again, and who evidently disapproves my costume and me, reiterates, "No room! no room!" when I ask



THE DOOR-MAI.

him the way to the station. I fancy he is responding to his own thought rather than to mine: in a Baden railway there is always room. I try his subordinates: there are plenty of waiters, who, stimulated to the utmost height of their talents, with ardent eyes and with the gait of hunted ostriches, are vaulting in a covey into the dining-room, loaded with plates and dishes. I try to bring one down on the wing, but he describes a loop around me with the quickness of a lasso, and shoots through the doorway, within which a hundred growling voices are calling for him.

If it was hard that I could not enter, I thought it still harder that I could not get away. I believe I am not naturally

uncharitable, but in that dark, damp hour I could almost have drowned in the gutters of Achern my Baden landlord who had sent me there, Berkley who had brought me to the baths, the customs-officers of Kehl who had despatched me for Berkley, the engineer who had driven me over to Kehl, the conspirators of Épernay, and the wretched James Athanasius Grandstone, whose birthday had tempted me from the outskirts of Paris. While I was musing thus, full of spleen and misanthropy, a carriage approached like a sail to a shipwreck. It was depositing a load of visitors, but it would suffice to conduct me to the station. As the driver was closing the carriage door I leaped inside before him.

The cabman, with a calm gesture of a heavy arm, put me aside like a feather. Extracting a glossy hat from under the seat I was about to occupy, he observed, without seeming to open his mouth, "Stout old foreign gentleman in a cap: perhaps it is you, sir. Lost hat, handed to me by a comrade of mine. Would you stand a trifling trinkgeld?"

Thus it was that after a more or less voluntary abdication I recovered my crown. But the restoration brought me little happiness, for the landlord, who ran up once more at the noise of the carriage, informed me that the train would not stop at Achern until ten. It was striking four. I pressed my property upon my brow—as if I were not sure to lose it at the first possible opportunity—and resumed my thoughts, while the



COURTING SLEEP.

driver, certain of better jobs than mine, rumbled off without trying to mend my indecision. I was tired and humble: I

sat doggedly upon the stairs, crowned indeed with my novel splendors, but resigning my coat-tails as a door-mat to every stranger who chose to tread upon them. I believe it was the hat and the humility, combined perhaps with my involuntary liberality to the coachman, which converted the landlord. The hat of ceremony, indeed, is a kind of passport on the Continent. Boniface, at any rate, came to me for the fourth time, made me a fourth long-bodied bow, and invited me to a large chamber on the topmost floor. The apartment was soaked with the tobacco-smoke of years. "I give you the bed-room of my daughters," he said for explanation; and I tried to believe him.

In a quarter of an hour I was at dinner. To dine alone is with me an impossibility. My meal, like an Egyptian banquet, was made in the company of two mysteries—one a friend and one an enemy—Francine and Fortnoye. The sweet stewardess and the enigmatic commission-agent helped me to my rations and seasoned my sauces. I determined to hunt down the whole chimera, and for that purpose to go home again by Épernay and Noisy.

"You will call me in time for the train at ten," I said to the waiter: he promised. "You will not forget, on any account," I insisted: he repeated his vow. It was a broad-boned, colorless waiter, with two buttermilk eyes, far apart, at the bottom of two caverns tufted with white bristles.

I sought my chamber for a little repose. At first the tumult of bands in the street, a veritable conspiracy between the musicians of Baden and those of Alsace, and the rehearsals going on in the house itself, made slumber impossible. I tied a handkerchief over my ears to exclude the clamor, wrapped my nose in the sheet to get rid of the odor from the pillows—on which the innkeeper's daughters seemed to have strewed *caporal*—and sat for some time in bed, upright and agonized. I was soon, however, prostrated by sheer fatigue.

Hardly had I closed my eyes, as it seemed, when the glimmering, far-apart bluish eyes of the waiter appeared in the doorway, and I was summoned to the railway-station. The night-train arrived with supernatural whiz and roar. At



THE ENCHANTED STEED.

last I found my face turned toward the dear lares and penates! At the rate of a mile a minute the engine flew toward Paris. At the metropolis what changes since my departure! The new avenues and boulevards had developed like magic. The belt-railroad surrounding the city took possession of me: there was no stopping, and with an ever-increasing speed I was borne quite around the capital, and eastward again, by way of Charleroi, Luxembourg and Metz, to Strasburg. As I was flying, still in the train, over the bridge to Kehl, I suddenly saw two horsemen riding by my side. They kept up easily with the locomotive, both mounted on the same apocalyptic steed, and necessarily running on the water. They were richly dressed, but

the wind plunged with hollow murmurs under their waistcoats, as in empty space. There was no flesh on their ribs, long spurs were attached to their bony heels, and their skeletons rattled at every bound



THE MIRROR.

of the horse. The latter had joints of steel in sockets of copper, and I heard the sound of pistons and the rush of steam as he moved: it was my enemy the locomotive in a new disguise. The

riders turned their eyes, filled with pale flame, upon me. They gave their names. One was Ludwig-Wilhelm, the scourge of Islam, the original of the seventy-two miniatures I had seen in the *Favorite* of Sibylle-Auguste; the other was Margrave Charles of Baden, founder of the city laid out in a fan.

Charles, in evident allusion to his forced entry and detention in the church of Lichtenthal, said sneeringly, "Very well: you see how it is to be drawn by a power stronger than yourself. How do you like legendary adventures by this time, Mr. Paul Flemming?"

Addressing myself immediately to Ludwig, whose worthy burgher attitude invited confidence, I asked where this unslackening race should end.

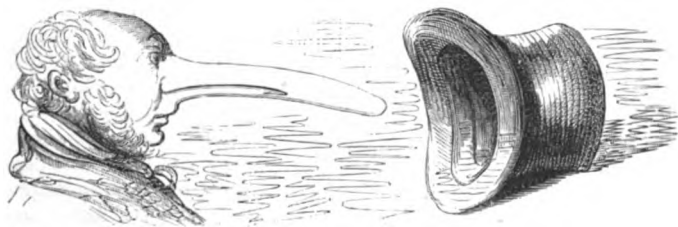
"At Achern," he replied.

"But why must I return thus upon my point of departure?" I demanded.

"Because you have forgotten to settle your account with the landlord," he retorted, with his broad skeleton grin.

This appeal to my sense of duty shocked me so that I awoke. It was broad day: the train was lost, with a witness!

I was ready to raise a shout of distress, or at least to summon for vengeance the inculpated waiter. A new incident deterred me. A spectre again! Something clad in white was passing around the chamber. I thought for a moment, with bachelor horror, of the landlord's daughters. Supposing this should really be their boudoir! A glance through the curtains reassured me: the spectre wore



WHO KNOWS?

boots. Another glance showed me a gentleman tying his cravat at the glass. The host had simply used his right to dispose of the vacant bed. The new

tenant was no ghost: the face I caught for a moment in the mirror was comely and ruddy. I fell back somewhat comforted, letting go the curtains.

The lodger having departed, I leaped to the floor and made a hasty toilet. As I went to crown the edifice by putting on my hat, a name written on the lining of the article arrested me. It was "FORTNOYE." We had changed hats! With this sphinx, then, I had passed a whole night unconsciously. No wonder my dreams

were bad. Descending, I asked some time-table questions of the landlord, and added, "Do you know a certain M. Fortnoye, whom you have given me for fellow-lodger?"

"Do I know him? He is our champagne-merchant—mine and all the hotel-keepers' within twenty leagues. And a



MOTION SUSPENDED: RESOLUTION TABLED FOR AMRNUMENT.

fine man, sir, with his joke always in his cheek! You see, the trade makes the tradesman, for champagne-sellers keep the ball a-rolling: the business lets no man be dull. As for this one, he is always in good temper: he has it bottled in his brains. You should have seen him last night. Four students from Carls-

ruhe and Heidelberg—he had them all under the table in no time, and at his own expense. But that is his style of increasing the connection: they come back to it sure enough, sir."

Mine host, so miserly with his words the night before, chatted this morning like a parrot: I took advantage of his



THE TAILBOARD.

loquacity to get the probable route of Fortnoye.

At some miles from Achern, in a romantic landscape, rise the solemn ruins of All-Saints' Abbey—*Allerheiligen*. It is a refuge fit for Carlyle's Eternal Silences. Hither, nevertheless, were bent the combined noises of Baden, Belgium

and Alsace. Achern had been the focus, but Allerheiligen was the Mecca of the philharmonic pilgrimage. All the musicians and singers, as well as all the rest who were merely secular and auditory, would pour to-day into the ruined abbey. I hesitated but a minute: I took a seat on the tailboard of a terrible cart,

and I followed the world—followed the drivers, followed the walkers, followed Fortnoye, followed my hat.

Every ten minutes we passed a pretty

village, whose inhabitants, probably augmented by neighbors from the inner country, passed us in review. The peasants here are not like those whom you



BLACK FOREST FLOWERS.

see in Carlsruhe and Baden-Baden. You are already in the Black Forest. The countrymen were in ample red waistcoats and broad hat-brims, the blonde girls bare-headed, with floating ribbons. As we filed through these ranks of rustic

spectators, the red waistcoats, alternating with the golden heads, shone like poppies in a field of wheat. The quantity of yellow tresses I saw on this excursion was truly εlifying. I am certain that Germany produces a sufficiency to sur-



THE TRYSTING-PLACE.

round the globe with a ringlet of gold—a precious ecliptic, worthy enough to mark the course of the sun.

After passing through several hamlets

—I think Ober-Achern, Furschenbach, Ottenhofen were among them—and consuming two hours of time, we descended from the cart to clamber up the hills.

Fifty minutes' climbing, and we paused in a little grove, which seemed to have been appropriated as point of reference for all the strayed revelers and disjointed couples who attended the concert. Here those who had lost their friends, girls who missed their lovers, and husbands divorced from their wives, met by mutual agreement. It was a concourse of Plato's half-souls, seeking their affinities anxiously and clamorously. Odd sounds, agreed upon no doubt as signals, made the little wood vocal: some crowed like cocks, some hooted like owls, some bel-

lowed like all the herds of Bashan—a singular concert, precluding the genuine one. Every fatigue-cap, felt and kepi collected in the grove passed under my inspection, but I could not detect my own hat or the countenance of Fortnoye. The throng gradually dispersed, moving together in a particular direction, and I followed the rest. Every one went to buy tickets at a box-office temporarily set up behind a high rock. I secured a card with a lyre on it, a first-class place, and the change for a half-florin. A hundred paces farther, as the path descend-



SHADES OF THE BLACK FOREST.

ed through the trees, a view burst upon us of the ruins and their site.

Seated in its rocky funnel, with an amphitheatre of noble scenery around, and the echoes of the Grindbachs cataract muffled in the tufted woods, the abbey of Allerheiligen was of old a nest of learning, famous for the sapience of its sylvan monks. Here Elmy the gypsy, whose student-lover had climbed to the crow's nest to recover her betrothing, saw the brave boy dashed to pieces at her feet, and only obtained the precious token from his dead hand. The betrothed couples of the present day I found more comfortably engaged: the lasses were pouring out beer for the lads,

and family groups, perched everywhere on the hillside, were regaling themselves with viands frugally brought from home. Those heads of families who missed the shadow of a tree or a thicket tranquilly dined in the sun. Indeed, they were not entirely deprived of shelter, seeing that the breadths of felt with which they shaded their own brows cast a liberal and grateful penumbra over the whole group. Nowhere else can you find mankind wearing such solid and ample parasols: if these honest Black Foresters could measure their height by the circumference of their brims, they would be giants. What was strange, neither in the field at the bottom of the funnel

nor on the sides was there a sign that these pilgrims of melody thought of anything but eating and drinking. I should have argued the concert to be postponed *sine die* if I had not accidentally perceived two fat bass-voils and several

slender coffins containing violins proceeding toward the ruined abbey, the latter still closed to the public, even to those with tickets for the first place.

It was an animated sight. The extemporized tables, the bar arranged along



GENTLEMEN OF THE ORCHESTRA.

a low ruined wall, whose fallen stones offered seats to the drinkers, were occupied by moving throngs, amongst which I ceased not to pursue the trail of my fugitive hat, and of that unaccountable Fortnoye for whose discovery my hat-hunt was but a pretext. For a quarter of an hour, with my eyes wide open, did I turn to the cardinal points of this mighty funnel, boxing the compass of Allerheiligen, when the sound of popping champagne-corks arrested my ear. No better indication of my man could be thought of. I posted myself near the drinkers, who turned out to be a party of students, and sought an excuse to enter into conversation with them, not despairing of finding in the group some who had disgraced themselves with Fortnoye the night before.

A quick young collegian anticipated me. Instantly observing my tin box, he said very courteously, "Are you a botanist, sir?" As I was about to profit by

the interview to lead up to the subject of Fortnoye, he continued: "I am a botanist myself: I am studying for the profession of drugs. If you would find an excellent field, go five miles from here, to the base of the Tiberg. The *Anagallis Arvensis* grows there in abundance. Your health, sir!"

The whole party rose, touched glasses and trooped off laughing, not without reason: the plant adorned with so much fine Latin is no other than the chickweed, oftener sought by canaries than by botanists. But I remembered how mercilessly I had hoaxed MacMeurtier with the tobacco plants and pineapple fruits, and felt that I had no right to be too much put out.

The vacated students' table offered itself invitingly, and I seated myself. These tables were under the agency of the chief forester of the estates, transformed on Sundays and holidays to an innkeeper. With an eye to business,

this functionary offered no alternative to his guests but rabbits killed in his demesne or the ever-prevailing and monotonous ham. Among the waiters—whom I suspected, from the dignity of their chief, to be wood-choppers and charcoal-burners on ordinary days—I succeeded in making one excited individual listen to me. I ordered rabbit and Affenthaler wine: he reappeared after a

long time with ham and beer. But I took care, after the first mouthful, not to complain, for the beer was Bavarian and the ham Westphalian.

As I tasted the one and the other with the gusto of an epicure, suddenly my table, with the plates and bottles, resounded to a tinkling hail—a hail of money. Whence came this Danaë shower? No one knew, but its effects, satis-



AURI SACRA FAMES.

factory to some, were for others, and especially myself, most deplorable. The peasantry from the heights around us, hearing the metallic ring, plunged upon our tables, our benches, our feet and our dishes, to collect the small change falling from the skies. It continued to rain, not kreutzers only, but little coins of silver. The instinct of avarice spread through all the throng; the crowds poured down the hill like a landslide; men and women, young girls, lads and children, all eager for the quarry, fought hardily for this uncelestial manna. Woe to the girl who received a kreutzer in her bodice! she

was not to remain the possessor. The waiters, sent up to pacify the fray, yielded to the game with avidity, and seemed to find themselves in a new California. The dogs, even, plunged into the loot, disdaining indeed the silver, but not the ham-bones and little saddles of rabbit. In the confusion the benches turned over on their sides, the tables on their backs, followed by some of the diners. My own lot was cast among these latter.

I got up bareheaded and shamefaced, but no one had noticed my reverse. The rain of silver had taken another direction, and the world, as of old, had run



after the money. A playful dog was shaking and worrying a hat a few feet off: he readily rendered me my head-covering, or more properly that of Fortnoye. A bell gave signal that the concert was beginning. Hurrying up to the ruin, I posted myself outside the door,



THE DÉBRIS.

where all the holders of first-class places necessarily defiled before me: not a single Fortnoye!

What an unfortunate notion was mine, to chase this invisible and possibly chimerical enigma into the ruined wilderness of All-Saints! Had I taken the morning train, I should be already at Strassburg. The interior of the abbey, now overflowing with music, tempted me to enter.

Truly, the picture was original. The orchestra and the orpheonists filled the sacred apsis. Despoiled of their stained glass, the long Gothic windows were painted instead with the distant landscape and the gilded summits of mountainous crags. The audience was divided into two portions or categories: the first occupied impromptu benches, laid from base to base of the fallen pillars; the second stood up behind. Authorized by my ticket to mingle with the first, my entrance among the hindmost obliged me to content myself with the last.

The overture to Mendelssohn's *Antigone* had already been executed, as well as a fine choral of Louis Lacombe's, and I had a brief glimpse of the collected performers—a tableau full of piquant German character, and worthy to rank with Hogarth's picture representing the

opera of *Judith*. My view was a short one, for, the sun coming out from behind a cloud, every lady in the parquet opened out the implement she carried, which was no circumscribed and feeble sunshade, but a liberal umbrella, provided in view of a possible storm like that of yesterday. The men delayed not to imitate the example, and my inspection of the performance was intercepted by a bubbling sea of variegated hemispheres. Meantime, my own position among the poorer multitude was flooded with hot sunshine: I lost no time in changing it; and a lusty elder tree, clinging to the ruined wall just behind me, offered me a natural sunshade more agreeable than the circular shadow of the best *regenschirm* in Germany. The perch offered me another advantage. It

placed me in a post of observation where I could interpret the secret of the mysterious shower of gold.

At the base of the hillock which I occupied a group of students were whispering and busying themselves over some stealthy preparation. In the ringleader I recognized my disciple of drugs, the same who had suggested a botanizing tour after chickweed. He held a sack, containing probably a provision of copper change, and each of the band, rummaging in his pockets, added a supply of small moneys, and even of silver: as for my druggist, he drew forth a handful of gold, whose opulent gleam was clearly visible to me in my hiding-place. When he had mixed a portion of this in



PLAYFULNESS.

the bag, the whole conspiracy of tempters busied themselves in flinging it over the wall amongst the mass of second-class auditors, whose ranks I had just left. And the scenes of dinner-time were not tardy in recurring—the scramble, the bickering, the topsy-turvy and the chaos.

Poor Germany! I thought: is it thus she distributes the gold just wrung from

bleeding France? With her *nouveaux riches* tempted only to senseless freaks, and her lower classes famished as ever, it is little profit she will get from her undigested wealth. The spectacle, testifying to nothing so much as to the misery of the German populace, saddened me more than it diverted me. I was still thinking about it when the sun, having seen all it cared about of the concert,



HOGARTHIAN GROUP.

re-entered its tent of clouds, and every umbrella, with simultaneous promptness, changed from a hemisphere to a straight line. I passed into the enclosure once more, just before the *finale*. I got a better place than at first, and enjoyed a full view of the singers and the instrumentalists.

Among the former I remarked a performer who gesticulated a good deal more than he sang, and whose looks were constantly turned toward myself. His coun-

tenance seemed American in its outlines, and bore a likeness to the countenance of James Athanasius Grandstone. But how was it possible to suppose that individual amongst these professionals? Nevertheless, it was strictly and identically he.

I had known many students of pharmacy: never had any of them fed the multitude with gold. I had met many an American wine-seller: never one who had fitted himself to compete with Ger-

man musicians. It was a day of surprises. After seeing Jupiter raining gold under the metamorphosis of a Heidelberg student, it remained to me to see my compatriot, who could hardly hold his own at college in a "*Gaudeamus igitur*," in the guise of an orpheonist. At the side of Athanasius, singing or not singing, but with mouths wide open all the same, and in every hand a scroll of music, stood his whole dinner-table of Épernay.



THE PARASOL.

The circle that had enjoyed the Eleusinian mysteries of the wine-cellar, even to the little caustic hunchback, and that had started with Grandstone to pass his birthday at the Falls of Schaffhausen, was reunited here at Achern, needing only myself to form the clasp. Near the witty dwarf, and bending over the same sheet, I recognized a pale face, with a red boss in the middle: it was palpably MacMeurrier, the homœopathist, preceded by his ardent nose. How came this Scotchman in the group?

But I was not at the end of my astonishments. As I made my way through the dispersing crowd which separated me from the performers, I ran against an individual. Looking up, I recognized my hat: the obstacle was Fortnoye! I quickly had an explanation of all these wonders.

In the railway-carriage which had conveyed the birthday party to Strasburg, Grandstone and his friends had formed a plan with Fortnoye to meet all together at the musical festival of Achern. The homœopathist, for his part, bound likewise for Schaffhausen, had run upon the whole convivial group in the Krone Hotel at that spot. The embossed dwarf—whom it will be more civil to call hereafter by his real name of Somerard—had attacked him in a moment as lawful prey. Strange to say, the encounter

begun in jest had terminated confidentially: something imperturbable and canny about the Scot proved attractive to the hunchback, subject himself to all the irregular vivacities so often noticed in his kind. MacMurtagh or Meurrier, having disarmed his waspish opponent by dint of stolid calm, was destined to yet another victory: at the close of a long evening's conversation on homœopathy, Somerard, always ailing and doctor-hunting, declared himself a convert. The famous combination of vegetable magnetism with *similia similibus curantur* had fascinated him. This target of the wit's former scorn, this heron on stilts, this man with double knee-pans, recognized from a sketch of Hogarth's, had become his veneration and comfort.

Grandstone, over a cigar, confided to me the details of this strange partnership: "I don't know what to think. They'll persuade me that I have seen the cure with my own eyes. This Scotch-



AMATEUR PERFORMERS.

man, who doesn't look particularly like the devil, pretends that he can make the force of the sap in young trees communicate itself to his patients. He makes his magnetic passes all the while, you see. Now, I myself have been with Foster when he read letters through his forehead: I'm not prepared to say there is not something in magnetism. But you ought to hear the rigmaroles that Murtagh says over his patients: the greatest rot you ever listened to! And he says he can straighten up any case of spinal curvature. I have seen Somerard hugging a young poplar tree by the hour. When he came away he said he felt perfectly full of sap. What I'll ask you to explain is, that the tree certainly drooped and turned out the wrong side of its leaves."

It appeared to me that my mercantile young American was half a convert himself. Having remarked that Somerard, who was rich enough for the luxury, had actually engaged the Scotchman as professional companion, he proceeded to account for the presence of his band among the performers rather than among the audience. It seems they had come on foot through the Forest from Freiburg in the Breisgau, whither the railway had transported them from Bâle. On their tramp they had fallen in with a contingent of the grand orpheonist army. They had dined with them, supped with them, slept in the same barn. Next day they had awaked to find themselves fast friends, and it had seemed good to all hands to remain united, even within the precincts of art.

While Grandstone, in satisfying my surprises, suggested so many new ones, I did not lose from view Fortnoye, the man of mystery, and my rival in the pretty hotel at Carlsruhe. He was speaking with the forester, no doubt on the subject of champagne. Their colloquy finished, I approached and offered him his hat.

"Ah, monsieur," he said, laughing pleasantly, "you are, then, my unknown room-mate? You must have taken me for a thief. But where have I seen you ere now?"



VEGETABLE MAGNETISM.

I replied promptly: "At Strasburg, where I sat at the same table with you and your new Masonic convert, Mac-Meurtrier here. Possibly, also, you saw me last night when you put *hors de combat* your friends the students, and diverted all the hotel-waiters from attending to me."

"A truce to these follies," he replied. "I am winding up my bachelor life."

"Are you thinking of marriage?" I asked with unnecessary interest.

"Who knows?"

"Pardon!" said I, "but I have heard much of you lately: it was at Carlsruhe, at the boarding-house—"

He blushed faintly: "You know the lady who keeps the house where I put up?"

"Francine? I knew her as a baby: I brought her news of her father, whom I had just left at Noisy."

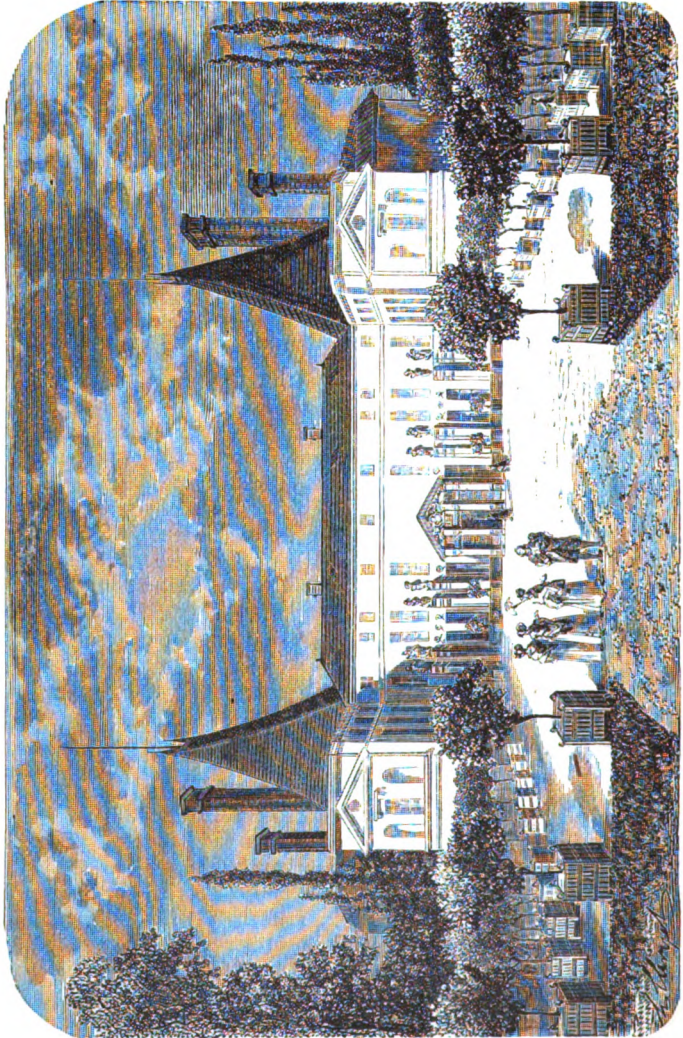
"Hullo!" (The French for the exclamation, I think, was "Tiens! tiens!") "I saw him the same day as you. I know you now, monsieur: you are the man with the two chickens."

EDWARD STRAHAN.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## JOSEPHINE AND MALMAISON.

THERE is scarcely to be found in history a life so rich in dramatic interest as that of the empress Josephine, for its romance commences with the dawn of her existence in the island of Martinique in 1763, and continues unabated



MALMAISON UNDER THE EMPIRE—MAIN ENTRANCE.

until 1814, when at the Château Malmaison she breathed her last, clasping in one hand the miniature of Napoleon and in the other the hand of Alexander

I. of Russia, her sincere friend and admirer. Especially is she immortal in the hearts of women by the triple appeal of moral excellence, intense suffering and

heroic submission to her fate. It is the romance of her life, more than all other causes, that has thrown a halo around the ugly old pile with its high-pointed pyramidal roofs, its tall chimneys and its general lack of architectural symmetry. Its very name is a malediction—*mala mansio*—though the motive of it is lost in the obscurity of the thirteenth century. The château is near Rueil, some eight miles from Paris. It was purchased in 1798 for sixty thousand francs, partly with the dower of Josephine and partly with the resources of General Bonaparte, whom she married in 1796, being then thirty-three years old and he twenty-seven. The marriage was a fortunate one for him, as his own words testify. "The circumstance of my marriage with Madame de Beauharnais," he says, "placed me on a proper footing with the party necessary to my plan of fusion, one of the first principles of my administration. . . . Without my wife I should never have established any natural relation with that class." Another declaration of his agrees perfectly with this idea: "I win only battles—Josephine wins me all hearts."

Josephine at the time of her first acquaintance with Bonaparte, then a simple general of brigade, was in the flower of her beauty and grace. She had survived the merciless storms of the Revolution, during which she had been torn from the bed of her sleeping children, thrown into prison and sentenced to death: her husband, less fortunate, perished by the guillotine. A part of her confiscated property had been restored to her by the National Convention through the efforts of Tallien, whose celebrated wife had been one of her prison-companions; and now, in the society of her children, Eugène and Hortense, and surrounded by a few cherished ones whose love had survived the ordeal of misfortune and poverty, Josephine was enjoying a quiet domestic life, made sweeter by the memory of the reverses she had suffered. And these reverses had been terrible, even before the Reign of Terror. Not to mention her first misfortune, when as a young girl in Martinique she had been prevented

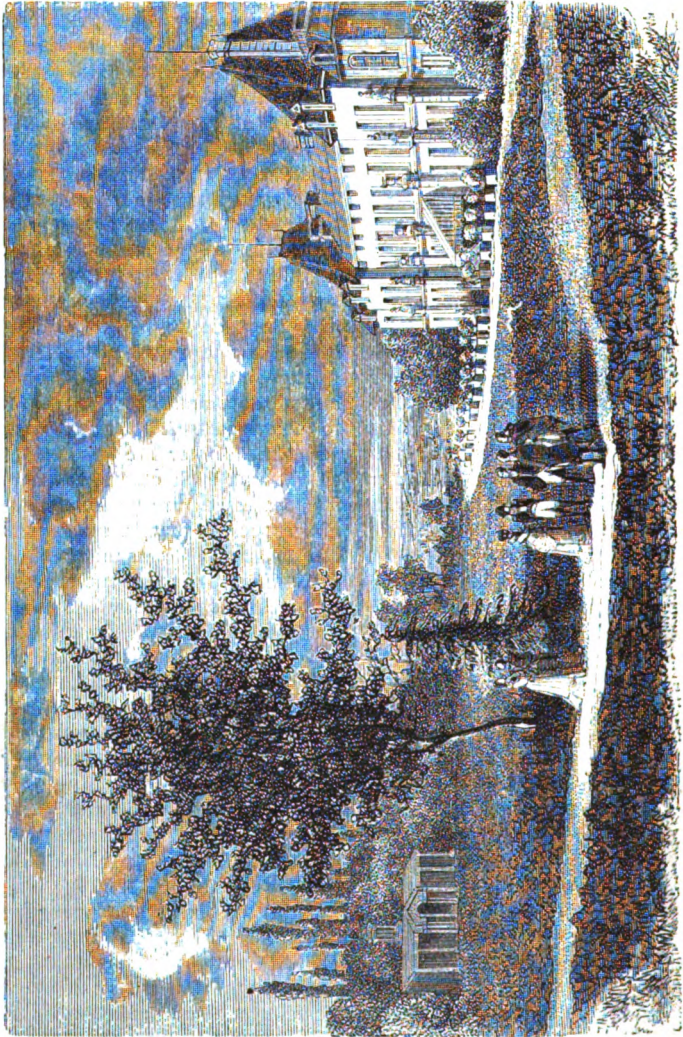
from marrying her first love, a young English gentleman of distinguished merit, her loyalty as a wife had been questioned, and her boy, then three years old, taken from her. She suffered dreary months of solitude in a convent during the legal suit for divorce instituted by the vicomte de Beauharnais, and though the decision of the court was in her favor, she was broken-hearted from the injustice visited upon her, and she returned to the island of Martinique with Hortense, leaving Eugène behind. Three years after the vicomte repented of his cruelty, and humbly begged his wife to return and reunite their divided household. Josephine's friends tried every means to dissuade her from returning to the dissolute Beauharnais, but the mother-love triumphed, and she made haste to leave Martinique for the second and last time.

There are many portraits of Josephine, and perhaps none of them are very true to the original. The various written descriptions of her are much more consistent with each other. All agree that she possessed rare personal attractions, and especially that in speech and grace of movement she was inimitable. "The first applause of the French people," said Napoleon, "was to my ear as sweet as the voice of Josephine." In singing her voice was tender and melodious, and she played the harp with skill. At St. Helena, Napoleon once said to Dr. O'Meara, "Joséphine était la grâce personifiée;" and again, that she was "the most amiable and the best of women." She was rather above the medium height, her form beautifully moulded, her shoulders of the most dazzling whiteness, and her eyes deep blue, shaded by long dark lashes. Her hair was not very abundant, but soft, easily curling, lustrous, and in color a fine dark brown. As a child she learned with great ease, and during all her life she was passionately fond of reading and of flowers. Flowers were to her not merely an affectation of refinement, but rather a necessity of her rich, sensuous nature. Wherever she lived, there flowers flourished, surrounding her with an atmosphere in perfect accord with that exquisite generosity and



tenderness of soul which made her forget all injuries, listen to every tale of suffering, and refuse no sympathy or aid that was in her power to bestow. Napoleon accused her of extravagance. "Her squandering was my torture," he

once said to Las Casas at St. Helena (" *Son gaspillage était mon supplice* "); but as Josephine would not or could not keep regular records of her smaller expenditures, and as her purse was ever open to beggars of all degrees, it is easy



MALMAISON UNDER THE EMPIRE—THE PARK.

to account for the accusation. Softness of heart was indeed her fault, and no doubt she was often imposed upon; but when we think of the millions upon millions squandered by Napoleon to obtain that glory which crippled the industries

of France and deluged her soil with rivers of precious blood for which nothing could atone, we are disposed to think that it ill became him to growl over the somewhat extravagant sums disbursed by Josephine in her charities and in sup-

plying honest employment to those who took care of the parks, gardens and flower-conservatories that were a peaceful and beneficent culture to thousands.

It was a labor of love for Josephine to improve and embellish the buildings and the grounds of Malmaison, and she had full permission to exercise her taste and judgment as she deemed best. On his return from Egypt the First Consul found the whole place rejuvenated and blossoming "as the rose." The broad, neglected esplanade behind the château had been decorated with rare shrubs and parterres of flowers. Little streams of water rising in the high and nobly wooded hill on the left wound picturesquely through the lawn among the flowers and emptied in laughing cascades into the beautiful lake, which was adorned with statuary and peopled with gay flamingoes and black swans. The park, under the skillful hands selected and directed by Josephine, became the rival of Blenheim and Windsor, and even surpassed them in some respects. Its animals, both wild and tame, were left free to roam where they pleased. Like the Trianon grounds—with which Josephine was familiar through her former visits to Marie Antoinette, who had befriended her at the time of Beauharnais' ill-treatment—Malmaison had its sheepfold, which still exists on the borders of the pond, its dairy, its inevitable Temple of Love and its Swiss chalet. But as Marie Antoinette's ideas of cottage, peasants and poverty had been acquired solely from the opera, *her* chalet was hardly more than a toy, like the Noah's ark of babyhood. Josephine's, on the contrary, was the practical work of the woman of the people and of the world. It was the comfortable, permanent home of a Swiss family, who took charge of her rare breeds of merinos and Normandy cows, in the midst of a landscape where their Alpine costumes created no discord. Even the artificial grotto in the Malmaison gardens at least suggested utility, for it sheltered a very passable hermit, though a marble one, in the guise of a Capuchin monk—the spoliation of some convent chapel during the Revolution.

Napoleon on his return from Egypt must have been enchanted by the inexhaustible surprises of rustic pavilions, kiosks, airy bridges, shady arbors, gurgling streams, miniature waterfalls and lakes peopled with rare aquatic birds that rose continually before him as if by enchantment, as arm in arm with Josephine, whom he then passionately loved, he sauntered for the first time through the broad avenues or winding odorous paths of these splendid grounds. Everything conspired to render the hour supreme, for whether his expedition had been a blessing or a curse to France, his name was on every tongue, and his ear still retained the music of the pealing bells and the joyful acclamations that had greeted his arrival at Paris. There was not even wanting a lover's quarrel and a very dramatic reconciliation to complete his bliss; for he had luxuriated in a whole two days' pout, after meeting the loving, exultant joy of Josephine on his return with a freezing look and a curt dismissal from his presence. He had listened to the scandal which represented her as having, during his absence, "played the coquette with everybody." This god of the battle-field never appears to such disadvantage as when contrasted with Josephine; but military glory is at best a terrible school for the manners of men, and this must not be forgotten in judging Napoleon; nor the fact that even Josephine herself was dazzled by the glamour of his renown, and augmented his natural egoism by subtle flatteries, which indeed, in her case, had the excuse of being dictated by her love for the man, not the hero.

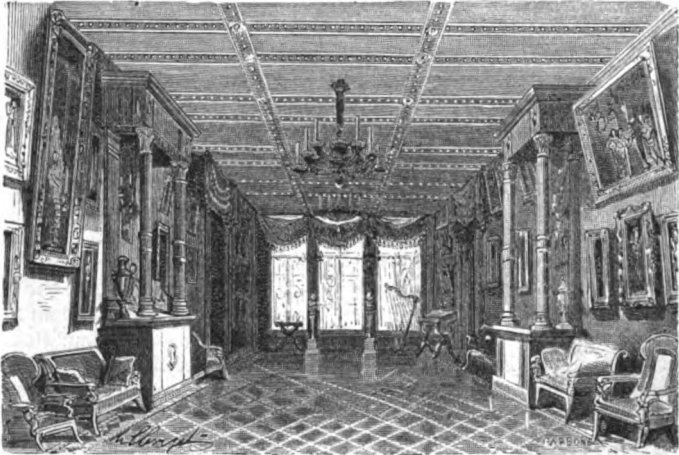
One form of this flattery was the erection of a beautiful tent as a porch to the rear entrance of the palace. The right and left approaches to this tent were defended by drawbridges, at the head of each of which stood a little obelisk in red marble, fourteen feet high and covered with golden hieroglyphics. The *cabinet de travail* or office of Napoleon was on the first floor, as were also the art-gallery, the drawing-rooms, the billiard- and dining-rooms and the council-hall. The last was decorated to resem-



ble a military tent, and furnished with heroic simplicity. On the second floor were the private apartments of Napoleon and those of Josephine. There was a little door between these, used only by the occupants; and later, when Napoleon had made up his mind to divorce Josephine, the sealing up of this

door was one of the delicate and manly methods he took to prepare her for the sacrifice.

It was a proud boast of Josephine that she never kept any one waiting half a minute where punctuality depended upon herself. This consideration for the pleasure of others, the never-failing mark of



THE GALLERY AT MALMAISON.

refined breeding, was signally wanting in Napoleon. When the established hour for dining at Malmaison was six o'clock, and though etiquette forbade any one to approach the table before the announcement of the head of the house, he often failed to appear before seven, eight, or even ten o'clock. A chicken or some other article was placed on the spit every fifteen minutes by order of the cook, who knew well the habits of the emperor. The table manners of Napoleon may have been those of the hero: they were certainly anything but those of the gentleman. He completed the process of cramming—it could scarcely be called eating—in six or seven minutes, as a rule. Ignoring the use of knives and forks as regarded his own plate, he did not stop there, but "helped himself with his fingers from the dishes nearest him, and dipped his bread in the gravy." Knowing the time necessary for the emperor to dine, the shrewder ones took care to dine in advance. Eugène

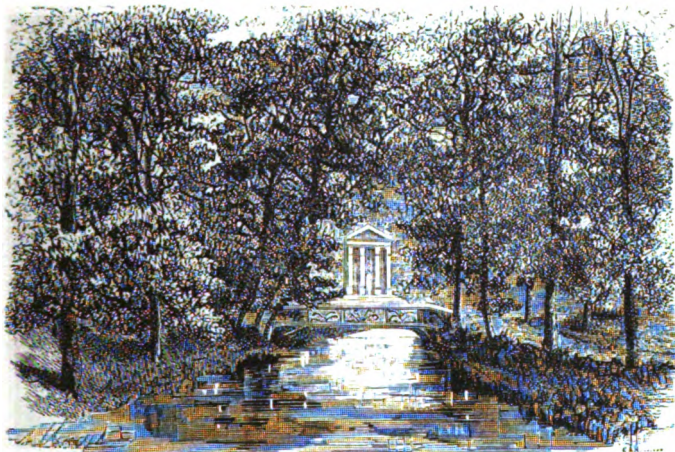
once confessed this at the dinner-table, much to the amusement of the emperor. Josephine always quitted the table with Napoleon, but with her never-failing consideration for the comfort of others she commanded the rest, by a gesture as she rose, to remain.

No one can excuse Napoleon for that domineering spirit toward Josephine which made him forbid her to receive, when she became empress, her old associates who he knew were tried and true friends. A letter from Josephine to the duchesse d'Aguillon, a former fellow-captive and a sincere friend, throws some light upon Napoleon's motive. She writes, among other things on the same subject, "The more I think of what my friends did for me, the greater is my sorrow at being unable to do now what my heart dictates. The empress of France is but the first slave in the empire, and cannot pay the debts of Madame de Beauharnais. This constitutes the torture of my life, and will explain why you

do not occupy a place near me; why I do not see Madame Tallien; in fine, why several ladies, formerly our confidential friends, would be strangers to me were not my memory faithful. . . . Desirous of strengthening more and more the Church re-established by himself, . . . Napoleon's intention is to keep at a distance from his court all those who may have profited by the possibility of divorce. This he has promised the pope, and

hitherto he has kept his word. Hence the cause of his refusal of the favor I asked of having you with me, which has caused me unspeakable regret; but he is too absolute for me to have even a hope of seeing him retract. . . . Often do I regret that small, dark and dismal chamber which we shared together, for there, at least, I could pour out my whole heart, and was sincerely loved in return."

Life at Malmaison during the first



THE TEMPLE OF LOVE.

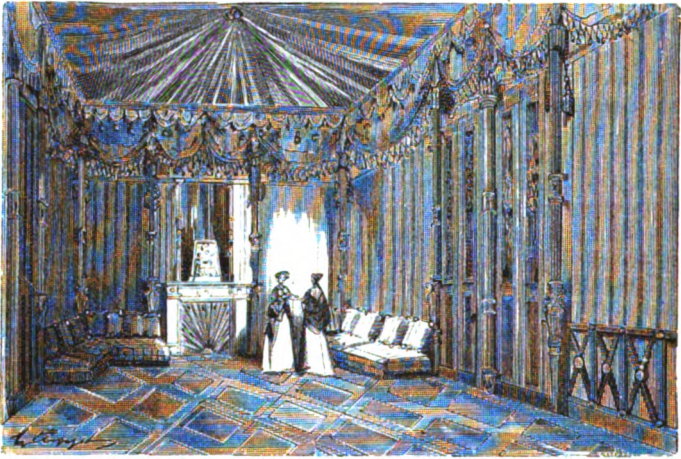
years of the marriage of Josephine and Napoleon must have been charming to their guests. No tiresome etiquette ever prevailed in the house of Josephine while she had power to prevent it. There was a general programme for the disposition of the time, but no arbitrary rules that prevented freedom of movement and friendly intercourse. Bourrienne gives us a pleasant account of the games on the lawn, in which the whole company joined with the *abandon* of children. One of these was the game of "prisoners," which seems to have been only an improvement of the well-known "tag" of our boys and girls. In these health-giving sports Napoleon, who was a clumsy runner, often measured his considerable length on the greensward, when of course his capture was certain, and getting up he delivered himself, laughing heartily, to his victors. Hor-

tense, afterward queen of Holland, was one of the swiftest runners in the field, and she also excelled all the "talent" of the Malmaison theatre. "Hortense played marvelously, Caroline (Bonaparte) passably, Eugène very well. Lauriston was a little heavy, and I dare not assert that I was not the worst of the lot," says the candid Bourrienne; and he adds that if the playing of the actors was not good, it was not the fault of the training, for Talma himself gave them lessons, making them rehearse sometimes together, sometimes separately. Napoleon delighted in these amateur theatricals, and often importuned Bourrienne in the most caressing manner to take part in them, even when he tried to excuse himself because of his pressing occupations. "Come, now, Bourrienne," he would say, "you have such a fine memory! You know how much you amuse me:

you make me laugh with all my heart. Don't deprive me of this pleasure: you know well I have none too many." Thus appealed to, Bourrienne could only yield and set himself to study his rôles.

In the whole life of Josephine there appears but one act that might lower her in the estimation of posterity, and that is her using her influence to sacrifice Hortense to the Moloch of ambition. Her admirers have sought to ex-

cuse this on many grounds; among these her dislike to General Duroc, Napoleon's aide-de-camp in Italy and Egypt, who had been the accepted suitor of Hortense; her indifference to any distinction except that conferred by Napoleon; her desire for a triumph over the Bonaparte family, who always disliked her, and persistently sought to lower her in the estimation of Napoleon; and, finally, distrust of the nature of the



THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

regard existing between her husband and Hortense. But not all these motives combined can justify her course. Hortense at the time still loved Duroc ardently, and to Louis the union was not less repugnant, for he was at the time passionately devoted to another woman, and never recovered the shock of the breaking of the engagement by the fiat of his all-powerful brother. The grim farce was solemnized by the Church in 1801, and the seven hundred guests that thronged the Tuileries at the bridal fête ignored the tragedy which Louis and Hortense were enacting. The union proved a wretched one, and was dissolved in 1815 by the tribunal of the Seine. The late emperor, Napoleon III., was the third and last issue of this unhappy marriage. The court of Holland had not the slightest attraction for Hortense, and she sighed continually to re-

turn to France, where everything was more congenial to her nature. She was exceedingly fond of music, and composed several pieces, among which is the well-known "Partant pour la Syrie." In character she was gay, impulsive and generous: she was vivacious and brilliant in conversation, beautiful in form, but less so in face, on account of the conformation of her mouth and teeth, which projected too much for ideal beauty; but her eyes were superb, like those of her mother, and her hair was of the finest blond type.

One of the greatest attractions at Malmaison was the magnificent collection of tropical and other rare plants, gathered from all parts of the earth. Not a ship left a foreign port without bearing some botanical treasure to Josephine, who fairly idolized flowers, and seemed to possess a sort of fraternal sympathy

with them—a mysterious affinity not comprehended by the rest of the world. A flower was a surer passport to her favor than the most precious gem. All Europe knew of her passion, and strangers took pride in gratifying it. Even war suspended its rigors in favor of a taste so laudable and beneficent, for the prince-regent of England gave orders that all plants expressed to Josephine which fell into the hands of his cruisers should be forwarded to her.

In the plan of the largest hot-house there presided an inspiration peculiarly her own: this was to unite the attractions of the hot-house to those of the drawing-room; and in accordance with this idea an elegant room was constructed near the centre of the longer side of the building, and separated from it only by two columns supporting the entrance. These columns, twelve feet high, were of violet breccia, with gilded bases and capitals. The room was decorated with exquisite taste after classic models. Here Josephine came every day—first, to look after her treasures and to enjoy the delicious surprise, known only to flower-cultivators, of seeing some new exotic opening its glowing petals to the light for the first time in its foreign home; and then to recline with an indolence that is itself a culture in that charming sanctuary where the most graceful forms, the most perfect colors, the most exquisite odors created a symphony of delights.

Among the flowers introduced into France by Josephine were rare species of the hibiscus, bignonia, phlox, myrtle, geranium, mimosa, cactus and rhododendron. One of the finest dahlias still bears the name "Coquette de Rueil," a *Camellia Japonica* owes its name to Josephine, and she is immortalized in the "Souvenir de la Malmaison," one of the finest roses in the world. In the *Jardin de la Malmaison*, a costly folio, containing full-sized colored plates of the one hundred and eighty-four exotic plants that blossomed, nearly all of them, in the Malmaison hot-houses for the first time, there is the *Josephinia imperatricis*. This is a lovely bignonia, propagated from seeds brought from New Holland. Josephine,

who cared for no unshared honor or pleasure, asked her botanist to name a certain new plant after her husband. But here was a dilemma. Both the names of the great man had been already used by other botanists, and so the result was a kind of Greek enigma: *Calomeria*, from *kalos* (good), and *meris* (part).

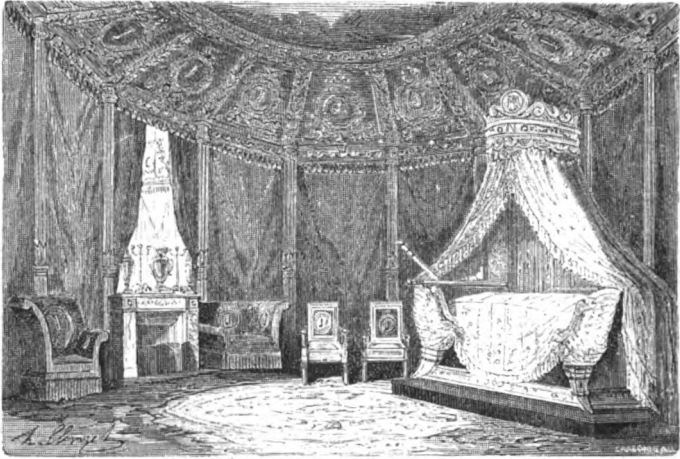
In the dedication of the book mentioned, compiled under Josephine's patronage, the dry old scientist Ventenat, member of the Institute of France, flatters his patron in that gentle stilted style peculiar to our grandfathers. He ends the dedication thus: "If in the course of this work I have to describe some of those modest and beneficent plants which seem only to live for the purpose of exhaling an influence at once sweet and salutary, I shall find it very difficult, madame, to refrain from comparisons which would hardly escape my readers."

The gallery of Malmaison contained not only paintings, among which the Dutch and Flemish schools predominated, but antique vases and statues—Greek, Etruscan, Egyptian—and a fine collection of bronzes and exhumed treasures of Herculaneum and Pompeii; and as the Trianon under the last empire was made a distinctive Trianon museum, so under the same patronage Malmaison became a depository of the souvenirs of Josephine and the Bonaparte family.

The bed-room of Josephine in her time must have been a gem of luxurious taste. It was hung with purple velvet, figured with gold. The centre of the ceiling was painted to represent a brilliant summer sky with light, rosy clouds. The embroidery covering the furniture was principally the work of Josephine. The centre of each piece was a medallion enclosing the initial of her name. The delicate silken bed-curtains, bordered with gold fringe, were suspended from a baldachin in the form of a royal crown, bearing the monogram of the initials "N." and "J." To-day the gold is tarnished, the velvet torn and faded, and the melancholy ravages of Time are seen upon everything. In the cabinet of the emperor there is the clock that stood in his room at Longwood, stopped by some

hand at the moment of his death ; in the gallery, the harp that Josephine used to play, its strings now broken, its music hushed for ever. The words of Napoleon, "Triste comme la grandeur," seem solemnly reverberating through these deserted, decaying halls, and the visitor is glad to escape from their depressing atmosphere into the free sunlight, the symbol of progress and eternal youth.

The tourist on quitting Malmaison will retain vividly for some time a crowd of souvenirs ; but after a while the most of them will have vanished, and when the name of Napoleon is mentioned there will only return to his memory the Longwood iron bedstead, some snuff-boxes, a faded military uniform and a rusty sword. With the name of Josephine will appear that stately couch, her nuptial bed and



BED-CHAMBER OF JOSEPHINE.

her death-bed, and that broken harp. The difference between the souvenirs thus retained suggests the *motive* of this paper. But it is so difficult to do justice to Napoleon—so easy to over-estimate a woman like Josephine. She appeals to the heart at every step ; he seldom, except through those eloquent witnesses of his love for her, written often amid the din of battle on a desk improvised by the head of a drum or the pommel of a saddle.

One really grand speech of his—grand, because almost superhuman in its egotism—is preserved by Roederer. It was at Malmaison after the 18th Brumaire, when the Tribunal imposed upon him the general restoration of popular rights, thus making him, as he thought, the slave of the liberties of the people. "I am a soldier," he cried, "a child of the Revolution, sprung from the bosom of the people. Do they think they can in-

sult me as if I were only a king?" To Josephine his boundless ambition seemed an ungovernable mania. She could only prophesy his fall, and then calmly submit to destiny, which she always believed, or affected to believe, was foretold in her case by the old negress at Martinique, who told her she was to become greater than a queen and die in a hospital. It seems quite certain that in prison she laughed at her friends who mourned over her coming fate, and reassured them by declaring that she was yet to be queen of France ; and that after she became empress she gradually acquired a kind of superstitious regard for the old woman's prediction. We are told that at Malmaison one bright evening, when the project of divorce was in contemplation, she called the emperor's attention to something in the heavens, saying, "Remember that it is to my star, not yours, that sovereignty has

been promised. Separate our fates and your star fades." There is no question that she clearly foresaw his fall, though no magic was necessary for that. This appears evident in the letter written the day following that melancholy dinner, where neither ate or spoke during the whole time. When they left the table he approached her, and taking her hand commenced the prelude to the fatal words of separation. She stopped him when he ended the words, "My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France," fell lifeless upon the floor, and remained three hours insensible. The letter she wrote the next day commenced: "My presentiments are realized. You have pronounced the word which separates us: the rest is only a formality. Such is the reward, I will not say of so many sacrifices (they were sweet, because made for you), but of an attachment unbounded on my part, and of the most solemn oaths on yours. But the state, whose interests you put forward as your motive, will, it is said, indemnify me by justifying you! These interests, however, upon which you feign to immolate me, are but a pretext: your ill-dissembled ambition, as it has been, so it will ever continue, the guide of your life—a guide which has led you to victories and to a throne, and which now urges you to disasters and to ruin."

Eugène warmly espoused his mother's cause, and when the divorce was pronounced wished to abdicate the vice-royalty of Italy, but was dissuaded by Napoleon, and also by Josephine herself. Two years before he had sought to reconcile his mother to the proposed separation, as appears from one of his autograph letters now preserved in the Malmaison museum. It is little known to English readers, if indeed it has ever been translated. The following are some extracts from it: "I have received, my good mother, the letter you sent me by Bataille, and it has given me great pleasure, for it assures me that you are content, that you despise the malice of

evil tongues, and that the emperor continues to treat you well. You have nothing to fear from him, because he himself despises those who are base enough to give him bad advice. There is a great deal said about the divorce. I have this from Paris and from Munich; but I am pleased with your conversation with the emperor if it is such as you have represented it. You should always speak frankly to His Majesty: to do otherwise would be to no longer love him. If the emperor still bothers you about children, tell him that it ill becomes him to reproach you on such a subject. If he believes that his happiness and that of France depends upon his having children, there is only one honorable course to follow; but he ought still to treat you well, and give you a sufficient dowry to enable you to live in Italy with your children. The emperor can then marry as his policy or his happiness demands. We should still remain attached to him, and his regard for us would not change, though circumstances would oblige him to separate himself from our family."

Three months after the divorce Napoleon led Marie Louise to the throne from which he had forced the loving, faithful Josephine. In four years her fears were realized, and Napoleon saw himself hurled from power and banished from the country. Marie Louise abandoned him on the first alarm, fleeing to Austria with that dearly-purchased child, then three years old, who was to have perpetuated the glory of his name. The contrast between the conduct of Marie Louise and that of Josephine must have touched the heart of the fallen emperor. On hearing of his banishment, Josephine, with characteristic devotedness, would have followed him to the isle of Elba had she been permitted to do so. "Say but the word, and I depart," were almost the last words she ever wrote. She did not live to witness his sudden reappearance upon the soil of France: in five weeks her generous heart was silent in the grave.

MARIE HOWLAND.

## MALCOLM.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

MISS HORN.

"NA, na; I hae nae feelin's, I'm thankfu' to say. I never kent ony guid come o' *them*. They're a terrible sicht i' the gait."

"Naebody ever thought o' layin' 't to yer chairge, mem."

"'Deed, I aye had enuch adu to du the thing I had to du, no to say the thing 'at naebody wad du but mysel'. I hae had nae leisur' for feelin's an' that," insisted Miss Horn.

But here a heavy step descending the stair just outside the room attracted her attention, and, checking the flow of her speech perforce, with three ungainly strides she reached the landing.

"Watty Witherspail! Wattie!" she called after the footsteps down the stair.

"Yes, mem," answered a gruff voice from below.

"Wattie, whan ye fess the bit boxie, jist pit a hemmer an' a puckle nails i' yer pooch to men' the hen-hoose-door. The tane maun be atten't till as weel's the tither."

"The bit boxie" was the coffin of her third cousin, Griselda Campbell, whose body lay in the room on her left hand as she called down the stair. Into that on her right Miss Horn now re-entered, to rejoin Mrs. Mellis, the wife of the principal draper in the town, who had called ostensibly to condole with her, but really to see the corpse.

"Aih! she was taen yoong!" sighed the visitor, with long-drawn tones and a shake of the head, implying that therein lay ground of complaint, at which poor mortals dared but hint.

"No that yoong," returned Miss Horn. "She was upo' the edge o' aucht an' thirty."

"Weel, she had a sair time o' 't."

"No that sair, sae far as I see—an' wha sud ken better? She's had a bien

doon-sittin' (*sheltered quarters*), and sud hae had as lang's I was to the fore. Na, na; it was nowther sae young nor yet sae sair."

"Aih! but she was a patient crater wi' a' flesh," persisted Mrs. Mellis, as if she would not willingly be foiled in the attempt to extort for the dead some syllable of acknowledgment from the lips of her late companion.

"'Deed she was that!—a when ower patient wi' some. But that cam' o' haein gain hert nor brains. *She* had feelin's gin ye like—and to spare. But I never took ower ony o' the stock. It's a pity she hadna the jeedgment to match, for she never misdoobted onybody enuch. But I wat it disna maitter noo, for she's gane whaur it's less wantit. For ane 'at has the hairmlessness o' the doo i' this ill-wulled warl', there's a feck o' ten 'at has the wisdom o' the serpent. An' the serpents mak sair wark wi' the doos—lat alane them 'at flees into the verra mou's o' them."

"Weel, ye're jist richt there," said Mrs. Mellis. "An' as ye say, she was aye some easy to perswaud. I hae nae doobt she believed to the verra last he wad come back and mairry her."

"Come back and mairry her! Wha or what div ye mean? I jist tell ye, Mistress Mellis—an' it's weel ye're named—gin ye daur to hint at ae word o' sic clavers, it's this side o' this door o' mine ye s' be less acquaint wi'."

As she spoke, the hawk eyes of Miss Horn glowed on each side of her hawk nose, which grew more and more hooked as she glared, while her neck went craning forward as if she were on the point of making a swoop on the offender. Mrs. Mellis's voice trembled with something very like fear as she replied:

"Gude guide 's, Miss Horn! What hae I said to gar ye look at me sae by ordinair 's that?"



"Said!" repeated Miss Horn, in a tone that revealed both annoyance with herself and contempt for her visitor. "There's no a claver in a' the countryside but ye maun fess 't hame aneth yer oter, as gin 't were the prodigal afore he repentit. Ye s' get sma' thanks for sic like here. An' her lyin' there as she'll lie till the jeedgment-day, puir thing!"

"I'm sure I meant no offence, Miss Horn," said her visitor. "I thocht a' body kent 'at she was ill about him."

"Aboot wha, i' the name o' the father o' lees?"

"Ow, aboot that lang-leggit doctor 'at set oot for the Ingies, an' dee'd afore he wan across the equator. Only fouk said he was nae mair deid nor a halvert worm, an' wud be hame whan she was merried."

"It 's a' lees frae heid to fut, an' frae hert to skin."

"Weel, it was plain to see she dwyned awa efter he gaed, an' never was hersel' again—ye dinna deny that."

"It's a' havers," persisted Miss Horn, but in accents considerably softened. "She cared no more about the chiel nor I did mysel'. She dwyned, I grant ye, an' he gaed awa, I grant ye; but the win' blows an' the water rins, an' the tane has little to do wi' the tither."

"Weel, weel; I'm sorry I said onything to offen' ye, an' I canna say mair. Wi' yer leave, Miss Horn, I'll jist gang an' tak' a last leuk at her, puir thing!"

"Deed, ye s' du naething o' the kin'! I s' lat nobody glower at her 'at wad gang and spairge sic havers aboot her, Mistress Mellis. To say 'at sic a doo as my Grizel, puir, saft-hertit, winsome thing, wad hae luikit twise at ony sic a serpent as him! Na, na, mem! Gang yer wa's hame, an' come back straucht frae yer prayers the morn's mornin'. By that time she'll be quaiet in her cofin, and I'll be quaiet i' my temper. Syne I'll lat ye see her—maybe.—I wiss I was weel rid o' the sicht o' her, for I canna bide it. Lord, I canna bide it."

These last words were uttered in a murmured aside, inaudible to Mrs. Mel-

lis, to whom, however, they did not apply, but to the dead body. She rose notwithstanding in considerable displeasure, and with a formal farewell walked from the room, casting a curious glance as she left it in the direction of that where the body lay, and descending the stairs as slowly as if on every step she deliberated whether the next would bear her weight. Miss Horn, who had followed her to the head of the stair, watched her out of sight below the landing, when she turned and walked back once more into the parlor, but with a lingering look toward the opposite room, as if she saw through the closed door what lay white on the white bed.

"It's a God's mercy I hae no feelin's," she said to herself. "To even my bonny Grizel to sic a lang kyte-clung chiel as yon! Aih, puir Grizel! She's gane like a knotless threid."

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## CHAPTER II.

### BARBARA CATANACH.

MISS HORN was interrupted by the sound of the latch of the street door, and sprung from her chair in anger.

"Canna they lat her sleep for five meenutes?" she cried aloud, forgetting that there was no fear of rousing her any more.—"It'll be Jean come in frae the pump," she reflected, after a moment's pause; but, hearing no footsteps along the passage to the kitchen, concluded—"It's no her, for she gangs aboot the hoose like the fore half o' a new-shod cowl;" and went down the stair to see who might have thus presumed to enter unbidden.

In the kitchen, the floor of which was as white as scrubbing could make it, and sprinkled with sea-sand—under the gayly-painted Dutch clock, which went on ticking as loud as ever, though just below the dead—sat a woman about sixty years of age, whose plump face to the first glance looked kindly, to the second, cunning, and to the third, evil. To the last look the plumpness appeared unhealthy, suggesting a doughy in-



dentation to the finger, and its color was also pasty. Her deep-set, black-bright eyes, glowing from under the darkest of eyebrows, which met over her nose, had something of a fascinating influence—so much so that at a first interview one was not likely for a time to notice any other of her features. She rose as Miss Horn entered, buried a fat fist in a soft side, and stood silent.

"Weel?" said Miss Horn, interrogatively, and was silent also.

"I thocht ye nicht want a cast o' my callin'," said the woman.

"Na, na; there's no a han' 'at s' lay finger upo' the bairn but mine ain," said Miss Horn. "I had it a' ower, my lee lane, afore the skreigh o' day. She's lyin' quaiet noo—verra quaiet—waitin' upo' Watty Witherspail. When he fesses hame her bit boxie, we s' hae her laid canny intill 't, an' hae dune wi' 't."

"Weel, mem, for a leddy-born, like yersel', I maun say, ye tak it unco composed!"

"I'm no awaur, Mistress Catanach, o' ony necessity laid upo' ye to say yer min' i' this hoose. It's no expeckit. But what for sud I no tak' it wi' composur? We'll hae to tak' oor ain turn er lang, as composed as we hae the skiel o', and gang oot like a lang-nibbit can'le—ay, an lea' jist sic a memory ahin' some o' 's, Bawby."

"I kenna gin ye mean me, Miss Horn," said the woman; "but it's no that muckle o' a memory I expec' to lea' ahin' me."

"The less the better," muttered Miss Horn; but her unwelcome visitor went on:

"Them 'at 's maist i' *my* debt kens least about it; and their mithers canna be said to hae muckle to be thankfu' for. It's God's trowth, I *ken* waur nor ever I *did*, mem. A body in my trade canna help fa'in' amo' ill company whiles, for we're a' born in sin, an' brocht furth in iniquity, as the Buik says; in fac', it's a' sin thegither: we come o' sin an' we gang for sin; but ye ken the likes o' me maunna clype (*tell tales*). A' the same, gien ye dinna tak the help o' my han', ye winna refuse me the sicht o' my een, puir thing!"

"There's nane sall luik upon her deid 'at wasna a pleesur till her livin'; an' ye ken weel enouch, Bawby, she cudna thole the sicht o' *you*."

"An' guid rizzon had she for that, gien a' 'at gangs throu' my heid or I fa' asleep i' the lang mirk nichts be a hair better nor ane o' the auld wife's fables that the holy Buik maks sae licht o'!"

"What mean ye?" demanded Miss Horn, sternly and curtly.

"I ken what I mean mysel', an' ane that's no content wi' that, bude ill be a howdie (*midwife*). I wad fain hae gotten a fancy oot o' my heid that's been there this mony a lang year, and for that I wad fain hae seen her. But please yersel', mem, gien ye winna be neeborly; thof, maybe, ye're mair obligated nor ye ken, for a' ye luik at me sae sair asklent."

"Ye s' no gang near her—no to save ye frae a' the ill dreams that ever gethered about a sin-stappit bowster!" cried Miss Horn, and drew down her long upper lip in a strong arch.

"Ca cannie! ca cannie!" (*drive gently*), said Bawby. "Dinna anger me ower sair, for I *am* but mortal. Fowk tak a heap frae you, Miss Horn, 'at they'll tak frae nane ither, for yer temper's weel kent, an' little made o'; but it's an ill-faured thing to anger the howdie—sae muckle lies upo' *her*; an' I'm no i' the tune to put up wi' muckle the nicht. I wonner at ye bein' sae oonnebor-like—at sic a time tu, wi' a corp i' the hoose!"

"Gang awa—gang oot o't: it's *my* hoose," said Miss Horn, in a low, hoarse voice, restrained from rising to tempest pitch only by the consciousness of what lay on the other side of the ceiling above her head. "I wad as sune lat a cat intill the deid-chaumer to gang loupin' ower the corp, or may be waur, as I wad lat yersel' intill 't, Bawby Catanach; an' there's till ye!"

At this moment the opportune entrance of Jean afforded fitting occasion to her mistress for leaving the room without encountering the dilemma of either turning the woman out—a pro-

ceeding which the latter, from the way in which she set her short, stout figure square on the floor, appeared ready to resist—or of herself abandoning the field in discomfiture. She turned and marched from the kitchen with her head in the air, and the gait of one who had been insulted on her own premises.

She was sitting in the parlor, still red-faced and wrathful, when Jean entered, and, closing the door behind her, drew near to her mistress, with a narrative, commenced at the door, of all she had seen, heard and done while "oot an' about i' the toon." But Miss Horn interrupted her the moment she began to speak.

"Is that woman furth the hoose, Jean?" she asked, in the tone of one who awaited her answer in the affirmative as a preliminary condition of all further conversation.

"She's gane, mem," answered Jean—adding to herself in a wordless thought, "I'm no sayin' *whaur*."

"She's a woman I wadna hae ye throng wi', Jean."

"I ken no till o' her, mem," returned Jean.

"She's eneuch to corrup' a kirkyaird!" said her mistress, with more force than fitness. Jean was on the shady side of fifty, and more likely to have already yielded than to be liable to a first assault of corruption.

But little did Miss Horn think how useless was her warning, or where Barbara Catanach was at that very moment. Trusting to Jean's cunning, as well she might, she was in the dead-chamber, and standing over the dead. She had folded back the sheet—not from the face, but from the feet—and raised the night-dress of fine linen in which the love of her cousin had robbed the dead for the repose of the tomb.

"It wad hae been tellin' her," she muttered, "to hae spoken Bawby fair! I'm no used to be fa'en foul o' that gait. I s' be even wi' her yet, I'm thinkin'—the auld speldin'! Losh! an' Praise be thankit! there it's! It's there! —a wee darker, but the same—jist whaur I could ha' laid the pint o' my

finger upo' 't i' the mirk! Noo lat the worms eat it," she concluded, as she folded down the linen of shroud and sheet—"an' no mortal ken o' 't but mysel' an' him 'at bude till hae seen 't, gin he was a hair better nor Glenkindie's man i' the auld ballant!"

The instant she had rearranged the garments of the dead, she turned and made for the door with a softness of step that strangely contrasted with the ponderousness of her figure, and indicated therefore great muscular strength; opened it with noiseless circumspection to the width of an inch, peeped from the crack, and seeing the opposite door still shut, stepped out with a swift, noiseless swing of person and door simultaneously, closed the latter behind her, stole down the stairs, and left the house. Not a board creaked, not a latch clicked as she went. She stepped into the street as sedately as if she had come from paying to the dead the last duties of her calling, the projected front of her person appearing itself aware of its dignity as the visible sign and symbol of a good conscience and kindly heart.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE MAD LAIRD.

WHEN Mistress Catanach arrived at the opening of a street which was just opposite her own door, and led steep toward the sea-town, she stood, and shading her eyes with her hooded hand although the sun was far behind her, looked out to sea. It was the forenoon of a day of early summer. The larks were many and loud in the skies above her—for, although she stood in a street, she was only a few yards from the green fields—but she could hardly have heard them, for their music was not for her. To the north, whither her gaze—if gaze it could be called—was directed, all but cloudless blue heavens stretched over an all but shadowless blue sea; two bold, jagged promontories, one on each side of her, far apart, formed the bay; between that on the west and the sea-town at her feet lay a great curve of yel-

low sand, upon which the long breakers, born of last night's wind, were still roaring from the north-east, although the gale had now sunk to a breeze—cold and of doubtful influence. From the chimneys of the fishermen's houses below ascended a yellowish smoke, which, against the blue of the sea, assumed a dull green color as it drifted vanishing toward the south-west. But Mrs. Catanach was looking neither at nor for anything; she had no fisherman husband, or any other relative, at sea; she was but revolving something in her unwholesome mind; and this was her mode of concealing an operation which naturally would have been performed with down-bent head and eyes on the ground.

While she thus stood a strange figure drew near, approaching her with step almost as noiseless as that with which she had herself made her escape from Miss Horn's house. At a few yards distance from her it stood, and gazed up at her countenance as intently as she seemed to be gazing on the sea. It was a man of dwarfish height and uncertain age, with a huge hump upon his back, features of great refinement, a long thin beard, and a forehead unnaturally large, over eyes which, although of a pale blue, mingled with a certain mottled milky gleam, had a pathetic, dog-like expression. Decently dressed in black, he stood with his hands in the pockets of his trowsers, gazing immovably in Mrs. Catanach's face. Becoming suddenly aware of his presence, she glanced downward, gave a great start and a half scream, and exclaimed in no gentle tones,

"Whaur come ye frae?"

It was neither that she did not know the man, nor that she meant any offence: her words were the mere embodiment of the annoyance of startled surprise; but their effect was peculiar.

Without a single other motion he turned abruptly on one heel, gazed seaward with quick-flushed cheeks and glowing eyes, and, apparently too polite to refuse an answer to the evidently unpleasant question, replied in low, almost sullen tones:

"I dinna ken whaur I come frae. Ye ken 'at I dinna ken whaur I come frae. I dinna ken whaur ye come frae. I dinna ken whaur onybody comes frae."

"Hoot, laird! nae offence!" returned Mrs. Catanach. "It was yer ain wyte. What gart ye stan' glowerin' at a body that gait, ohn telled them 'at ye was there?"

"I thocht ye was luikin' whaur ye cam frae," returned the man in tones apologetic and hesitating.

"'Deed I fash wi' nae sic freits," said Mrs. Catanach.

"Sae lang's ye ken whaur ye 're gaein' till," suggested the man.

"Toots! I fash as little wi' that either, and ken jist as muckle about the tane as the tither," she answered with a low oily guttural laugh of contemptuous pity.

"I ken mair nor that mysel', but no muckle," said the man. "I dinna ken whaur I cam frae, and I dinna ken whaur I'm gaun till; but I ken 'at I'm gaun whaur I cam frae. That stan's to rizzon, ye see; but they telled me 'at ye kenned a' about whaur we a' cam frae."

"Deil a bit o' t'!" persisted Mrs. Catanach, in tones of repudiation. "What care I whaur I cam frae, sae lang 's—"

"Sae lang 's what, gien ye please?" pleaded the man, with a childlike entreaty in his voice.

"Weel—gien ye *will* hae 't—sae lang 's I cam frae my mither," said the woman, looking down on the inquirer with a vulgar laugh.

The hunchback uttered a shriek of dismay, and turned and fled; and, as he turned, long, thin, white hands flashed out of his pockets, clasped his ears, and intertwined their fingers at the back of his neck. With a marvelous swiftness he shot down the steep descent toward the shore.

"The deil 's in't 'at I bude to anger him!" said the woman, and walked away, with a short laugh of small satisfaction.

The style she had given the hunchback was no nickname. Stephen Stewart was laird of the small property and ancient house of Kirkbyres, of which his mother managed the affairs—hardly for her son, seeing that, beyond his clothes

and five pounds a year of pocket-money, he derived no personal advantage from his possessions. He never went near his own house, for, from some unknown reason, plentifully aimed at in the dark by the neighbors, he had such a dislike to his mother that he could not bear to hear the name of mother, or even the slightest allusion to the relationship.

Some said he was a fool; others a madman; some both; none, however, said he was a rogue; and all would have been willing to allow that whatever it might be that caused the difference between him and other men, throughout the disturbing element floated the mist of a sweet humanity.

Along the shore, in the direction of the great rocky promontory that closed in the bay on the west, with his hands still clasped over his ears, as if the awful word were following him, he flew rather than fled. It was nearly low water, and the wet sand afforded an easy road to his flying feet. Betwixt sea and shore, a sail in the offing the sole other moving thing in the solitary landscape, like a hunted creature he sped, his footsteps melting and vanishing behind him in the half-quick sand.

Where the curve of the water-line turned northward at the root of the promontory, six or eight fishing-boats were drawn up on the beach in various stages of existence. One was little more than half built, the fresh wood shining against the background of dark rock. Another was newly tarred; its sides glistened with the rich shadowy brown, and filled the air with a comfortable odor. Another wore age-long neglect on every plank and seam; half its props had sunk or decayed, and the huge hollow leaned low on one side, disclosing the squalid desolation of its lean-ribbed and naked interior, producing all the phantasmic effect of a great swampy desert; and old pools of water, overgrown with a green scum, lay in the hollows between its rotting timbers, while the upper planks were baking and cracking in the sun. They were huge open boats, carrying about ten tons, and rowed by eight men with oars of tremendous length and

weight, with which they had to toil indeed when they could not use their lug sails. Near where they lay a steep path ascended the cliff, whence through grass and ploughed land it led across the promontory to the fishing village of Scaurnose, which lay on the other side of it. There the mad laird, or Mad Humpy, as he was called by the baser sort, often received shelter, chiefly from the family of a certain Joseph Mair, one of the most respectable inhabitants of the place, which, however, at this time, was not specially remarkable for any of the Christian virtues.

The way he now pursued was very rocky and difficult, lying close under the cliffs of the headland. He passed the boats, going between them and the cliffs, without even a glance at the two men who were at work on the unfinished boat. One of them was his friend Joseph Mair. They ceased their work for a moment to look after him.

"That's the puir laird again," said Joseph, the instant he was beyond hearing. "Something's wrang wi' him. I wonner what's come ower him!"

"I haena seen him for a while noo," returned the other. "They tell me 'at his mither made him ower to the deil afore he cam to the light; and sae, aye as his birthday comes roun', Sawtan gets the pooer ower him. Eh, but he's a fearsome sicht when he's ta'en that gait!" continued the speaker. "I met him ance i' the gloamin', jist ower by the toon, wi' his een glowerin' like uily lamps, an' the slaver rinnin' doon his lang baird. I jist laup as gien I had seen the muckle Sawtan himsel'."

"Ye not na (*needed not*) hae dune that," was the reply. "He's jist as hairmless, e'en at the warst, as ony lamb. He's but a puir creatur' wha's tribble's ower strang for him—that's a'. Sawtan has as little to du wi' him as wi' ony man I ken."

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#### CHAPTER IV.

##### PHEMY MAIR.

WITH eyes that stared as if they and not her ears were the organs of hearing,

this talk was heard by a child of about ten years of age, who sat in the bottom of the ruined boat, like a pearl in a decaying oyster-shell, one hand arrested in the act of dabbling in a green pool, the other on its way to her lips with a mouthful of the sea-weed, there called *dulse*. She was the daughter of Joseph Mair just mentioned—a fisherman who had been to sea as a man-of-war's man, in consequence of which his to-name or nickname was Blue Peter, and having been found capable, had been employed as carpenter's mate, and had come to be very handy with his tools. Having saved a little money by serving in another man's boat, he was now building one for himself. He was a dark-complexioned, foreign-looking man, with gold rings in his ears, which he said enabled him to look through the wind without being blinded by the watering of his eyes. Unlike most of the fishermen upon that coast at the time, he was a sober and indeed thoughtful man, ready to listen to the voice of reason from any quarter. His fellows were, in general, men of hardihood and courage, encountering as a mere matter of course such perilous weather as the fishers on a great part of our coasts would have declined to meet. During the fishing season they were diligent in their calling, and made a good deal of money; but when the weather was such that they could not go to sea, when their nets were in order, and nothing special requiring to be done, they would have a bout of hard drinking, and spend a great portion of what ought to have been their provision for the winter. The women were in general coarse in manners and rude in speech; often of great strength and courage, and of strongly-marked character. They were almost invariably the daughters of fishermen, for a wife taken from among the rural population would have been all but useless in regard of the peculiar duties required of her. If these were less dangerous than those of their husbands, they were quite as laborious, and less interesting. The most severe consisted in carrying the fish into the country

for sale in a huge creel or basket, which when full was sometimes more than a man could lift to place on the woman's back. With this burden, kept in its place by a band across her chest, she would walk as many as twenty miles, arriving at some inland town early in the forenoon, in time to dispose of her fish for the requirements of the day. I may add that her eldest child was probably born within a few weeks after her marriage; but infidelity was almost unknown.

In some respects, although in none of the good qualities, Mrs. Mair was an exception to her class. Herself the daughter of a fisherman, her mother had been the daughter of a small farmer, and she had well-to-do relations in an inland parish: how much this fact was concerned in the result it would be hard to say, but certainly she was one of those elect whom Nature sends into the world for the softening and elevation of her other children. She was still slight and graceful, with a clear complexion and the prettiest teeth possible. Long before this time she must have lost all her complexion and most of her grace had it not been for two reasons: her husband's prudence had rendered hard work less imperative, while he had a care even of her good looks altogether unique; and he had a rough, honest sister who lived with them, and whom it would have been no kindness to keep from the hardest work, seeing it was only through such that she could have found a sufficiency of healthy interest in life. Annie Mair assisted with the nets, and the cleaning and drying of the fish, of which they cured considerable quantities: these, with her household and maternal duties, afforded her ample occupation. Their children were well trained, and being, from the narrowness of their house-accommodation, far more with their parents than would otherwise have been the case, heard a good deal to make them think after their faculty.

The mad laird was, as I have said, a visitor at their house oftener than anywhere else. On such occasions he slept

in a garret accessible by a ladder from the ground floor, which consisted only of a kitchen and a closet. Little Phemy Mair was therefore familiar with his appearance, his ways, and his speech, and was a favorite with him, although hitherto his shyness has been sufficient to prevent any approach to intimacy even with a child of ten.

From speedy exhaustion the poor fellow soon ceased his wild running. As he stopped he withdrew his hands from his ears, and in rushed the sound of the sea, the louder that the caverns of his brain had been so long closed to its entrance. With a moan of dismay he once more pressed his palms against them, and thus deafened, shouted with a voice of agony into the noise of the rising tide: "I dinna ken whaur I come frae!" after which cry, wrung from the grief of human ignorance, he once more took to his heels, though with far less swiftness than before, and fled stumbling and scrambling over the rocks.

Scarcely had he vanished from view of the boats, when Phemy scrambled out of her big mussel-shell. Its upheaved side being toward the boat at which her father was at work, she escaped unperceived, and so ran along the base of the promontory, where the rough way was perhaps easier to the feet of a child content to take smaller steps and climb or descend by the help of more insignificant inequalities. She came within sight of the laird just as he turned into the mouth of a well-known cave and vanished.

Phemy was one of those rare and blessed natures which have endless courage because they have no distrust, and she ran straight into the cave after him, without even stopping to look in.

It was not a very interesting cave at first sight. The strata of which it was composed, upheaved almost to the perpendicular, shaped an opening like the half of a Gothic arch divided vertically and leaning over a little to one side, which rose to its whole height, and seemed to lay open every corner of it to a single glance. This large entrance allowed abundance of light and air in

the cave, which in length was only about four or five times its width. The floor was perfectly dry, consisting of hard rock, with a trodden covering of some earthy stratum—probably all that remained of what had once filled the hollow. The walls and roof were sufficiently jagged with projections and dark with recesses, but there was little to rouse any frightful fancies.

When Phemy entered it the laird was nowhere to be seen. But she went straight to the back of the cave, to its farthest visible point. There she rounded a projection and began an ascent which only familiarity with rocky ways could have enabled such a child to accomplish. At the top she passed through another opening, and by a longer and more gently sloping descent reached the floor of a second cave, as level and nearly as smooth as a table. On her left hand, what light managed to creep through the tortuous entrance was caught and reflected in a dull glimmer from the undefined surface of a well of fresh water which lay in a sort of basin in the rock; and on a bedded stone beside it sat the laird, with his head in his hands, his elbows on his knees, and his hump upheaved above his head, like Mount Sinai over that of Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress.

As his hands were still pressed on his ears, he heard nothing of Phemy's approach, and she stood for a while staring at him in the vague glimmer, apparently with no anxiety as to what was to come next.

Weary at length—for the forlorn man continued movelessly sunk in his own thoughts, or what he had for such—the eyes of the child began to wander about the darkness, to which they had already got so far accustomed as to make the most of the scanty light. Presently she fancied she saw something glitter, away in the darkness—two things: they must be eyes!—the eyes of an otter or a polecat, in which creatures the caves along the shore abounded. Seized with sudden fright, she ran to the laird and laid her hand on his shoulder, crying, "Leuk, laird, leuk!"

He started to his feet and gazed bewildered at the child, rubbing his eyes once and again. She stood between the well and the entrance, so that all the light there was, gathered upon her pale face.

"Whaur do ye come frae?" he cried.

"I cam frae the auld boat," she answered.

"What do ye want wi' me?"

"Naething, sir: I only cam to see hoo ye was gettin' on. I wadna hae disturbit ye, sir, but I saw the twa een o' a wullcat, or sic like, glowerin' awa yonner i' the mirk, an' they fleyt me 'at I grippit ye."

"Weel, weel; sit ye doon, bairnie," said the mad laird in a soothing voice: "the wullcat sanna touch ye. Ye're no fleyt at *me*, are ye?"

"Eh, na!" answered the child. "What for sud I be fleyt at you, sir? I'm Phemy Mair."

"Eh, bairnie! it's you, is't?" he returned in tones of satisfaction, for he had not hitherto recognized her. "Sit ye doon, sit ye doon, an' we'll see aboot it a'."

Phemy obeyed, and seated herself on the nearest projection. The laird placed himself beside her, and once more buried his face, but not his ears, in his hands. Nothing sought to enter those ears, however, but the sound of the rising tide, for Phemy sat by him in the faintly glimmering dusk, as without fear felt, so without word spoken.

The evening drew on, and the night came down, but all the effect of the growing darkness was but to draw the child gradually nearer to her uncouth companion, until at length her hand stole into his, her head sank upon his shoulder, his arm went round her to hold her safe, and thus she fell fast asleep. After a while, the laird, coming to a knowledge of her condition, gently roused her and took her home, where they found her father and mother in much concern at her absence. On their way the mad laird warned his companion, in strange yet comprehensible utterance, to say nothing of where she had found him, for if she exposed his

place of refuge, wicked people take him, and he should never be seen again.

#### CHAPTER V.

#### LADY FLORIMEL.

THE sun had been up for some time in a cloudless sky. The wind had changed to the south, and wafted country odors to the shore, instead of sweeping to inland farms the stench of sea-weed and broken salt, mingled with a suspicion of decay. From what was called the Seatoun sea-town, of Portlossie, a solitary figure was walking westward along the shore, which bordered the shore from the tip of the promontory of Scaurnose to the little harbor which lay on the other side of the Seatoun. Beyond the harbor the rocks began again, bold and high, a gray and brown hard stone, and a mighty sweep, shot out northward and closed in the bay on the other side a second great promontory. The curved strip of sand was the only portion of the coast for miles that was all closed in with high rocky cliffs. At this one spot the coasting vessel, gliding past gained a pleasant view of open fields, belts of wood and scattered houses, with here and there a house glimpsing from amidst the hills, imposing in aspect only from their desolation, rose to the height of a thousand feet, but their form gave little effect to their altitude.

On this open part of the shore ran a narrow allel with its line, and at some distance beyond the usual high-water mark waves of ten thousand northern seas had cast up a long dune or bank of sand, terminating toward the west in a few yards of a huge solitary rock of the ugly kind called conglomerate. It had been separated from the rest of the promontory by the rush of water during unusually high tides, which once in winter rounded the rock, and ran down behind the dune, turned it into a long island. The sand on the inland

of it, which was now covered with short sweet grass, browsed on by sheep, and with the largest and reddest of daisies, was thus often swept by wild salt waves in winter, and at times, when the northern wind blew straight from the regions of endless snow, lay a sheet of gleaming ice.

Over this grass came the figure I have mentioned, singing. On his left hand the ground rose to the high road; on his right was the dune, interlaced and bound together by the long clasping roots of the coarse bent, without which its sands would have been the sport of every wind that blew. It shut out from him all sight of the sea, but the moan and rush of the rising tide sounded close behind it. At his back rose the town of Portlossie, high above the harbor and the sea-town, with its houses of gray and brown stone, roofed with blue slates and red tiles. It was no highland town—scarce one within it could speak the highland tongue, yet down from its high streets on the fitful air of the morning now floated intermittently the sound of bagpipes—borne winding from street to street, and loud blown to wake the sleeping inhabitants and let them know that it was now six of the clock.

He was a youth of about twenty, with a long, swinging, heavy-footed stride, which took in the ground rapidly. He was rather tall, and large-limbed. His dress was more like that of a fisherman than any other, but hardly admitted of classification, consisting of corduroy trowsers, much stained, a shirt striped blue and white, and a rough pea-jacket, which, slung across his shoulder, he carried by one sleeve. On his head he wore a broad blue bonnet, with a tuft of scarlet in the centre.

His face was more than handsome—not finely cut, but large-featured, with a look of mingled nobility and ingenuousness—the latter amounting to simplicity, or even innocence; while the clear outlook from his full and well-opened hazel eyes indicated both courage and promptitude. His dark brown hair came in large curling masses from under his bonnet. It was such a form and face as would

have drawn every eye in a crowded thoroughfare.

About the middle of the long sand-hill its top was cut into a sort of wide embrasure, in which stood an old-fashioned brass swivel-gun: when he came under it, the lad sprang up the sloping side of the dune, seated himself on the gun, drew from his trowsers a large silver watch, regarded it steadily for a few minutes, replaced it, took from his pocket a flint and steel, kindled therewith a bit of touch-paper, and applied it to the vent of the swivel. Followed a great roar. But through its echoes a startled cry reached his ear, and looking along the shore to discover whence it came, he spied a woman on a low rock that ran a little way out into the water. She had half risen from a sitting posture, and apparently her cry was the result of the discovery that the rising tide had overreached and surrounded her. He rushed from the sand-hill, crying, as he approached her, "Dinna be in a hurry, mem: bide till I come to ye;" and plunging straight into the water struggled through the deepening tide, the distance being too short and the depth almost too shallow for swimming. There was no danger whatever, but the girl might well shrink from plunging into the clear beryl depth in which swayed the sea-weed clothing the slippery slopes of the rock. The youth was by her side in a moment, scarcely noticed the bare feet she had been bathing in the water, heeded as little the motion of the hand which waved him back, caught her in his arms like a baby, and had her safe on the shore ere she could utter a word; nor did he stop until he had carried her to the slope of the sand-hill. There he set her gently down, and without a suspicion of the liberty he was taking, and filled only with a passion of service, was proceeding to dry her feet with the jacket which he had dropped there as he ran to her assistance.

"Let me alone, pray," said the girl with a half-amused indignation, drawing back her feet and throwing down a book she carried, that she might the



better hide them with her skirt. But although she shrank from his devotion, she could neither mistake it nor help being pleased with his kindness. Probably she had never before been indebted to such an ill-clad individual of the human race; but even in such a disadvantageous costume she could hardly help seeing that he was a fine fellow. Nor was the impression disturbed when he opened his mouth and spoke in the broad dialect of the country—softened and refined a little by the feeling of her presence—for she had no associations with it as yet to make her regard its homeliness as vulgarity.

"Where's yer stockin's, mem?" he said, using his best English.

"You gave me no time to bring them away, you caught me up so—rudely," answered the girl, half querulously, but in such lovely speech as had never before greeted the ears of the Scotch lad.

Before the words were well beyond her lips he was already on his way back to the rock, running with great, heavy-footed strides. The abandoned shoes and stockings were now in imminent danger of being floated off by the rising water. He dashed in, swam a few strokes, caught them up, regained the shore, and, leaving a wet track all the way behind him, but carrying the rescued clothing at arm's length before him, rejoined their owner. He spread his jacket out before her, laid the shoes and stockings upon it, and, observing that she continued to keep her feet hidden under the skirt of her dress, turned his back, and stood.

"Why don't you go away?" said the girl, venturing one set of toes from under their tent, but hesitating to proceed farther in the business.

Without a word or a turn of the head he walked away.

Either flattered by his absolute obedience, and persuaded that he was a true squire, or unwilling to forego what amusement she might gain from him, she drew in her half-issuing foot, and, certainly urged in part by an inherited disposition to tease, spoke again.

"You're not going away without thanking me?" she said.

"What for, mem?" he returned simply, standing stock-still with his back toward her.

"You needn't stand so. You don't think I would go on dressing while you remained in sight?"

"I was as good's awa', mem," he said, and, turning a glowing face, looked at her for a moment, then cast his eyes on the ground.

"Tell me what you mean by not thanking me," she insisted.

"They wad be dull thanks, mem, that war thankit afore I kenned what for."

"For allowing you to carry me ashore, of course."

"Be thankit, mem, wi' a' my hert. Will I gang doon o' my k-nees?"

"No. Why should you go on your knees?"

"'Cause ye're 'maist ower bonny to luik at stan'in', mem, an' I'm feared for angerin' ye."

"Don't say ma'am to me: I'm not a married woman."

"What am I to say, than, mem?—I ask yer pardon, mem."

"Say '*my lady*.' That's how people speak to me."

"I thocht ye bude (*behoved*) to be somebody by ordinar', my leddy! That'll be hoo ye're so terrible bonny," he returned, with some tremulousness in his tone. "But ye maun put on yer hose, my leddy, or ye'll get yer feet cauld, and that's no guid for the likes o' you."

The form of address she prescribed, conveyed to him no definite idea of rank. It but added intensity to the notion of her being a lady, as distinguished from one of the women of his own condition in life.

"And pray what is to become of *you*," she returned, "with your clothes as wet as water can make them?"

"The saut water kens me ower weel to do me ony ill," returned the lad. "I gang weel to the skin mony a day frae mornin' till nicht, an' mony a nicht frae nicht till mornin'—at the heerin' fishin', ye ken, my leddy."

Now what could tempt her to talk in such a familiar way to a creature like him—human indeed, but separated from her by a gulf more impassable far than that which divided her from the thrones, principalities and powers of the upper regions? And how is the fact to be accounted for that here she put out a dainty foot, and reaching for one of her stockings began to draw it gently over the said foot? Either her sense of his inferiority was such that his presence affected her no more than that of a dog, or, possibly, she was tempted to put his behavior to the test. He, on his part, stood quietly regarding the operation, either that, with the instinct of an inborn refinement, he was aware he ought not to manifest more shamefacedness than the lady herself, or that he was hardly more accustomed to the sight of gleaming fish than the bare feet of maidens: in absolute simplicity, he went on:

"I'm thinkin', my lady, that sma' fut o' yer ain has danced mony a braw dance on mony a braw flure."

"How old do you take me for, then?" she returned, and went on drawing the garment over her foot by the shortest possible stages.

"Ye'll no be much ower twenty," he said.

"I'm only sixteen," she returned, laughing merrily.

"What *will* ye be or ye behaud!" he exclaimed after a brief pause of astonishment.

"Do you ever dance in this part of the country?" she asked, heedless of his surprise.

"No that muckle, at least amo' the fisher-folks, excep' it be at a weddin'. I was at ane last nicht."

"And did you dance?"

"'Deed did I, my leddy. I danced the maist o' the lasses clean aff o' their legs."

"What made you so cruel?"

"Weel, ye see, mem,—I mean my leddy—fowk said I was ill aboot the bride; an' sae I bude to dance to put that oot o' their heids."

"And how much truth was there in

what they said?" she asked, with a sly glance up in the handsome, now glowing face.

"Gien there was ony, there was unco little," he replied. "The chield's welcome till her for me. But she was the bonniest lassie we had.—It was what they ca' a penny waddin'," he went on, as if willing to change the subject.

"And what's a penny wedding?"

"It's a kin' o' a custom amo' the fishers. There's some gey pur fowk amon' 's, ye see, an' whan a twa o' them merries, the lave o' 's wants to gie them a bit o' a start like. Sae we a' gang to the weddin', an' eats an' drinks plenty, an' pays for a' that we hae; an' they mak' a guid profit oot o' 't, for the things doesna cost them nearhan' sae muckle as we pay. So they hae a guid han'fu' ower for the plenishin'."

"And what do they give you to eat and drink?" asked the girl, making talk.

"Ow skate an' mustard to eat, an' whusky to drink," answered the lad, laughing. "But it's mair for the fun. I dinna care muckle aboot whusky an' that kin' o' thing mysel'. It's the fiddles an' the dancin' 'at I like."

"You have music, then?"

"Yes; jist the fiddles an' the pipes."

"The bagpipes, do you mean?"

"Yes; my gran'father plays *them*."

"But you're not in the Highlands here: how come you to have bagpipes?"

"It's a stray bag, an' no more. But the fowk here likes 't weel eneuch, an' hae 't to wauk them ilka mornin'. Yon was my gran'father ye heard afore I fired the gun. Yon was his pipes waukin' them, honest fowk."

"And what made you fire the gun in that reckless way? Don't you know it is very dangerous?"

"Dangerous, mem—my leddy, I mean! There's naething intill't but a pennyworth o' blastin' powder. It wadna blaw the froth aff o' the tap o' a jaw" (*billow*).

"It nearly blew me out of my small wits, though."

"I'm verra sorry it frichtit ye. But

gien I had seen ye I could na hae helpit it, for I bude to fire the gun."

"I don't understand you quite; but I suppose you mean that it was your business to fire the gun."

"Yes, my leddy."

"Why?"

"'Cause it's been decreet i' the toon-council that at sax o' the clock ilka mornin' that gun's to be fired. Ye see it's a royal burgh, this, an' it costs but about a penny, an' it's gran' like to hae a sma' cannon to fire. Gien I was to neglec' it, my gran'father wad gang on skirlin'—what's the English for *skirlin'*, my leddy—skirlin' o' the pipes?"

"I don't know. But from the sound of the word I should suppose it stands for *screaming*."

"Ay, that's it; only *screamin's* no sae guid as *skirlin'*. My gran'father's an auld man, as I was gaein' to say, an' has hardly breath enouch to fill the bag; but he wad be efter dirkin' onybody 'at said sic a thing, and till he heard that gun he wad gang on blawin' though he sud burst himsel'. There's naebody kens the smeddum in an auld Hielan'man."

By the time the conversation had reached this point the lady had got her shoes on, had taken up her book from the sand, and was now sitting with it in her lap. No sound reached them but that of the tide, for the scream of the bagpipes had ceased the moment the swivel was fired. The sun was growing hot, and the sea, although so far in the cold north, was gorgeous in purple and green, suffused as with the overpowering pomp of a peacock's plumage in the sun. Away to the left the solid promontory trembled against the horizon, as if ready to melt away between the bright air and the lucid sea that fringed its base with white. The glow of a young summer morning pervaded earth and sea and sky, and swelled the heart of the youth as he stood in unconscious bewilderment before the self-possession of the girl. She was younger than he, knew far less that was worth knowing, yet had a world of advantage over him—not merely from the effect

of her presence on one who had never seen anything half so beautiful, but from a certain readiness of surface thought, combined with the sweet polish of her speech, and an assurance of superiority which appeared to lift her, like one of the old immortals, far above the level of the man whom she favored with her passing converse. What in her words, as here presented only to the eye, may seem *brusqueness* or even forwardness, was so tempered, so colored, so interpreted by the tone of naïveté in which she spoke, that it could give no offence. Whatever she said sounded in the youth's ears as absolute condescension. As to her personal appearance, the lad might well have taken her for twenty, for she looked more of a woman than, tall and strongly-built as he was, he looked of a man. She was rather tall, rather slender, finely formed, with small hands and feet, and full throat. Her hair was of a dark brown; her eyes of such a blue that no one could have suggested gray; her complexion fair—a little freckled, which gave it the warmest tint it had; her nose nearly straight, her mouth rather large but well formed, and her forehead, as much of it as was to be seen under a garden-hat, rose with promise above a pair of dark and finely-penciled eyebrows.

The description I have here given occupies the space of a brief silence, during which the lad stood motionless, like one waiting further command.

"Why don't you go?" said the lady. "I want to read my book."

He gave a great sigh, as if waking from a pleasant dream, took off his bonnet with a clumsy movement which yet had in it a grace worthy of a Stuart court, and turned toward the sea-town.

When he had gone about a couple of hundred yards, he looked back involuntarily. The lady had vanished. He concluded that she had crossed to the other side of the mound; but when he had gone so far on the way to the village as to clear the eastern end of the sand-hill, and there turned and looked up its southern slope, she was still nowhere to be seen. The old highland stories of

his grandfather crowded back upon him, and, altogether human as she had appeared, he almost doubted whether the sea from which he had thought he rescued her was not her native element. The book, however, not to mention the shoes and stockings, were against the supposition. Anyhow, he had seen a vision of some order or other, as certainly as if an angel from heaven had appeared to him: the waters of his mind had been troubled with a new sense of grace and beauty, giving an altogether fresh glory to existence.

Of course, no one would dream of falling in love with an unearthly creature, even an angel; at least, something homely must mingle with the glory ere that become possible; and as to this girl, the youth could scarcely have regarded her with a greater sense of *far-off-ness* had he known her for the daughter of a king of the sea—one whose very element was essentially death to him as life to her. Still he walked home as if the heavy boots he wore were wings at his heels, like those of the little Eurus or Boreas that stood blowing his trumpet forever in the round open temple which from the top of a grassy hill in the park overlooked the sea-town.

"Sic een!" he kept saying to himself; "an sic sma' white han's! an' sic a bonny fut! Eh! hoo she wad glitter throu' the water in a bag net! Faith! gien she war to sing 'come doon' to me, I wad gang. Wad that be to lowse baith sowl an' body, I wonner? I'll see what Maister Graham says to that. It's a fine question to put till 'im: 'Gien a body was to gang wi' a mermaid, wha they say has nae sowl to be saved, wad that be the loss o' his, as weel's o' the bodily life o' 'im?"

#### CHAPTER VI.

DUNCAN MACPHAIL.

THE sea-town of Portlossie was as irregular a gathering of small cottages as could be found on the surface of the globe. They faced every way, turned their backs and gables every way—only of the roofs could you predict the po-

sition; were divided from each other by every sort of small, irregular space and passage, and looked like a national assembly debating a constitution. Close behind the Seaton, as it was called, ran a highway, climbing far above the chimneys of the village to the level of the town above. Behind this road, and separated from it by a high wall of stone, lay a succession of heights covered with grass. In front of the cottages lay sand and sea. The place was cleaner than most fishing-villages, but so closely built, so thickly inhabited, and so pervaded with "a very ancient and fish-like smell," that but for the besom of the salt north wind it must have been unhealthy. Eastward the houses could extend no farther for the harbor, and westward no farther for a small river that crossed the sands to find the sea—discursively and merrily at low water, but with a sullen, submissive mingling when banked back by the tide.

Avoiding the many nets extended long and wide on the grassy sands, the youth walked through the tide-swollen mouth of the river, and passed along the front of the village until he arrived at a house which stood with its gable seaward and its small window filled with a curious collection of things for sale—dusty-looking sweets in a glass bottle; gingerbread cakes in the shape of large hearts, thickly studded with sugar-plums of rainbow colors, invitingly poisonous; strings of tin covers for tobacco-pipes, overlapping each other like fish-scales; toys, and tapes, and needles, and twenty other kinds of things all huddled together.

Turning the corner of this house, he went down the narrow passage between it and the next, and went in at its open door. But the moment it was entered it lost all appearance of a shop, and the room with the tempting window showed itself only as a poor kitchen with an earthen floor.

"Weel, hoo did the pipes behave themselfs the day, daddy?" said the youth as he strode in.

"Och, she 'll pe peing a coot poy today," returned the tremulous voice of a gray-headed old man who was lean-

ing over a small peat-fire on the hearth, sifting oatmeal through the fingers of his left hand into a pot, while he stirred the boiling mess with a short stick held in his right.

It had grown to be understood between them that the pulmonary conditions of the asthmatic old piper should be attributed not to his internal, but his external lungs—namely, the bag of his pipes. Both sets had of late years manifested strong symptoms of decay, and decided measures had had to be again and again resorted to in the case of the latter to put off its evil day and keep within it the breath of its musical existence. The youth's question, then, as to the behavior of the pipes was in reality an inquiry after the condition of his grandfather's lungs, which grew yearly more and more asthmatic; notwithstanding which old Duncan MacPhail, however, would not hear of giving up the dignity of town-piper, and sinking into a mere merchant, as in Scotland they denominate the smallest shopkeeper.

"That's fine, daddy," returned the youth. "Wull I mak oot the parritch? I'm thinkin' ye've had eneuch o' hingin' ower the fire this het mornin'."

"No, sir," answered Duncan. "She'll pe perfectly able to make ta parritch herself, my poy Malcolm. Ta tay will dawn when her poy must make his own parritch, an' she 'll be wantin' no more parritch; but haf to trink ta rain-water, and no trop of ta uisgebeatha to put into it, my poy Malcolm."

His grandson was quite accustomed to the old man's heathenish mode of regarding his immediate existence after death as a long confinement in the grave, and generally had a word or two ready wherewith to combat the frightful notion; but, as he spoke, Duncan lifted the pot from the fire, and set it on its three legs on the deal table in the middle of the room, adding:

"Tere, my man—tere's ta parritch! And was it putter, or traicle, or ta pottle o' peer, she would be havin' for kitchie tis fine mornin'?"

This point settled, the two sat down to eat their breakfast; and no one would

have discovered, from the manner in which the old man helped himself, nor yet from the look of his eyes, that he was stone-blind. It came neither of old age nor disease—he had been born blind. His eyes, although large and wide, looked like those of a sleep-walker—open with shut sense; the shine in them was all reflected light—glitter, no glow; and their color was so pale that they suggested some horrible sight as having driven from them hue and vision together.

"Haf you eated enough, my son?" he said, when he heard Malcolm lay down his spoon.

"Ay, plenty, thank ye, daddy, and they were richt weel made," replied the lad, whose mode of speech was entirely different from his grandfather's: the latter had learned English as a foreign language, and could not speak Scotch, his mother-tongue being Gaelic.

As they rose from the table, a small girl, with hair wildly suggestive of insurrection and conflagration, entered, and said, in the screech with which the thoughtless often address the blind:

"Maister MacPhail, my mither wants a pot o' bleckin', an' ye 're to gie her 't gweed."

"Fery coot, my chilt, Jeannie; but young Malcolm an' old Tuncan hasn't made teir prayers yet, and you know fery well tat she won't sell before she's made her prayers. Tell your mother tat she 'll pe bringin' ta blackin' when she comes to look to ta lamp."

The child ran off without response. Malcolm lifted the pot from the table and set it on the hearth; put the plates together and the spoons, and set them on a chair, for there was no dresser; tilted the table, and wiped it hearthward; then from a shelf took down and laid upon it a Bible, before which he seated himself with an air of reverence. The old man sat down on a low chair by the chimney corner, took off his bonnet, closed his eyes and murmured some almost inaudible words; then repeated in Gaelic the first line of the hundred and third psalm—

O m' anam, beannich thusa nish—

and raised a tune of marvelous wail. Arrived at the end of the line, he repeated the process with the next, and so on, giving every line first in the voice of speech and then in the voice of song, through the first three stanzas of eight lines each. No less strange was the singing than the tune—wild and wailing as the wind of his native desolations, or as the sound of his own pipes borne thereon; and apparently all but lawless, for the multitude of so-called grace-notes, hovering and fluttering endlessly around the centre tone like the comments on a text, rendered it nearly impossible to unravel from them the air even of a known tune. It had in its kind the same liquid uncertainty of confluent sound which had hitherto rendered it impossible for Malcolm to learn more than a few common phrases of his grandfather's native speech.

The psalm over, during which the sightless eyeballs of the singer had been turned up toward the rafters of the cottage—a sign surely that the germ of light, "the sunny seed," as Henry Vaughan calls it, must be in him, else why should he lift his eyes when he thought upward?—Malcolm read a chapter of the Bible, plainly the next in an ordered succession, for it could never have been chosen or culled; after which they kneeled together, and the old man poured out a prayer, beginning in a low, scarcely audible voice, which rose at length to a loud, modulated chant. Not a sentence, hardly a phrase of the utterance, did his grandson lay hold of; neither was there more than one inhabitant of the place who could have interpreted a word of it. It was commonly believed, however, that one part of his devotions was invariably a prolonged petition for vengeance on Campbell of Glenlyon, the main instrument in the massacre of Glenco.

He *could* have prayed in English, so that his grandson might have joined in his petitions, but such an idea could never have presented itself. Understanding both languages, he used that which was unintelligible to the lad, yet regarded himself as the party who had

the right to resent the consequent schism. Such a conversation as now followed was no new thing after prayers.

"I could fery well wish, Malcolm, my son," said the old man, "tat you would be learnin' to speak your own lancuach. It is all fery well for ta Sassenach (*Saxon*, i. e., *non-Celtic*) podies to read ta Piple in English, for it will pe pleasing ta Almighty not to make tem cawpable of ta Gaelic, no more tan monkeys; but for all tat it's not ta vord of God. Ta Gaelic is ta lancuach of ta carden of Aiden, and no doubt but it pe ta lancuach in which ta Shepherd calls his sheep on ta everlastin' hills. You see, Malcolm, it must be so, for how can a mortal man speak to his God in *any* thing *put* Gaelic? When Mr. Craham—no, not Mr. Craham, ta coot man; it was ta new minister—he speak an' say to her: 'Mr. MacPhail, you ought to say your prayers in English,' I was fery wrathful, and I answered and said: 'Mr. Downey, do you tare to suppose tat God doesn't prefer ta Gaelic to ta Sassenach tongue?'—'Mr. MacPhail,' says he, 'it 'll pe for your poy I mean it. How's ta lad to learn ta way of salfation if you speak to your God in his presence in a strange tongue?' So I was opedient to his vord, and ta next efening I tid kneel town in Sassenach and I tid try. But, ochone! she wouldn't go; her tongue would be cleaving to ta roof of her mouth; ta claymore would be sticking rusty in ta scabbard; for her heart she was ashamed to speak to ta Hielan'-man's Maker in ta Sassenach tongue. You must learn ta Gaelic, or you'll not pe peing worthy to be peing her nain son, Malcolm."

"But, daddy, wha's to learn me?" asked his grandson, gayly.

"Learn you, Malcolm! Ta Gaelic is ta lancuach of Nature, and wants no learnin'. I nefer had any learnin'; yet I nefer haf to say to myself, 'What is it I would be saying?' when I speak ta Gaelic; put I always haf to set ta tead men—that is ta vords—on their feet, and put tem in patle-array again, when I would pe speakin' ta dull mechanic English. When I open my mouth to

it, ta Gaelic comes like a spring of pure water, Malcolm. Ta plenty of it *must* run out. Try it now, Malcolm. Shust open your mouth in ta Gaelic shape, and see if ta Gaelic will not pe falling from it."

Seized with a merry fit, Malcolm did open his mouth in the Gaelic shape, and sent from it a strange gabble, imitative of the most frequently recurring sounds of his grandfather's speech.

"How will that do, daddy?" he asked, after jabbering gibberish for the space of a minute.

"It will not pe paad for a beginner, Malcolm. She cannot say it shust pe vorts, or tat tere pe much of ta sense in it; but it pe fery like what ta pabes say before tey pekin to speak it properly. So it's all fery well, and if you will only pe putting your mouth in ta Gaelic shape often enough, ta sounds will soon pe taking ta shape of it, and ta vorts will pe coming trough ta mists, and before you know you'll pe peing a creat credit to your cranfather, my boy Malcolm."

A silence followed, for Malcolm's attempt had not had the result he anticipated: he had thought only to make his grandfather laugh. Presently the old man resumed, in the kindest voice:

"And tere's another thing, Malcolm, tat's much wanting to you: you'll never pe a man—not to speak of a pard like your cranfather—if you'll not pe learning to play on ta bagpipes."

Malcolm, who had been leaning against the *chimley-lug* while his grandfather spoke, moved gently round behind his chair, reached out for the pipes where they lay in a corner at the old man's side, and catching them up softly, put the mouthpiece to his lips, and with a few vigorous blasts filled the bag. Then out burst the double droning bass, and the youth's fingers, clutching the chanter as by the throat, at once compelled its screeches into shape far better, at least, than his lips had been able to give the crude material of Gaelic. He played the only reel he knew, but that with full vigor and good effect. At the sound of the first of the notes of it, the old man sprung to his feet and began capering to

the reel—partly in delight with the music, but far more in delight with the musician. Ever and anon, with feeble yell, he uttered the unspellable *Hoogh* of the Highlander, and jumped, as he thought, high in the air, though his failing limbs, alas! lifted his feet scarce an inch from the floor.

"Aigh! aigh!" he sighed at length, yielding the contest between his legs and the lungs of the lad—"aigh! aigh! she'll die happy! she'll die happy! Hear till her poy, how he makes ta pipes speak ta true Gaelic! Ta pest o' Gaelic, tat! Old Tuncan's pipes 'll not know how to be talking Sassenach. See to it! See to it! He had put to blow in at ta one end, and out came ta reel at ta tother. Hoogh! hoogh! Play us ta Righil Thulachan, Malcolm, my chief!"

"I kenna reel, strathspey, nor lilt, but jist that burd alane, daddy."

"Give tem to me, my poy!" cried the old piper, reaching out a hand as eager to clutch the uncouth instrument as the miser's to finger his gold: "hear well to me as I play, an' you'll soon be able to play dance or coronach with the best piper between Cape Wrath and ta Mull o' Cantyre."

Duncan played tune after tune until his breath failed him, and an exhausted grunt of the drone in the middle of a coronach, followed by an abrupt pause, revealed the emptiness of both lungs and bag. Then first he remembered his object, forgotten the moment he began to play.

"Now, Malcolm," he said, offering the pipes to his grandson, "you play tat after me."

He had himself of course learned all by the ear, but could hardly have been serious in requesting Malcolm to follow him through such a succession of tortuous mazes.

"I haena a memory up to that, daddy; but I s' get a haud o' Mr. Graham's flute-music, and maybe that'll help me a bit.—Wadna ye be takin' hame Mistress Partan's blackin' 'at ye promised her?"

"Surely, my son. She should always be keeping her promises."

He rose, and getting a small stone bottle and his stick from the corner between the projecting *ingle-cheek* and the window, left the house, to walk with unerring steps through the labyrinth of the village, threading his way from passage to passage, avoiding pools and projecting stones, not to say houses, and human beings who did not observe his approach. His eyes, or his whole face, appeared to possess an ethereal sense as of touch, for without the slightest contact in the ordinary sense of the word, he was aware of the neighborhood of material objects, as if through the pulsations of some medium to others imperceptible. He could, with perfect accuracy, tell the height of any wall or fence within a few feet of him; could perceive at once whether it was high or low or half tide, by going out in front of the houses and turning his face, with its sightless eyeballs, toward the sea; knew whether a woman who spoke to him had a child in her arms or not; and, indeed, if she was about to be a mother, was believed to become at once aware of the fact.

He was a strange figure to look upon in that lowland village, for he invariably wore the highland dress: in truth, he had never had a pair of trowsers on his legs, and was far from pleased that his grandson clothed himself in such contemptible garments. But, contrasted with the showy style of his costume, there was something most pathetic in the blended pallor of hue into which the originally gorgeous colors of his kilt had faded—noticeable chiefly on week-days, when he wore no sporan; for the kilt, encountering, from its loose construction, comparatively little strain or friction, may reach an age unknown to the garments of the low country, and, while perfectly decent, yet look ancient exceedingly. On Sundays, however, he made the best of himself, and came out like a belated and aged butterfly, in his father's sporan, or tasseled goatskin purse, in front of him, his grandfather's dirk at his side, his great-grandfather's *skene-dhu*, or little black-hafted knife, stuck in the stocking of his right leg, and a huge round brooch of brass—nearly

half a foot in diameter, and, Mr. Graham said, as old as the battle of Harlaw—on his left shoulder. In these adornments he would walk proudly to church, leaning on the arm of his grandson.

"The piper's gey (*considerably*) broken-like the day," said one of the fishermen's wives to a neighbor as the old man passed them, the fact being that he had not yet recovered from his second revel in the pipes so soon after the exhaustion of his morning's duty, and was, in consequence, more asthmatic than usual.

"I doobt he'll be slippin' awa' some cauld nicht," said the other: "his leevin' breath 's ill to get."

"Ay; he has to warstle for 't, puir man! Weel, he'll be missed, the blin' body! It's exterordinar hoo he's managed to live, an' bring up sic a fine lad as that Ma'colm o' his."

"Weel, ye see, Providence has been kin' till him as weel 's ither blin' craters. The toon's pipin' 's no to be despised; an' there's the cryin', an' the chop, an' the lamps. 'Deed he's been an eident (*diligent*) crater—an' for a blin' man, as ye say, it's jist exterordinar."

"Div ye min' whan first he cam' to the toon, lass?"

"Ay; what wad hinner me min'in' that? It's no sae lang."

"Weel, Ma'colm, at's sic a fine lad noo, they tell me wasna muckle bigger nor a gey haddie" (*tolerable had-dock*).

"But the auld man was an auld man than, though nae doobt he's unco failed sin syne."

"A dochter's bairn, they say, the lad."

"Ay, they say, but wha kens? Duncan could never be gotten to open his mou' as to the father or mither o' 'm, an' sae it weel may be as they say. It's nigh twenty year noo, I'm thinkin', sin' he made 's appearance, and ye wasna come frae Scaurnose at that time."

"Some fowk says the auld man's name's no MacPhail, and he maun hae come here in hidin' for some ouch job or ither 'at he's been mixed up wi'."

"I s' believe nae ill o' sic a puir, hairmless body. Fowk 'at maks their



ain livin', wantin' thee een to guide them, canna be that far aff the straucht. Guid guide 's! we hae enuch to answer for oor ainsels, ohn passed (*without passing*) judgment upo' ane anither."

"I was but tellin' ye what fowk telled me," returned the younger woman.

"Ay, ay, lass; I ken that, for I ken there was fowk to tell ye."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A WESTERN SEERESS.

TWO minds are said to be *en rapport* when one reflects the other, independently of any artificial method of communication, as the shadow in the pool reflects surrounding objects. The process is analogous to telegraphy, the brain being the instrument, the consciousness the operator or reader; and it requires, as in that physico-mechanical art, two instruments—one to originate the impression, the other to receive it. In the cant phrase of the day it is called clairvoyance, while it was known formerly as second sight and by various other names. The subject has received a filip lately from Mr. Brown's exhibitions of some curious phenomena of thought-reading. The similar exhibitions of biologists, mesmerists and spiritualists are more familiar, and are generally explicable under the broad philosophy of humbug. But daily experience furnishes an example quite as striking and far more reliable. A casual remark elicits the surprised rejoinder, "Why, I was just thinking of that!" although no previous subject or circumstance has led up to it. Such a coincidence may, it is true, be purely accidental, the range of ordinary thought, like the vocabulary of ordinary speech, being very limited. But the equation of chances shows that the concurrence should be infrequent, while, in point of fact, it occurs not once, but many times, in every man's experience. A French philosopher seeks to explain such phenomena by laying down this proposition: "Minds in habitual collision acquire a duality of action, by which the sensorium receives reciprocal impressions, independently of communication through speech or sign." That this ex-

planation is sufficient I shall not undertake to affirm: I merely cite it as the simplest, and because the simplest the most probable, elucidation of the mystery. The reports of Mr. Brown's exhibitions speak of a light that guides the medium to a concealed object. It might be invidious to deny this statement, but it is right to point out that this extraordinary piece of stage-furniture introduces a second miracle, greater than the first—the appearance, namely, of a third intelligence, the light, with power to discriminate, and, more extraordinary, to affect peculiarly the optic nerve. Now, we can readily believe that a sleeper or a blind man will become gradually and indefinitely conscious of an alien presence. A like curious sensibility is exhibited by a blinded bat set free in a room crossed with wires: the bat will never fly against the wires. The sleeper, the blind man or the bat may have a general consciousness of something foreign, but it is too much to ask us to believe that the object is perceived. I do not wish to bring upon myself the censure of the mediums and clairvoyants, as well as my friends the Spiritualists, for thus disposing of that ghostly presence, the intelligent light, although, frankly, I see a difficulty in the existence here of a disembodied spirit deprived of the peculiar and extremely complicated machinery essential to protracted existence at the bottom of the encompassing atmospheric sea. I confess I am not versed in ghostly anatomy; but I think, subject to correction, that the spirits would get drowned. That is the practical way of putting it.

After the first difficulty of communi-

cating without the aid of arbitrary sound or sign is removed, the obstacle of distance appears to be illusory. There is no reason, apparently, why areas of space should affect the process more than in telegraphy. The current may pass and repass as generously, obeying a law of equilibrium in the minds affected. Of this we have many historic examples. Plutarch tells us that in the time of Domitian the report of a battle in Germany was published in Rome on the same day in which it was fought. Pope Honorius performed the funeral obsequies of Philip Augustus of France the very day on which the king died. Froissart relates how the count de Foix was aware of the defeat of John of Castile the day on which it took place, "Saturday, the feast of Our Lady, in August, 1385." I take the brief account from the quaint old chronicler: "The whole days of Sunday, Monday and the following Tuesday he was in his castle of Orthès, and made such poor and melancholy meals that not one word could be drawn from him; nor would he during that time quit his chamber or speak to knight or squire, however nearly related by blood, unless he had sent for him; and it also happened that he even sent for some to whom he never opened his lips during these three days. On Tuesday, in the evening, he called his brother Arnold William, and said to him, in a low voice, 'Our people have had a desperate battle, which has vexed me very much, for it has happened to them just as I foretold at their departure.' Arnold William, who was a wise man and a prudent knight, well acquainted with the temper of his brother, was silent. The count, anxious to cheer up his courage, for he had too long nourished in his breast this sad news, added: 'By God, Sir Arnold! it is just as I have told you; and very soon we shall have news of it. Never has the country of Béarn suffered so severely these hundred years past as it has now in Portugal.' Many knights and squires who were present and heard the words of the count were afraid to speak, but commented within themselves on them.

"Within ten days the truth was known

from those who had been in the battle, and they first told the count and all who wished to hear them everything relative to their disputes with the Castilians and the event of the battle of Aljubarota. . . . 'Holy Mary!' said I to the squire, 'how was it possible for the count to know, or even to guess at it, on the morrow after it happened?'"

A still more striking illustration of the phrenography of one mind on the sensitive electro-plate of another occurs in Hugh Millar's early reminiscences. His father was lost in a storm off Peterhead on the 10th of November, 1807. A letter had been received from him on the 9th, and in the evening of the following day the cottage door being unfastened, Hugh, then a child of five years, was sent to shut it. "Day," he writes, "had not wholly disappeared, but was fast posting into night. Within less than a yard of my breast, as plainly as ever I saw anything, was a dis severed hand and arm stretched toward me. Hand and arm were apparently those of a female: they bore a livid and sodden appearance; and, directly fronting me, where the body ought to have been, there was only blank, transparent space, through which I could see the dim form of the objects beyond. I was fearfully startled."

It will be observed that it is not the father's form which appears; but his mind, looking out in that ghastly night and storm, among the whirling elements and tooth-like crags of Cromarty Bay and headland, is reflected in the child's, and brought out more vividly in the *chiaroscuro* of the twilight. The black storm, hideous night and bellowing sea are vague concomitants, but more intense and vivid in the father's mind is the drowning woman's outstretched arm and hand, and this image lays its print upon the sensitive brain of the child. I do not think the fact explicable in any other way. To treat Hugh Millar's statement with scornful incredulity merely suggests the weakness of the scientist.

It is worthy of remark that perils of the sea appear to excite this sensitiveness in a peculiar degree. An instance is mentioned by Dr. Conolly, in which the con-

dition last illustrated was reversed. A gentleman in danger of wreck on the Eddystone rocks actually saw his family, according to his subsequent statement, at the moment of extreme peril. In this case we may suppose that his mind received an impression from that of some member of his household.

The same principle will serve to explain the coincident dreams cited in wonder-books of spiritual science. Such is the case quoted on the authority of Mr. Joseph Taylor. A youth at an academy dreamed that he had returned home, tried the front door, and, finding it locked, entered by the back way. Going to his parents' room, he said, "Mother, I am going on a long journey, and am come to bid you good-bye." To which she replied: "Oh, my son, thou art dead." He instantly woke, and thought it a dream. But a letter from home, in due time, inquired anxiously about his health, relating a corresponding dream of the mother, the appearance of her son, his remark, and her ejaculation of grief and alarm, precisely as in the boy's vision. Dr. Abercrombie says: "This singular dream must have originated in a strong, simultaneous impression on both minds, and it would be curious to trace its cause." But on the theory of sympathetic phrenography it is no more curious than that two friends should concur simultaneously in thought. The original dream was possibly in the son's mind, and reflected on the sensitive brain of the mother till the excited response, in a return wave, produced an impression on the son, and, breaking the chain of thought abruptly, caused him to awake.

The prophecy of future events would seem to demand a different hypothesis. In the former examples the subjective mind received only an impression of what was actually existing as a thought in the corresponding brain. But as events of the future exist only in speculation, the visions are mere guesses, having no foundation in fact. Yet cases may occur of an apparently prophetic character which are explicable in the same way as those of ordinary clairvoyance. One is cited by Mr. Owen in his

last interesting work on Spiritualism. A gentleman designing to make certain purchases selects in his mind the dealer, price and wares. This magnetic influence—I use the term for want of one of known accuracy—goes out, anticipatory, to the unconscious, sleeping mind of the shopkeeper. He knows from it that at a certain hour a stranger intends to come and purchase of his stock. When this is verified the dream assumes all the attributes of a prophecy, but had the purchaser previously expressed his intention, as, in fact, phrenographically, though not in speech, he did, there would have been no mystery beyond that of the mode of communication. And in regard to this we are surprised, not to learn that there is a certain sympathetic mood of communication—for that, in a very limited sense, may be familiar—but at the extent and manner in which it is developed. It would be too curious to ascribe to accidental collisions in the magnetic ganglion of the cerebro-nervous system of the natural world the hideous Minotaurs engendered in gross minds, and sent buccaneering on the chaste seas of sleep, but it may avail to explain certain mysteries of literary composition. Phrases, apt illustration, nuggets of prose and verse fall from the pen, not as crude ore refined in the crucibles of thought, but coming ready-made and fashioned to the text. Thus fruits gathered from our own garden-wall prove at last to be our neighbor's apples which overhung the fence. As certain poetlings are now at loggerheads over a question of offspring, I tender this explication of a sympathetic co-origin in lieu of a decision like that of Solomon, which would give a separate half to each claimant.

It has been proposed to consider the sympathetic-nervous condition as a sixth sense. This theory might throw light on the present subject, besides suggesting a solution of the curious question of communication between the lower animals. More than that: we shall have reached a faculty bearing the same relation to language that speech bears to the art of writing. It does seem that the

natural power of communication should rest on some wider basis than a mere convention to accept certain signs as the expression of thought.

An interest in the subject, apart from the art of woven paces and waving hands, has been revived in the writer's mind by the relation of certain evidences of this sympathetic power which occurred in a respectable family in Bourbon county, Kentucky, between forty and fifty years ago. The person who displayed this peculiar gift was Mrs. Elizabeth Basey, and the facts are reported and firmly believed by a large circle of direct and collateral descendants. "Aunt Betty" was of the strong old pioneer blood, of a perfectly healthy habit and a certain brisk certitude in her family affairs, and as free from any morbid tendencies as could well be conceived. This contradicts the modern mesmerist's usual choice of a medium, but corresponds with the ancient Greek's description of persons thus endowed, as possessing "graceful features, unblemished body, quick wit and fluent speech."\* These qualities the good dame had; and the implicit faith with which her visions were received will appear from the incidents to be related, which may serve also to recall the manners of a bygone time.

It was a raw winter night. Avalanches of sleet swept down the gorges, and the wind scuffled about the hilltops like Jacob wrestling with the angel. Aunt Betty sat in the jowl of the chimney, the big log-fire sparkling in spits of snow, and her busy needles twinkling like cold fires over the big yarn stocking. Now she pushed the jar of souring cream nearer the heat, and now stirred the logs till a river of sparks rushed up the broad vent. Her eldest son, the farmer, sat opposite, reading. Suddenly the knitting dropped in her lap. "George," she said, "you must ride to W—. Your brother and his friends have got into trouble, and they have shot a man—an officer of some sort—among them." As promptly as if in answer to a modern telegraphic despatch the young man mounted and faced the night, heavy clay roads and

rocky fells in a sweeping gallop. The sheriff had been killed, and young Basey, in danger of being arrested as accessory or as witness against his friend, had gone into hiding. A few weeks later Aunt Betty roused the family with tears and lamentations. The fugitive was dying of disease contracted by exposure. He did die before any of the family could reach him, although the attempt was made.

The cotton-gin had not at that time crystallized slavery into a system; increase of slaves, like the filling of the poor man's quiver, was a present expense certain, against a contingent benefit hereafter; and the duty of shifting for themselves fell on the heirs of the house as they matured. Two sons of the dame had settled in Illinois, but one of them had recently returned home to be married. The occasion was honored with feast and frolic till the poultry-yard lay knee-deep in sacrificial feathers. The farm-house, grown from a log cabin by gradual accretion, sparkled with light from open doors and many dormer windows cocked over rambling roofs. Carriages with steps that let down like a fold of muslin, gigs on C-springs which the little pink fingers got blue in holding to, wagon-cribs of bouncing girls rosy and sweet as apples, crowded the road in front, and busied the bobbing negroes, alert for a dime. Lemonade, egg-nogg, a mixture of weeds and whisky called a "grass punch," but since renowned as mint julep, and buckets of apple-jack, were placed conveniently for the burly farmers, who played "old sledge"—for the game in which "the knave beats the ace" had not yet come in—or locked horns over the bank veto, old court and new court, and other questions of the day. The supper-room glistened in old silver, and iced cakes, cooked in the Dutch oven, not made of pasteboard and shipped from the pastry-cook's for show. Dandies in high-collared, short-tailed coats, gaiter-cut pantaloons and pumps, frisked with belles in low-necked, short-skirted frocks, revealing the neat ankle in clocked stockings and crossed shoe-tie, while the monstrous shoulder-of-mutton sleeves gave a Cerberus-like

\* Apuleius' "Discourse on Magic."

appearance to the upper part of the figure. Minuet de la cour, quadrille and Virginia reel succeeded each other within: on the porch without the negroes, giggling and jiggling, responded with shuffling flat feet to the notes rasped forth by the deft bow of the fiddler.

In the midst of this high frolic Aunt Betty felt her absent son thinking eagerly, rapidly, desperately with her mind, as with his own. She addressed the happy groom in a sharp whisper: "That man has shot your brother. No, no: your brother has cut him all to pieces—all to pieces. You must start for Illinois to-night: your wife and I will follow. Go—go at once."

It was certainly an occasion for hesitation. Had any doubt been felt, the son would have demurred, but there was none. The family knew the infallible character of the mother's premonitions. In half an hour the bridegroom was mounted and on a rapid ride several hundred miles to his brother's neighborhood.

He found the facts to be these: A popular man, sturdy, hard-headed, but not unkindly, had taken deep offence at some word or act of the Kentuckian's, and snapped a pistol at him. Instantly he was in the claws of the young tiger-cat, and fell from his grasp hacked and butchered. This was mere justifiable homicide; but the times were critical, crime frequent, the law inoperative, and society had resolutely pronounced, "The next man who kills another, hangs." The prisoner was remanded, rather for his protection than punishment, and meanwhile the purpose gathered head. Men looked askance at the little stockade of a jail: "Perhaps this killing was provoked. Likely—it always is. We approve of law in a general way, but if the law breaks down, then men must do justice themselves." That is the run of the argument at such times. I have seen such a body of men standing in the face of a drizzly March morning over the corpse of a poor, cruelly-drowned wretch, cold, impassive, resolute. All that day on which the bridegroom reached it the town was quiet, silent, Sunday like—very

few persons in the streets or at the tavern-bar or court-house. As he entered the jail, a Vigilant said, not unkindly, "His brother, hey? Say to him, if he wants any little thing sot, to have it sot now: he won't have no time to-night, nor yit to-morrer."

"Is it that bad, Jerry?" asked the bridegroom in his ruffles and fine, road-stained cloth.

"Bad enough, squire. I speak as a friend. I wouldn't hurt a fly. Some of us tried, but it can't be: it's done sot."

He went in: the jailer was roughly polite, but would make no assurance of defence. "It's just a shell," he said of the jail: "a yoke o' steers 'd pull it all apart." Nor would he be bribed. "No, siree: that'll git me into it 'stid o' him. Them boys is 'arnest. Sorry to say, but it's night, and clean agin orders. You must git outen this."

"Let me speak to my brother alone. You can stand outside the door if you like, and lock it. There are some things a man wishes to say he does not want overheard."

"In course, in course," said the jailer, and letting him in, closed and locked the door. After a while, getting impatient, he called out that he "must get a light and inspect!"

"Never mind," was answered, "I am coming;" and then within, "I will tell mother and — all you have said. Good-bye!" and the brothers embraced and parted.

The surly jailer saw the one come out, and feeling the soft nap of the broadcloth in the dark entry, said, "Now g' long, straight forrard;" and the grieving brother plunged into the dark, mounted and rode rapidly off.

"Gwine to the jedge's," commented the jailer, listening to the sound of the horse's feet. "That cock won't fight."

No, for no sooner had the rider disappeared than the mob, knowing his influence and energetic character, proceeded to the task.

"If he has a dozen hours to get his friends together, there will be a fight over it," said the leader: "we must avoid that."

Jerry, the ostensible leader and chief executioner, headed the assault: the door was sprung; the passage entered, then the cell. On a low settle that served for a bed, his elbows on his knees, the palms down, his shoulders rounded and his head bent forward, sat the prisoner. Two torches drowned out the feeble light cast by the poor tallow dip on the Bible he had been reading. The leader of the mob spoke. The prisoner quietly raised his head and looked him calmly, indifferently in the face. All heroic things are simple. It was the bridegroom brother!

The mob knew and personally liked him. "Where is your brother?"

"Gone," he replied coolly, apparently comparing the toes of his boots. There was refreshing strength in his very placidity.

"Hell! How'd he git out?"

"Walked out, as I will if you have no use for me. 'Tisn't a flowery bed of ease, Jerry, as the hymn-book says;" and the new Damon drew up his tall form and shook himself like a horse in his saddle-trappings.

"No, it ain't," said Jerry, reluctant and hesitating as he peered ridiculously about.

"Come, you haven't anything against me," said the bridegroom, advancing. "I got here before you, and the bird is flown: that is all;" and he walked out.

In this case the condition of the clairvoyante in the midst of the described gayety refutes the theory of the pseudo-Platonists, that the bodily senses are closed to external objects, as in sleep, while the reflective and discursive faculties are still awake and active and the spiritual faculty is excited to the highest state of energy.\* Rejecting this fallacious division, which assumes to create a difference by giving different names to one faculty, we arrive at the truth—that only when the *attention* is fixed or excited is the phenomenon observed; and this brings it under the common law applicable to ordinary perception.

The relation that follows belongs to that history of adventure in the South-

west which must one day form a chapter in our national annals.

As early as 1823-24 the commerce with Santa Fé, El Paso, Chihuahua, Sinaloa, Sonora and Lower California—a small, trickling stream that preceded the great freshet we all remember—required treaty protection from the United States Senate. The trade was estimated at a hundred and ninety thousand dollars per annum, carried on by caravans of eighty or one hundred men, who exchanged calicoes, bread and ammunition for furs, mules and bullion. Gregg estimated the product of the placer mines in 1832-33 at about eighty thousand dollars per annum.

One of Aunt Betty's brood of pioneers had been hunting on the Arkansas, Canadian and South Red rivers, salting, packing and shipping the buffalo beef, at Nacogdoches principally. Rumors of gold-washings came through the fur-companies, and the trains of pack-mules, hardy trappers and strange stories of huge stone cities fired the ardent imaginative pioneer blood, and led the youth to incur the perils of wild tribes that infested the curious natural platform lying beyond the Mississippi. That plateau, bounded by the ocean, the peaks of Wind River chain and the southern isthmus, is the cradle of the Aztecs. Fremont's Peak, the boss of a huge buckler, rises over an expanse as varied as the symbols on Achilles' shield, whose "utmost verge a threefold circle bounds." Cis-Mississippi is the heir of sunken Atlantis, dowered, in its wealthy watersheds of primordial rivers, with buried mineral (gold) and fertile treasure. Trans-Mississippi, if not older, is different in its physical history. A great ocean projected from the latitude of the Southern Gulf to the Arctic, and a wide shallow sea lay west of the river line, its bottom a huge metamorphic biscuit, slowly cooking and slowly cooling. A giant left hand, the finger-tips at Santa Fé, the shoulder of the thumb at Mexico, the hollow of the palm at Chihuahua, was put under the cake, lifting it slowly, an inch in a thousand years. The plateau made by the undulating flattened crest

Smith's "Bible Dictionary," art. *Prophet*.

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of the Sierra Madre, the true *divortium aquarum*, retains the handmark in an elevation of 7047 feet at Santa Fé, 7990 at Mexico, 4476 at Chihuahua, and a gradual slope to the small of the palm at the Mississippi. It is the largest plateau in the world. The diluvial water running off during the elevation carved out valleys, leaving that flat normal surface in huge llanos. Nor was the biscuit so carefully handled as not to crack in five great ranges; and we may infer that a subsidence followed, which brought in the water, widening the valleys and cutting the sharp bluffs of the llanos in the lower strata. Life rushed in and fed the new land abundantly. The salt brine seethed, moistened the grand galvanic plates and generated magnetic electricity, disengaging sulphuretted hydrogen, sulphuric ethers and acids from mineral, animal and vegetable decay. These sulphurous elements tainted the biscuit, and, giving a new character to the strata, added an acrid bitter to the water-veins, like nothing so much as an excess of soda in bread. This soda biscuit is enormous, a series of gypsum strata extending from the network of Boggy Creek to the Rock of Zuni.

The topographic features are more the work of erosion than upheaval. The normal surface is preserved in the tablelands, plated with dolomite and containing characteristic *Inoceramus*, *Gryphea*, *Ostrea*, *Pecten*. These plains are bounded by sharp bluffs, and where they are scattered over the huge slope the view resembles ice-cuttings in the glacial harvest on Northern lakes, slid in huge cakes on the smooth, polished, frozen water surface, their regular edges glittering with prismatic white, yellow and red. The largest of these superincumbent tables or cakes is the Llano Estacado, or Great American Desert, having a thin carpet of grama grass, *Tripsacum dactyloides*. Others lie adjacent in hummocks, pyramids, tetons, the writing of the strata showing an identity of origin and constitution. The diluvial and alluvial of subsidence and elevation have left *aroyos*, or pool-beds, salinas, smoking hills and salt lakes.

This plain of the flattened Mexican Andes, like its Asiatic counterpart which cradled the Aryan, has controlled great national movements by its physical character. That the Aryan emigrates by parallels of latitude is an axiom, but the axiom must be modified to isothermal parallels to make it general. The Aztec, obeying the same climatic law, crosses the plane of Aryan emigration at right angles. Following the high, flattened crest of the Mexican Andes, the star of his empire took its way southward, planting its strange, majestic stone cities along the Rio del Norte and the Gila to the Valley of Mexico and the shores of the Pacific. When the huge fabric of that Indian civilization in its spread broke by its own weight, and crumbled in the strange internecine strifes of disintegrating peoples, so well illustrated in the warring cities of Italy after the fall of Rome, hostile tribes were found everywhere, the chase their sport, war their passion. The preserved memorial of their ancient civilization is in their temple-building, modes of interment, fire or phallic worship, and, strange to say, a legal-tender currency (shell-money) accepted over a greater spread of territory than that over which our greenbacks prevail.

With this synoptical view of the physical character and history of the country into which Aunt Betty's youngest son, the Benjamin of her hopes, was pushing his fortunes, we can perhaps dispense with the usual geographical details, which too often convey nothing definite to the mind.

The boy added to his love of adventure the fair hopes of a lucrative trade among the Pueblos and half-breed Spaniards. Bit calicoes brought a dollar; beads, glass trinkets, leaden images, at a penny a gross, brought their weight in gold-dust; furs, bullion, mules were cheap for barter, and the last carried the stock back to the settlements and paid all expenses. If those at home could judge from the mirror of the mother's spirits, the journey was exhilarating. At times she said that the trading-party had set out too late, that her son frequently urged them forward,

but that the party seemed indifferent, and delayed for hunting or Indian trade days and weeks. Once she spoke of an adventure in the snow, and what seemed to be an attack upon a deer-park or fortification made in the snow by the bucks against the wolves; but the impression was vague and unsatisfactory. But there came an evening over her log-fire in the late autumn when the tears rolled down the kind, gray cheeks and shone on the bright steel needles. The depression continued for days, during which she spoke only at intervals, describing what she felt or saw. The reader will gather it better from a connected account.

It was a dark, cloudy evening, the air of that moist, mephitic quality that forebodes snow or rain. The campers were on a tongue that jutted out from a high, level plain, against whose abrupt cliffs the black surf of mist beat like a heavy atmospheric sea. The broad depths of level, sinking in horizontal gloom, were broken by the line of a creek that wound through a rocky dell under steep, overhanging sides, worn in hollow caverns. To the view above it was an irregular crack in the plate, in which the black green of cedar and pine foliage was obscurely visible. Southward lay the bed of diluvial valleys, with island-like pyramids and knots of cottonwood stretching far and wide below. The clouds banked the sky in great blue-black welts that drew a sharp mural escarpment above the horizon. The sun had dropped below that black wall, but all above it, and bringing out its solid, rock-like embankment, rolled up great torrents of angry fire, as if the world beyond was burning with intense destructive fury. By degrees, between ascending cloud and descending sun, columns of mist, like great rolling black smoke, overspread the wall, obscured its sharp crest and hung down like huge black sacks of storm. The close, mephitic air was perceptible to Aunt Betty's sympathetic nerves as she sat by the great log-fire.

But there was an unformed, indefinite foreboding in her mind, the reflection of her son's apprehension, occa-

sioned by the Indian signs seen that day. He knew well that to meet Indians on the Plains so late in the season meant a desperate battle for food.

At nightfall, the snow came—soft, white, illuminating. It saved them: in the open plain, now light with that soft, cold, brilliant white, the black bodies of the savages were plainly visible; but it did not prevent an attack. On the contrary, they made one of those desperate, energetic, persistent assaults which characterize the warfare of the North American Indians, the first natural warriors in the world. Go where you will—to the African Bushmen, Caffres, Bedouin Arabs, Tartars, Kabyles, Otaheitans, Australians—the only savage that will desperately and perseveringly charge and re-charge fortifications is the American Indian. He does not do it often, it is true, but he will do it on occasion, and with a fierce intrepidity which no disciplined valor can surpass.

Such an attack was made now, but the whites were prepared and better armed, and fought from the corral as a fortification. The savages were bloodily repulsed, and a little after midnight disappeared altogether. A discussion followed as to the possible renewal of hostilities, the majority arguing against it. Aunt Betty's boy and a Canadian voyageur of the party contended that the very desperation of the first assault indicated a second. "The Indians," said the former, "were probably starving: the traders' provisions were necessary to life." The voyageur referred to a desperate attack of the Crows a few years before on a stronger party, which had been prolonged and persisted in for days. "These," said the leader, "are Kioways or Comanches, and not so plucky."

However, it was thought prudent to wait a day and study the country, but events prevented any exploration. All that night the snow fell—not in flurries, but steadily. In the morning the whole country was sheeted. Aunt Betty's boy probed it: "This snow, which saved, will ruin us. We must clear a field, or the Indians will attack under a sure cover."



A snow-plough is no elaborate work. Holes let in the side-boards of the wagon for plough-handles and thills or gearing, and the machine is made. A dozen of these swept the field in a frolic. The snow was banked up about the corral with salients and lunettes. They had a snow-fort, with a clear glacia and open field. But still the clouds wove that thick, moist, treacherous cover. It came in great clots and wefts, falling heavier and heavier. Any plan of exploration to discover the track of the Indians was out of the question. They could only wait, and as they waited the snow fell.

"This cursed snow is fighting against us," said Aunt Betty's boy.

"Who cares?" said the leader. "The Indians are gone, we have lots of rations: let it fight."

But Aunt Betty's boy did not believe the Indians were gone. The Indians were hungry, and must have food. The snow was fighting for the savage, and he was a soldier, in his way. The boy measured the new snow on the glacia—six inches. By morning it would be a foot or eighteen inches. It was now night-fall of the second night. When he came down after circling the camp the leader was nodding at the fire, and all but the sentries rolled up in their blankets. The trees and umbrage were knolls of snow, the black maw of the creek bed was wiped out. It looked like one smooth plain above and one below, and the jagged cliffs were all rounded and softened.

By and by the sentries came trickling in—not to stay, but to warm themselves and gossip a little. After a while they returned to their posts. Presently they trickled back again, and every time more trickled and their stay was longer. At last they were all at the fire, chewing, smoking, tiring one another with sympathetic yawns and sleepy talk. Aunt Betty's boy shifted uneasily, went out, and circled the little fort again. He saw no signs but one: the snow was ten inches deep, and falling like great white cloths, one after the other, one after the other—so busy and yet so deadly silent. He went to the captain and said abruptly: "The snowfall will cover an attack

now, and it lies over a foot deep. The men must be waked and the snow-ploughs geared up."

"Bosh!" repeated the sleepy captain peevishly. "Who bosses this ranche? You are scared: go to bed. There arn't no Injins in fifty mile o' here: none ain't been seen for twenty hours and more."

"They will be on us by morning," said the boy resolutely, "and in this snow we'll have no more chance than a baby in bed. Get up and do your duty."

"D—n my duty!" said the captain. "You had better mind your own business. 'A baby in bed,' indeed! well, go to bed, baby." And, having chuckled over that retort, he rolled himself up in his blanket and snored.

The sentries, all lying round the fire, heard what was said. The boy turned to them and asked, "Will any of you fellows help to gear up and clear away the snow?"

They looked at one another. "Our watch is about out: suppose you try the relief?" was the conclusion.

When that came the proposal was made. "And why didn't them fellows do it?" growled the relief. "I'll be shot if we do."

Having settled that, and the posts on the glacia being cold, they sat down over the fire to a game of "old sledge."

Then Aunt Betty's boy went to the voyageur, who had shared his apprehensions. The man only said, "Go away: I am sleepy."

After that the boy went out again, and returned. He then led out his horse, wounded in the night-fight. There was a great sob in his throat, for it was a homebred filly, but he blew off his emotion as men and whales do, and drew his hunting-knife across the poor creature's windpipe. She fell with a dull thud.

"Hello! what are you doing thar, Kentuck?" called a voice from the card-players.

"Putting her out of her misery," said Kentuck briefly.

"And what are you a-butcherin' of her for?" queried the other after a pause.

"Shet yer head, Piute," interrupted his card-partner. "Don't ye see he's gwine to be a-skinning' of her? Play!"

Aunt Betty's son disappeared. The moist, soft dusk of snow and mystery came down and enveloped him utterly. The last seen of him has been said. How or by what means he disappeared from that circle of twenty feet, became absorbed in the dense, unutterable gloom of nothingness, was unknown. The incidents of the battle, of the camp, all the details, and more than are given here, were preserved and published. A broad noon sun was poured upon every transaction up to that point; and then suddenly the boy is snatched up from the body of his slaughtered horse, and is gone! The subsequent tragedy of the camp was known, in much of its detail, also; but the fact about Aunt Betty's son, Kentuck, was only inferential, and that inference was—death. Doubted for years by those who hoped against hope, and then confirmed by the strong concurrence of every absolute test and fact possible, save one. Opposed to this was his mother's single word: she *felt* that her son was not dead.

A year later a broken, half-wild white, thrown from tribe to tribe like a fire-bucket over a surging mob, told the story of that night's disaster. Soon after Kentuck began to skin his horse this man had to go out of the camp. He asked one and another of his friends to accompany him. Busy at their cards, all refused. Kentuck made no answer at all: he was busy about the horse. The man had hardly got beyond the glacis before the attack began. The Indians had burrowed under the snow, through the soft snow-walls, and burst upon them. He could see the slaughter from his gloomy hiding, and mark the men as they fell. There was no resistance: it was butchery.

The story was published, copied into the Kentucky papers—some old men may remember it—and the man was sought out by Aunt Betty's family. He gave the details as they are given here, verifying Aunt Betty's vision, and explaining parts of it. Asked about the fate of her son, he assured them that he must have been one of the first victims, and that his escape was absolutely an im-

possibility. He was in the circle of light, inevitably seen, and as certainly slain. There was hardly a possibility that even one sleeper escaped by being away from the light, but no possibility for the rest. The evidence was as strong as Nature and circumstance could make it.

Yet Aunt Betty persisted that he was not dead: she felt that he was alive. For a few years this strong faith, in connection with her established correctness, affected the incredulity of the family. But year after year passed, and not a word or a sign came to justify her persistent faith. Then the day arrived when she must lay down this burden of life. In Christian resignation she accepted that, as she had accepted all the duties of life and fulfilled them. But even in her last hour she repeated her assurance that her son was alive. If he came back some day, as she believed he would, she wished the undying love and blessing of the dying mother to be given to him.

The Mexican war and General Kearney's expedition opened up that strange country; the gold was found in California; adventure was quickened. Then, after seventeen years of absence, brown, hale, hearty, a fine, middle-aged man, apparently well-to-do, rode up the tan-bark road and alighted. It was the long-lost son and brother.

His story of his escape, adventures and settlement was a strange one. When he found that his companions disregarded his warning, he hesitated what to do. His mind was divided, one half grieving for the horse and all it represented to him, the other eagerly searching the void for means of escape. He had read or heard of a man's hiding in the hollow of a buffalo from the burning prairie—an idle story perhaps, but suggestive. But could he get into the cavity after removing the entrails? He would try. He was slender, supple, small of his age. The horse was disemboweled, and the intestines buried in the snow. When it came to the effort, to making his bed in that raw, reeking flesh, his sensibilities revolted. He did not believe it was possible, physically or morally. The gap was too small, the hollow too horrible.

Then he heard the war-whoop, and, to use his own words, he "jumped in like it was a church door." Over him reeled and staggered that short, sharp, bloody massacre: it was done almost before he had time to think; and it was still dark. The closeness suffocated him, the reek and fresh gouts of blood sickened and nauseated him. Then came thirst—deadly, hot, fierce thirst—licking up the blood in his veins with a tongue of fire. He could hear the shouts and orgies of the savages, and knew that after plundering they were eating, gorging, and maddening themselves on the traders' whisky. One drunken savage stumbled over the poor brute, and lay snorting, his drunken breath actually filling the nostrils of the prisoner a few inches from him. Fortunately, his companions hauled the savage away by the heels, and mad, burnt up with fierce, intolerable thirst, Kentuck thrust out a hand and gathered the bloody snow. How deliciously cool it was! He fed his ravenous passion at intervals, and as he did so he became conscious of an external warmth. The sweat poured from him and drenched him, for the vital heat of the poor animal had been preserved by the occupant of the carcase hours after.

It was afternoon before the Indians gathered the spoils and left, burning what they could not carry, for they would not encumber themselves with the wagons. They never do. When finally he ventured out, it was night. Cooking portions of the horse, and taking as much of the flesh as he could carry, he set out on the Santa Fé trail. The other fugitive had returned to the settlement: the Kentuckian went forward, chiefly because the Indians had taken the contrary route.

The details of his subsequent adventure must be omitted. He reached Santa Fé, and, after knocking about for some months, took service with a Spaniard who had been governor of the province when under Spanish rule. His courage and activity, in contrast with the lethargy and unthriftiness of the pueblo slave and half-breed, won him favor; and

when the Spaniard's pretty daughter returned from the convent of Our Lady of Sorrows, she shared in her father's partiality. The conclusion tells itself. The young man had written, but in the disturbed condition of Mexico the letter was lost. At a remote hacienda on the Gila there was no opportunity to communicate overland.

In a review of these incidents the question asked by the writer will occur to the reader: If such a power existed, why was there no revelation of the son's affairs in the long interval, beyond the mere fact of his existence? No satisfactory answer was given, but this may be surmised: An acute exciting cause is necessary for a well-defined impression, and none seems to have occurred in the son's life after his escape. Secondly, phrenography belongs rather to pictorial representation of scenes and ideas than the art of oral or written communication. Its analogy is rather to photography than telegraphy. Without some conscious effort on the part of the son to present his thought in a mood to identify his location, the discovery would be difficult, if not impossible, and the involuntary character of the phenomena puts such an experiment out of the question. It is curious to remark in the close that while the optic nerve is sometimes sympathetically excited to a high degree, the sense of hearing does not seem to respond with equal facility. Yet the masculine and vigorous genius of the author of *Jane Eyre* has seized upon the analogy with such force and simplicity of application as to cause its tacit admission within the possible pale of sympathetic communication.

After all, what mystery is there in it beyond the mystery of our daily lives? It is to our own ever-quick, responsive nature we owe all knowledge, and the question is less of perception than interpretation. As parts of one grand economy nothing happens foreign to it, were we but skilled to read the delicate instrument whose graphic finger is on our pulse and brain.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

## TWO MARQUISES.

A TRIAL which took place at Dublin last year revived in the minds of those curious in such matters the remarkable family history of the Seymour-Conways, marquises of Hertford.

This trial was one of several which have arisen in relation to the late marquis, who died in Paris in 1870, and it was indirectly the result of his will. The late Lord Hertford executed, toward the close of his life, a brief codicil. By that instrument he bequeathed the whole of his "real and personal estate" to Sir Richard Wallace. Had he not made this codicil, an immense estate in Ireland would, by the terms of a previous disposition, have devolved on Sir Hamilton Seymour. Sir Hamilton was advised that the codicil could not stand, because it was assumed by his advisers that the marquis could never have intended by the one word "real" to carry a property of sixty thousand pounds a year, without a single further sentence to confirm such bequest. Sir Hamilton therefore took possession. Sir Richard brought an action of ejectment at the Antrim assizes, and Sir Hamilton was confirmed in possession. An appeal was then made to the Common Pleas in Dublin with the same result. Thence it went to the Exchequer Chamber, before seven judges. There four decided in favor of Wallace. One of the four was the judge before whom the case had been tried at the Antrim assizes, when the decision was for Seymour.

The result of this decision was a compromise, by which Sir R. Wallace agreed to pay Sir Hamilton Seymour four hundred thousand pounds, whilst Sir Hamilton\* waived all claim to the estates.

These estates came to the Hertfords through the Conways. Edward Conway, earl of Conway, by his will, dated in 1683, devised his great estates in Eng-

land and Ireland to his cousin, the son of Sir Edward Seymour, of the same family with the duke of Somerset. This cousin was in 1702 made an English peer by the title of Baron Conway, and in 1703 created a peer of Ireland, where also he had inherited a great estate, as Baron Conway of Kilultagh, county Antrim. His son was created, in 1793, marquis of Hertford, and, dying in 1794, was succeeded by his son, the second marquis, who married a daughter and co-heiress of the last Viscount Irvine, and inherited, for life, her father's magnificent old house, Temple-Newsam, near Leeds.†

The town-residence of the marquis and marchioness of Hertford was during the earlier part of the century one of

† Temple-Newsam has had a chequered history. Originally a seat of the Knights Templars, it was granted by Edward III., on the suppression of that order in England, to the Darcies, on whose attainder it was forfeited to the Crown. Henry VIII. granted it to the earl of Lenox, father of Darnley, husband of Mary queen of Scots. Subsequently it reverted to the Crown, and James I. gave it to Esme Stuart, duke of Richmond, who sold it to Sir Arthur Ingram, a great merchant. He pulled down the greater portion, and reared on its site the princely pile which today attests his wealth and taste. Thoresby, the famous Leeds antiquary, expressly states that the chamber in which Darnley was born was not pulled down. The house is built in the form of a Roman H, and around the roof is a battlement composed of capital letters in stone-work, forming this inscription: "All glory and praise be given to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost on high; peace upon earth, good-will toward men; honor and allegiance to our gracious king; loving affections amongst his subjects; health and plenty within this house." Such was the enduring memorial of his commercial success which this great merchant, like so many others of his countrymen, left behind him. His descendant received a Scotch peerage as Viscount Irvine, and, dying in 1807, left five daughters. On the death of the marquis of Hertford, child of the eldest, Temple-Newsam devolved (by the terms of his grandfather's will) on his cousin, the son of the second daughter, and thus became the property of Mr. Meynell, a gentleman of great sporting celebrity, and passed at his death to his son, Mr. Meynell-Ingram. He died childless three years ago, and left the whole of his estates, worth fifty thousand pounds a year, to his young widow, the daughter of Lord Halifax (formerly Sir Charles Wood), a member of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet. "What will she do with it?" is a subject of frequent conjecture.

\* Colonel Seymour, Sir Hamilton's eldest son, is married to the daughter of Mr. Russell Sturgis, late of Boston, a partner of the Barings.

the gayest and best known in London, although in the recollection of the present generation it has appeared to be occupied almost exclusively by the plethoric porter in his scarlet and gold-laced waistcoat. It occupies the north side of Manchester Square, which; with the house, was built by the duke of Manchester. On his death, in 1788, it was bought by the king of Spain as a residence for his ambassador,\* but subsequently passed into the possession of the marquis of Hertford. The readers of Moore's satirical poems will recall frequent reference to this abode, to which the prince-regent's carriage might be seen wending its way every afternoon. Thus—

Through Manchester Square took a canter just now—

Met the old yellow chariot† and made a low bow,  
This I did, of course thinking 'twas loyal and civil,  
But got such a look! Oh 'twas black as the devil!  
How unlucky! Incog. he was riding about,  
And I, like a noodle, must go find him out!

*Mem. :*

When next by the old yellow chariot I ride,  
To remember there is nothing princely inside.

For many years during the life of the late marquis, Hertford House was let to the French ambassador; and when he ceased to occupy it, it became the receptacle of the enormous collection of works of art which his lordship was ever accumulating, and which, until they were exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, he hardly knew himself that he possessed. It is now in the occupation of Sir Richard Wallace.

In 1798, when the third marquis of Hertford was but twenty-one, he married a young lady whose history and antecedents were altogether of an extraordinary complexion. This was Mademoiselle Fagniani. Her mother was the wife of an Italian nobleman, and by no means a lady of rigid virtue. Amongst her particular friends she numbered George Selwyn and the notorious duke of Queensberry, whose affection for her had very important results for her daughter,

\* Hence the well-known Roman Catholic chapel in Spanish Place, hard by. Spanish ministers have of late years been much less magnificently lodged.

† The old yellow chariot was the prince-regent's *ncog.* carriage.

if indeed she did not, as was suspected, owe her very existence to one or other of the gentlemen. They seem, in fact, to have been willing to share the claim to paternity between them. When the marchese quitted England she gave up her little girl to the care of Selwyn, who lavished upon his charge all the affection of the fondest father; and it was in reference to this that Walpole wrote: "I love David too well not to be jealous of an Abishag of eight years old." When Selwyn died he bequeathed his charge thirty thousand pounds, and made the duke of Queensberry, the greatest reprobate of the day, his residuary legatee.‡ At his death, in 1810, Lady Hertford received a large accession of property, estimated at four hundred thousand pounds.

Happening to be in Paris at the breaking out of the war after the peace of Amiens, Lord and Lady Hertford were detained by Bonaparte. The lady was permitted to remain in Paris, where she formed, probably at this time, a liaison with Junot. Her husband was removed, with many other Englishmen, to the fortress of Verdun, where he was detained for three years—a rather trying ordeal for a man whom all that wealth and rank could afford was awaiting in his own country. He was at length released through the personal influence of Charles Fox with Talleyrand.

Besides the Irish territory, Lord Hertford had two magnificent properties in England—Ragley, near Alcester in Warwickshire, and Sudbourne, a famous shooting-seat, in Suffolk; at both of which the prince-regent was wont to pass much time. And in London, besides Dorchester House, he had a villa, still extant, in Regent's Park, reputed to be the scene of indescribable orgies. Most of the latter part of his life, however, was spent at Naples, and the style

‡ Selwyn died in 1791. Like his friend Walpole, he was rich in "patent places," being surveyor-general of crown lands, surveyor of the meltings and clerk of the irons in the mint, and registrar of the court of chancery in the island of Barbados. To these a wag of the time added the post of "receiver-general of waifs and stray jokes," in allusion to the number of bon mots attributed to him.

of it is powerfully depicted in the few touches relative to Lord Steyne in the last part of *Vanity Fair*—the meeting at Prince Polonia's, the barouche, with its almost priceless horses, containing the old voluptuary and the Italian beauty, which whirls past the forlorn Becky in the Roman avenue.

In Raikes's diary, under the entry March 27, 1842, we read: "At two o'clock this morning Lord Hertford was seized with a violent attack: Croker was sent for express to London." On the Tuesday following the marquis concluded his ill-spent life, dying at Dorchester House, Park lane, his usual town-residence.\*

In the above account the reader must note the words, "Croker was sent for." Thereby hangs a tale. The Croker alluded to was the late Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, to whom copious reference is made in nearly all contemporary memoirs, yet whose own memoirs and correspondence have never been given to the world, though probably none would throw more light on the "behind-the-scenes" of the political and social life of London in his day. For many years before his death Mr. Croker became politically defunct, inasmuch as he made a vow, which he kept, never to sit in Parliament after the passage of the Reform Bill. We have never heard that this awful resolution particularly distressed anybody, unless it may have been Mr. Croker himself. However, although

\* Dorchester House took its name from the family of Damer, earl of Dorchester. The last earl died in 1802, and the house soon after passed into Lord Hertford's hands. There were two titles of Dorchester extant at the same time, for Sir Guy Carleton, the eminent British general—whose name was so well known in this country during the war of Independence—was created a peer as Baron Dorchester, and his representative enjoys the honor to-day. The Dorchester House of Lord Hertford's time was pulled down about a quarter of a century ago, and that which stands on its site to-day is in many respects the most magnificent abode in London. It is a remarkably compact and uniform mass, measuring one hundred and thirty-five feet by one hundred and five, and having two façades, the south and west, which are entirely of Portland stone. There are two libraries, forty-two feet by twenty-eight; a grand staircase of marble; a reception-room, thirty-four feet by thirty-one; a salon, fifty-five by twenty-nine; a dining-room, forty-four by twenty-five; and other smaller apartments. It belongs to Mr. R. S. Holford.

dead to Parliament after 1831, Mr. Croker was very much alive in some other respects, and contrived to make several new enemies. Amongst their number was one whom he no doubt regarded as a pigmy, but who proved a very powerful giant—one whose exploits were destined to throw those of his antagonist far into the shade. This redoubtable personage was the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli. Mr. Croker was eminent as a Quarterly Reviewer, and enjoyed a special reputation for "slashing" articles. A slasher was launched at one of Mr. Disraeli's romances, and Mr. Croker got the credit of it. The following passage from *Coningsby* was the "punishment," to employ the phraseology of the ring, and it is scarcely possible to conceive anything more bitterly offensive:

"Mr. Rigby was a member for one of Lord Monmouth's boroughs. He was the manager of Lord Monmouth's parliamentary influence and the auditor of his vast estates. He was more: he was Lord Monmouth's companion when in England, his correspondent when abroad. Rigby was not a professional man—indeed, his origin, education, early pursuits and studies were equally obscure—but he had contrived to squeeze himself into Parliament by means which none could ever comprehend. He was bold, acute and voluble, and, though destitute of all imagination and noble sentiment, was blessed with a vigorous, mendacious fancy, fruitful in small expedients, and never happier than when devising shifts for great men's scrapes.

"They say all of us have one chance in life, and so it was with Rigby. After a struggle of many years, after a few cleverish speeches and a good many cleverish pamphlets, with a considerable reputation indeed for pasquinades most of which he never wrote, and articles in reviews to which it was whispered he had contributed, Rigby, who had already intrigued himself into a subordinate office, met with Lord Monmouth. He was just the animal Lord Monmouth wanted, and he determined to buy him. He bought him, with his clear head, his indefatigable industry, his audacious tongue, and his

ready, unscrupulous pen; with all his dates, all his lampoons, all his private memoirs and all his political intrigues. It was a good purchase."

After reading this it is difficult not to imagine that Mr. Wenham, Lord Steyne's managing man—who "hasn't a farthing in the world" on the night of poor Rawdon Crawley's piteous appeal to him, when the colonel is arrested in his company coming away from the party at Gaunt House, and who subsequently patches up so adroitly the "little difficulty" between the marquis and the injured husband, had some identity with Mr. Rigby.

Lord Hertford left thirty codicils to his will, and a pretty piece of work it was to arrive definitely at their meaning, so contradictory were they. The largest legacies were to three daughters of Admiral Sir Richard Strahan, who had left them under Lord Hertford's guardianship. To these young ladies he left, respectively, eighty-six thousand, eighty thousand and forty thousand pounds. Sir Richard, their father, was the gallant officer celebrated in the lines—

My Lord Vaughan, with sword drawn,  
Was waiting for Sir Richard Strahan:  
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,  
Was waiting for the earl of Chatham.

The other legatees were tossed about in a most surprising manner. Thus, the man who found himself with a legacy of twenty thousand pounds in Codicil 3 found himself reduced to fifteen thousand in Codicil 4, and to nothing in Codicil 5; whilst, on the other hand, others were in the ascending scale, only to have all their hopes cruelly dashed in the end.\*

It was apparently his lordship's habit, when taking a new *chère amie* into his good graces—an event of no infrequent occurrence—to make a codicil in her favor, which was duly revoked whenever he ceased to love.†

\*One can readily believe the saying attributed to Lord Hertford, that "he only wished he could see the faces of the company when his will was read."

†We remember finding a French lady some years ago poring with great perplexity over Milor Hertford's voluminous will in the principal registry of the London probate court, and offering our assistance were told that she believed there was a bequest in favor of her relative, Mademoiselle Julie Somebody; but, alack! we failed to find it.

In *Coningsby*, Lord Monmouth's will is represented as bequeathing to Mr. Rigby a legacy which rises and falls through successive codicils until it terminates in a bequest "to that gentleman of the bust of himself which he was good enough to give to me, as he may like to present it to some one else"—or words to this effect. What Mr. Croker really got we cannot say: the sum was put at first at twenty thousand pounds, but we fancy this estimate proved in the end much in excess of the real amount.

Shortly after Lord Hertford's death it became noised abroad that his executors found vast sums missing, and presently proceedings were instituted against his confidential valet, one Nicholas Suisse, who was arrested when just stepping into his carriage *en route* for the Continent. But the case broke down, and the prosecution was generally regarded as ill-advised, the general impression being that much of the money had passed into Suisse's hands with his master's knowledge, for purposes which it was by no means expedient to bring before the public.

Although Lord Hertford and his wife went their separate ways, no formal separation occurred, and he took no steps to disprove his paternity of her son, who certainly was not his.

The fourth marquis lived principally on the Continent. At one time he would seem to have had a notion of passing part of his time in London, for about 1850 he built an immense house in Piccadilly. That house, however, remained empty for twenty years, and when its owner did visit London, he for several years usually took up his abode, notwithstanding he had also his palace in Manchester Square, in a small house in Berkeley Square. The house in Piccadilly was never occupied by him, in consequence of a squabble with the parish authorities in reference to the pavement in front of it. To spite them, he vowed it should remain empty, whereby they lost the rates which would be paid on an occupied residence.

The fourth Lord Hertford had reached middle age without having ever set eyes

on his Irish estates, and probably would have gone to his grave without doing so but for a certain ambition—about the only one in which he was ever known to indulge. It seems that he considered the blue ribbon of the Garter essential to his dignity, and was resolved to enjoy that distinction. A supporter of Sir Robert Peel, then prime minister, he applied to that statesman for the next vacant stall in St. George's Chapel. Sir Robert replied that, with all respect for Lord Hertford's great position, he should not feel justified in recommending the queen to confer the highest honor in her power to bestow on a nobleman who scarcely ever resided in the country whence he drew his wealth. "Your lordship," he said, "has very extensive estates in Ireland. There, most essentially, is the presence of a great landlord needed, and should you think proper to go there and to evince an interest in the country, I might in time be able to meet the wishes you have expressed." Well, for a George and Garter the marquis was prepared to make "a tremendous sacrifice." He resolved that for a while he would banish himself to what he deemed barbarism, and would abandon Bagatelle,\* the boulevards and his other Parisian delights for popularity-hunting in the county Antrim.

\* Raikes writes in his diary in 1834: "This evening we drove to Bagatelle in the Bois de Boulogne. It is another of the royal residences before the Revolution. The house consists only of an entrance-hall, an immense and beautiful salon, with a dining-room on one side and a billiard-room on the other. The grounds and park are laid out with great taste, and form a delightful spot. It is quite a fairy scene." It was repaired and beautified by Charles X. when he was comte d'Artois. After the Restoration it was a favorite retreat of the duc de Berri, and now belongs to the duc de Bordeaux, though the new régime has appropriated it to the state. Two attempts have been made to sell it by auction, but as the land is bad, and the expenses attending the purchase would be great, no buyer appeared at the set-up price of three hundred thousand francs (sixty thousand dollars). It was subsequently purchased by Lord Hertford for sixty-three thousand dollars, and in 1869 would probably have fetched five hundred thousand dollars. Raikes mentions that when he and Lord Hertford went to examine the place after the purchase, they detected in the boudoir some remains of the frescopaintings done for the comte d'Artois, which offered a remarkable contrast to the devout habits of Charles X. "When completely restored," Raikes says, "it will be the most beautiful fairy retreat in France, at only a quarter of an hour's drive from the capital." And so it proved.

With the exception perhaps of New York, there is not a place in the wide world where a marquis with one hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year could win golden opinions so quickly as in Ireland. The marquis went to work with a will, and thoroughly succeeded in his aim. Like Cæsar, he came, saw and conquered. The wildest rumors ran before him. He was going to build a palace, and live there half the year; hounds would of course be kept for the entertainment of the local squirearchy; balls would be given for their daughters; and it would be hard indeed if the marquis could not, when subjected to personal interviews, be induced to exert his powerful influence in getting appointments for younger sons. Of course the local papers were full of this absorbing theme, and before long it reached Dublin. The marquis's urbanity and politeness were commented on, and his intentions commended. From Dublin the news went to Downing street. The minister saw that his suggestion had been followed, and was satisfied. The story is told how, whilst on his Irish visit, Lord Hertford one day accompanied a neighboring baronet to an eminence commanding a splendid and very extensive view. Reining in his horse, the latter observed, "Now, my lord, observe this fine panorama, for you may have the satisfaction of reflecting that every acre you can descry is your own." "Is it, indeed?" said his lordship. "Well, I see it for the first time, and I hope to God I shall never see it again." Nor did he: having got the Garter, Ireland knew him in the flesh no more, and his tenantry only knew him as a spender of their rents, and, through his overbearing agent, a coercer in elections.

Lord Hertford had one brother, Lord Henry Seymour. That gentleman was notoriously not the son of the third marquis, and probably his father was Marshal Junot. Lord Henry, who took a great interest in the French turf and was a pillar of the Paris Jockey Club, was, strange to say, never in England. He, too, left a will which provoked a litigation that threatened at one time to absorb the bequests. He bequeathed his



money, about twenty-five thousand pounds a year, to the *hospices* of London and Paris, which gave rise to the question, What is a "hospice"? At length, as in the case of his brother's will, there was a compromise.

Lord Henry pre-deceased his brother several years. Like him, he resided almost entirely in Paris, where also their mother lived, and where they owned considerable real estate, for Lord Hertford got thirty thousand dollars a year for a single house on the Boulevard des Italiens. He lived for years in apartments over a shop. At length he received notice to quit. He was in despair, and despatched on his miseries to a friend. "Why don't you buy the whole thing?" said the friend. "Good Heavens! I never thought of that!" said the marquis. "I'm eternally obliged to you;" and he promptly followed the suggestion.

A somewhat amusing incident befell him one day. Going into a fruitière's shop, he found there an Englishman who was trying to make the lady at the counter comprehend him. Turning to the marquis, whom she didn't know from Adam, the *dame du comptoir* besought his aid as an interpreter, which he of course gave; and she—it may be presumed that his appearance at the time was not indicative of affluence—gave him a pear as compensation. Lord Hertford took it, delighted. He brought it to the club. "Look here!" he said to a group: "see what I've had given me. It's the only thing I ever earned in my life." He was by no means profuse in his hospitality. Before he came to the marquise he would talk of the manner in which

he would receive his friends when his succession to the property gave him the means to do so with splendor; but when that event came the promised banquets failed to follow. One day a friend was sitting smoking with him, and Lord Hertford proffered a cigar. It proved very good. "Do you like that cigar?" said the marquis. "Uncommonly good," said the friend. "Well," was his lordship's rejoinder, "I'll give you—" and here he took a puff at his cigar: "I'll give you—" another puff (during which his friend, of many years' standing, said to himself, "By Jove! positively at last I'm going to get something out of Hertford!")—"I'll give you the address of the fellow I get 'em from, *mon cher*."

Like Prince Demidoff, Paris's other great foreign art-collector, Lord Hertford died just before the troubles in France of 1870-'71. We have told how the bulk of his property (the art-treasures are valued at four hundred thousand pounds) passed to that noble-minded man, Sir Richard Wallace, whose life seems to be spent only in the endeavor "to do good and to distribute." All's well that ends well, and at last this great trust, so sadly misused for more than half a century, has fallen into good hands; for not only Sir Richard Wallace, but the present marquis, to whom Ragley and twenty thousand a year have gone with the title, and Sir George Hamilton Seymour, the eminent retired ambassador (who compromised with Sir Richard), are estimable, high-minded men, doing their duty in their state of life, instead of profligate voluptuaries sunk in selfishness and sloth. REGINALD WYNFORD.

## HOW WE MET.

## I.

I DID, all of a sudden one day, what in the whole course of my life I would have thought would have been the last of my actions. I advertised for a *home*. That is a pathetically funny thing to do. Home—sweet home! What is a home? A place to live in with ease and comfort—is that a home? No: there is only one thing which makes a home, and that one thing is love. Imagine me thinking that this great gift could be got by advertising, as you would advertise for a steady pony, or a particular kind of pigeon, or any other "specific" article! Nevertheless, I did it.

The circumstances were these. My father's death had just taken place: I was the last of our family in our original home. I had stayed there, and gone with both my father and mother into the valley of the shadow of death. I had two brothers in America—they were absent of course—but my two sisters and their husbands came on the occasion. They were much older than I, and had families pretty well grown up, and they talked over the event in a business-like way: they did not view it so much in the light of having lost a father, as that an old man had gone the way of all the earth in the natural order of things, that his affairs had to be wound up, and that it was well this should be done decently and in order. They could not stay long: they were both women devoted body and mind to their children. With some women their children is a most overmastering passion, swallowing up every other feeling, throwing every other human being, not even excepting their husbands, into the background. I wondered if, when their time came for leaving their children for whom they were so ready to do, be, and suffer anything, they would be quite contented that these children should meet that event with the same tranquillity they themselves had shown in seeing the last of their father. I

believe they would. I believe their self-abnegation went that length: they would rather go unmourned than that their children should suffer grief, if that had been possible consistently with the good qualities they desired to see in them. Be that as it may, my eldest sister said to me, "Jessie, you'll feel this more than we do: it will be dull for you here. What do you think of doing? I would willingly ask you to stay with us, but our house is so small we hardly have room in it ourselves."

"We have plenty of room in ours," said my other sister, "but my advice to you, Jessie, is to keep a house of your own. There is nothing like it in this world: you can do it well enough."

"Yes," I said, "I will stay here meantime."

"If you think you'll not be dull, it is the best thing you can do," they both agreed.

"I shall not be dull," I said.

I was sure of that: grief has not much in common with dullness. My sisters did not feel with me. I did not blame them. It was twenty or more years since they had left our father's house, and living at a long distance our intercourse had not been very close, and they gave me good, sensible, practical advice. But there are times when good sense acts like a blister: it pains and weakens you. Whether it does good in the end or not, I do not know, but I blamed myself. It would have been very choice sympathy that would have soothed me at this time, and I did not get it except once. The servant was out when the bell rang, and I opened the door. A man, a common workman, was standing before it. He said, "Is Mr. Cowan in?"

I said, "He is dead."

Instantly the expression on his face changed. He looked as if he thought he had done a cruel thing. "I am sorry," he said in a low voice: "I'll not trouble you;" and he went away without telling

his errand. It could wait at such a time. That man had felt affliction.

My dead was buried out of my sight, and my sisters went back to their homes, and I was left alone. I had never been alone in my life before. No one to whom to say good-night, no one with whom to hail the new day! I had acquaintances of course, but this very summer the two families with whom I was most intimate had emigrated, and not only did the house feel empty, the very town felt empty. It was a little country town, and the house I had lived in all my life was a flat in its main street—indeed its only regular street. My outlook was considered very cheerful. I saw all the street, both up and down, and a gap in the houses opposite showed me the fields and the hills. This peep into the face of Nature had been a perpetual source of delight to both my father and mother, and so it had been to me; but somehow now the taste had gone out of everything. I walked out as if in a dream. I sat and read, and when I came to the end of a page I did not know what I had read—I who had been so sharp and keen at noticing and taking in everything when I had always a deeply interested audience to hear my account of all I had seen and heard. The eyes and the smile of these two faces came between me and everything. As the weeks passed the want did not grow less, but more: the yearning was almost insupportable. If I could only have had them for one half hour—one half hour to empty my heart to them! But no: they were shut from my sight for ever.

"Exert yourself—do something—go and comfort others: that's the best way to comfort yourself!" I knew all that, I knew it perfectly, but I declare there are times when one's whole being suffers a collapse: you are altogether palsied. A healing influence may come to you—you are altogether powerless to go to it. When my eldest sister was shaking hands with me before she left, she had said, "Now, Jessie, you are quite old enough and able enough to manage your own affairs, and I would never think of dictating to you; but I would advise you

to marry Mr. Smith. He is in every way a suitable match, and if I were you I would."

She said that, and I could have married Mr. Smith, and would have done it, and honestly tried to do it—cultivated the idea of him, watered it with my tears, and endeavored to give it the sunshine of my smiles; but all would not do: it would not strike root, and it withered away.

I was weak. It was ridiculous for a person at my age to get into a morbid state over a bereavement that must come, and had come gently, in the course of nature, with many mitigating circumstances; and I felt it when I went out and saw human beings in the depth of poverty struggling with the coarsest, hardest work for as much as barely kept life in them. I felt it. My sorrows seemed sentimental compared with a hand-to-hand struggle with hunger and cold. But when I went in again, the stilly order and neatness, the unbroken silence, the very thorough comfort, seemed a mockery: I could not help it.

The harvest was on the ground when my father died: it had all been housed. The bright October sunshine and sharpness had come and gone; the soft, damp darkness of November had given way to the more sullen darkness of December; and when Christmas was near a keen black frost set in, and the earth was as hard as iron, when at midday, on the 24th, a steady, quiet, ethereally beautiful fall of snow began. I sat at the window in the afternoon and watched it falling, falling, pure and white, out of the darkness, till I was mesmerized and dropped asleep.

It was only for a minute, and I awoke with a shudder and a sensation of cold, vacant, imbecile misery upon me. What was I? Where was I? Was I going to sink into idiocy without an effort? I started up. "I must have change," I said to myself, "and cheerful influences, if possible. I'll advertise for a home!" And I sat down on the instant, without giving myself time to think, and wrote out my advertisement.

The snow was still falling, and it was

getting dark, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, when I sent my servant to post the letter which would bring this curious want of mine under the eyes of so many people. I had for weeks been reading all the advertisements offering and requiring board and lodging, with a new and strange and not very happy insight. A fellow feeling not only makes us wondrous kind, but wondrous knowing. Whereas I used to glance over the lists of such wants as if they were merely brief business announcements, I now seemed to see a history of sadness and loneliness and care in almost every one of them. Of course this was nonsense in great measure, but I was at the time looking at everything through very smoked glass.

## II.

I sat gazing into the fire and brooding over the past, as the way is with solitary people, and wondering if my old elastic spirit would ever come back. Would anything come out of my advertisement? would I ever again get among people who would love and whom I could love? There was the difficulty. I began to think I was not of a very affectionate nature. I was fastidious: I could not link myself on to any one, and I had been too long accustomed to what love is at its very best to be satisfied with kindness and being "taken an interest in." I had often thought that that exquisite compound Bible word, loving-kindness, was surely a tautology—why were the words not used singly? but I had discovered now that there could be love without kindness and kindness without love. You can stand both of these well if you have a reserve of loving-kindness to fall back on, but if you have not, why the heart knows its own bitterness: the bitterness may be unreasonable, and even wicked, but it will be there in spite of you. It was so with me. I did not know till now how much of the goodness that was in me had been planted in hearts that had ceased to beat; and now, shaken loose from the soil, it withered away, and there was not a patch

of genial earth within reach to which the bare and broken tendrils could search, and in which they could hide themselves and strike root once more. Was there not? What moles we are, after all! I started up from gazing at the fire and walked to the window. I had got into a habit of starting up very often, owing to the weary unrest that was upon me. Few people were in the street. It was a quiet street at any time, and to-night no one was out without an errand, for the snow was still falling: the whiteness and purity of Heaven had descended and taken possession of earth. There was a general hush: the few vehicles that passed made no noise on the carpet that had been laid down so quietly.

As I stood I heard the door-bell tinkle very gently—so gently that had there not been such stillness both in-doors and out it would not have made itself heard at all. The gas was not lit, and as I expected Margaret in every moment, I did not trouble myself to go to the door. But in a little there was another tinkle, slightly louder than the first, when, hastily taking a light, I made the lobby gas blaze up and opened the door. The muffled-up figure of a girl was standing, who said in a hesitating sort of way, "Do you let lodgings?"

"No," I said, "I do not."

"Do you know any one who does?"

"No, but I have no doubt there are people in the town who have rooms to let."

She drew a hand out of her muff and threw up her veil, showing a face that had probably been in use sixteen years or so.

"You see," she said, "I am a stranger, and I don't know where to go."

"Well," I said, "my servant is out. Very likely she could tell you where to go. Will you come in and wait for her?"

She did not need two invitations. I had asked her in on the spur of the moment. Now that she was in I began to think it curious that a girl of her age and appearance—she belonged evidently to the middle or possibly upper classes—should on a winter afternoon be seeking lodgings in an out-of-the-way little coun-

try town, and alone. I looked at her as she sat on the sofa. She seemed tired, but excited. She was not what could be called pretty, but she had the charm and freshness of youth, and there was a sort of indescribable light in her face which every little while gleamed for a moment and passed away again.

"We have had a fall of snow," I said, by way of saying something.

"I suppose so," she said absently.

"Then you have not felt the discomfort of it?"

"Oh no, I couldn't feel discomfort."

I was puzzled, and although curious I could not inquire further.

"Is this your house?" she said: "are you the mistress of it?"

"Yes."

"Have you a large family?"

"There is no family: I live alone."

"Then," she said, hesitating a little, "you'll have plenty of room. Would you not keep me? I can give you some money—not much for a time, but—" Then she stopped and looked down on the floor.

"I don't need money," I said: "I have plenty of money."

"I am glad of that, for if I could not give you much for a while, it would not matter."

"But you see," I said, "I don't know anything about you—how you come to be here, for instance."

"Oh, I came by the train."

"Well, I can believe that, but would you mind telling me your name?"

"My name," she said, "my name—my name is Jessie Cowan."

"Indeed," I said, "that is a very remarkable coincidence, for that happens to be my name too: it's on the door-plate."

"Well, I forgot I saw it there, so I need not attempt telling lies. I can't do it. I never could tell a good lie in my life, and I don't want to tell the truth, but I am honest and respectable."

"Child," I said, "tell me—have you a mother?"

"No. My mother died when I was born."

"And your father?"

"Don't speak of him—oh, don't speak of him!" she said in a tone of entreaty.

It was curious. I sat and cogitated for a little. No doubt it was some story of a harsh, ungenial stepmother influencing her husband to a severity the girl could not stand. I looked at the little creature—not that she was little, she was rather tall for her age—and I said, "Suppose I take your word for it that you are honest and respectable, would you not like to find out whether I am honest and respectable? You know nothing of me?"

"No, but I'll find you out as we go along, and I can like people that are not respectable. I once lived in a place where one of the servants was sent away because she was not respectable, and I liked her better than any creature in the house; and she died," she said sadly, "a day or two after she was sent away. And shortly after, when I was going out one evening, I saw a man hanging about the door. He asked me if she was in. I said, 'No: she died some days ago.' If you had seen his face! It grew white and black together, and he fell down on the ground. He had fainted, they said. He was her sweetheart; so you see he and I both loved her, although she was not respectable."

"That's a sad story."

"Very, very sad."

"Well," I said, "you and I will trust one another to-night, and you'll go back to your friends to-morrow."

"I have no friends, and I won't go back."

"But think of the grief and anxiety you'll cause."

"I shall cause anxiety and annoyance, but no grief. There is only one person who'll be grieved, and I can't help it: we'll make it up again some time."

"Your father?"

"It's not my father. Let me stay with you: I like you."

"Poor thing!" I said, "I don't know what has set you adrift, but trials have come to you very early."

"Oh, it's nothing desperately melancholy," she said; "and the light gleamed on her face again: 'I'm not tragic—I'm only foolish.'"

## III.

Tragic or foolish, she was attractive: I could love this creature that had come in at the door and insisted on staying. Whether it was elective affinity or not that by subtle hidden threads had drawn us together, I won't take it upon me to say, but straightway I felt that for me the healing process had begun.

She looked round the room and said, "I've seen this room before: I know everything in it. I saw it in a dream: I knew it again quite well. I did not see you, though, but I saw an old man sitting in that chair;" and she pointed to my father's chair. "That must have been a mistake, as there is nobody but you. I wonder I did not see you rather."

"Child," I said, "you are dreaming still: if you talk that way I shall think you are a witch."

"It's not unlikely. One of my ancestors was burnt for being a witch."

"Oh dear!" I said, "you make my flesh creep."

"I don't wonder; but it was very long ago, and she was an old, old woman, and I think she would die almost immediately of suffocation; but oh, it was horribly cruel!"

"We'll not think of it," said I. "Now that you have got lodgings, might I ask when you had any food?"

"I have had plenty of food: I am only thirsty; but I know it is just tea-time."

She was right; and when we had finished tea, she lay back in her chair and said, "I am immensely refreshed. I hope all my friends have enjoyed their tea as much."

"I thought you said you had no friends?"

"Oh, I meant not many. There are few people, surely, who have absolutely no friends."

"Let us hope so, at least," I said.

I made no further effort to penetrate her mystery, leaving that to time, which, at its own good will and pleasure, is for ever raising and letting fall the veils that blind us. She was in good spirits, not at all like a persecuted refugee, or as if it ever occurred to her that any one could suffer on account of her absence: she chatted away with every appearance

of much guilelessness. I said to her, "I must give you a name: it is awkward not to have a name."

"Well, do so. What name will you give me?"

"I remember reading a book in which there was a character called 'January Snow.'"

"Oh yes, I know—a negro servant he was. It was very funny."

"If this had been January the name would have suited the circumstances very well; but December is stiff—not feminine at all."

"As to-morrow is Christmas, why not call me Christy?"

"That's the thing—that will do: I did not think of that;" but before I was done speaking she had laid her head in the corner of what had been my father's chair, and was fast asleep in an instant, like a child. Probably the warmth and quiet of the room, after her adventures—whatever they might have been—in the snowfall, had overpowered her. She slept very soundly.

As I looked at her I thought, "Surely she cannot be an impostor?" I felt that my character for discernment was at stake; and not long before this there had been in the newspapers an account of a remarkable case of imposture, carried out with much ease and cleverness by a young lady, who succeeded in getting various people to take her case up, and who borrowed and swindled with an innocent and charming grace. Was I being done? If I was, I felt I could hardly have faith in a human being again. My servant took an opportunity of hinting that I was simple, but even she felt the creature's spell, and would not have me do otherwise than I had done, for she was of my opinion, that we had better risk being imposed on than risk doing so cruel a thing as refusing this young girl the shelter of our roof. But indeed the very idea of suspicion fled away from me ashamed. If she was acting, of a certainty it was the perfection of acting. Yet what if she were to make a general haul of my portable property and disappear some evening in the gloaming? She was too

young, I thought, for any more complicated operation than that, unless she had confederates outside. I had noticed her balancing her teaspoon now on her finger and now on the edge of her cup. Was she trying its weight? I said to her, "It is little and old-fashioned, and not very heavy."

"Oh," she said, "it's a trick I have. I sometimes catch myself doing it unconsciously."

Was it also unconsciously that she had looked at and admired some articles of jewelry that were lying about? I must say for myself that I blushed at the private detective sort of line my thoughts had taken. No, no: without doubt she was good and true. Her face looked the picture of innocence: so young and so fresh, it seemed to me to be not an inappropriate successor to the good aged face I used to gaze at in that place. If a little dog had run to my door for shelter, I must have taken it in and loved it; and as I gazed at this girl's sleeping face long and unrestrainedly, I loved her.

The second morning after she came, while we were at breakfast, a large packet came by post. At first I thought, "Now this has some connection with my young guest;" and I looked at it and then at her. She caught my idea from my face, and answered it. "It can't be anything about me," she said, "for nobody can know I am here."

"We'll soon see what it is," said I; and opening it, there fell out a great many letters, all addressed to No. 7810, *Eastwick Times* office. They were answers to my advertisement for a home, which I had almost forgotten. I found I had the choice of thirty-seven "homes," the doors of which were all standing wide, inviting me to enter.

"See, Christy," I said, "you may look over these if it will amuse you."

"What a lot of letters! What are they all about?"

"Read: you will learn."

"Who is it that's wanting a place to live in?"

"Me."

"Nonsense! You don't want to leave this home, do you?"

"Why should I not want to leave my home, as well as you yours?"

"The cases are different. I didn't leave my house, and nobody is asking you to leave yours. You seem to want to go anywhere with anybody."

"Well, that's what you have done."

"But I didn't intend it. I would never have thought of advertising for a home."

"And I would never have thought of walking into any house purely by chance."

While she was opening the contents of the budget one by one, I had taken the newspaper, and in glancing over it I came on this: "The young lady who left A. with J. H. on Tuesday, the 24th of December, is entreated to communicate with J. H., who is awfully anxious."

Then immediately below was another notice to this effect: "To hotel and lodging-house keepers. A young lady left her place of residence on Tuesday, the 24th of December. She is known to have traveled by the A. and R. Railway. Had on a green velvet bonnet, gray cloak and chinchilla muff. Any one giving information about her will be handsomely rewarded. Should this meet the eye of the young lady herself, she is most earnestly requested to return or communicate with the D.'s immediately: if not, all the telegraphs will be set in motion, and her carte forwarded to every police station in the kingdom, which the D.'s have as yet refrained from doing, to avoid what might be unnecessary publicity, they having confidence in her good sense."

I looked at my guest as she sat going through my correspondence with the keen interest and amusement natural to her age.

"Look here," she said; and she held up an envelope, the very sight of which chilled my blood: it was blacked an inch deep, as was the note-paper.

"That's surely the luxury of woe," I said.

"Well, listen," said she:

"A widow lady, occupying an elegant flat in the west end of Eastwick, and very recently bereaved, wants a lady to live with her for company. If you would

call any forenoon between eleven and one, an interview would be satisfactory.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"MRS. CAPTAIN DRUMMOND."

"There," said Christy, "will that do? She must have risen from the ranks, I think; but there are plenty to pick and choose among, and the terms vary from the highest, one hundred and twenty pounds per annum, to the lowest, five shillings per week, which seems moderate. It is useful to know these things."

"Yes, and then you will be able to judge whether I impose on you or not." I was wanting to read to her the advertisements about the runaway young lady. I could have been sure they referred to her, only her bonnet was blue—unmistakably blue: very pretty it looked on the top of her fair hair and complexion. She had the gray cloak and the chinchilla muff, but these were what hundreds of young ladies wore; and the bonnet—the most distinctive of the three articles mentioned—was different. It was just possible, but not likely, that a mistake might have been made regarding it.

"You see," I said, "if you are going to stay here, I shall have to stay too; so perhaps we had better know what we are about at once, because I shall have to make up my mind whether to write to any of these people or not. To tell the truth, I am not eager to do so."

It was quite true that among these thirty-seven persons there might be those capable of being good, faithful, loving friends till death; but, on the other hand, one thought of the narrow-minded, uncultured women, gifted with a small, sharp, worldly wisdom—and gifted with little else besides—and I drew back from the plan which seemed promising when I was sitting alone, hardly able to endure my solitude; but now that this girl had appealed to me for help and shelter, had stepped unbidden into my house and secured her position there, it felt chilly and repulsive.

"I have ten half-sovereigns: I would like to keep two, in case I want anything. How long will you let me live with you for eight?"

"Well," I said, "at five shillings a week—I don't think I can charge less with profit to myself—I could keep you four months."

"Then that is settled, and I think your charge is very moderate. I know that I—that is, I know some girls who pay one hundred and twenty pounds a year, but that includes education. I wonder if I could go on with my education here? I would like if I could."

"There are two ladies' schools here: you might perhaps get into one of them as a pupil teacher, and work your way on."

"Yes, and live with you: I would like that. I know the routine of a school, and I could teach some things very well."

"We must make inquiry. Come, give me all these missives, and I'll bundle them up for four months at least. Then we shall see what we shall see: perhaps by that time I may be tempted to keep you for nothing. Now, listen to this;" and I read aloud the last advertisement anent the young lady with the green bonnet. I glanced up at her now and then as I read, and when I finished I laid the paper down and said, "If the bonnet had been blue, I should have thought you were the missing individual."

"It is laughable," she said laughing: "have you been so impressed with my good sense?"

"I can hardly think a person altogether senseless who is anxious to stay with me; but you are wrong in thinking it laughable. The people are in distress evidently."

"And threaten publicity. If I were the young lady I would not mind how many policemen got my carte, would you?"

"I should not think it particularly pleasant: besides, when they get her carte they'll soon get herself. She'll be detained wherever she turns up till her friends are communicated with."

"Let me see the paper, please," she said: "I should like to read that once again. 'To hotel and lodging-house keepers.' That young lady must have had more money in her pocket than me, or they would not think she would go to



a hotel; and she must be of some importance that a handsome reward is offered. It must be very amusing to the young lady, if she happens to see this, to know that she has good sense."

"If she has good sense," I said, "she must be very thoughtless also to cause so much grief and anxiety: I wonder you don't see that."

"Maybe she had a grievance, and did not think there would be much anxiety about her."

"That's very likely, but I hope when she finds she is mistaken she'll have the good sense to go home. Do you see the other advertisement? Will that refer to the same young lady, think you? Read J. H.'s appeal."

"J. H.?—where?" she said hurriedly, and went to the window and read the lines of J. H. She stood a good while looking from the window, with her back to me.

"Well," I said, "are the young ladies one and the same, do you think?"

"It may be, it looks something like it; but these words of J. H.'s have love and anxiety in them: you feel it. The other advertisement has not—not a particle."

"I can't see that from merely reading the advertisements."

I had my own thoughts, and so no doubt had my inmate. I bundled up my thirty-seven letters, not to be answered in the mean time, but in the course of the day I wrote to the D.'s, whoever they might be. I sympathized with them, if Miss Christy December did not, and I asked if they would forward to me the carte of the young lady they were in search of, as it was possible I might be able to give them a clue to her.

#### IV.

We were sitting at breakfast the second day after the advertisements, when Margaret came in with the letters. One I felt sure contained the carte: it I put into my pocket to examine when alone. Another I opened was a new series of "homes" offered to me; indeed, there was a running fire of these offers for more than a week. If I had been a monstrous regiment of women, we could all have

got billets. I had a feeling of guilt in having caused so many people so much trouble for no end: not knowing what I was doing, I had touched, as I thought, an insignificant tap, and lo, a deluge!

Next I took up the newspaper, and glanced first at the enigmatical notices. I said, "Ah! J. H. has got his anxiety relieved by this time: at least I fancy this is in answer to the 'J. H.' of the day before yesterday."

"What does it say?" she asked.

"It is short, but to the point: 'To J. H.: M. B. is safe.'"

"Well, that is satisfactory. I thought J. H. deserved an answer, his appeal had such a genuine ring."

"I must say you have a discerning spirit."

"Ah, one does not descend from a witch for nothing!" she said laughing.

When we had finished our meal I retired to examine my packet, and as I looked at the outside and scanned the post-mark and the feminine handwriting—rather feeble, but very careful and somewhat elegant—in which it was addressed, I understood to the full the sharp joy of the detective when he thinks he has got a clue in his grasp. Well, I opened it, and there without doubt was the form and face of my guest. Enclosed with it was a note:

"The Misses Douglas appreciate the confidence reposed in them by Miss Cowan, and beg to reciprocate it by forwarding to her the carte of their young friend. Should Miss Cowan find that she is correct in her suspicions, would she be so good as to telegraph to the Misses Douglas at once?"

"ATHELFOURD LODGE, Athelford, }  
December 29, 18—."

I sat down to consider the matter. This girl was no impostor, then: she was of consequence to some persons, and she had run away. Why had she run away? She had thrown herself on my protection, she had found the road to my heart, and I was not inclined to give her up without inquiry. Who were the Misses Douglas? In what connection did they stand to her?

The quickest and simplest plan would

have been to go with the note and carte in my hand and show them to Miss C. December; but I did not care for forcing the girl's secret, and I had a strong curiosity to hear the Misses Douglas's account of her before I heard her account of them—to judge, in short, whether they were the kind of people I would like to throw her back upon.

I got a railway time-table and saw that I could reach Athelford by starting at 10.30—it was now a little past nine—so I could make my call and be back in the evening quite early; and I resolved to do this. I went to Christy: she was putting away the breakfast things, and humming a tune to herself in a low happy tone, like the murmur of bees on a summer morning, the outcome of busy gladness.

"You know," she said, "this is Margaret's washing-day, and I want to help her."

"Quite right," I said: "if you are to have a comfortable home, you must make yourself generally useful. I have to go from home on business which will take the whole day. Can you be left alone? What will you do with yourself?"

"I'll enjoy myself. I'll go to the kitchen and help Margaret to wash: I should like it of all things. May I?"

"Oh certainly, although washing is not an occupation I envy myself; but there's no accounting for tastes."

"My taste is not vulgar: in ancient Greece princesses used to wash."

"I am afraid they would spoil their hands."

"Ah, I'll let my hands take their chance. I'll take off my ring, though: I should not like it spoiled. It was a present, and I value it very highly." She pushed her sleeves above her elbows. "I should like," she said with great animation, "to know how to do everything about a house, and to do it: you see, if I ever wanted to marry a man with very little money, it would be so necessary."

"It would indeed," I said. "Well, I hope you and Margaret will be good friends till I come back."

I had no feeling but of exhilaration as I walked to the railway station. A strong interest had come into my life: I had a stake in the world once more. After the months of unutterable dark, dreary, blank negation which I had endured, it was as if I had got life from the dead. It was a brilliant day of clear frost and sunshine: the first snow had never disappeared, and there had been a new fall in the night, the dazzling whiteness and purity of which was like the robes of those who had come out of great tribulation. Every unsightly object was covered with beauty as if for the passing of a king. As I bowled along I had a stirring sense of something to do and of doing something; not that I had not attempted always to keep myself busy, but since I had had no one to act for or to think or work for my diligence had seemed to me like that of Domitian, who busied himself catching flies.

I arrived at Athelford, and found my way to the outskirts of that small town, where the Misses Douglas resided, and to Athelford Lodge, their house. From a brass plate on the gate, I found it was an "institution for young ladies." So Miss C. December had run away from school, but why had she not run home? I should hear that immediately, likely. I was shown into a small room, the chief object in which was a piano—not the only one in the house, if I might judge from the sounds I heard on all sides of me. Shortly there came to me a lady, pleasant, responsible and stiff. We bowed.

"I came rather than telegraph," I said, and I held out the carte.

"Ah, about Miss Bird: then you were right. Is she with you?"

"Yes."

"I am so thankful: she has given us a world of anxiety. I could not describe it. I'll call my sister." She left the room for an instant, and came back. "It was such a shock to us—such a shock: nothing of the kind ever happened in our establishment before. Oh, I am thankful she is safe!"

Another lady entered. "My sister Euphemia," said the first—"Miss Cowan. Oh, Euphemia, Miss Bird is safe!"

Miss Euphemia was more composed on the occasion than Miss Isabel. She said, "I was almost in despair when no telegram came. You have her safe? How can we thank you enough? We had seventeen answers to our advertisement."

"Is it possible?" I interrupted: "have seventeen young ladies run away in one day?"

"I hope not. I'll explain. But first, if you'll excuse me, when did Miss Bird arrive at your house?"

"On Tuesday, the 24th of December, between four and five in the afternoon."

"That is the day she left. She had asked to visit an acquaintance, and said if it snowed much she might stay all night. My custom, my invariable custom, is to send a servant with and for the young ladies when they go out, but I had perfect confidence in her; and as her case was slightly peculiar, I relaxed my rule for once. When she did not appear next morning, I sent for her: she had never been with her friend at all."

"Think of it!" exclaimed Miss Isabel—"think of our position!"

"I felt," said Miss Euphemia, "that if evil befell her I never could look her father in the face again."

"I did not concern myself about her father," said Miss Isabel: "probably we may never have an opportunity of looking him in the face. I thought of the child herself, and of our position: such a story would have ruined our establishment—absolutely ruined it just as we had surmounted so many difficulties."

At this moment a telegram came in. Miss Euphemia hurriedly opened it, and read aloud, "From J. Hamilton to Miss Douglas. Miss M. B. is safe." "That would have been very precious," she said, "if we had not known it already."

"I don't understand," said I, "what made her run away. Had she any object in view?"

"Object!" said Miss Isabel. "To be sure she had an object, poor foolish thing!"

"The truth is, Miss Cowan," said Miss Euphemia, "it was this Mr. Joseph Ham-

ilton who sent this telegram that induced her to go away: they have known each other from childhood."

"What are they but children yet?" exclaimed Miss Isabel. "But, however ridiculous it may appear, they intended to be married."

"So it was," said Miss Euphemia, "he came in on the Wednesday morning, just as we had found out that she had never been where she said she was going—came in looking as white as ashes, and told us he had lost her: he left her in the railway carriage to bring her some refreshment, and when he came back she was gone—where, he had not been able to discover, all he could do."

"She has managed," I said, "to answer his advertisement without my knowledge."

"She has not been well brought up," said both of the ladies together. "Her mother died when she was born, and an aunt spoiled her, and her father spoiled her, and she came to us perfectly undisciplined, and she found our rules irksome, although we tried to make things easy for her; but where there are more than forty girls you must be strict or there will be instant confusion."

"The trouble the governesses have had with her was very great," said Miss Isabel; "indeed, I have often been called in to aid them. She would leave her boots lying in all directions, just as she kicked them off."

I felt verily guilty in this thing myself, and I said, "But that was not so very bad, was it?"

"We could have moulded her in time," said Miss Euphemia. "She was a nice girl—a girl with a good nature, but wholly untrained. However, I think when she was so far on the way with Mr. Hamilton courage had failed her. How grateful we are that you took her in!"

At this stage lunch was brought, and while I ate I said, "Well, what is to be done? To whom shall I deliver her up, or shall I keep her?"

"She must choose for herself," said Miss Euphemia.

"No, Euphemia," said Isabel, "I think you are wrong. No doubt her choice

would be to marry that lad Hamilton, and land herself in misery."

"I don't think so. I think she has seen her folly. They must wait till they have an income, and till they get her father's approval; but I do not know that it would be a wise thing to bring her back here after what has occurred."

"Where is her father?" I asked: "could he not be consulted?"

"He is in the Arctic regions," said Miss Isabel.

"The Arctic regions!" I exclaimed.

"He has been gone for three years, and it is expected the expedition may be home within this year. He is the naturalist of the party," said Euphemia.

"Men who go to the Arctic regions go with their lives in their hands," I said.

"And for no practical end," said Miss Isabel severely. "Supposing they ever reach either the North or the South Pole, who's to be the better for it?"

"My sister has no love of adventure, you see," said Miss Euphemia.

"Adventure!" said Miss Isabel—"impious and suicidal curiosity would be a better name for it."

"I confess," said I, "I should like to peep over the ice-wall into the polar basin: especially would I like to see the charming country at the South Pole, and what kind of people live there. But surely Mr. Bird would make some settlement or arrangement about his daughter before he left."

"Well, you see, her aunt was living, and likely to live, at that time. So far as money is concerned, she'll have plenty when she is of age. She is her aunt's heir, and her father's should she survive him. Her father's lawyers have her affairs in their hands."

"Then," I said, "they would be the people to refer to."

"About money, but as to her place of residence, that must be left to herself: if she wishes to come back we shall be happy to receive her, although my own impression is she would be better elsewhere."

"With me, do you think, if she cared to remain?"

"Certainly."

"Do you know anything of me?" I asked.

"Yes. When we got your note I remembered that one of our servants, who has been with us for years, had a cousin in your town, and I asked her if she knew your name. 'Perfectly,' she said: 'my cousin is servant with them, and is a fixture, I suppose.' That gave us complete confidence: indeed, your note was the only one we replied to out of the seventeen. There was only one other I thought of answering, but waited till I heard from you."

"It was curious how so many answered," I said.

"Well, if you were more in the public way you would not think it curious: you would come to know a good many things. Your answer and another, as I have said, we picked out as genuine and to the purpose. Four others were about mysterious lodgers over thirty years of age, and two of mysterious lodgers who were men, and the other ten were worthless—from persons who had no end in view but to get a carte sent to them."

"What possible purpose would that serve them?" I asked.

"No good purpose. Possibly to gratify curiosity, or to sell, more likely."

"Sell!" I said. "Who would buy it, or what would they get for it?"

"A shilling or sixpence, perhaps; or they might get a dozen or two coarse ones struck off from it, and sell them at a country fair as the portrait of any one in the mouths of the public at the moment: if there was a striking shipwreck, as the wife of the captain, or any poisoning case, as one of the victims. You have no idea of what is done, and you can't be too cautious in dealing with the world."

Not having had many dealings with the world, I knew little of either its wickedness or its shifts, and had no desire to know more.

"We judged them," said Miss Isabel, "or at least some of them, from the composition and spelling. Not, however, that these are always infallible guides. I remember on one occasion getting a

letter from Mrs. Haveron, the distinguished authoress, and she spelt receive, *recieve*. I can quite recall my feelings of astonishment even now. And the Young Men's Society here recently asked the Hon. Mr. Blaze—the cabinet minister, you know—to lecture under their auspices, and the secretary of the society showed me his answer, in which he said that had it been in his power he would have considered it an honor and a privilege to lecture to such a society as theirs—theirs being spelt *theres*; so that you can hardly judge from spelling, or even composition. The tone of a letter is perhaps the safest thing to draw inferences from. People may have respectable intellect and education, and be altogether wanting in nobility of nature."

"I think," I said, "people who answer an advertisement for the sake of getting a carte must have little to do, and not only want nobility of nature, but natural gumption."

## v.

I felt warmly to the Misses Douglas, very warmly, and was sure that I had planted a young friendship. We arranged that they should visit me the following Saturday, when we could go more fully into matters and come to some decision.

I returned in as good spirits as I had left in the morning. The winter day had closed in, but on the deep dark gray of the heavens stars glittered by millions—stars that have struck delight and awe into every thinking mind since the creation. Delight and keen sense of enjoyment, the rebound from the dreariness that had wellnigh overpowered me, was what I felt on this night rather than awe. On arriving at home, instead of the blank, dull comfort of a room emptied of inhabitants, eyes were watching my coming, and looked uncommonly bright when I came.

"How I have been wearying for you!" said my guest. "Do you know I helped wash, and I cooked the dinner, and I've got tea all ready, and we are just waiting for you? What kind of day have you had?"

"Delightful: it has been a complete success from beginning to end."

"Like mine."

The words were hardly out of her mouth when the door-bell rang—a full, loud, imperative ring. She started and exclaimed, "That's his ring! How has he found me out?"

I listened, and heard a voice say to Margaret in quick tones, "Is there a young lady staying here?"

"There are two—"

"Just let me see them, will you?" and, as Margaret told afterward, Mr. Hamilton pushed past her before she had time to prevent him, and walked straight into the middle of the dining-room. His eye seized Miss C. December instantly.

"I knew it," he said. "What have you to say for yourself?"

She had sunk back in her chair with her hands over her face. I had a good guess of who our visitor was, but I turned to her and said, "Will you explain? I took you in, knowing nothing of you, but I did not bargain for having my house filled with your friends and acquaintances, or whoever they may be: it is unreasonable. Besides, five shillings a week afford no extras."

Said the youth, "We shall go immediately. I'll give you any money," taking out his purse, "for your kindness to her, and if I can ever do anything for you, let me know. Madge, get your muffings, will you?"

"Stop, stop," I said, "not so fast. Madge, as you call her, has been washing and cooking all day, and is hardly fresh for a journey."

"Madge," he said, going up to her, "how could you grieve me so?"

She opened her hands and showed her face partly. I had thought that perhaps she was crying, but she was laughing, and she said, "Grief improves some characters."

"Oh, Madge," he said passionately, "I hope that is not the way yours is to be improved."

"Jo," she said, starting up, "you could not think anything dismal had happened to me. You knew I was able to take care of myself."

"There was nothing dismal or horrible I did not think of. I rushed backward and forward on the railway all night; I searched waiting-rooms and knocked up sleeping hotels; then early the next day I harked back to Athelford Lodge, and they were in a fine pickle there. Instead of getting any comfort, they made me feel as if I ought to be hanged."

"But you knew you could not be hanged?"

"Madge, have you no sense of your wickedness?"

"No, not a bit. I began to think we were acting very foolishly: I hardly hoped to convince you of that, and the only thing I could do was to disappear, and I did it."

"You certainly did it."

"Yes, I did it. But how did you find me out? I thought you could not find me out."

"Oh, the moment I saw your answer to my advertisement I hurried to the newspaper-office and begged to see the manuscript of it: they let me see it. It was in your writing, and the post-mark was on the envelope. I came here to-day. I have been at all the doors on the other side of the street, and am here on my way up this side."

"The people must think you mad," she said laughing.

"You are enough to put any one mad."

Here was a romance to take possession of my staid quiet abode! It had as much "go" in it as would have floated a three-volume novel. I said to her, "Miss Whatever-your-name-is, I think if you'll give us our tea, we shall be all the better for it."

We began to know each other.

"What did she say for herself, Miss Cowan, when she came?" asked Jo.

"She said I had plenty of room here, and she would stay if I liked."

"Well, I can't be too grateful to you, I am sure. What is to be the next move, Madge?"

"I am not going to move soon. Miss Cowan and I have arranged all that."

"Oh, indeed! What will Miss Douglas say?"

"I'll tell you what she says," I said: "I saw her to-day."

"That was your business?" Madge exclaimed. "How did you find out about them?"

"Oh, I answered their advertisement just as you did Mr. Hamilton's. By the by, how did you manage to get your missive to the post-office without the knowledge of either me or my prime minister?"

"I gave the girl that brings the milk a sixpence to post it."

"You must allow she is not without a genius for management," I said to Mr. Hamilton. "Well, Miss Douglas says you must choose yourself. If you wish to return she'll be glad to see you, but she thinks in the circumstances it may be as well you did not."

"I like the Misses Douglas well enough," she said, "but I hate a school. I hate it!"

"The Misses Douglas are to be here on Saturday, when you can confess your folly and ask forgiveness."

I left the room, being mindful to let them have their talk out by themselves. I declare I felt as interested in them as if I had known them all their lives. Mr. Hamilton stayed with us till next day, and I took an opportunity of having a wise word with him, and advised that in the mean time they should give up their matrimonial project, at least till Mr. Bird returned.

"He may never return," said Jo.

"That is possible, though I would not suggest such a sad thing to Madge."

"Do you think I would?"

The Misses Douglas paid their visit, and I had Mr. Hamilton to meet them, and the result of our united wisdom was that Madge was to remain with me. I asked Jo to come to us every Saturday to stay till Monday, which he did: it was a wonderfully happy time of their lives and of mine—it was like an idyll. Madge went on with her education with my help, and I lived my own girlhood over again, the second edition being an improved one. We grew very close to each other, nor was I jealous of Jo or he of me. I knew that at whatever time

she might become his wife, I should still be admitted to share her joys and sorrows, and his too, for I felt—to use an expressive Scotch word—that she was *thirled* to me.

## VI.

Mr. Bird did not come back so soon as was expected, for, instead of coming home with the expedition, he left it on its return, and joined an exploring party in America; but he wrote to his daughter as he had opportunity, and she wrote regularly to him. Both sets of letters were as open to me as to her: his were the letters of a man with strong home feelings, possessed by a wander-craze and the enthusiasm of a naturalist. In the letter announcing at last his return he said, "If I were once more at home I'd settle for good and all. In watching the flora and fauna of other countries I have missed the happiness of watching the development of my own particular flower, but we shall have time to make up for that, I hope. Are you neat-handed and quick at the 'uptak,' as my mother used to say? because I have about a shipload of specimens, which to arrange and classify and write about will take both of us some years to come. Tell Miss Cowan I owe her a deep debt of gratitude, and I am also grateful to Jo Hamilton for showing you attention. I'll telegraph when I touch the shore, so that I may not give you an undue surprise. Shall we know each other, I wonder? I study your *carte* a good while every day."

"What will your father say, Madge," I asked, "when he knows how very attentive Jo has been to you?"

"I don't know. I think he'll be pleased."

"That you are to be stolen from him immediately?"

At last the telegram did come: Mr. Bird was to arrive on the 24th of December, the very day that four years ago his daughter had made her way into my house in the gloaming.

I made business out of doors that day, as I wished the father and daughter to meet for the first time alone. When I returned Madge came and seized me.

"Come," she said, "I want to show you papa."

"How do you do, Miss Cowan?" he cried, as if he had known me from infancy, and from that moment I felt quite as if he had. He could make himself at home anywhere, and when Jo Hamilton arrived to dinner and we sat down together, it seemed as if we had all grown intimate at once and without an effort. Mr. Bird had been accustomed to all kinds of society, and his stories and information were, or appeared to be, without end. In the course of the evening he said, quite abruptly, "Madge has been telling me, Jo, that you and she intend getting married."

"Yes," said Jo.

"Well, it's a disappointment to me; but I am glad of it, and I hardly deserve to have her."

"Papa!"

"It's true. I might have stayed at home and looked after you, and then perhaps I would have had you to wait on me."

"But I can wait on you both. Jo will be out all day, you will be a good deal in, and I could help you quite well."

"All true, but I know a man likes to have his wife to himself, and he is right; besides, Jo must live in the town and I must live in the country. Even the country here has a stifling effect after the polar seas and the Rocky Mountains. You have no idea how diminutive everything looks, and how subdued and civilized."

"If you were not very far away we could live with you, and Jo could go to town every day."

"Well, that might do."

They stayed a week, and then left, all three, for Eastwick, and I was once more alone; but Madge wrote to me every day, told me her marriage was to be in June, that Jo had got a delightful house in Eastwick, and that her father was in terms for a very beautiful place, half an hour from Eastwick by the train. "We think," she wrote, "that he'll live with us in winter, and we shall live with him in summer."

I missed her amazingly, but at this

time I was strong both in body and mind to bear it. Four years ago I had been utterly run down and all but helpless.

Then she rushed in one day to bid me good-bye before she went to London with her father, who was going there to see his precious effects on their way to his new residence.

"We shall be six weeks or more in London. Oh, Miss Cowan, I wish you were going with us! How delightful it would be! and papa's new house is to be all furnished and ready for us when we come back. You'll come there, will you? You'll come there when we come back? Papa told me to ask you."

"Certainly I'll come," I said.

"And I'll write to you all about London, and you'll write to me, and we'll meet at papa's as soon as we return. How good you were to me four years ago! and what a foolish little being I was!—not that I am much else yet." And away she went.

In six weeks they were home, and Madge and Jo came to escort me for the week's visit I had promised. I thought I would do all I could do in the way of helping Madge with advice in that time, and as her father was so soon to lose her, he ought to have her to himself as much as possible.

Pleasant as he was at first, Mr. Bird improved on further acquaintance. Although he spent a good while every day at work among his treasures, he was nothing of a recluse or absent-minded student. His powers of observation were such that I think nothing escaped him, but you felt that he took human feeling into account, and did not watch his fellow-creatures as if they were merely specimens; and there was not a particle of venom in his nature: he was not simple, but he had all the simplicity of a good man.

I was sorry to leave—very sorry. Madge pressed me to stay, but Mr. Bird did not: he merely said he hoped I would come back soon; and I must say I went to my house, once more emptied of inhabitants, with a kind of heart-sickness. I had left a circle which seemed perfect, and I could not help a feeling

of shut-outism; but the knowledge of their happiness gave me happiness—the kind of happiness one can live on in a quiet way.

I was surprised when, a few days after, Mr. Bird came in just as I was sitting down to my early dinner. I was very glad to see him, and said, "Where is Madge? Why is she not with you?"

"She did not know I was coming."

"I wish you had brought her."

"I might, but I wanted to speak to you. I have always felt that I have never thanked you enough for your kindness to her."

"I am infinitely more indebted to her than ever she has been to me. If she had not walked in that afternoon, I think I must have sunk into a state of imbecility: she saved me from that."

"Nonsense!" he said: "you don't look very like it."

"Not now, but then I did. I had been sorely bereaved; but I don't know that I could make you understand the kind of state I was in."

"I have been sorely bereaved too in my time."

"Yes," I said in a low voice—I felt that without thinking I had probed an old wound—"yes, but I was miserably weak."

"How many of us are strong?"

We were silent for a time. Margaret had taken the dinner things away, and we were standing by the fire, when he suddenly said, "Do I look very old?" I looked at him. "Grizzled and weather-beaten, you think?"

"Well, no," I said, "not very."

"Do you think any woman would marry me?"

"Yes," I said, "I think it very possible."

"Would you marry me?" he said.

I shall say no more about it. A love-match at forty or fifty is considered fair game to laugh at, as if love could ever be out of season. Be that as it may, Madge and Jo were not happier than we, and I say it, Let them laugh that like. The happiness of youth seems a thing of course, a birthright, and like the sleep of youth it is deep and uncon-



scious; but in after life we are conscious of every atom of it. It is not a thing of course; it is a great nugget hit upon after years of barren toil; it is a light bursting from thick darkness; it is a well of water in a weary land; it is rest, so far as anything in this world is rest.

But to descend. I wondered how Madge and Jo would take this overturn of affairs: it was possible they might not by any means like it. I wronged

them, and I am ashamed of my mistake even now. Next day Madge came alone: she flung her arms round my neck and said, "Miss Cowan, this was the one only thing wanting to make Jo and me perfectly happy." There was not a base fibre in her nature.

I have a son and daughter of my own. Perhaps I shall hardly be believed when I say that I do not know if they are dearer to me than Madge.

*The Author of "Blindpits" and "Quixstars."*

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### KISMET.

HALIL, the Pacha, skilled in many things,  
 In all the shrewd devices of the Franks,  
 Wherewith they grind the world as in a mill,  
 And blacken heaven with streams of smutty reek,  
 Rose in the morning with a heavy heart.  
 He with his proper hands could deftly make  
 The vapping engine, give it heat of life,  
 And guide and govern its prodigious ways.  
 He too could shape the rueful iron tubes  
 That roar the death-bolts from their flaming jaws;  
 And other things of less or greater ill,  
 Accursed toys of the contriving Franks,  
 That turn the world of Islam upside down,  
 And shake the founded glories of the Faith.  
 He knew to speak the bitter western tongues  
 As though he drew them from his nurse's milk,  
 And growled and hissed their speeches at the Franks.  
 Until they held him of their brotherhood:  
 With grief I say it!

Halil in the morn—  
 Being then advanced, not stricken, in his years—  
 Rose from his slumbers with a heart of lead,  
 And such a thirst within his vitals too  
 As one may suffer after having lain  
 In writhing spasms; or having scorned the Law,  
 And boozed and tiddled with defiled ghiaours,  
 Amidst their shameless, bare-faced girls, till wine  
 Makes all the stars go reeling through the sky,  
 And earth to slide and stagger from the feet  
 By hellish magic. Halil called for drink,  
 To slake the fire within him; and he drank  
 As though he fed the monstrous appetite

For blessed water of the iron pots  
 That urge his hissing engines. Then he clapped  
 Palm against palm; and he who entered first  
 Was his beloved son, to make the grace  
 Of morning salutation to his sire.  
 The young man stood, downcast, with folded arms,  
 Waiting a sign to kiss his father's hand.  
 But he, the Pacha, setting form aside,  
 Cried in a passion, scarcely knowing why,  
 As though a voice burst through him: "Listen, boy!  
 My hour is come! This is the latest day  
 Which I shall see on earth!" Whereat the son  
 Was sorely troubled; for the Faithful know  
 That words like these, aforesaid often said  
 By men beneath the shadow of their fate,  
 Have often been fulfilled. And so he asked,  
 With grave conjecture in his youthful face,  
 After his father's state. But when he heard  
 That save the mystic thirst, now happily passed,  
 The Pacha felt as sound and free from pain  
 As he who stood before him, with a smile,  
 The young man prattled of the power of dreams  
 To vex the spirit,—unremembered dreams,  
 That left no trace upon the memory  
 Save a dull haze, with which their breath had blurred  
 The steadfast mirror. As his issue spoke,  
 Rather the love than logic in his words  
 Assured the Pacha, and he laughed aloud  
 Against his fancies; for the son was high,  
 And nature looked so vital that a thought  
 Of death seemed strange and wholly out of place  
 That laughing morn, yet dripping with a rain  
 That fell till sunrise, in the month of June.  
 So Halil Pacha donned his martial garb,  
 Blue rich with gold; for 'twas our Sabbath-day,  
 The Friday of the Franks; and who could say  
 What ruling Pachas or Ambassadors,  
 Or thronged dependants, after midday prayer,  
 Might take their coffee and a pipe with him,  
 Or watch his face as though they gazed upon  
 A dial registering their coming fate?  
 For he was mighty in himself, his state,  
 His wealth, that gathered as the days went by,  
 And mightier basking in the Sultan's love.

Now when the morning meal was past, and one  
 Poured scented water o'er his outstretched hands,  
 There came a bustle at the door, a sound  
 Of lifted voices; and the Persian rug,  
 Broided with tinted wools, was thrust aside,  
 And Fatima, a beldame of the place,  
 Long widowed, mother of a single child,  
 Thronged after by a crowd of feradjes,  
 Dyed in the rainbow—galaxies of eyes

Clustered together, every several pair  
 Looking a different light through cloudy folds  
 Of scarce-concealing yachmags—fronted him.  
 All classes of the quarter seemed to be  
 Mixed in that mob of angry womanhood,  
 Backing the widow as their orator,  
 And giving spirit to her agile tongue.  
 Here waved the sober garments of the poor,  
 Slip-shod and hulking on untidy feet;  
 There, purple, orange, green and bloody red,  
 Rustled and flickered the abounding robes  
 Of richer ladies, and from breast and brow  
 Glimmered a priceless brilliant now and then,  
 Sun-smitten, flaming, as the dainty dame  
 Opened her silken garment, in the act  
 To draw it tighter round her wrathful form.  
 Halil was startled, as who might not be  
 Before the splendor of those leveled eyes?  
 And said, a little shaken from his poise,  
 "What want ye, women?" "Justice!" cried the dame;  
 And then, more mildly: "Lo, the Prophet says,  
 'He is not good who doth not on himself  
 Justice,—the selfsame justice he would mete  
 Against another.'" Then the Pacha said,  
 Slowly, with caution: "What is your complaint?  
 What need of justice have ye? against whom?"  
 The flood-gates of the dame's excessive speech  
 Burst open at the challenge: "Lo, the man  
 Fronts you from yonder mirror! What my cause?  
 Harken! You plan a garden for your taste,  
 High-walled and ample, that the vulgar poor  
 May never spy my lord's luxurious ways  
 When with his jeweled hussies—worse than poor—  
 He takes an airing in his private grounds.—  
 Ah, we have heard of that! Now answer me,  
 What right have you to fence God's land away  
 From God's poor creatures? Nay, nor end you here:  
 Little by little, day by day, you push  
 Your wall beyond your boundaries, swallowing up  
 The narrow plots and scanty breathing-space  
 Of us poor people, till we live in night,  
 At very noonday, on the land you leave.  
 What shame deters you to perform by day,  
 At night you compass; laying founding-stones  
 In trenches, dug while those you plunder sleep,  
 To waken ruined. Mark, my single case!  
 Within my little garden every year  
 I raised enough of potherbs, flowers and fruits  
 To keep, and barely keep, my boy and me  
 From close starvation. You have cut the sun—  
 God's sun, not yours, I tell you once again!—  
 With your high wall from looking at my plants,  
 And now they wither, nor bear flower nor fruit,—  
 And God alone can tell our future!" Here

The widow wept; and some around the dame  
 Twittered, like sparrows in the early morn,  
 Their heads commingled. Others, standing shy  
 Upon the outskirts of the gaudy flock,  
 Cooped, breast to breast, like sunny doves; and some  
 Scolded, like magpies, fiercely to themselves,  
 For want of listeners. Halil only smiled.  
 Then cried another, fine in purple silk,  
 Lifting her henna-tinted hand that blazed  
 With a round ruby, lady by her mien:  
 "Shame on you, Pacha! You have taken our seat  
 Upon the hill-side, where we sat and looked  
 At holy Asia as the sun went down,—  
 Ay, and defiled it, made it lairs for dogs  
 In heaps of rubbish!" Here the better sort  
 Essayed a groan, that ended in a sigh  
 Half full of tears,—the woman's way, good lack!  
 Others-declained in various treble tones.  
 One said the digging had destroyed her well;  
 Another that her windows all were blind  
 Against the growing wall; another vowed  
 She had been robbed of pics on pics of land  
 By limits falsely run. Halil began  
 To look around him, with his eyes upturned,  
 As though he saw the planets through the roof  
 And held no commerce with terrestrial things.  
 By this the beldame, reaching out her neck,  
 Her eyes no longer running, found a tongue.—  
 "Your heart is hard; I see it in your face;  
 But tremble, Pacha, lest the sorrowing poor  
 Should cry against you! For that sacred cry  
 Finds soonest entrance into Allah's ears:  
 Yea, while the very prayers of holy men  
 Stand humbly waiting!" Halil smiled again;  
 For he was skeptical and weak of faith,  
 Like almost all our men of high degree,  
 And scarce saw God in anything, they say,—  
 Praise be to Allah, that such souls are damned!  
 But here his patience failed him. "Get ye gone!"—  
 He cried, as though he shouted to his men  
 Amidst the clattering engines—"Get ye gone!  
 Ye flock of talking parrots, badly taught  
 By shallow knaves, my noted enemies!  
 And you, ill-boding raven, evil-eyed,  
 To whom another's pleasure is offence!  
 Ye know no more of custom nor of law  
 Than yawping geese, ye painted harridans!  
 Forgetful of your sex, and what is due  
 To man, your master, you confront me here—  
 Loose-tongued and shameless as the Pera-girls  
 Who sell their favors;—and on what pretext?  
 To judge a thing I have already judged,  
 As witness by my actions!" Such his wrath  
 That even the widow trembled, and the rout

Of party-colored woman, like a flock  
 Of frightened quail, all huddled in a mass,  
 And looked for cover. But the widow paused,  
 Raising her warning finger, and exclaimed:  
 "God judge between us!—ay, this very day,  
 God judge between us!" In a swaying throng,  
 Treading on others' toes and heels and robes,  
 The frightened women blundered to escape,  
 And in a hurried stream poured through the door,  
 Wild-eyed, alarmed, without precedence,  
 And the room darkened. Halil Pacha laughed,  
 A low, sly laugh of comfortable power;  
 For all his' rage was feigned. He cared no more,  
 Save that it wearied him and stole his time,  
 For all the female clatter he had heard  
 Than for the baying of a pack of curs.

The Pacha ordered coffee in the air,  
 A pipe to follow it, and forth he walked  
 To view his works; the new kiosk, the pond,  
 That with reflected lightning seemed to flash  
 When gold and silver fishes darted through;  
 The flanking walls, at which the dame had railed,  
 Whose cunning course had won him roods of land.  
 He saw, and tittered softly to himself  
 In self-approval. It was wonderful  
 The day that lay around him; such a day  
 As makes the stranger, looking o'er Stamboul,  
 Say to himself devoutly: "I have reached  
 As near to heaven as mortal in the flesh  
 Can hope to compass." Woodbine, flaming pinks,  
 The pendant blossoms of the acacia,  
 The yellow broom just gilding all the hills,  
 Made every breeze so heavy with perfume  
 That it was laggard, as with filmy wings  
 It swept across the senses, dying out  
 In satiate murmurs. Everywhere one looked,  
 Were knots of roses staring at the sun  
 With the first wonder of awakened love,  
 Opened from rim to centre, breathing balm;  
 And maiden buds were asking that their lord  
 Would enter in their sweet virginity,  
 And make them flowers, to peer their sisterhood.  
 God in His Summer walked across the land,  
 And all was living with the fervid heat  
 Of re-creation out of wintry void.  
 The Pacha gazed enraptured. At his feet  
 Lay the blue Bosphorus overblown with sails,  
 The smoky waters of the Golden Horn;  
 And, o'er Seraglio Point, the mounted isles,  
 And silver glimmer of the Marmora,  
 Were spread before him. Dolma-Bagtché raised  
 Its central hall of the Ambassadors  
 Almost beneath him. There his master dwelt,

Both Pope and Sovereign, in double power,  
 Above a patient people prone to yield;  
 And he who ruled the souls and lives of men,  
 Held him above the others in his heart,  
 And sought for ways to honor him. Afar,  
 Like a white glacier slidden to the sea,  
 Rested the marble walls of Beylerbey,  
 Where the French Empress took her ease one time,—  
 Alas, for fortune! Then his brooding eyes  
 Fell on the stretches of the cypress waste,  
 That long array of grimly marshaled trees,  
 Crowning the hill-tops with their dusky lines,  
 And ever growing as the passing hours,  
 Until they threaten to absorb the space  
 From Scutari to far off Kadikeni;  
 Beneath whose shade the tomb-stones stood so close,  
 So numberless, that Cheops, in his day,  
 Might with the mass have built his pyramid.  
 As Halil Pacha gazed, the prophecy,  
 So strangely made against himself that morn,  
 Came to his memory, and he slowly sought,  
 Buried in gloomy fancies, such a spot  
 As sorted with his mood; there seated him,  
 Under the shadow of the lofty wall  
 Cursed by the widow.

The Pipe-bearer came,  
 Fetching the frothing Moka and the pipe;  
 But looked aghast, considering the spot  
 Where sat the Pacha. Then he stooped, and touched  
 The dusty ground, his mouth and bended head  
 In deep obeisance, speaking under-breathed,  
 Though hastily with terror: "Does my lord  
 Sit here to court the danger of the place?  
 But yesterday the builder said to us,  
 'Keep from that wall, I warn ye. It is sprung  
 Out of the level, and will fall unless  
 I buttress it securely.'" "Look ye now,"  
 Said Halil sharply, "if the wall should fall,  
 It must descend on saucy Fatima,  
 Outward, not inward. 'Tis the law of things,  
 As told by English Newton, lines direct  
 Rule falling bodies." So he sat and smoked,  
 Complacent that his Pipe-bearer was stunned  
 Before his learning. But the boy's white face  
 Woke pity in the Pacha's heart; he rose  
 With, "Well, to please you;" for he loved the lad,  
 And followed him with patience to a seat  
 By an acacia, burdened with its bloom,  
 Shadowed and cooled. The youthful Pipe-bearer  
 Went gayly to his duties in the house.  
 Once more the Pacha looked half wearily  
 Upon the smoking steamers and the sails,  
 The crowded bridges and the Asian hills,  
 The mighty dome, that keeps its Christian name

In ghiaours' mouths despite our cleansing Faith,  
Within whose vault the triumph of the arch,  
In combination vast and multiform,  
Shines in primeval splendor ages through,  
To shame the mockeries of modern art.  
He saw the airy minarets, the towers,  
The many ant-hills of the great bazar;  
And rising slowly out of Marmora,  
A cloud with lightning shining on its breast,  
That growled and grumbled to itself, and frowned  
A distant menace over sea and land.  
All this he saw, half conscious of the sight,  
Lost in a dream evoked by hope as false  
As ever cheated boyhood of its toys.  
The day was close and hot beneath the tree,  
And countless bees were flying in the air,  
Lured by the honeyed blossoms; and a beam  
Of blinding sunlight, turn howe'er he would,  
Seemed ever piercing through the foliage, bent  
On finding out the Pacha's dazzled eyes.  
The bees buzzed fiercely round his creeping ears,  
The wicked sunbeam more persistent grew,  
And Halil Pacha, with a pettish stamp,  
Arose and, all unconscious of his aim,  
Walked to the shadow of the wall again,  
And in the grateful quiet sat him down,  
Unvexed by bees or sunbeams. When the lad  
Came running forward, with another pipe  
Lighted and fuming, and beheld his lord  
Reseated, smiling, by the dreaded wall,  
He muttered something to himself, then fell,  
And laid his master's slipper to his cheek,  
And, like a dog just spurned away, looked up  
With such imploring eyes of stricken love,  
That Halil Pacha, uttering not a word,  
Arose once more, and, following the boy,  
Went moodily into his new kiosk,  
And on the yielding cushions flung him down  
With half a groan of discontent, and frowned,  
And motioned sternly to the open door,  
Through which the stripling stole reluctantly,  
Turning half round upon the garden-walk,  
And looking sadly back, a score of times,  
Through flowing tears. He dared not disobey.  
But when he reached the palace, through the glass  
Of the great window, facing the kiosk,  
He fixed his eyes upon the gilded door,  
As though he never meant to quit his ward:  
While thus he stood, a pebble from the street  
Flew o'er the wall, and crashing through the glass  
Powdered his eyes with splinters sharp and cruel.  
And he, in raging suffering fled, and sought  
The fountain-side, to bathe his wounded eyes.  
Summoned the waiting eunuchs to his aid,

And made the sexless things, like healing crones,  
Peer in his eyes for shivers haply left.  
But when he felt at ease, once more his thoughts  
Turned on the Pacha and a needed pipe.  
Yet bleeding from his face, he stuffed the bowl,  
Careless through terror, placed a coal atop,  
And, vainly striving to out-run his fears,  
Fled with his burden to the fair kiosk.  
The Pacha was not there! With burning eyes  
He scanned the shadow cast by every tree:  
No sign of Halil Pacha; not a wreath  
Escaping faintly from his dying pipe.  
"Great Allah!" shrieked the lad; for there he sat,  
His almost god, beneath the leaning wall;  
And carelessly, as one absorbed in thought,  
The Pacha with a mattock in his hand—  
For all the ground was strown with idle tools—  
Was picking at the huge foundation-stones  
That propped the wall. Before the quailing sight  
Of the fear-stricken boy, his master seemed  
A helpless instrument in fortune's hands,  
Working a purpose out against himself  
With blind devotion; pulling ruin down,  
As by conception, on his very head.  
Choking a cry that wellnigh broke his heart,  
The stripling bounded headlong toward the spot.  
But ere three steps were taken, all the air  
Was filled with dust and clamor, and the wall  
Yawned, and he saw the widow's house beyond  
Staring with peopled windows through the rift;  
And next he saw the Pacha where he lay  
Covered with ruins, caught by both his legs,  
Alive, and struggling to be free; and then  
A mighty fragment of the coping-stone,  
From off the wall yet standing, edgewise fell;  
And where the sword of Justice cleaves the neck,  
Just 'twixt the head and shoulders, struck his lord,—  
And all was ended! Groveling on his knees,  
Ten paces from the Pacha, sank the boy,  
And bowed his head toward Mecca as in prayer,  
Exclaiming, "Kismet, kismet!"—it is fate.

GEORGE H. BOKER.



## AMONG THE ALLIGATORS.

HAVING organized an expedition to the great Lake Okechobee, some thirty miles due west from the Indian River Inlet, we hired a wagon and pair of mules to carry our tents and necessary baggage, but, no other animals being attainable, only those of us who were fit for a tramp of nearly a hundred miles could go. Colonel Vincent, Macleod and Herbert of the Victoria, Captain Morris, Roberts and myself, with the two pilots, Pecetti and Weldon, as guides, and Tom and a negro whom we picked up at Capron for cooks—ten men in all, well armed—we were strong enough to ensure respect from any roving party of Seminoles who might have been tempted to rob a weaker party. There are at this time, it is supposed, two or three hundred of these Indians in the region between Lake Okechobee and the Keys, descendants of a few Seminoles who concealed themselves in these inaccessible fastnesses when the greater part of their nation was sent West in 1842. They plant some corn on the islands of the Everglades, but live principally by the chase. Hitherto they have not been hostile to the whites, but as they increase in numbers faster than the white settlers, it is not impossible that they may reoccupy Southern Florida sooner or later, it being, in fact, a region suited only to the roving hunter.

Our naturalists preferring to remain here and collect skins, they went on board the Pelican, from which, having procured supplies, we started on the morning of the 10th of March, on a road which led into the pine woods, due west. Thirty years ago, when Fort Capron was an important military post, this was the great road across the State to Tampa Bay, connecting a chain of forts by which the Seminoles were gradually pressed down to the Everglades: now it is a mere track, hardly visible except to the keen-eyed woodsman.

The first day we made about twenty

miles through a forest of yellow pine, such as stretches along the Southern coast from Virginia to Alabama, the trees standing thirty or forty feet apart, with little underbrush. Here and there we came upon a hummock of good soil, covered with the live-oak, magnolia and cabbage-palm, all interlaced with vines and creepers, so as to form an almost impassable jungle. Now the road would lead into a wide savannah or meadow, waving with grass and browsed by herds of wild cattle and deer. In these meadows were set bright, mirror-like lakes, the abodes of water-fowl and wading birds, black bass, and the grim alligator, which in these solitudes, not being impressed with the fear of man, will hardly trouble himself to move out of the way. March in this region corresponding to May in the Middle States, the birds were in full spring song in every thicket—the cardinal, the nonpareil, the mocking-bird, and our old familiar robin, whose cheerful note greets the traveler all over North America. Up and down the great pine trunks ran the red and gray squirrels, the little brown hare scudded through the palmetto scrub, and the turkey-buzzards floated above our heads in long, easy circles.

So we fared on our way till about 4 p. m., when we made our camp on a clear branch or creek which issued from a lake near by, and while some of the party went to look for a deer, Captain Herbert and I took our rods and went up the creek toward the lake. Casting our spoons into a deep hole, we soon took a mess of bass and pike, which were very abundant and eager to be caught, when, as we were preparing to return to camp, we suddenly saw an alligator about eight feet long quietly stealing toward us. I seized a young pine tree about as thick as my arm, and made for him. Not at all alarmed, the beast opened his jaws and advanced, hissing loudly. I brought down my club with

full force upon his head, but it seemed to produce no impression: he still advanced as I retreated battering his skull.

"What is that brute's head made of?" inquired Herbert as he came to my assistance with another club; and between us we managed to stun the hard-lived reptile, and left him on the ground.

The hunters brought in a young buck and two turkeys, so that we had a plentiful supper after our tramp.

"At what season do the deer breed here, Mr. Weldon?" asked Colonel Vincent as we sat in front of the tent smoking after supper.

"They breed all the year through, sir, and are always in order to kill: they are quite different from your Northern deer."

"They are much smaller than the Canadian deer," said the colonel, "and not as fat. When do you find them in the best condition?"

"In the spring—say next month, when the grass is fresh and tender—our venison is best. I think they are more plenty since the Indians left Florida."

"You are not old enough to remember the Seminole war?" said Morris.

"No, sir: it happened before my day; but Mr. Pecetti can remember it, I reckon."

"Indeed I can," said Pecetti: "I was about sixteen when it broke out. I was living with Captain Dammitt at New Smyrna when the Indians burned all the houses along the Hillsboro' River. You saw those stone chimneys and ruins just below Loud's on the creek? Well, there stood a splendid sugar plantation, with the finest buildings in East Florida: they cost one hundred thousand dollars, as I've heard tell, and belonged to two men from New York by the name of Dunham and Griswold. Well, sir, the Indians burned and destroyed everything, and carried off the niggers. The whites all came across the river to Dammitt's: he lived where Major Allen does now."

"Did the Indians pursue them?"

"No, sir: they were too busy plundering and burning. I think they had no boats, either: we took care to bring them all across before the Indians got there.

We were about ten men and a dozen women and children there at Dammitt's. We could see the red devils running up and down and dancing about the fires, and we could hear their yells. I think there were about thirty in the gang, under Wild Cat. As soon as we could get away we all went off to Augustine for safety. The next year I enlisted in a company of scouts, and served most of the time during the war."

"Did you see much fighting?" inquired the colonel.

"Plenty of marching, but not much fighting: you see, we couldn't often find the Indians. They won't often fight unless they have the advantage. Oh, they are smart! Then they know the country so well that they can always keep out of your way if they choose. The biggest fight I ever saw was on Lake Okechobee, where we are going. Old Zack Taylor was in command, and I was in the spy company with Morgan. The spies and volunteers under Colonel Gentry led the way, and we found the Indians in a thick hummock, with palmetto scrub and sawgrass in front, all covered with a foot of water. It was a terrible strong position: every tree had an Indian marksman in it, all covered up with moss, so that we could not see them. As soon as we entered the scrub they opened fire: we gave them shot for shot, but they picked off our officers from the trees. Gentry was killed, and a good many more, and the volunteers began to get discouraged, and many of them had business in the rear. There were about two hundred and fifty of us against five hundred Seminoles, and we were driven back upon the regulars. The Fourth and Sixth Infantry, about five hundred strong, now took our place, and charged with a yell right through the scrub into the hummock. The Indians fought well, but they couldn't face the bayonet, and in five minutes they were gone. They had the lake right behind them, and escaped along the beach. We had twenty-six killed, five of them officers, and one hundred and twelve wounded. We found ten dead Indians on the ground, and how many dead and wounded they

carried off we could not tell. They lost heavily, though, and retreated to the south, and we couldn't bring them to action again."

"How many did *you* kill?" inquired the colonel.

"Well, I know I 'saved' one, for I saw him tumble out of the tree when I fired.—Your father was in that fight, Weldon: I saw him shoot an Indian two hundred yards off, as they were retreating, but that one did not go much farther."

"Yes, I've heard him tell the story. The Indians were right savage against my father for guiding the regulars into their country, and years after that fight a party of them came up from the Everglades and murdered a family at the Musquito Lagoon, thinking it was father's house and family, for we had lived there at one time."

About two o'clock that night we were disturbed by the mules, which had been staked out to graze hard by, and which retreated toward the camp to the end of their ropes, snorting with terror. The dogs rushed to the scene of disturbance, and appeared to have a fight with some animal which escaped in the woods. Our guides thought it was a panther, and at daylight they started, with Morris and myself and all the dogs, to hunt for it. The hounds soon hit the trail, which we followed into a cypress swamp about half a mile from the camp, in the midst of which they started a large panther, which, being hotly pressed by the hounds, treed in a big live-oak on the farther side of the swamp. When we came up we plainly saw the beast lying out on a branch which stretched horizontally from the trunk about twenty-five feet from the ground.

"Now," said Pecetti, "you two fire first, and if you don't kill, Weldon and I will be ready. Aim at the heart."

Morris and I fired, and the panther sprang from the tree among the dogs, which all piled on him at once. There was a confused mass of fur rolling on the ground, snarling and snapping, for half a minute: then the panther broke loose and was making off, when Weldon put half a dozen buck-shot in his head,

and he rolled over and over, so nearly dead that when the dogs mounted him again he could do no mischief. He had badly cut both the deer-hounds, however, which had been the first to seize him: Weldon's fox-hounds, having more experience with this sort of game, had kept clear of his claws. It was a fine male, measuring eight feet from the nose to the tip of the tail, and we took the skin for a trophy. The tenacity of life in these large cats is very great. One of our balls had penetrated the chest, and the other had broken the fore leg, but he was still able to shake off the dogs, and would probably have escaped but for Weldon's shot.

Passing along a slight ridge near a lake next morning, we came suddenly upon what is called a "limestone sink"—a round hole in the ground about six feet in diameter, and walled up with limestone, as if artificially. It was in the midst of a thicket of bay and saw-palmetto, and was twenty feet deep to the water. We sounded the depth of the water, which was clear and sweet, and found it fifteen feet deep, and expanding laterally to unknown proportions and extent. At these places the ground sometimes caves in, leaving a deep pit of considerable extent, containing water and fish. Williams, an historian of Florida, believes that these lime-sinks mark the courses of subterranean rivers, and states that many large ponds are formed in the same way. Their waters sink in the dry season, and their bottoms become rich meadows of grass and feed herds of cattle, but during the rainy season the sinks cannot receive all the water, which fills the low grounds and swarms with fish and alligators.

About ten miles from our previous night's camp we came to an immense drowned meadow, where the water stood from two to three feet deep, and were obliged to keep some miles to the north of our course in order to get round it. Having done this, we struck a ridge running nearly north and south, and west of the wet prairie, on which the old military road from Capron to the lake formerly ran, but it is now nearly effaced and

grown over. We followed this ridge some eight or ten miles to the site of Fort Lloyd, and then struck out west for the lake, some ten miles distant, through a pine forest. Having to diverge so far from our course, we were obliged to camp for the night some miles from Okechobee, at the site of another military post, of which nothing now remains but the name on the map—Fort Swearingen. If the British army swore terribly in Flanders, our troops probably cursed not a little in Florida, where they frequently could not find in a day's march dry land enough to camp upon, and the above post was no doubt appropriately named by those wet and weary warriors. Being now in the Indian country, we had since leaving Capron kept an armed guard at night, with which and our watchful dogs we felt safe.

The next morning, March 13, we breakfasted upon a couple of gophers or land-tortoises which the men had found the day before in the pine woods. These creatures are about eighteen inches long, and weigh twelve or fifteen pounds. A stew of the gopher and the terminal buds of the cabbage-palm is a favorite Florida dish. About noon we came suddenly upon the shore of the great lake Okechobee, which extends away to the west and south as far as the eye can reach: in fact, the shores are so low as to be invisible at any distance. This is by far the largest sheet of water in the State, being about forty miles long and thirty wide, but it is not deep. It contains on the western side several islands, which are occupied by the Seminoles. To the south and east of this lake are the Everglades, or Grassy Lakes, a region where land and water are mingled—rivers, lakes, dry islands and wet marshes all jumbled together in confusion, and extending over many hundred square miles, the chosen abode of the alligator, the gar-fish, the snapping turtle, the moccasin snake, and other hideous and ferocious creatures more or less mythical, and recalling those earlier periods in the earth's history when the great monsters, the Ichthyosauri and the Plesiosauri, wallowed and crawled over the continents.

We made our camp in a grove near the lake, almost on the spot where Taylor fought his battle in 1838. As soon as this was done the pilots went in search of a tree to make canoes. They found not far off a large cypress which served, and by the next night they had completed two canoes, each about twelve feet long and eighteen inches wide, suitable for navigating the lake and able to carry four men each. In the mean time we had commenced hostilities against the alligators, which were here very large, bold and numerous. They lay basking in the sun upon the beach in front of our camp, some of them fifteen feet long, and it became necessary to drive them away, lest they should devour our dogs, or even our mules, for some of these monsters looked able to do it. We opened fire upon them with repeating rifles, and if any Indians were within hearing they must have supposed that General Taylor had come back again, such was the rapidity of our fusillade. The brain of the alligator is small, and developed chiefly in the region of destructiveness; but after a dozen were killed and many more wounded, it seemed to dawn upon their perceptions that this part of the lake was unsafe, and they gradually took themselves away. I disapprove of killing animals for mere sport, and destroy not deliberately except when I wish to use them for food; but the alligator is the enemy of all living creatures, the tyrant of the waters, and the death of one saves the lives of hundreds of other animals. So blaze away at the 'gators, O ye Florida tourists!—you will not kill many of them, any way: their shells are too thick—but spare the pelicans, who are a harmless race of fisherfolk, like ourselves.

There were great numbers of large turtles in the lake, *Chelonura* and *Trionyx*, from two to three feet long; gar-fish also, almost as big as the alligators. These mailed warriors, like the knights of old, exercise their prowess chiefly upon the defenceless multitudes of the fresh waters, but I have heard of half a large alligator being found in the stomach of a shark at a river mouth. In spite of

all these destroyers, the lake swarmed with fish. Pecetti could generally get enough black bass, pike or perch at one or two casts of his net to feed our whole party if at any time it happened that they would not bite at the hook.

A curious feature of the lake and river scenery is the floating island. This is principally formed of the water-lettuce, or *Pistia*, an aquatic plant with long roots which descend to the bottom. These beds of *Pistia* become matted together with grass and weeds, so as to be thick enough to bear the weight of small animals, and even sometimes of man. In strong winds these islands break loose from their anchorage and float away for miles, till they bring up in some quiet bay, where the plants again take root. Lake Okechobee contains many of these floating meadows, which are a great resort for ducks and water-iowl. In fact, one would think that all the ducks, divers, herons, curlews, ibises, cranes and waders generally had assembled here in mass meeting. Among them are those rare and beautiful species, the scarlet ibis, roseate spoonbill and black-necked stilt. The ducks, being birds of passage, spending their summers up North, are acquainted with men and their arts, and are comparatively shy, but the native birds are very tame and can easily be approached.

I was awakened the next morning at sunrise by sounds from the woods as of a gang of ship-carpenters or caulkers at work. It was the great ivory-billed woodpecker (*Picus principalis*) tearing off the bark and probing the dead trees for insects and grubs, and making a noise which could plainly be heard half a mile in the still morning air. Another sound of a different character now made itself heard from the swamps. It was something like the bellowing of bulls, and proceeded from the old male alligators calling to their mates. This indicates the coming of spring, the breeding-season of these creatures. William Bartram, who traveled in East Florida a hundred years ago, gives a thrilling account of the terrible combats which he witnessed in the St. John's River between these rival

champions, who did not hesitate to attack him in his boat.

The next day, March 15, being in want of meat, Colonel Vincent, Doctor Macleod, Morris and I started for a hunt, taking Pecetti for guide, since nothing is easier than to get lost in this wilderness. We kept up the lake-shore to the north on the sandy beach, toward the mouth of the Kissimmee River, which here enters the lake. This is a deep and rapid stream, which drains the great wet prairies to the north, and in the rainy season must carry a large volume of water. Like the lake, it has great patches of water-lettuce, which in some places almost bridge the channel. Much of its course is through swamps, though in some places the pine barrens and live-oak hummocks approach its banks. It contains immense quantities of fish—pike, bass and perch.

In the first hummock which we reached the colonel shot a buck, and I got two young turkeys from a flock. As we emerged from this hummock the guide spied a herd of wild cattle feeding on the prairie about half a mile off, and by his direction we crept through the scrub as far as it afforded cover, and then trusted to the high grass for concealment till we got within a hundred yards of the herd, which consisted of about twenty cows and calves, with a couple of bulls. The doctor and colonel fired together and brought down a heifer. A big bull immediately charged toward the smoke and report of the guns, for he could not see us. On he came, head down and tail erect, bellowing with rage—a magnificent animal of brindled color, with an immensely heavy neck and shoulder, like a bison, but without the mane. When within fifty yards I fired at his head: the ball struck him full in the forehead and staggered him, but he shook his head and kept straight for us. I gave him another shot, which struck him in the chest and turned him, when Pecetti gave him sixteen buck-shot in the shoulder from his big double-barrel, which brought him down, dying bravely in defence of his family.

"His carcase is too old and tough to

be of any good," said the guide, "but I'll take off his hide: the heifer will give us meat enough."

While he was butchering, Morris returned to the camp and sent out Tom with the wagon to bring in the beef and venison. It was not long before a flock of turkey-buzzards appeared in sight and floated in circles above our heads, waiting for our departure to begin their feast. It was formerly the opinion of naturalists that these birds were guided by scent in the discovery of the dead animals upon which they feed, but later investigations show that they are led by their acute vision; and my own experience convinces me that this is the fact. As we were returning to camp through the hummock, Pecetti killed a large rattlesnake: it was over five feet long, and as thick as the calf of a man's leg.

Said the colonel, "I have always heard that these snakes are very numerous in Florida, but this is the first I have seen. Please take off the rattles for me, Mr. Pecetti, if you don't want them yourself."

"Not I!" said he: "they're no curiosity to me. You would see plenty of them a month or two later. You see, it is a creature that don't like cold, and it keeps in its hole in winter."

"They are plenty in summer, then?"

"Yes, indeed! I kill some in my doorway every summer. I saw a curious thing last July. I was sitting at the door one morning, and a rattlesnake almost as big as this came in under the garden gate, with a big black-snake chasing him. The black-snake was natch the quicker, and soon had him by the neck. He coiled round the rattlesnake as quick as a flash, and strangled him. Then he bit off his head, and went off the same way he came. I have seen that thing twice, and I never molest a black-snake, though they do take my chickens now and then."

"Were you ever bitten?"

"I never was, but I have lost dogs and cattle by their bites. One of my neighbors was out hunting and killed a rattlesnake that lay across the path: he took hold of it after it was dead to move it away, and as he took it by the neck his

fingers slipped and the teeth scratched his thumb. He cut the place and sucked it, and then went on. Soon he began to feel sick. He tied his handkerchief tight round his arm, hung up his deer and started for home. He had about two miles to go, and he had to lie down and rest several times, he got so weak. As soon as he got home he drank a pint of raw whisky, and though he is a temperance man and not used to liquor, it had no effect till he took a second pint: that made him drunk and killed the poison, but, though he is a very powerful man, he did not get over it for three months. I am more afraid of the moccasins than the rattlesnakes, for they are more wicked and spiteful, and don't give any warning. I wonder we don't see them about here. They are generally plenty in swamps, but perhaps the alligators and gar-fish eat them. I know them big white birds do—the gannets some call them. Doctor White calls them the wood ibis: they live on snakes and young alligators."

"More power to their elbows, then!" said the colonel. "I will never shoot them if such are their habits."

"But what is very curious," said Pecetti, "is that the alligators will not meddle with the gannets while they are alive: if you shoot one the alligators will eat it."

"Do they eat other birds?"

"Indeed they do: ducks, cranes, herons, any other kind except gannets, they will catch whenever they can get the chance."

"How large an alligator did you ever see, Pecetti?"

"The largest I ever saw measured was sixteen and a half feet long, but I have seen one that I believe was near twenty feet long. I can tell you where to find him, too. He lives in a den near Pepper Hummock on the Banana River. He has been seen about that river for the last thirty or forty years, and I expect he has killed hundreds of dollars' worth of stock: as to dogs, they say that, first and last, he has eaten up a pack of hounds. There was a man from Georgia named Brown came in before the war and settled in that hummock, and I give you

my word that old 'gator ate so many of his hogs that he was forced to move away: he couldn't afford to live in Pepper Hummock, he said."

"Couldn't any one shoot him?" said Morris.

"Shoot him? I'll bet that 'gator has got fifty pounds of lead in him. Year after year parties have gone after him, but he wasn't there. He's as cunning as an Indian. I saw him about three years ago, when I was going with a party down the river. We came round the bend of the creek, sailing with a fair wind, and the big brute was lying on the bank. As soon as he saw us he took to the water and swam right across our bow. I didn't know but what he was coming aboard of us, so I caught my gun and gave him two barrels right in the face and eyes. He gave a lick at the boat with his tail, and made the water fly, I tell you. One of them New Yorkers was that scared that I thought he would have fainted."

"How would you like to go after that alligator, Colonel Vincent?" said Morris.

"I should like it much. How far is the place from Capron, Mr. Pecetti?"

"It must be—let me see—about eighty miles from Capron."

"Eighty miles! That would take nearly a week, going and returning. That is too far to go on an uncertainty."

"No uncertainty, colonel," said Pecetti: "you'd be sure not to find the 'gator if you went for him. The Indians used to say that 'gator was great medicine—kind of a devil, you know—and a good many white folks believe it, too."

"Well," said Morris, "I should like to try my breech-loader on him: I believe my medicine would prove the stronger."

On the morning of March 20th, Captain Herbert, Pecetti and I went on a fishing excursion up the lake in a canoe. A few casts of the net near the shore procured a supply of small fish of the mullet species for bait, and we paddled up near to the inlet of the Kissimmee. Here we found the alligators and gars too numerous, they having collected probably to prey upon the fish which there enter the lake. In a quiet bay near the fringe of *Pistia* and water-lilies,

where the water was five or six feet deep, we trolled with a spoon for black bass, and took some of very large size—eight, ten and twelve pounds. This species, *Grystes salmoides*, grows larger in the Southern waters than in the Western. The captain used a rod and reel, with a large gaudy fly, till, growing ambitious, he looped on two flies, and hooked a pair of big ones, which broke his line. We also took two species of pike of moderate size, probably *Esox affinis* and *E. Ravenellii*, which represent in Southern waters *E. fasciatus* and *E. reticulatus* of the Northern States.

What adds much to the interest of fishing in strange waters is the uncertainty of the sport and the variety of species; and in this lake we could not tell whether the next offer would be from a peaceful perch, a bounding bass, a piratical pike or a gigantic gar. I put a chub, or a fish resembling it, eight or nine inches long, upon a gang of large hooks, and cast it astern with a hand-line. Presently I saw a great roll toward it from out the weeds, and my line stopped short. I had something very heavy, which, however, played in the sluggish fashion of the pike family, and in ten minutes, without much resistance, I had it alongside the canoe, and it was gaffed by Pecetti. It was a huge pike, four feet four inches long, and weighed, when we got to camp, thirty-four pounds. Pecetti called it the striped pike, and said he had seen them six feet long in some of the lakes: perhaps *Esox vittatus* (Rafinesque) of the Mississippi Basin.

By this time the gars had collected about us in such numbers that the other fish were driven away: we found it impossible to get a hook into their bony jaws or bills, and only succeeded in capturing one of small size by slipping a noose over its head as it followed the bait. This gar-fish is useless as food, but we wanted a few specimens for Doctor White, it being in demand for museums, particularly in foreign countries, as it belongs to a species exclusively American, and represents an order of fishes (the ganoids) of which few families at present exist. This one, *Lepidosteus*,

has a wide range in America, being found from Florida to Wisconsin. Another American ganoid is *Amia calva*, the dog-fish or bow-fin, which is very numerous in Western rivers. Both are voracious, but unfit for food. They are described by Agassiz as being of an old-fashioned type, such as were common in the earlier geologic periods, and this is one among many proofs that North America is the oldest of the continents.

Morris, Vincent and the other hunters brought in to-day a large supply of game—deer, turkeys and ducks—but sustained the loss of one of Morris's deerhounds, which they supposed to have been taken by an alligator while swim-

ming a lake in pursuit of a deer. They were some miles south of the camp when this occurred. They did not see the alligator, but the dog suddenly disappeared, and was not to be found after a long search. Morris felt so much disgusted by the loss of this valuable dog that he wished to return to the yacht and go down toward the Keys. So we started the next morning, and arrived at the inlet on the 23d. The weather had been delightful, as is usually the case in Florida in winter, but the day we arrived at the inlet we encountered the beginning of the equinoctial storm, which lasted two days and was very violent.

S. C. CLARKE.

## THE ROMANCE OF A TIN BOX.

I HAVE an indistinct recollection of having read an English story somewhere concerning the adventures of a tin box, but this is a very different box. That, if I mistake not, was a despatch-box, on the way from Downing street to an ambassador on the Continent, or on the way from the ambassador to Downing street, perhaps: I cannot say which. But no matter: I only want it understood at the start that this is not the same old box.

This affair occurred in 1865, some time in September. We fellows in the "Pay Office" had growled all summer because we could get no vacation. The war was just over, you remember, and we were doing an uncommonly lively business in settling up with the paymasters of volunteers, who were being mustered out every day. Not a man of the regular force could be spared, and not only that, but twenty or thirty extra clerks were put on temporarily.

But by September the worst of the rush was over, and two or three of the boys, who had got in their applications first,

were granted a month's vacation. Among these was Frank Wills, who lived up at Cumberland, and who had been in a stew for the last three months to get off; and no wonder. He had confided in the strictest confidence to nearly every man in the office the secret that he was going up home to marry "just the gayest little girl you ever saw."

There was a detachment of regulars up at Cumberland and Piedmont that summer, as it happened, guarding a lot of government stores in those towns, and through somebody's negligence they had been overlooked and had received no pay for six months. At the end of that time the lieutenant in command took the liberty to send in a respectful reminder to the Department, and the paymaster-general, with characteristic promptness, immediately gave the rolls over to Major Bramley, and directed him to go up and pay off the men without delay.

Now, Major Bramley, as well as Wills, belonged in Cumberland, and he was glad enough of this opportunity to run



up there and spend a day or two at home. He lost no time in getting ready to start, and in the course of the afternoon looked in to see Wills and ask him if he had any word to send to his mother. He was surprised to find that Frank was going up too, and wanted him to go along that night. That was Thursday night, and Bramley's idea was to get up to Cumberland so as to have a full day at home Friday, pay off the troops on Saturday, and then have another day at home Sunday. Frank, however, didn't want to go till morning. He had written to the gayest little girl you ever saw that he would be there Friday evening, and he didn't care about putting in an appearance before he was due.

"Well, then, Frank," said the major, "I want you to do me a little favor. I don't quite like to carry this box along with me at night. I want to sleep, so as to feel fresh to-morrow; and I never could sleep with this box on my mind. I wouldn't dare do it, any way. Now you'll go through by daylight, when there won't be the slightest chance of any mishap. So, what I want you to do is to bring it along to-morrow. I'll call up at the house in the course of the evening and get it."

"All right!" said Frank. "But come up before eight o'clock, will you? I may be out after that time."

"Sure enough!" said the major, lowering his voice to the confidential key. "When is it coming off?"

"Monday morning. You must wait and see me through. I'd have asked you long ago if I had thought there was the slightest chance that you could come. St. John's at nine o'clock. Won't you?"

"Of course I will, old fellow," said the major, "with all my heart! Well, then, I'll see you to-morrow evening. Don't forget this box, whatever you do. You'll be a little excited in the morning, you know. Now I must be off."

"Hold on, major," said Frank: "what's in this box?"

"Nothing but the pay-roll and the cash—about forty-eight hundred dollars."

"All right!" said Frank.

Frank carried that box home to his

room at Mrs. Portman's as unconcerned as if it had been a box of figs. This was not the first thing he had undertaken to carry with him the next day to oblige a friend, by the way. Mrs. Greenhay had asked him only that morning to take a cage of linnets to her sister, who lived in Cumberland, and of course he had consented. And Mrs. Portman, who had taken a great fancy to Frank's mother when that lady had come down recently for a week's visit to her son, proposed to send Mrs. Wills a little flowering plant that the latter had greatly admired on that occasion, if Frank would be so kind as to take it. It is needless to say that Frank was so kind as to promise, without a moment's hesitation, to do so; but he was rather appalled the next morning, when the good lady brought it up to his room, to find that the little thing had a stalk about two feet high, and weighed, pot and all, not less than fifteen pounds.

So when he was finally ready to start he found that there was a good deal more of his baggage than there was of him—twice as much, at least; for besides these several little favors of his friends he had a big trunk and a valise of his own. By means of a wagon he got everything safely conveyed to the station, and it was not till he had reached it that he realized fully how heavily weighted he was. A bright thought struck him, however, almost immediately. There was room in his trunk for something, if he only had time to go through it and crowd things a little more. But then what could he put in it? Not the bird-cage, certainly, nor yet the flower-pot; and Bramley's box, of course it wouldn't do to put that in. It would go in, too. On the whole, why not put it in? Nobody knew what was in the old thing. There couldn't possibly be any risk. And so in it went. Then he got his check, and rushed off to get his seat; but another bright idea struck him, and he rushed back and checked his valise. So now he had nothing left to carry but his birds and his flower. By the time he had got fairly seated he discovered that he had no pocket handkerchief; and, leaving

his birds and his flower to keep his seat, he rushed out to get one from his trunk, if possible. He found his trunk on a truck, with twenty or thirty others on top of it, but the baggage-men, with unparalleled kindness, snaked it out for him. Just as Frank had got its contents pretty much all spread out upon the floor—for of course the handkerchiefs were all at the very bottom—the men told him to hurry or they would all be too late. He threw things in rather promiscuously, and rushed for the train again, keeping an eye on his trunk, however, which he saw sail into the baggage-car just as the train began to move. He drew a long breath at that, and resigned himself to his birds and his flower.

He had not more than got himself comfortably settled in his seat again, however, when he began to have misgivings as to his entire prudence, after all, in trusting that cash-box out of his hands; and after assuring himself that he had his two checks safely lodged in his pocket-book, he resolved to avoid any possible risk of mischance by looking out for his trunk and making sure that it was not put off by mistake at a wrong station. Accordingly, every time the train stopped he stepped out and walked forward to see the baggage exchanged. All went smoothly enough till Baltimore was reached, but there he got into a peck of trouble. In the first place, when he looked in at the baggage-car door for his trunk it was no longer visible. In the next place, about forty trunks were tumbled out on the platform all at once, and among them he presently discovered his own, as he would have sworn. He was just on the point of making a disturbance about it, when he observed on one end of the trunk the letters "H. L. B.," very black and distinct, and instantly drew in his horns. By this time the baggage had been whirled on to the trucks and was rolling away in various directions, so that he could pursue his critical observations no further. But Frank was not accustomed to borrow trouble, and he went back to his seat, reflecting that, as he had traveled the same road twenty times and

never lost a trunk yet, there was no sort of reason to apprehend that he was going to lose one now. Nevertheless, he did not relax his vigilance, but was out at every station to observe the exchange of baggage, as before.

When at last the train reached Cumberland, and he caught sight from his car-window of just the gayest, etc. on the lookout for him, his soul instantly soared above baggage, as you might suppose. He made shift to remember his birds and his flower, it is true, and approached his lady-love appropriately flanked by those romantic emblems. The first greeting over, he descended from the clouds long enough to give his checks to the driver of the "baggage-express," and then went cooing home with his sweetheart. Arrived at that enchanted abode, he was beguiled into taking tea there before going to his own home, which was half a mile farther on.

When he did get home at last, it was dark; and there was so much talking to do that he never thought of his trunk till Bramley came in to get his box.

"My baggage came up, didn't it?" said Frank to his mother, just a little anxiously.

"Yes, dear, and I had the man carry it up to your room."

"All right! I'll give you your box in about a minute, major," said Frank, starting up stairs.

"Do you mean to say you left that box to be carried up by a truckman?" asked the major, astonished.

"Oh, it's in my trunk," replied Frank, as if nothing could be more satisfactory.

"In your trunk! Well, by George, Frank! money weighs lightly on your mind, I must say!"

"Frank is to be married Monday morning, you know," said Mrs. Wills with a smile.

But Frank had gone on up stairs, and escaped both these shots.

In about a minute he came down again, a good deal faster than he had gone up. His face was as white as this paper—just about.

"Mother, that infernal fool has left the

wrong trunk here!" he cried. "Didn't you know that wasn't my trunk?"

"No, my boy, I did not; but I wouldn't get into a passion about it. You can find the man, can't you, and have him correct his mistake?"

Frank and the major started off on that quest without delay, you may be sure. The man was found in less than fifteen minutes. All he knew about the matter was that he passed Frank's checks to the baggage-master, and took the baggage that the latter gave him; and that was the only baggage he carried from the train.

"Must be some mistake about the checks," said he. "Better go to the baggage-master. I've known such things to happen before now."

Frank was beginning to feel hot and cold by this time. But neither he nor the major ventured to say a word till they had found the station baggage-master. That functionary went over his check-straps carefully, and found that his checks all matched.

"Must have got the wrong check at Washington to start with," said he. "I've known such things to happen where a lot of baggage came in late, and forty or fifty men were all howling at you for their checks at once. Passengers are so — unreasonable! Better go back to Baltimore and get Keplinger—he's the general baggage-agent — to telegraph over the line for your trunk."

"Why can't you do that?" asked the major.

"Well, I could, and I will if you say so, but, you see, we fellows don't mind each other's orders over sharp. But a word from Keplinger would set us all on the hunt in short order."

The major and Frank stepped aside and considered the matter. They agreed that it was best not to intimate that the trunk contained anything particularly valuable, and that on the whole they had better go back on the nine o'clock train to Baltimore, and see the baggage-agent as early as possible on the next morning.

It was a glum ride that, as you may guess, for both of them. Though they

both went to bed, I don't think either of them slept much.

Fortunately, the baggage-agent proved to be uncommonly polite for a railroad-man. "In less than half an hour," he said to Frank with a most reassuring smile, "I'll have every baggage-master between here and Chicago in full chase after your trunk, and I venture to say you'll get it in a couple of days. We don't often make a mistake of this kind, but such things will happen occasionally, and then the least we can do is to correct our blunder as promptly as possible."

Here he turned to his desk and began writing a despatch.

"How shall I describe your trunk?" he asked, turning to Frank.

"Well, it's a pretty large trunk, and contains a lot of shirts and handkerchiefs marked with my initials, 'F. W.,' and—"

"Oh, no matter what it contains. I can't order all the pretty large trunks on the line to be opened to see what they contain, you know. Just describe the outside. Was it marked with your name or initials?"

"No, sir."

"Well—was there anything about it to distinguish it from other trunks?"

"I can't think of anything at this moment."

"It is astonishing," said the agent, "how negligent passengers are, as a rule, about marking their baggage. And their negligence doesn't end there, either. Now, I venture to say that you never thought to take the precaution, when you got your check, to compare it with the one on your trunk. Did you?"

"No. You're right."

"I thought so. Not one man in a hundred takes that simple precaution. Yet the men who check your baggage are only human like the rest of us, and it isn't strange that they make a mistake now and then. And when a mistake is made, down comes the passenger on us without the least mercy, putting all the blame on our shoulders, when by merely comparing his checks at the start all trouble would have been avoided. Now, can't you think of some sort of peculiarity about your trunk?"

"It had a spring lock. I have the key here."

"If I could only telegraph that key, now!" said the agent, with a smile just a trifle sarcastic.

Frank was nonplussed. I wonder how many of us, if we were suddenly called upon to render a description of our several traveling trunks, could do it satisfactorily? Frank was obliged to admit that he could not describe his.

"Well, then," said the agent, "we shall be spared the trouble and expense of hunting it up for you. I wonder if you could identify it if you should see it?" he asked Frank.

"Yes, I could," said Frank. "And now I'll tell you just what I believe: I believe that trunk has been stolen, and I'll tell you why. I saw a trunk put off at Baltimore that I would have taken my oath was my own; but just as I was going to speak about it, I saw some letters on one end of it that were not on mine, and that staggered me, and I said nothing. Now, I haven't said anything to anybody about this before, but I've been thinking about it all the time; and the more I think of it the more thoroughly I'm convinced that that was my trunk. Yes, sir: that trunk was stolen, and I'll tell you how. The thief, whoever he was, checked a trunk of his own, filled with sawdust or something of that sort, to Baltimore. Then, before the baggage was put on the train, he managed to transfer the check on his trunk to mine, and the one on mine to his own. Don't you see? Then when the train stopped at Baltimore all he had to do was to claim my trunk on his check and make off with it. But he had to provide against another contingency: the owner of the stolen trunk might happen to catch him at his little game; and so he stencils those letters, 'H. L. B.,' on it in order that he might point to them to prove that the trunk was his own. Those letters would floor any man, as they did me, at first sight. Now, I don't know how this may strike you, Mr. Keplinger, but I know that trunk was mine."

Mr. Keplinger said nothing for a minute or so, and then asked, suddenly,

"Where is the trunk you received on your check?"

"It's at home—in Cumberland."

"Bad! I wish it was here. Your supposition may be right, and it may be wrong: I'm inclined to think myself it's all moonshine. But I'll tell you what I'll do. You telegraph home and have that trunk sent on here to-night. I'll open it, and if it proves to be a bogus affair, evidently put up for the purpose you suggest, I'll accept your theory and act upon it. But if it contains ordinary baggage, what then? That will knock the bottom out of your theory, won't it?"

Frank was constrained to admit as much, though he still insisted that the trunk marked "H. L. B." was his own. It was just possible that it might have been marked by mistake somehow, he said.

"Hardly," said the agent. "However, I have another motive for wishing to open the trunk you are going to send for. Its contents may show to whom it belongs. In that case it will be safe to conclude that there has been only a mistake in checking, as I have all along supposed; and we shall then know who has got your trunk, and can easily hunt him down and make things straight. I shouldn't be surprised, indeed, to get a despatch at any moment inquiring about the trunk you've got. But come round to-night, when the last train comes in, and we'll see what we'll see."

Frank having telegraphed for the trunk, he and the major began to consider what they should do to kill the afternoon. Just then the 11.30 express arrived, and Bramley decided to run down to Washington and return in the evening. It occurred to him that it might be as well to go to the office and explain the state of things as early as practicable. This was Saturday afternoon, and he must either go now or wait till Monday.

It was well he acted as promptly as he did, for about five o'clock there came a despatch to the paymaster-general's office from the lieutenant up at Cumberland, saying that Major Bramley had called on him the day before and told him he should pay off his men that day,

but that, instead of doing so, he had mysteriously disappeared. The officer therefore thought it his duty to report the circumstance without delay to headquarters. Now, in the major's absence this would have had an ugly look. But he had already seen the general and explained the matter to him, frankly admitting his fault in trusting the money out of his own hands. That was all he could do.

The general was a man of few words, but Bramley could see that he was seriously annoyed. "You may remain here for the present," he said.

"I had expected, general, to go back to Baltimore this evening to look after the matter, but—"

"You may remain here for the present. This Wills—what kind of a young man is he?"

"He is employed in the office here, general. He is a friend of mine, and—"

"What kind of a young man is he?"

"Perfectly honest, so far as I know. He is about to be married to a daughter of Colonel Markely at Cumberland. You may know the family?"

"I know Colonel Markely. Has Wills any means, aside from his salary?"

"The young lady has expectations."

"Has Wills any means, aside from his salary?"

"Frank? Well, I know but little of his connections, but I think he depends upon his salary entirely at present."

"He could not make good this loss, then?"

"Oh no! Impossible!"

"He is at Baltimore to-day, I think you said?"

"Trying to find his trunk—yes, sir."

"Will you do me the favor to carry this to the assistant secretary?" said the general presently, handing Bramley a note.

"With pleasure, general."

This closed the interview. The major was under a cloud, you perceive, and his only consolation lay in the reflection that he had done his duty according to his light. "And now let the heavens fall if they must," he said to himself.

And Frank? Well, his first thought

after being left alone was to write a hurried letter to that gayest little girl of his, explaining his absence and promising to return by the Sunday evening express. This letter he got off in the afternoon mail, and he could depend upon its being delivered Sunday morning. This done, he wandered about the streets, a prey to unpleasant reflections. It was infernally awkward to lose that dress-suit particularly, and be obliged to be married in the toggery he had on. If it were only to be a quiet wedding at home, it wouldn't matter so much. But in church! Lord! what would they think? etc. etc. As for Bram's money, that was simply awful! Awful! If he could only get his fingers on that, the rest of the traps might go and no questions asked. Yes, sir! Of course Bram was responsible, and not he; but then, as he had undertaken to carry the money, he ought to have been more careful. It was just awful! Awful! But he firmly believed that the trunk marked "H. L. B." was his trunk, and if so it certainly might be found. But then if it should be found the money would be gone, most likely, and the deuce would be to pay, after all! Awful! Awful!

He was obliged at last to go back to the hotel, still a prey to unpleasant reflections. Arriving there, he found that Bramley had failed to come back on the evening train as he had proposed, and this circumstance added considerably to his gloom.

He was sitting in the reading-room about eight o'clock in the evening, pretending to read, and already exciting himself in anticipation of seeing that trunk opened, when a gentleman evidently from the country, who had been quietly reading for the past half hour, laid down his paper, took off his spectacles, rose and looked casually about the room. There was nobody in it except Frank and himself. After looking at Frank sharply two or three times, he approached him and extended his hand. "I don't think I can be mistaken," said he: "you're from Cumberland, aren't you?"

"My home is there."

"I thought so. Your face looked natural the minute I set eyes on it."

"You are acquainted in Cumberland, then?" said Frank.

"I should think so! I live about two miles north. My name's Maltby —?"

"I don't seem to recall it."

"Well, like enough. Fact is, I'm not an old settler; only been there about three years."

"And I've been in Washington nearly as long as that."

"Oh, well, then, of course you wouldn't remember me. But I've seen you about there, certain. I reckon you know the Markelys and Willses and Bramleys, and such? They're old families in that region."

"I know them all. I'm a Wills myself."

"Indeed! Your father lives—"

"My father is not living. My mother lives about half a mile east of town."

"Yes, yes — the widow Wills: I remember. I didn't know but that you might belong— Yes, yes. By the way, if you know the Markelys, I'll lay a levy now you've got your eye on that girl of theirs—eh, old fellow?"

Frank was obliged to blush.

"I thought so!" continued Neighbor Maltby. "All right! I wish you luck! I tell you what, that girl—I wouldn't say this before my old woman, you know, but between me and you and the gate-post, that girl— Well, if I was a young fellow I'd show you what I think of that girl."

This last remark of the old man appealed irresistibly to Frank's strongest weakness, and he proceeded to unbosom himself without reserve on the subject of his relations to that girl. His new-found friend congratulated him in the heartiest manner upon his good luck in winning such a prize, and Frank returned the compliment by inviting him to the wedding on the spot.

"If I could only be there!" said the old man dejectedly. "But I can't get round home before Tuesday. Ah, that's a rare girl! But look'ee here, my boy," said he in an oracular tone, "have you counted the cost? It's a tremendous expensive luxury, that sort of a creatur'!

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I've got a daughter of my own about the age of that Markely girl, and as sure as you're born it takes the heft of the profits off about two hundred acres to keep her afloat, year in and year out."

"I don't trouble myself about that sort of thing," said Frank loftily. The old man had hit him in another tender spot.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," was the response. "I'd be sorry to see a girl like that hitched on to a poor man. It would be the worse for both of 'em."

Frank had nothing to say to this, so he only shrugged his shoulders.

"You're on the way up there now, I reckon?" said the old man.

Frank proceeded to explain his situation at length.

"Singularest thing I ever heard in my life!" exclaimed Mr. Maltby as Frank concluded his story. "Do you mind if I go along and see that trunk opened?"

"I wish you would," said Frank.

And so he did.

And what do you suppose the trunk contained? It was crammed full of public documents.

"If that isn't a put-up job," exclaimed Frank triumphantly, "then I'd like to know what it is!"

The agent was not quite so sure about it, but he owned there was ground for suspicion, especially as the trunk itself was both new and cheap. Upon reflection he resolved to give Frank the benefit of the doubt.

"I'll telegraph Monday morning," said he, "and find the trunk you claim if possible. What was the mark?"

"H. L. B."

"Do you want to take the responsibility of having the party in possession of it arrested if *he* can be found?"

"By all means!" exclaimed Mr. Maltby, seeing Frank hesitate.

"Yes," said Frank, thus encouraged, "arrest him. I know it's my trunk."

"Well," said the agent, "look in tomorrow evening or the next morning. Good-night!"

"All right!" said Frank. "Good-night!" And he and Mr. Maltby started back to the hotel. They had gone but a little way, however, when the old man

suddenly remembered that he wanted to ask the agent about a connection somewhere, and hurried back to the office for that purpose. He was gone but a minute or so, when he rejoined Frank, and they proceeded together to the hotel and retired.

The next morning Neighbor Maltby, who was an officer in the government secret service, as you may have guessed, quietly invited Frank to return to Washington with him, and the young man passed the following two or three days in strict seclusion. It appeared that somebody—I think myself it was the general—had undertaken to account for the loss of the money on the supposition that Frank had stolen it. This theory didn't hold water very long, though, and he was soon released. When he went to his room he discovered there had been a search-warrant there in his absence, and he had the pleasure of tacking down his carpet and putting things to rights generally. When he went up home the next day he found his mother's house had been favored with a similar visitation. There had even been a proposition to investigate Colonel Markely's premises, but that old soldier had armed himself and objected, and the officers thought better of it. He was not disturbed.

I should have said that Frank had presence of mind enough, after he was arrested, to send a line by the up-train that morning to the gayest little girl explaining his lamentable situation, and exhorting her to bear up for his sake, and so forth. Of course she would see that the wedding, appointed for the next morning, was "off," as the horse-men say, till things should clear up.

(With the view of avoiding an anticlimax at the end of my tale, which I abhor, and which can only be averted by prompt measures, I beg to be allowed to say at this point that two weeks from the day first appointed the nuptials of Mr. Wills and Miss Markely were duly celebrated with much *éclat*. The groom's costume, in conformity with the prevailing custom in the best society, was restricted to the black frock-coat and white cravat, while the charming bride, whose beauty,

as was universally remarked, shone with peculiar splendor on this joyous occasion, was attired in a lovely robe of pale green *passementerie*, trimmed with very elegant *coiffures* of purple *valenciennes* falling to the floor. Her hair, arranged in simple *bandeaux* in the style of *Catherine de Medicis*, was decorated with *rouleaux* of orange flowers *à la mode*.—It would be pleasant to go on with this thing if the compensation were adequate. But it isn't, and life is short: let us resume.)

The next morning after his arrival home Frank was summoned back to Baltimore to identify his trunk. When he reached there, Mr. Keplinger read to him a despatch received two days before from St. Louis. It said: "Trunk marked 'H. L. B.' forwarded to your address last night. Party claiming it in custody, awaiting requisition from your governor."

"The trunk arrived this morning," said the agent. "Here it is. Do you recognize it? Is it your trunk?"

"It certainly is," said Frank. "But I never put that strap on it. And the lock has been changed too," he added as he tried to unlock it.

"You're getting nervous," said the agent. "Let me try." But he had no better success than Frank. "Are you sure this is the right key?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Perfectly sure? Look at it again."

"Perfectly sure."

"Very well, then, this is not the right trunk."

"I tell you it is my trunk," said Frank doggedly. "Open it and I'll convince you." But no matter what he said, he was by no means so confident as he had been before the trunk was shown him. To tell the truth, at the first sight of it his knees began to weaken, and now he was quaking all over with dread lest he had made an awful blunder.

"There you are!" said the agent, throwing up the lid.

It needed but a glance to show what the trunk contained—a lady's and baby's wardrobes nicely packed. Frank's condition at this discovery was deplorable to behold.

"Do you know what you've done,

young man?" said the agent, looking through and through the poor fellow with his sharp eyes. "You've involved this company in a suit for damages that may cost them thousands of dollars."

"I confess that I'm down," said Frank: "I haven't a word to say for myself. You've been very obliging, and I thank you with all my heart. You can do what you like with me."

"Then I'll give you a piece of advice: The next time you start on a journey *compare your checks*. Good-day, sir!"

Frank backed out and took the next train for home.

The agent started the trunk back to St. Louis at the earliest moment possible, telegraphed an order for the release of the party in arrest, and tendered to that party, on behalf of the company, the amplest apology for the blunder that had been committed. It was reported afterward that the matter was compromised at an expense to the company of about eight hundred dollars.

The very next morning Mr. Keplinger received a despatch from Chicago inquiring for a missing trunk, "checked from Washington for Pittsburg September—, contents valuable. Party received wrong check at Washington. Trunk his check calls for is here. Identify our trunk by 'D. H., Jeffersonville, Ill.,' written with pencil on right-hand end near top."

Having read this despatch, he drew out the humble receptacle of our national literature from his closet, turned the right-hand end to the light, and there, in dim and crabbed characters, beheld the legend, "D. H., Jeffersonville, Ill." How his heart warmed to "D. H." for even that unsatisfactory token of a passenger not wholly depraved!

He started the trunk with its "valuable contents" on its way to Chicago without delay, telegraphed his action to the baggage-agent there, and requested that gentleman to forward the other trunk to him at once.

It arrived in due time, and Mr. Keplinger had the pleasure of telegraphing to Frank a second time to come and identify his trunk.

Frank went this time prepared, natu-

rally, to be cautious about committing himself. Trying his key, however, and finding that it fitted the lock perfectly, his misgivings vanished, and he expressed his emotions in a series of exclamations that must be omitted here. He withdrew the key without so much as raising the lid, sat himself down upon the trunk, and declared his intention to maintain that position till Major Bramley could be brought from Washington. The agent kindly telegraphed the major, who was graciously granted a half day's leave of absence, and in three hours he stood beside the momentous trunk.

"I was determined that I wouldn't touch your infernal old cash-box again if I had to sit here for a month," said Frank. "I'll open the trunk now, and I want you to get that box out of my sight just as quick as you can."

"Don't disturb yourself on that score," said the major.

"Now, Mr. Keplinger," said Frank to the agent, "there is a cash-box in this trunk which belongs to Major Bramley, and which contains—how much does it contain, major?"

"Forty-eight hundred and twenty-nine dollars and seventeen cents."

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the agent, "and you packed that box in a trunk! and that trunk without a scratch on it to show who owned it!"

"And I want you, Mr. Keplinger," continued Frank, unruffled by that gentleman's apostrophe, "to witness that Major Bramley takes possession of that box here in broad daylight, and that I refuse to touch it."

"Go on!" said the agent.

Frank lifted the lid and fell back. Bramley dived into the trunk up to his shoulders, and came up—empty-handed! He glared at Frank, speechless.

Frank, also speechless, also dived, and also came up—empty-handed!

The agent took his turn, fished coolly and carefully, and came up—empty-handed!

The major was as pale as a spectre. Frank had quietly settled himself down on the carpet with a view to dying comfortably if he must die.



"*Wrong trunk again, eh?*" shouted Keplinger, jerking him up on his feet, as they do the dead man in the pantomime.

"It is my trunk—oh yes," said Frank, settling down again, exactly like the dead man in the pantomime.

The agent, having reached the fruition of all his labors in this case in the finding of the missing piece of baggage, could well be pardoned for a rather cool contemplation of the consternation of his companions at the loss of the money, with which he had no concern. The major's rigid face relaxed at last, and Frank came to life suddenly—as the dead man does in the pantomime.

"Major," said he, "somebody has stolen that box: I told you so."

"I begin to suspect as much," said the major cuttingly.

But his arrow missed its mark, for Frank had turned his eye upon the serene Mr. Keplinger, and the next moment, addressing that gentleman, exclaimed, "The man who has had possession of this trunk must be arrested instantly."

"In that case," said the agent, still serene, "you will find a copy of this despatch serviceable, as furnishing a clew to his identity." And he handed Frank the despatch from Chicago.

"Do you mean to tell me," said Frank, growing red in the face, "that you are not going to help me any further?"

"Can't, possibly," said the agent. "I have found your trunk: there my duty ends. But stay! I don't mind aiding you with a suggestion. It strikes me that a man who describes Congressional documents as 'valuable' wouldn't be likely to hanker much after mere greenbacks."

"And it strikes *me*," said the major, "that the best thing you can do is to go back with me and make a clean breast of it to the general."

Frank, failing to perceive any course more feasible, acquiesced in the major's suggestion.

"But mind you, major," said he, "I'm not going to crawl. I'll just tell him exactly how the thing stands, and then he may do his worst. I know one person

who'll stand by me, and—" Here his emotion got the upper hand of his vocal organs. He said no more.

When they reached the Washington dépôt they were obliged to wait a few minutes for the arrival of the horse-car, and as they were standing on the platform a railroad-man stepped up and touched Frank's elbow.

"See here, young man," said he: "didn't you go East about ten days ago, and wanted to do something with your trunk after they'd got it on the truck, and they pulled it off for you?"

"Yes I did," said Frank, pricking up his ears.

"Just come along with me," said the railroad-man.

"What do you want with me?" said Frank, grown a trifle wary since his experience with Neighbor Maltby.

"Just come along with me," said the railroad-man.

The major expressing his willingness to go along with Frank, Frank went along with the railroad-man without further ado. The railroad-man led the way to the desk in the baggage-room.

"Do you know anything about this?" asked the railroad-man, setting down a dusty cash-box under Frank's nose.

"I rather think I do," said Bramley, seizing it with a grip of steel.

Frank stood transfixed.

The major whipped out his key, unlocked the box, ran over its contents, and locked it again in about one minute and a quarter. "It's all right, Frank," said he to the lifelike statue of that young man standing beside him.

"I reckoned you'd be after it before this time," said the railroad-man, addressing the same inanimate object. "You rec'lect you opened your trunk for something? Well, you forgot to put that box in when you shut it up again, and I didn't notice it till the train was off. (If I'd only a-knewed what was in it, now!) So I just set it up here on the shelf, thinkin' when you missed it, you'd be a-sendin' for it. And I never thought of the old thing again till I saw you outside there just now."

LOUIS A. ROBERTS.

## MODERN FRENCH FICTION.

UNTIL within a very few years French novels were regarded by the vast majority of educated men and women as forbidden fruit, which, although possessing all the traditional flavor of its kind, was to be enjoyed by stealth, in deference to prejudices which had at least a sound basis in morality, though they were perhaps a trifle narrow. Such men as read them did so not without a pleasant sense of that superiority of sex which made a knowledge of evil as well as of good their legitimate birthright. Such women as read them kept the fact to themselves, with a certain sense of having done something of which they were ever so little ashamed. People's estimate of the practice of French novel-reading was on a sliding scale, which varied from regarding it as a small vice to merely a questionable indulgence. A yellow cover was a suspicious object of discreditable appearance, and as such was commonly treated, on the entrance of visitors, after Miss Lydia Languish's fashion in *The Rivals*—crammed behind the sofa-cushions or thrown under the table. Once in a while, when the echoes of foreign enthusiasm over one of George Sand's or Dumas's masterpieces reached our shores, a few bold spirits would make capital for conversation out of the new novel, but the subject was always handled with gloves and under protest. But as the knowledge of the French tongue became more general, and familiarity with its modern literature increased, a good many honest people began to read French novels upon whom the sense of self-condemnation and moral laxity sat uneasily. They were restive under it, and soon began to seek justification rather than excuse for what they found so attractive. Arguments of all sorts were adduced to prove the unobjectionable character of French fiction. The points of view were so curiously different that to an indifferent observer there was something staggering in the multiplicity

and variety of good and sufficient reasons offered; but out of the crowd of arguments, more or less logical, more or less forcible, one speedily outgrew its competitors, and soon so far out-topped them all that at this day, by common consent of all admirers and defenders of French fiction, it is their *cheval de bataille*. All other positions have been one by one abandoned, much as the outworks of a fortress are forsaken by its defenders when conscious that they possess an impregnable stronghold within: like James Fitz James, they plant their backs against this rock, as they deem it, of indisputable truth, and challenge their opponents to the attack.

Now, what is this idea which sprang up, like Jack's beanstalk, in a night, and by the truth of which French fiction shall be made free? It is what may be defined as the *artistic* idea. French novelists, we are told, do not profess to be moralists, they are artists; they are not ethical, but æsthetical; their aim is to "hold the mirror up to Nature," to draw life as it is, not as it should be. Art is immutable in its laws, and while the moral standard of one country or one age may differ from that of another, the ideals of art remain fixed and the same. Do you talk of morality, you are told that the aim of the literary artist, like that of other artists, has nothing to do with morality or immorality; that to impose upon him the necessity of conforming to certain arbitrary moral laws dwarfs and cripples his powers; that to represent virtue as invariably triumphant and rewarded, and vice as invariably downcast and punished, may have an excellent effect in tales written for school-prizes for good boys and girls, but that in a literature intended for grown-up men and women it is a simple stultification of genius. The "moral question," which used to be regarded by the admirers of French novels as the terrible crucial test beneath the application of

which their gold turned to brass, and which they consequently evaded so far as they could, never imagining the existence of the "higher ground" which is now so triumphantly taken—the moral question is settled by a bold stroke: it is ruled out as irrelevant. This is no question of morals, cry M. Théophile Gautier and M. Ernest Feydeau in their respective well-known essays in defence of modern French light literature in general, and their own productions in particular. The region of morals is not invaded: novel-writing is a form of art, as is music or painting, and should be judged only by artistic standards, governed only by art's laws. The object of literary work is literary perfection. Art is not the servant of Morality: she is an independent sovereign, and has a realm of her own: by its laws alone should her subjects be judged.

It is true that this argument has not been developed and brought forward merely to serve the purpose of defending French fiction: it is the underlying idea of a movement which sweeps many other and greater things along with it on its crest—an idea with many sides and many roots far too deep and broad to admit of discussion in this paper; and we would not be understood as denying the truth of the propositions from which are deduced the popular arguments in defence of French novels. In them truth and error seem to be mingled as they are in human nature itself, and in one shape or another they present themselves in every age as a problem to be solved. Let us assume, then, the justice of the position claimed, and then, having accepted the standard imposed on us, we may fairly inquire how far the writers of modern French novels conform to the laws which their advocates admit as binding on them.

The two great divisions of art, under one or the other of which may be ranged all modern writers of French fiction, are the realistic and idealistic schools. Some authors aim at fulfilling the conditions of both—as, for example, Balzac—but most can be set down definitely and ex-

clusively under one or the other heading. Each has a standard of artistic perfection of its own. Perfection in style, and appropriateness of that style to what it treats of, form, of course, an essential part of all strivings after art. But realistic literary art and idealistic literary art are not identical in any way, and consequently the conditions of success differ in each. A novelist may fulfill the demands of one school, and be entirely deficient in what the other demands as essential. Nor would this be a cause of condemnation, inasmuch as the very condition of his success is that he should make his aim distinct and positive, pressing toward it regardless of other aims and objects. But in accepting a standard which he strives to fulfill, in setting before himself a goal which he would reach, he gives us the test of his work. In other words, there are many methods of art, but each method has its own laws and conditions of perfection, to which every writer tacitly subjects his work when he elects to pursue the method. To refuse to be judged by the accepted standard in any method of art pursued would be, of course, virtual self-condemnation. The question is, whether French novelists, judged before the only tribunal their defenders admit as competent, stand or fall. We will begin with the realists.

The keynote of this school is fidelity to Nature of the sternest, most unshrinking, exactest kind. They profess to paint men and women as they are, not as they appear through the colored glasses of imagination and passion. Not content with this, they include, in their enthusiasm for reality, inanimate as well as animate Nature, and describe the furniture of a room, the details of a woman's dress, with the same minute exactness and literalness as the human beings who are depicted in their pages. Nothing is too small to be seen, nothing too base to have a place, nothing too loathsome to be incorporated into the work of the realist. That these things are to be found in Nature is the reason, he tells us, that they should find a place in art. The realistic writer piques himself on

extenuating nothing, condemning nothing: all is set down as it is.

Certainly, there is much to be said in favor of drawing life as it is. The inevitable working of spiritual laws, the sure reaping of the whirlwind by him who has sowed the wind, the unfailing regularity with which sin always receives its wages of spiritual death, may be trusted, if faithfully recorded, to teach us more than any ordinary novelist's machinery introduced arbitrarily in order to make things "come out right." If any man have the power, the awful power, of drawing life as it truly is, he need ask no greater gift, nor need he hesitate to use it. But apart from all minor requisites of this method of art, there seems to us to be a supreme and inexorable one. Realism, to be preserved from becoming the merest bald, material, untruthful reality, must have one thing pervading and controlling its expression. It must have symmetry and proportion. By all means let us have life described as it is, but let us have the whole of life, not a part of it, not sections and sides merely. Life is not lopsided: it is fashioned of many elements, and each one has its place. Why is it more *real* to describe sordidness and baseness than nobility and virtue? Life is made up of neither the one nor the other exclusively; and the man who tells us that all human beings lie in a muddy slough is as untrue to reality as the man who tells us that they all lie on beds of fragrant flowers. But there is no symmetry in the French realistic writers. They never seem to perceive that the good and evil in human nature touch and blend at every point—that every man has a beast within him, and also that every man may have a spark of somewhat which we term divine. They believe in the beast, indeed, with implicit faith; they draw him with unflagging energy and enthusiasm; but he is the whole man to them.

When one pauses to look at human beings from even that limited and partial point of view which is all that a looker-on placed on a level with the object of his inspection can hope ever to

attain, upon what an extensive and varied scale the spectacle seems based! Which of us does not see life to be made up of wise and great, foolish and mean things? Which of us does not know men whom he thinks so nearly divine that he deems ten such might have indeed saved Sodom? Which of us has not had men shake his faith in all humanity until it wellnigh crumbled beneath his feet? Do we not all build up our lives in absolute faith in the goodness and purity and self-sacrifice of our fellow-creatures? and yet do we not all admit and feel that any of us may stumble and fall? Looking no further than our own lives, no deeper than into our own hearts, surely they teach us that human nature is more of a paradox than French realists would have us believe. Human beings are not as one-sided as they describe them. Nothing can be more truly unreal than reality which is altogether and consistently base and vile. Human life is a web of many colors, and the deadly uniformity of the realistic school of French fiction has no parallel in Nature.

Among those authors who profess to describe things as they are, without any sense of sympathy, preference or partiality, the author of *Madame Bovary* is certainly entitled to the palm. There is something truly impressive in the absolute impassiveness with which the emotions, passions, frailties and crimes of his fellow-creatures are depicted by M. Flaubert. No one can accuse him of exhibiting any sympathy with, or preference for, vileness or baseness or selfishness over nobility, purity and self-sacrifice—

He sits above, holding no form of creed,  
But contemplating all—

unless indeed it be in the significant fact that he finds no part in his play of life for any quality that redeems human nature. His dramatis personæ are made up, without an exception, of men and women representing in different degrees sordidness, egotism and vice. There are no contrasts in M. Flaubert's book, and we contend that life is full of contrasts. It is a harmony of the human

heart in which virtue never strikes a single chord to jar the perfect accord of sin throughout. Can a book be indeed said to hold the mirror up to Nature in which every form of human love is made to seem poor, ignoble and worthless? From one end of the book to the other we are never inspired with a single throb of sympathy. Neither the legitimate nor the illegitimate love awakens an emotion in us. We feel no pity for the duped husband: he is too besotted in stupidity, too ignoble, to rouse it in us. We feel no sympathetic indulgence for the wife who lives a lonely life of restless, unsatisfied longing—the only creature in the book who is supposed to have any touch of an ideal element about her—for she is utterly without heart, almost without instincts; selfish in a ferocious degree, and without a spark of fine feeling or elevation of nature. The love is degraded and degrading, the ambition sordid and dishonest: honesty and truth are banished from the picture as *unreal* and visionary, while it fairly reeks with materialism and egotism. Is this a true picture of life? Did anywhere, at any time, ever exist a group of human beings so numerous, holding such varied relations to one another, with so different natures, yet all like this? If so, they were monsters, and the reality of life is no more justly presented by a sketch of monstrous and grotesque deformities than it would be by a sketch of cherubs after Correggio.

Yet this book is considered the highest triumph of French realistic art. Balzac has done as well, we are told, but he mingles always some measure of idealism with his reality. Flaubert is the master of the *purely* realistic school. Sainte-Beuve alone among French critics ventures to say, in the midst of his intelligent eulogy of *Madame Bovary*, "Tout en me rendant bien compte du parti pris, qui est la méthode même, et qui constitue l'art poétique de l'auteur, un reproche que je fais à son livre c'est que le *bien* est trop absent; pas un personnage ne le représente;" and again: "La vérité d'ailleurs, à ne chercher qu'elle, elle n'est pas tout entière et

nécessairement du côté du mal, du côté de la sottise et de la perversité humaine."

Let us take a more recent instance of the same school. Gustave Droz has taken high ground as a moralist, even as a reformer of morals, among modern novelists, though he has amply indemnified himself by a corresponding liberty, many of his sketches, in which he has made the interlocutors husband and wife, being redolent of a gross immodesty which suggests a practical pun on the phrase "marriage license." But M. Droz is not always amusing—does not always confine himself to drawing life as a comedy in which one may be as coarse as Smollett or Boccaccio, provided one is only so *au sein de sa famille*. He was ambitious of a graver distinction, and has written two novels with no grain of coarseness and no spice of fun in them—*Le Cahier Bleu de Mademoiselle Cibôt* and *Babolain*, both clever books, and the latter a book of decided power.

In *Babolain* the only contrast to mercenary, heartless duplicity, to inhuman, hyena-like cruelty, a compound of all that is most repulsive in human nature, is made by pure impotence and incapacity. The hero—if one may use a word seemingly so incongruous with reference to such a character—is never permitted to exhibit a spark either of conscience or character without the author's extinguishing the latent possibility at once by a deluge of contemptuous ridicule. We pity *Babolain* as we pity a cripple or an idiot, but we are never allowed to sympathize with him. He just misses being the incarnation of faith, patience and unselfishness because the author prefers that he should rather be weak beyond words, cowardly and spiritless, a hoodwinked imbecile, seemingly devoid of even the vitality which causes a worm, that rudimentary organization, to turn when trodden upon.

A painter who has the taste or fancy to paint nothing but dwarfs or hunchbacks at least designates his pictures by appropriate titles. Zamaçois never labeled his wonderful grotesquenesses as studies of ordinary human creatures, typical Frenchmen. Such books as

*Babolain, Le Cahier Bleu, Madame Bovary*—we may add all M. Ernest Feydeau's writings—should be called studies not of Life, but of Disease—the pathology of the human mind, not pictures of its normal and healthy state.

In establishing the standard of the idealistic school, no one will deny that the central and primary condition of ideal art is that its atmosphere should be, in conformity with its ideal nature, elevated and pure. If idealism means anything specific, it means a tendency to present always the better side of human nature, and even to draw rather what it promises than what it performs. Great emotions, lofty aspirations, passions dignified by their objects, an atmosphere purified from poor and mean elements—surely if idealism does not give us these things it fails of its proposed object, what is demanded of it by its nature. Now, the real failure of French novel-writers in fulfilling these requirements seems to us to be caused by two things: first, the absence of greatness and elevation; second, the blank and absolute egotism which pervades all the characters, heroes and heroines. There are, indeed, two great French writers who must be excepted from this criticism. Whatever the literary faults of Victor Hugo and George Sand, they are not deficient in these respects. But putting them aside for the present, we look in vain for any novel of the idealistic school, by an author of high reputation and wide popularity, which does not come woefully short when tried by this standard. Take Alfred de Musset's one novel (of his shorter prose stories we do not speak), *Les Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle*—a book sparkling with the undoubted genius of its author. It purports to be the story of a man's heart—of a young man of strong emotional nature and with a craving for ideal perfection. In some degree one feels that these things are really part of the hero's nature throughout, and yet one closes the book with a taste as of Dead-Sea fruit in one's mouth—with a weary, disillusioned sense of vexation of spirit, and without having felt from beginning to end one single

emotion of an inspiring character. The glow of generous passion is not there: there is fire, but fire that blasts and destroys—not a kindling, warming flame. The hero's passion for the woman he loves never for one moment does for him what it is the supreme office of great passions to do, and without which they are simply intensified egotism: it never lifts him above himself, it never merges him in another's being; he is always an egotist and always unmanly; deficient not only in self-control and self-repression, in the absence of complaint and cry, but in manhood in that broader sense which requires that a man have some object in life besides the mere gratification of his own undisciplined desires. Beauty and pathos there are in the book, and at times a pseudo-elevation of feeling;

For passions linked to forms so fair  
And stately needs must have their share  
Of noble sentiment.

But *real* elevation is not there, nor can it be called a book which in any degree fulfills the requirements of any ideal standard.

Among novels of less note, none has been more read and esteemed than *Gerfaut*, a story by Charles de Bernard. It is entirely free from those venturesome details wherein French writers are prone to offend alike taste and propriety: it is, in every way, a refined book; there is a delicacy of shading about the love-scenes, an imaginative sensuousness, which is rare and has a legitimate fascination of its own. The plot is not a complicated one: it is a story of the seduction of a married woman, but there are none of those fatalities of circumstance which often play so considerable a part in such stories; the precipices are not inevitable; the road to them is taken by choice, not accident. But it is the character of the hero to which we feel our attention drawn, for to our mind he is the most singular hero of romance ever depicted by a writer of imagination. From first to last Gerfaut is never, even for a moment, deluded into the most passing phase of that exaltation which we all connect inseparably

with strong passion, and in which many of us see its partial apology. He seems throughout to be aware that temporary personal gratification—the same in kind though not in degree as that to be derived from an exceptionally good dinner or a very fine bottle of wine—is the object of his pursuit; and his nearest approach to being swept away by what he is pleased to term his love is when the idea occurs to him that the woman he is pursuing is playing with him, and the emotion of wounded vanity swells the current of his desires to something resembling a cataract. His selfishness is *nâif* in its openness, his heart never intrudes upon the scene to complicate the action: he is of noble descent and proud of his lineage, a poet of repute and ambitious of fame, yet in his treatment of the woman he professes to love he never exhibits a spark of honorable feeling or romantic enthusiasm. He is uniformly calculating and cold-hearted: he plots against her virtue as a poacher sets a snare for a rabbit, and when the bloody catastrophe comes is about to betray her honor with as deliberate and purely pleasurable a sensation as that with which the said poacher would eat his snared rabbit for supper. The atmosphere of *Gerfaut* is heavy with a powerful, subtle, pervading perfume, but beneath it all one smells corruption.

Balzac has written no book which is regarded as a better representative of his genius than *Le Lys dans La Vallée*, and it is specially remarkable as being a French novel in which the heroine preserves her purity intact, preferring steadfastly her duty to her happiness, and sacrificing her life to her ideal standard of right. We follow Madame de Mortsauf through all the painful, pitiful struggles of her daily life; we see her turn aside from pleasure, nay from happiness, and embrace her cross day by day; we contemplate her patience, her fidelity, her noble self-renunciation; we see her hourly victories over self, and we say to ourselves, After all, there is one French writer who comprehends the saying that "it is more blessed to lose one's life than to find it." The divine

agonies, the sublimities of self-sacrifice are not ignored or scoffed at by all French novelists. Balzac has given us one woman whom we need not excuse and pity, but can admire and adore.

Well, M. de Balzac takes this woman through life, over her stony, cruel path: he never makes her stumble once; he allows her just so much imperfection as is needful for her to appear a woman and not an angel, and then when earth is wellnigh over, in the very last hour of her weary conflict, what is his climax? He makes her give the lie to her whole struggling, suffering existence on the very verge of the grave. In the most powerful scene in the book, and one of the most powerful scenes in any modern novel, the heroine, sensible of her lifelong mistake, tears the veil of self-deception from before her dying eyes, sends for her lover, whom she has resisted in the fullness of health, the bloom of beauty, the ardor of youth and intensity of passionate love, to tell him that she is dying, but that he can give her new life, can bring her back to earth with his love. "She is but thirty-five," she says: "she has glorious years yet before her;" she would be real for once, live on realities, not falsehoods; "everything has been a falsehood in her life hitherto; how *can* she die who has never lived?" She will recover; he shall take her to Italy; she wants to enjoy life, see Paris, be fêted; and from all this feverish remorse for the past and anticipation for the future—from her caress, which seems a mockery of passion—her lover turns away half in pity, half in horror. Apparently, the author regards the life he had drawn in such elaboration of detail as the merest piece of stage-play. "Truth," he seems to say to the reader, "forbids me to let this pleasing delusion rest with you. Now that it has amused us both, I touch the spring and you see the puppet stripped of its fine clothes."

Many sermons have been preached upon the emptiness and hollowness of a life of pleasure, and the wisdom of choosing not immediate material satisfaction, but the ultimate spiritual peace gained by right-doing. It was reserved

for M. de Balzac to tell us that the things that should fall away, leaving us stripped, shivering and bare at the last, would be the faith we had kept, the purity we had preserved, the patience we had so hardly won, the serenity and inward peace we had earned by daily contests with and victories over self—that all we could with confidence count upon to support us in that strange change of condition called death should be the egotism we had trampled under foot, the temptation we had resisted, the passions which we had subdued; in a word, only that part of our natures which we had struggled to subdue and quell. Surely there is something so illogical, so unjust, so *unreal* and *un-ideal* in such a conclusion that we may reject it as untrue alike to Nature and to art.

But M. de Balzac does not often devote himself to the depicting of virtue victorious in a thousand battles, and only discomfited in its final conflict. There are books of his, pointed to triumphantly by his admirers as "wonderful pictures of real life," showing "such marvelous knowledge of human nature," in which virtue cannot be said to be defeated, because she never appears on the field. The struggles and contrasts are between vice accompanied by beauty and talent, and vice stupid and ugly. Needless to say that beauty and talent are justified. Again and again in these books are we shown monstrosities in moral development, and called upon to regard them as true to life, true to Nature. Even the instincts of humanity are treated as if disease were the rule rather than the exception, and *Le Père Goriot*, a creature whom we can hardly fancy as existing, is called a wonderful study of parental love.

Is there in all Balzac's novels a single instance of a generous, high-minded, disinterested lover, of a man lifted above and out of himself by his passion for a woman?—one in which Love ever

Smote the chord of *self*, which, trembling,  
Passed in music out of sight?

Lovers enough there are, and surely with no lack of passion: of intensity and absorption there is no lack, no lack

of keenness to pursue and ferocity to possess—we had wellnigh said, to devour—but where do we see that exaltation of soul which pervades even a poor nature when spurred by noble passion? Take the *Duchesse de Langeais*, one of the most successful, elaborate and skillful of Balzac's shorter stories—with a fantastic *mise en scène* created to allow the fullest scope to the egotism of the two actors—and what does the love which is the theme, the very essence of the tale, do for the duchess and her lover? It makes them both egotists to an almost inconceivable degree; it makes her cruelly voluptuous, and him voluptuously cruel; it is intense, absorbing, dominating; it fetters their souls, it controls their lives, but it never uplifts them, it never ennobles them; it never makes them forget themselves in each other; it never makes God seem nearer or earth seem less; it lacks every essential mark and sign of a great passion. It is neither the reality of Nature nor the ideal of art to draw such men and women, loving one another thus: it lacks the symmetry and proportion of reality and the elevation of the ideal element in art.

A few words on the two writers whom we have noted as exceptions to these criticisms, and we have done. No one can deny that Victor Hugo is entirely free from that false realism which sees only the evil side of human nature, and that his comprehensiveness of view and largeness of sympathy are Shakespearian. Terrible as are his pictures of crime, extravagant at times, they are never absolutely distorted, and there is always a certain grandeur in their outline. No one can read *Les Misérables* and not feel that the author understands and has faith in the sublime side of humanity. George Sand, too, however wanting in definite convictions, however wild and vague in her applications of her theories to practical life, never devotes her genius to a microscopical examination of vice, nor does she ever regard human beings as mere lumps of clay devoid of any divine spark.

A third exception should perhaps be



made in the person of Alexandre Dumas, *fiis*. Bold and uncompromising in his choice of subjects, a reformer of a unique kind, he claims to condemn vice and applaud virtue wherever he may find them, and admits no conventional laws to control their probable whereabouts. It may seem a dangerous precedent to embalm the self-devotion of a courtesan for the admiration of posterity, as he does in the *Dame aux Camélias*, or to strip the veil from virtuous Pharisæism, as he does in the *Idées de Madame Aubray*; but there is at least no perversion of facts, no distorting of consequences, and with all his enthusiasm for ideal standards, with all his devotion to social reforms, this author is perhaps the truest realist of modern French fiction.

After all that may be said, the moral

element plays too large a part in the history of human nature, under one name or another, to be excluded from any literary effort which professes either to draw things as they are or as they should be. As life *is*, even under ordinary aspects, the moral sentiment is always to be found acting as a factor of greater or less power in producing results. As life *should be*, as poets and idealists picture it, there is no possibility of drawing a true hero or heroine, a veritable *ideal* character, without high moral quality and tone. Though we may call it perhaps by the name of beauty or truth, practically it forms an essential part of our conception. Without it, the most wonderful efforts of genius will only succeed in producing an unsymmetrical, ignoble result.

FRANCIS ASHETON.

## A QUEEN'S ADVENTURE.

ONE rainy evening toward the close of April, 1791, a ponderous old traveling-coach toiled wearily up the hill the summit of which is crowned by the ancient town of Jougne, on the road between Lons-les-Saulniers and Besançon, the capital of the province of Franche-Comté. There were two women in the vehicle: one, tall, handsome and exceedingly elegant, occupied the seat facing the horses; the other, who sat opposite to her, was a young person of sprightly countenance, whose simple costume and deferential manner at once announced her to be either a waiting-maid or a *dame de compagnie*. From time to time one or the other of the two travelers would thrust her head out of the carriage window to urge on the postilion or look back down the road, apparently to see whether any one were following. Notwithstanding the entreaties of the ladies and his own best endeavors, Maître Jacques, the postilion,

failed miserably in his attempts to induce his two heavy Flemish horses even to get into a trot, let alone a gallop. The road was so bad, the rain so blinding, the ruts so many, the mud so deep, that the best the poor beasts could do in response to their master's oaths and loud cracks of the whip was to give an occasional jerk forward or a stumble, and then resume their wonted funereal pace.

"Heaven help us, Susanne! This dreadful journey will never end: we cannot possibly reach Besançon to-night," observed the lady who sat with her face to the horses. "Mon Dieu! how I wish we were well over it and safe!"

"Madame is too nervous: that gentleman on horseback we have seen at the last three stations, and who has followed us, has frightened her. Believe me, I am sure he is no spy: he is too nice-looking for that. I am persuaded he is

only fascinated by madame's charms, and has not recognized her. Oh, he is no more a *sans-culotte* than I am."

"It matters very little what you think about him: I have my fears, and my reasons for having them. Put your head out once more and see if he be still in sight."

Susanne did as she was bid, and presently shutting down the window as quick as she could, to prevent the rain from pouring in, gave her mistress the reassuring news that not only had the obnoxious stranger disappeared, but also that the gates of Jougne were close at hand; "And, madame, through a break in the clouds I saw the mountains of Switzerland, so you see we are approaching the frontier."

"That is well. We will stop for supper here at the Lion d'Or, and then hasten on to Besançon this very night," said her mistress.

In a few moments more the carriage rumbled through the narrow streets of Jougne, and presently stopped under the *porte-cochère* of the hotel of the Golden Lion.

"Will the ladies get down?" said the jolly innkeeper as he stood with the half-opened carriage-door in one hand and his cap in the other, bowing with extra civility to his two new guests, and delighted at the prospect of their being detained all night under his roof, for travelers had become very rare in those troubled times. "Will the ladies get down? Supper will be ready at a moment's notice."

"Certainly, we want it at once, and let it be a good, substantial meal, for, I can assure you, we are rarely hungry," answered the tall lady as she jumped out, and turning to the postilion inquired if it were possible to reach Besançon before midnight.

"Perfectly impossible, madame: the roads are in a shocking state. We should only run the risk of a breakdown half-way."

"And that would be intolerable. *Allons!* Susanne, get down and bring in with you all the shawls, pillows and night-bags you can find, for, since we

must sleep here, we may as well make ourselves at home."

Susanne, loaded with rugs and satchels, followed her mistress into the house, and the two travelers, emerging from the shade of the hall, entered the brightly-illuminated dining-room. A fire crackled cheerily on the hearth, and the large apartment, with its many little tables covered with snow-white cloths and shining glass, looked quite cosy. The ladies, taking off their wraps, seated themselves by the fire, and presently the landlady drew in front of them a table on which she placed two smoking bowls of excellent broth.

The bright light of the fire threw its cheerful glare on the countenance of the tall lady, and showed her to possess such rare and stately beauty that the worthy landlady, on returning to the kitchen, proclaimed to her satellites that she never before had seen so queenly a personage. "*C'est une véritable reine* (she's a perfect queen). I'll warrant she's some fine court marchioness on her way over the frontier," said she; "and, poor soul! I would be the last to prevent her flight."

Indeed, the lady justified these encomiums. Her figure was graceful and commanding, her features regular, her eyes bright and vivacious. Her hair, in which still lingered traces of powder, was drawn high up over her ample forehead, whilst one heavy curl hung down on her shoulder. Her complexion was singularly brilliant, and, varying constantly on the least emotion, gave the lie to those of her enemies who declared she used paint. The only defect that could be possibly found with this otherwise perfect face was that the lower lip, slightly too thick, protruded a little beyond the upper one, as is frequently observed in the portraits of the sovereigns of the house of Austria. Her costume was simple, consisting of a gray petticoat and flowered chintz overskirt, made in the fashion recently so popular and styled "Dolly Varden." Her attendant, whom she called Susanne, was a pretty and unpretending young woman belonging to the vivacious class

of French serving-maids immortalized by Molière and Beaumarchais as *soubrettes*.

The two travelers had scarcely tasted their first spoonful of soup when the doors of the apartment were thrown open, and a *fonctionnaire* of the provisional government, wearing his tri-colored scarf, entered. Striding up to the table at which the ladies were seated, he drew from his pocket a letter, and fixing his eyes with avid interest on the tall lady, made a mental comparison between her countenance and that of some one described in the document he held in his hand.

"What is your name, citoyenne?" asked he suddenly in a tone of authority.

"May I first ask, sir, who it is I shall have had the honor of answering when I do give my name?" returned the lady, who, although she had become exceedingly pale, retained her self-possession in a remarkable manner, for it was no joke for a woman of position to fall into the hands of *fonctionnaires* in those days.

"I am the mayor of Jougne."

"In that case, M. le Maire, I am Madame de Pryné."

"Have you no papers about you—no passport?"

"Mon Dieu! Yes—no; that is, of course I have, but in my trunk," answered the lady. "We are only going to Besançon. This is my maid Susanne: we are two women traveling on business. I have an engagement at Besançon; and really, M. le Maire, I had no idea that passports were necessary when traveling in France."

"You said that you had one in your box. Very well, Madame de Pryné, allow me to see this passport."

"Willingly! Call in your men, and let them bring my largest trunk: all my papers are in it."

The order was given and the box opened.

"It is at the bottom of all," said Madame de Pryné, rising as if to search for it herself.

"It is useless your troubling yourself, citoyenne. See! look at these grand

trains: these alone suffice to prove that you belong to the court and intend emigrating into Switzerland," cried the mayor as he threw out of the box on to the table several magnificent robes of velvet, one of which was lined with ermine. "And here—here my suspicions are more than confirmed. Ah! ah! Madame de Pryné!—that is your name, is it?—and you wear a crown, do you?" exclaimed the mayor as he suddenly rose from his inspection of the box's contents, brandishing triumphantly in one hand a crown studded with large gems, and in the other a sceptre. "Ah! ah!" laughed he exultingly, "Madame de Pryné! So you were going over the frontier with the crown-jewels of France? I know who you are."

"Who?" asked Madame de Pryné, as pale as a sheet.

"You are Marie Antoinette of Austria, sometime queen of France."

"Is the queen expected to pass this way in her flight?"

"She is, and you know that better than any one. In the name of France and the law I arrest you."

"Without any further proofs?"

"Certainly: I do not require them."

"Will you not at least look at my passport?"

"Bah! a borrowed passport!" said the mayor in an impatient tone. "You had better give yourself up, madame, without any further ado. Believe me, it will be for the best."

"Then, sir," the lady answered, rising majestically from her seat and assuming an imperial attitude, "I *am* the queen!"

It would be difficult to imagine a more noble figure than that of the unfortunate princess as she spoke these four words. Seeing that Susanne was impatiently about to interrupt her, she silenced her by an imperative gesture, and then re-seated herself with much dignity in her chair. So queenly did she appear at this critical moment of her existence that, staunch republican as he was, the mayor of Jougne forgot all about *égalité*, bowed lowly before his fallen sovereign, and retired at once to give the necessary

orders for Her Majesty's detention and to announce the news of her capture to his fellow-citizens. A few moments after his exit two gendarmes were sent to mount guard at the doors of the salon, and the unfortunate queen, concluding a few words of whispered conversation with Susanne, threw herself on her knees and prayed earnestly for Divine assistance. In less than an hour the mayor returned, accompanied by a dozen or so of the members of the municipality. They found the queen calm, and even cheerful. She acknowledged their deferential manner toward her with regal grace, and when informed that the upper floor of the hotel was placed at her service until further instructions were received from Paris, followed them thither with so quick and even gay a step that several of them afterward remembered it as an instance of unusual self-command.

When once the queen was safe and guards placed at her door, the mayor of Jougne gave himself up to a transport of revolutionary joy: "He had the queen of France under lock and key. On him, before three days were over, would be fixed the eyes of all the world. His name would descend to posterity, and live for ever in the annals of his country."

Having assembled his fellow-fonctionnaires in the salon of the inn, he made them a patriotic speech, in which he invoked the spirits of Brutus and Cato, and wound up by proposing that "the patriots of Jougne should form themselves into a battalion of true republicans, and, placing Marie Antoinette of Austria in their centre, lead that arch-traitress before the national tribunal. Possessed as they were of her crown, sceptre, globe and royal mantle, they could carry these emblems of fallen despotism in their triumphal procession, and offer them as a holocaust on the altar of liberty."

An address to the National Assembly, stating their intention and giving the most minute details of the queen's arrest, was forthwith written out and signed by the entire conclave, and despatched immediately to the capital. To this letter was added a private one from the queen

herself, but so artfully sealed that do what they could it was impossible for any one of them to read a single word of its contents. Having dismissed the council, the mayor went once more to the queen, to inform her of what had been determined. Being a kind-hearted man, however, he spared her the knowledge of the manner in which he proposed to conduct her back to Paris.

Whilst he was conversing with Her Majesty, a gendarme hurriedly entered the chamber in a state of great excitement: "M. le Maire! M. le Maire! we have arrested Polignac or Lamballe!"

"Ah," exclaimed the queen, "it is that young man."

"What young man?" inquired the mayor.

"A gentleman who followed our coach, that is all," answered she in some confusion, seeing that she had evidently committed an imprudence by this last observation.

"Let him be brought up here immediately," commanded the mayor; and in a few moments a tall and remarkably handsome young man was dragged into the apartment by two guards. His clothes were dripping wet, he had lost his hat, and his soiled cloak dragged on the ground behind him.

"It is the same," whispered Susanne: "perhaps he may help us."

"Please God!" murmured the queen.

No sooner was this young gentleman disengaged from the hands of his captors than, throwing himself on his knees, he raised her hand to his lips: "Pardon me, madame. Had I but suspected it was the queen of France to whom I presumed to raise my eyes, I would have died rather than have so far forgotten what was due to my sovereign, especially in her hour of trouble. I am a gentleman by birth, the count de Maillettes. Unaware of Your Majesty's true rank, I followed your carriage, struck by your surpassing beauty and enslaved by its power, hoping through my persistence to be favored with one glance of pity, if not of love. Now that I recognize my error, as Your Majesty's most humble servant and subject my life is at your

service, and I crave only your gracious pardon."

"Oh, you have it, count: I grant it willingly, and only see in your conduct," answered the queen smiling, but with an evident meaning, for she fixed her keen eyes on the kneeling gentleman in a manner that forbade his answering—"I see, sir, in your conduct only a proof of your desire to serve an unfortunate woman and a fallen queen."

"It is well," broke in the mayor. "Notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, this young man evidently forms part of your cortège, madame. He is arrested, and shall share your apartments. The chamber at the end of the corridor, sir, is yours. You have, however, the right of free access to the queen whenever she desires your presence. Mesdames, I wish you a very good-night! Citoyen, bon soir!" and bowing civilly the good mayor withdrew for the night.

When the door was closed on the mayor the count was about to withdraw also, but the queen prevented his doing so, entreating him to remain and partake of supper with her, which was presently served. During this meal the queen became exceedingly lively, and the merry laughter of the imprisoned sovereign and her new friend being heard outside in the corridor led the guards when changed to announce to the public "that Her Majesty was a singularly fearless woman, for, notwithstanding the danger she was in, she laughed like a true daughter of Momus, and was having a fine time of it with the 'prince,' who was evidently her lover."

It is unnecessary to tell how the imprisoned queen passed her time in her confinement at the Lion d'Or. We are compelled, however, to record that her intimacy with the count became so great that once the guard at the door, spying through the keyhole, actually saw him kiss her before retiring for the night.

The sixth and last day of her captivity at length arrived. The answer from the National Assembly reached Jougne toward noon, and the queen was at breakfast with the count and Susanne when

the mayor entered her presence, followed by the whole municipality and the guards. The good mayor was filled with excitement, and in his hand held the as yet unsealed document. Addressing all his colleagues according to various official grades in a series around him, he addressed the count, who rose to hear him, with a stately majestic air: "Marie Antoinette of Austria, we have this morning received the following answer from the government of Paris, and hasten to communicate you its contents." Here the worthy magistrate broke the seals and read aloud: "The Paris Mayor—Marie Antoinette is no longer in Paris, and has never left it. Let Mademoiselle Sainval, actress of the Théâtre Français, pass on without hindrance to Besançon, where she has an apartment."

Had the earth opened at his feet the mayor of Jougne could not have been more utterly dumbfounded. "Somebody played you a trick, have you, Mademoiselle Sainval?" cried he furiously.

"My dear M. le Maire, allow me to make a remark," answered the quondam queen, "that it is you who have played me a trick. Had you but examined my passport, as I told you, you would have found that although I have been queen of Sidonia, Greece, Jerusalem, Rome, Mesopotamia, I have never, up to the present time, laid claim to the throne of France, even for a single night; but you, however, have forced me to play a rôle which does not belong to me for nights and days in succession, and some rôle it has proved. Consider that it is not my fault if you have taken the crown and sceptre of Marne for that of Gaul. But, since you are free to proceed to Besançon, perhaps I will order my carriage to the Count, soon as I have finished my breakfast, and intend to be off. Bon jour, mesdames," added she, bowing to the countess, "the council as it withdrew. Suddenly, reflecting herself, she cried out: 'But the count go too?'"

"To the devil if he likes," answered the mayor snappishly as he stepped to the door.

Mademoiselle Sainval turned gracefully to the count, and said, as a sweet smile illumined her charming face, "And you, my dear count, when you have done justice to that omelette, perhaps you will give me your arm and lead me down to the coach. Oh how I wish that that poor queen had indeed left Paris whilst I was enacting her part, which I did in the hope that these people, believing the paste to be a real diamond, would have let the true jewel

pass! Poor, poor queen! *Allons, Susanne!* let us go. Count, you have served me as sovereign of France: will you not still continue to be my squire as tragedy queen?"

The count, bowing low, raised the fair actress's hand to his lips. Then, leaning on his arm, and followed by her faithful maid, Mademoiselle Sainval swept down the staircase to the carriage, in which the count took his seat opposite Susanne.

R. DAVEY.

### A FAMINE IN THE EAST.

ANOTHER famine in many of the provinces of India seems inevitable" is the tidings brought to our shores by the last Pacific mail. An ocean telegram of still later date says, "The drought has for months been general and distressing, and, despite the refreshing showers that have recently visited some localities, the rice-crop promises to be nearly a failure." A private letter adds: "Even the fruit trees, generally so wondrously prolific, have succumbed to this terrible drought, and, parched and wilted as by a fatal simoom, are casting their blooms, and seem to lack sufficient life to put forth new ones." What a picture! and what a prospect for those teeming millions of indolent, effeminate, child-like natives, crowded together like sands on the sea-shore, with few resources upon which to draw for sudden emergencies, and lacking the nerve to battle with such a scourge, often as it has come to them before! They can only sit themselves down in mute despair, scarcely hoping for rescue, which, if it come, takes them by surprise, while its failure, being looked for, is met philosophically—stoically perhaps—as whole families, entire populations often, perish unmoved and unresisting. Flight is rarely attempted, for the destitution, when it occurs, is so general and widespread, and the poor vic-

tims delay so long, that, weakened by privation, discouraged and horror-stricken by the terrible fate that threatens hourly to engulf them, they are really unable to go far enough to escape the scourge, and it is death at last, only on the wayside or among strangers, instead of at home in their own little cottages, with the familiar faces all around.

A famine! What is it? Who of us, in this land of plenty, has any real conception of the meaning of this word of evil omen? Can we picture, even to our own minds, its pale, gaunt wretchedness, and the lingering death-agony creeping slowly on toward the doomed victims, who see its approach during the lagging days and sleepless nights, but are powerless to escape its too certain grasp?

I remember, as I read in my childhood's days "there was a famine in Canaan," and how the old patriarch sent his sons again and again "to buy corn in Egypt," my mind took in only the trouble and expense involved in those frequent long journeys, and never for a moment the terrible idea of people actually dying for want of food. Thus we pore over the thrilling narrative of Josephus, and all the horrors of the famine during the siege of Jerusalem, and scores of others of later days, but they come not

nigh to us even in conception: a famine must be seen, and its horrors felt, to be realized.

Such an experience I had once, and it was more than sufficient to satisfy all my desires of investigating the minutiae of such a calamity. It was in Siam, really the most fertile soil in Southern Asia; and nowhere, I suppose, in the wide world are the means of living ordinarily cheaper or more abundant. The principal river of the country, the Meinam—"Mother of waters"—runs a winding course of more than seven hundred miles from north to south, fertilizing by its annual inundations some twenty thousand square miles of the most productive land on the globe. The belt of low lands stretching along either bank of the noble river has a rich alluvial soil of very dark color, and produces, almost spontaneously, two abundant crops a year. Three could no doubt be obtained with one-half the modern appliances, and the energy and tact that are brought to bear on the pebbly hill-farms of many portions of New England. But with the simple habits of the Oriental peasantry, their few wants, and the great abundance and cheapness of every article of food they care for, there is little inducement to enterprise or application beyond what is needed for simple maintenance. So they plod on, cultivating their lands in the old way, content if they have sufficient for present needs, and too improvident to think or care at all for the future. Hence the fearful suffering in times of famine.

The chief staples of Siam are sugar, pepper and rice, all of very superior quality; the sugar unquestionably the finest in the world, and an immense source of revenue to the government. Many Chinese immigrants are employed by the wealthy Siamese nobles in the cultivation of the cane and the manufacture of sugar, while occasionally large sugar-houses and plantations are owned by the Chinese themselves. These last are, as a rule, the best in the country, for John Chinaman is a born agriculturalist and social economist, and knows how to turn every advantage of soil and

climate to the best possible advantage. There are now in the country some four hundred sugar-manufactories giving steady employment to at least fifty thousand men, while the plantations employ twice as many. Of rice, the chief article of food throughout the country, there are produced hundred millions of bags (of one hundredweight each), which bring the royal treasury about a million and a half of dollars in the way of revenue. It is to most Orientals the very "life," and their most emphatic word describing a case of severe illness is, "Such a one cannot eat, and will surely die." From seed-time to harvest, at every stage of the crop, more anxiety evinced concerning one article than for all the other articles of the soil combined; and never is there more excitement among the people than during the "scarcity" of Wall street that is played by all classes in Siam in consequence of a rumor from the rice-plantations of any critical juncture. The failure of a crop is deemed the greatest calamity that can possibly befall the nation. It is an abundant yield of rice that makes the plains, whatever else may occur.

One year during the latter part of the reign of the old usurper, King Nāngklāu, owing to the lack of water and the failure of the river to rise to its accustomed gauge, the quantity of rice produced was extremely small—only one-tenth of the ordinary crop. The exportation of rice is strictly prohibited, and nearly all that is raised, being so generous, is consumed by the people. It will be readily seen, therefore, that with a reduction of nine-tenths of their supply famine would be inevitable; but with the cruel rapacity of the king, the amount of suffering around that great, populous city that memorable season can scarcely be conceived. Even now, after the lapse of a full quarter of a century, we still recall those scenes of agony and without absolute horror. Famine for ever banish them as the specter of some fearful dream, but they

far too vividly before the mind's eye to be thus easily exorcised.

His Majesty had been duly notified by his officers that the crop would fall far short of the usual yield, and foreseeing that, in consequence, the market-price would soon be increased four-, six- or perhaps ten-fold, he determined to become the sole purchaser and vender, thus securing to himself the full benefit of the monopoly. He accordingly stationed government boats on the river thirty or forty miles above and below the city, with orders to stop every cargo of rice and compel the owners to sell to his officers alone. The rice-growers dared not refuse, and they had no reason for wishing to do so, as the king's agents paid cash and the full price that rice was then bringing in the market. Thus in a few days the entire crop of new rice fell into the hands of the royal merchant, who ordered it to be carefully stowed and retained until, in consequence of the scarcity, the price should rise to the highest possible pitch. A very few weeks served to exhaust the supply already in market, and to cause an appreciation from twelve cents per basket to two dollars and a half, with the price still going up. Still the royal granaries remained closed, and each successive day it became more difficult to purchase at any price. Most of the grain-merchants had no stock on hand, but now and then a little was brought in by some kind-hearted planter, whose compassion for the starving multitudes in the city led him to travel through the jungle, and, at great risk to himself, to resort to various expedients by which to elude the vigilance of government officers. To obtain the little thus thrown into market, for which the retail dealers demanded ruinous prices, the suffering people had to sacrifice every available article; and so great was the press that purchasers had often to fight and wrestle with each other to obtain entrance to the buildings and the privilege of purchasing at all. Many painful and even fatal accidents occurred in this way, for when a man is suffering from hunger, and has left a wife and children in the same pitiable condition await-

ing his return with the morsel that is to save them from absolute starvation, he will not care very much who is injured or who else goes unfed. Sometimes a mother was thrown down and her infant child or children trampled to death before her eyes; aged people had their lives crushed out; and even strong men often escaped the mêlée only with arms and legs broken in the terrible encounter, which day after day must be repeated as long as the wretched victims had strength to endure or the means of purchasing an ounce or two of the precious grain, sold not now in baskets, but in tiny measures of one or two gills. First, gardeners sold their little patches of ground and implements of husbandry, and mechanics their shops and tools; next their humble homes and few household chattels were sacrificed; and then followed the sale of wives and children to those who had the means of keeping their slaves from starvation. As the last resource men sold their own bodies into perpetual slavery, welcoming humiliation, toil and hardships for food enough to keep soul and body together. But there were scores and hundreds of aged and diseased ones whom nobody would buy, and these having neither houses nor lands to sell, not even a spare garment or piece of jewelry, and being unable to travel from house to house to solicit alms, mostly died of starvation during the first few weeks of the famine. Many of the wealthy nobles and gentry distributed food daily from their houses to all who were able to go and receive their benefactions, as did also our own little band, the few foreigners then resident at the Siamese capital. But the supply of food was too limited, and the applications for help too numerous and pressing, for any to go around looking up the destitute, and so the most pitiable cases were those hidden away from sight till death, the slow, terrible death of starvation, lifted the veil.

A mother, all stiff and cold, with a babe wasted almost to a skeleton, but still alive, hanging at the breast, and striving to force from the exhausted fountain its accustomed nourishment till,



too worn and weary for further efforts, it uttered a feeble wail, clenched its tiny, emaciated hands and expired, while four other little ones, two dead, the others dying, lay around; a cripple in the arms of a young woman, probably his daughter, lying by the wayside not far from a Buddhist temple, which the sufferers had evidently aimed to reach—the woman already dead, the cripple too emaciated and exhausted to free himself from her clinging arms; an aged couple stretched side by side, pallid, shrunken, dead; several beggars, some aged, others sick, and all wasted and wan to the last extremity; a husband in his young manhood's prime, helpless now as the pale girl-wife that hung in mute agony upon his faithful breast; an aged woman clasping in her palsied arms twin cherubs, not rosy and dimpled now, but wan and wasted by gnawing hunger, till swollen tongues adhered to parched mouths and baby lips were clenched in an agony they were powerless to express;—these were some of the sights that met my own view one morning as I ventured out in the vicinity of a temple near our dwelling; and hundreds of others just as pitiable could be found in every direction. Often, thus grouped together, the old and the young, families and individuals, strangers, friends and kindred, they perished by the wayside, with none to close the sunken eyes or wipe the death-dew from the pale brow. Then in the early morning some humane priest would lay them side by side, light the funeral pyre beneath, and chant over the mournful relics a solemn prayer as he waited for the flames to devour the daily holocaust. With the first passing breeze the white ashes would be scattered hither and thither, mingling with their native dust.

During those fearful days it was impossible to take a walk of a hundred yards in any of the lanes or bypaths of that great stricken city without stepping over the bodies of the dead and dying, though many of the more benevolent and kind-hearted of the Buddhist priests spent their whole time in going from place to place, ministering to the neces-

sities of the helpless and forsaken, and performing over the dead the rites of incremation. In the more public thoroughfares the municipal authorities had the bodies collected morning and evening and burned in immense piles, without ceremony or religious rite. But for these timely precautions pestilence would probably have followed in the footsteps of famine.

After prices had reached their supposed maximum the king's storehouses were thrown open and rice was freely offered for sale. The poor, and even the middle class, having exhausted all their resources, were now unable to purchase; but the rich acted nobly, buying and distributing liberally while the supply lasted, though, at the exorbitant price demanded for the grain, their incomes were fearfully taxed. When, in a short time, the king's supply had also been exhausted, several of the higher nobles ordered shiploads from abroad at their own expense, while the covetous old monarch grew rich at the expense of his own subjects, though I am sure he had no conception of the amount of suffering that prevailed, and none of his officers dared tell him.

In scenes like these passed some ten or more long, dreary, devastating weeks. The mass of the people were so fearfully prostrated, physically and mentally, that they no longer cared to struggle with their sad destiny, but in reckless stoicism or grim despair dared Fate to do her worst, and helpless, hopeless, careless even of the result, lay down to die. All this and more is what famine means in India.

In the case I have cited the cruel avarice of the reigning king accelerated, if it did not increase, the sufferings of the people. But it must be remembered that the crop was not, that year, a total failure, as sometimes happens, and the degree of destitution did not, at its worst, reach the point it must have done had no rice been produced. The cutting off of the rice-supply, from whatever cause, must, among the nations of Southern Asia, produce just such results as those narrated here; and this is precisely the

calamity now threatening some of the provinces of India. Fortunately, in that land of perennial verdure, where one crop follows another in quick succession, famine cannot last more than a few months—that is, unless two consecutive crops should fail. In the case here detailed it was some two months after the king began to buy up the new rice before the supply of old was absolutely gone. Then came ten or twelve weeks of the aggravated suffering that has been portrayed, after which, slowly and at irregular intervals, help came from neighboring ports—Singapore and Bombay especially—and then gradually the first fruits of the plenteous crop that the next season crowned the labors of this stricken people.

During all that fearful period the people never dreamed of casting blame upon the king, any more than of reflecting on their own improvidence and want of forethought. It was "a dark chapter in the book of Fate"—so they said, and they submitted to it in sullen silence; while the return of plenty was only another freak of the same immutable destiny, more agreeable certainly, but equally the workings of a "Fate" they could neither comprehend nor control. But foreigners were not quite so lenient in their judgment of "His Serene Majesty" of Siam. The newspapers in the neighboring English colonies of Singapore and Penang, and even those of Calcutta, Bombay and Madras, gave His Majesty far more room in their columns than he had ever occupied before, and dilated in no measured terms upon the recent monopoly and its results, charging "His Infallible Majesty" with cruelty, rapacity and avarice. On the next arrival from Singapore the king wished, as usual, to know what our papers contained, and requested a translation of the editorial matter and news items. Somewhat reluctantly we complied, for though we considered the strictures well merited, and desired the king to reap the full benefit of the salutary lessons they con-

tained, we doubted the propriety of administering a full dose of the nauseous medicine at once, lest he should, on the sheer rule of contrary, do even worse than before. Taking up one of the papers, I accordingly passed over much that was most offensive, only throwing in incidentally a remark now and then concerning the recent famine and its causes. This was just enough to excite his curiosity to the utmost, and induce him to prefer the request that every word the papers contained about himself or his affairs should be literally translated. All was therefore read to him, and sorely did the proud old monarch writhe under the lashing. Yet while still wincing under the rough handling of the journals he turned away with a ludicrous air of resignation, observing, "Well, I suppose I must not buy up the rice any more, but I'll have my monopoly for all that. I'll buy up all the cocoanut oil next season, and make a good thing of it, in spite of the newspapers and the foreigners too!"

And so he did. The next year oil was at a premium, and perfumery so high that only ladies of the very highest *ton*, or rather the longest purses, were able to indulge in its use. But, fortunately, life did not depend on either lights or perfumery. If people could not afford such luxuries, they could sit in the dark and make their toilettes less elaborate. True, I sometimes had to keep a man or two out all day ransacking the bazaars and oil-shops for oil enough to keep our lamps burning for a single night, but such an inconvenience was easier to bear than the sight of scores and hundreds of human beings dying of starvation at our very threshold, and the means of relief utterly beyond our reach. So no murmur, I think, arose about the scarcity of oil, and "His Serene Majesty" was this time permitted to enjoy his monopoly without having his equanimity disturbed by the opinions of "the outside barbarians."

FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

## GERMAN HUMOR.

IF a certain gentleman of ancient Greece really died, as one account says he did, from the effects of violent laughter, caused by seeing a donkey eat figs, this excessive amusement could hardly have been caused by anything but the extreme novelty of the situation. And it is just such an element of complete unexpectedness that strikes us most in any ordinary development of German humor. The Teutonic mind has the effect of being so ponderous, and seems naturally so fitted for heavy and serious occupations, that we derive in such cases somewhat the same general impression we should receive on seeing an elephant disporting himself on the greensward after the fashion of those well-known characters described in English poetry as "the young lambs so brisk and gay."

There is, it is true, a great deal of difference in this respect between individuals. Heine, in particular, was possessed of a sort of humor that was always cold, cynical and sardonic, and at the same time as keen and poignant as that of any trenchant wit of other lands, from Aristophanes to Thackeray. But Heine, though born at Düsseldorf, was of Jewish descent, and cannot be taken as a specimen of German intellect in general, while a vast majority of those who really may be received as such differ from him in almost every respect. They are as broad and plain as he is light and incisive, and their ideas of humor are on a scale that seems to a foreigner quite tremendous.

Another very noticeable characteristic of German humor is a certain wonderful species of simplicity that nearly always accompanies it. This suggests, somehow, the deep, hearty and thoroughly enviable enjoyment a child exhibits over some piece of fun in which older persons would find it very hard to discover any point at all. There are few more prepos-

terous things in the world than the proceedings of a party of big, stout Germans congregated in a drinking-saloon, and discussing over their beer some witticism whose staleness, flatness and unprofitableness, from an un-Germanic point, are positively phenomenal. The great, thunderous roars that come forth from their cavern-like jaws, the almost total disappearance of their eyes in masses of fleshy cheek, the resounding slaps in the face and violent punches in other tender portions of the physical conformation which they bestow upon each other in the excess of their delight,—all these tell of sensations with which we outside barbarians have little in common.

Yet we can occasionally get some idea of the spirit of German humor, especially in those cases where the meaning is elucidated by the addition of pictures. In some branches of this latter department the Germans are eminently successful. The celebrated comic paper of Berlin, *Kladderadatsch*, which corresponds in most respects to the *Punch* and *Charivari* of London and Paris, is in some points superior to either of those publications. It is a small paper, consisting of a single sheet, and each number contains one illustration. The text relates chiefly to the views of two imaginary citizens of Berlin—Messrs. Schultz and Müller, to wit—whose opinions on all important events, as expressed to each other during sundry supposititious interviews, are therein set forth for the benefit of the public. These two gentlemen have now become very important characters, and their sentiments generally convey a very shrewd indication of some particular feeling that prevails among the mass of the population. They are represented by the artist as an extremely comical couple, one being of a very lanky construction, and the other a marvel of shortness and rotundity; while their sapient observations are couched in the peculiar dialect of Berlin.

and are so thoroughly and profoundly ridiculous that the fun is, of its kind, admirable.

In the wider field of general caricaturing the Germans reach a very high degree of perfection. That capacity for steady and untiring labor of which they possess so great a share shows itself in the faithfulness with which they reproduce any scene they may attempt to portray, bringing it into view with the utmost exactness and truth to life, even in the smallest points. Indeed, their works of this kind, though many of them lack that element of slight exaggeration which is one of the proper attributes of real caricature, present such a wonderfully exact imitation of objects that are amusing in themselves, or are made so by the peculiar situations in which they are placed, that they seem, in their own special line, to be incapable of improvement. The humorous pictures that are constantly appearing in *Ueber Land und Meer* and *Deutsche Bilderbogen* of Stuttgart, *Die Illustrierte Welt* of Stuttgart and Leipzig, *Fliegende Blätter* of Munich, and other German papers, afford capital specimens of the branch of art to which they belong; and such men as Offerdinger, Hiddeman, Simmler, Specht, and the late great master of silhouette-drawing, Paul Konewka, would have reflected credit upon any country and time. Some of our own caricaturists might study the works of these conscientious artists with advantage to themselves; and Mr. Nast in particular (who, though himself a German, is certainly far inferior to the best draughtsmen in his own country) would find in their figures a correctness and gracefulness of execution which his are noticeably without.

Many of the humorous drawings contained in these publications are accompanied by letter-press, which consists, generally, of some story, ballad or popular rhyme. In examining these a foreigner is struck by the same idea of something broad and ponderous, and at the same time thoroughly child-like. The stories are generally quaint old German fairy-tales, or something equally suited, as we should think, to a very

juvenile taste, while the verses are often quite similar in their nature to the lucubrations of Mother Goose.

Among the favorite subjects are that time-honored anecdote about the tailors and the elephant which is given under the title of *Das witzige Schneiderlein*, the wonderful and truly German adventures of Baron Munchausen, the song, by the Prussian statesman Von Mühler, beginning "Grad aus dem Wirthshaus nun komm ich heraus," and containing the reflections of a swain who comes out of a drinking-house and concludes that the face of Nature is thoroughly drunk, the astonishing experiences of *Eulenspiegel*, and a great many more of a similar nature; all being admirably fitted, from our point of view, to meet the understanding and mental cravings of a young and not very precocious boy. This will be made evident by any specimen of the kind of literature under consideration; and no better one could be found than "Hildebrand und sein Sohn Hadubrand," which has been published at least three times lately, with a new set of pictures in each case, and sometimes with the music, by different German illustrated papers. This remarkable poem may be translated as follows:

Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand  
Rode out together, in rage so grand,  
Seeking the seaport of Venice.

Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand  
Found no such seaport in all the land—  
Cursed it with furious menace.

Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand  
Saw by the roadside a tavern stand—  
Tavern with beer for the calling.

Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand  
Guzzled till neither could lift a hand—  
Homeward on all-fours went crawling.

This is all; and when we remember that these verses have been illustrated by artists of the highest talent (Konewka among the rest), and are immensely popular in Germany, we need no other proof of the fact that the humor of this nation is *sui generis*.

Equally characteristic is another universal favorite called *Der Doctor Eisenbart*, of which some idea may be derived from the following translation of a portion of it:

'Tis I am Doctor Eisenbart,  
From all the old cures I depart :  
That blind men walk I do ordain,  
And make the lame folks see again.

At Wimpfen my great skill's well known,  
For at a birth there it was shown :  
The infant's neck I chanced to snap—  
The mother died too, by good hap.

In Potsdam I trepanned, of late,  
The cook of Frederick called the Great :  
I dug my axe into his head,  
And now the poor old chap is dead.

The sexton's son at Diddledum  
I gave ten pounds of opium :  
He slept for years, through dry and wet :  
His nap has not been finished yet.

At Prague, from one good wife alone,  
I took ten wagon-loads of stone :  
Beneath the last one she's immured :  
It's certain now that she'll be cured.

This is the way that I can heal :  
There's none that's better, I'll go bail.  
I never fail, that's plain and flat :  
I'll swear it by my doctor's hat !

A very common feature of most songs of this sort consists in the numerous queer and by no means euphonious exclamations with which they are liberally provided. These correspond, in some degree, to the choruses of "folderol," etc., which entered so largely into the composition of the ballads and songs that were popular in England during the last century, and would unquestionably have been placed by Mrs. Chick in the same reprehensible category with "the equally unmeaning and unfeeling remark of rumpete-iddity, bow-wow-wow!" The most frequently used terms of this description are *juchhei* or *juchhe*, and *juchheisa*; but there is an almost endless variety of others, such as *sasa*, *hopsasa*, *huideijaja*, *pumps-vallera*, *vival-lerallera*, etc. And whenever the subject to be treated is the inspiring theme of war and its natural attributes—parades, martial music and the like—the ingenious Teutonic muse breaks forth into just such a strain as a party of small boys in America would indulge in while "playing soldiers." Very few lays of this kind are without such additions as *tra-ra-ra*, *pilly-willy-wink* (supposed, on some unaccountable principle of onomatopœia, to represent the sound of a fife), *bum-bum-bum*, and *dirum-dirum-drum*.

One of the most popular writers of German humorous fiction in prose at the present time is Fritz Reuter, whose stories in the Plattdeutsch dialect are read and appreciated all over the country. He is an author of very great ability, and some of his works show a great deal of keenness and ingenuity in burlesquing the manners and the pretensions of the little courts in those petty German principalities that are now things of the past. In such instances as this, too, the same general features that have before been noticed are discernible to a very great extent; and indeed, in the case of Reuter's productions, that simplicity which has been referred to is even increased by the peculiarities of the provincial *patois* in which they are written.

There is, however, no reason for finding fault with German humor on the score of that broadness and childlike simplicity and *naïveté* which are observable among its elements. We may not, it is true, receive the impression that a very high degree of intellect or much delicacy of perception was employed in producing its manifestations. But the great achievements of the Germans in many other far more important directions make it impossible to question the vast mental power and indomitable energy of the people, or to suppose that this state of things takes its origin in any kind of weakness. After all, too, there can be no doubt that the best kind of humor is that which is thoroughly hearty, genial and sincere; and in these respects that of Germany has no superior in the world.

W. W. C.

#### THE PEDIGREE OF SOME FAMOUS JEWELS.

MANY of the present generation who were familiar with Paris prior to the late Franco-Prussian war will recall the sensation produced by every appearance of the old duke of Brunswick, who for many years resided in that city. His residence was a spacious, brick-colored chateau of very quaint architecture situated not far from the Champs Elysées, on the Boulevard Beaujon, and, together with its surroundings, seemed so utterly

unlike everything else in the gay city that one was at a loss to decide which was the more remarkable, the ancient prince himself or the stronghold where he and his treasures were bestowed.

His Highness, even when past seventy years of age, was, whenever seen in society, so elaborately "got up" as seemingly to have told scarcely more than half that number of years. Passing him in his elegant phaeton on the public drives, or meeting him by the glow of wax candles in the *recherché* drawing-rooms of the élite, where he was ever one of the gayest votaries of Terpsichore and most gallant in his devotion to the fair sex, the casual observer would have pronounced him a well-preserved man of forty, who had never felt the pressure of a care or a sorrow. But if one chanced to get near him by daylight the ravages of time revealed themselves, despite the tricks and bribes of his elaborate toilettes. Handsome he could scarcely be called, but elegant always, and courtly as a Beau Brummell. So studious was he of his personal appearance that, having unfortunately lost his hair, he had thirty-one wigs manufactured to replace the original covering of his cranium. One of these represented his hair as if just from the barber's shears; a second, as it would appear after one day's growth; a third, after two days, and so on to the close of the month, in order that he might be supposed still to wear his own hair, having it trimmed by the barber once a month, as formerly. The same careful concealment of Time's footprints was shown in other particulars. Each morning before he left his private apartments a valet, kept for this special duty, artistically painted the duke's eyebrows, cheeks and lips; another skillfully padded the shrunken chest and shoulders, arranged the false calves within the costly silken hose, and otherwise replaced the youthful attractions which more than threescore years had stolen away. Then one of his many charming toilettes of youthful elegance was donned, and the aged dandy stepped forth to be admired and envied by brainless parasites, who for their own gain pandered to his weak

vanity. And, after all, no one was really deceived by these small arts, for the duke was quite too important a personage and his pedigree too well known for his age to be a matter of uncertainty.

In his other grand passion, that for the accumulation of diamonds, he was more successful, his entire collection being valued at between three and four millions of dollars. Among them were some that had passed through more adventures than the heroine of a modern romance. One of the choicest, a fine pink brilliant, had once belonged to Baba Khan, the famous Tartar conqueror of India, and is of fabulous value. Well-authenticated report said that it had been dropped from Baba's diadem at Delhi, where the victorious monarch might well afford to lose even so costly a jewel, since he won an empire in exchange, and left his opponent, the last of the Afghan race of monarchs, dead on the field of battle. The peerless gem was highly valued by the Tartar conqueror, having been the dower of his favorite wife, presented to him by her own hands on their nuptial-day, and he offered immense rewards for its recovery. All his efforts, however, proved futile, and Baba, so say the traditions of the country, regarded the loss as an omen of evil—a presentiment soon verified by the announcement that reached him, immediately after his recognition as "emperor of India," of the death of the beloved wife. This event served only to enhance the value of the lost jewel in his estimation; and of such vast importance did he deem its recovery that five years later, when he lay dying, he bequeathed his crown to his son Humâyun with the assurance that unless he succeeded in getting possession of the missing gem the kingdom would surely be wrested from his hands. Why the safety of Humâyun's crown depended on the ownership of a particular jewel does not appear; but certain it is that he failed to get back the lost diamond, and he did lose his kingdom after a very brief and troublous reign, though seldom has a monarch ascended his throne with prospects so brilliant. The empire seemed firmly established, the revenues were

in excellent condition, and Humâyun himself was, for the times in which he lived, a young man of more than ordinary promise. But internal dissensions arose, compelling the youthful monarch to take refuge in Persia, where he spent more than fifteen years in exile; and when by the powerful aid of the shah he re-entered his capital in triumph, he had occupied it but a few weeks when his life was terminated by an accidental fall.

The jewel dropped by Baba Khan was found by one of the adherents of the Afghan king closely enfolded in the pale, cold hands of the fallen monarch, as though he had received it in payment for his kingdom and his life. It had probably been dropped there as Baba bent over the prostrate form to scrutinize the features of one who had been rash enough to think himself able to cope successfully with so renowned an opponent as the Tartar conqueror. The finder of the peerless gem concealed it in his turban, intending, no doubt, to trade it off at the earliest opportunity. But the search set on foot by Baba rendered him chary of parting with his treasure, and equally fearful of having it found in his possession. So he resorted to a method of concealment not uncommon in the East. Cutting a gash under his knee, he slipped in the diamond and left the skin to close up over it, and thus it remained hidden in his flesh for more than twenty years. Just before his death he revealed the secret, caused the precious jewel to be transferred from his own person to that of his infant son, and solemnly enjoined its preservation in the same way as an heirloom to descend through the eldest male branch of his family down to the latest generation. So it remained, says tradition, in possession of his descendants for more than two centuries, bringing to its inheritors wealth and prosperity such as their house had never before enjoyed. It was lost to them at last by the folly of an inexperienced lad, who boasted of the possession of this treasure in a company of profligates, who afterward waylaid and murdered him, and absconded with the gem, one of them swallowing it for safe-

ty. They quarreled about the division of their booty, and thus the affair came to be revealed. But meantime the successful thief escaped, and after some amusing adventures reached Calcutta with his prize, and sold it to an English officer, who took it home and realized a princely fortune by the sale of this rare gem to a London jeweler. After several other transfers it found its way at length into the coffers of the duke of Brunswick.

A black diamond, also obtained from the East Indies, had for centuries done service as the eye of a venerated idol, but somehow, by the fortunes of war, his godship had suffered himself to be despoiled of one of his brilliant orbs. This was forthwith shipped to Europe, and by its ready sale to the wealthy old duke the stolen eye made the fortune of a dashing young soldier who had no real taste for the service, and had only entered the army because his family was too aristocratic for even a younger son to work for a living. By the lucky casualty that made his place of encampment a famous temple at Rangoon, whence the frightened priests fled in dismay at the sight of the "red-coats," and his own habits of careful observation that revealed the shining eye as it lay among the débris where it had fallen, probably on the idol's hasty removal, the young officer was enabled to throw up his commission and betake himself for the rest of his life to elegant retirement in his native land.

One curiously-wrought coronet set with nine magnificent diamonds had belonged to the tyrant Suraj-al-Dowlah of "Black Hole" notoriety. It was worn by Suraj in the action that took place in the grove of Plassey, in the year 1757, between the troops of the subahdar and the English under General Clive. Suraj was utterly routed and fled the field in disguise, but he was discovered by an enemy and brought back; and Mir Jaffier, in whose aid Clive had taken the field, getting possession of the fallen chief, caused him to be assassinated. All his valuable jewels were confiscated, by order of the English commander, to defray the expenses of the expedition,

and this curious diadem, with its nine magnificent brilliants, was purchased by an English dealer, and passed from his hands to those of the duke of Brunswick.

A pair of diamond earrings that had adorned the peerless beauty of Marie Antoinette in her days of prosperity, and been subsequently appropriated to his own benefit by her brutal jailer, likewise found a quiet refuge in the duke's cabinet. But, fond as he was of elaborate personal decorations, I have never heard that he ventured to wear these graceful adornments of the ill-fated queen. Nestled close beside the earrings, as in fitting proximity, lay a tiny golden circlet with a single diamond, that had probably been placed on the finger of the little Louis, the dauphin of France, by his mother. It was found in the possession of one of his keepers, the cruel Simon, who had taken it from the royal child, and it was subsequently purchased by the duke as a memorial of the fallen family.

In the collection of *royal* mementoes Fate certainly favored this lover of diamonds. Amid the glitter and sparkle of twelve magnificent studs, each composed of a solitaire of the first water, that had in bygone days done service as vest-buttons to the emperor Pedro of Brazil, there lay in peerless beauty, as a queen among her satellites, a massive gold ring with a single glittering diamond—a fortune in itself—that had once belonged to Mary Stuart. It had been sold by the order of the unfortunate queen to purchase, during her dreary captivity, the luxuries her rival cousin of England failed to provide for her. On the inner side of the ring were engraven the royal arms and the initials "M. S."

Very many others, perhaps of less lofty lineage and warlike notoriety, but of peerless beauty and immense value, whose histories I cannot now recall, found here a princely home in most aristocratic society. There were solitaires, and clusters, rings, bracelets, brooches and earrings, circlets for neck and brow and waist, single gems, sets and clusters, all of purest water, and flashing with rare prismatic lustre. One coronet was esti-

mated at four hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars; another at one hundred and seventy-five thousand; and a necklace, composed of twelve peerless stones, all redolent with living light, cost the owner the neat little sum of one hundred thousand dollars. Others, singly or in sets, were valued, severally, at twenty, thirty, forty and fifty thousand; besides which, the duke had a whole medley of smaller diamonds of which he made little account, though some of them were really choice specimens, and none could be called indifferent. F. R. F.

#### A LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

WE are now in the midst of those field-days in the social world whose oft-recurring engagements are trying to the most robust woman of fashion. A luncheon, a kettledrum, a reception, a dinner-party, a ball, are all down for one day, and, alas! for every day. How much did the gay beauties whose pictures hang at Hampton Court do in a day? Did *they* crowd matters as we do? A New York woman in the season has about this rôle to play, which I shall describe: She rises late, fatigued by the ball of the night before: she takes merely her tea and toast, for she is going out at one to lunch at Mrs. Uptown's beautiful corner house. A corner house on Fifth Avenue is a patent of nobility in New York. A splendid house this—four rooms deep, forty feet wide, with satin let into the walls, pictures framed in the panels, vermilion and gold emblazoning the ceilings. There are twenty-four of us, and we are taken into the dining-room, which is hung with stamped leather, while pictures of dead game and of living artists, of fruit and flowers, amuse our eyes. The lunch is served on seven courses of Sèvres porcelain, painted in great groups of Rosa Bonheur cattle, which suggest "ox-tail soup" or fish which Agassiz would have appreciated. I draw a piece of salmon from the waters of destiny, and land it gloriously amid green leaves on my Sèvres plate, covering the pictured semblance with the dead reality. ("I will taste your dead animal," said Alcott, who hates animal



food, as his entertainer pressed on him a bit of canvas-back.) Next come allegorical subjects—Jupiter and Io, Venus and Adonis, Cupid and Psyche—as if the *entrées* belonged to the gods and were indeed ambrosia and nectar. Then birds and small animals, such as shy rabbits, frogs, and even snails; finally flowers and fruits. I catch a cock-pheasant, glorious in purple and gold, on my plate, and afterward retire to a wilderness of grapes, bananas and pines, crowned by the sweetest bouquet of sweet-peas and lilies of the valley. The attentive slaves behind our chairs pour out five or six different kinds of wine, and I notice that not one glass is emptied. Some few ladies sip a little champagne, but nothing else: perhaps one glass of Château Iquem is also drunk. Women cannot drink wine, and why? Men certainly can. Would it not be well to discuss this difference in the great question of female education? After this superb feast is over, how gladly we hail a cup of English breakfast tea, woman's true tippie!

The twenty-four ladies separate at four o'clock, the strong to go to other receptions and kettledrums till the dinner-hour—the weak to go home and rest until the hairdresser comes at six to prepare the aching head for a dinner-party. The dinner is equally elegant with the lunch, but smaller, and the party consists of course of alternate gentlemen and ladies. We talk of Salvini and of the departed opera, of Nilsson's sore throat and of the Patriarchs' balls. The thirty "Patriarchs" who give these handsome balls are all over twenty-five, which is placing them amongst the immediate descendants of "Chaos and Old Night." The first ball at Delmonico's was very beautiful, very stately, very well dressed and very crowded. One of New York's former "leaders of the German" opened it with Miss Nellie Grant. The earl of Roseberry, who refused the Princess Louise, was one of many titled young English guests, and the ball was a success.

The women dress in magnificent brocades, almost always made over a petti-

coat of another color. Scarcely one dress is all of one color, two delicately-contrasting ones being the favorite mode. At the luncheons they wear their street dresses and bonnets, often of heavy velvet and fur, very warm and uncomfortable. A few have the sense to dress in cool silk suits, with bonnet to match, and thus baffle the heat of our furnace houses, not to speak of the subsequent danger of colds. Embroidery, that natural belonging of woman, enters into much of the costume of the period. Dresses embroidered in floss silk or in jet are very common. A *cuirass* of jet is a favorite luxury, and sometimes a flounce half a yard deep composed of this glittering article is added to the costume, which might have suited Joan of Arc. A well-dressed woman costs five hundred dollars as she appears at a luncheon, not counting her jewelry.

The death of Mrs. Charlotte Lynch, mother of Mrs. Botta, reminds many people with good memories of the first *salon* which succeeded in New York. The young poetess, Miss Lynch, in her modest parlors in Ninth street, twenty-five years ago, emulated the practice of the Misses Berry in London, and lighting her evening lamp simply let it be known that she would be at home. Soon the rooms were crowded with literary and musical celebrities, soon Fashion sought for an admittance, and there for many years did the handsome old lady who is now gone lend her dignified presence to these informal, agreeable evenings. After the marriage of Miss Lynch to Mr. Botta the family removed to a handsome house up town, where most famous parties have since been given to distinguished people, notably one to Ristori, but always by invitation. The beautiful old gray head disappeared from these pleasant successors of the old receptions some years ago, always missed by the elder habitués of the house, and now she has gone away for ever—one more link severed with that "past of our nation" when ladies *were* ladies, and gentlemen *were* gentlemen.

But I am wandering from the gay Present into the more sober Past. Let

me return to my more immediate muttuns. You may suggest that a life such as I am describing leaves comparatively little time for reading or reflection, and that it is eminently American to be thus gay and volatile over the scarcely cooled lava of our recent eruptions. In both these suggestions you will be entirely correct. But who since Sodom or Gomorrah was ever stopped in a career of fashionable gayety by sage reflections? If we turn aside occasionally to do a good deed, to lift a fallen sister, to succor and help the starving, to build up hospitals for the aged and unfortunate—if indeed we have that thoughtless generosity which has never yet deserted the commercial metropolis—chalk it up to our credit, for in the midst of such a gay, worldly, furiously exciting life it is strange that we do no worse. Is it the climate that drives us into this saturnalia of gayety? Are Wall street and Delmonico's, Fifth Avenue and the luncheons, kettledrums, balls and dinners, only oxygen? "I am drunk from the moment I land on your shores," said a sober Englishman who occasionally exchanges the fogs of London for our blue skies.

Salvini has gone. Certain jealous men say that his female admirers were in the habit of leaving pillows carelessly around, in the hope of having the infinite solace of being smothered by this greatest of Othellos. His manners in private have that exquisite Italian softness and finish which is so fascinating, especially in men of great personal strength. I dare say Samson in private life was a most amiable gentleman, and went shopping with Delilah even when she bought the fatal scissors.

MARGARET CLAYSON.

#### NOTES.

FASHION in our country selects its new names for new garments, jewels and toilet articles (where the names are not imported with the goods) from the reigning personages of the hour, usually choosing the name of some favorite singer, actor, soldier or guest of the nation to christen the new merchandise. But in France, instead of drawing this nomenclature sole-

ly from famous persons, great events in politics and war, and even the names of battles and treaties, are called into requisition for this purpose. No one here would dream of christening a new color or a new style of coat the Democratic or the Republican, the Conservative or the Radical, and still less should we name it the Vicksburg or the Chattanooga cut or shade; yet we all remember how quickly the Magenta and Solferino colors were introduced after the Italian war, and Paris shops now display "*nouveautés à la Fusion*," which of course implies an intermingling of different tints, as befits the Fusion party, while the new "Frohsdorf" shade has naturally a foundation of Bourbon white, veined most delicately with suggestions of the tri-color. The same disposition to refer to passing political events was seen in the naming of the wines of 1870, 1871 and 1872. In the first year such titles as "*Larmes de la Meuse*" were affixed to favorite vintages, and these gave way in time to such titles as "*Vin de la Délivrance*" and "*Vin de la Revanche*."

WE Americans have been sharply and justly criticised for our fashion of disfiguring famous natural scenery, such as the rocks of Mount Washington and of Niagara, with advertisements of ointments, liniments, pills and squills; and in fact the legislature of New Hampshire has been forced to make a statute imposing a severe penalty for this odious offence—a statute which ought to be duplicated in every other State of the Union. But it must not be imagined that America is the only sinner in this respect. During a recent tour in Switzerland, Émile de Girardin, while ascending the Rigi, saw in gilt letters on one of the highest and steepest rocks of the mountain, above a precipice, the announcement by a Paris chocolate-maker that he had a branch shop at Neuchâtel! Foreigners, too, are imitating our advertising devices in other respects, and even surpassing them; for a Paris shopkeeper has contrived an umbrella which he distributes gratuitously on the simplest of conditions—namely, that the recipient shall agree to use it

whenever it rains. The umbrella is covered with the donor's business notices!

FOREIGN actors and singers sometimes complain, it is said, of the impassibility of American audiences, declaring that they find it extremely difficult to arouse our people to anything like passionate enthusiasm. It is true that we do not suffocate favorite prima-donnas with bouquets nor shatter the windows of the opera-house with our furious applause; but, on the other hand, we are less cruel in our expressions of disapproval, and there are some drawbacks to too great demonstrativeness when this is in the wrong direction. When *Rabagas* was played at Rome on one occasion the audience pelted the actors with lemons—an expression of discontent considerably surpassing not only the traditional showers of baked apples at the Petit Lazare and other minor theatres of Paris, but the objectionable peanuts and other like missiles in the ancient days of the Bowery. As for hissing, to what extent this accomplishment is carried in some foreign play-houses we may learn from the anecdote related of the author of the *Deux Reines*, who is said to have consoled himself for the *siffotements* which enlivened the end of his piece on its first representation by saying to a friend, "You call that hissing? Pooh! it's only a few careful people who are blowing out their night-keys, so as to make sure they aren't clogged before going home!"

THE Claimant is evidently giving rise to a regular literature on his subject, besides filling folios with his own case. The advertisement appears in the London papers of—

REMARKABLE CLAIMANTS, Ancient and Modern. Being the Histories of all the most Celebrated Pretenders and Claimants during the last 600 years. Fcp. 8vo, 300 pages, illustrated boards, 2s.

The bare notion of six centuries of Tich-

borne cases is appalling. In truth, one of the Claimant's great blunders lies in his living in times quite unsuited to such a trial. It would have been just the thing for the days of Methuselah, when thirty years would no doubt have readily been allowed to Dr. Kenealey without any irritating display of impatience from the Bench, after which the judge would have comfortably got through his summing up in a decade.

A RATHER surprising connection between religion and commerce is illustrated by the fact that the packet *Senegal*, Captain Rameau, which cleared from Bordeaux the other day, is said to have taken out nine cases of *eau de Lourdes*, consigned to Buenos Ayres. It strikes one at first with a strange sensation to imagine the miraculous water bottled, corked, labeled, priced, packed and loaded on shipboard, to be peddled out like so much Vichy or Kissingen. But, for that matter, sacred relics and fabrics of all sorts that have received pontifical benediction have for ages been hawked about in the world's markets, since nothing is too sacred to escape the greedy grasp of commerce.

SINCE Dogberry's day a finer instance of magisterial dignity and accurate self-appreciation has rarely been seen than the one furnished by the selectmen of the small town of W——, who lately put out the following proclamation: "We, selectmen of W——, having been informed that an individual unknown in the community was a suspicious character, caused him to be brought into our presence, and having asked his name, age and occupation, he rudely answered that we were a pack of fools; whereupon, having agreed that this individual was in the full enjoyment of his intellectual faculties, we have cited him to appear before Squire B—— on charges to be preferred against him."

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

L'Antéchrist. Par Ernest Renan. Paris : Lévy Frères; New York : F. W. Christern.

It is rather curious how soon the vituperative chorus with which Christendom greeted the *Life of Jesus* has died away, giving place, no doubt, to a deeper and stiller sentiment of revulsion toward certain parts of that effort. The opposition of orthodoxy is perhaps as firm as ever, but orthodoxy sees that such a work can be combated only by an armament of study equal to its own; and while engaging in this salutary study orthodoxy is evidently assimilating a large part of the theory it criticises. What was really shocking to the Northern races in the *Jesus* was its falsetto pastoral tone: plain Christians of the Bunyan type, concerned with a daily weary warfare against Apollyon, were grimly convinced that the history of their Exemplar was no "joyous idyl by the banks of Galilee." The tone of the present volume is not thus disagreeably sweet, as a general thing, but it is strongly mundane, voluntarily clever, and smacks now and again of the essay or the newspaper.

M. Renan bears as hard as he did in the *Apôtres* upon the malice he supposes to exist between the great Christian chiefs. The author of the Apocalypse—whom he thinks with popular opinion to be John—is anything but a beloved disciple, a tender cavalier for the Virgin: he is a jealous and bigoted Judean, imbued with the narrowest notions of the Jerusalem school, and a most determined hater of Paul. Of Paul are to be understood those anathemas against a corrupter of the churches to be found in Revelation. The disciples of Paul are the disciples of the heathen prophet, the disciples of Balaam. A female proselyte of Paul's at Thyatira is called Jezebel, and she is threatened in the Vision with a bed of sickness, while her children are to be "killed with death." M. Renan's lively fancy hears "cries of joy" uttered by the Christians of the circumcision when they learned that "the new Balaam" and the "Destroyer of the Law" was no more. John hates, along with the faithful of Ephesus, the Nicolaitanes, who are none other than the partisans of Paul; and John praises the same church of Ephesus, which very church is a creation of Paul's, because it "cannot bear them which are evil,

and had tried them which say they are apostles and are not" (still alluding to Paul), "and found them liars;" he approves those of Thyatira who have not this doctrine, and have not known "the depths of Satan, as they say," an ironically reversed allusion to Paul's "deep things of God."

A timid, limited and completely provincial Asiatic, John is supposed by M. Renan to have wandered to Rome, his rustic eyes greeted, at the first Italian port, Pozzuoli, by the volcanic landscape of Naples, the locusts born from the sulphur-fumes of the Solfatara, Vesuvius preparing for its ruinous ebullition and nodding over the doomed towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and all the threatening landscape imported into the Vision. At Rome burst upon his mind the full-blown spectacle of Nero's tyranny. Flying with the multitude of Christians dispersed by its terrors, he may have made for Ephesus, the Asiatic city nearest to Rome on the grand route, and the port nearest also to Patmos. Why the hierarch, toward the close of his days, and at a time when his survivalship of the other apostles gave him great dignity, should retire to such an isle, a small, bustling naval dépôt, the last station in sailing to Asia, is altogether conjectural. Perhaps he fled from a threatened persecution at Ephesus; "perhaps, returning from a voyage to Rome, and on the eve of greeting his disciples, he prepared, in one of the *caupona* which must have bordered the port, the manifesto which he chose to send before him into Asia."

The scenery of the Revelation is but slightly indebted to Patmos: two or three particulars, such as the Seer's constant preoccupation with the ocean, and "the great burning mountain cast into the sea," resembling Mount Thera, which was about that time in eruption, alone have a local imprint. Patmos is a bare island, dentellated with reddish rocks, and similar to all those of the Archipelago. "These myriads of islets, of the most varied shapes, which emerge like pyramids or like shields over the waves, and dance about the horizon an eternal round, seem the fairy world of a circle of sea-gods and oceanides, leading a brilliant career of love, youth and melancholy. . . . Calypso and the

sirens, the Tritons and Nereids—the dangerous charms of the water, its caresses at once voluptuous and sinister,—all those subtle sensations which express themselves inimitably in the *Odyssey* are missed by the cloudy Seer. Out of a little island, formed to serve as pictorial background to the delicious romance of Daphnis and Chloe, or to scenes of shepherds and shepherdesses, as in Theocritus and Moschus, he makes a black volcano, gorged with ashes and fire.”

Shortly after the death of Nero the Revelation was promulgated among John's Asiatic pupils as a symbolical manifesto, put forward as a revelation of Jesus himself. Gloomily possessed as it is with ideas of torture and death, the Christian world is promised a speedy millennium, wherein those who have fallen for the faith are to enjoy a “first resurrection,” and to reign with their risen Lord a thousand years on earth, while “the rest of the dead revive not until the thousand years are finished.” As a firm historical basis for the prophecy, John, with rapid symbolic touches, runs over the career of the Roman empire from the time of Julius Cæsar, whom he counts, like Josephus, as a crowned emperor: the imperial Beast is seen rising from the sea, with its seven heads (Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero and Galba) and its ten horns of proconsular power, Italy, Achaia, Asia, Syria, Egypt, Africa, Spain, France, Britain and Germany: it makes war against the saints, and overcomes them, but its reign is limited to three years and a half. In this comprehensive symbol one feature is dwelt upon with an excess of detail over all the rest, suggesting to us some allusion peculiarly local, and applicable to the immediate date of the vision. “As for the head wounded to death, but whose wound was healed, it is Nero, recently overthrown, miraculously saved from death, and believed to have found refuge among the Parthians.” The grand shadow over the book of Revelation is, in fact, Nero, from whom the young and innocent Church learned with amazement the news that she was to be considered henceforth a subject for savage persecution and massacre. John sees her crowned with the stars, impregnated with the ideal of Christianity, while the seven-crowned dragon waits to devour.

The whole Vision is stained with the horrible excesses of Rome, and especially the tragical and theatrical slaughter of the year 64,

when Nero conceived the idea of charging the accidental fire at Rome upon the Christians, and executing his victims among the games of the Coliseum under forms borrowed from the old tragedies and mythologies. To Nero, that crowned abortion, M. Renan gives a good deal of his space, and pushes his criticisms into particulars greatly more minute than were needed in simply considering the relations between the emperor and Christianity. The occasion, however, was an irresistible one. The picture is all antithesis and glitter, and is a portrayal of the “artist character,” the pure histrionic mind, crowned for once with boundless opportunity: what such a temperament arrives at, given over to its whim, relieved of conscience and responsibility and endowed with complete power, is the ghastly lesson of Nero's life. The author here, distributing the traits of Nero's character by parcels among the heroes of Victor Hugo's novels, makes a racy parallel, enjoys himself palpably, and effects a rapid, characteristic sketch. But he is trivial, worldly and secular beyond what he has yet appeared in any of his biblical studies, and establishes a cynical tone he will find it hard to make the world believe in as suitable for exegesis.

#### *Books Received.*

- Facts and Fancies for School-Day Reading. By Miss Sedgwick. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Consumption and its Treatment in all its Forms. By Dr. Carl Both. Boston: Alexander Moore.
- Fourth Annual Report of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts. Boston: Wright & Potter.
- The Burgomaster's Family. By Christine Muller. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.
- Ups and Downs: An Every-Day Novel. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Roberts Bros.
- A Vagabond Heroine. By Mrs. Annie Edwards. New York: Sheldon & Co.
- Arthur Bonnicastle. By J. G. Holland. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.
- Modern Magic. By M. Schele de Vere. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Tynley Hall. By Thomas Hood. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.
- Oxley. By Lyndon. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.
- Saxe Holm's Stories. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

MARCH, 1874.

THE NEW HYPERION.

FROM PARIS TO MARLY BY WAY OF THE RHINE.

IX.—ASTRAY IN THE BLACK FOREST.



THE LAKE OF UNDINES.

OUR vilest matchmaker is Death. Year after year he weds the tender to the base. His call, even as Keats's bird, is heard through every age by emperor and clown." What is our protest? From time to time a delicate prince, first conscious of the

natural, helpless antipathy, shall idly ask, for humanity's Cæsars and Alexanders, whether they must come to this fashion i' the earth; and Death's groomsman the gravedigger sings twice or thrice, "Oh, a pit of clay for to be made for such a guest is meet." Again and again

and according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

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some wild Constance, morbid bride of corruption, shall shriek, "Arise forth from the couch of lasting night," and offer her maniac kiss to the "détestable bones," and put her eyeballs in the "vaulty brows." And Death, more horrible than any *duïgne complaisante*, re-

heaven! I have no plain and easy tale to tell this morning, and I must needs fortify myself, as in the old time, with the old words, when I said, "O thou poor authorling! reach a little deeper into the human heart. Touch those strings—touch those deeper strings, and more boldly, or the notes will die away like whispers."

It is now four or five years since a lonely and beautiful woman, hurrying across the wealthy plains of Belgium with an infant in her arms, was forced to pause at Brussels. When she rose from a sick bed the angel of death had stolen from her bosom the little tender babe, and had laid the poor abortive being in the cemetery of Laeken. Just able at length to walk, she stole to the churchyard to bid a last adieu to the grave, for uncontrollable reasons urged her speedy departure from Belgium. "Take care of the poor flowers," she said, putting money into the hand of a stolid sexton. Then, in a voice all broken with sobs, "Ah, darling, darling little daughter! why cannot I stay near you? What gentle eye will ever dwell on your sweet grave when your mother herself abandons you? Who

will tend these desolate little roses and violets?"

"I will!" said a voice which seemed to rise upon the wind. She looked around, but saw nobody: was the sound a lingering echo of delirium? She came in haste next day at an early hour snatched with difficulty from the routine of travel. The grave was already covered with fresh plants for all its petty length, and guarded with a grating of iron. "My prayers are answered," said the poor traveler. When she had gone a figure approached the tomb from the nearest clump of cypresses. It was a young man of vigorous proportions, but with a face



ILL-FAME AND INNOCENCE.

ceives with his own grin his pennies from the filmy eyes. Our fine delicacy is nothing, our choice is impotent.

And Beauty shall be laid in Yorick's bed, for innocence must slumber with the clown to-night, and in the grave is no device nor difference.

I am approaching the most serious part of my story. I should be sorry for the reader to think that Paul Flemming can occupy himself with only *dilettante* studies and ballads of travel. Fill thyself with angrier ink, O pen that long since wrotest the dirge of Emma of Ilmenau: do thy spirting darkly, as when, by those lone banks of Neckar, there fell a star from

worn and saddened with anxiety. He laid his hand upon the rail. "Poor baby!" said he, "it is in the name of maternity!"

After that no week passed by but the young philanthropist returned, darkly studying the bed where chance had laid the baby-bride of Eternity. He was a

home-sick Frenchman, and truly few young men but those of the Latin race would be capable of an action generous, yet uncalled-for and slightly mock-heroic. Only briefly a resident of Brussels, and driven thither by a schoolboy's manifestation which had been viewed in a political aspect, he had formed the habit



FALLS AT ALLERHEILIGEN.

of promenading in the cemetery. The small creature, hidden in the grave without ever having met his eye, became for him an interest and an object in life. He visited no one else, avoiding even the other refugees tempted by bankruptcy or ill-fortune into the friendly territory. Sick for his native land, he established a parallel between himself and this tiny stranger withered on a foreign soil. It lived in his fancy as a pallid cherub, and alternated with imperfect visions of a graceful lady half seen

among the trees. His constant visits were noticed, and with no friendly eyes.

"What would you think, yourself, Flemming?" said Grandstone, who recited, as we strolled toward the cascades of Allerheiligen, the history from which I have condensed this shadowy little idyl.

"I think he was Quixotic, but a fine fellow."

"They didn't think him very fine in Brussels," said my young countryman. "You see, they don't give a hearty wel-

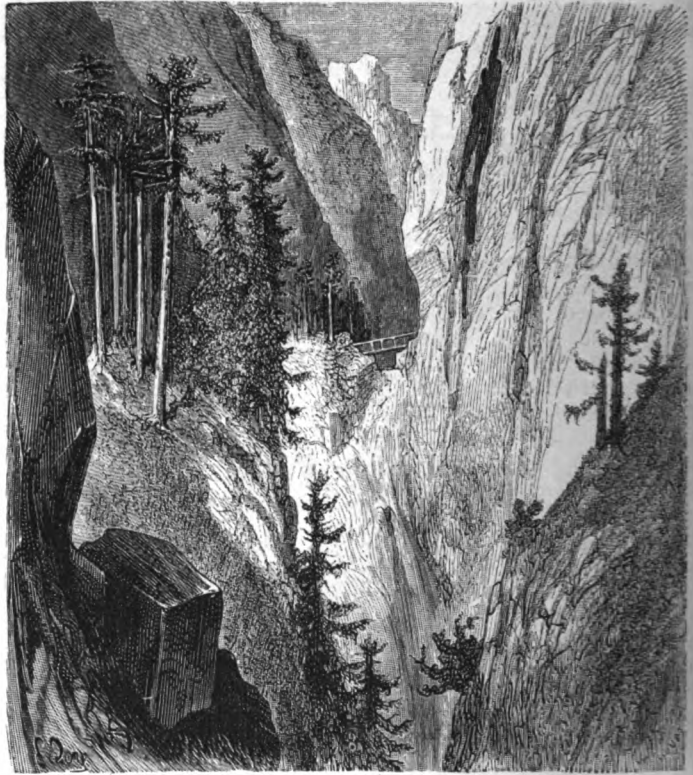


come in Belgian society to French refugees, being more used to fellows that have jumped their bail or to gentlemen of the Rochefort order than they are to Don Quixotes. It was too bad, though, the things they dared to drop about that baby and its supposed father. 'We had better part,' said the landlord who lodged

him near the cemetery: 'there are too many of your family in our faubourg.'

"Was he obliged to move away, then, from the grave he had tended so generously?"

"It was of the less importance, for his banishment from French soil was repeated. Before departing he came out



LADDER OR BRIDGE?

more to the churchyard of Laeken. He left a considerable sum with the sexton, making him promise to keep the place in his special care. Nothing could be more handsome of Fortnoye."

—For it was again of Fortnoye, the eternal, the inevitable Fortnoye, that the tale was told. I had been repeating to Grandstone his riddling words about an approaching matrimonial project on his part. The former continued:

"Do you fancy that even if he wants to marry, a girl who goes over the coun-

try with undecipherable and mysterious babies is the wife for our whimsical, scrupulous Paladin? It was a pure infant, though, to invent that coarse slanders about him and the child."

"But who is the supposed mother of the infant?"

"Why, don't you see? Her grandmother is well known at Brussels, where she shut her door against the adventures. Of course it is your pretty hostess of Carlsruhe."

"What! Francine Joliet? The infant

attaching any kind of mystery to  
lovely creature's conduct." I  
was proceeding to defend my dainty

cine at greater length  
our dialogue was in-  
toted by a simultaneous  
It was a cry of de-  
for we had now mount-  
e hills, those sunny  
aits which had filled so  
ifully the arches of the  
d windows in the ab-  
and the cascades of  
heiligen were before  
from the eminence we  
reached, stretched out  
eir silver length, were  
led to our sight the  
olied cataracts, like  
y rivers standing story  
tory.

comrades were wait-  
or us a little farther  
ortnoye among them :  
neared each other I  
d briskly up to him  
grasped his hand, a  
uvre which seemed  
derably to surprise  
It was a salute pro-  
g from the grave at  
n.

lled by the tributes of the Murg,  
z and the numerous water-courses  
rain the Black Forest, the falls of  
eiligen have torn their way through  
y tract, whose points of resistance  
opped up the stream into numerous  
ies. Formerly, to trace these cata-



A CARTLOAD.

through their whole length, the for-  
r hunter was obliged to slide over  
ous crags at the risk of his life.

Later, a series of ladders was thrown  
from peak to peak, where travelers with  
strong heads might clamber at their slip-



SAINT SATAN.

pery will. At present, the whole is ar-  
ranged for the tourist with plank-walks,  
rails and bridges ; yet many of the latter,  
in the history of the evolution pursued  
by Allerheiligen, remain in a state of  
partial development, and hesitate gid-  
dily between ladder and bridge.

The country-folk from the musical  
festival crowded the stairways, where the  
spray from the torrent baptized a won-  
derful variety of rustic costumes. I es-  
sayed a rude sketch of the scene, but  
the fantastic embossed man, Somerard,  
by dint of flying and capricoling about  
me, and professing ecstasy at the effect  
of the blank paper, destroyed my draw-  
ing before it was begun. As we crossed  
from the left bank to the right one I  
plucked a fine gentian, and opened my  
tin box to receive it : I found already in  
the cavity a sheaf of nettles. Evidently  
the dwarf about to become a giant had

chosen me as his victim for the day. As I shook a finger at him he puffed up quite globularly with laughter: perhaps

in elongating he would grow more and so, with jokes and Joe Millers took leave of Allerheiligen, ever merrily



LAKESIDE REVERIES.

able for its processions of *buffo* characters trailing between the coulisses of a grand, austere landscape.

At the entrance to the little grove where I had found such a lively scene of rendezvous in the morning were num-



ASPIRATION.

bers of cabs and carts. Grandstone, Fortnoye, the homœopathist, Somerard, two other champagne-feasters from

Épernay, a chance friend whom Grandstone had seduced from among the economists, and myself, formed a little group of eight persons. We engaged two Grandstone went to direct the party who drove. I supposed we were to return to Achern.

"To the Mummelsee!" said Grandstone.

"Is that the place where we are to dine?" I asked, rather absently, with regret flung backward at my breakfast interrupted by the shower of gold.

"We dine at the Hirsch."

"Why not at Achern? I shall certainly take the evening train for Paris. Achern Hohenfels must be almost a *niac* by this time."

"We take the Paris train too: at least if not for Paris, as far along as Épernay. But, you innocent, do you suppose people come to Allerheiligen without going to the Mummelsee?"

"What is a Mummelsee?"

"The Mummelsee is the Lake of Undines," said Somerard.

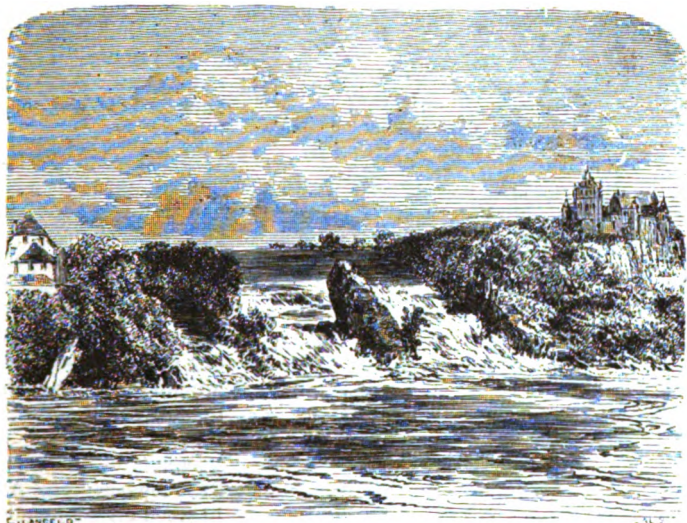
"And where is this Lake of Undines?"

"At the Mummelsee."

It appeared unnecessary to press this circular argument. Besides, the term "Lake of Undines" had a softness to my ear. We rode through a narrow valley toward Oberkappel, exchanging the din of the Funnel for the complete pastoral silence, punctuated here and there by the notes of the birds. The party did little to disturb the scene: some smoked, with the grateful tact of experienced smokers; some slept at the bottom

the carts, where even Somerard, rocked in the cradle of his back, forgot his pranks in a succession of falsetto snores. For my part, I mused on a certain artisanne cap at Carlsruhe. Surely that milk-

white talisman was without a smirch, notwithstanding Grandstone's careless tales and a censorious world. Fortnoye had not spoken with blame of the gentle girl; and she, as I reflected with a pang,



FALLS OF SCHAFFHAUSEN.

was so shy, so grateful, so devoted in speaking of him!

Suddenly, as I saw the floating capstrings very distinctly before me, they gave a smart crack like a whiplash. We had arrived at the "Hirsch." I must have been nodding.

The Hirsch is a large *gasthaus*, an ordinary stopping-place for drovers, for

clock-sellers, or for the intelligent tourist bound for the Lake of Undines. Placed between the route for Würtemberg and that for the Mummelsee, it presents on the side toward the latter the form of a large chalet, where you can enter by a human-looking doorway, and have the range of two stories of chambers. On the side of the Würtemberg road you



AN UNSOCIAL COMPANION.

find but one floor, and an entrance into a garret like a hay-mow: it is the loss of level between the Seebach valley and the slopes of the Black Forest. We entered a large, low, whitewashed room,

furnished with limping tables and chairs of unassuming rustic-work. One ornament was on the wall, a tinted wood-cut of Waldhantz the Poacher.

Germany has plenty of legendary Wild

Huntsmen, but the jolly Waldhantz is the appurtenance of the Black Forest. This amiable being, the king of poach-

"Have you your flint there? Now light." With a prayer to Hubert, Waldhantz fired his fowling-piece. When the smoke cleared away Saint Satan was seen in good form, but coughing out clouds of buckshot. "What stong tobacco you use!" he said with a queer wink. Waldhantz had the glory of endeavor, but not of success. It sufficed him, however, for enduring fame.



AN ACCIDENT.

ers, used to course the woods with an ingenious little gun, easily concealed, and Saint Hubert took good care to keep his gamebag filled. But one day he met a sinister-looking black-haired personage, resembling more the Prophet of Evil than the good Saint Hubert.

"Good-day, Waldhantz!" said the stranger sulphurously.

"Good-day, Satan!" replied the bold poacher.

"What is that droll little thing in your hand?"

"That? Oh, it is my pipe. Do you smoke?"

"Show me how to use it. Is your pipe filled?"

"It is." And Waldhantz, who had conceived the beneficent idea of ridding the world of its arch-enemy, put the barrel up to the smiling lips of his new acquaintance.

from rock to rock, a Titan scaling the mountains, the patient of our homœopathist, Somerard of the mocking eye. For one moment I was ready to believe in the vegetable-magnetic theory of the doctor, who toiled inadequately after on his interminable legs.

A grand basin turned by some puissant potter in the arid clay of the surrounding hills—lead-en waters, stagnant and thick, without fish within or insects or flowers above,—such is the Mummelsee. Evidently as birds will only breed



THE REAR.

in an untouched nest, the Undines demand for their lodgment a massive laver sacred from profane company.

At times, however, the Mummelsee is stirred from its depths, and that too when no wind is breathing. The leaves do not flutter in the forest, the raven's breast is not curled as he sails motionless over the lake. The strange agitation is soul-thrilling and terrible. The nymphs who live below in bowers of coral (it is probably the only instance known of the coral-builder as a fresh-water polyp) come to the surface in the full of every moon. They come up like bubbles and disport on the surface, where their gleaming, moonlight-washed bodies seem to be lilies blushing into roses. When the cock crows the frolic and jest, the wanton diving and swimming, cease in a moment, and the nymphs plunge to wait for another full moon. Sometimes the dawn surprises them: then there appears a dreadful Uncle Kuhleborn, a dwarfish ugly monster, who threatens them and drives them headlong into the lake, and the waters are left dull and sullen. Once the lasses of Seebach were surprised at their spinning by a lovely apparition, a fair girl who sat among them and spun from her ivory wheel a

thread like fountain-spray. She always left them at one hour, but the son of the house set back the clock, and that night she went hastily to the Mummelsee and threw herself into the water. Then a complaining sound was heard, and the lake began to foam and boil. But the young

man, infatuated, flung himself into the whirlpool, and then the water was still, but the spinning Undine appeared no more.

We stretched ourselves on a hillock, as appositely as possible for the visit of any fairy with ivory wheel or a foam-spinning distaff, but our receptive state was not honored with an apparition.



THE SICK-BED.

We lay and caressed our alpenstocks beside this small parody of the Dead Sea, beside this flat frog-pond for whose sake we had gone aside from Achern and committed ourselves to a journey. Some of those green-coated musicians, the frogs, began to be audible in the sedgy banks, and reminded me for a moment of the young apprentice in green who had long ago sung to me to "beware." The worst of it was that MacMurtagh, the Scotch charlatan, began to take me, as if he might follow the lead of his employer, for the butt of his clumsy badinage.

"Oh!" I said casually, "this is a poor exchange for the cascades of Allerheiligen!"

"—Which are themselves a lame substitute for the falls we have just seen at Schaffhausen," said the Scot. "Ah, Mr. Flemming, you have seen nothing! If you had been privileged, like us, to be at Schaffhausen, while reading at the same time the matchless description of Ruskin!" And the doctor began to recite, through his red nose, and with the utmost disenchantment of a strong Scotch brogue, a long passage beginning "Stand for an hour at the Falls of Schaffhausen."

Grandstone, wearying rapidly of this entertainment, turned to me with a groan. "Don't you smoke?" said he.

The incense from a number of mouths was curling among the mists of the Mummelsee. MacMurtagh interrupted himself: "Mr. Flemming smokes only by



"PIZZ!"



proxy and with the aid of four negroes," he said ironically, alluding to my little quiz upon him at Strasburg.

I laughed good-naturedly enough. "You really must forgive me," I said. "When I popped that joke on you it was



TRUTH AND HER FAVORITE  
WELL.

in remembrance of the duke of Mississippi, to whom my dear Frau Kranich introduced me at Ems, and who, she assured me, kept a private secretary to 'smoke to him.' As for the Schaffhausen falls, if you were acquainted with

my former history you would know that I saw them in those same old times, before you were born. Since then I have grown lazy. I no longer take tobacco, even by proxy: in revenge I take my waterfalls infinitesimally diluted, at the hands of a homœopathist!"

Fortnoye, stretched apart from the rest, on his pelvis and his two elbows, formed a sort of tripod. To escape from the recoil of my shot at MacMurtagh, I went up and offered him a penny for his thoughts. He turned to me a face that was surprising for its depth and tenderness of expression. "I am thinking of a fairy," said he, "whom if I had the power I would bid arise this moment out of yonder lake." I know not why it was—I am sure I was torn with jealousy—but on that I gave him my hand for the second time.

In order to get an idea of the dignity of the hills on which the Black Forest is planted, our younger men had determined to ascend the Hornisgrinde, an excursion which would occupy the remainder of the day. This is the most elevated peak of a range which extends from Sassbachwalden to Oberkappel. For my part, I started in the rear of the party, but with a covert determination to botanize and sketch in such a manner as to

be left entirely behind. The fatigues of the morning had already told on my knees, which felt curiously uncertain under me, and I was wiping my brow already when my companions had mounted the first hillock. As for the short gentleman, the lively Somerard, he departed for the loftiest peaks like an eagle, and as if the best the Schwarzwald had to show were all insufficient for his desires.

My own rearward location, however, soon became the most popular one. In a short time I saw our guide returning to the lake, and looking like a Savoyard with his monkey as he carried the ambitious Somerard on his shoulder. He had fallen all of a heap in the pathway. MacMurtagh, who with the rest followed the descending cortège, said that it was a superexcitation of the assimilative organs, the result of an overdose of young ash tree in the morning, aggravated by the rarer air of the heights.

At the Hirsch, where we hardly arrived before nightfall, the table was already



ONE OF THE CHORUS.

set, and we found to our wonder at each plate a noble bottle of champagne labeled Le Brun, of which house Fortnoye was a special agent. "The Le Brun brand," said he carelessly, as if to conceal the generosity of his handsome

treat, "you'll find the most honest and conscientious of all the champagnes." This surprise, arranged over-night by our invaluable companion, put us all in

good humor and obliterated our fatigues, except those of poor Somerard, for whom a bed was laid in a corner of the great room. The invincible dwarf, sociable to



BROKEN SLUMBERS.

the last, feebly applauded with his hands when he saw the *sierra* of bottles stretched along the table.

As the repast proceeded some rather effervescent talk was heard, and witticisms and good things were not wanting. Fortnoye, the prophet and interpreter of the vintage, while continually adding to the fund of wit, maintained that the whole exhibition was due less to our natural ingenuity than to qualities inherent in the Le Brun brand. He argued that he could recognize its true effect in our gay but not silly repartees. This gift, he pleaded, was the special one of the champagne he represented, and thereupon he developed a most extraordinary theory, which he claimed to have been years in forming. Let him hear, he said, such and such a' bright speech, such and such a sarcastic reply, and he could tell whether it were born under the influence of a sparkling or a still wine. At need he believed he could specify the very part of the Marne département where the speech or the sarcasm had been fermented and put in stock, whether at Rheims, Épernay, Avize or Sillery. In his opinion, Moët tended rather to imagination than to mirth, Montebello inspired musing

rather than conversation, while Clicquot turned naturally to politics; and so on with twenty obscurer labels, which he ranged under general headings, such as "wines of wit," wines "patriotic," or



"POP!"

"anecdotic," or "hearty," or "jolly," or even "a little broad."

The theory amused us abundantly, and I gave with the rest my vote for the classification of Fortnoye, without letting



him know how many prejudices I had been forced to conquer before coming over to his side.



INTELLIGENCE.

Fortnoye, in accepting our comments and administering some vigorous strokes of his own, had never got the better of a sort of dreamy gravity which seemed habitual with him. This man had seemed to me at Épernay a mere proficient in vulgar horseplay: at the house in Carlsruhe I learned to think him a suspicious character. Engaged as I had been in his pursuit by a ridiculous accident and a peevish curiosity, I had him now face to face without the ability to see him clearly. Which was the true Fortnoye—the ambulant wine-agent, the poet, the philanthropist or the buffoon? They were all present in one, but the buffoon was disguised in the philosopher's mantle: his thoughts laughed oftener than his features. A keen, discriminating mind leaped up from the wine-cask, like Truth from her fabled well. As for the heart, I had but to trust the God's acre at Laaken for that. There remained but one more quality of Fortnoye's to test him in—that of bard.

At dessert I invited him to sing some of his own songs. He complied by rolling out more than one *brindisi*. They were transparently joyous, light-hearted and sincere, like fragments of Burns: at the moment of the most hilarious expression of gayety they were furnished with a penetrating note of pathos or sentiment, which, shaded in the most ex-

quisite manner by the manly voice of the singer, sent the strangest thrill of sympathy into the pleasure with which we listened, and matched our delighted ears with an accompaniment of swimming eyes. We joined in the choruses with absolute fury: the German organist contributed to these refrains some variations and Tyrolean jodels which enlivened if they did not entirely follow them; and the sick Somerard, determined not to be forgotten at his corner, piped in the choir like a friendly steam-whistle. The fairies must have heard all in their lake with feelings of envy.

Already, at several attempts, our drivers had striven to detach us from the table. The night, they said, was gloomy, and it would be perilous crossing the valleys of Kappel and Seebach after it was too late to see the heads of the horses before us. We paid small attention. "One song more!" we cried, and still Fortnoye, with his grave enthusiasm, sang of cheer and hospitality, and the German vocalist, lashed to his utmost endeavors, sent forth his voice in Tyrolean exercises that resembled a syrupy liquid *blobbing* forth from a g-



THE BLACK FOREST.

gantic champagne-bottle. At last we rose, and the charioteers cracked their whips with the relish of anticipation.

Doctor MacMurtagh, who had vainly endeavored to secure a hearing for certain effusions of Allan Cunningham and the Ettrick Shepherd, now declared his patient unfit to bear the jolts of the wagon. He refused to leave his charge. Grandstone, too, said it would be disloyal to quit Somerard's bedside. Fortnoye declared that wine-merchants should work in harmony, and governed his conduct by Grandstone's. The two natives of Épernay were glad of an excuse to stay with Fortnoye; the orpheonist, cracking a fresh bottle, found himself very well where he was, and promised to spend the night at table; and I, for my

part—what could I do against such a formidable majority? "*Resolved*," said Fortnoye, "That to return to Achern without M. Somerard would be an act of treason which the remotest posterity would brand on us as a crime." ("Hear! hear!" said the congress.) "*Resolved*, As Doctor Meurtrier yonder promises to set his patient up again by morning with the aid of a few juleps of poplar and birch tree, that we engage in another little project. *Resolved*, That we gain on foot to-morrow, not Achern again, but Appenweier, a nearer town, and a station where the railroad to Baden makes a branch to that of Kehl. We thus save



RESTING IN THE WOODS.

time and improve our acquaintance with the Black Forest."

The majority became unanimity, and we sent the carts rattling back to Achern. The landlord, not unused to making a bed-room out of his dining-hall, threw a few mattresses over the floor, where we stretched ourselves, rather ill at ease. The orpheonist alone, true to his promise, remained all night stolidly upright at table, communing with a large pot of beer and a small bottle of Kirschwasser.

Bright and briskly we quitted the grand hotel of the Stag in the morning. We directed our course for the little town of Appenweier on the road to Kehl, and I thought of an early return homeward, and an encounter with Hohenfels at

Marly. The cows were going out to pasture: they knew their way better than James Grandstone, who volunteered to guide us, knew ours. Ottenhafen and Lautenbach left behind, we admired the pretty valley of Salzbach, and passed various tiny and almost nameless hamlets, when a town came in sight—surely Appenweier and the Kehl railroad!

The town was Oppenau, and we had overshot the station. Grandstone was dismissed without arrears of wages: we sought a more experienced guide. Venturing into a handsome village-house and drinking a glass of beer, we asked the red-waistcoated owner for a cicerone. He pointed to a tall lout, a ferryman, who had just brought some countrymen

over the stream which laved the cottage wall. We explained to the boatman our wish to go to Appenweier, and he replied by two gestures—one an affirmative nod,



LARGESS.

the other an invitation with his forefinger to get into the boat.

This Charon conducted us for an endless time along his little river, the Rensch or the Ramsbach. Finally, leaping out and not looking behind him, he marched along a woody path, and then up a hill. We followed, our mutual conversation growing more and more sparse as our confidence decreased. This was our history from six o'clock A. M. until two in the afternoon. More than once I and my tin box sank to the ground for a little rest. Like the slave of some deceptive princess in the *Arabian Nights*, he led us through countless meanders, without answering our questions or ever once looking at us. At last he brought us to a town, and Grandstone, as the financial agent of the party, showered largess upon the guide and dismissed him, glad at last to have come to the termination of so long a walk. He made an exaggerated rustic bow and plunged into the recesses of the town.

At that moment I perceived on a sign-board the name of the place. It was not Appenweier. It was Freudenstadt.

"Hurrah, boys!"—I could not forbear the joy of announcing our luck—"is not this delightful? We are lost in the Black Forest! Let us have adventures! Let us quote the vagabondage of Cervantes and the philosophy of Gil Blas! Let us adopt knight-errantry as a profession, charter our own association, and practice 'Exploration of the Black Forest, by a

Company of Musical Amateurs, limited'!"

"Only hear the ancient boy!" Grandstone said in advance of me to the Scot, without thinking me so near. "Was there ever such a jolly old absurdity? He thinks he is still at the age when he used to walk around Heidelberg with his tiresome friend the baron."

We commenced our wilderness-life by getting a good comfortable dinner at the little tavern of Freudenstadt. The village proved to be a commercial centre, to the extent of irradiating upon a happy world the blessings of straw hats, glass mugs and musical boxes. There was a strange church here, constructed in some very remote antiquity on that cellular system which we pretend is most exclusively modern—the same system which Mr. Dickens so disapproved on his first visit among American prisons. The men and women at Freudenstadt worship in such privacy that they cannot see each other, though the preacher's desk is visible to every one of the congregation.

But I must render justice to the dinner. It was composed of cold sausage, of a salad, and a tart open and filled with Irish potatoes. It seemed to me preferable to the ordinary bill of fare at Demonico's or Véfour's. But then I had been walking for it from six in the morning. It is proper, also, to celebrate the hotel bill: it bore not the slightest resemblance to my late one at Baden-Baden. It was computed in kreutzers, and cost us something like a dime each.

Again, then, we set ourselves in motion, having easily exhausted the commercial charms of Freudenstadt. Our guide, this time, was neither Grandstone nor the ferryman, but Accident. We were determined to have our souls thrilled with adventure.

The fact is, the Black Forest, so far as we could see it, appeared about as safe and quiet as the route from Boston to Cambridge, and we fancied we could have our adventurous experience at a very reasonable outlay in actual risk. Behold us lost in the Black Forest!

EDWARD STRAHAN.

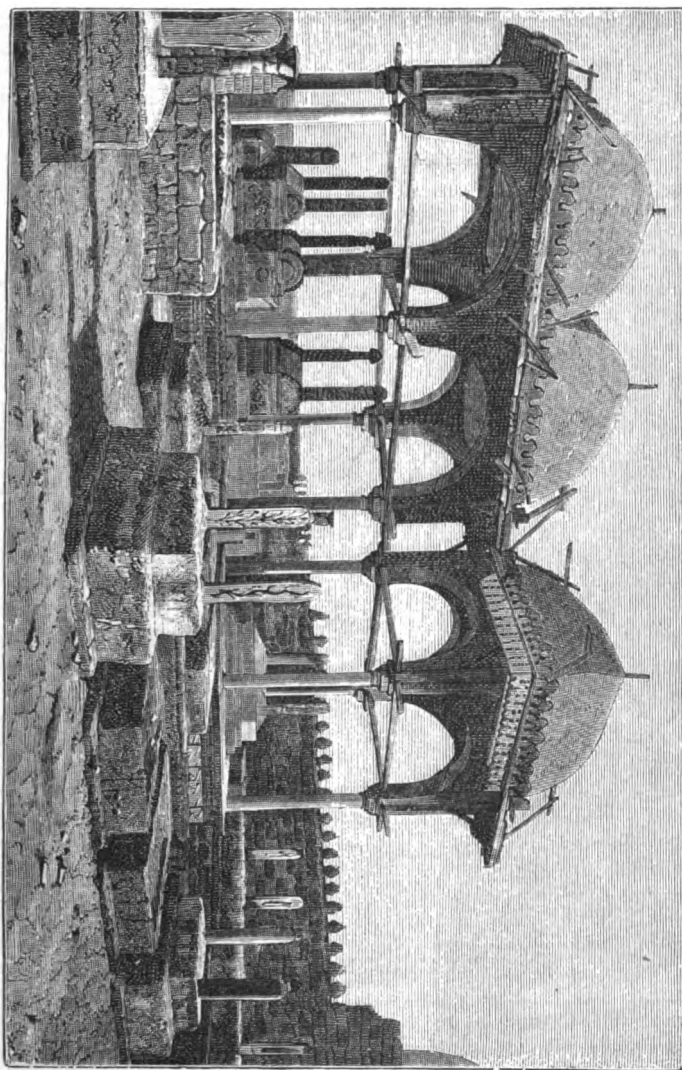
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## IN A CARAVAN WITH GÉRÔME THE PAINTER.

TWO PAPERS.—I.

THE caravan took a route that was not very new, but it was made up of such choice spirits, and the aspect of things became so novel from their fresh

MANEIKKE TOMBS AT CAIRO. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)



and unconventional point of view, that the spectacle of Egypt was in a measure transfigured, and took on changes as of a familiar garment worn inside out. Gêrôme, the leader, was at home in Cairo. The little band chose for him the

title of Colonel; which must be pronounced trisyllabically, *Co-lo-nel*, or it will acquire an American, militia-training, stand-up-for-a-drink sort of flavor, as far as possible from the humor in which it was conferred. Readers of these pages who have admired those dramatic compositions of his, those telling anecdotes expressed in color, those epigrams of antique history which constitute G r me the Plutarch of painters—and more especially his “Cleopatra,” the cunning ivory woman,

—traced about by jewels which outline,  
Fire-frame, and keep distinct perfections, lest they  
melt

To soft smooth unity ere half their hold be felt;  
Yet, o’er that white and wonder, a Soul’s predom-  
inance

I’ the head so high and haught, except one thievish  
glance

From back of oblong eye, intent to count the slain,

—may be glad of a personal introduction, which, however, shall be shorter than a formula of Sir Charles Grandison’s. The painter of “Cleopatra” and “The Death of C sar” is a dark, energetic man, with quick black eyes set under a very broad forehead, and a triangular, top-shaped face, whose apex, the chin, is shadowed by an arching moustache. With his alert motions, his height and weight kept serviceably at a medium, his taste in dress plain and business-like, and a directness of manner so absolute that trifling with him is out of the question, G r me is a man whom you would call a grave person even when he laughs; but his sincerity, his reasonableness and mental superiority make him the best of traveling-companions. Only, whereas the others are going to Egypt in an exalted spirit of larking, the pencil-Plutarch is descending upon the land of Pharaoh with as fell a purpose as ever sent a Highland chieftain raiding upon the Lowlands: his artistic larder needs replenishing, and he is going after his milch cow.

This expedition was so far a crisis with G r me that he went out a black-haired man and returned perfectly gray. There is something memorable in the particular action that at once distinctly deprives one of one’s youth: it is like a vigil of

arms, where a young knight leaves his sable locks upon the altar.

All Europeans in Cairo behave precisely alike: the mysterious Eastern charm runs away with all of them together. Our Parisians, installed in the house of a rich French cook *emeritus*, had hardly disposed of their first grand nine-course dinner when they retired to dream, one and all, of the same plan. “For my part, I know very well what I am going to do,” said each to himself as he buttoned the mosquito-net of his own particular bed. “I shall get up at four o’clock, take a donkey and seek adventures until breakfast-time.” And so accurately was every traveler bitten by the same maggot in the same place that they all had the pleasure of finding themselves together, each on a donkey, a little before sunrise.

The ex-cook’s mansion forming almost the corner of the great native street of Cairo, the Muskee, the first tableau was naturally afforded by that finest of Cairene boulevards. The Muskee, with its shops and coffee-houses, is an Orient in itself, and he would be a stupid braggart who, after living in it for three years, should pretend to have seen all its interesting features. At the extremity of the Muskee a broad covered footway separates into two the quarter where the bazaars are grouped: turning to the left, the bazaar of the jewelers is reached; to the right are the carpets and raiment, the slippers, harness and saddles. The first duty of inexperienced travelers is to load themselves down with cumbrous articles of purchase. Our caravan did not fail at the present emergency, and Saint Eloi himself could hardly have kept count of the bracelets, the necklaces, the daggers and pistols, made very probably in Brussels, which the ardent Orientalists swept into their carpet-bags. The carved woodwork on the coffers and street-signs of the merchants attracted the admiration of every artist in the group, while the Persian rugs (many of which are sold in Cairo) seemed to them adorable enough for an artist to say his prayers upon, especially those with fantastic figures on white grounds. The



the jewels prepared for the Fellah were objects of eager research, on account of their broad statuary styles and partly on account of the

singular manner of paying for them. In one dish of the scales is placed your chosen lot of trinkets, in the other your gold, and the equilibrium of the two



FATMA. (BY J. L. GÉRÔME.)

the payment: in this sort of jewelry the workmanship is valued at nothing at all.

One of the party had the fortune to come on a pair of ancient bracelets

remarkable for their exquisite chasing: they were received afterward in France, in circles of taste, with open arms—even by those beauties whose rounded wrists were seemingly too slender to support

the weight of forty centuries of graven-work.

It is always a philosophical pleasure to spoil a good story, and we feel impelled to give the sequel to the affair of the antique bracelets, one or both of which fell into the hands of Edmond About. About was accompanying G r me with a heart as light and a wit as ready as in the old days of the  cole Normale, when he used to write mock eulogies or combative arguments about Bossuet against young Hippolyte Taine and Francisque de Sarcey, or composed ridiculous tales destined to perish in an oblivion of laughter amongst his talented circle of school-fellows. The catastrophe of the Egyptian bracelet has been betrayed to us through young Florent Heller, now in America—the secretary of About in Alsace, and in his capacity of artist a pupil of G r me's. On the return of the caravan to Paris, About betook himself to a jeweler with his bracelet, meaning to have it cleaned and restored, and not a little proud of the possession of a genuine antique—the *real* antiques are so scarce! The wise craftsman turned it over and about in his accomplished hands. A few turns, and he had twisted it into two pieces, revealing the existence of a *screw* in the middle. The novelist began to look supernally wise, for the ancient Egyptians have not generally been credited with knowing the principle of the screw. "Let me see," said the jeweler: "there are only the firms of Chose et Cie. and Messrs. Un Tel who make screws of that sort: I can tell you in a moment who fabricated this one." He examined it critically a minute, and decided: "This screw is the manufacture of Chose—not a doubt about it." The poor bracelet, hopelessly degraded by cold professional analysis, passed into strict retirement: it was no longer boasted of. About had been fancying it on the wrist of Cleopatra or of his own fancy-feigned *Momie*: it turned out to be only a masterpiece of modern counterfeiting, which the first Paris artisan was able to nail—or rather screw—to the counter.

The day after the acquisition of the bracelet About formed an expedition to

visit the mosques of Cairo, inviting Lenoir to accompany him. We have no intention of intruding on the privacy of all the members of the party: the *Doc-teur*, the Photographer, the Naturalist (familiarily called the Taxidermist or *Empailleur*), the Hercules with the Buckskin Gloves, and the valetudinarian who suffered from a sunstroke at Senouhres, though they contributed in notable degrees to the interest of the party, shall rest for us unnamed. But Lenoir, who has made the difficult plunge into publicity by means of the double spring-board of literary and artistic success, is fair prey for the general eye, and he who in his time has made so many outrageous caricatures of his fellows shall be lightly sketched by us.

It is incredible how the atelier G r me could spare him, for he was the life and soul of the rollicking band of G r me's pupils, as he is now of the master's Egyptian caravan, where he forms the youngest member and the pet. He led all the studio games, superintended the alumni dinners, and delivered the orations, on which occasions his quiet, sarcastic style, full of ready allusions and apt quotations, provoked those smiles that are more flattering than open laughter. Visitors to his studio remarked on the door a sketch in charcoal—*Ci-g t* PAUL-MARIE LENOIR, the phrase usual on tombstones. Entering, an interior stuffed with artistic curiosities met the eye. Among the bric- -brac one large bust, a female head and shoulder in the grandiose, Michael-Angelesque style of the mysterious "Marcello," was sure to attract attention; and the young artist, suddenly quitting his sarcastic manner, would say respectfully, "It was the gift of Marcello to my father." This intimation would probably strike the visitor dumb, for in the Bohemian world of the ateliers nothing could be more dignified than an acquaintance with a mythical lady of genius, who went under a masculine name, and who had been compromised by the attentions of the emperor. Other characteristics added to the immense repute of Lenoir among the scholars: he was known to possess

the personal friendship of the patron, Gérôme himself; finally, what is never noxious to a character in a society of jolly beggars, he was reputed rich. He certainly was able to sport garments cut

in an exaggerated English style, such as proclaimed him a *crevé*, almost a *gommeux*; and he never sold, or even finished, a picture.

Since his journey, however, Lenoir has

DRAGONMAN AND DRIVERS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)



thrown some of his fanciful conceptions into the market, and a few have found their way to America. The Persian lover riding up the doorsteps of his mistress's house to reach a flower aloft to her balcony, the Japanese ferry propelled by

swarthy swimmers, the infant of Japan dragging a toy mammoth along the street by a gay ribbon, and the Hindoo elephant upright on its hind quarters for the amusement of the ladies of the zenana, have been familiarized here, either



in the original paintings or by means of prints. And surely that picture of his imported by Mr. Avery last winter—a view of the "Entrance to a Mosque," consisting entirely of the mass of assorted slippers left outside by the faithful—is the same which he made on this auspicious tour of inspection, and of which he remarks, dissimulating the identity of the painter, "One of the band made a study in the mosque of El-Achraf. Our donkeys being left at the door, we experienced for the first time the necessity of conforming to the rule which forbids one's shoes to follow their master into the sacred place. Nothing could be more drolly lugubrious than the battalion of our gaiters in battle array dejectedly waiting for us on the steps: they seemed to be envying us our luck of getting in."

It was no contemptible privilege to approach with Edmond About the jealous doors of the Mohammedan churches, for that brilliant author, who has never shown backwardness in availing himself of courtly favor, had made use of his letters of introduction, and rode through Cairo with an escort of officers or *carwas* who glittered with gold, and displayed his pockets filled with imperial firmans whose authority made accessible the most impenetrable sanctuaries.

In the case of the great mosque of the Mameluke sultan Hassan, the party, after going through an immense gallery which contained a station of armed sentries, were conducted by a sheikh to a diminutive door concealed in draperies, which gave access to the tomb-chamber of the dead sultan. This chamber is in fact the interior of the great dome—a dome which soars over all the edifices of Cairo like the head of a colossus. Within, there is a fearful majesty about this gigantic cover of a sepulchre: looking up into the air, the eye is dizzied with the prodigious distance of the vault, which is decked with enormous pendentives and stalactites of sculpture, now in a state of dilapidation. Every day some massive fragment of the decoration falls splintering upon the floor, like a thunderbolt from the highest zenith. Far

from taking measures against the danger, the Arabs accept as a favor these celestial aërolites, which have the property of sending straight to Paradise those of the faithful who have the good fortune to be under them. But the Frankish intruders, who would receive no such benefit from a fortuitous pulverizing, were hurried out by the sheikh after a visit as brief as it was rare.

The El-Hakem mosque, the most ancient in Cairo, and now a ruin, the El-Azhar, called the Magnificent, and at once mosque, college and hospital, were successively visited; but there are more than four hundred of the sacred edifices in Cairo, and the most enterprising traveler can hardly hope to see them all. What struck the infidel visitors was the perfect equality with which nobles and beggars worshiped together, and the animated attention with which they listened to the dull, endless reading of the Koran from the *member* or pulpit. The corpulent millionaires of Cairo do not snore in church, and the young men do not nod: Saint Paul would here have lost the occasion for one of his finest miracles.

The least considerable of these mosques is a triumph of Saracenic grace. The mosque of Amru is not only as old as the year A. D. 640, and the cradle of Islamism in Egypt, but is furnished with a Fat Man's Misery, or unnaturally contracted passage. A pair of small columns near the entrance, cut out of a single bit of marble, and running together at the capitals and bases, are credited from time immemorial by pious Arabs with various engaging qualities, among others that of prolonging the lives of those who are able to pass between them without breaking the ribs. The excursionists in a body took an early opportunity of submitting themselves to the test. Most of them, thanks to their youth and genteel slenderness, slipped through like letters at the post, but there was one hero in the number whose powerful bulk threatened to uproot the columns at each of his vigorous efforts. "He will pass!"—"He will not pass!"—"He will!" At each conjecture of his solicitous friends the Samson re-



doubled his energy. He passed, but at a terrible ransom.

In another part of the same mosque the faithful are promised eternal felicity in case they can touch, after marching blindfold for some distance along a wall, a certain black square imbedded in it. The Franks had such uniform success in laying hand on the lucky stone that the sheikh in charge appeared to imbibe some doubt of their good faith—a doubt possibly not without foundation. Strange, juvenile people, which runs toward its eternal salvation in sack-races and games of hoodman-blind!

In leaving El-Barbouk, El-Achraf and their neighbor mosques it was impossible not to pause for a comprehensive survey of the whole group of edifices, a suburban settlement usually called the Valley of Tombs, but more properly the City of the Caliphs. The group of oval domes floating one above the other, the threaded minarets whose every stage is a marvel of sculpture, the golden Turkish emblems forming a constellation of moons above the whole, the faultless Saracen grace of the general architecture—to which, here and there, cling the remains of old iridescent tile-work—all make up a composition surpassing the most elaborate effect of the most sumptuous theatre. The Valley of Tombs is decidedly one of the most pictorial scenes in the whole East.

Our *dilettanti* regretfully quitted this beautiful dream of the Orient of Saladin and Haroun. Returning into the city, they passed the Tombs of the Mamelukes, a collection of funereal monuments forming a succession to the Caliphs' Valley, and diminishing, without doing violence to, the *suite* of fair Eastern forms which constitutes that radiant picture. The mausoleums, placed close together, and relieved against the mountain of Mokattam, present an aspect as picturesque in their kind as the bouquet of mosques. They are sheltered under catfalques of stone and sculptured wood-work, which struck some of the party as nearly analogous to Persian decorative styles. Might artists from Persia have executed these monuments, or at least

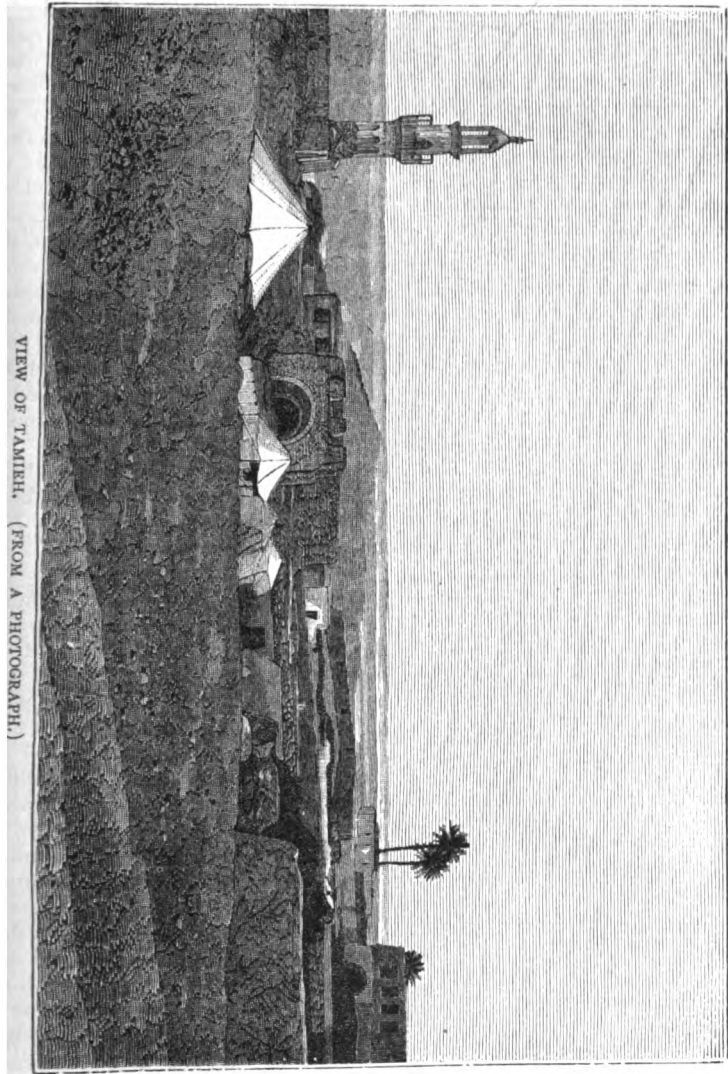
been charged with their ornamentation? It is possible enough. On the coverings of these tombs are small decorative cupolas remarkably like the peculiar tapering ogive of the Persian dome, which generally makes the outline of a mere triangle with rounded corners. These elegant sepulchres are thickly planted, and form a little special necropolis where one perceives a very select efflorescence of the best modern Orientalism. Those cruel Mamelukes must have been at bottom persons of great distinction to be followed by sculptors so candidly effeminate, so amateurish of whatever was most aristocratic and fine in Arab art. Our fastidious Frenchmen sniffed in the tombs of the Mamelukes a vague odor, as of primeval Jockey Club: these fine mousquetaires of Islam. said they, must have been in their time collectors of pictures and connoisseurs of Japanese porcelain, like us!

They re-entered the city by the gate El-Karafah, having gone out by the Babel-Nasr, the Gate of Victory. Everywhere was a new group, a new incident—combinations of figures, costumes, picture-motives, which stung with the highest ardor these enthusiastic young pencils, as yet unflashed in the Orient. The Gate of Victory, with its two lofty square towers, had been the first study which Gérôme had made on his earliest journey to Egypt: the junior painter of the band felt it only a piece of faithful discipleship to sacrifice there a piece of clean canvas. A rival attraction, however, was the sacred bath and protecting palm tree of the mosque of Amru—the church of the more or less impassable pillars; and the eager youths, defying the stings of the enemy, leaped outside their mosquito-nets in the French cook's house to pass a good part of the night in the lightest of costumes among their preparatives—their brushes, their canvas-stretchers, their boxes and the little armory of colors contained in those shining cartouches of sheet tin.

These explorings and sketches were not all done at once: the photographer of the party was the only one who could pretend to get "instantaneous" impres-

s. The great day of the official visit to the mosques was finished up by About his invited companions with a presentation to the ambassador from Persia, an economical notion having occurred

to them that it would be well enough to go somewhere with their embroidered guard of *carwas* where it would be worth the display. Nothing is more comical than the ceremonious turn given to after-



VIEW OF TAMIEH. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

calls in the East. The strangers in the allotted time in receiving from them on they did not know a succession of compliments on the honor they confer by using his house and consuming provisions. They were stuffed with

candies and inundated with coffee, none of which might be refused, and they pushed etiquette so far as to imitate those involuntary guttural noises which indicate repletion, and which in Oriental lands are accepted by your host as the most



delicate flattery. The Persian ministry was a dream of luxury, an edifice lined with porphyry and gold; yet the most incongruous Westernisms intruded everywhere to spoil the effect: vulgar mahogany chairs were offered the visitors as an attention sure to please, and lithographs of Victoria and the shah in yellow-painted frames were hung amongst pictures studded with pearl and precious metals. The Frenchmen accepted everything with bland admiration, and gave affable salutes to the ambassador's sons, young men more Parisian than Persian, clothed by Dusautoy, and having nothing national about them but the points of their tapering hats. Delighted with their own good manners, they were passing out, congratulating themselves on the effect they had made, when the darkness of a corridor caused them to rush ruinously into the stomach of a black giant who was guarding the harem. The watch-chains and jewels with which this living canopy was hung, the rings, necklaces and pendants which gave him the jingling effect of a Spanish mule, and the sabre as long as himself which he dragged at his side, all crashed in a dreadful manner at the shock; but he salaamed politely, and the visitors receded with all haste from the forbidden ground.

We are indebted entirely to lady travelers for accounts of the interior of harems. Yet the imprisonment in them of the native women is a condition greatly exaggerated in our impressions. If no man is allowed to enter, the ladies at least can go out at discretion, whether for a visit or for the bath, and they avail themselves largely of the liberty.

It is unhappily evident that the most beautiful women in the East are those whom you do not see: those whom you do see are more singular than fair; and those whom you are sorry to have seen are invariably the most free in proposing themselves for admiration. The orange-girls are as liberal of their charms as they were in England under the Merry Monarch, and certain quarters of Cairo are a perfect population of Nell Gwynns. The native names of these women are not very various.

"Fatma! Fatma!" you may call at hazard in a street, and twenty Fatmas will start to life at the apertures of the carved windows, like the automata of so many cuckoo-clocks. In the whole collection some few may be worth the trouble of the rude trick. It was a Fatma whom the Co-lo-nel and his pupils decided to summon for an artistic sitting; and it is Fatma whom the reader sees reproduced among these pages, with her strange and stony sphinx head. It has been very accurately copied on the wood, as well as the other sketches and photographs, by another disciple of the atelier G r me, the good-natured and chirpy little Saint-Elme, the same whom his fellows of the studio, never at a loss for a graphic nickname, called invariably the "Poulet."

Educated only as pieces of display, like rare birds or parlor dogs, the Fatmas of the East exhibit the most innocent gluttony and childishness. To dance well, sing well, drink well, smoke well and sleep well are the lessons of their school. The particular Fatma of G r me, tall, young, majestic, dreamy, and of the purest Egyptian type, had the surplus qualities of drinking araki like a camel-driver and smoking like a foot-soldier. Two days in succession she brought her fine profile and her military accomplishments to the mansion of the ex-cook. She found herself not badly off, it was evident, for the artists had difficulty in convincing her that affairs of the greatest importance compelled them to renounce the pleasure of her society. She departed finally with a stock of Paris baubles and a collection of backshish sufficient to eternalize in her heart the memory of the infidel painting-travelers.

After a time, it must be confessed, even Cairo began to pall. The eternal rattle and fuss—the constant clattering turn of the kaleidoscope—the fine pictorial effect immediately covered or effaced by a new combination or a prosaic interference,—all this fatigued the artistic sense. The painters longed for scenes more penetrated with Egyptian repose. A day came finally when Lenoir was tired of sketching slippers at mosque doors, and even of painting—supreme



luxury!—in the reposing-room of the Turkish bath: it was somewhat exhausting, too, to assist day by day in making the fortune of those irresistible merchants of the bazaars; and he had his Persian carpets and Janizary armor made up into bales for transportation to Paris.

The grand preliminary for a journey to the Desert and the Nile was the choice of some good honest thief to keep off the banditti of the plains. At the first summons the garden of the ex-cook's house was filled with most abandoned-looking reprobates, who severally invited the travelers to confide to them, as dragomans, their lives, liberty and fortunes. All shrieking at once, these estimable brigands offered the certificates of character they had torn from former victims, and prayed to be engaged. With the assistance of friends and advisers the party succeeded in making a choice not too infelicitous: the gentlemanly tyrant whom they secured for donkey-master was named Hassahuee. They devoted a day to testing their animals and examining their tents, set up for show under the sycamores of the Esbekiah: Lenoir, incorrigible sketcher, managed to snatch a journey and an étude among the Tombs of the Caliphs. The camel-drivers who took charge of the baggage in the expedition up the Nile, and afterward in Arabia Petrea, were under the government of a very intelligent Syrian named Yusef Mussali. To do these dragomans justice, their conduct proved that they had nothing very brigandish about them but their looks. They were simply types, vivacious and various, of an artless and docile Arab people. Only that horrible marplot, the incorrigible English tourist, could succeed, in the opinion of the Frenchmen, in twisting awry those gentle creatures by a systematic course of injustice, inconsiderateness and brutality.

Crossing the river by the lively ferry at the island of Rudah, the caravan was quickly got in order by the impartial justice of Yusef Mussali, which expressed itself in energetic blows administered impartially to the beasts and beast-drivers. The party contemplated the

activity of that vigorous arm, cleared for action by sleeves turned up to the shoulder, and felt that they could repose in the authority of a member so prompt, so far-reaching and so decisive. Gizeh was soon reached, a village offering nothing remarkable but its ovens for chicken-hatching and its strategic position as the key of the Grand Pyramids. The valley of the Nile here offered a scene of artificial culture quite creditable to the national industry, but not so satisfactory to the fastidious artistic eye, which very quickly tires of the raw, uniform, metal-plated, unyielding green of agricultural improvement.

One tableau, however, was afforded by these regions of immemorial husbandry. The irrigation of the country, in some localities where the banks were steeper and more cliff-like, was effected by that most poetical of watering-machines, the sakhya. Remnant of the antique Egypt, the sakhya is a primitive revolving pump, turned by a camel, an ass or an outlandish-looking buffalo, who wears his horns in the fashion prescribed by the paintings in the ancient tombs. Two huge wheels, which form the water-works, keep lowering and lifting a succession of buckets, an ever-turning rosary of russet-colored urns. The location of a sakhya usually affords a combination of all that is Orientally picturesque in shapes and colors: there the artist may constantly find a foreground with broken banks, water, tufts of palm, animals and drivers, as well as infants and women who come with their jars in preference to dipping in the Nile itself.

The great sycamore near the Pyramids, habitual resting-place for traveling encampments, was leased by the caravan for three days, with right and privilege of tent-pitching. Here, under the superintendence of the cook, they lived on potted meats dressed with desert sand, sanded bread, poultry *au sable*, and wine improved with a fine crusty flavor from the same condiment. Several watches among the party, visited by the penetrating element, stopped as if by an enchantment. The Pyramids of course were made a conquest.

"Monsieur the count—*Cawaga*—forty centuries—Bonaparte—look down upon you—monsieur the baron—*Bono Fran-saoui*:" then with a personal application, "Good Arab—good backshish." It was a chorus to deafen the Sphinx. They visited the interior as well as the surface, and were touched by the dismantled state of the "Queen's Chamber," a boudoir bare of furniture or even wall-paper, and resembling nothing so much as a room of the Quartier Breda when one of the volatile inmates has lost her "things" by the cruel swoop of a sheriff's attachment. Poor queen! said the Paris callers: her bedroom is not chargeable with much Benoiton extravagance.

There is but little forage for the artist in the Pyramids when close at hand: their pictorial value is when seen in a silhouette, as from Gizeh. Then the mathematical relation of their lines and angles, suggestive as it is to science, is found to be also particularly satisfactory to the æsthetic eye. As for the Sphinx, it is the exemplar and gnomon of a passed art, whose perfection and self-sufficing attainment may not be ignored by the most frivolous observer. It is not the magnificent vastness which alone causes this imperious effect: the face wears an expression entirely definite and voluntary—the look of beatitude, pointed with the sense of superiority and irony.

The appetites which the tourists brought back from their climb ought to have been satisfactory to the forty centuries which have the office of surveying Frenchmen who encamp beneath the Pyramids. The same evening was enlivened and made almost archæological by the presence of an asp, which one of the camel-drivers had neatly intercepted. This astute-looking little reptile, the true *coluber* or asp of Cleopatra, and perhaps the lawful descendant of that which drank from the queen's unsceptred arm, was not very frightful in appearance. The fang of the asp, however, is more venomous than that of some more hideous serpents, and its two horns, resembling the antennæ of a beetle, give it a look of alertness and curiosity not at all calming to the nerves. The first night in the desert was

further marked by the production of a wolf-trap, with which one of the younger pilgrims had encumbered his trunk, in the hope of seducing a jackal, or possibly the jackal's master. The trap was set with a savory luncheon, but the jackals were modest and did not call.

The village of Sakkara, attained the day after leaving Gizeh, allowed the travelers a hunt after a quieter sort of game. They were there among the ruins of Memphis, and soon found themselves picking the bones of old burghers of that vanished city. The ghoul-like G— took possession of two skulls, horribly decayed, which form to-day in his opinion the loveliest ornament in his museum at Chatou; and Lenoir, with the instinct of a pearl-diver, detached from a female skull a row of beautiful teeth, almost as perfect and primitive as those which Eve set in the apple of Paradise.

The same enterprising youth at Dachur had a success of gallantry by painting the fingers of the water-bearing maids with blue and yellow from his color-box. The mysterious sketches which he drew on their earthen jars were also viewed with the greatest favor. Tamieh, whose graceful oasis and buildings form the subject of one of our engravings, was distinguished by a stroke of sportsmanship on the part of Gérôme, as lucky in its way as the finest stroke of his pencil. The bowers around the village have been selected for a residence by droves of wild boars, who form there a noisy and pestiferous republic. Gérôme, whose present visit was not his first, can attach to Tamieh the most flattering recollections of the chase, for he drew upon these outlaws the finest bead that the villagers had ever seen, and contributed partially to relieve them of the pests that ravaged their kitchen-gardens. Attended by the son of the sheikh of Tamieh, an uncouth fantoccini gamboling in a brown night-shirt, he gave chase to a huge beast that had approached the encampment. Three bullets in the shoulder and leg sent him rolling into the river to drown, whence he was fished up by the Arabs, streaming blood and Nile water.



The sheikh's son startled the village with his cries of "*Alouf! Alouf! Kalas! Cawaga GÉRÔME kebir!*" as he danced into the town at the head of the hunters, preceding the prey, which formed a heavy camel-load and weighed three hundred pounds.

At Fidemine the young sheikh of the youthful governor, "have you been visited by Europeans? Not many foreigners pass by here, to judge from appearances. Your town will not be improved with gas and English railroads until they have spread over all the world."

"How long since," said GÉRÔME to the youthful governor, "have you been visited by Europeans? Not many foreigners pass by here, to judge from appearances. Your town will not be improved with gas and English railroads until they have spread over all the world."

The sheikh took the question seriously, as if Mohammed himself were catechising him. Consulting his own thoughts a minute, he answered studiously, "Five years since they came: my father was the sheikh of Fidemine then. I was younger than at present, but I have faithfully kept the recollection."

On calculating the date by certain details, with the season of the year and the day of the month illumined by the passage of the well-remembered travelers, it was found that the sheikh was alluding, without knowing it, to the second Egyptian tour of GÉRÔME himself.

After a pause of several minutes the Arab added: "My father described to me how, just five years before that again, strangers had come to our village and gone a-hunting. Some of those Europeans installed themselves opposite our houses, sitting down in front of small boxes, and seemed to forget everything in a kind of labor which was unknown to us."

That uncomprehended craft was the art of oil-painting. The pilgrim absorbed before a box which he held on his knees beneath a broad umbrella was GÉRÔME again, on his first journey, a periodical comet due every five years.

The province through which the artists were now passing was Faïum, one of the most patriarchal and primitive in the

Nile valley. Its most important focus is the lake of Mœris and the town of Medinet. The simple arrangement of the edifices, the fine sculptural forms of the land, and the unworldly simplicity of the manners make Medinet an artist's jewel. GÉRÔME owes to Medinet-el-Faïum one of his conceptions of greatest beauty, a picture stamped with the very seal of the East, and perfectly adapted to the monumental nobility of his taste. Of this picture, which has been in America, we are able to present an elaborate and sufficing wood-cut, one of Saint-Elme's most careful reproductions.

Medinet was likewise the theatre of Lenoir's remarkable adventure in spoiling the Egyptians. Struck with the long, bridle-like ear-ornaments of a young village girl, the young amateur undertook to track her as she walked along balancing her water-jar. The damsel, conscious of being followed, suspiciously hastened her pace. Lenoir ambled on more vigorously. Sure now that the evil eye was bent on her, the maiden fled into the thickest of the bazaar of Medinet, the pitcher on her head rocking like a tower in an earthquake. Lenoir galloped, and Atalanta fled still faster. Nothing would have arrested her but what really did occur for that purpose—the loss of one of her slippers. Lenoir, picking up the sandal, offered it like a bouquet, his hand on his heart. The graces of Paris, always irresistible, made a hasty conquest of this primitive gazelle, and she ultimately gave him her ear, then her ear-drops, and finally the slippers whose treachery had led to her conquest. Pressing the enormous galoches to his heart again, the artist suffered her to vanish with his backshish, retaining for his share the memory of a fleeting Grace and the slipper of a fleeting Cinderella.

Faïum charmed our painters by its character, essentially gentle and patriarchal, its inhabitants, almost biblical, and the wild growths of its oasis, partially uncultivated. It was the realization of a Paradise inhabited by the *persona* of a pastoral.

## MALCOLM.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD,"  
"ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

## CHAPTER VII.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM.

AS soon as his grandfather left the house, Malcolm went out also, closing the door behind him, and turning the key, but leaving it in the lock. He ascended to the upper town—only, however, to pass through its main street, at the top of which he turned and looked back for a few moments, apparently in contemplation. The descent to the shore was so sudden that he could see nothing of the harbor or of the village he had left—nothing but the blue bay and the filmy mountains of Sutherlandshire, molten by distance into cloudy questions, and looking betwixt blue sea and blue sky, less substantial than either. After gazing for a moment, he turned again, and held on his way, through fields which no fence parted from the road. The morning was still glorious, the larks right jubilant, and the air filled with the sweet scents of cottage flowers. Across the fields came the occasional low of an ox, and the distant sounds of children at play. But Malcolm saw without noting, and heard without heeding, for his mind was full of speculation concerning the lovely girl, whose vision already appeared far off:—who might she be? whence had she come? whither could she have vanished? That she did not belong to the neighborhood was certain, he thought; but there was a farmhouse near the sea-town where they let lodgings; and, although it was early in the season, she might belong to some family which had come to spend a few of the summer weeks there: possibly his appearance had prevented her from having her bath that morning. If he should have the good fortune to see her again, he would show her a place far fitter for the purpose—a perfect arbor of rocks, utterly secluded, with a floor of deep sand, and without a hole for crab or lobster.

His road led him in the direction of a few cottages lying in a hollow. Beside them rose a vision of trees, bordered by an ivy-grown wall, from amidst whose summits shot the spire of a church; and from beyond the spire, through the trees, came golden glimmers as of vane and crescent and pinnacled ball, that hinted at some shadowy abode of enchantment within; but as he descended the slope toward the cottages the trees gradually rose and shut in everything.

These cottages were far more ancient than the houses of the town, were covered with green thatch, were buried in ivy, and would soon be radiant with roses and honeysuckles. They were gathered irregularly about a gate of curious old iron-work, opening on the churchyard, but more like an entrance to the grounds behind the church, for it told of ancient state, bearing on each of its pillars a great stone heron with a fish in its beak.

This was the quarter whence had come the noises of children, but they had now ceased, or rather sunk into a gentle murmur, which oozed, like the sound of bees from a straw-covered beehive, out of a cottage rather larger than the rest, which stood close by the churchyard gate. It was the parish school, and these cottages were all that remained of the old town of Portlossie, which had at one time stretched in a long irregular street almost to the shore. The town cross yet stood, but away solitary on a green hill that overlooked the sands.

During the summer the long walk from the new town to the school and to the church was anything but a hardship: in winter it was otherwise, for then there were days in which few would venture the single mile that separated them.

The door of the school, bisected longitudinally, had one of its halves open, and by it outflowed the gentle hum of

the honey-bees of learning. Malcolm walked in, and had the whole of the busy scene at once before him. The place was like a barn, open from wall to wall, and from floor to rafters and thatch, browned with the peat smoke of vanished winters. Two-thirds of the space were filled with long desks and forms; the other had only the master's desk, and thus afforded room for standing classes. At the present moment it was vacant, for the prayer was but just over, and the Bible-class had not been called up: there Alexander Graham, the schoolmaster, descending from his desk, met and welcomed Malcolm with a kind shake of the hand. He was a man of middle height, but very thin; and about five and forty years of age, but looked older, because of his thin gray hair and a stoop in the shoulders. He was dressed in a shabby black tail-coat and clean white neck-cloth: the rest of his clothes were of parson gray, noticeably shabby also. The quiet sweetness of his smile and a composed look of submission were suggestive of the purification of sorrow, but were attributed by the townsfolk to disappointment; for he was still but a schoolmaster, whose aim they thought must be a pulpit and a parish. But Mr. Graham had been early released from such an ambition, if it had ever possessed him, and had for many years been more than content to give himself to the hopefuller work of training children for the true ends of life: he lived the quietest of studious lives, with an old housekeeper.

Malcolm had been a favorite pupil, and the relation of master and scholar did not cease when the latter saw that he ought to do something to lighten the burden of his grandfather, and so left the school and betook himself to the life of a fisherman—with the slow leave of Duncan, who had set his heart on making a scholar of him, and would never, indeed, had Gaelic been amongst his studies, have been won by the most laborious petition. He asserted himself perfectly able to provide for both for ten years to come at least, in proof of which he roused the inhabitants of Port-lossie, during the space of a whole month,

a full hour earlier than usual, with the most terrific blasts of the bagpipes, and this notwithstanding complaint and expostulation on all sides, so that at length the provost had to interfere; after which outburst of defiance to time, however, his energy had begun to decay so visibly that Malcolm gave himself to the pipes in secret, that he might be ready, in case of sudden emergency, to take his grandfather's place; for Duncan lived in constant dread of the hour when his office might be taken from him and conferred on a mere drummer, or, still worse, on a certain ne'er-do-weel cousin of the provost, so devoid of music as to be capable only of ringing a bell.

"I've had an invitation to Miss Campbell's funeral—Miss Horn's cousin, you know," said Mr. Graham, in a hesitating and subdued voice: "could you manage to take the school for me, Malcolm?"

"Yes, sir. There's naething to hinder me. What day is 't upo'?"

"Saturday."

"Vera weel, sir. I s' be here in guid time."

This matter settled, the business of the school, in which, as he did often, Malcolm had come to assist, began. Only a pupil of his own could have worked with Mr. Graham, for his mode was very peculiar. But the strangest fact in it would have been the last to reveal itself to an ordinary observer. This was, that he rarely contradicted anything: he would call up the opposing truth, set it face to face with the error, and leave the two to fight it out. The human mind and conscience were, he said, the plains of Armageddon, where the battle of good and evil was for ever raging; and the one business of a teacher was to rouse and urge this battle by leading fresh forces of the truth into the field—forces composed as little as might be of the hiring troops of the intellect, and as much as possible of the native energies of the heart, imagination and conscience. In a word, he would oppose error only by teaching the truth.

In early life he had come under the influence of the writings of William Law, which he read as one who pondered every

doctrine in that light which only obedience to the truth can open upon it. With a keen eye for the discovery of universal law in the individual fact, he read even the marvels of the New Testament practically. Hence, in training his soldiers, every lesson he gave them was a missile; every admonishment of youth or maiden was as the mounting of an armed champion, and the launching of him with a *God-speed* into the thick of the fight.

He now called up the Bible-class, and Malcolm sat beside and listened. That morning they had to read one of the chapters in the history of Jacob.

"Was Jacob a good man?" he asked, as soon as the reading, each of the scholars in turn taking a verse, was over.

An apparently universal expression of assent followed; halting in its wake, however, came the voice of a boy near the bottom of the class:

"Wasna he some dooble, sir?"

"You are right, Sheltie," said the master; "he *was* double. I must, I find, put the question in another shape: Was Jacob a bad man?"

Again came such a burst of yesses that it might have been taken for a general hiss. But limping in the rear came again the half-dissentient voice of Jamie Joss, whom the master had just addressed as Sheltie:

"Pairtly, sir."

"You think, then, Sheltie, that a man may be both bad and good?"

"I dinna ken, sir. I think he may be whiles ane an' whiles the ither, an' whiles maybe it wad be ill to say whilk. Oor collie's whiles in twa min's whether he'll du what he's telled or no."

"That's the battle of Armageddon, Sheltie, my man. It's aye ragin', ohn gun roared or bagonet clashed. Ye maun up an' do yer best in't, my man. Gien ye dee fechtin' like a man, ye'll flee up wi' a quaiet face an' wi' wide open een; an' there's a great Ane 'at 'll say to ye, 'Weel dune, laddie!' But gien ye gie in to the enemy, he'll turn ye intill a creepin' thing 'at eats dirt; an' there 'll no be a hole in a' the crystal wa' o' the New Jerusalem near enouch to the grun' to lat ye creep throu'."

As soon as ever Alexander Graham, the polished thinker and sweet-mannered gentleman, opened his mouth concerning the things he loved best, that moment the most poetic forms came pouring out in the most rugged speech.

"I reckon, sir," said Sheltie, "Jacob hadna fouchten oot his battle."

"That's jist it, my boy. And because he wouldna get up and fecht manfully, God had to tak him in han'. Ye've heard tell o' generals, whan their troops war rinnin' awa', haein' to cut this man doon, shute that ane, and lick anither, till he turned them a' richt face about and drave them on to the foe like a spate! And the trouble God took wi' Jacob was na lost upon him at last."

"An' what 'cam o' Esau, sir?" asked a pale-faced maiden with blue eyes. "He wasna an ill kin' o' a chield—was he, sir?"

"No, Mappy," answered the master; "he was a fine chield, as you say; but he nott (*needed*) mair time and gentler treatment to mak onything o' him. Ye see he had a guid hert, but was a duller kin' o' cratur a'thegither, and cared for naething he could na see or hanle. He never thought muckle about God at a'. Jacob was anither sort—a poet kin' o' a man, but a sneck-drawin' cratur for a' that. It was easier, hooever, to get the slyness oot o' Jacob, than the dullness oot o' Esau. Punishment teltt upo' Jacob like upon a thin-skinned horse, whauras Esau was mair like the minister's powny, that can hardly be made to unnerstan' that ye want him to gang on. But o' the ither han', dullness is a thing than can be borne wi': there's na hurry about that; but the deceitfu' tricks o' Jacob war na to be endured, and sae the tawse (*leather strap*) cam doon upo' *him*."

"An' what for didna God mak Esau as clever as Jacob?" asked a wizened-faced boy near the top of the class.

"Ah, my Peery!" said Mr. Graham, "I canna tell ye that. A' that I can tell is, that God hadna dune makin' at him, an' some kin' o' fowk tak langer to mak oot than ither. An' ye canna tell what they're to be till they're made oot. But whether what I tell ye be richt or no,

God maun hae the verra best o' rizzons for 't, ower-guid maybe for us to unnerstan'—the best o' rizzons for Esau himsel', I mean, for the Creator luiks efter his cratur first ava' (*of all*).—And now," concluded Mr. Graham, resuming his English, "go to your lessons; and be diligent, that God may think it worth while to get on faster with the making of you."

In a moment the class was dispersed and all were seated. In another, the sound of scuffling arose, and fists were seen storming across a desk.

"Andrew Jamieson and Poochy, come up here," said the master in a loud voice.

"*He hittit me first*," cried Andrew, the moment they were within a respectful distance of the master, whereupon Mr. Graham turned to the other with inquiry in his eyes.

"He had nae business to ca' me Poochy."

"No more he had; but you had just as little right to punish him for it. The offence was against me: he had no right to use my name for you, and the quarrel was mine. For the present you are Poochy no more: go to your place, William Wilson."

The boy burst out sobbing, and crept back to his seat with his knuckles in his eyes.

"Andrew Jamieson," the master went on, "I had almost got a name for you, but you have sent it away. You are not ready for it yet, I see. Go to your place."

With downcast looks Andrew followed William, and the watchful eyes of the master saw that, instead of quarreling any more during the day, they seemed to catch at every opportunity of showing each other a kindness.

Mr. Graham never used bodily punishment: he ruled chiefly by the aid of a system of individual titles, of the mingled characters of pet-name and nickname. As soon as the individuality of a boy had attained to signs of blossoming—that is, had become such that he could predict not only an upright but a characteristic behavior in given circumstances, he would take him aside and whisper in his ear that henceforth, so

long as he deserved it, he would call him by a certain name—one generally derived from some object in the animal or vegetable world, and pointing to a resemblance which was not often patent to any eye but the master's own. He had given the name of *Poochy*, for instance, to William Wilson, because, like the kangaroo, he sought his object in a succession of awkward, yet not the less availing leaps—gulping his knowledge and pocketing his conquered marble after a like fashion. *Mappy*, the name which thus belonged to a certain flax-haired, soft-eyed girl, corresponds to the English *bunny*. *Sheltie* is the small Scotch mountain-pony, active and strong. *Peery* means *pegtop*. But not above a quarter of the children had pet-names. To gain one was to reach the highest honor of the school; the withdrawal of it was the severest of punishments, and the restoring of it the sign of perfect reconciliation. The master permitted no one else to use it, and was seldom known to forget himself so far as to utter it while its owner was in disgrace. The hope of gaining such a name, or the fear of losing it, was in the pupil the strongest ally of the master, the most powerful enforcement of his influences. It was a scheme of government by aspiration. But it owed all its operative power to the character of the man who had adopted rather than invented it—for the scheme had been suggested by a certain passage in the book of the Revelation.

Without having read a word of Swedenborg, he was a believer in the absolute correspondence of the inward and outward; and, thus long before the younger Darwin arose, had suspected a close relationship—remote identity, indeed, in nature and history—between the animal and human worlds. But photographs from a good many different points would be necessary to afford anything like a complete notion of the character of this country schoolmaster.

Toward noon, while he was busy with an astronomical class, explaining, by means partly of the blackboard, partly of two boys representing the relation of the earth and the moon, how it comes

that we see but one half of the latter, the door gently opened and the troubled face of the mad laird peeped slowly in. His body followed as gently, and at last—sad symbol of his weight of care—his hump appeared, with a slow half-revolution as he turned to shut the door behind him. Taking off his hat, he walked up to Mr. Graham, who, busy with his astronomy, had not perceived his entrance, touched him on the arm, and, standing on tip-toe, whispered softly in his ear, as if it were a painful secret that must be respected—

"I dinna ken whaur I cam frae. I want to come to the school."

Mr. Graham turned and shook hands with him, respectfully addressing him as Mr. Stewart, and got down for him the arm-chair which stood behind his desk. But, with the politest bow, the laird declined it, and mournfully repeating the words, "I dinna ken whaur I cam frae," took a place readily yielded him in the astronomical circle surrounding the symbolic boys.

This was not by any means his first appearance there; for every now and then he was seized with a desire to go to school, plainly with the object of finding out where he came from. This always fell in his quieter times, and for days together he would attend regularly; in one instance he was not absent an hour for a whole month. He spoke so little, however, that it was impossible to tell how much he understood, although he seemed to enjoy all that went on. He was so quiet, so sadly gentle, that he gave no trouble of any sort, and after the first few minutes of a fresh appearance, the attention of the scholars was rarely distracted by his presence.

The way in which the master treated him awoke like respect in his pupils. Boys and girls were equally ready to make room for him on their forms, and any one of the latter who had by some kind attention awakened the watery glint of a smile on the melancholy features of the troubled man, would boast of her success. Hence it came that the neighborhood of Portlossie was the one spot in the county where a person of weak

intellect or peculiar appearance might go about free of insult.

The peculiar sentence the laird so often uttered was the only one he invariably spoke with definite clearness. In every other attempt at speech he was liable to be assailed by an often recurring impediment, during the continuance of which he could compass but a word here and there, often betaking himself, in the agony of suppressed utterance, to the most extravagant gestures, with which he would sometimes succeed in so supplementing his words as to render his meaning intelligible.

The two boys representing the earth and the moon had returned to their places in the class, and Mr. Graham had gone on to give a description of the moon, in which he had necessarily mentioned the enormous height of her mountains as compared with those of the earth. But in the course of asking some questions, he found a need of further explanation, and therefore once more required the services of the boy-sun and boy-moon. The moment the latter, however, began to describe his circle around the former, Mr. Stewart stepped gravely up to him, and, laying hold of his hand, led him back to his station in the class; then, turning first one shoulder, then the other to the company, so as to attract attention to his hump, uttered the single word *Mountain*, and took on himself the part of the moon, proceeding to revolve in the circle which represented her orbit. Several of the boys and girls smiled, but no one laughed, for Mr. Graham's gravity maintained theirs. Without remark, he used the mad laird for a moon to the end of his explanation.

Mr. Stewart remained in the school all the morning, stood up with every class Mr. Graham taught, and in the intervals sat, with book or slate before him, still as a Brahman on the fancied verge of his re-absorption, save that he murmured to himself now and then—

"I dinna ken whaur I cam frae."

When his pupils dispersed for dinner, Mr. Graham invited him to go to his house and share his homely meal, but with polished gesture and broken speech,

Mr. Stewart declined, walked away toward the town, and was seen no more that afternoon.

CHAPTER VIII.  
THE SWIVEL.

MRS. COURTHOPE, the housekeeper at Lossie House, was a good woman, who did not stand upon her dignities, as small rulers are apt to do, but cultivated friendly relations with the people of the Sea Town. Some of the rougher of the women despised the sweet outlandish speech she had brought with her from her native England, and accused her of *mim-mou'd-ness*, or an affected modesty in the use of words; but not the less was she in their eyes a great lady—whence indeed came the special pleasure in finding flaws in her—for to them she was the representative of the noble family on whose skirts they and their ancestors had been settled for ages, the last marquis not having visited the place for many years, and the present having but lately succeeded.

Duncan MacPhail was a favorite with her; for the English woman will generally prefer the highland to the lowland Scotsman; and she seldom visited the Seaton without looking in upon him; so that when Malcolm returned from the Alton, or Old Town, where the school was, it did not in the least surprise him to find her seated with his grandfather. Apparently, however, there had been some dissension between them, for the old man sat in his corner strangely wrathful, his face in a glow, his head thrown back, his nostrils distended, and his eyelids working, as if his eyes were "poor dumb mouths," like Cæsar's wounds, trying to speak.

"We are told in the New Testament to forgive our enemies, you know," said Mrs. Courthope, heedless of his entrance, but in a voice that seemed rather to plead than oppose.

"Inteet she will not be false to her shief and her clan," retorted Duncan persistently. "She will *not* forgife Cawmil of Glenlyon."

"But he's dead long since, and we

may at least hope he repented and was forgiven."

"She'll be hoping nothing of the kind, Mistress Kertope," replied Duncan. "But if, as you say, God will be forgifing him—which I do not belief—let that pe enough for ta greedy blackguard. Sure, it matters but small whether poor Duncan MacPhail will be forgifing him or not. Anyhow, he must do without it, for he shall not haf it. He is a tamn fillain and scounrel, and so she says, with her respects to *you*, Mistress Kertope."

His sightless eyes flashed with indignation; and perceiving it was time to change the subject, the housekeeper turned to Malcolm.

"Could you bring me a nice mackerel or whiting for my lord's breakfast tomorrow morning, Malcolm?" she said.

"Certainly, mem. I s' be wi' ye in guid time wi' the best the sea 'll gie me," he answered.

"If I have the fish by nine o'clock, that will be early enough," she returned.

"I wad na like to wait sae lang for *my* brakfast," remarked Malcolm.

"You wouldn't mind it much, if you waited asleep," said Mrs. Courthope.

"Can onybody sleep till sic a time o' day as that?" exclaimed the youth.

"You must remember my lord doesn't go to bed for hours after you, Malcolm."

"An' what can keep him up a' that time? It's no as gien he war efter the herrin', an' had the win' an' the watter an' the netfu's o' waumlin' cratures to haud him waukin'."

"Oh! he reads and writes, and sometimes goes walking about the grounds after everybody else is in bed," said Mrs. Courthope—"he and his dog."

"Weel, I wad raither be up ear'," said Malcolm—"a heap raither. I like fine to be oot i' the quaiet o' the mornin' afore the sun's up to set the din gaun; whan it's a' clear but no bricht—like the back o' a bonny sawmon; an' air an' watter an' a' luiks as gien they war waitin' for something—quaiet, verra quaiet, but no content."

Malcolm uttered this long speech, and went on with more like it, in the hope of affording time for the stormy waters of

Duncan's spirit to assuage. Nor was he disappointed; for, if there was a sound on the earth Duncan loved to hear, it was the voice of his boy; and by degrees the tempest sank to repose, the gathered glooms melted from his countenance, and the sunlight of a smile broke out.

"Hear to him!" he cried. "Her poy will pe a creat pard som tay, and sing before ta Stuart kings, when they come pack to Holyrood!"

Mrs. Courthope had enough of poetry in her to be pleased with Malcolm's quiet enthusiasm, and spoke a kind word of sympathy with the old man's delight as she rose to take her leave. Duncan rose also, and followed her to the door, making her a courtly bow, and that just as she turned away.

"It'll pe a coot 'oman, Mistress Kertope," he said as he came back; "and it'll not pe to plame her for forgifing Glenlyon, for he did not kill *her* creat-crandmother. Put it'll pe fery paad preeding to request her nainsel, Tuncan MacPhail, to be forgifing ta rascal. Only she'll pe put a voman, and it'll not pe knowing no petter to her.—You'll be minding you'll be firing ta cun at six o'clock exactly, Malcolm, for all she says; for my lord, peing put shust come home to his property, it might pe a fex to him if tere was any mistake so soon. Put inteed, I vonder he hasn't been sending for old Tuncan to be gifing him a song or two on ta peeps; for he'll pe hafing ta oceans of fery coot highland plood in his own feins; and his friend, ta Prince of Wales, who has no more rights to it than a maackerel fish, will pe wearing ta kilts at Holyrood. So mind you pe firing ta cun at six, my son."

For some years, young as he was, Malcolm had hired himself to one or other of the boat-proprietors of the Seaton or of Scaurnose, for the herring-fishing—only, however, in the immediate neighborhood, refusing to go to the western islands, or any station whence he could not return to sleep at his grandfather's cottage. He had thus on every occasion earned enough to provide for the following winter, so that his grand-

father's little income as piper, and other small returns, were accumulating in various concealments about the cottage; for, in his care for the future, Duncan dreaded lest Malcolm should buy things for him without which, in his own sightless judgment, he could do well enough.

Until the herring-season should arrive, however, Malcolm made a little money by line-fishing; for he had bargained, the year before, with the captain of a schooner for an old ship's-boat, and had patched and caulked it into a sufficiently serviceable condition. He sold his fish in the town and immediate neighborhood, where a good many housekeepers favored the handsome and cheery young fisherman.

He would now be often out in the bay long before it was time to call his grandfather, in his turn to rouse the sleepers of Portlossie. But the old man had as yet always waked about the right time, and the inhabitants had never had any ground of complaint—a few minutes one way or the other being of little consequence. He was the cock which woke the whole yard: morning after morning his pipes went crowing through the streets of the upper region, his music ending always with his round. But after the institution of the gun-signal, his custom was to go on playing where he stood until he heard it, or to stop short in the midst of his round and his liveliest *réveillé* the moment it reached his ear. Loath as he might be to give over, that sense of good manners which was supreme in every highlander of the old time, interdicted the fingering of a note after the marquis's gun had called aloud.

When Malcolm meant to go fishing, he always loaded the swivel the night before, and about sunset the same evening he set out for that purpose. Not a creature was visible on the border of the curving bay except a few boys far off on the gleaming sands whence the tide had just receded: they were digging for sand-eels—lovely little silvery fishes—which, as every now and then the spade turned one or two up, they threw into a tin pail for bait. But on the summit of



the long sandhill, the lonely figure of a man was walking to and fro in the level light of the rosy west; and as Malcolm climbed the near end of the dunc, it was turning far off at the other: half-way between them was the embrasure with the brass swivel, and there they met.

Although he had never seen him before, Malcolm perceived at once it must be Lord Lossie, and lifted his bonnet. The marquis nodded and passed on, but the next moment, hearing the noise of Malcolm's proceedings with the swivel, turned and said—

"What are you about there with that gun, my lad?"

"I'm jist ga'in' to dicht her oot an' lod her, my lord," answered Malcolm.

"And what next? You're not going to fire the thing?"

"Ay—the morn's mornin', my lord."

"What will that be for?"

"Ow, jist to wauk yer lordship."

"Hm!" said his lordship, with more expression than articulation.

"Will I no lod her?" asked Malcolm, throwing down the ramrod, and approaching the swivel, as if to turn the muzzle of it again into the embrasure.

"Oh, yes! load her by all means. I don't want to interfere with any of your customs. But if that is your object, the means, I fear, are inadequate."

"It's a comfort to hear that, my lord; for I canna aye be sure o' my auld watch, an' may weel be oot a five minutes or twa whiles. Sae, in future, seein' it's o' sic sma' consequence to yer lordship, I s' jist lat her aff whan it's convenient. A few minutes winna maitter muckle to the baillie-bodies."

There was something in Malcolm's address that pleased Lord Lossie—the mingling of respect and humor, probably—the frankness and composure, perhaps. He was not self-conscious enough to be shy, and was so free from design of any sort that he doubted the good will of no one.

"What's your name?" asked the marquis abruptly.

"Malcolm MacPhail, my lord."

"MacPhail? I heard the name this very day! Let me see."

"My gran'father's the blin' piper, my lord."

"Yes, yes. Tell him I shall want him at the House. I left my own piper at Ceanglas."

"I'll fess him wi' me the morn, gien ye like, my lord, for I'll be ower wi' some fine troot or ither, gien I haena the waur luck, the morn's mornin': Mistress Court-hope says she'll be aye ready for ane to fry to yer lordship's brakfast. But I'm thinkin' that'll be ower ear' for ye to see him."

"I'll send for him when I want him. Go on with your brazen serpent there, only mind you don't give her too much supper."

"Jist luik at her ribs, my lord! *she* winna rive!" was the youth's response; and the marquis was moving off with a smile, when Malcolm called after him.

"Gien yer lordship likes to see yer ain ferlies, I ken whaur some o' them lie," he said.

"What do you mean by *ferlies*?" asked the marquis.

"Ow! keeriosities, ye ken. For enstance, there's some queer caves along the cost—two or three o' them afore ye come to the Scaurnose. They say the water bude till ha' howkit them ance upon a time, and they maun hae been fu' o' partans, an' lobsters, an' their frien's an' neebors; but they're heigh an' dreigh noo, as the fule said o' his minister, an' naething intill them but founmarts, an' otters, an' sic like."

"Well, well, my lad, we'll see," said his lordship kindly; and turning once more, he resumed his walk.

"At yer lordship's will," answered Malcolm in a low voice, as he lifted his bonnet and again bent to the swivel.

The next morning, he was rowing slowly along in the bay, when he was startled by the sound of his grandfather's pipes, wafted clear and shrill on a breath of southern wind, from the top of the town. He looked at his watch: it was not yet five o'clock. The expectation of a summons to play at Lossie House, had so excited the old man's brain that he had waked long before his usual time, and Portlossie must wake also. The

of it was, that he had already, as Malcolm knew from the direction of the boat, almost reached the end of his line and must even now be expecting the report of the swivel, until he heard that he would not cease playing, so long as there was a breath in his body. Malcolm, therefore, with all his might, almost soon ran his boat ashore, and at another instant the sharp yell of the boat rang among the rocks of the anchorage. He was still standing, lap- ping a light reverie as he watched the boat flying seaward, when a voice, well known to him, said, close by his side:

"What are you about with that horrid watch?" Malcolm started.

"I garred me loup, my leddy!" he answered with a smile and an obeisance. "You told me," the girl went on emphatically, and as she spoke she disengaged her watch from her girdle, "that it would be red at six o'clock. It is not six."

"Can ye hear the pipes, my leddy?" she inquired.

"Yes, well enough; but a whole regiment of pipes can't make it six o'clock when my watch says ten minutes past six."

"Is sic a braw watch!" exclaimed Malcolm. "What's a' thae bonny white cheeks about the face o' 't?"

"The cheeks," she answered, in a tone that betrayed the pity of his ignorance.

"Look at it aside mine!" he exclaimed in admiration, pulling out his watch and turning it up.

"There!" cried the girl; "your own watch says only a quarter past five."

"Nay! my leddy; I set it by the clock 'at a' hings i' the window o' the Airmen's last nicht. But I maun awa' to see efter my lines, or atween the net and the dogfish, my lord 'll fare ill." "I haven't told me why you fired at me," she persisted.

"Compelled, Malcolm had to explain that the motive lay in his anxiety that his grandfather should over-exert himself, seeing he was subject to severe attacks of asthma.

"He could stop when he was tired," she objected.

"Ay, gien his pride wad lat him," answered Malcolm, and turned away again, eager to draw his line.

"Have you a boat of your own?" asked the lady.

"Ay; yon's her, doon on the shore yonner. Wad ye like a row? She's fine an' quaiet."

"Who? The boat?"

"The sea, my leddy."

"Is your boat clean?"

"O' a' thing but fish. But na, it's no fit for sic a bonny goon as that. I winna lat ye gang the day, my leddy; but gien ye like to be here the morn's mornin', I s' be here at this same hoor, an' hae my boat as clean's a Sunday sark."

"You think more of my gown than of myself," she returned.

"There's no fear o' yersel', my leddy. Ye're ower weel made to blaud (*spoil*). But wae's me for the goon or (*before*) it had been an hoor i' the boat the day!—no to mention the fish comin' wallopin' ower the gunnel ane efter the ither. But 'deed I maun say good-mornin', mem!"

"By all means. I don't want to keep you a moment from your precious fish."

Feeling rebuked, without well knowing why, Malcolm accepted the dismissal, and ran to his boat. By the time he had taken his oars, the girl had vanished.

His line was a short one; but twice the number of fish he wanted were already hanging from the hooks. It was still very early when he reached the harbor. At home he found his grandfather waiting for him, and his breakfast ready.

It was hard to convince Duncan that he had waked the royal burgh a whole hour too soon. He insisted that, as he had never made such a blunder before, he could not have made it now.

"It's ta watch 'at 'll pe telling ta lies, Malcolm, my poy," he said thoughtfully. "She was once pefore."

"But the sun says the same 's the watch, daddy," persisted Malcolm.

Duncan understood the position of the sun and what it signified, as well as the clearest-eyed man in Port Lossie, but he could not afford to yield.

"It was peing some conspeeracy of ta cursit Cawmills, to make her loss her poor pension," he said. "Put never you mind, Malcolm; I'll pe making up for ta plunder ta morrow mornin'. Ta coot peoples shall haf teir sleeps a whole hour after tey ought to be at teir works."

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE SALMON-TROUT.

MALCOLM walked up through the town with his fish, hoping to part with some of the less desirable of them, and so lighten his basket before entering the grounds of Lossie House. But he had met with little success, and was now approaching the town-gate, as they called it, which closed a short street at right angles to the principal one, when he came upon Mrs. Catanach — on her knees, cleaning her doorstep.

"Weel, Ma'colm, what fish hae ye?" she said, without looking up.

"Hoo kent ye it was me, Mistress Catanach?" asked the lad.

"Kent it was you?" she repeated. "Gien there be but twa feet at ance in ony street o' Portlossie, I'll tell ye whase heid's abune them, an' my een steekit (*closed*)."

"Hoot! ye're a witch, Mistress Catanach!" said Malcolm merrily.

"That's as may be," she returned, rising, and nodding mysteriously; "I hae tauld ye nae mair nor the trowth. But what garred ye whup's a' oot o' oor nakit beds by five o'clock i' the mornin', this mornin', man? That's no what ye're paid for."

"Deed, mem, it was jist a mistak' o' my puir daddy's. He had been feart o' sleepin' ower lang, ye see, an' sae had waukit ower sune. I was oot efter the fish, mysel'."

"But ye fired the gun 'gen the chap (*before the stroke*) o' five."

"Ow, ay! I fired the gun. The puir man wad hae bursten himsel' gien I hadna."

"Deil gien he *hed* bursten himsel'—the auld heelan' sholt!" exclaimed Mrs. Catanach spitefully.

"Ye sanna even sic words to my gran father, Mrs. Catanach," said Malcolm with rebuke.

She laughed a strange laugh.

"*Sanna!*" she repeated contemptuously. "An' wha 's *your* gran'fathe that I sud tak tent (*heed*) hoo I wag m tongue ower *his* richteousness?"

Then, with a sudden change of h tone to one of would-be friendliness—

"But what'll ye be seekin' for that b sawmon trooty, man?" she said.

As she spoke she approached his bakket, and would have taken the fish i her hands, but Malcolm involuntari drew back.

"It's gainin' to the Hoose to my lord brakfast," he said.

"Hoots! ye'll jist lea' the troot w me.—Ye'll be seekin' a saxpence for I reckon," she persisted, again approachin the basket.

"I tell ye, Mistress Catanach," said Malcolm, drawing back now in the fet that if she once had it she would ne yield it again, "it's gainin' up to th Hoose!"

"Toots! there's naebody there seen yet. It's new oot o' the watter."

"But Mistress Courthope was doe last nicht, an' wantit the best I coul heuk."

"Mistress Courthope! Wha cares f her? A mim, cantin' auld body! G *me* the trootie, Ma'colm. Ye're a bonn laad, an' it s' be the better for ye."

"Deed I cudna du 't, Mistress Catanach—though I'm sorry to disobleeg ye. It's bespoken, ye see. But there a fine haddie, an' a bonny sma' coddie an' a goukmey (*gray gurnard*)."

"Gae 'wa' wi' yer haddies, an' yer goul meys! Ye sanna gowk *me* wi' them."

"Weel, I wadna wonner," said Malcolm, "gien Mrs. Courthope wad lik the haddie tu, an' maybe the lave them as weel. Hers is a muckle faimil to haud eatin'. I'll jist gang to th Hoose first afore I mak ony mair offer frae my creel."

"Ye'll lea' the troot wi' *me*," said Mrs. Catanach imperiously.

"Na; I canna du that. Ye maun se yersel' 'at I canna!"

The woman's face grew dark with anger.

"It s' be the *waur* for ye," she cried.

"I'm no gavin' to be fleyt (*frightened*) ye. Ye're no sic a witch as that comes o', though ye *div* ken a body's fit upo' the flags! My blin' luckie-deddy canna mair nor that!" said Malcolm, irritated by her persistency, threats and evil oaks.

"Daur ye *me*?" she returned, her rosy cheeks now red as fire, and her quick eyes flashing as she shook her clenched fist at him.

"What for no?" he answered coolly, turning his head back over his shoulder, for he was already on his way to the gate.

"Ye s' ken that, ye misbegotten funn'!" shrieked the woman, and waddled hastily into the house.

"What ails her?" said Malcolm to himself. "She micht ha' seen' 'at I bude to gie Mrs. Courthope the first offer."

By a winding carriage-drive, through trees whose growth was stunted by the sea-winds, which had cut off their tops with a keen razor, Malcolm made a low descent, yet was soon shadowed by timber of a more prosperous growth, rising as, from a lake of the loveliest green, spangled with starry daisies. The air was full of sweet odors uplifted with the ascending dew, and trembled with a hundred songs at once, for here was a very paradise for birds. At length he came in sight of a long low wing of the house, and went to the door that led to the kitchen. There a maid informed him that Mrs. Courthope was in the hall, and he had better take his basket there, for she wanted to see him. He obeyed, and sought the main entrance.

The house was an ancient pile, mainly of two sides at right angles, but with many gables, mostly having corbel-steps—a genuine old Scottish dwelling, small-windowed and gray, with steep slated roofs, and many turrets, each with a conical top. Some of these turrets rose from the ground, encasing spiral stone stairs; others were but bartizans, their interiors forming recesses in rooms. They gave the house something of the air of

a French château, only it looked stronger and far grimmer. Carved around some of the windows, in ancient characters, were Scripture texts and antique proverbs. Two time-worn specimens of heraldic zoology, in a state of fearful and everlasting excitement, stood rampant and gaping, one on each side of the hall-door, contrasting strangely with the repose of the ancient house, which looked very like what the oldest part of it was said to have been—a monastery. It had at the same time, however, a somewhat warlike expression, wherein consisting it would have been difficult to say; nor could it ever have been capable of much defence, although its position in that regard was splendid. In front was a great gravel-space, in the centre of which lay a huge block of serpentine, from a quarry on the estate, filling the office of goal, being the pivot, as it were, around which all carriages turned.

On one side of the house was a great stone bridge, of lofty span, stretching across a little glen, in which ran a brown stream spotted with foam—the same that entered the frith beside the Seaton; not muddy, however, for though dark it was clear—its brown being a rich transparent hue, almost red, gathered from the peat-bogs of the great moorland hill behind. Only a very narrow terrace-walk, with battlemented parapet, lay between the back of the house and a precipitous descent of a hundred feet to this rivulet. Up its banks, lovely with flowers and rich with shrubs and trees below, you might ascend until by slow gradations you left the woods and all culture behind, and found yourself, though still within the precincts of Lossie House, on the lonely side of the waste hill, a thousand feet above the sea.

The hall-door stood open, and just within hovered Mrs. Courthope, dusting certain precious things not to be handled by a housemaid. This portion of the building was so narrow that the hall occupied its entire width, and on the opposite side of it another door, standing also open, gave a glimpse of the glen.

"Good-morning, Malcolm," said Mrs. Courthope, when she turned and saw

whose shadow fell on the marble floor. "What have you brought me?"

"A fine salmon-troot, mem. But gien ye had hard hoo Mistress Catanach flytit (*scolded*) at me 'cause I wadna gie 't to her! You wad hae thocht, mem, she was something no canny—the w'y 'at she first beggit, an' syne fleecht (*flattered*), an syne a' but banned an' swore."

"She's a peculiar person, that, Malcolm. Those are nice whittings. I don't care about the trout. Just take it to her as you go back."

"I doobt gien she'll take it, mem. She's an awfu' vengefu' cratur, fowk says."

"You remind me, Malcolm," returned Mrs. Courthope, "that I am not at ease about your grandfather. He is not in a Christian frame of mind at all—and he is an old man too. If we don't forgive our enemies, you know, the Bible plainly tells us we shall not be forgiven ourselves."

"I'm thinkin' it was a greater nor the Bible said that, mem," returned Malcolm, who was an apt pupil of Mr. Graham. "But ye'll be meaning Cammill o' Glenlyon," he went on with a smile. "It canna maitter muckle to him whether my gran'father forgie him or no, seein' he's been deid this hunner year."

"It's not Campbell of Glenlyon, it's your grandfather I am anxious about," said Mrs. Courthope. "Nor is it only Campbell of Glenlyon he's so fierce against, but all his posterity as well."

"They dinna exist, mem. There's no sic a bein' o' the face o' the yearth, as a descendant o' *that* Glenlyon."

"It makes little difference, I fear," said Mrs. Courthope, who was no bad logician. "The question isn't whether or not there's anybody to forgive, but whether Duncan MacPhail is willing to forgive."

"That I do believe he is, mem; though he wad be as sair astonished to hear 't as ye are yersel'."

"I don't know what you mean by that, Malcolm."

"I mean, mem, 'at a blin' man, like my gran'father, canna ken himsel' richt, seein' he canna ken ither fowk richt.

It's by kennin' ither fowk 'at ye come to ken yersel', mem—isna 't noo?"

"Blindness surely doesn't prevent a man from knowing other people. He hears them, and he feels them, and indeed has generally more kindness from them because of his affliction."

"Frae some o' them, mem; but it's little kin'ness my gran'father has expairienced frae Cammill o' Glenlyon, mem."

"And just as little injury, I should suppose," said Mrs. Courthope.

"Ye're wrang there, mem: a murdered mither maun be an unco skaith to oye's oye (*grandson's grandson*). But supposin' ye to be richt, what I say 's to the pint for a' that. I maun jist explain a wee.—Whan I was a laddie at the schule, I was ance tell't that ane o' the loons was i' the wye o' mockin' my gran'father. When I hard it, I thocht I cud jist rive the hert oot o' 'm, an' set my teeth in 't, as the Dutch sodger did to the Spaniard. But whan I got a grip o' 'im, an' the rascal turned up a frichtit kin' o' a dog-like face to me, I jist could *not* drive my steiket neive (*clenched fist*) intil't. Mem, a face is an awfu' thing! There's aye something luikin' oot o' 't 'at ye canna do as ye like wi'. But my gran'father never saw a face in 's life—lat alane Glenlyon's 'at's been dirt for sae mony a year. Gien he war luikin' intil the face o' that Glenlyon even, I do believe he would no more drive his durk intill him—"

"Drive his dirk into him!" echoed Mrs. Courthope, in horror at the very disclaimer.

"No, I'm sure he wad *not*," persisted Malcolm, innocently. "He micht *not* tak him oot o' a pot (*hole in a river-bed*), but he wad neither durk him nor fling him in. I'm no that sure he wadna even rax (*reach*) him a han'. Ae thing I *am* certain o'—that by the time he meets Glenlyon in haven, he'll be no that far frae lattin' by-ganes be by-ganes."

"Meets Glenlyon in heaven!" again echoed Mrs. Courthope, who knew enough of the story to be startled at the taken-for-granted way in which Malcolm spoke. "Is it probable that a

wretch such as your legends describe him should ever get there?"

"Ye dinna think God's forgien him, than, mem?"

"I have no right to judge Glenlyon, or any other man; but as you ask me, I must say I see no likelihood of it."

"Hoo can ye compleen o' my puir blin' grandfather for no forgiein' him, than?—I hae ye there, mem!"

"He *may* have repented, you know," said Mrs. Courthope feebly, finding herself in less room than was comfortable.

"In sic case," returned Malcolm, "the auld man 'll hear a' about it the meenit he wins there; an' I mak nae doobt he'll du his best to perswaud himsel'."

"But what if he shouldn't get there?" persisted Mrs. Courthope, in pure benevolence.

"Hoot toot, mem! I wonner to hear ye! A Cammill latten in, and my gran'-father hauden oot! That wad be jist yellow-faced Willie ower again!\* Na, na; things gang anither gait up there. My gran'-father's a rale guid man, for a' 'at he has a wye o' luikin' at things 'at's mair efter the law nor the gospel."

Apparently, Mrs. Courthope had come at length to the conclusion that Malcolm was as much of a heathen as his grandfather, for in silence she chose her fish, in silence paid him his price, and then with only a sad *Good-day*, turned and left him.

He would have gone back by the river-side to the sea-gate, but Mrs. Courthope having waived her right to the fish in favor of Mrs. Catanach, he felt bound to give her another chance, and so returned the way he had come.

"Here's yer troot, Mistress Cat'nach," he called aloud at her door, which generally stood a little ajar. "Ye s' hae 't for the saxpence—an' a guid bargain tu, for ane o' sic dimensions!"

As he spoke, he held the fish in at the door, but his eyes were turned to the main street, whence the factor's gig was at the moment rounding the corner into that in which he stood; when suddenly the salmon-trout was snatched from his

hand, and flung so violently in his face, that he staggered back into the road: the factor had to pull sharply up to avoid driving over him. His rout rather than retreat was followed by a burst of insulting laughter, and at the same moment, out of the house rushed a large vile-looking mongrel, with hair like an ill-used door-mat and an abbreviated nose, fresh from the ashpit, caught up the trout, and rushed with it toward the gate.

"That's richt, my bairn!" shouted Mrs. Catanach to the brute as he ran: "tak it to Mrs. Courthope. Tak it back wi' my compliments."

Amidst a burst of malign laughter she slammed her door, and from a window sideways watched the young fisherman.

As he stood looking after the dog in wrath and bewilderment, the factor having recovered from the fit of merriment into which the sudden explosion of events had cast him, and succeeded in quieting his scared horse, said, slackening his reins to move on,

"You sell your fish too cheap, Malcolm."

"The deil's i' the tyke," rejoined Malcolm, and, seized at last by a sense of the ludicrousness of the whole affair, burst out laughing, and turned for the High street.

"Na, na, laddie; the deil's no awa' in sic a hurry: he bed (*remained*)," said a voice behind him.

Malcolm turned again and lifted his bonnet. It was Miss Horn, who had come up from the Seaton.

"Did ye see yon, mem?" he asked.

"Ay, weel that, as I cam up the brae. Dinna stan' there, laddie. The jaud 'll be watchin' ye like a cat watchin' a moose. I ken her! She's a cat-wuman, an' I canna bide her. She's no mowse (*safe to touch*). She's in secrets mair nor guid, I s' wad (*wager*). Come awa' wi' me; I want a bit fish. I can ill eat an' her lyin' deid i' the hoose—it winna gang ower; but I maun get some strength pitten intill me afore the beerial. It's a God's-mercy I wasna made wi' feelin's, or what wad hae come o' me! Whaur's the gude o' greitin'? It's no worth the

\* Lord Stair, the prime mover in the massacre of Glencoe.

saut i' the watter o' 't, Ma'colm. It's an ill wardle, an' micht be a bonny ane—gien't warra for ill men."

"Dod, mem! I'm thinkin' mair about ill women, at this present," said Malcolm. "Maybe there's no sic a thing, but yon's unco like ane. As bonny a sawmon-troot 's ever ye saw, mem! It's a' I'm cawpable o' to haud ohn cursed that foul tyke o' hers."

"Hoot, laddie! haud yer tongue."

"Ay will I. I'm no gaun to du 't, ye ken. But sic a fine troot 's that—the verra ane ye wad hac likit, mem!"

"Never ye min' the troot. There's mair whaur that cam frae. What anger't her at ye?"

"Naething mair nor that I bude to gie Mistress Courthope the first wale (*choice*) o' my fish."

"The wuman's no worth yer notice, 'cep to haud oot o' her gait, laddie; an' that ye had better luik till, for she's no canny. Dinna ye anger her again gien ye can help it. She has an ill luik, an' I canna bide her.—Hae, there's yer siller. Jean, tak in this fish."

During the latter part of the conversation they had been standing at the door, while Miss Horn ferreted the needful pence from a pocket under her gown. She now entered, but as Malcolm waited for Jean to take the fish, she turned on the threshold, and said—

"Wad ye no like to see her, Ma'colm?—A guid frien' she was to you, sae lang 's she was here," she added after a short pause.

The youth hesitated.

"I never saw a corp i' my life, mem, an' I'm jist some feared," he said, after another brief silence.

"Hoot, laddie!" returned Miss Horn, in a somewhat offended tone—"That'll be what comes o' hacin' feelin's. A bonny corp 's the bonniest thing in creation—an' that quaiet!—Eh! sic a heap o' them as there *has* been sin' Awbel," she went on—"an ilk ane o' them luikin' as gien there never had been anither but itsel'! Ye *oucht* to see a corp, Ma'colm. Ye'll hae't to du afore ye're ane yersel', an' ye'll never see a bonnier nor see't v Grizel."

"Be 't to yer wull, mem," said Malcolm resignedly.

At once she led the way, and he followed her in silence up the stair and into the dead-chamber.

There on the white bed lay the long, black, misshapen thing she had called "the bit boxie;" and with a strange sinking at the heart, Malcolm approached it.

Miss Horn's hand came from behind him, and withdrew a covering: there lay a vision lovely indeed to behold!—a fixed evanescence—a listening stillness—awful, yet with a look of entreaty, at once resigned and unyielding, that strangely drew the heart of Malcolm. He saw a low white forehead, large eyeballs upheaving closed lids, finely-modeled features of which the tightened skin showed all the delicacy, and a mouth of suffering whereon the vanishing Psyche had left the shadow of the smile with which she awoke. The tears gathered in his eyes, and Miss Horn saw them.

"Ye maun lay yer han' upo' her, Ma'colm," she said. "Ye sud aye touch the deid, to haud ye ohn dreamed about them."

"I wad be laith," answered Malcolm; "she wad be ower bonny a dream to miss.—Are they a' like that?" he added, speaking under his breath.

"Na, deed no!" replied Miss Horn, with mild indignation. "Wad ye expect Bawby Cat'nach to luik like that, no?—I beg yer pardon for mentionin' the wuman, my dear," she added with sudden divergence, bending toward the still face, and speaking in a tenderly apologetic tone; "I ken weel ye canna bide the verra name o' her; but it s' be the last time ye s' hear 't to a' eternity, my doo." Then turning again to Malcolm—"Lay yer han' upon her broo, I tell ye," she said.

"I daurna," replied the youth, still under his breath; "my han's are no clean. I wadna for the warl' touch her wi' fishy han's."

The same moment, moved by a sudden impulse, whose irresistibleness was veiled in his unconsciousness, he bent down, and put his lips to the forehead.

As suddenly he started back erect, with dismay on every feature.

"Eh, mem!" he cried in an agonized whisper, "she's dooms cauld!"

"What sud she be?" retorted Miss Horn. "Wad ye hae her beeried warm?"

He followed her from the room in silence, with the sense of a faint sting on his lips. She led him into her parlor, and gave him a glass of wine.

"Ye'll come to the beerial upo' Setter-day?" she asked, half inviting, half inquiring.

"I'm sorry to say, mem, 'at I canna," he answered. "I promised Maister Graham to tak the schule for him, an' lat him gang."

"Weel, weel! Mr. Graham's obleeged to ye, nae doobt, an' we canna help it. Gie my compliments to yer gran'father," she said.

"I'll du that, mem. He'll be sair pleased, for he's unco gratefu' for ony sic attention," said Malcolm, and with the words took his leave.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### THE FUNERAL.

THAT night the weather changed, and grew cloudy and cold. Saturday morning broke drizzly and dismal. A north-east wind tore off the tops of the drearily tossing billows. All was gray—enduring, hopeless gray. Along the coast the waves kept roaring on the sands, persistent and fateful; the Scaurnose was one mass of foaming white; and in the caves still haunted by the tide, the bellowing was like that of thunder.

Through the drizzle-shot wind and the fog blown in shreds from the sea, a large number of the most respectable of the male population of the burgh, clothed in Sunday gloom deepened by the crape on their hats, made their way to Miss Horn's, for, despite her rough manners, she was held in high repute. It was only such as had reason to dread the secret communication between closet and house-top, that feared her tongue; if she spoke loud, she never spoke false, or backbit in the dark. What chiefly conduced, however, to the respect in which she was held, was that she was one of their own

people, her father having died minister of the parish some twenty years before. Comparatively little was known of her deceased cousin, who had been much of an invalid, and had mostly kept to the house, but all had understood that Miss Horn was greatly attached to her; and it was for the sake of the living mainly that the dead was thus honored.

As the prayer drew to a close, the sounds of trampling and scuffling feet bore witness that Watty Witherspail and his assistants were carrying the coffin down the stair. Soon the company rose to follow it, and trooping out, arranged themselves behind the hearse, which, horrid with nodding plumes and gold and black paneling, drew away from the door to make room for them.

Just as they were about to move off, to the amazement of the company and the few onlookers who, notwithstanding the weather, stood around to represent the commonalty, Miss Horn herself, solitary, in a long black cloak and somewhat awful bonnet, issued, and made her way through the mourners until she stood immediately behind the hearse, by the side of Mr. Cairns the parish minister. The next moment, Watty Witherspail, who had his station at the farther side of the hearse, arriving somehow at a knowledge of the apparition, came round by the horses' heads, and with a look of positive alarm at the glaring infringement of time-honored customs, addressed her in half-whispered tones expostulatory.

"Ye'll never be thinkin' o' gauin' yersel', mem!" he said.

"What for no, Watty, I wad like to ken?" growled Miss Horn from the vaulted depths of her bonnet.

"The like was never hard tell o'!" returned Watty, with the dismay of an orthodox undertaker, righteously jealous of all innovation.

"It 'll be to tell o' hencefurth," rejoined Miss Horn, who in her risen anger spoke aloud, caring nothing who heard her. "Daur ye preshume, Watty Witherspail," she went on, "for no rizzon but that I ga'e you the job, an' unnertook to pay ye for't—an' that far abune its mar-



ket value—daur ye preshume, I say, to dictate to *me* what I'm to du an' what I'm no to du anent the maitter in han'? Think ye I hae been a mither to the puir yoong thing for sae mony a year to lat her gang awa' her lane at the last wi' the likes o' *you* for company?"

"Hoot, mem! there's the minister at your elbuck."

"I tell ye, ye're but a whenen rouch men-fowk! There's no a woman amon' ye to haud things dacent, 'cep I gang mysel'. I'm no beggin' the minister's pardon aither. *I'll gang. I maun see my puir Grizel till her last bed.*"

"I dread it may be too much for your feelings, Miss Horn," said the minister, who being an ambitious young man of lowly origin, and very shy of the ridiculous, did not in the least wish her company.

"Feelin's!" exclaimed Miss Horn in a tone of indignant repudiation; "I'm gauin' to du what's richt. I's *gang*, and gien ye dinna like my company, Mr. Cairns, ye can gang hame, an' I s' gang withoot ye. Gien she sud happen to be luikin doon, she sanna see me wantin' at the last o' her. But I s'mak' no wark aboot it. I s' no putt mysel' ower forret."

And ere the minister could utter another syllable, she had left her place to go to the rear. The same instant the procession began to move, corpse-marched, toward the grave; and stepping aside, she stood erect, sternly eyeing the irregular ranks of two and three and four as they passed her, intending to bring up the rear alone. But already there was one in that solitary position: with bowed head, Alexander Graham walked last and single. The moment he caught sight of Miss Horn, he perceived her design, and, lifting his hat, offered his arm. She took it almost eagerly, and together they followed in silence, through the gusty wind and monotonous drizzle.

The school-house was close to the churchyard. An instant hush fell upon the scholars when the hearse darkened the windows, lasting while the horrible thing slowly turned to enter the iron

gates—a deep hush, as if a wave of the eternal silence which rounds all our noises, had broken across its barriers. The mad laird who had been present all the morning, trembled from head to foot; yet rose and went to the door with a look of strange, subdued eagerness. When Miss Horn and Mr. Graham had passed into the churchyard, he followed.

With the bending of uncovered heads, in a final gaze of leave-taking, over the coffin at rest in the bottom of the grave, all that belonged to the ceremony of burial was fulfilled; but the two facts that no one left the churchyard, although the wind blew and the rain fell, until the mound of sheltering earth was heaped high over the dead, and that the hands of many friends assisted with spade and shovel, did much to compensate for the lack of a service.

As soon as this labor was ended, Mr. Graham again offered his arm to Miss Horn, who had stood in perfect calmness watching the whole with her eagle's-eyes. But although she accepted his offer, instead of moving toward the gate she kept her position in the attitude of a hostess who will follow her friends. They were the last to go from the churchyard. When they reached the schoolhouse she would have had Mr. Graham leave her, but he insisted on seeing her home. Contrary to her habit she yielded and they slowly followed the retiring company.

"Safe at last!" half-sighed Miss Horn, as they entered the town—her sole remark on the way.

Rounding a corner, they came upon Mrs. Catanach standing at a neighbor's door, gazing out upon nothing, as was her wont at times, but talking to some one in the house behind her. Miss Horn turned her head aside as she passed. A look of low, malicious, half-triumphant cunning lightened across the puffy face of the *howdy*. She cocked one bushy eyebrow, setting one eye wide open, drew down the other eyebrow, nearly closing the eye under it, and stood looking after them thus until they were out of sight. Then turning her head over her shoulder, she burst into a laugh, softly husky

with the general flabbiness of her corporeal conditions.

"What ails ye, Mistress Catanach?" cried a voice from within.

"Sic a couple 's yon twasum wad mak!" she replied, again bursting into gelatinous laughter.

"Wha, than? I canna lea' my milk-parritch to come an' luik."

"Ow! jist Meg Horn, the auld kail-runt, an' Sanny Graham, the stickit minister. I wad like weel to be at the bed-din' o' them. Eh! the twa heids o' them upon ae bowster!"

And chuckling a low chuckle, Mrs. Catanach moved for her own door.

As soon as the churchyard was clear of the funeral train, the mad laird peeped from behind a tall stone, gazed cautiously around him, and then with slow steps came and stood over the new-made grave, where the sexton was now laying the turf, "to mak a' snod (*trim*) for the Sawbath."

"Whaur is she gan till?" he murmured to himself.—He could generally speak better when merely uttering his thoughts than when attempting at communication.—"I dinna ken whaur I cam frae, an' I dinna ken whaur she's gane till; but whan I gang mysel', maybe I'll ken baith.—I dinna ken, I dinna ken, I dinna ken whaur I cam frae."

Thus muttering, so lost in the thoughts that originated them that he spoke the words mechanically, he left the churchyard, and returned to the school, where, under the superintendence of Malcolm, everything had been going on in the usual Saturday fashion—the work of the day which closed the week's labors being to repeat a certain number of *questions* of the Shorter Catechism (which term, alas! included the answers), and next to buttress them with a number of suffering caryatids, as it were—texts of Scripture, I mean, first petrified and then dragged into the service. Before Mr. Graham returned, every one had done his part except Sheltie, who, excellent at asking questions for himself, had a very poor memory for the answers to those of other people, and was in consequence often a *keepie-in*. He did not

generally heed it much, however, for the master was not angry with him on such occasions, and they gave him an opportunity of asking in his turn a multitude of questions of his own.

When he entered he found Malcolm reading *The Tempest*, and Sheltie sitting in the middle of the waste schoolroom, with his elbows on the desk before him, and his head and the Shorter Catechism between them; while in the farthest corner sat Mr. Stewart, with his eyes fixed on the ground, murmuring his answerless questions to himself.

"Come up, Sheltie," said Mr. Graham, anxious to let the boy go. "Which of the questions did you break down in to-day?"

"Please, sir, I cudna rest i' my grave till the resurrection," answered Sheltie, with but a dim sense of the humor involved in the reply.

"What benefits do believers receive from Christ at death?" said Mr. Graham, putting the question with a smile.

"The souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory; and their bodies, being still united to Christ, do rest in their graves till the resurrection," replied Sheltie, now with perfect accuracy; whereupon the master, fearing the outbreak of a torrent of counter-questions, made haste to dismiss him.

"That'll do, Sheltie," he said. "Run home to your dinner."

Sheltie shot from the room like a shell from a mortar.

He had barely vanished when Mr. Stewart rose and came slowly from his corner, his legs appearing to tremble under the weight of his hump, which moved fitfully up and down in his futile attempts to utter the word *resurrection*. As he advanced, he kept heaving one shoulder forward, as if he would fain bring his huge burden to the front, and hold it out in mute appeal to his instructor; but before reaching him he suddenly stopped, lay down on the floor on his back, and commenced rolling from side to side, with moans and complaints. Mr. Graham interpreted the action into

the question—How was such a body as his to rest in its grave till the resurrection—perched thus on its own back in the coffin? All the answer he could think of was to lay hold of his hand, lift him, and point upward. The poor fellow shook his head, glanced over his shoul-

der at his hump, and murmured, "Heavy, heavy!" seeming to imply that it would be hard for him to rise and ascend at the last day.

He had doubtless a dim notion that all his trouble had to do with his hump.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CANNES.

THE Littoral or south-eastern coast of France enjoys a climate of such extreme beauty and mildness that it has been famous for ages as a health-resort during the cold months of the year, especially for persons afflicted with pulmonary diseases. In the days of old Rome invalids were sent to Nice and its environs, not alone from the capital of the world, but from Milan, Genoa, Florence and the many cities of Northern and Central Italy, as also from Paris, Lyons, Nîmes, Montpellier and other important places of ancient Gaul. But on the fall of the Roman empire the barbarians destroyed the great majority of the noble roads which had rendered travel easy and agreeable to the delicate, and the fashion of wintering at Nicæa, Cemenellium and Ægitna (Cannes) fell into disuse. From A. D. 859 to 975 the Saracens occupied the country, and kept up a perpetual warfare with the Christian natives, so that bold indeed would have been the traveler who ventured for mere pleasure's sake on the highways during this period. Then followed the wars and convulsions of the Middle Ages, and it was not until the sixteenth century that this favored part of the world once more attracted the attention of the medical faculty. The winter of 1553 was unusually severe, and Catharine de Medicis, weary of the sight of perpetual snow and ice in Paris, longed for a glimpse of the sunshine of her native Italy. Political events rendered her absence from the kingdom impossible, but Calandrio, her

Florentine doctor, suggested to her that the south-east coast of her son's dominions possessed climates far more favored than those of Tuscany and the Romagna. The queen accordingly set out for Hyères, accompanied by her son Charles IX. and the majority of her court. The journey was performed in little over a week, and her enthusiasm, when she beheld herself in the dead of winter surrounded by semi-tropical vegetation and under a sky even more azure than that of her *cara Firenze*, knew no bounds. She at once determined to build a palace exceeding that of Blois in magnificence at Hyères itself, which is one of the most lovely of the many enchanting spots that bejewel the exquisite line of coast which, stretching from Marseilles to Nice, and thence to Naples, unfolds the most varied, interesting and picturesque panorama in the world. Circumstances prevented the Medicean queen from carrying out her building-plans, but on her return to Paris she spread abroad such glowing reports of all she had seen in the Littoral that it became a fashion amongst the Northern nobility to seek invitations from their friends in the South to visit their châteaux and villas in the gloomy season, and even to send their children to be educated in the convents of genial Provence. From this period to the present the fame of Nice, Cannes and Hyères has increased, until now it is computed that at least forty thousand persons from all parts of the globe visit these places each winter.

Toward the close of the last century, Smollett the novelist "discovered and introduced Nice to the British Lion," and early in the present Elizabeth, last duchess of Gordon, did the same by Cannes. Her Grace, who possessed more brains than cash, had traveled a good deal on the Continent in search of some place "where everybody did not go," and where she could pass the winter quietly, "without being looked in upon by the last person she cared to see." One fine autumn evening her vettura upset about half a mile from Cannes, and was so much damaged as to render her proceeding farther that day impossible. The sun was setting behind the Estrelle Mountains, and threw long lines of ruddy glory on the flower-covered plain between Cannes and Grasse, while floods of crimson light fell on the quaint towers of the old parish church, on the weird trunks of the noble stone-pines which grow so plentiful on all sides, and on the crests of the deep blue waves of the Mediterranean, which, as usual at this time, bore upon them a miniature fleet of picturesque boats setting out for the night's sardine-fishing. The duchess was enchanted with the scene, and also with the cooking of the tumble-down auberge where she passed the night. Instead of continuing her journey, she resolved to stay where she was, and in a few days was comfortably installed in an old but well-built villa in the neighborhood of "her newly-discovered Eden." Her Grace was a corresponding woman—she has left a volume of pretty chit-chat letters behind her—and before many weeks half the *beau monde* of Paris and London were talking about Cannes and its transcendent merits of situation and climate. What duchesses praise common mortals are apt to become enraptured with, and Her Grace of Gordon may be fairly credited with having done for Cannes what Catharine de Medicis did for Hyères and Smollett for Nice—created its fame. But, though she did her best to attract visitors to her favorite resort, the accommodations were so wretched that those persons who did not enjoy the ducal hospitality soon grew

disgusted, and left her in solitary grandeur to admire, like abandoned Calypso, "the enchanting scene all alone." Solitude did not agree with the lively duchess, and after trying to persuade herself that she was perfectly happy "staring all day long at that divinely blue sea, with not a soul to talk to but the peasants, who speak a jargon that no mortal can understand, the doctor who is deaf and the priest who has lost all his teeth," she finally wearied of the place, and one fine morning, to the consternation of its inhabitants, who had begun to look upon her as their tutelary Lady Bountiful, took her departure for Paris. She was a kind-hearted soul, and the Cannes people were not consoled for a long time by the arrival and settlement of any English milor to take her place.

At last, in 1831, Lord Brougham became their special *don de Dieu*, and made their "high fortune." The celebrated chancellor was on his way to Rome when he was turned back at the Italian frontier, about six miles from Cannes, by the custom-house officials, who refused to allow him to pass, because the last place he had visited was Marseilles, at that time infected by cholera. Brougham knew that there were other more powerful reasons which rendered his visit disagreeable to the Italian princes at this time, and returning at once to Cannes he wrote some rather sharp letters home about the treatment he had received. His irritation, however, did not last long, for he soon discovered that Cannes was by far the most beautiful spot he had ever seen, and he determined to remain there. He resolved on building himself a villa with fine gardens, and after making friends with the townfolks set to work, as he used to say, to "create Cannes." First of all, he wrote to all the world and his wife, praising the climate and the beautiful scenery; then he suggested many improvements to the natives, and even gave pecuniary assistance to carry them out. Presently he attracted round him a host of aristocratic tourists, and of these many decided upon following his example and pitching their tents in his vicinity. Lord Lans-

downe, Admiral Pakenham, Sir Robert Hollond, Mr. Woodfall and the duke of Valombrosa came to Cannes and built villas of great beauty within a few years after the advent of Lord Brougham; so that, as the town developed under his auspices from a mere overgrown fishing-village to be one of the most elegant watering-places in the world, it is not to be wondered at if the inhabitants, out of gratitude, have erected a monument to his memory and called their finest street by his name.

Like most of the neighboring towns and villages, Cannes is of Phocæan origin. Its ancient name was *Ægitna*, but after its destruction by Quintus Opimius (B. C. 155) the site was known as *Castrum Marcellium*, from a fortress built on it by the people of that city. Round this construction, the remains of which are still visible, a small fishing-town grew up, which took the name of *Caminus*, from the fact that the famous Aurelian Way passed through it. How *Caminus* got corrupted into "Cannes" remains a mystery which M. Négrin, the learned local historian, has not been able to solve. During the Middle Ages the town was subject to the abbots of Lerins, who seem to have protected it from the troubles of the period, and after the departure of the Moors little is heard about the place until 1558, when it became disagreeably notorious as the spot from whence the plague was introduced into Northern Europe. A vessel from the Levant anchored in the spring of this year in the tiny harbor, and on board of it were twelve plague-stricken sailors. In a few days the population of Cannes and its neighborhood was decimated by the fearful scourge, which within a month or so spread through France to Belgium, Holland and England. In 1815, Napoleon I. landed here on his return from Elba, and a tree is still shown on the hills near Grasse beneath which he stood for a long time contemplating the beautiful scenery and the distant outline of the island which had given him birth.

The situation of Cannes, "the gem of the Mediterranean," is in truth exceedingly lovely. It is built on a hilly but

very small peninsula, which is crowned by the ancient parish church and the picturesque remains of the castle. The houses of the old town crowd in curious confusion round the church, and are all of that quaint and varied architecture which lends such a charm to the scenery of the Riviera, displaying odd turrets, archways, terraces and bright-green lattices. The new town surrounds the old, and is built on a gentle elevation, in the centre of which rises a mediæval-looking castle, built by the duke of Valombrosa, which although, like most other imitations, meretricious in style, has nevertheless an imposing appearance. It is embellished with turrets and battlements and a central round tower, whence floats invariably the tricolor of France. A quay of considerable elegance, with about twenty monster hotels, half a dozen new churches and a number of fine shops, lines the shore for over a mile, and ends abruptly at the Grand Hotel, one of the most magnificent buildings of its kind in the world. It stands in the centre of a noble garden, full of tropical plants, palm trees, bananas, and above all splendid stone-pines. Fountains throw their lofty sprays into the air, birds of every hue sing in the trees or in aviaries of gilded wire artistically displayed in the shade of the exotic vegetation, swans swim on the broad basin of the principal water-tank, which is full of lilies, and peacocks strut majestically up and down the chief avenues or sun themselves near the ivy-covered walls. The hotel is built in the Italian style in exquisite taste, with marble colonnades, balconies and charming terraces, so that when first beheld the whole place looks more like a scene in an opera or on the back of a Watteau fan than a mere abode for travelers.

On the heights which surround the town, amidst the beautiful groves of stone-pines, rises an almost endless chain of villas, besides some handsome convents. The most remarkable are the Louise Eléanore, which formerly belonged to Lord Brougham; the Victoria, built by Lord Lansdowne; the Alexandra, by Admiral Pakenham; and the Villa Woodfall, the property of the genial

and hospitable gentleman of that name, who also built the fine Gothic English church and schools not far distant from his residence. The villa Louise-Éléanore is an Italian edifice surrounded with gardens, in which is a marble monument to Lord Brougham and his beloved daughter, who gave her two Christian names to his favorite abode. Far behind this range of country-seats—which, by the way, are built in almost every style of architecture, imaginable and unimaginable—extends the broad plain of Laval. This garden, for so it may well be called, is at least ten miles long by twenty broad, and is entirely covered with orange groves and fields of flowers—Araby roses, heliotropes, jasmins, mignonette, tuberose and Parma violets—cultivated *en gros*, just as turnips and potatoes are in other countries, not for their beauty, but for their utility. They are gathered in enormous baskets at the proper season, and taken to Grasse, where they are distilled and made into essences, scented waters and extracts. The produce of this kind, manufactured rather coarsely at Grasse, is thence forwarded in huge tin casks and glass bottles to the two great perfume-markets of the world, Paris and Cologne. In these cities combinations are made—such, for instance, as a just proportion of the essence of roses, jonquils and tuberose, mixed with geranium-water, which make up the popular scent called “Frangipanni”—while other extracts, under the skillful hands of Jean Maria Farina’s people, become eau de Cologne. Grasse, a large and beautiful town situated on the slope of the mountains which close in this plain, and at about ten miles distance from Cannes, is almost entirely given up to the manufacture of essential oils and essences, and many of its inhabitants have made large fortunes in the business.

Nothing can be imagined more delightful than the walks in this plain of Laval of a bright spring morning, when the flowers are in full bloom. The air is almost too heavily laden with perfume, and would be unbearably so were it not for the brisk sea-breezes which temper the atmosphere so delightfully in these hap-

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py regions. Let the reader picture to himself fields many miles long pink with roses, golden with jonquils, snow-white with jasmins and tuberose, and fragrant with sweet mignonette; groves of orange trees loaded down with waxy flowers, and shading a carpet, on which you may tread boldly as if it were common sand, made of Parma violets kept ever fresh by innumerable running rills of clear water; the Eden-like plain stretching out its hundreds of acres of flowers until their delicate tints become indistinct and are lost in the slope of a long range of grand rocky mountains, above which peer the snow-covered Alps. If, tired of gazing at this entrancing scene, the spectator turns to the opposite quarter, it is only to behold still greater beauties. Before him is the Mediterranean, blue as a sapphire, but shimmering goldenly in the sunlight and fanning with its silver wavelets the beautiful islands of Lerins. To the left lies the infinitely varied outline of the Italian coast, with all its bays and capes, gulfs and peninsulas traced out as in a map, until distance screens them from the dazzled eye. Below lies Cannes with her towers and dark pine groves. To the right the three grand Estrelle Mountains, called popularly the “Three Witches,” on account of their weird outlines, rise abruptly from the sea. These mountains, which are separated from the rest of the Estrelle chain, are of unique appearance, and ascend like cyclopean towers of granite to the height of four thousand feet. The effect they produce at sunset is particularly striking, for they intercept the rays of the sinking luminary and stand out in dark and bold relief against the crimsoned heavens. If the wind is high, this effect becomes still more extraordinary, for then their iron feet are lashed by the waves, which, catching the red glow upon their crests, look as if dyed with blood.

The climate of Cannes is, if anything, more equable than that of any of the other towns of the Littoral. The medium temperature is about half a degree higher than that of Rome, Pisa, Pau and Naples, and the transitions from heat to

cold are much less sudden than in any of the other Southern watering-places. Summer is delightfully cool at Cannes, and the bathing is excellent; indeed, sea-bathing is possible all the year round. Socially speaking, Cannes is perhaps preferable to Nice, as the society, though nothing like so brilliant, is more *recherché*. The population has increased since 1841 from 3000 to 15,000 souls, exclusive of the strangers from the four corners of the earth who make it their winter home year after year.

A little hamlet not far from Cannes on the Nice road is much visited by the curious who wish to see the house where Mademoiselle Rachel spent the last few weeks of her life. The villa, which was placed at her disposal by M. Sardou, is situated in the centre of a lovely garden of palm and olive trees. It is a straggling old house, with many windows and doors, and is very roomy and picturesque, with two or three quaint towers, a terrace and several pretty balconies overgrown with Banksia roses and clematis. The bed-room of Mademoiselle Rachel is a large chamber entirely furnished in white after a classic model. As M. Sardou was at one time very intimate with David (of Angers) the sculptor, the house is full of specimens of his skill, especially this state bed-chamber, which contains a noble frieze after the Greek in white marble, and a statue of Polyhymnia entirely draped, crowned with roses, and having one of its arms outstretched in a graceful but somewhat peculiar attitude. It is this statue which Matthew Arnold mentions in his beautiful sonnet on the dying actress, though his use of it as an artistic type harmonizing with her supposed feelings in her last hours was, as will be presently seen, an example of poetic license having no foundation in fact:

Unto a lonely villa in a dell  
Above the fragrant, warm Provençal shore,  
The dying Rachel in a chair they bore  
Up the steep pine-plumed paths of the Estrelle,  
And laid her in a stately room, where fell  
The shadow of a marble Muse of yore—  
The rose-crowned queen of legendary lore,  
Polyhymnia—full on her death-bed. 'Twas well!  
The fret and misery of our Northern towns  
In this her life's last days, our poor, our pain,

Our jangle of false wits, our climate's frown,  
Do for this radiant Greek-soul'd artist cease,  
Sole object of her dying eyes remain  
The beauty and the glorious art of Greece.

Most people have heard how she was caught at the Jewish synagogue of New York in 1855, and neglected at the time eventually settled upon the lungs and a few months utterly destroyed the constitution of this remarkable woman. Her winter in Egypt, far from improving her health, seemed rather to aggravate her malady, and on her return to France she was advised to spend the following season of 1857 at Nice. M. Sardou, of exquisite politeness and hospitality, immediately offered her his villa at Cannet, and on her accepting it, M. Rio Nécard, the author of *La Fiancée*, who was inhabiting it at the time, withdrew to another residence in Cannes. When Rachel left Paris she was fully aware that her last days were drawing near, and before bidding a farewell to her relatives and friends she ordered her carriage to drive in front of the Théâtre Français, where she spent a long time contemplating the scene of her greatest triumphs. According to her sister, Sarah Félix, who was in the carriage with her, she did not, while employed, utter a single word, but rapid changes of expression on her wonderful countenance spoke a volume of mental suffering and blighted hope. Her journey to the South was performed in short and easy stages, and all went well until she reached Marseilles. From Marseilles to Cannes and Nice in those days the journey had to be performed by carriage across the Estrelle Mountains, which was fatiguing even to persons in good health, but to an invalid of such a nervous and excitable temperament it was a perfect martyrdom. Two ladies of rank happened to be going to Nice at the same time as Mademoiselle Rachel, but by diligence, whereas the actress and her suite occupied a splendid travelling carriage. At Draguignan, one of the stations on the road, they fell in with Rachel and her sister Sarah, and breakfasted at the same table in the little inn. A conversation sprung up, in which Rachel read

ily joined. I have often heard her person at this time of her life described, and been assured that, although exceedingly emaciated and evidently dying, she still fascinated by the marvelous expression she could throw into her face and the extreme beauty of her dark but brilliant eyes, which retained their lustre until closed never to open again. A beggar-woman happened to come to the door of the inn just as Mademoiselle Rachel was getting into her carriage. Touched by the story told by the poor old creature, the great tragédienne opened her purse and gave her two or three gold-pieces. This act of generosity exasperated Mademoiselle Sarah, who was of a very parsimonious character, and she remonstrated rather sharply with her sister on her prodigality. Rachel quietly answered, "My sister, what does it matter? In a few days I shall be dead. Let me do what little good I can before I go. If the old woman is an impostor, so much the worse for her: God will judge with what intentions I gave her alms." The lumbering diligence followed the fine traveling carriage at a considerable distance, but overtook it some hours later in a wild and lonely pass in the Estrelles, many miles from any village or habitation, where the grandly fitted-up vehicle lay on its side, a shattered and wheelless mass. On a rock sat Rachel enveloped in a cloak and shivering with cold, while Sarah and the servants were in a state of consternation. Night was coming on and a thick mist was falling. One of the men had galloped off in search of aid, but it would be hours before he returned. With true charity the ladies before mentioned quitted their coupé, and insisted upon Rachel and Sarah taking their places. The gratitude of both sisters was warmly expressed, and Rachel did not confine herself to words, but a few days afterward sent to the younger lady a bracelet of value, with a graceful autograph letter of thanks.

On arriving at Le Cannet she was received by several eminent persons, amongst others the celebrated Dr. Maure of Cannes, her physician, from whom

many of the following details were obtained. When she was introduced into her sleeping apartment, which has already been described, she was seized with such a paroxysm of terror at the sight of the statue of Polyhymnia that her attendants thought she had lost her wits. She stood before it trembling from head to foot, her brow contracted, her eyes flashing, and her cheeks, usually so pale, flushed, with the hectic glow of unnatural excitement. "Take away that dreadful statue! for God's sake, take it away!" she cried in the hollow voice which had so often struck awe into the hearts of thousands. "Take it away! It has sealed my doom, for under its shadow I shall surely die." In a few moments her delirium, for such it seemed, increased to such an extent that before the statue could be removed she had fallen into strong convulsions, which were succeeded by a death-like sleep. When she recovered her senses she explained the cause of the horror the statue had occasioned. On the night of July 8, 1852, she had a dream in which she fancied herself in a chamber all draped with white, in the centre of which was a statue exactly resembling the Polyhymnia, which seemed to cry out to her, "Under the shadow of my hand you shall die." This story was no invention, as was afterward found by reference to an old diary. Rachel was, however, like many exceedingly imaginative people, given to what would in other persons be called lying. She would at times tell the most extraordinary untruths, and in perfect good faith, so that her brother Raphael told the writer it was difficult to sift out the truth from the falsehood in what she said. If she liked people, she imagined and related a thousand agreeable anecdotes about them, and if she hated them, she invented any number of enormities to illustrate their evil qualities. At Le Cannet, however, a gravity came over her which showed that she was inwardly preparing for the change that awaited her. Almost the only book she now read was the *Imitation*. Being asked by a skeptical friend what she considered its literary merits to be, she said gravely, "I do not care what they are. If,



monsieur, I had been carefully educated and well trained in my youth, and had read this book earlier in life, I should have been a very different woman. I advise you to read it with attention: its perusal will do you no harm." She frequently retired to her room to pray, and on several occasions held long conversations with friends upon religious subjects. I have been assured that shortly before her death she was converted to Christianity and privately baptized. In the *Mémoires of Rachel* will be found a remark to this effect: "That Rachel believed in a future state there can be no doubt, for on a very important occasion of her life, December 15, 1857, she made an open profession of her faith." This was the day on which Madame S——, a lady eminent for her charity and piety, and a frequent visitor at Villa Sardou, asserted that she witnessed the baptism of the great Jewish tragédienne. The matter was kept, however, a profound secret, out of consideration for the feelings of her sister, Mademoiselle Sarah, who was a strict Jewess of the old school. When in Rome in 1851, Rachel had frequently expressed her admiration for Catholicism, and was observed to be greatly moved by the splendor of the rites. It was during this visit that she was presented under somewhat singular circumstances to Pius IX. She was visiting the gardens of the Vatican toward the close of a very mild evening when suddenly the pope and his court traversed the alley in which she was walking. She knelt as the pontiff passed, and on one of his attendants whispering who she was, he turned round to bestow his blessing upon her. Rachel bowed low, and His Holiness addressed a few kindly words to her, and asked her some questions on her religious opinions. Whether purposely or by accident, she is said to have answered in the words spoken by Pauline in Corneille's superb drama of *Polyeucte*, when that glorious heroine becomes a Christian—"Je vois, je sais, je crois: je suis chrétienne enfin"\*—a speech with which she was used to electrify her audiences.

\*I see, I know, I believe: I am a Christian at last."

Her life at Le Cannet was very simple. She rose at midday, and spent a good deal of her time in sewing, an occupation which, whilst it kept her employed, did not excite her, as did reading and conversation. She also received a few visits, and sometimes, when feeling well enough, played cards, her favorite amusement. She was now always gentle and kind, and still paid considerable attention to her dress, which usually consisted of a white muslin or silk peignoir, with natural flowers in her hair. The kindness and attention of her sister Sarah cannot be exaggerated: she who was usually impetuous and ill-tempered was now beyond all praise patient and loving. It would be difficult to describe the interest which was manifested not only in France, but all over the world, in the welfare of a woman who had once played the guitar in the streets of Paris. Telegrams of inquiry were sent daily from half the courts of Europe, and the quantity of fruit and flowers which arrived for her acceptance was positively incredible. At last the fatal hour drew near. On January 1, 1858, she became suddenly worse, and on the following Friday her life was despaired of. She rallied on the Saturday, but on Sunday, the 5th, all hope was again abandoned. "I am dying, Sarah," she said, "and shall soon be with my sister Rebecca, and then God will show mercy." Early in the morning she wrote an affectionate letter to her parents, who were in Paris. Sarah, seeing her sister's danger, summoned the rabbi and Jewish singers from Nice. They approached the bed and began a mournful chant in the Hebrew language: "Ascend, O daughter of Israel, to God. Behold, O Lord God, the agony of thine handmaiden, and pity her sufferings. Shorten her pains, good Lord, and break the bonds which bind her to life, so that she may be at rest. Lord God, pity thy servant

I give this story as it was told to me. Rachel certainly did meet the pope in the gardens of the Vatican as described, and it is not unlikely she used the words quoted. They may have recurred to her memory and have been almost unconsciously repeated by her, with a vivid perception of the dramatic situation—a Jewess before a Christian high priest in the gardens of his palace.

Rachel, and take her unto thee, and let her sufferings redeem her sins, so that she may find peace." Whilst they were singing Rachel fell into the sleep of death. Just as the soul and body parted she pressed her devoted sister's hand, and opened her eyes to fix them on her with an expression of great affection.

Six hours afterward Dr. Maure felt the corpse and found it still warm and flexible, and it was long before he permitted it to be finally placed in the coffin. The remains were transferred with all possible honor and respect to Paris, and there buried in the Jewish cemetery at Père-la-Chaise in the presence of a vast multitude, including a galaxy of celebrities.

Opposite to Cannes, and about two miles distant, are the islands of Lerins, a group consisting of two large islands and a number of small ones, the latter, indeed, mere rocks covered in places with moss and grass. The largest island is called Sainte-Marguerite, and upon it is the famous fortress which once possessed amongst its state prisoners the "Man with the Iron Mask," and which is now destined to become known as the place of banishment of Bazaine. The other island, and the farthest from the coast, is Saint-Honorat, renowned in history for its great Benedictine abbey. It is the more fertile of the two, and its pastures are rich and exceedingly green, although their beauty is marred by the number of little white sticks stuck all over them for the purpose of supporting nets, which the inhabitants spread to catch the innumerable birds who rest here, especially in spring, on their return from Africa. The name *Lerins*, given to both islands, is derived from the fact that in ancient times a temple dedicated to Lero, the Hercules of the Gauls, stood upon the highest part of Saint-Honorat, which, it would appear, was then joined to Sainte-Marguerite by a tongue of land. After the conversion of France to Christianity, and in the year 410, that ardent apostle Saint Honorat came hither on his return from the East, where he had been engaged the major part of his life in missionary labors. He came not,

however, to enjoy solitude, but to found a theological school, and quickly surrounded himself with eminent scholars. Amongst these were Saint Patrick, the apostle of Ireland; Saint Loup, bishop of Troyes, whose courage arrested the progress of Attila; Saint Salvien, called the Jeremiah of his century; and many other archbishops, bishops and monks whose names are renowned in the annals of the Catholic Church. At the commencement of the sixth century the monastery of Lerins was the most celebrated in Christendom. From all parts of the world scholars and recluses flocked to it, and in 690 an army of five thousand monks inhabited the two islands, for in those days Sainte-Marguerite was also used for monastic purposes. As the islands were exposed to the attacks of pirates and Saracens, the friars were taught the use of arms, and surrounded their holy home with strongly fortified walls. Lerins was, in short, both a monastic college and a formidable fortress, the towers and walls of which, of prodigious thickness, are still visible in many places. Sometimes, and notably on the day of Pentecost, 1107, the vigilance of the monk-guards and the strength of the works were not sufficient to save the monastery from an attack by the turbaned Moors, who laid the church in ashes and slew over five hundred friars. In 1400 the Genoese pirates, Christians as they were, could not resist the temptation of the wealth in precious reliquaries which it was said the holy house contained, and laid sacrilegious hands upon the abbey, slew the abbot and some of his friars at the altar, and pillaged the monastery. These pirates remained more than a year in possession, and kept the monks all the time in prison, but at last the nobility of Provence drove away the freebooters and restored the monks their own again. On June 21, 1525, Francis I., then a prisoner of Charles V., passed the night in the monastery, and in 1536, Andrea Doria dismantled the walls and forts, which in 1746 were taken easy possession of by the Austrians, who, however, soon restored them to the rightful owners. Not-

withstanding all these vicissitudes, the religious fraternity still existed, although a mere shadow of what it had once been. On June 10, 1788, the National Assembly suppressed the monastery, and in 1793 it was almost entirely destroyed by the soldiers of the Republic. The island was then purchased by Mademoiselle Alziary de Roquefort, a lady who, although of noble birth, became an actress and was famous as Mademoiselle Sainval. She left it at her death to the bishops of Fréjus, and it is now once more the site of another abbey, built from the ruins of the former one, and inhabited by friars of the Carthusian order. The island is still very beautiful, and although it has lost the majority of its fine trees, almost justifies the eulogium of Saint Eucher, who describes it in the sixth century in the following enthusiastic manner: "Kept ever green and fresh by innumerable springs of the clearest water, robed in a cloak of emerald green, jeweled with lovely flowers, offering to the eye constantly varying landscapes of enchanting beauty, Lerins is the spot of all others which most nearly presents to those who inhabit it a likeness on earth of the heaven they hope to dwell in hereafter." The remains of the monastery are very numerous, but not remarkable for their beauty. The buildings must have been astonishingly solid, but never of much architectural merit. The church, the outer walls of which date from the seventh century, is handsome, but plain. The nave is supported by columns of great thickness, and the windows are exceedingly narrow. At the time of the Revolution the beautiful woodwork of the choir and all the fine pictures were completely ruined, as were also the majority of the ancient tombs. Opposite the church is a palm tree said to have been planted by Saint Patrick, who also performed for the benefit of Saint-Honorat the same miracle which obtained him such popularity in Ireland—the banishment of snakes from the island. But, unfortunately, he seems to have placed a limit to the duration of the miracle, for they are back again in most unpleasant abundance. The old

fort of the sixth century still exists complete as ever, and is a rude and serious construction of wonderful solidity. It contains some remarkably disagreeable-looking dungeons, which have neither locks nor doors, and can be visited *à volonté*, but the expedition should be performed with precaution on account of the many reptiles which harbor in these interesting but dismal vaults. As to the old abbey-house, Anne de Cluff ought to have seen it, for she could do justice to its long, mysterious-looking corridors and windowless rooms, huge chimneys and crumbling salons, queer mixture of Gothic and later architecture, and its remains of frescoes of saints painted at an early period, its existence, and of powdered shepherdesses *à la Watteau* executed in the time of Louis XV., and which would little expect to see in such a place. The upper story of this ruined edifice used to be occupied by a library, one of the most valuable for precious manuscripts in the world, which was cruelly pillaged in 1793, and the only part that remained of it was afterward sent to Paris and incorporated in the library. A great number of the books, however, are at Grasse in a public library, and some of these are worth looking at. Here also is a portion of the archives of the monastery, written on parchment and finely illuminated. The building just alluded to is now completely restored for the accommodation of the Carthusians, and the shepherds and shepherdesses have disappeared long since gone the way of all flesh.

The sister island of Sainte-Marguerite is longer and more elevated, and still possesses a fine wood of pine trees. In former times it was used by the monks of Saint-Honorat as a retreat for such of the brethren as manifested a desire to lead a life of the greatest austerity. It is now covered with the remains of hermits' and other solitary cells. During the Middle Ages it constantly changed hands, and passed from the friars to neighboring princes, and back again at least a dozen times. In the seventeenth century, however, Cardinal Richelieu

claimed it for the nation, and built the greater part of the present state prison. In 1635 the fort was attacked by the Spaniards, and conquered by them. They held it only a few weeks, for the gallant Duquesne soon vanquished and drove them away with terrible loss. In 1746 the Austrians and English took it, but were in their turn expelled by the chevalier de Belle Isle, since which time the island has always remained French.

The fortress is a by no means interesting building. The state prison rooms are simply a series of large whitewashed apartments, built in a line and surrounded by high walls strongly fortified. The chamber which was inhabited by the Man in the Iron Mask is a lofty room, with one big window, whence a fine view is obtained of the bay and coast. Three rows of iron bars cover the window, so that the prisoner could not communicate with any one outside, and could only enjoy the view through a dozen little square holes. The walls are very massive, being in places twelve or thirteen feet thick. The door is of iron and barred with huge bands, and communicates directly with the governor's apartments. A corridor walled up at both ends served the prisoner as a *promenade*. The Iron Mask

was not the only prisoner of note who has sighed away his time in Sainte-Marguerite. Louis XIV. imprisoned here seventy Protestant ministers after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the regent Orleans sent Lagrange-Chaucel, who wrote a satire on him, to repent at leisure what he had done in a moment of folly. Lagrange did better: he escaped to Italy. In 1816, Napoleon exiled hither the famous Mamelukes, and from 1849 to 1851 it was used as a prison for the Arabs taken in the Algerine war. Since this date Sainte-Marguerite has been little used as a state prison, and it is only in the present year that it has received any involuntary guest of distinction. As the room of the Iron Mask has always been selected for the habitation of prisoners guilty of great offences, there is reason to believe that Bazaine will have that cheerful chamber allotted to him. Probably he will have permission to promenade all over the island, and receive such of his friends as may choose to call upon him. When we consider that Sainte-Marguerite is situated in a delightful climate, and in presence of scenery of unsurpassed loveliness, we may conclude that his lot will not be unendurable. R. DAVEY.

## SONNET.

THERE is a ruin that can make me weep,  
 Nor only that, but inly tremble too;  
 Not death itself can move an awe so deep  
 As that which lately thrilled my spirit through.  
 To see the temple sinking to decay  
 Wherein a soul was beauteously shrined,  
 Could hardly touch to pitying tears to-day,  
 For I have seen the ruin of a mind!  
 Yet now, with harmony of order lost,  
 Its full proportions overawe the eye;  
 The shattered arch reveals the grandeur most,  
 Like the Colossus of the Flavii;  
 And God be thanked that hope, like some green thing,  
 Out of the ruin's clefts doth skyward spring!

CHARLOTTE F. BATES.

## WHEN I WAS A BOARDER.

I BOARDED with Miss Burrirt. She was a cousin or niece or relative of some sort of the Learned Blacksmith. She had a mission, or conceived that she had. It was to introduce people to one another, and no incongruity of time, place or circumstance ever discouraged her or damped her missionary zeal. Everybody that came into her house was sure to be presented to everybody else in it. During the seven months that I was a boarder I think Miss Burrirt certainly introduced me to representatives of every State in the Union, of every rank in society, and of every sect in Christendom, the Mormon not excepted. Miss Burrirt's house, you must understand, was conveniently situated in reference to the great union dépôt, and also to the business portion of the city, and many varieties of people floated into it, although it was not hotel-like in its proportions or appointments. The Down-caster from the banks of the Penobscot going to settle in Florida, and "stopping off" for a suit of summer clothes perhaps, and an Oregon consumptive returning from a winter in Florida, and stopping to have a prescription renewed, intersected each other's paths at Miss Burrirt's, and were presented to each other with the conscientious painstaking that an inveterate matchmaker manifests in bringing two victims together.

One evening I was at the tea-table, as were most of the regular boarders, when I saw Miss Burrirt in the adjoining sitting-room take the arm of an elderly woman in a brown merino dress trimmed with the inevitable black velvet. This personage, as I afterward learned, was stopping off for a night's rest, and was to leave by the five A. M. train. They marched, arm in arm, into the dining-room: I knew what was impending. At the head of the table Miss Burrirt halted her companion: "Mrs. Springer, Mrs. Weaver, Miss Batchelder, Dr. Skinner,

Rev. Mr. Ashley, Mrs. Ashley, Miss Ashley, Mr. Arthur Ashley, Mr. Alexander," etc. etc.; and Mrs. Springer, whom none of us then presented will ever see, or ever wish to see again, this side of heaven, went bobbing her wigged head to some three dozen strange people, until pretty little giggling Miss Dayton hummed to me in a whisper, "'We're all a-nodding, nid, nid, nodding.' If Miss Burrirt were keeper of a railroad dining-room, I believe she would be worried into insanity because she couldn't introduce everybody to everybody else. Oh, there's Mr. Abernethy!" she exclaimed. "Do watch him!"

Mr. Abernethy, a pale, student-like, abstracted young man, was just entering the dining-room. You would have conjectured that he was calculating a solar eclipse. He had made about half the distance across the room to his seat, which was beside Miss Dayton, when Miss Burrirt from the head of the table fired a pistol-shot after him: "Mr. Abernethy, Mrs. Springer."

Mr. Abernethy halted in the middle of the room; he glanced at me in a startled way; he stared at Miss Dayton; he turned and looked along the length of the table on the right.

"Right face!" said Miss Dayton with an audible laugh.

Then Mr. Abernethy described another quadrant ("About face!" interpolated Miss Dayton) toward Miss Burrirt, who was standing, having risen to perform the ceremony of introducing the gentleman to Mrs. Springer. Mr. Abernethy bowed impressively to her, his hostess for two months, calling her Miss Springer, notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Springer was keeping up an unflagging nodding. Everybody laughed, I not excepted, though I felt a pity for the target.

"Did anybody ever see such an idiot?" said Miss Dayton with an ill-suppressed titter.

"Mr. Abernethy is no idiot," I replied warmly: "he knows more than any man I ever talked with."

"He doesn't know an earthly thing out of books," asserted Miss Dayton. "He hasn't a grain of out-door sense. Miss Burritt says he always strips the towel off the washstand to wipe with, and leaves the others hanging on the rack, and that when he goes to bed he never takes off the hypocrites, as I call them—those things, you know, that folks put over pillows to hide the dirty cases. I don't believe he'd know what to eat if I didn't sit here and pass things to him. I actually think he doesn't know the taste of a thing he eats. He *is* the queerest mortal!"

"Hush!" I said anxiously, for Mr. Abernethy was taking his seat by her side.

"He doesn't know a thing we're saying," she declared. "We might talk about him till midnight and he'd never hear a word."

"Please stop!" I whispered nervously.

"Well, to oblige you I will, but your anxieties are quite unnecessary."

"Mr. Abernethy," shouted a servant, "have tea or coffee?"

The student was sensitive to the sound of his name. It acted like a pinch on the arm to arouse his attention. The servants had discovered this. "Have tea or coffee?" repeated the servant.

"Coffee," he answered.

"Don't you mean tea, Mr. Abernethy?" Miss Dayton asked. "You told me you never drank coffee."

"I don't: yes, yes, I mean tea." He helped himself to a hot biscuit.

"Mr. Abernethy, here's bread," Miss Dayton said, setting it before him.

"Yes, thank you—I prefer the bread."

"Hand Mr. Abernethy the butter, and bring him a plate of apple-sauce," Miss Dayton said to a servant, as though she were caring for a child. "I've got him fixed now," she continued, turning to me and proceeding to sweeten her tea.

Across the table from us sat Mr. Dimick, a rotund, ruddy man, who always emitted odors of the barber-shop. Though inclined to baldness, he had a heavy

moustache, which he twirled incessantly when his hands were at leisure for twirling.

"Mr. Abernethy," said Mr. Dimick (before the speaker continued he administered a vigorous bite to his bread, which, by the way, had the buttered side turned down out of the way of his moustache), "what do you think of this Paraguayan war?" The boarders went to Mr. Abernethy, not for companionship, but for information, as to a dictionary or encyclopædia.

"Your question is very general," replied the gentleman appealed to, laying down his knife and fork.

"Of course, but what do you think will be the upshot of the matter? That's what I mean."

"I think it will end in the extermination of the Paraguayan people."

"That's just what I think; but what in the world are they fighting about? I can't make head or tail of the thing."

"To find the head of this quarrel one must go back to within a year of the discovery of America, when a papal bull of Alexander VI. divided the New World between the crowns of Spain and Portugal. The question of the boundary-line between their respective territories has never been permanently closed."

"Now, he'll forget to eat his supper," said Miss Dayton quite audibly. She treated Mr. Abernethy as a sleeper who could neither see nor hear till she had shaken him up.

"The proximate cause of the war between Paraguay and the allies," continued Mr. Abernethy, "is undoubtedly the ambition of Lopez to make Paraguay a great military power, with a view to the ultimate enlargement of her boundaries."

"Just my opinion," said Mr. Dimick.

"The events that occurred in 1864 in Uruguay, as you remember" (Mr. Dimick, quickly recovering from a yawn, intimated by repeated nods that he did remember: I was sure he didn't), "furnished him with the ostensible pretext for entering upon his long-cherished plan."

"Miss Dayton, are you going to the opera this evening?" asked Mr. Dimick,

evidently bored by this talk about history which he had provoked.

Mr. Abernethy prosecuted his subject, turning to me, though entirely unconscious, I was satisfied, that there had been any shifting in his audience. Miss Dayton was sitting back in her chair, and I was leaning forward greatly interested. The speaker's eyes were fixed on my face, but he saw it only as one sees the words he reads, heeding them not, but grasping the idea beyond, or as the musician touches the keys of his instrument, but is conscious of the music alone. His thoughts played about his hearer as the waves about a rock. I had talked much with him, for on every subject he could offer something new, at least to me, and yet I doubted not he would pass me unrecognized in the street. The thought of this, I acknowledge, piqued me at times, for I was rather good-looking, a fluent talker, and used to making impressions on gentlemen—not very profound perhaps, but veritable impressions.

"Mr. Abernethy," said Belle Dayton, breaking in on his discussion of the Paraguayan question, "do you know Mrs. Springer?"

Mr. Abernethy looked hopelessly bewildered. "Mrs. Springer? Mrs. Springer?" he repeated, like one in a dream.

"Yes, Mrs. Springer. You were introduced to her when you first came into the dining-room. I want you, if you please, to tell me which one of the ladies is Mrs. Springer. She's a new-comer."

"I ought to know her," he said, like a child trying to recall his lesson. He ran his eye up and down the length of the table. "I think Mrs. Springer is that lady in the blue dress at the end of the table," he said at length.

"Now, Mr. Abernethy," responded Miss Dayton, her eyes brimming with archness, "I know you are making believe now. You know that pretty girl in blue is Miss Batchelder. You've seen her every day since you've been here, and I've been thinking for the last two weeks that you're in love with her—you look at her as though you were—and

now you pretend to think she's a new-comer!"

Mr. Abernethy *looked* at Miss Dayton. It was the first time I had ever seen him really look at any one. He seemed amused. "I am a graceless fellow," he said with a smile. "I ought to be a hermit or a monk."

"Yes, I think you ought," assented the merciless Miss Dayton.

We soon after left the table. In the adjoining sitting-room, Mr. Abernethy paused at a what-not to examine some shells which had been placed there that morning.

"What makes the holes in those shells?" Belle asked, advancing to his side. He held in his hand a large *Achatina*.

"These holes?" he said. "Oh, the natives of Africa fill these with honey, string them about their necks, and bring them across the country to the sea-ports, where they are exchanged for salt or other articles of traffic."

"Is that it?" said Miss Dayton. "Well, now, when I was at school I asked my teacher, and he said those were bullet-holes, where the hunters had shot the animals; and to think I was goose enough to believe him! though I always knew he was a humbug, pretending to know everything. But this kind," she continued, taking up a sea-shell, "is so small I shouldn't think it would pay to transport honey in them."

"These holes are of a different nature," answered Mr. Abernethy: "they are bored by the teredo. It often bores holes in the bottoms of vessels at anchor."

"How curious! How in the world did you ever learn so much, Mr. Abernethy? What kind of animal lives in this?" she continued, without waiting for the gentleman to inform her how in the world he had learned so much.

"If you should see the animal alive on the sea-shore you would scarcely recognize it from this shell. It looks like a lump of fat, but when opened this beautiful polished shell is found. In all cases of shells with a high natural polish, the animal mantles the shell, secreting it."

Then he proceeded to discuss other shells. I wanted to go over and hear him, but I was buttonholed in an opposite corner by Miss Burritt, who was entertaining Mrs. Springer and me with a dissertation on the troublesome character of lady boarders.

"I never mean to take another into my house," she said: "they are ten times the bother that gentlemen are. Of course I don't mean come-and-go boarders like you, Mrs. Springer, and I don't mean them that are like you, Miss Tiffaine," she added, turning to me. "You are no more trouble than the gentlemen boarders. You just take your meals and go off to your telegraphing, and are out of the way just like the men."

"Bless my soul! can she work a telegraph?" asked Mrs. Springer, looking at me in admiration.

"Yes, indeed she can," answered Miss Burritt, as if she was proud of her boarder. "If all my lady-boarders were like Miss Tiffaine, I'd just as lief have them as gentlemen, and a good deal lieber, for I'm fonder of my own sex than of the opposite sex. But the ladies ain't all like Miss Tiffaine. They are always wanting hot water to wash their laces, or something or other. Then they are always making over dresses and cloaks and things, and they must have flat-irons to press them out. They are all the time tinkering at something, doctoring themselves or their children. They take off the dishes and pails and spoons and tumblers and everything: then when we come to set the table we've got to race all over the establishment. Now, to-day Norah searched the kitchen and dining-room and pantries high and low for the quart measure, and find it she couldn't anywhere. And she was making a pudding, too, for dinner, so she just had to guess at the quantity of flour."

"Jist so," said Mrs. Springer.

"And the consequence was, that the pudding was heavy and soggy." Miss Burritt's puddings were apt to be heavy and soggy.

"Of course," assented Mrs. Springer. "But I'll tell you what you might ha' done, Miss Burritt: that's your name,

ain't it? You might ha' measured your flour in the pint measure. I often do that way; but then you must take two of the pint to one of the quart. For instance, if it's two quarts, you must take four pints, and if it's three quarts, you must take six pints; and the puddin'll come out just as good."

"Of course," said Miss Burritt, "but my pint measure was at the bottom of the flour barrel: they'd emptied a sack of flour on it, and there it was, you sec. Well, I didn't finish my story. I was going round putting clean towels in the rooms—for I put a clean towel in every room of this house every day of my life—and there, in Miss Dayton's room, large as life, was the missing quart measure!"

"Well done!" said Mrs. Springer.

"Miss Dayton is the most troublesome boarder in the house," said Miss Burritt. "I mean to tell her next month that I can't board her."

I was rather startled to find that I felt a slight satisfaction at this announcement, and yet Miss Dayton and I were on quite friendly terms.

"Carrying off the quart cup and spoiling the dinner! Nobody could stand it."

"That they couldn't!" assented Mrs. Springer. "But if I was in your shoes I'd have that pint measure outen that flour barrel: then, by takin' two measures to the quart, you kin most ginerly hit it. Law! I can't cook fit for a cannibal without I measure everything. I've hearn of people going by their head; but when folks talk to me about puttin' judgment into my vittals, I tell 'em to go 'long."

"I don't believe you," I heard Miss Dayton say saucily to Mr. Abernethy. I glanced across the room and saw him smiling in her face. Miss Burritt's next words brought me precipitately back to my own side of the room.

"I needn't talk about lady boarders, though. Mr. Abernethy is more trouble than any six I ever saw. I wouldn't board him another month for a hundred-dollar bill."

"Why?" I said. "He never carries off the quart measures and things, does he?"



"Indeed he does, and gets them all smeared up with paint or some sort of musses. He's the most troublesome human being I ever saw in my life. You just ought to look into his room." (I wished I could.) "He's got rocks and mosses, and leaves and dried flowers, and roots and bugs, and butterflies and birds' eggs, and bottles of messes—"

"Why, I wonder he don't git the cholery a-sleepin' with them nasty things?" said Mrs. Springer.

"And don't you believe," here Miss Burritt lowered her voice, "he's got a skeleton up there?"

"You don't say!" said Mrs. Springer with distended eyes—"a-dead man's skiliton? Well, ef I was you, Miss Burritt, I wouldn't have sich sackerligious things going on in my house."

"Oh, he's always got something going on all the time. He's everlastingly performing some experiment or other. He's just ruined the carpet—spilled all sorts of things on it, and burnt great holes in it. And don't you think! one day some machinery he had exploded, and come within one of setting the house afire."

"Did a body ever hear the like?" cried Mrs. Springer, leaning forward anxiously.

"No indeed," said Miss Burritt, "you little know what a life I lead. I don't expect anything else in the world but that he'll some day blow us all up or burn us up."

"Well, I must say, marm, you had oughter told me that afore I paid my bill: then I could a-went to a house what's safe, where a lone woman could sleep in peace. I daren't shet my eyes all night, what with explodings and skilitons and sich. In course, you'll give back the money for the lodgin'. I'm perfectly willin' to pay for the vittals, though it's a mighty small eater I be, but it ain't Christian-like to ask a lone woman to pay for sleep what she doesn't git."

Miss Burritt bristled at once. "There isn't a quieter or better-ordered house in this whole city than mine," she declared. "Of course I shouldn't keep anybody in the house that wasn't safe: of course I wouldn't. I'd have more to lose than

anybody else by a fire. Mr. Abernethy is one of the most peaceable gentlemen I ever had to board with me, and if I—"

Here Miss Burritt was summoned out of the room.

"Ain't that gentleman Mr. Abernethy?" Mrs. Springer asked. When I had answered her question she put on her brass-bowed glasses and inspected him as though he had been some curious species of animal, as who shall say he was not? Then she went over to him and touched his arm: "I wanted to ask you, please, not to be carryin' on any of your abra-cadabras tell I git outen this house."

Mr. Abernethy stared at her in mute astonishment. Miss Dayton laughed: that's what she generally did.

"This lady," I explained, "has heard that you are given to experimenting, and is alarmed lest some accident may occur while she is here."

Mr. Abernethy smiled and assured her that her fears were unnecessary.

"What in the world are you experimenting about, anyhow?" inquired Miss Dayton.

I wondered at her easy audacity toward this man, whose reticence and learning inspired me with unmitigated awe.

"My most recent experiments have been directed to reclaiming the waste sulphuric acid that is used in refining petroleum, and to utilize it in the manufacture of chemicals," he replied simply.

Mrs. Springer threw back her head and gazed through her glasses at him as at a speaker of an unknown tongue. "It does beat all," she said, coming back to me, "what queer people a body meets a-travelin', and what sights of folks there be on the move, to be sure. I thought as how there must be something or other gwine on—a big show or 'lection or something. You don't know ef there is or not?"

"Nothing unusual, I think."

"Dear me! When I got down in that big dépôt 'peared to me everybody was crazy—such runnin' and hollerin'! I was clean beat. I never was worse scared in my life. I didn't know which way to go. I asked everybody, but, law! I couldn't git no satisfaction outen no-

body. By-me-by a man teched me on the arm and said he'd take me to a nice boarding-house ef I'd get in his kerridge. I thought he was mighty kind, and he was a nice-lookin' man, and so I put in my carpet-bag and bandbox, and he fetched me here. Well, I got outen the kerridge, made a curtesy to him and thanked him, when he said, 'Fifty cents, marm;' and, bless your heart! it wasn't mor'n a hundred yards I rode."

On and on Mrs. Springer went in her talk, I half listening to her as my mind kept wandering toward the other couple in the room. At length my companion left me, and shortly after I went to my room and to bed, where I lay awake a long time thinking of Mr. Abernethy and Miss Dayton. But it was not till the next evening that I again saw them together. We were sitting in the parlor, Miss Dayton and I, for the evenings were growing cool and our rooms were not yet warmed. I was reading: Miss Dayton sat by a table with a pile of school-girl compositions before her: she was composition-teacher in the Rushford Academy.

The door opened and Mr. Abernethy entered. Miss Dayton immediately took possession of him: "Oh, Mr. Abernethy, do, please, come here and help me correct these stupid compositions: I shall never get through with them. You've no idea how my eyes ache. Come along! You've got to help me: I won't let you off."

Mr. Abernethy went over with a little smile on his face, and sat down by the table.

"It wouldn't be fair for a stranger to look into these, would it?" he said.

"Oh, you don't know the writers, and you won't remember for five minutes that you ever saw the compositions. Here, now, go to work: here's a pencil. Here are six pages of foolscap about the steam-engine. Now, I don't know an earthly thing about the steam-engine: I never could understand it. I shouldn't know it if there was an error in each sentence. So of course you must correct this. And as a rest after those six pages you may have this composition—a de-

scription of Niagara Falls in seven lines. And here's another essay for you. You'll read in it, 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.' You needn't take the trouble to correct the quotation: I've corrected it a score of times, for the lady gets it into every composition of hers, no matter what her subject is. And here is just one more I wish you to take charge of. This writer's essays are nerve-exhausting drains on the sympathies: in every composition she kills off a golden-haired, cerulean-eyed infant."

"I advise you to turn her over to the chief of police," said Mr. Abernethy with a sober countenance.

Miss Dayton clapped her hands. "Oh," she exclaimed, "I'm so glad you can be funny! I've been afraid that you hadn't any ticklish spot. I was thinking that you were just my counterpart. A finger can't be crooked at me but I giggle. I'm glad of it: I thank God every day for all the laughable folks he sends in my way."

Mr. Abernethy took the pencil and commenced on "The Steam-Engine." "How do you correct a young lady's composition?" he asked.

"Oh, I dot the *i*'s, and cross the *t*'s, and underscore the misspelled words, and then shake a sieve of punctuation points over the page."

"Is that all? Don't you alter such a sentence as this?" and he read from the composition: "'The steam-engine is one of the most useful but at the same time hideous things in Nature.'"

"Well, I suppose I'd scratch out 'Nature,' and write 'on earth,' or 'in the universe,' or 'in the solar system.' Oh, I forgot to tell you there's one word I never leave alive in any composition: I always stab it with my steel. It's 'streamlet.'"

Mr. Abernethy addressed himself again to "The Steam-Engine." "Here," he said, "is a string of nine adjectives in one sentence, and not a monosyllable among them. What shall I do with them?"

"Just what seemeth unto thee best."

"Then, I'll draw my pencil through them."

"Hold thy sacrilegious hand, O Vandal!" Miss Dayton cried with mock heroics, grasping Mr. Abernethy's wrist. "Would you break that young woman's heart? Her adjectives are her idols. Ah," she continued with a pathetic shake of the head, "you'll never make a composition-teacher for young ladies."

"I think you are right," replied the gentleman. "I hope, therefore, you will excuse me from any further work."

"Well, wait: I must read you this first. Do, Miss Tiffaine," and Miss Dayton turned to me, "stop reading a moment and listen to this composition." Then she read in school-girl style: "*Animals.*—There are a great many different kinds of animals. In the second place, I will proceed to mention some: The horse, the cow, the dog, the cat, the gorilla, the snake, the tadpole, dears, sheeps, swines, a boy, a girl, a ant, a uncle, a alligator, a boar-constrictor, a whale, a sardine, a catfish, a thrush, a elephant, a 'possum—' And thus it goes on, through these four pages of foolscap, like the catalogue of a menagerie. It ends—'a musquitoe and myself. MARY JANE STRINGER.' Now, what do you think of that, Mr. Abernethy?"

"I think it is good," was the reply. "The writer says what she knows, and doesn't attempt the impossible."

"I think that if Miss Mary Jane Stringer had attempted something beyond her, she might, it is true, have fallen short of her aim— Well, really, that speech is worthy of any Irishman!" laughed Miss Dayton. "I meant to say that, though she would have failed of her aim, she might have achieved more than she has."

"But failures are such distressing things. The unambitious are spared much heart-burning."

Here I was called away, much to my discontent, for I felt a growing interest in the progress of matters between Mr. Abernethy and Miss Dayton. Miss Dayton, it seemed to me, was simply amusing herself with one of the laughable people whom God had brought in her way, but what would be the effect on Mr. Abernethy? I doubted if any other

woman had ever so closely approached this singular man, if any other had dared to enter his privacy and compel him to hold converse with a personality rather than an abstraction. She had roused him from his somnambulism, but to her presence alone did he appear awake. All other people were indefinite to him as an audience of strangers to a speaker. More and more keenly did the conviction come to me that in all his thoughts I was not; yet how superior I felt myself to the laughing, flippant Miss Dayton! How much better able I was to estimate him! Had I not been the very first in that boarding-house to speak a word for him? to perceive that in him which was worth standing up for, when Miss Dayton and all the rest were only laughing at him? I felt the right of a discoverer in him, and when, therefore, I perceived that Miss Dayton was taking possession of him, I was aggrieved: I was being supplanted. And I resented it that this, to me, unapproachable man permitted to this saucy girl a look into himself that he denied to me. As I have said, I held Mr. Abernethy in awe. I do not know that he was a very learned or remarkable man judged by a critical standard, but he was to me very learned and very remarkable. I felt sure he was a genius who would some day make a stir in the world. But did I care for him in a special way? The question came often to me.

The next morning, which was Sunday, Mr. Abernethy was late at breakfast, as he was apt to be. When he entered it was evident that he had been giving unusual attention to his toilet.

"Do see how he's fixed up!" said Miss Dayton to me as he came to his seat.

"You must be careful how you speak," I said. "Do not suppose that Mr. Abernethy is as oblivious of all the world as he used to be."

She colored slightly, and began after her usual manner to order his breakfast. "Are you going to church to-day?" she asked when he was seated.

To my surprise he said yes. I had never known him to go to church. "An old college chum is to preach at the Sec-

ond Presbyterian Church to-day, and I wish to see how he'll do it," he explained.

"Why, that's my church! May I have the pleasure of your company?" said Miss Dayton with a courtly bow.

"I'm obliged to say no," Mr. Abernethy replied simply, "for I promised to call for my friend."

Miss Dayton seemed greatly amused. "Isn't that a good joke, Miss Tiffaine?" she laughed, "refused by a gentleman! Where is your friend stopping?"

Mr. Abernethy's face took on an expression of helpless bewilderment. Then it became suddenly blank. "Why, I forgot to ask him," he acknowledged with a refreshing straightforwardness.

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried Miss Dayton merrily. "Now you've got to go with me. You can't think of another excuse, can you?"

"No," he said. "God hath wrought good out of my stupidity."

I wondered if he meant anything by this, or if it was only a polite speech. When church-time arrived I saw them from my chamber-window walk off churchward together. And I saw them when they returned, for I had not moved my seat. My heart had been sorely stirred in the period between their departure and their return. When the dinner-bell rang I went down to the dining-room with a dreary feeling. How radiant Miss Dayton looked! Her cheeks were like blush roses, her eyes were brimming with light. That new forest-green silk, with those soft laces about the throat and hands, how becoming it was! I was scarcely seated at the table before Miss Burritt called out, to my annoyance, to inquire if I had been to church. I said no, and blushed as I thought of the wicked feeling I had been cherishing during the morning.

"You ain't sick, are you?" persisted Miss Burritt.

"No, not sick, only tired."

"Well, for my part, I can rest better at church than anywhere else," she said.

"I should think so," assented Miss Dayton in an under tone, "from the way she sleeps through the sermon."

"And I think it my duty to go to

church twice a Sunday unless I am sick," continued Miss Burritt. "We *did* have such a splendid sermon to-day. I should be sorry if I had lost it."

"What was the text?" inquired one of the gentlemen.

Miss Burritt colored and looked very silly. "Well, now, I can't recall the exact words," she said.

"What was the subject?" persisted the merciless inquisitor.

"The fact of the matter is, I didn't half hear the sermon," Miss Burritt owned. "There were some ladies in the seat just ahead of me who kept up such a perpetual fidget, twisting and turning and smoothing down their silk dresses and buttoning their gloves and arranging their ribbons, that I couldn't think of a single thing but them. Then there was Mrs. Deshler in the next seat. That woman's enough to make the preacher himself forget the text. Just for the curiosity of the thing, I counted the colors she had on. How many do you suppose there were? Only thirteen! And her bonnet! Did you notice it, Miss Dayton? She had flowers and feathers and blonde lace and thread and bead-trimming: such a mix! Now, how can a woman with all that furbelowing and thirteen colors think of the sermon or join in the prayers? And such horrid taste!"

"The question with me is, How can a man with corns on his toes and tight boots on his corns say his prayers?" said Dr. Skinner. "I thought that Reverend Pink never would come to his 'lastly.' I found half a dozen splendid stopping-places for him, but he'd get a new relay every time and be off again. Such a preacher ought to have a relay of auditors, four times at least, on one of his trips from text to amen."

"Would not a change of subject be advisable?" asked the Reverend Mr. Ashley with quiet severity. A silence fell on the table.

Miss Dayton broke in on the silence. "Mr. Abernethy, what's the name of your friend who preached this morning?"

"His name?" said the gentleman appealed to, starting a little—"his name?"

Barton? No, it isn't Barton." Mr. Abernethy gazed profoundly at his plate. "Parton! William Parton is his name. Did you like him?"

"Not a bit," replied Miss Dayton. "He's too pert: he hasn't an atom of reverence. He talks to God as to a street acquaintance. His prayers are little else but gossip: they made me think of the local column of a daily newspaper, interspersed with editorial comments on the telegrams. And his sermon was a series of conundrums proposed to the audience."

"The style of the sermon was characteristic of the man. The boys at college used to call him 'Interrogation Point.' Whether asking information or giving it, he employed the interrogative form. And he really has no reverence; so that here, again, his manner is in harmony with his character. There is, at least, no affectation about him. He is not afraid of God, and he makes no pretence of being. He thinks he has a right to live, so he doesn't go to Heaven with an apology that he exists, or that he is a man and not an angel or a god. I am inclined to think that the Hearer of prayers is much more interested in the chatting and gossip, if you choose, of this honest man than in a vast deal that He hears in what are called prayers. A father had surely rather hear his child prattle about its toys and games than have it attempt metaphysics. God is doubtless often much amused at the sketches that are held up to His children as portraits of their Father."

"Amused!" cried Miss Dayton.

"People do not conceive of God as being amused or desiring amusement. Now, I have no question but that He has a boundless enjoyment of the humorous. Isn't such a Being more lovable than a divinity creating worlds for his own glory? Each mind has its God as each eye has its horizon, and each mind stamps on its conception the attributes most admirable to itself, and excludes everything that is distasteful. Now, I am of such a sombre cast that I have a dread of the shadows in others: hence my God is a joyous divinity. I can con-

ceive Him as laughing heartily at the laughable things in my life."

Miss Dayton colored: she evidently made a personal application of Mr. Abernethy's remarks. "Well, that is the strangest idea of God that I ever heard expressed," she said.

"If God frowns, why shouldn't he laugh? The first thing demanded in religion is a recognition of the personality of God. God has every attribute of personality," said Mr. Abernethy; and then he went on, deeper and deeper, into metaphysics, which I did not comprehend then, and which I cannot recall now.

I went up to my room unhappy and distracted. Mr. Abernethy, the man whom I most cared for in all the world, seemed to be drifting farther and farther from me. I was sure of this, but I could do nothing, would do nothing, to bridge the gulf between us; for along with everything else which interposed was my own pride. When we were all alike vague to him—lay figures on which to try his arguments or disquisitions—I could talk with him without feeling my remoteness. But now another's nearness had crowded me to the background, and my pride kept me there. I studiously refrained from bringing myself to his notice, if indeed it would have been possible for me to command his attention in the sense in which Miss Dayton had secured it, and yet I did not feel sure that he loved Miss Dayton or that she loved him. I dropped to sleep with my mind full of the subject.

Some hours later I was roused by the fire-bells and by loud talking in our halls. I started up in bed: my room was as light as day. I rushed to the window: a brick house across the street was on fire. I stood for some moments watching the fascinating horror—saw the flames creeping up and up toward the roof, licking up every bit of wood-work. Suddenly a woman's shriek pierced the air: a child was in that burning house. There were not two dozen people on the ground, and no sound of an engine coming to our aid. Oh, how my heart throbbed! I wondered if there

were one hero there to attempt the rescue. How I longed for the cheering noise of the engine, for a score of brave firemen! I saw a long ladder placed against the wall. I saw a man on its rounds mounting into that fiery furnace, and my heart was thrilled. Suddenly it stood still: I had recognized the hero. It was Mr. Abernethy. I did not shriek or scream or swoon, but watched with fascinated gaze as up and up, through smoke and flame, went the man whom in all the world I most cared for. I saw him disappear through the window into that flaming building, and then I saw little more for the tears that were blinding me and the fear that was devouring me. With trembling hands I dressed myself. Faint and dizzy, I staggered down the stairs. In the hall I heard a cry of agony that went through my heart. I rushed to the parlor, whence it had proceeded. The room was thronged with people. Some men were arranging on a sofa the body of a man. It was Mr. Abernethy's. Some others were bearing away another body with white face and with long fair hair streaming over the shoulders. This was Belle Dayton. I can never tell how awestruck, how guilty, how wretched I felt at that moment, as if a lightning's flash had revealed in my path a yawning abyss. Oh how I worked with the doctors for those two lives! Mr. Abernethy revived first, and soon after Miss Dayton opened her fine eyes. I was kneeling beside her as she did so. Putting down my lips to kiss her cheek, I whispered, "Mr. Abernethy is very little hurt: he was only stunned by the fall. He leaped from the window, it seems."

Her cheek flushed crimson. She sat up, and would have left the room, but the physician gently reseated her. "Keep quiet a few moments," he said.

"What *did* I do with it?" we heard Mr. Abernethy say in a bewildered way. "Let me see. Well, it's strange, but I cannot remember what I did with that baby."

"Recall all the circumstances," said a bystander: "that may help you to remember. Where was the child when you climbed through the window?"

"It was on a bed asleep," replied Mr. Abernethy. "Yes, yes, now I remember. I rolled the baby up in the feather bed, tied a sheet round it, and dropped it from the window; and I'm afraid it's tied up there yet."

At this Belle Dayton suddenly burst out laughing and left the room. I quickly followed, almost equally amused at the comical aspect the affair had assumed. We ran up to her bed-room. I thought we should never stop laughing, for I was happy enough now to laugh.

"Did you ever, in your life, know anything so funny?" she said between her outbursts. "The idea of forgetting what he did with that baby!" and off she went into another laugh. "Why, suppose the baby has been smothered?" she said, suddenly sobering. "Wouldn't that be dreadful, after he had risked his life to save it, too? Let's go and see if we can hear anything of it."

Yes, the baby had been found quietly sleeping in the feather bed, although this had been piled on a wagon with chairs, tables, etc., and moved three blocks. Mr. Abernethy's burns, too, had been dressed, and he was comfortable. So Belle and I had another laugh together. Then she cried, and so did I.

Well, that night's experience was a revelation to me. It showed me that envy, the meanest of the mean things that defile the heart, had got into mine. Perhaps I should not be so free to confess this if I had not also a victory to record. I had been nigh hating my friend, and that without the poor excuse of loving the man who had come between us; for another thing that stood revealed to me by the events of that night was, that I did not love Mr. Abernethy, and that Miss Dayton did. Mine was not a pathetic case of disappointed affections: my vanity simply had been wounded. And when I that night stood in the presence of the holy thing which mortals have named love, and of a love doubly holy from impending shadows, I seemed the guilty wretch who had committed sacrilege, for had I not in thought, which might have blossomed into deed, meddled with the sacred thing?

Miss Dayton grew shy toward Mr. Abernethy. At table she had little to say to him, and did not render her usual service, leaving him to the care of the servants, though he stood more in need of help than before, for his right hand was badly burned. Her old banter and charming playfulness were gone: there was a perceptible toning down in her voice and manner. Did he miss the grateful ministry? and did the sense of privation enlighten him as to his own feeling for this woman? He also had changed, I could hardly tell how, but he seemed more like other people. He was more in the parlor. Was it because he had leisure from his writings since the physicians had passed some prohibitions against his using his eyes? or did he hope to encounter Miss Dayton? If so, he was fated to disappointment, for the lady studiously kept out of his way until I was almost angry.

I proposed one evening, as he sat in the parlor in forlorn helplessness, to read something to him; for I too had changed: my awe had passed away, and I felt for him an honest and warm friendship. He seemed pleased with my proposition, and when I asked him to select the reading he went up to his room and brought me *Tredgold on Cast Iron*. I was appalled, but I plunged bravely in, and read and read, on and on, till it grew as meaningless to me as the grinding of a coffee-mill. After a time I began to blunder, for I was actually nodding as I read. I closed the book.

The pause in the reading brought the listener's attention to the reader. Seeing this, I let fly an arrow I had long had strung for him: "Mr. Abernethy, I have bad news: we are going to lose Miss Dayton."

I saw by the quick start and the sudden eagerness in his eyes that my shot had reached its mark.

"Where is she going?"

"To another boarding-house." I had heard Miss Burritt reiterate her resolve not to board Miss Dayton after the close of the month.

"Has she said why she will leave?"

"No."

He became silent.

"I am very sorry she is going," I said. "She is a fine woman."

"Yes," he assented.

"She is very emotional." Then looking him straight in the eyes, I added: "When you were brought in the night of the fire she was completely overcome and fell to the floor insensible."

"Is that true?" he asked with a light in his eyes and a tremor in his voice.

I felt that I had brought down my game. I showed him no mercy.

"Mr. Abernethy, were you ever in love?" I asked with an audacity worthy of Belle Dayton in her sauciest days. "You're in love now," I continued, knowing that I had firm earth beneath my feet. "You love Miss Dayton. Did you ever told her so?"

"No. Why should I? I ought never to ask her to marry me, and she ought never to marry me if I should ask her. I can never make a married man," he said smiling.

"Why not?"

"I am wanting in adaptability. I have always been a trial to my mother, my sisters, my landlady, to every woman who has had any responsibility about me." He smiled in a pathetic way.

"But can't you mend your ways for the sake of one you love?"

"I could never be sure that my present work would hold. I should be all the while commiserating my wife that she had such a husband. Miss Dayton is born to shine: she is beautiful and sparkling. I am a very dullard in society. I have no business in the parlor; my place is the closet. She could never like my closet: I could never like her. Besides, I am a poor man. She could never marry a rich husband. Two thousand dollars a year is the utmost I can get at my translating and essaying."

"Mr. Abernethy, suppose the market rested entirely with you, would you choose a two-thousand-dollar life with Miss Dayton or a ten-thousand-dollar one with another?"

He smiled, but beyond the smile caught the gleam of tears. "Now, now, I went on, 'you are assuming that you

are superior to the woman you love. In your case you are sure that the higher nature would triumph—in hers it would go under. Perhaps Miss Dayton's choice would be the same as yours. I think you should, at least, allow her an option and yourself a chance. Do you dread a refusal?"

"No. I am afraid of being selfish."

That same evening Miss Dayton came to my room. Her cheeks and eyes indicated excitement.

"What do you think?" she said. "Miss Burritt has given me warning. She had the impertinence to tell me that she could not board me another month. She says I carry off her quart cup." Here she burst into a laugh. "I suppose I deserve the penitentiary."

"Well, never mind," I replied: "I think she's going to give Mr. Abernethy warning too. You and he can leave and go to housekeeping together." She blushed scarlet. "Why not? You love each other. Don't be offended. I have good authority for what I say. Mr. Abernethy told me not half an hour ago that he loved you."

"Did he say so?" She put her head on the table.

"I'm not certain, though, that he'll ever tell you so unless you help him to do it."

"What do you mean?" she asked, suddenly lifting her head.

"I mean that some men are so distrustful of themselves that a woman must—"

"I'll never coax a man to offer me marriage," she said haughtily.

"You don't understand me," I hastened to explain, but I only made matters worse.

The next morning she came into the telegraph-office where I was at work.

"Have you found a boarding-place?" I asked.

She smiled archly. "We are going to take your advice," she said: "we're going to housekeeping together."

Of course, I knew what that little word "we" comprehended.

"Then Mr. Abernethy has asked you to marry him?"

"Oh no, indeed," she laughed: "he

begged me not to marry him. It was very funny, but oh so sweet!" and the quick tears came to her eyes. "Do you know, I think he's better suited to me than anybody else in the world could be. You see, I don't know a thing about housekeeping, especially cooking. Most men are so particular about what they eat. I can imagine a man after a month at my table going from it to the lunatic asylum. But Mr. Abernethy will never know even when house-cleaning days come. Of course I mean to learn house-keeping—I've bought a cook-book—but I feel certain there'll be sad mistakes for a while."

"I feel sure you will be very happy together," I said.

"Happy! I'm sure there is nothing he would not do for me. Why, he offered to dispose of his collections of fossils and shells and plants—they'd be in my way, he thought, the dear soul!—after he's tramped all over creation to collect them. I tell you the mortal doesn't live who is good enough to own those things that have so much of his devotion and dear life in them. I feel as if I loved every one of the blessed things for his sake. I'm going to help him fix them up in frames and cases, and we'll take care of them together. You'll come to the wedding—won't you?—at the parsonage of the Second Presbyterian, at four o'clock this afternoon. Then we're going straight home, and begin house-keeping as soon as we get there. Did I tell you? I bought a furnished cottage this morning with my little savings, a perfect little bird's nest in Sycamore street."

Well, I went round to the parsonage and saw them married. Then, while they drove off to their dove-cot, I walked back to the old boarding-house. In the hall I met Miss Burritt. "Well," she said, when I had told her all about it, "I don't like Miss Dayton, but I'm sorry for any woman who's got that man with all his rocks and bugs and traps to look after."

As for me, I didn't feel an atom of pity for either of them.

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.



## FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.



*Ferd. de Lesseps*

**I**N the year 1831 a young Frenchman was seen restlessly pacing the deck of the *Diogène*, the sailing packet from Marseilles to Alexandria. His slight, active figure and erect carriage drew attention; yet more, his piercing eye and rapidity of speech and movement, exceeding even the vivacity natural to a Frenchman. A close observer could not mistake the tokens of Spanish blood and of the best traits of Spanish character. He was a native of Versailles, but a kins-

man also of her known, in later days, as the empress Eugénie.

He was chafing under the delay of his sluggish vessel, which was making of that short route a thirty-seven days' voyage. Steam had at that time scarcely shown itself in the Mediterranean. Among the five hundred vessels of the French fleet that had bombarded Algiers the year previous there was but one steamer. It was not till nearly ten years later that the steamers of the Peninsular and

ental Company were on the Red Sea. It was the same year in which the epid Waghorn of the British navy proving to the unwilling home authorities that a route across Egypt, in spite of the long passage round the Cape, could be established for the mails to India. Our *voyageur* on the *Diogène* not ignorant of Waghorn's enterprise and perseverance.

His ship touching at Navarino, he saw and him on entering that harbor scattered, sunken remnants of the old Turkish fleet crushed two years before by the storm of fire from English, French and Russian ships, which had never struck down the power of the Sultan. The scene was long remembered by one who in after years was to the Ottoman Porte on missions of peace.

Living at Alexandria, to his dismay the vessel was rigorously quarantined, his further trial seems certainly to have quickened in his mind the ideas which afterward developed into the life-act which we propose, in this article, to discuss. Whoever will read Lesseps' recital of his experience on that trip, when he told his countrymen in the *Conférence* which he has been of late years summoned to hold, will see that the sight of the fleet at Navarino deepened his dislike to war, while the intolerable nature of his voyage and the subsequent quarantine stimulated a desire for freer course and increased facilities of commerce and travel. He exposes with causticity the arbitrary usages of the Mediterranean, which could quarantine vessels coming from a known healthy port into an unhealthy one. He tells us that Waghorn's aims and perseverance were his first stimulus, and brings us to an incident which to others might have been unimportant, but in his mind it guided the ideas that in after years absorbed the energies of years. During that protracted quarantine, while the crews were murmuring in enforced idleness, it was fortunate in a study which he pursued before him. He had come as a pupil to the French consulate at Alexandria. The consul-general,

Mimault, coming down to the quarantined ship to visit him, brought him the great work of the commission which accompanied Bonaparte in his expedition to Egypt in 1798, and especially recommended to him to study the report of the engineer Le Père on the junction of the Red Sea with the Mediterranean. Then for the first time, as he tells us, Lesseps gave his attention to the study of what the Isthmus was, and what were the historic points in the efforts through so many ages to construct a canal across Egypt. In his examination of Le Père's memoir this paragraph riveted his attention: "I believe it would be easy to open a *direct* route between Suez, the Bitter Lakes and Menzaleh to the sea at Peluse. An open communication here would be far superior to all others, which must be dependent on the rise and fall of the Nile." Reading further, he followed the story of the indirect canal, cut either by Sesostris or Pharaoh-Necho, reopened by the Ptolemies and the Romans, and finally destroyed by the Mussulman caliph El Mansoor, A. D. 767. He found a proposition for a direct canal proposed by Amroo, but forbidden by his master Omar, lest it should open a route for Christians to Arabia. Coming down to a recent period, he followed Bonaparte on his exploration in 1798, when he discovered and tracked the old canal of the Pharaohs from the Fountains of Moses, near Suez, five leagues backward within Egypt. With a Frenchman's admiration of the conqueror, he read Napoleon's charge to Le Père on leaving Egypt: "The work is grand: publish your memoir, and compel the Turk to find in the execution of this plan his safety and his glory." He saw here the endorsement of a master mind, which estimated aright the advantages of an open intercourse with the East. From that hour he fixed his attention upon the subject.

For a long term of years, however, Lesseps was occupied in consular duties. He remained in Egypt until 1838, exercising the functions of consular pupil, then of vice-consul and consul-general. He had begun this service at Lisbon in

1825, following the fortunes of his family, different members of which have been at times thus employed. Mathieu Maximilian Lesseps, the father, was secretary of legation at Morocco; commercial agent at Damietta; consul-general at Philadelphia, where he was made a member of the American Philosophical Society; and finally, at the time of his death in 1832, consul-general at Tunis. The oldest brother was at one time the French minister of foreign affairs; the youngest was chargé at Tunis. It is said that the father when in Egypt placed the viceregal family under obligations by his counsel and aid in obtaining from the Porte the confirmation of Mohammed Ali as pasha. It was then that an intimacy sprang up between Mōhammed's young son, Saeed, and Ferdinand de Lesseps, which lasted through life. "Saeed Pasha, trained by a French tutor and well educated, conceived a strong affection for the brilliant young Frenchman who could ride like a Bedouin, was a proficient in manly sports and a most genial companion." The fruits of this intimacy will show themselves farther on in our narrative.

While consul-general at Alexandria, Lesseps received the cross of the Legion of Honor for humane services rendered during the plague, which swept off one-third of the population. Transferred to Rotterdam, and then, in 1842, to Barcelona, he gave great satisfaction to the different nationalities in the latter place at the time of its bombardment by Espartero. The French residents struck a medal in his honor; the Marseilles chamber of commerce presented him with an address; the Barcelona chamber ordered his bust in marble; the princes of Sardinia and the Two Sicilies conferred their insignia. In 1848 he was ambassador to the court of Madrid, and in 1849 represented his government at Rome. But here he voluntarily ended a career which offered high chance of political distinction. "Full of generous ardor and belief in human progress and the rights of man, he remonstrated against the occupation of Rome by French troops in 1849; and, after a protest against General Ou-

dinot's bombardment and military rule, he retired from a diplomatic career in which advancement was so sure, thus seemingly sacrificing his whole future for principle." This estimate is in the words of our own former consul-general in Egypt, Mr. De Leon, who was with Lesseps at the time of his first proposing to Saeed Pasha the plan of the great enterprise at which we are now to glance. To do so intelligently let our readers look with us for a little while on the old land of the Pharaohs.

In the palmy days of that land its trade, if we may not call it commerce, was assuredly worthy of the age. According to Strabo and Herodotus, Pharaoh-Necho's ships passed from Arsinoë (Suez) out to the great ocean, hugging, it is true, its shores, but coasting Africa, and returning after voyages of three years to his Mediterranean ports. The well-known Scripture record in Kings and Chronicles is not without significant correspondence: "Once in three years came the navy of Tarshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, apes and peacocks." Of the Egyptian seaports, Pelusium was long the queen. Its fortress was the key of Egypt and of the sea, and many a furious battle was waged around its walls. Here, in 525 B. C., Cambyses gained the victory which transferred Egypt to Persia. Herodotus tells us of the bleached skulls of the slain in that battle as attesting the distinctiveness of race. Alexander captured Pelusium B. C. 333; Augustus took it three centuries later; and after six centuries more Amroo received its submission as that of all Egypt.

Under the Roman rule the city was connected by famous military roads with Memphis and Suez, and with the cities of Persia. The Pelusiatic branch of the Nile gave access to the old canal of the Pharaohs, which was available at a late day, since Cleopatra, after her defeat at Actium, meditated escaping with her fleet by this passage. In the year 697 the caliph Omar rejected the proposal of his lieutenant to open this canal and re-establish Pelusium. He feared the entrance of the Christians into Egypt and their interference with the pilgrims

to Mecca. He forbade anything being done for Pelusium, which consequently disappeared from the eyes of trade and fell back into its primitive condition. The Arabs in naming its ruins *Tineh* have but perpetuated the original idea of the names given by the Hebrews, *Sin*, and by the Greeks, *Palos*—all meaning *oase, mire*. The site of old Pelusium was indeed rarely again named until the time of Le Père's memoir.

To recover Peluse, and cut a new route for the commerce of our day straight across from sea to sea, became Lesseps' ruling idea on relinquishing his diplomatic career. An idea to a Frenchman, as we all know, is often something which, from the moment of its adoption, rules every hour of his being thenceforth until he succeeds or fails. Lesseps' idea was (and to this day remains, as shown in his more recent enterprise, of which we shall speak before closing) to bring the East close to Europe's door. He adopted for his motto, "*Aperire terram et dare pacem gentibus*." He has steadily advocated the widest extension of commerce, swift and close intercourse, and the civilization of Asia and Africa by this means. He has shown the most admirable faith, energy and perseverance in pursuing this object, and, having opened one highway, is projecting another of perhaps equal value to the world. On his recent election to the French Academy he presented, in place of a record of devotion to the abstract sciences, one of practical usefulness in the civil service of his country, and this brief but brilliant chronicle of the great ship-canal: "The first blow struck near Peluse for a new harbor on the Mediterranean shore, April 21, 1859; the canal of Suez opened for the world's commerce, November 17, 1869; declared an established success by the receipt of eighteen millions of francs during 1872." This was the triumph of an idea adopted forty years ago, and the result of a ten years' indefatigable struggle.

By what elements of character and by what help from the logic of events has he secured this? In the first place, he began with an intelligent but indomitable

faith in the enterprise. His own words are, "*J'ai pour principe, de commencer par avoir de la confiance*." When addressing the chambers of commerce in different countries of Europe, meeting from time to time at public banquets the capitalists of England, Holland and France, visiting now Palmerston and Gladstone in England, and now the French emperor at Paris, or combating the opposition of Sir Stratford de Redcliffe at the Ottoman Porte—even when the cholera decimated his laborers at Ismailia, or, worse yet, when the sultan's firman, obtained by British intrigue, called away every native workman sent by the pasha—he was ever buoyed up by the same strong assurance of ultimate success. His letters, speeches and despatches have not a tinge of despondency. In person he explored, often with extreme danger, the whole line of the temporary fresh-water canal constructed to supply first Suez and then the line of his workmen, and his main route. He visited every infected place to establish hospitals and sanitary rules. He came through all safe, as years before he had come safely off from the plague at Alexandria. He believed his work would be done, and that he would see it done. This was no small element of victory.

Another was the frankness with which he expounded his plan and courted investigation of its feasibility. At the outset he submitted the whole scheme first to the scientific engineers appointed by the pasha in 1855, and then to an international commission composed of the most eminent engineers of England, France and almost every other European state. They repaired to Egypt, went over the proposed route, and studied the topography of the valley of the Isthmus and of the Nile. They reported to the viceroy: "The direct canal from Suez to the Pelusian Gulf is the only solution of the problem of uniting the seas: its execution is easy, its success sure: its results to the world's commerce will be immense. Our conviction of this is without dissent." In thus inviting an impartial verdict, Lesseps acted very differently from those scheming companies in

our day who spread before the public only the inflated reports of their own engineers. From the first, and through all its ten years' progress, the work on the Suez Canal has been open to engineers from states and chambers of commerce that chose to investigate all its difficulties and bearings. The English engineer Hawkshaw, standing first in his profession, reported upon it in full to the viceroy in 1862.

His power of infusing some of his own enthusiasm into others enabled Lesseps, after other difficulties had been overcome, to raise with facility the necessary capital for the undertaking. Jerome Bonaparte, the comte de Chambord and the duc de Montpensier were among the readiest subscribers after the viceroy of Egypt, who himself took nearly one-half of the shares. The mass of the remainder was thrown open to the people everywhere. Paris furnished seventy-three hundred stockholders, the departments, with Algeria, furnished thirteen thousand eight hundred, nearly three thousand of them holding but one or two shares each. The whole of the original capital was thus raised within fifteen days.

Besides his native genius, energy and perseverance, Lesseps derived, of course, peculiar advantages from his early training, his intercourse with statesmen, his knowledge of courts and familiarity with affairs of state. His connection with the empress Eugénie was the lever which enabled him to bring the influence of the French government to bear at Constantinople on some very critical occasions. His early intimacy with the son of the viceroy of Egypt had still more decisive consequences. When the father of this young man died in 1847, his uncle, Abbas Pasha, on coming to the throne, treated him with a jealous severity. "He then came to Paris," says Lesseps, "where I had the happiness of receiving him into my family. In 1854, when he came to power, he immediately wrote to me to come to Egypt. I had prepared my plan of the canal long before, and I went to Alexandria and carefully broached it to him." To get access in that barbarous land to the ruler's ear, and thus

open the way for explorations, was in itself an important step. To have the ruler's earnest support and the free use of his purse and power was, of course, of incalculable advantage. Saeed Pasha was a friend in earnest. He wrote to Lesseps, when the latter was setting out for Paris to organize the universal company, "Be assured that if you do not succeed in organizing, I am resolved to execute this work with my own resources and such private aid as shall respond to your appeal."

One circumstance not to be overlooked in connection with the enterprise is the great advance in engineering science within recent years, furnishing new appliances that proved to be absolutely necessary for the completion of the work. The ancients relied on the power of numbers for the execution of their vast and marvelous plans. The rulers of Egypt, in particular, had been accustomed to draw without stint on the enforced labor of the *fellahs*, and it was with a large body of these, detailed by the viceroy's authority, that Lesseps began his work. But the English government procured a firman from the sultan forbidding their employment, and, "as was anticipated by those who opposed the project" (says the English captain Clerk, evidently referring to his own countrymen), "everything was brought to a standstill." After the loss of much time and money, laborers were attracted from France, Italy, Greece, and even Egypt. But the next year they were driven off by the cholera. Then necessity led to the invention of machinery equal to the work, bringing it, at reduced expense, to an earlier completion than if the myriads of old Egypt had been awakened for the task. The new steam-dredges, with their long iron spouts and buckets, drove the excavated mud of the cuttings two hundred mètres from their banks; while in the harbors machinery superior to that used in the construction of other breakwaters built out two arms or moles of more than two thousand yards with safety and despatch. Engineers from all countries repaired to Port Saeed to inspect them. Machinery was used representing the

power of more than one hundred thousand men.

The canal is now writing its own history. It is fast revolutionizing the commerce of the Old World, and must sensibly affect our own. A route which lessens the distance to Bombay from English ports twenty-eight hundred miles, from Marseilles thirty-three hundred and from the grain-market of Odessa four thousand, "must," as the English have lately admitted, "be kept open." The English press is, indeed, ashamed of such utterances as those of the *Examiner* of December, 1860, which called the canal "the monstrous folly of the nineteenth century, . . . never to be completed, or, if finished, to be exhibited as the *French folly*." The receipts of the enterprise during the last three years have increased in nearly geometrical proportions. Lesseps has his revenge for the obstacles and opposition he had to encounter in this heavy toll taken from our English cousins. Their own railroad from Cairo to Suez is abandoned: their travel and trade are along the new highway.

Before closing this brief notice of a remarkable man, we must not omit to mention the new project by which he is giving fresh proof of his lofty aims and indomitable energy. This is the construction of a railway to traverse Central Asia. Within ten days after he took his seat in the French Academy he laid before it his plan, and asked for the appointment of a commission to prepare instructions for a reconnaissance of the route. His son, Victor Lesseps, secretary of the French embassy to Russia, goes to sojourn at Peshawt, the head of the Indian railway system to secure information of the caravans coming down from the Hindoo-Koosh Mountains. Before the Academy and before the Société de Géographie of Paris Lesseps has shown that as the whole distance from Calais to Calcutta is but seventy-five hundred miles, if Peshawt in India be joined with Orenburg, the terminus of the present railway system in Eastern Russia, the traveler need but a week in passing from London to Calcutta. It

is not, however, certain that this particular line will be adhered to, Lesseps himself having since proposed a more northerly and circuitous route through Toorkestan.

Of course, this project has been already denounced by a portion of the English press, which, while admitting that M. de Lesseps' "audacity, *only* redeemed from the charge of folly by its affinity to genius" (!), has in the past triumphed over all opposition, and "effectually turned the tables on the skeptics and the scoffers," still warns the government and the nation against countenancing an enterprise which "is really part and parcel of the Russian scheme of Asiatic conquest." But the same organ which contains these denunciations admits that English capital will flow wherever the demand for it is backed by fair credit and the punctual payment of interest, and that Russia has hitherto met, and may still be expected to meet, these conditions.

By the admission, therefore, of its enemies the pecuniary success of the enterprise may be considered as secured. And with regard to its ulterior results, we might point to those of the Suez Canal as evidence of the shortsighted policy on which the predictions of its opponents are based. But it is more pleasant to turn from the narrow carpings of prejudiced critics to the enlightened grounds on which the project is supported by Lesseps himself. In his advocacy of it one cannot fail to admire the fairness with which he deals with the international questions concerned, and the expanded views he sets forth of the benefits to be conferred by these openings to civilization and freedom. He shows what hopes have already brightened for Africa and for Asia by the progressing renovation of Egypt, and predicts a still greater gain for the people of Eastern Asia from this new enterprise. Looking at his genius, faith, energy and indomitable perseverance in the past, we cannot but share in his anticipations, and trust that this grand undertaking will bring new renown to its projector and new benefits to the world.

J. E. NOURSE.

## A MODERN CRESSIDA.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she.—TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

## CHAPTER I.

"SO you really mean that I must go away from everything I care for, and bury myself alive, Doctor Wadsworth?"

"That is just what I mean, Mrs. Penrhyn. You must spend the summer very quietly, without any excitement."

"But why can't you give me some tremendously powerful tonic, instead of making me lie by for three months—feed me on phosphates and iodides and quinine?"

"What would you say of an engineer, my dear madam, who, when he saw that some part of the machine he was called on to inspect was almost worn out, should advise the fireman to pile in fuel and crowd the pressure of steam, by way of remedy for imperfect working?"

"Very silly, indeed, but not a fair analogy. That is the trouble with you modern doctors: you are so afraid of the old exploded error that divorced body and soul that you identify them, and as a natural sequence undertake to prescribe for our moral as well as our physical ailments. Now, I know very well that you are going to tell me that you can't practically separate the workings of one part of my nature from another—that, theoretically, it's a convenience to have a nomenclature, so as to prevent confusion of ideas, but that you must prescribe for me as a harmonious, interdependent whole. Is not that it?"

"What do you want to make of me?" said Doctor Wadsworth, smiling in spite of himself at the half-petulant pleasantry of her manner.

"I want to make use of you. There now! I knew you would be angry. Why, what is more noble than to be useful, doctor? I thought the reason why modern science spurned ancient metaphysics and morals was because they were of no use. What I want of a doc-

tor is this. But first listen to what I *don't* want. I don't want you to concern yourself with what is 'good for me' or 'bad for me.' You doctors all trench too much on our individuality—you are as bad in your way to us patients as ever the old priesthood was to the laity. I know what I want: I don't want to have the days of my life indefinitely prolonged; I don't want to be made superior to stimulants or tonics; I don't care particularly to be made to emulate a milkmaid in her hours or complexion; but I want to spend more than I have—to live beyond my income; and I want all your resources brought out to enable me to live as I wish, without encroaching on my capital. Yes, you shake your head, you look grave, you can't take the responsibility. What right have you to assume it? say I. I don't want you to make of me, body and soul, the nearest approach to your ideal of which my nature is capable. I want you to perform a service for me—"

She stopped abruptly, and looked at him as if for an answer. Unconsciously to herself, there had been a tinge of haughtiness in her manner, and Doctor Wadsworth had felt it. A slight flush came to his cheek.

"I understand," he said. "You would like to bring back the leech of centuries ago—a servant, almost a slave, possessing treasures of knowledge, secrets of healing, precious drugs, prompt to cure or to destroy, but all held at the pleasure of his master, of his employer; as ready to sell a deadly poison as to apply a healing salve—a mere tool, without one sentiment or aspiration worthy of the noble profession he disgraced and desecrated."

"No, no! I did not mean anything so—"

She hesitated for a word, and Doctor Wadsworth supplied her with one—"So

base,' you would say. My dear lady, I'm not angry with you, but I cannot help seeing that you would have breathed quite freely in a century when arbitrary power could subordinate men's minds and consciences to the execution of its will. It seems to me that although you accuse me of encroaching on your individuality, I should have none left of my own if I obeyed your wishes."

"Well," she said, "I did not mean to be so overbearing, but I do rebel against being exiled this summer. Come now, doctor, can't you patch me up and let me go?"

He shook his head gravely. "No," he said. "I can and will give you tonics, but rest is what you want. You have been a spendthrift of your estates, to borrow your own simile, and must be content to let the rents accumulate before you spend them, and the trees grow before you cut them again."

"If it must be, it must be, then, but I really feel as if rest would be extinction," she said with a weary, impatient sigh.

"That is quite natural," answered he composedly: "you must sink lower before you can rise at all."

"When must I begin my idyl?" she said with a sudden transition of mood.

"Your 'idyl!' Is it possible that you have not understood me better than that? There can be no idyl, my dear madam," he went on, laughing, but still seriously, "without a shepherd, and a shepherd I forbid. In plain words, you must live without excitement this summer, or you will—not die, but go to pieces."

"I have it!" she exclaimed. "I will go to my cousin Mary's, up in the Hampshire hills. I will yield an uncompromising obedience to your orders. They shall be obeyed in spirit and in letter."

"That is right! You will remember all I said before you favored me with that invective against modern medicine; and, God bless you, my dear child! you will go next week?"

"Yes, yes," she replied, "and thank you, dear doctor, and forgive me if I was impertinent this morning."

Doctor Wadsworth descended the

stairs and got into his carriage at the door. Edith Penrhyn stood at the window watching him, and as his handsome iron-gray head disappeared she turned from the window with a sigh. "How old he is growing!" she said to herself. "I have too few friends—*real* friends—to have any of them grow old." She threw herself languidly on a lounge and fell into a reverie.

Growing old! Old age was the great horror of her life. She did not dread death, but to be old!—it seemed to embody and involve all her antipathies and fears. Born with a peculiar vitality of nature, anything that suggested decay or loss of power—power to feel, to enjoy, ay, even to suffer—seemed to be the most terrible of evils. Pagan to the core of her heart, all good things were ever young to her: the wild freshness of morning was indeed worth all the rest of the day, and she sowed no seed that was to lie fallow till the day was far spent, and then germinate and bear fruit to gladden the sunset of life. The flowers of her life were as fragile and as fragrant as the products of a forcing-house. The sight of a gray hair among her abundant golden-brown tresses saddened her: the mere suggestion of calm and repose, the accompaniments of maturity, seemed to irk her. The lines,

To die when all the foam is up,  
The bright wine sparkling high,

expressed her feeling; and she spent herself in all ways, never admitting the possibility of her strength and vitality deserting her before mere existence should cease. So, when Doctor Wadsworth, whom she had called in perforce, driven to the measure by a sense of absolute nervous exhaustion, frankly told her, not that she would kill herself, but that she would be good for nothing, she was appalled: anything rather than that. She felt indifferent about death, as most people of strong vitality and high courage do, partly from their impossibility of realizing the meaning of the word, and partly from their habit of mind toward all danger; but this breaking down terrified her. The petulant defiance of the tone she had assumed in



the conversation just chronicled was but to mask her real feeling: she was ready to do anything rather than cease to be herself. A life of thought, of contemplation, of repose, seemed to her intolerable, the humdrum was her *bête noire*: constant excitement, waves of emotion and sensation breaking over her, one after another, with so short a space between them that the partial ebb could not be termed reaction, each, as it rolled back, being caught up by a fresh incoming rush, rolling on and over her again—this was her ideal of existence. Yes, she would go to the country, would forswear all excitement, would be an oyster, a vegetable, for three months, and then again be herself.

She turned from the window as a knock came at the door. "Come in," she said with a sense of relief at the prospect of distraction. It was a servant with a card. She could not repress a start and a slight flush as she read the name. She had not looked for any one at such an early hour. For a moment she hesitated; then, "Ask him up here," she said, and as the servant left the room to obey the order she drew her graceful morning-wrapper about her and passed through a door at the side which led into her dressing-room. While she put herself into more fitting trim to receive the stranger who was now awaiting her, she wondered much why he had come.

Geoffrey Marston was a young man whose acquaintance she had made not many evenings before at a small evening-party, and of whom she had heard more than once as a rising man of science. But neither what she had heard nor the one evening she had spent in his society had in any way interested or attracted her. The only feeling with which he had inspired her was a curious and rather unpleasant consciousness of being understood or divined by him. Not that he seemed desirous of prying into her emotions or detecting the springs of her actions. She was not sure that he was conscious of the effect he produced upon her; but so it had been, not only on the evening when he had talked to her, but twice besides, when he had been near her

at the theatre, she had felt his presence, and experienced the same sense of annoyance as one might feel if suddenly aware of an invisible, intangible presence floating near one and reading one's words in a clearer light than could those mere human beings to whom they were spoken.

As Edith finished the last touches of her toilette, however, she said to herself, "It was absurd, wild imagination, probably the result of this over-excited, nervous state I've been in. He has come now to call on me. Heaven knows there is nothing surprising in a man's doing that, and, like most of these scientific people, he does not know that the hour is uncanonical." So she expelled from her mind the fantastic idea which had crept into it, and entered the room in which Mr. Marston awaited her.

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## CHAPTER II.

HE was a slight, well-made man, with great natural distinction of manner and bearing, and with an odd directness, a sort of intensity in his way of saying and doing even small things, that produced the most unconventional effect. He rose, bowed as she entered, but quietly and distantly, and without that orthodox smile of greeting which is the mechanical grace of society. Edith was a little embarrassed. Her first banished fancy rushed back in full force, and for a moment she could not find words.

He spoke first: "I know this is a very great presumption, Mrs. Penrhyn, on my part, to have come two hours before I was entitled to ring your bell, and when you were sure to be in and at home, but I have an excuse." He paused, and then as he looked at her a smile came like a sudden light over his face. "It is a very good one, if you will only look at it in the full light of truth. I wanted to see you, and this was my only way of making sure of doing so."

"You should have taken your chances, Mr. Marston," she said gayly, but with a meaning in her tone.

"Yes," he said, "I should have done so, but I could not run the risk—I could

not afford it. There are moments in every man's life, Mrs. Penrhyn, when he comes into collision with the conventionalities of life, the laws of society, and must either break them or risk being broken in keeping them. As long as I can run with my Juggernaut, I shall be content, but I could never throw myself before it and be mangled. I haven't the faith for that; so, as I go to-morrow to South America for six months, and this was my only chance of seeing you before I left, I chose to make the chance a certainty."

Edith grew more embarrassed, accustomed though she was to the society of men, and habitually cool and self-possessed when homage the most ardent and devoted was offered her. She now seemed incapable of mounting the conventional dais from which she mentally queened it over her admirers. His manner was not that of a lover, nor indeed was there anything in what he said that might not pass current as the ordinary coin of society, and yet the whole conversation was in some way lifted out of the ordinary atmosphere. They two were together, and he was talking to her, as unswayed by accidents of time and place and all outside things as if they were disembodied spirits. There are some men and women who have this power of bringing whomever they approach into direct contact with their own nature: they seem gifted with a special force of penetration, and one always feels that in whatever relation one meets them it is sustained by one's real self toward an equally real individuality on the other side. So Marston made Edith feel, and his quiet intensity of manner added to the feeling.

He had been silent after his last words, and the silence grew oppressive. She must speak: "I am sorry you are going," she said, "but I should have seen nothing of you, for I go away myself to the country, for three months, in a week's time."

"That is good—you need it," he said. "But pardon me: I think you are not sorry, but secretly glad, to get rid of me. I think I oppress you."

"That could hardly be," she said with a little haughtiness, "as I have seen you but once, and you do not know me, or I you, at all well."

He fixed his dark eyes on hers as she finished her sentence, the last words of which came slowly, and looked at her with an expression mingled of scrutiny and longing. Her eyes fell before his. She raised them with an effort, and said lightly, "You look as if I had said something that was not true."

"So you have," he said rising and standing before her: "I do know you: no one has ever known you half so well as I. And yet, Mrs. Penrhyn," he went on, "you need not shrink from me when I say I know you, for I say too—and with greater truth, if that might be—that no one has ever loved you as I love you. Nay, do not rise: I did not mean to startle you, but I must speak. I did not come here with the faintest idea of affecting you by anything I might say; but I may never return from South America, and I saw no reason for denying myself the expression of what is so strong within me. I do not think I need apologize to you for what I am about to say. Had I any idea of asking aught of you, *that* might seem presumptuous and need excuse, but nothing could be farther from my thoughts. I only ask you to listen to me while, instead of talking about the weather or the opera, I lay bare my heart to you. It will not bore you nearly so much as if I paid you an ordinary morning call."

He said this so composedly that the strangeness of his avowal ceased to agitate her, and she replied with equal self-possession: "Certainly, you are quite right. I have always thought that the most commonplace nature could make its story interesting if it told the literal truth concerning it. Pray go on."

He drew a chair a little nearer to her, yet not very near, and sat down, saying, "I cannot see your face so far away—I am near-sighted, you know—and I want to see you while I talk." She bowed a mute comprehending assent, and he went on: "I don't purpose to tell you the story of my life, nor do I mean to detail it

since I met you, although that is only two weeks ago, and seems to me now the beginning of life. I am a firm believer in natural affinities, and a disbeliever in the possibility of a love existing in its highest manifestation and greatest intensity between beings devoid of this affinity, or only possessing it in a slight degree. I do not think any one can ever give another anything that does not belong to that other. He may *withhold* to an unlimited degree: his power of *imparting* is limited by the corresponding power of reception in the other. All relations, all *real* relations in life, are based on this principle, although it is almost always dishonored, violated and disowned. Nevertheless, being a *law*, it governs and controls, although unrecognized. One only cares for people for one of two reasons: because they can give you something which you want or take something from you which you wish to give. All love means simply this, and is greater or less in proportion as the giving or taking is great, but perfect love is when one meets a creature to whom one could give all and from whom one desires all. One may touch a hundred souls at a hundred points and call it love, but it is always partial and imperfect, liable to be supplanted. Yet these imperfect affinities are all most people know of love, and, knowing no better, they call a part by the name of the whole, and demand the allegiance of the whole nature to a feeling which belongs to and feeds but a small part of it. You and I, unlike as we are, have this in common, that we touch many natures at many points, and that we in our hearts and souls never pretend to give to any one that which does not belong to him. Is not this so?"

"Yes," she said.

"I knew it when I saw you," he went on. "I *felt* it—that you would never give to any one that which was not his; and when I knew at the same moment that I loved you perfectly, with my whole being—that nothing short of an entire self-surrender and entire possession could satisfy me—I trembled at the vision of torment and bliss, both uncertain, both

possible, that rose before me. This is what I came to say: that I loved you as no one has ever loved you—that I shall try to get from you what I desire. If I preserve my will intact, I will never take aught but the whole from you—never supply, as so many men must have done, the need of *one* mood, the food for *one* hunger. Of your being I will have all, or die unsatisfied. My hope lies in the consciousness I have of divining your nature. I understand you, at least, better than you have ever been understood, and it is you that I love, not a part of you—not an ideal hung upon you—not what you represent to me, but *you*, with every imperfection—well, every blot; and nothing can change my love. Loyalty, as generally meant, is something I am too proud to accept from any woman. I would only have of you that which is my own. I give you my whole self because it is yours, not because you attract me and I aim at an ideal feeling. Idealism is the reverse of this, which is pure reality. I *am* yours. I need no lofty resolution, no mail of virtue and faith, to guard the heart that beats for you. No woman can tempt me: my love is perfectly yours. Now I shall go. When I am gone you will do as you have done, as you are doing—drain men dry, distill the one drop of their souls you can assimilate; but that is not love, nor do you think it so. One man may feed your senses, another your intellect, and they may lay their hearts and lives at your feet. I make no sacrifice: I obey the law of my nature; and I love you. But I must wait. I had a wish to say this to you, and you understand me, I know, even as I understand you. You understand—do you not?—now what it was made you conscious that I was not like others to you? It was the force of my whole being setting toward you. No wonder you felt swayed from your orbit."

He rose and stood before her once more. She had sat as if spellbound while he spoke, and now rose too, as if instinctively. Her hand sought a flower she had fastened in her bosom. "No," he said, "I will not take it: *tout ou rien* must be my motto here. The first and

only gift or grace I will take from you shall be yourself."

"Those are proud words," she said, half piqued, half pleased, and, in spite of herself, moved.

"They are true ones," he answered. "You will give away many flowers before I see you again: that which you can give to others is not mine, and I want my own. If you are ever mine, flowers and all other graces will float on the current of our mighty love, and cover it with beauty; but what is a flower now to me, or even a caress? Much as a copper coin to a man asking a crown."

"Then you will not touch my hand in farewell?" she said, unable to resist the impulse to control and conquer—an impulse that was excited in her by every nature with which she came into the slightest contact.

He looked down at the slender white fingers she held out to him and caressed them with his eyes, then looked up and said abruptly, "I may write to you once while I am away. If I do not die, you will see me again in six months from now, and some day I shall ask for your love. To-day I have told you only that you have mine."

He was gone, and she was alone before her parted lips could frame a sentence to detain him.

"Doctor Wadsworth would be in despair," she murmured to herself. "I was to begin vegetating to-day, and that man has given me a new sense of life. How much strength he has! How strange it was! I could not have spoken—something seemed to hold me—and yet—"

She ceased to speak, threw herself into a chair and half closed her eyes in a sort of dream. Nothing seemed to live in her but a sense of his words and their intensity of meaning. Her intellect was lulled to sleep: she subjected them to no analytical process. They floated through her mind in a kind of golden mist, and she sat thus for some minutes, feeling as she thought she could never feel again—simply content to live, and full of a subdued sense of intensified vitality. Presently she rose and walked slowly toward her room. As she passed

a mirror which was set into the wall she paused and looked at the reflection of her face and figure. Long and earnestly did she gaze into the glass. A vague memory had risen from its depths, and she strove to grasp it. What did her face and reflection there remind her of? Suddenly she knew. A triumphant glow spread over face and throat, and she exclaimed, "It is myself of ten years ago. I remember it all: it is youth come back again. Good Heavens! did *that* man bring it?"

The face she saw was no more beautiful than the face she had seen an hour before, but the look in the eyes was different, and like a flash had it been revealed to her that she had seen it in her own face one day, ten years before, when she was a girl of eighteen, and before her brief married life had made a gulf between her and her youth. She had never studied herself much in a glass, her vanity taking the more sensitive and subtle form of seeing herself in others' eyes; and on that day, so long ago, she had chanced, on returning from a ride on horseback, bright and flushed with exercise, to pass the glass. She had stopped then and caught her own face in the glass, and the picture had registered itself, and then been forgotten until that moment. The girl of eighteen seemed there again—the same bright, sanguine look, beaming with life and ardor.

"Is that the medicine I want?" she murmured as she looked, and even as she spoke the flush and light seemed to die out of her face, and the cold-cut beauty of twenty-eight stood before her. She turned hastily away from the glass and went into her dressing-room: "I must begin to wind up my threads at once, or I shall leave a tangled web behind me. 'Six months,' he said: very well, then I will put him out of my head for the present."

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### CHAPTER III.

"VERY well, then, old fellow, you'll call for me at three o'clock?"

"Sharp three: good-bye!"

"By the way, Raymond, what will you do without Mrs. Penrhyn at Newport this summer? I hear she is to start for the country the day after to-morrow."

"Did you, indeed? I've not made my summer plans yet," was Raymond's rejoinder,

He stopped an instant to knock the ashes from his cigar, and then sauntered off with so tranquil an indolence of manner that no one knowing the tumult roused within him by the words just spoken could have denied him the admiration that perfect self-command always wins. "Going away? In two days?" His heart gave one great leap, and then seemed to drop like lead and lie quite still and heavy. He had not seen her for a week. Their relations had always been marked by caprice on her part and an affected independence on his, which was principally evidenced by his absenting himself from her presence for a week or two at a time, and then abruptly returning to his accustomed attitude of devotion. They had known each other about a year, and from the first had known each other well.

Thornton Raymond was a man of very positive personal attraction—not an attraction of a very high order, and by no means of a complex character. The emotions he inspired were not difficult to analyze, nor did they possess much variety. Had Edith Penrhyn's mood not chanced to have been what it was the evening she made his acquaintance, their intimacy would never have existed; but he stumbled upon her when the only door of her nature to which he possessed the "sesame" stood ajar, and falling instantly under her influence, open to her at all points, he had contrived, between his own limited attraction for her and her unbounded one for him, to link himself to her.

So a strange relation grew up between them, and every day it became more entirely his life and less of hers. Edith Penrhyn was a woman who differed widely from most women, in that she respected and regarded one part of her nature as much as another, and no man

could have more frankly admitted to himself the existence of impulses, and regarded their mere existence as self-justifying, than she did. She had felt the power of Raymond's intense masculinity, and enjoyed the sensation it gave her as a novel one. Before she had come in contact with him she had never seen an equal amount of masculine vigor combined with so much personal beauty; and the virility of most men has something repulsive for a woman of what Mephistopheles calls "supersensuous refinement." Edith, whose senses were by nature and cultivation exquisitely sensitive, and who like most women received no direct sense emotions, but filtered them all through the medium of her imagination, had been attracted by Raymond because he was possessed of that indefinite and intangible reality, physical attraction; and she had yielded to this attraction unhesitatingly at first, but her feeling speedily ran its course, and smouldered almost to ashes, while his gained ground daily. At times his early power over her would reassert itself partially, and in those moods she still without hesitation took from him what she wanted, and gave him what she had to give. Is there any better definition of flirting than to say that it consists in taking the inch you want from any one, and leaving the ell that is offered? The supreme egotism that governed Edith's relations to men had some excuse, or, if not excuse, a *raison d'être*, in her past life. She had set out in life believing in all men and things. Ten years of association with them had destroyed her faith, and she had gradually formed a sort of semi-materialistic, semi-mystic creed, and in a very great degree she lived by it. All that Marston had said to her about love she believed as fully as he did, and what he had said of her habit of taking that which was hers from every one was entirely true.

For several weeks Thornton and herself had scarcely seen each other: he had been unlucky in his attempts to see her, and she had rather foiled than aided them; of which he had a dim consciousness. He had known nothing of

her interview with Doctor Wadsworth, nor even dreamed of her sudden determination to go to the country, and Harrison's words had been a shock to him. He walked to his rooms and speedily scribbled a note to his friend postponing their engagement to another day. He took a grim satisfaction in so doing, and thereby inflicting a species of punishment for the disagreeable news that Harrison had told him. This done, he looked at his watch and saw that he should be at Mrs. Penrhyn's door in the very nick of time and find her at breakfast. Thither he went, and was admitted into her morning-room, which was littered with boxes, bags and packages of all kinds: the very air seemed full of bustle and preparation for a journey. At her little writing-table sat Edith, looking rather pale and tired, and with an expression of "all work and no play" about her that at another time and in another mood would have made him smile, so foreign was it to her usual air of luxurious, insouciant ease. She had a pile of notes before her, and a half-written one in front of her.

She raised her eyes as he entered and smiled: "Oh, you have come? Wait one moment: I must finish this note." Then followed five minutes of enforced silence on his part and rapid scribbling on hers: the note was done. "Ring the bell, please," she said in a quick, business-like sort of way. The servant entered: "Take these notes, Williamson, and have the answers waited for." The door closed behind the man, and she rose from her chair and throwing herself on the sofa, said, "Now, Mr. Raymond, make your excuses: I am ready to receive them."

One of the most curious things about the relations of these two people was the great disadvantage at which Thornton always found himself with Edith, except at those times and moments, which were becoming rarer and rarer, when he could regain the position from which alone his nature swayed hers. His breeding and intellect were both of a different order from hers, and he never felt on an equality with her except when she was

not her individual self, but a woman merely and dominated by the idea of sex. Their worlds of thought and feeling were utterly diverse, and connected only by the narrow slippery plank of sensuous sympathy. So, now when she took a tone which he felt to be unfair, and in his heart resented as such, he yet knew not how to parry her thrust and refuse the position in which she placed him. All he could find to say was, rather awkwardly, "I don't know what you mean. I did not know that you were going away. I came the moment I heard of it."

"Well, you find me bristling with preparations. The servants cannot understand my doing everything in such a hurry—I who have always said that *Le Roi Fainéant* was my prototype. So, in order to convince them, I have taken matters into my own hands, and am almost ready to start."

"Where are you going?" he said with an assumption of calmness, secretly resentful of her indifferent manner.

"To the country," she answered, laughing.

"*That* every one knew this morning—at least every one but me. I learned it by an accident."

"I don't know how it is," she replied carelessly: "every one always knows what I mean to do without my telling any one. I only determined to go, because Doctor Wadsworth said I must, about four days ago, and I am sure I've seen no one but tradespeople, and written nothing but business notes ever since; and yet every one knows about my plans."

"Doctor Wadsworth said you must go?" he exclaimed, careless of the rest of her speech, and forgetful of his own resentment in alarm at her words. "Good God, Edith, you are not ill!" and he flung himself on his knees beside her and seized her hand. His evident agitation touched and startled her. His love had never seemed to her so serious a thing before—serious, of course, not to her, but to himself. That it was more than a mere mingling of fancy and sense she saw now for the first time. She let

him take her hand and look into her face, as if to read there the truth about her health. Had his wits been keener to interpret what his eyes saw there, he would have been convinced that she did indeed need, imperatively need, absolute repose, but the brightness of her eyes and the soft rosy flush of her cheek were to him signs of life and health. "Tell me," he said, "tell me, Edith, are you ill?"

"No, you foolish fellow," she said with a more successful attempt at gayety than she had made before—"not ill, only what you men call 'played out.' I must have rest, the doctor tells me, and no excitement—warm myself at my neighbor's fire and put out my own."

"Why did you not tell me, write me?"

"I knew you would come in a day or two, and I was so busy."

"Say rather you did not think or care whether I came at all."

"I have often told you, Thornton, that at times I don't think I care for anything or anybody, and one of these moods has possessed me lately: perhaps it is because I am really so exhausted."

"Where is this place where you are going?" he said again, after a moment's thought.

"In Hampshire, at my cousin's, Mrs. Bradford's. I shall be in perfect solitude, and it is a very beautiful and healthy place."

"Can I not go—not with you, but after you?" he said almost timidly.

"Doctor Wadsworth positively forbids the society of men," she said with concealed trepidation. Raymond was turning out an encumbrance, instead of a mere distraction.

"But I am not like other men, Edith. Let me follow you there. I can bring my horses and drive you about, and I will promise not to be on your hands when you don't want me."

"My dear Thornton, but what would the world say?"

"Say? What do they say now? That I love you, and that you let me do it."

"That I don't mind," she replied nonchalantly, "but if you followed me to my solitude and made it a tête-à-tête, they would say—"

"Well," he said impatiently, "finish your sentence."

"That I loved you, and meant to marry you," she added.

"Why not?" he said, gifted with an impulse beyond his ordinary power. "No one will love you more or as well as I do, and I know you so well, Edith, I could surely make you happy. Listen to me this once. Let me follow you this summer: give me a trial. I am a changed man since you first knew me. I never dreamed I could love any one as I do you; but now I could be happy anywhere in your presence, and nowhere without you. I'll give up anything you dislike—horses, cards—cut the men you don't fancy, never come within speaking distance of a woman who displeases you. I'll be your slave—your slave, Edith—if you will only—"

"—Only let you be my master?" she said, drawing her dress closer about her, and with the slightest motion in the world seeming to put a gulf between them. She felt that she was heartless and selfish, for his whole heart was in what he had said, but never had she felt so alienated from him as when he made this attempt to alter their relations and draw closer to her. She could not control her mood. Somehow, Geoffrey Marston in that short interview a few days before had turned her away from Thornton. She felt a sickening, shrinking feeling as she remembered her former attraction toward him, and how she had let it carry her as far as it would go. His eyes filled with tears as he stood looking at her. He felt as if she had struck him, and he was entirely disarmed that morning; but a woman like Edith has need to love a man before she can play Omphale to his Hercules with a distaff, and the only emotion excited in her by the sight of his softened mood was an impatient, arrogant, resentful one. He had no right to love her in that way. She had never led him to think that she would marry him—had never professed to be other than she felt to him, and she chose that her nature and feelings alone should color and control their relations.

"I cannot let you go this summer,

Thornton: it is impossible, and I'm not fit now to tell you why it is impossible."

"May I not go to see you?" he said pleadingly.

"No, I think not, but if I want you I'll send for you. You know I have always told you I am not like other people, and never want to be always with any one. It's contrary to all my ideas of life: it's like living on one kind of food; and, honestly, I don't think you are what I want now: you are not a simple enough diet." Then, as his face clouded, her woman's tact prompted her to add, "You are my champagne, you know, not my bread and milk."

The cloud cleared away, and he smiled, showing a handsome set of teeth, but it contrasted badly with the smile that had lit up Marston's face, and which flashed upon Edith's memory as she looked at Raymond's face. The one smile was a revelation of weakness: the other threw a stronger light on a face in which weakness did not own a line.

The gastronomic comparison pleased him, and he understood it: "I would rather be your champagne, Edith: perhaps you may be thirsty for some this summer."

"If I am I will send for you," she said, seeing that only by some concession could the interview, which was becoming excessively irksome to her, be brought to a close.

"You promise me that?" he said eagerly.

"I promise," she replied.

"And will you not drive with me once more before you go? I will call for you to-morrow afternoon. Just for an hour, Edith."

"I will go," she said. "And now you really must leave me: I am horribly busy, and must go out at once."

He rose reluctantly, and then, taking both her hands in his, he said, "You are quite sure you are not going away to get of me?"

"There is no other man in the case," he colored deeply, whether from anger or embarrassment it would have been difficult to tell; but whichever the emotion, he controlled its further expression, and

said coldly; "I do not suppose I shall see a man till October, and I shall be only too glad if I do not: I am inexpressibly tired of men and women."

"Something has happened to you."

"Nothing but the natural result of an overdose of anything—satiety and a reaction."

He turned to go, not convinced, but silenced, and as he turned his eyes fell on something that glittered on the table. "What is this?" he said curiously, taking it in his hand. It was a man's sleeve-button of plain gold—a crest on one side and a monogram on the other.

"I don't know," she replied, holding out her hand, and then, as he laid the button in it and her eyes fell on it, it came to her mind that she had noticed Mr. Marston's buttons on that morning when he had come to see her: he had raised his hand and the light had struck on his wrist. She recognized it now, although at first she had been perfectly unconscious of having seen it. He must have dropped it, and it had been picked up by a servant and placed in the little china plate where Thornton's eyes had detected it. "Some one has lost a sleeve-button," she said: "I will keep it till called for."

"Let me see it again," he said, taking it from her—"a flame ascending, and two Latin words. What do they mean?"

"*Deorsum nunquam* — 'Downward never,'" she replied quickly.

"And the initials are— Let me see— plague take these monograms!—'W. S.,' are they not?"

"'G. M.,' I think," she said.

"So they are. How stupid I am! And who may 'G. M.' or 'M. G.' be?"

"Really, Mr. Thornton, an inquiring mind may be a great scientific gift, but not a social grace."

"Pardon me," answered Raymond coloring. "I will keep the button till I find the man for myself."

"You will do nothing of the kind."

"Why not?"

"Because I do not choose that you should. Give it to me."

"Tell me that you do not know to whom it belongs, and I will."



"I will tell you nothing but this: if you value my friendship—nay, if you wish to retain my acquaintance—you will at once give me back that button."

He dared not parley with her: he put the button in her hand, and with a formal salutation left the room.

She did not follow him with a thought, but as the door closed behind him she again threw herself on the lounge, the button in her hand. Long she looked at it, and at last, opening a locket which hung from her neck, she took from it the empty glasses, and dropped the button into the vacant space, saying as she did so, "A proud motto and a proud, strong man!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

PERHAPS the greatest danger of yielding to a merely physical attraction is the effect of the certain reaction that follows. In one's intellectual enthusiasm, in one's moral fanaticism, the ebb may come as surely, but it brings with it nothing of the spiritual depression and self-loathing that follows indulgence of one's senses or one's imagination. Whether the reason is that we make too much of this physical nature of ours, idealize its workings and demand from its simplest functions a symbolic meaning which they were never meant to sustain, is hard to say. If it be so, the chief achievement of modern science will be to place all the instincts of our nature on a common basis, and symbolizing will be a luxury of highly organized natures—the privilege of the lover and the enthusiast, no longer the condition imposed on the natural gratification of impulses. If I were not of the opinion that an author takes a most unfair advantage of his readers when he allows himself to make use of his story to indoctrinate them with his pet theories, I could say much on this subject, but my conviction is deep-seated and controls the desire.

Nothing had been so strong a bond between Edith Penrhyn and Thornton Raymond as his entire recognition of her personal charm. The consciousness

that her attraction for him was a physical one, that her mind and soul bore no perceptible part in it, was a delicious one to her. All women care most to conquer with the so-called legitimate weapons of their sex: they have always an uneasy sense of the inappropriate, of the unfeminine, even when they wield the masculine thunderbolts with most effect: it is the aggressive, restless royalty of a usurper, not the *débonnaire* ease and grace of a sovereign "to the manner born." How willingly would Madame de Staël have exchanged the laurels all men laid at her feet for the simplest flower of sentiment which they offered hourly to women whom she regarded justly as her inferiors!

Edith was to Thornton simply the most attractive woman he had ever known. Her cultivation and intellect were not only thrown away on him, but, other things being equal, would have acted as a barrier between them. She delighted in his admiration—one's vanity always nestles in one's weakness—and to lead a man captive as she led him was a novel and delicious sensation. Weary of the rôle of priestess and goddess, she enjoyed the consciousness that she was in his eyes, at least, on no pedestal or mountain height. So it had been, but now what veil had been rent in twain? what gulf yawned at her feet? She was in no mood for self-analysis, and when she did analyze her feelings it was with no sense of accountability for them: it had never been more than an amusement, at times a study, to her. She was dimly conscious that her interview with Geoffrey Marston had seemed rather to end her relation with Raymond than to begin one with himself. He had made the whole thing distasteful to her. Just as one might feel if, very hungry and tempted by the sight of some daintily spread table, one sat and ate and yet knew "I want other food than this," and then suddenly a table spread with the very meat and drink one has desired should rise before one, how sickened one would feel with that unsatisfying, cloying stuff which one had taken, wanting better! (I seem fated to fall on material

comparisons.) Very well did Edith know that if she ever loved she would require a love like Marston's to content her; but he seemed to her like the exponent of a truth, rather than its embodiment.

Now, on this bright May day, when she heard the stamping of Raymond's horses, she felt an overpowering impulse of disgust. Such was her mood toward him that no disembodied spirit could have more shrunk from the discernment of human vision than she from having his eyes rest on her face and form. It seemed profanity. But his step was on the stair, and she must go. Wrapping a light but ample bournouse about her, she entered the room. Exercise and sunshine had made him radiant, and the glow on his cheek deepened as he took her hand. Formerly she had taken pleasure in his sensitiveness to her looks and touches, but now she hated to mark it. He would have held her hand in his, but she drew it hastily away with a forced laugh, and an exclamation of "Is it not rather late?"

"Just the moment, I think," he replied, "but we need not hurry."

"I must hurry all the time now until I am gone: after that I shall become stagnant."

"Not you," he said. "You are not of the stuff to do that. What was that poetry you read me last summer?—something of Byron's, I think."

"When I was conducting your education?"

"Yes, before you gave it up. But two or three lines of that stuck by me: it was so like you. 'She had too little clay:' that was it."

"I never heard you quote poetry before, Mr. Raymond."

"Probably you never will again."

By this time they had started, the horses on a smart trot, and the fresh air filling their nostrils with spring.

"I am a man of action, and would rather kiss you than write sonnets to your lips."

His words jarred her: "For Heaven's sake, don't talk in that way! I detest it. Is there nothing you can talk about but *me*?"

"You know I don't care to talk of anything else except horses, and, Edith, you did not dislike it so much a while ago."

"Being human, I like variety."

"Shall I tell you the gossip I heard last night at the club?"

"No—yes: anything you please. I don't care."

"Every one is talking about this affair of Mayhew McPherson."

"Don't tell me anything of that sort: you know I detest scandal. Who is going to Europe this spring?"

"Every one but you and me. Oh yes! The Remingtons are going to South America, and so is that fellow Marston: a scientific man; we met him at Mrs. Lawrence's, don't you remember?"

"What does he look like? I think I remember him, but am not quite sure." This superfluous bit of disingenuousness was according to the fashion of women, who always put as many veils between their feelings and the discovery of them as possible.

"I hardly know. He is tall, slightly made and dark. All the women call him distinguished-looking—a phrase I have never heard defined—and he is certainly not like other people. They tell some very romantic stories about him, and now he's going to South America ostensibly on a scientific errand, but a fellow told me last night it was said by his intimates to be for the purpose of winding up an affair with some awfully rich Spanish girl."

"I don't believe it. He has probably gone to ascertain the pedigree of some rare bug, or the precise number of legs of some vile creeping creature: that is the sort of thing these scientific men pass their lives in. The women of a country they don't look at."

"You are mistaken about this Mr. Marston, *ma belle*: he has the reputation of being a flirt and very irresistible."

"Did you hear the particulars of the Spanish story?"

"No. I was sorry, too, for, to tell you the truth, I thought you must be interested in him. He certainly was in you that evening at Mrs. Lawrence's, and

these things are apt to be mutual; so if I could have proved to you that he was very much in love with a Brazilian beauty, I should have liked to do it."

"He showed no signs of interest that were visible to me, Thornton. You must have very remarkable perceptions."

"Mine are sharpened by jealousy, as you very well know, and I have never seen, not even in your own eyes when you were intent on something, such an expression as in his when they rested on your face. I was puzzled by it, because it was not an admiring look, not as if you had enthralled him by your beauty, but his eyes looked as if they were liquid fire—as if something in your face had kindled them. I must say they made him look infernally handsome."

"Did they look anything like mine now?" said Edith, lifting her eyes to him.

He started. It was like magic. "You must have seen him," he exclaimed. "That is the look, only yours are blue, and his very dark brown."

"Oh no," she said, the light she had secretly invoked, and which had come as she recalled Marston's glance as it had met hers, dying out as she dropped her eyes again, "it is merely a testimony to your powers of description."

"You are laughing at me, and the only way in which I could ever indemnify myself is out of my power here," he said with a meaning look which brought the color to her cheek.

She answered nothing, and the rest of the drive was passed in attempts of Raymond to make her talk or listen, while she seemed inclined to neither, but rather to watch the sun sinking in the red west as they drove rapidly through the cultivated prettiness of Central Park. Her mood did not change when they reached home, and Thornton did not dare propose entering the house with her, as he had contemplated doing. Something in her manner chilled him and forbade it. She was fully conscious of her own inability to conceal her mood from him, and with a recklessness that belonged essentially to her character, but was not often evident, made no effort to

conceal her indifference and distaste for his society. In her heart she was but too well assured of her power to bring him back to her feet by a moment's condescension, and when he said good-bye to her on the doorstep, with a forced coldness and assumed gayety that plainly betrayed how keenly she had stung him, she let him leave her without a crumb of comfort, parting from him on the footing of a pleasant familiar acquaintance.

Thornton drove away moody and bitter, swearing to himself that she was heartless and selfish beyond expression—that she did not care for him, no, not one particle, and that he would give her up: he would put her out of his head. His first step toward the fulfillment of this resolution was to sit up all night playing cards and winning money at the club; and when one of his adversaries, by way of indemnifying himself for his losses, said maliciously, "'Lucky in love, unlucky at cards:' does the proverb work both ways, Raymond?" Thornton replied concisely, "Damn love! The queen of spades is my mistress to-night;" wherefrom his questioner inferred that Thornton had, as he afterward expressed it to a knot of fellows confidentially, "come to grief with Mrs. Penrhyn," but at the same time judged it prudent to put no more jocular questions to Mr. Raymond.

Edith meanwhile had literally left Raymond behind her as she closed the door on him, and no memory of him crossed her during the evening, which she spent in active preparation for her approaching departure. A sound, restful sleep rewarded what she was pleased to term her "honest toil," and she woke the next morning with a secret sense of relief at the prospect of that day leaving the monotonous excitements of city life behind her for an indefinite period of time.

While her carriage stood at the door and was being piled with trunks and bags, the postman brought the morning's mail, and Edith thrust her letters into her pocket till she should be seated in the car and have started on her jour-

ney. When she was under way, and, after taking a look at the fast flitting landscape through which she was being rapidly borne, she drew her letters again from her pocket, she saw that one of them was in a hand unknown to her. That one she of course kept till she had gone through the batch of business notes and *banale* epistles from her society friends which made up the rest of her mail.

The sight of an unknown handwriting when one is well assured that it is not that of a dun is almost as interesting as the sight of a new face, an acquaintance with which is speedily to follow, and Edith scrutinized the address on the envelope carefully before she turned it over and broke the seal. The hand was a bold, free, masculine one, which she was sure she had never seen before; but the seal told its story, and a bright blush on her cheek betrayed that she understood it. "It *was* his motto then," she murmured as she opened the envelope.

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#### CHAPTER V.

AND this was the letter :

"Edith, it may be a weakness to write to you at all, but what I shall say to you will not be weak. Indeed, I write to you because I may lose something by not writing, and as this is the great venture of my life, is it not wise to take all possible precautions against failure? I know that you are a woman with whom power of expression tells. You will believe in my love, you will feel its existence the better for my proclaiming it. If I am silent, you will most likely half doubt its intensity and depth, and it will not be, as I would have it, a living fact in your life. How can I prevent this? If you loved me, if you had exchanged love with me, then your heart could do duty for mine, I should not fear. But how can I urge my suit hourly, daily, so far away? Even letters must be seldom. I must submit to this, for there is no means of overcoming it. And yet, and yet—one word I must say, and perhaps it may stay with you during the months

to come. Every look and grace that you bestow upon others, if you ever love me, will be repented by you bitterly. You *may* love me, you know—only remember that some day you *may* love me—and then you will have spent all your treasure in buying tinsel gewgaws, only to see the pearl of price offered to you and be unable to purchase it. And in one sense love is always and only to be bought—never to be accepted as a gift. 'Die Liebe ist der Liebe Preis:' that is true, utterly true; and though I may lay my love at your feet, you *cannot* really wear it as you could if you paid me for it in like coin, with a like jewel.

"I know your nature so well. I know how absolutely you disbelieve in ever loving any one as I love you—as I would have you love me. But it does not matter whether you believe in your own power of love or no: it *exists*, and when it wakens and asserts its right to reign, what will you have done with its royal treasures, its storehouse of bounty, its insignia of royalty? It will be a beggared monarch, and reign over a kingdom stripped of riches and glory. Then you will be miserable indeed. You have ever lived as if Love were not your king; but he is—uncrowned perhaps, but your rightful king, Edith. What right, then, have you to lavish his possessions, to give away his royal privileges to every chance comer? Oh, Edith, it may not be I who shall embody love to you—it may not be my brows that are destined to be crowned with the myrtle wreath that is far sweeter than any laurel leaf; but whether it be I or another, the day will come when Love will demand of you a strict account, and you, his faithless servant, will tremble before his divine anger.

"Think, Edith, how, if you ever love, it will be with you when every caress, every word of love, every vouchsafed grace that you women confer on your beloved, can be at best old coin reissued, fresh stamped, but from an old die! Think how it will be with you when for a bridal garment no white virginal robe is yours—all your rich dresses stained with the purple wine of passion! Oh

what a fool is the woman who plucks petal by petal from her rose of womanhood and love and beauty, and scatters them, each with its petty dole of fragrance and beauty, widespread upon the crowd of men who feed her vanity, excite her passions or stimulate her intellect! and then when one comes who claims Love's perfect, full-blooming flower in exchange for that he brings her, and she knows him to be Love himself—not a mere *eidolon*, a mere image of the divinity—can plead only, 'I thought you would never come, and, faithless and forgetful, I have scattered the leaves of your flower hither and thither. I have nothing to give for your love. I have a barren kingdom, an empty treasury, for you to possess and rule over.'

"Love may kiss away her tears, he may shed upon her his own wealth of cherished tenderness and hoarded passion, till she is rich in his riches and glorious with a glory not her own; but again, Edith, 'Die Liebe ist der Liebe Preis,' and for ever will she regret that she can never know the sweetness, the most sacred joy, of a woman's soul—that supreme moment when she leads him whom she loves before the shrine 'occult, withheld, untrod,' and says, 'Enter thou into thy kingdom. Let me kiss thee with a kiss that suggests no memory; let me lead thee in an untrodden and a virgin path, wherein thou shalt pluck flowers that have bloomed for thine eyes alone, and whose fragrance has never intoxicated the senses of another.'

"Ah, Edith, do not relinquish this delight, cast not from you this bliss. It is quite true that what you give to all these men may be just what is theirs, but it is only by the splintering of your diamond that you can give to them. Well enough were it, if one were for ever to live in this barbarous, every-day world, in which one neither buys nor sells, for most part, at more than a huckster's rate. If one knew that one must be content to starve should one attempt to keep the precious jewel intact—that no purchaser would ever come to buy it as a perfect chryso-

lite—then it were folly indeed to die a starving beggar with a Kohinoor in one's bosom. Rather would one say to the eager bidders for its fragments, 'Here, splinter me my jewel, and give me, you, bread, you, wine—feed me amongst you.' But if you knew surely that some day—how soon you knew not, but some day—the great merchant seeking through the world for the Kohinoor should come—come and say, 'Here, for thy perfect jewel I offer thee its perfect equivalent, its match, its peer,' would you not wait and fast and pray and watch and struggle?

"I conjure you, wait. If it be not I, then another will come. Ah, Edith, my love, my adored, have faith in yourself—in your own nature. None can harm you but yourself, Edith, for you are of that quality of which it is said

Que les eaux du ciel ne l'entament jamais.

I speak not for myself, but for you, whom I love better than myself or ought else.

"Yours, GEOFFREY MARSTON."

However great may be one's power of expression in writing, however strong the impulse that induces one to confide to paper one's ideas and feelings, the supreme objection to letter-writing, the danger of it, can never be diminished: it lies in the simple fact that what is written in one mood will inevitably be read in another by the person to whom it is written. No letter can carry its charmed atmosphere with it: it must take its chances, and how slight they are!

Most true is this of a lover's letter, for the importunity, the exaltation, the extravagance that are to indue it with weight and power especially require it to be read in a fitting mood. A lover who seeks his mistress's side bent on declaring or urging his suit, still, if he perceives that her ear is deaf or her face turned away, may defer putting his fate to the touch till a more propitious time. Upon the right choice of opportunity depend most things in life, and few men are dull enough or perverse enough not to avoid an unfavorable moment or seize upon a fortunate one. But a letter! One writes it, folds and seals it, and then

it is all at the mercy of fickle Fortune. It *may* reach her indeed at a moment when, softened and pensive, she will be open to its influences and responsive to its appeals; but how far more likely that what one has written with heart on fire and forgetful of every prosaic daylight consideration—alone, at midnight, after an evening spent in an imaginary tête-à-tête with the creature whom one loves and from whom one is parted—will be read at noonday, garish noonday, in a railroad car or over a late breakfast-table by a woman who has for the moment forgotten that the word *sentiment* has a meaning for her—has a little headache and is rather out of humor!

Marston had no choice, however. Write he must: as he truly said, nothing could harm him so much as silence. It had not its fabled divine power with Edith. She believed a good deal of what people said, if they said it well, and very little of what they did not say. She was born thus, and could not control it. She read Geoffrey's letter through, not slowly—it surprised and interested her too much for deliberate reading—but with a sort of intensity that sucked the meaning out of it the first time. But her mood was not favorable to it. A feeling of weary impatience possessed her. When she at last folded and laid it away, "Mon Dieu!" she murmured, "I might live up to that sort of thing one month out of twelve, but for the whole year, never!"

The consciousness that one chord in her answered to his touch made the discord with the rest more plain; and then, too, Edith had been so far injured by her intercourse with other men that she felt a sense of spiritual fatigue after long breathing such a rarefied atmosphere. It is not with impunity that a delicately and highly organized creature separates one part of her nature from another, and allows each to ignore the other's action.

Edith banished Marston and his letter from her mind, or rather postponed the thought of them, as one might do the reception of a guest whose chamber was unprepared. She said to herself, "I must not let any one or anything worry me:

I shall never be strong if I do;" and then, as the train swept rapidly on, her thoughts reverted with a sense of languid relief to the prospect of her summer. All milk and honey her diet was to be. Her cousin had written her, in answer to her letter, that a small cottage on the place was vacant and at her service, and the idea of a miniature household of her own delighted Edith, whose chief dread had been not solitude, but the absence of it. Like all very real people, she never, even in her gloomiest moods, dreaded it: a habit of perpetual frankness with herself kept her from any fear of meeting unwelcome thoughts and feelings if alone, and she had, besides, an absolute need to be alone from time to time. Society of a quiet and modified description she knew her cousin's quiet household could furnish her with. For years they had only seen each other at intervals, and those were the occasions when Mary had a week to spend in shopping in New York, and Edith's house was her *pied-à-terre*. Then, very naturally, Mary's impressions were taken more from externals than internals, and of her cousin's real self she knew but little. The affection between them was strong and instinctive, but, like most love between relatives, it existed quite independently of any sympathy of nature or real mutual comprehension—an attachment such as we generally link with the tie of blood. Mary had a daughter, a young thing of nearly eighteen now, whom Edith had never seen since babyhood, and for whom she had the incipient fondness that a matured woman is apt to feel for one of her own sex having about her that atmosphere of youth from which she herself has but just emerged. She thought much of the young girl as she journeyed on, and pleased herself in thinking of her. She was fully conscious how much pleasure and delight she would carry with her to this secluded spot, and it soothed and lulled her to dwell upon it. But by the time the long, weary travel of an unbroken day in the cars was over, Edith was too weary to take or give an impression in any way. She could only hug Mary in a sleepy

kind of way, and was dimly conscious of a slight figure in white gliding about the little low-roofed cottage parlor, and in soft shy tones calling her "Cousin Edith," and then came a delicious cup

of tea and a more delightful sinking into oblivion upon a bed that seemed, as indeed it was, redolent of roses.

FRANCIS ASHETON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PATIENCE IN FRIENDSHIP.

NO, no, I cannot take your offered hand:  
I watch your eyes, and cannot understand  
Why those sweet eyes agree with mine no more,  
As they have always seemed to do before.

Our ways are separate now: you turned aside.  
We both have listened to the voice of pride.  
It was a heavy cloud that brought us this:  
Ah, what a brittle thing a friendship is!

Many a glad and young and sunny year,  
Full of a friendship holding naught of fear,  
Have we been close companions; but we may  
Perchance each find a truer friend some day.

Yet I shall miss your little gentle face,  
Your ways and words so full of inborn grace—  
Your hand so strong to grasp, so soft to soothe—  
Your voice with tones so rich and low and smooth.

Thanks, thanks for all the comfort you have given!  
So sweet, it seemed to come direct from heaven.  
Hard is it to believe that you are wrong,  
Whom I have always thought so pure and strong.

I cannot be impatient: oh, I would  
Be very, very angry if I could.  
You grieve? With tears your lovely eyes are wet.  
It breaks my heart to say good-bye, and yet—

Dear, give me once again your little hand:  
I trust you, though I cannot understand,  
Yes, you are free to go your way, my friend,  
And I will trust and love you to the end.

M. T.

## CRITIC AND ARTIST.

MUCH has been said about the functions of criticism, but not so much about the endowment that is necessary to the critic, and less, it seems to me, than may be said profitably of the modern critical armament. Great improvements have been made in it, as in other appliances of war, within a few years past. My purpose here is to enumerate the chief weapons, new and old, which are at present required for effective service against that old enemy, the Philistine.

A few times in the course of a century mastering thoughts appear in literature, thrown to the surface of the current like eddies from the depths of a river. They affect, however, the entire movement and character of the mental stream. Each of these new conceptions seems to change the world under men's eyes, moulding its phenomena into novel forms, presenting the old problems under new aspects or giving them back to us for a renewed attempt at interpretation. Such ideas were those of the eighteenth century revolutions in France and America. Such an idea, the latest of these plastic thoughts, is what is popularly known as Darwinism, or the doctrine of evolution. This doctrine, traceable at least as far back as to Goethe, remains the newest reorganizing force in the world of thought. Perhaps never before has the whole course of the higher intelligence been so powerfully affected in so short a time. Dating from the appearance of *The Origin of Species*, we may almost say that philosophy has had to be rewritten since the year 1859. Whatever may be the final place of the doctrine of evolution, it has taken possession of the human mind, and will not be dislodged. Our views of life, of art, of the world, all our conceptions, are modified by this master-thought. "Darwinism" has given to men something which they had not a few years ago, and which, for better or worse, has

become a part of themselves—an addition to the very substance of the human mind.

This doctrine gives to criticism, not less than to philosophy and cosmogony, a new method and new conditions. The critic learns to study an immense environment, to view perhaps an entire era, in order that he may speak justly of a sonnet: he may find himself embarrassed by the infinite in describing a portrait. But the reader gains advantage through the arduousness of the critical task. Sounder and better work is thus produced: old superficial methods are discarded for one which gives more trustworthy results. More than this: while the immense extension of the range of criticism lays new burdens upon the critic, it also gives him peculiar opportunities. A new order of originality becomes possible for him. The creative originality of Goethe or of Darwin, the thought in which the mind itself grows, is, of course, the greater and rarer thing, and such a thought is the event of a generation. But a province distinct from this high and inaccessible ground is opened by our greater modern knowledge. New judgments upon all things are demanded: history, art, character, require to be seen again in the light thrown upon them by recent science. Little of history, for instance, stands long unquestioned. But the farther we recede from ancient eras, the better we are able to understand them. The stream of time hurries us onward, but not so rapidly as the philosophic vision darts back toward its sources. The principles of evolution are telescopic in their bearing upon remote eras: they show us the nebulous beginnings of history. The older the world grows the more we learn about its childhood. Like history, criticism too is to be rewritten in the light of evolution. The whole world is spoil to the modern critic: new work, new results, invite him. See the difference between the histories



of Hume and of Mommsen, the criticism of Lord Kames and of Sainte-Beuve! It is not now sufficient for the critic to tell us his chance opinions or to make elegant restatements of other people's thoughts. The thought is no longer his who expresses it the best.

Recurring to the distinction already made, the original creative mind expresses thoughts that have never been held so distinctly, feelings that were never before so subtle or so deep. In them the germinant points of life burgeon: the swelling bark bursts where a new thought puts forth. The poet, the artist, the thinker are the van of the forces which strive to make outer Nature into man: they are like the tongues of a stream which pours into a sandy desert, slowly reclaiming the waste places. Not only their own minds grow: in them the general development of man takes place. One might say that the gods grew stronger in the sound of a new symphony.

Original criticism, on the other hand, directs rather than urges this general growth of the spirit. It points out new causes and effects in thought: it co-ordinates, without aiming to create. Criticism has need of the utmost genuineness of method. It will not insist upon surprises of statement, upon striking terms of phrase. It has been found out that the world is not to be explained by a phrase. Unhappily, critics have tried to say, rather than to see, new things. It came to be held that literature was a trick, that critical judgments were valueless, the mere whim of the individual. The error was the necessary result of the merely literary method.

Perhaps the literary method is best illustrated for us in Mr. Lowell's very readable essays. They are an attractive firework of phrases. But that school of culture depends upon manner for effectiveness, as the Pointed architecture was reduced to florid ornament. Ornament is necessary—even cloth of gold upon occasion, as I shall point out presently—but do not let us always reject the hodden gray. When Mr. Lowell, for instance, forces attention to his style, we begin to search somewhat painfully for the

thought. Such a critic entertains us, no doubt, and I am the last person to slur the amusing. But, after all, is it not Bottom's entertainment that he provides, to hop in our walks and gambol in our eyes? Critics of this school know the form, but not the substance, of their themes, as a bibliomaniac knows his books. Such a critic speaks of Emerson's aphorisms as of a good meal: "These good things," he says, rolling the phrases under his tongue. One would suppose that they were good things to the physical senses. The writings of these critics are full of elegant citations: they ring with Hafiz, Montaigne and Mahershalalhashbaz. They say, indeed, "the neat thing about the universe," but there is no grasp in them, nothing *dämonisch*. They tell us nothing we did not know before. The day of the phrase-maker is over.

But let us quit generalities, and consider the order of development in the critical and artistic faculty. Of course one can do little more in the present limits than give an enumeration, but the inventory may be an interesting one. What are the main ideas and points of growth which are now involved in the production of the best work, artistic or critical? Their sequence I take to be as follows:

1. The chief impression which a work of art makes upon the stolid mind, whether of a savage or of an unsusceptible child, is that of surprise. To the uncultured person a picture or a strain of music is a merely curious thing, something odd, apart from the familiar order. He stares and wonders, but does not legitimately enjoy: his impressions belong to a lower level than that from which the art-faculty builds itself up, and so do not concern the present purpose. One grade above this dumb sentiment the capacity for culture begins: it begins when the mind gets an impression of beauty, rather than of oddity, from the art-object. Nearly all sensitive children commence their art-culture in this way. An elementary delight seizes the young soul in the contemplation of a work of art; a sweet strain of sound or brilliant flash of color

thrills the child. The sound of an æolian harp, the wandering harmonics of an unstopped pianoforte string, the glowing hues of some indifferent painting, are enough to awaken in such a mind the master-passion for the beauty of man's handiwork—a thing more lovely than aught which that fresh dewdrop, the soul, has yet reflected in the shining world of surprises.

This love of art's beauty is commonly an earlier love than that of Nature. Art draws the child more strongly than skies or landscapes; it fascinates him with its usually less habitual influences; it gives him new joys in color, sound or form. But soon this love leads the growing mind back to Nature, teaching it to find delight in the grandeur of bays and mountains, in mystical-colored sunrises, in the wind blowing hoarsely among the hills, in the silence of vast plains or forests.

Does æsthetic growth necessarily pass beyond this admiration? By no means: the art-culture of a large part of the public stops with the acquisition of the sense of beauty. Far from making any further advance in intelligence, people lose the crude but vivid perceptions they had once acquired. The intrinsic charms of form, sound, color, play upon their unglutted senses, yet their keen gustation of these pleasures lessens with experience, like other enjoyments. The natural fondness for music is perhaps retained the longest. We hear persons say that they enjoy music better than they should enjoy it if they knew more about it, and as regards that keen primitive sense-enjoyment the remark is probably true. If it were also true that knowledge and culture are only to be valued by their power to give pleasure, we might advise all such persons to remain ignorant, and not to disturb their Pierian spring of feeling with a little knowledge. But without the higher, complex pleasure there cannot be intelligent enjoyment.

2. But this love of beauty, when it is deeply planted, leads to other things than delight. Those in whom it is vitally rooted grow by the natural law of its growth. If they have opportunity of

study, of access to works of art, they soon reach a second stage of development—the point at which art-production and sound criticism first become possible. The developing art-lover begins to see that love and enthusiasm are not enough—that he must bring himself into fuller relations with what he has been content to admire. He begins to reason about beauty, to inquire respecting its foundations in truth, to revise his enthusiasms. He asks, first of all, whether the painting or the statue is a faithful record. He is no longer contented to stand in childlike pleasure before a beautiful work. He begins to occupy himself with the question, Is it true?

At this point the realistic schools of art and criticism spring into being. Painters begin to copy Nature carefully and "conscientiously." Critics reduce the whole mystery of art to the most engaging simplicity: its object is truth. They are experts upon the moral purposes of statues and of symphonies: they remind one of theologians who are *au fait* respecting the intention of Deity. Henceforth, they tell us, the artist is to have no other business than the delineation of realities.

Upon this subject two theses are contested. The more dogmatic theorists argue that all truth is admirable and available in art—that each and every natural object is equally beautiful to the clarified sight: all objects are therefore deserving of representation. The only justifiable business of the painter or the poet is to transcribe, as accurately as possible, some part of this altogether lovely Nature.

The more intelligent realists perceive, on the other hand, that this is not a sufficient account of the subject, for it disregards the sense of beauty. In practice they permit composition, selection, the choice and rejection of themes, as if conceding so much to human weakness. Hardly knowing why, they do better things than their theory permits, as Wordsworth employed poetic diction while denouncing it. Like Wordsworth, they have enough of the artistic nature to save them from their creeds. They

do not always hunger and thirst after the trivial, nor dwell fondly upon mullein stalks and oyster shells: they assemble details that were never assembled in Nature, though separately and minutely true. Here they draw the line: they strive to glorify the details: these must at least be true, at whatever cost. They must be so accurately studied that they shall satisfy the geologist, the chemist, the historian, the upholsterer and other experts whom the painter will call in to certify to the merit of his work. The realists are like writers of themes who give more attention to the spelling than to the meaning of their sentences. It is very well, they say, to have noble thought or imagination, but let us spell right first of all.

This is indeed an excellent precept, but good spelling can hardly be put forward as the end of art. A literal realist would paint an historic scene without aiming at imaginative composition or at reproducing its larger features, but he will reproduce every detail about which he can collect evidence. He will not knowingly idealize, and he looks with jealousy upon representations that are more beautiful than the attested fact. And this school has done a great service to art. Not all painters can be nobly imaginative, and it is better to copy, in painting as well as in verse,

The star-shaped shadow of a daisy, thrown  
On the smooth surface of a mossy stone,

than to create all the ambitious and sprawling imaginings of the Salle Française in the Louvre. With one stroke the austere thought of realism gave the death-blow to an infinite amount of false sentiment, of indolent and ignorant work. It found painters who were ignorant of the grammar of their craft wholly given over to imagination unguided by knowledge: it sent them promptly back to Nature and to the hornbook again. It made genuine knowledge and work once more a necessity, as they had not been since the Renaissance. It put aside a multitude of trifles. Never was a more needed reform.

But has this reform brought no injury,

along with the benefit, to the cause of our liege mistress, Art? As it seems to me, a considerable amount of injury. It has thrown disrepute upon the feeling for beauty: it has discredited the ideals with which good art has been concerned from the beginning, and will continue to be concerned. If it has kept commonplace men where they should be, at school as students of the grammar of art, it has also entangled among them some who were capable of mastery. Of course, the rank and file of the realists, like the majority of other men, cannot escape mediocrity, and it is well that they should stick to the rudiments, and painfully reproduce the simplest natural facts, which have a genuine value, rather than abandon themselves to ignorant and feeble fancies; for the finer and more difficult beauties of Nature are beyond their reach. Floating color and shadow in landscape, the violets of the sunrise, the moods of the mist, nearly all the delicate and swift expressions of the external world, must for ever elude these men. But why need the realists deny them? Though these facts cannot be pinned down and painfully studied, they are quite as genuine as any others. Realism is visionary when it prefers the ugly to the beautiful facts of Nature; mistaken, when it insists that truth is beauty; narrow, when it calls truth the chief end of art. Truth in art is an essential means, but not an end. One of the chief ends of art is ideal beauty, and realism becomes noble only when it recognizes this.

The doctrine of truth before all in art has been especially associated with painting, which lends itself to theorists more readily than any other art; for, while it is eminently descriptive and narrative, it is not committed to words and definitions, and thus leaves an open field for discussion. Modern talkativeness is playing unduly round all the arts. A strenuous effort is making in Germany to reduce orchestral music into an equivalent of speech and action. But no translation is possible of music, as of painting. Music does not deal with visible things. The feelings and thoughts that it conveys are like those of animals

—without words to express them. Music describes only as emotions and cries describe. For language is by no means coextensive with our consciousness. A professional wine-taster once told me that he could discriminate a thousand flavors in wines: of course these impressions far outran the range of his words for expressing them. The subtler expressions of music outran the vocabulary further than this. Nor do any two minds, however similarly or highly cultivated in music, receive the same impressions from the same composition. Music, in short, is wholly uncompliant to the interpretative theorists, and she will continue to guard her delicate secrets. Were it otherwise, her fountain of beauty would be stilled: we should then attend logically to symphonies, and listen to serenades in a mood of exegesis.

In painting, the doctrine of descriptive realism is particularly strong in the mind, where it adapts itself at once to the moral bias. When the Anglo-Saxon critic asks whether a picture is "true" art or not, he is not so likely to put his question in the critical tone as in that of a parent who suspects that his child has told a lie. To him the painting is good or bad in the sense of being morally virtuous or vicious: he finds it difficult to discriminate art from ethics, the painter from the preacher. Ruskin, in his earlier writings, was a sad offender in this matter. His raptures over "truth" and "falsehood" are perplexing to one who has not disowned his love for beauty. Believing in art for its own sake, the student darkly follows his master's guidance in Venetian churches, and gazes with disappointment on the dim or mystical canvases which in Ruskin's pages are certified to glow with immortal light.

3. The third leading idea of modern criticism is sufficiently familiar. It is that the artist himself is a chief source of interest in a work of art—a larger factor in the product than mere truth or accurate imitation. We inquire what associations, training, sympathies, beliefs, have helped or hindered the artist or are suggested in his work. It is these qualities

that give even to imitative art its interest. We do not admire Paul Potter's bull at The Hague simply because the likeness has been carried so far. Did likeness explain our admiration, the painting would not be more remarkable than the subject itself. Why do we admire the painting more than the animal which it represents? Because the former is man's creation—because it expresses human effort and success. We fellowship with the artist: we inquire how much of his nature is expressed in his work, what sort of experience is described in the poem or in the painting, what passions are intimated in the overture. We are not content to see bare memoranda of color, form, sound in the work of art. Mere transcription does not satisfy us: tinted statues and deceptive stuccoes are often repulsive. In good art we attend to the cause as well as to the appearance: we try to see through the work to the artist, to feel our own kindred with the underlying genius. It is with a fraternal curiosity that we trace the movements of the creative spirit beneath the work. When we recognize this source of interest, we begin to perceive the complexity of our concern in beauty, and how insufficient are all single and simple theories of art.

4. A corollary of this idea is, that in order to know the work we must know the personality of the artist. His descent and parentage, his education, his career, all the circumstances by which he has been developed or repressed, are of the first interest to the critic who wishes to know the root as well as the flower. Without any direct knowledge of the producer, the critic may, of course, according to his ability, learn to understand the product, as one makes out the authenticity of an undated manuscript. But life is too short for the modern critic to neglect the aid that acquaintance with the artist's personality gives. This knowledge opens a shorter and surer path to the knowledge of the work: it is direct sight added to theory. As a practical means of criticism this method is particularly associated with the memory of Sainte-Beuve.

It seems to some an unfair thing to inquire into the life and character of the artist when it is a judgment upon his works that is sought. But such an inquiry is not properly directed toward moral praise or blame. The censorship of character is a private affair. The passionate desire to pass moral sentence upon others, that desire so fruitful of evil, has been particularly baneful in criticism. Religionists, perceiving the artist's personal belief or skepticism in matters of creed, overlook his merit in beauty, and assail his character by way of criticism. The critic has to apply, on the contrary, knowledge and sympathy: he is to understand, not to denounce. He cannot too constantly bear in mind that from the critical point of view the artist's character is not a proper subject for praise or blame.

Another idea connected with this branch of the subject has not been enough insisted upon. It is this: that the critic should give methodical study, not only to the artist and to his work, but to himself. He should endeavor to define the nature of his own endowment, to know the instrument with which he works, the biases and limitations, as well as the strong points, of his own faculties, of his nature and education. This duty is recognized clearly enough in other kinds of work than critical. In law or medicine the practitioner fails who does not learn to question his ipse dixits. More than other men the critic is called upon to know himself. He needs to apply the subtlest personal corrections to his thought, to recognize the secret prejudices of his constitution. But thus to distinguish the personal and accidental in one's thought from that which is of general significance can only be the result of profound and difficult culture—one which can perhaps never be attained as long as human knowledge and character remain fragmentary. The admirable criticism of Goethe, Sainte-Beuve or Taine sometimes approaches this standard, while the inferior critical work is less interesting for light and justness than for what it reveals of the personal characteristics of the critic. A nearer

approach to unbiased thought is the continual aspiration of the mind and the leading want of modern criticism. It can only be made after a patient consideration of the principles now under review.

5. If I were writing for that public of Utopia which it is so hard to keep relentlessly non-existent in our thought, I should ask the critic or author to make common cause with the reader in the effort after the best understanding. Why should he not expose himself, his personality, as distinct from his writings? For after the literary critic even shall have added new prejudices or cultures to his own, as Taine would have it, he cannot quite cast the old mind: he remains to be understood under the influence of that which is familiar: he cannot escape his own biases. Goethe tells us that we do not step off from our own shadow. We do not, then, describe it freely to us, but call the reader, at least in discussion, to that concern the higher culture: a frank council concerning the ground of his opinions? We may imagine an Utopian, anxious before all things to be just, as carefully defining his antecedent relations to culture. Suppose, for instance, the historian of some debated epoch to describe himself in a prefatory note as follows. "My ancestors," he might tell us, "came from England to America in an early colony: the blood became Puritan. I was born of it, not in New England, but in a household of refinement in the city, whither my parents had emigrated: I came to this country to be educated in the schools which are here termed colleges and universities. Before this, however, even in childhood, my mind had turned away, quite instinctively, from Calvinism, in spite of evangelical precepts." Would not such a statement, even as brief as this, give a free glimpse of the historian's mould of thought, as we might not get at all, or only with difficulty, by reading his books? Suppose, further, that the historian should tell us of his temperament, his social training, his literary tastes. It is

I think, that this description would be a great aid to the critical reader; and it is only to the critical, ingenuous reader that I commend these Arcadian amenities. Doubtless such a confession would be imperfect, inaccurate, in part misleading. But it would help the reader more than the writer could know. For the sympathetic critic it would be full of invisible writing between the lines. The commonplaces of our thoughts about ourselves are to others the keys of our character.

At present, indeed, the men of the highest culture are often the bitterest wranglers. Is it a visionary hope that new sincerity is to come into literature, new ingenuousness, with the further growth of culture? There seems at least to be a tendency to abandon, in modern writing, the obscurantist and anonymous styles. In countries like England anonymous authorship is still necessary, because there so much account is taken of the personal station of the writer that he is generally fain to conceal it. In France, on the contrary, people care more for the thought than for the thinker's position, and the author is not deterred from signing his own name, even in journalism. The classic writers did not know the anonymous, and perhaps one day we may become as genuine as they. The anonymous is the modern relic of the Delphic oracle.

More than this: a tolerably full estimate of one's own work, if it could be kept from degenerating into mere egotism, might serve in other ways—in directly practical ones which all readers would appreciate. It would help our choice or avoidance of books to be read. Some persons it would attract to new thoughts, to works that are the outcome of mental attitudes quite foreign to them, the outgrowth of exceptional histories. Or the author's confession would be a warning, would indicate vices of method or of mental constitution. We all of us have to waste some time in finding out that a book is bad; and it is not to be hoped that all of the long-eared will write themselves down in Dogberry's registry. But a prefatory hint would be

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useful, and quite legitimately it might warn the reader that the ground of the thought was familiar, a region that he need not explore a second time.

I have no doubt that this will seem visionary enough to any reader, and perhaps it is so. Few superior minds, it may be presumed, would be willing to describe themselves thus formally. Even Rousseau, who has done it, whose *Confessions* confess more than any others, says in his letters that "we should argue with the wise, never with the public." At this point the line should be drawn: the Utopian preface should be written for the wise alone—certainly few others would care to read it. But entire candor of purpose and of acceptance in thought are not as yet tiresomely common, and it is not to be feared that estimable critics or authors will embarrass the confessional. Nor will the significant law of "reticence" in art be forgotten. Even symbolism and dark sayings have, though rarely, their uses in modern literature, and one of these is their intimidation of writers who would force their confidences upon their public—who insist on explaining their self-consciousness as they write.

I will not undertake to predict that the preface of the future will be a biography. One drawback to this scheme, indeed, I will mention for fairness' sake. It is this: that self-description of even the wisest sort would impair the author's resources of literary stratagem. By literary stratagem I mean what is familiar to popular writers and speakers—the effort to change people's opinions without alarming their prejudices or superstitions. One can hardly open, for instance, an English periodical of the present day without seeing latent meanings on each page, cloaked thoughts that popular timidity or convention will not permit to be spoken out. It is a common remark that Anglo-Saxons do not, as a race, care for things of the intellect for their own sake; and we have just noticed that the English have to retain the anonymous in journalism. This timidity is terribly clogging. Any one who has tried to discuss controverted points in ethics knows that it is not easy to get a hear-

ing by the public. He is met either by neglect or by contumely. It is the old moral timorousness of the race, from which no reformer can awake us. We are afraid to speak our secret convictions: we are even afraid to hear another speak them. Now, the radical critic, unless he has rare polemic talent, can gain over these timid or indifferent people only by stratagem. He must employ artifices: he comes stealthily upon his reader with his thought. Often he learns to generalize his statements, to speak from a little cloud of poetic mysticism. I think that the mysticism of Emerson's style, for instance, was not wholly native and spontaneous to him. But his intuitions told him, and rightly, that without it he could not gain his just influence: our community would deny him a hearing if he should begin by telling us bluntly what he thought. The most conscientious readers are often the most bigoted. In order not to provoke the needless enmity of these good people, Emerson employed an exquisite obscurantism in his style. Persons of mature prejudices passed him by as incomprehensible. They did not take the trouble to understand him: they took up the cudgels and quarreled with enemies whose weapons were coarse, but far less dangerous than Emerson's enchanted lance. But the young, meanwhile, the ardent and delicate spirits of the times, were reading his sayings with glowing hearts. In them they found the coolness, the freedom, the mystery of Nature: his sentences seemed to flow down from the mountain springs. Emerson's thought was attended to: it gained its deserved influence; and has colored the better character of America. It was the triumph of wise method. I do not say that here a wise method was all. Only genius could have wrought so admirable a weapon as Emerson's style. But it was this that gave him opportunity. A categorical clearness in his first volume would have been ruinous. If vulgar people had known what he meant, he would have been whirled away into their gulfs of controversy, and we should have lost Emerson and the best of New England culture.

Perfect literary ingenuousness, then, may sometimes defeat itself, for it may offend the readers with whom we may wish to keep the peace, and, more than this, it may cut off from good intellectual influences persons who are capable of receiving them, but who are timid readers and thinkers; and how many such timid souls remain to be freed! Again, there are people who are so fortified in their prejudices that one cannot even bring them face to face with their enemy the fact, except by stealing upon them through concealed parallels. When nothing else will help them, must we deny them the benefits of conquest? I am not so sanguine as to think that all the cities of the Philistines can be taken. That hope, like most of the ideas of most reformers, comes from an untenable optimism. The world must still be full of persons who do not care for the things of the intellect, whose life is mainly of the senses. But they need not be quite shut out from intellectual grace. In such ways as that which I have mentioned, and with conscientious craft, let us hope that we may dexterously ensnare some of the best of them. The necessity for conciliation will diminish in time, while the uses of reticence and of symbolism can never be superseded. The author will still take care not to frighten away the coy spirits of his art by too much definition — not to unsoil his germinant creations in the act of sprouting.

At this point reappears the main idea with which we set out, that works of art, in a word, like men, like institutions, are to be studied as parts of the web of phenomena. This last contribution to the theory of criticism is of the first importance. Valid criticism must henceforth take account of the doctrine of evolution. But in using it we must guard against the fatal habit of vague generalizing. General principles, in the practice of art or of criticism, are not to be built up confidently from within: to be worth anything they must be based upon observation, and take hints and corrections from constant outward example; and in the domain of art this is lacking to us as yet. Good criticism is only possible

upon a foundation of abundant knowledge. Without this the finest critical faculty spends itself in vain, as it must continue to do for a long time yet in America.

After all is said, and the analysis is pushed to the utmost, both critic and artist should lay theory aside at times—should permit the moist light to fill their thought. Great things are not done in art by theory. "There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness of proportion," says Bacon; and it is this strangeness of proportion that comes not by taking much thought, and that is incommunicable by words. To attain it the artist may need to slight his thought, to abdicate, however briefly, in favor of pure sentiment and childlike sympathy. And how else can the critic understand and rightly renew for us those rich and blooming lives which have left their flower in art and history? How else shall we retain due reverence for the true artist—for him who has wrought purely and faithfully in the domain of beauty? No analysis will reduce men of genius to labeled specimens. Something of the primitive wonder of creation shines through each creative spirit. With such

natures for his study, the critic should have not only the most perceptive, but the most spiritual, of minds: his analysis shows him beauty everywhere, as under a clear sun the sharp eye will see in a particle of the wayside mud a million iridescent points of color.

Such a critic, such a reader, will not dread to know the artist personally. That reluctance belongs to Northern natures. Why should we look for phylacteries and the ceremonial law when we meet the gifted one? If we are disappointed in the person of the poet or the painter whose work we have truly admired, we may be sure that the blame is ours—that our insight lacked the sympathy to discern in him the finer nature from which he wrought. Not the less is the finer nature there, though it may be hidden from us. Let us cherish an unsoiled reverence for him who has addressed our deeper life. The source cannot be lower than the fountain; and if we should find our benefactor garrulous or trifling or morbid in his moods, let us not be shaken. It is rather our fault: we lack the divining-rod that is necessary to reveal the spring.

TITUS MUNSEN COAN.

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## ON THE ROCKS:

### A ROMANCE OF THE AUSABLE LAKES.

ELIZABETH sat in the narrow stern of the canoe, looking dreamily into the west, the paddle with which she had been trying to steer drooping idly from her grasp. She made a pretty picture enough as she sat there, the rich bloom of her complexion deepened by the ruddy light that bronzed her dark-brown hair and brought out the slender grace of her youthful figure in bold relief against the sky. Her clear gray eyes, wide open and innocent as a child's, had a dreamy softness in them now, heightened by the

long sweep of the black lashes. "All was conscience and a tender heart," thought her lover as he watched her from the centre of the boat, where he was curled up with the large-eared, melancholy dog whose duty it was to track the deer. In the bow of the boat, pulling easily with the pivoted oars, sat the guide, a tall, lithe young fellow, whose muscles were steel and whalebone, and whose free and powerful attitudes recalled the figures upon the frieze of the Parthenon. Another boat or two followed,



full of merry voices, just far enough away to be voices and nothing more.

It was a lovely scene into which those arrowy boats were floating. The lake lay nearly all behind them, warm with the last glow of the sunset. The woods lining the indented shores were fast gathering the darkness into their fragrant depths; the coolness of night was settling down upon the little bays and coves, where the clear-cut reflections of the overhanging trees were fading into indistinguishable shadow; and the faint sweet chirp and rustle of nestling birds fell occasionally upon the attentive ear, mingled with the gentle plash of the little waves upon the pebbly shore. Behind the woods rose the great mountains, the sharp saw-teeth of the Restigone range cutting jagged outlines against the sky, and repeating themselves in the clear water far below.

As the boat approached the southern end of the lake, and went hissing through the yellow lily-pads, beloved of the deer, and all nibbled by their sharp little teeth, a narrow winding river suddenly appeared to tempt the explorers on. They had hardly entered the inlet when through a gap in the eastern crest of the mountains shone the full moon, lending a new enchantment to the scene. The quivering beams threw delicate wavering bridges across the river, and turned into frosted silver the long tresses of gray moss that hung down from the gnarled old cedars standing up in stalwart blackness, solemn pyramids of shadow. The boat drifted on past a higher peak, and the moon was hidden again, leaving only a vague reflection, like a half-lost memory, to suffice the air.

And so the shy Diana played the coquette with them among the mountains, now revealing herself in all her splendor, lighting up every twig of the trees and every rock that peered above the surface of the river, and then disappearing again, to leave a sense of diviner mystery behind. As the warm tints died out of the sky and the moonlight strengthened, the ghosts that haunted the river stole out—white wreaths of mist that swirled in ever-changing circles over its

surface, and danced a phantom waltz upon the smooth dark water. The ragged cedars of the banks vanished in their vapory embraces as the mists wreathed about their topmost twigs or crawled, like airy serpents, from bough to bough.

"We have come into another world," thought Elizabeth as she drank in the beauty of the moonlight, the wreathing silver mists, the glistening leaves, the solemn blackness of the water, and the whole indescribable charm of the scene. And her dreamy eyes strayed from the figure of the guide, sitting dark and silent as an Indian in the prow, to fall with a sudden shock of vague surprise upon the young man at her feet, serenely smoking a precautionary cigar, with his arm round the hound's slender neck.

A strange revulsion of feeling thrilled her heart as she caught the glance of his smiling, confident eyes. A vague impulse of resistance and rebellion seemed to shake her soul—resistance and rebellion against what, she scarcely knew.

She had indeed drifted into another world, nor could she account to herself for the waywardness of her mood. Her past life suddenly rose before her eyes as a distinct reality, which for the first time she recognized in all its subtle relations to her future. A young girl of thoroughly healthy nature, with a sense of life and bounding energy in every vein, suddenly transported to the free life of the wilderness, she felt like the Arabian princess who was wafted in the night to the antipodes. She had been nearly two months among the woods and hills, and Bryan had only joined her three days before. Not even the familiar faces of the party of old friends with whom she had traveled into the wilderness had been able to preserve around her an atmosphere of home. The free fresh life in the open air, with the routine of ordinary existence swept away, and a new social scale introduced, wherein the most perfect physique stood uppermost in value, had interposed a chasm between her and her old life, across whose breadth she looked at her former self with a new consciousness. Most of us have known

such moments, when we seemed to see our own lives and those nearest to us spread out before us in their real relations to each other, as a traveler ascending a mountain suddenly turns and realizes all the ground he has been over.

"It is like our life, Bryan, this river," murmured Elizabeth dreamily. "We go on almost in the dark, and then all at once the moon shines down upon us and we seem to see everything in a new way."

Bryan laughed lightly. In fact, he was amused at this sudden moralizing from his little lady-love, this grave assumption of a philosophy he thought belonged to older heads than hers.

Elizabeth was hurt by the laugh, and looked away from him with dignified severity. Was it possible that she was just learning to know him rightly—that he was as insignificant an idler as he looked to be beside the sturdy figure of the guide? For Bryan was no athlete, it must be confessed, but of short, slight figure, scarcely taller than Elizabeth herself, his light hair and drooping moustache failing to add any element of power to the refinement expressed by his whole person and manner. His clear eyes and the warm clasp of his hand told of truth, courage, and sympathy, but a lazy grace, a languid elegance, was the first noticeable thing about him. He was the flower of a refined civilization, the representative of its highest culture, arrested just on the edge of excess. One shade more of delicate precision in voice and dress and manner would have ruined the gentleman and substituted the prig. Elizabeth's life had been so intimately interwoven with his since their childhood that they had grown up into an engagement as naturally as some children grow up into a profession. Sorely against Elizabeth's secret desire, it must be said, for the romantic little maiden was greatly given to musings over her destiny, and had arranged for herself no such humdrum affair as a marriage with a man whom she had known from boyhood, and of whom all her friends approved. She had leanings toward the mysterious and terrific, and secretly intended to be seized by a sud-

den passion for some superb and irresistible hero, who was to take her heart by storm, and turn her life upside down in a twinkling. She even hoped, in her innocent soul, that he would have an awful history. It was a stern and gloomy being, to rule her with a master hand and inspire her with delicious tremors of admiring awe, that she thought she wanted.

As she sat in the boat and dreamed, looking loftily over the unconscious Bryan who had offended her, and whose idle grace seemed to her at this moment most exasperating, her abstracted gaze fixed itself again upon the guide. He was a splendid study for any one, artist or philosopher, interested in the finest possible development of the human animal. He had the light and graceful strength, with somewhat of the profile, of the Apollo, the swift, silent step of a panther, the keen eye of a hawk, the dark clustering hair and rich glowing tint of an Italian. He had a certain refinement of manner withal, which seemed more than his physical beauty to set him apart from his fellows. Bella Thornton called him "the Prince," and amused herself and her party by wild speculations as to his probable identity with the lost Dauphin. Elizabeth smiled rather vaguely at these pleasantries: they seemed to her somehow to trespass upon very personal ground, and to be flavored by a slight freedom which she unconsciously resented. For Nelson had been her favorite guide and devoted servant (as far as his extreme modesty would permit) all summer, and she accepted his service with the serene gravity of a young princess to whom service is familiar, and repaid him by an ever-increasing dependence upon that service. Now Bryan had arrived, to whom such duties of right belonged, and "the Prince" modestly withdrew still further into the background.

And Elizabeth found herself resenting the change. Her love for Bryan was like an underground river, leading an unsuspected existence far beneath the surface of her consciousness. It was so blended with all her past that she did

not realize how entirely it had permeated and colored her whole inner life. She missed the help of Nelson's strong arm, sure foot, quick eye, and found Bryan awkward and careless. When she reproved him—somewhat pettishly, it must be confessed—he took her sovereign displeasure with such a light-hearted carelessness, such an easy penitence, that she felt almost insulted and very much aggrieved.

So the swift oars with their rhythmic beat swept steadily on down the winding inlet again, and back to the camp, with its great fire blazing up afresh to welcome them. Can there be anything more beautiful in the world than a camp-fire in the woods at night? Against the dark background of the mysterious forest the eager tongues of flame leap into the air like hissing snakes, a thousand sparks sail up among the stars in the black sky, and the glowing heart of the fire burns with ever-changing brightness as the snowy crests and ridges of the ashes crumble and fall away. Strange forms come out among the brilliant masses in the central fire—eyes of lurid light, ruddy serpents that curl over in graceful curves to fall in and be lost, little fountains of blue flame that bubble up like miniature geysers and are gone again, while the knots and knobs of the red logs flash brighter than rubies.

Round this centre of attraction the merry party were grouped, the bright colors of the ladies' dresses giving a picturesque and gypsy-like character to the scene, which was furthermore heightened by the cluster of guides seated at a little distance smoking the pipe of peace, while stretched in the broadest glow lay the melancholy hound and chased imaginary deer, convulsive starts and twitches of his legs and queer half-strangled barks betraying the subject of his dreams.

"Was there ever such a life as this?" exclaimed Bella Thornton, with the enthusiasm of youth and high spirits—"to be all day long in the open air, among such magnificent scenery, and then in the evening to lie before the fire and watch those lovely sparks!"

"She refers to you and me, Bryan," insinuated her cousin Fred. "I am not surprised: I have been expecting some such tribute of admiration. Our poses are not classic, it is true, but then how unstudied!" and Fred fondly contemplated his muddy boots, raised to a level with his eyes, as he lay before the fire.

"The life wouldn't be so bad," said Mrs. Thornton (rather too elderly and fastidious a matron for camp-life), "if it were possible to be clean—and to eat—and to sleep," she added reflectively as the various inconveniences of the situation rose before her eyes.

"You ungrateful woman!" rejoined her husband, a big, burly, fresh-looking man, with an aspect of well-being that made it a comfort to look at him. "What can you say about eating after that dinner? Beef soup, broiled trout, broiled pork, broiled chicken, raspberry pie, bread and butter, cheese, doughnuts, maple-sugar, and a cup of tea—what could you want more?"

"Well, I confess that sounds well," said Mrs. Thornton, "but it would be pleasanter not to have one's water and tea and beef soup all out of the same tin cup; and I *could* wish that we hadn't forgotten the spoons: one spoon for five is rather short allowance."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear! That's nothing!" rejoined her husband. "When you live in the woods—"

"You must do as the woodens do," struck in Fred. "And I'm sure, my dear aunt, that you can have nothing to say about your bed, for Bryan and I took all the sticks out of the ladies' side of the camp this morning, and put in about a foot of fresh balsam boughs."

"My dear boy, it's my private belief that those balsam boughs are changed into kindling wood during the night, for anything more rasping to the feelings before morning I never lay upon. I am so full of aches and pains when I get up that it seems as if Saint Lawrence's gridiron must have been a feather bed in comparison."

"But yet, auntie dear," said Elizabeth, "what a freshness and strength there is in the air! and what a new life we seem

to have! When I think of our narrow, cramped-up houses in the city, and of the thoroughly artificial life we lead there, and then of these mountains and woods and waterfalls, and of the health and vigor that we enjoy among them, it seems to me that we should never leave this camp. What can we see so beautiful as that fire, in town?"

"Yes, and then to be spared all the trouble of dressing!" said Bella reflectively, who affected more elaborate toilettes at home than any of her set.

"For my part," said Bryan, "I agree with Tennyson—

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

The existence we lead here is a purely animal existence, and would inevitably brutalize us if we pursued it very long."

"Oh, do you call us brutes?" exclaimed Bella, with a scandalized expression: "we have been here nearly two months, you know."

"My dear Bella," answered Bryan (who was wont to assume a fatherly tone in talking to all young girls), "that is such an awfully feminine way of taking what I said! You come here a party of cultivated people, with your minds enriched and your perceptions quickened, and you are naturally impressed with the beauty of the scenery and the poetic side of all around you. I agree with Mrs. Thornton that one has to put up with a great deal of discomfort, and I confess that I cannot believe the effect of a rough life to be, in the long run, ennobling."

"Oh, Bryan!" exclaimed Elizabeth reproachfully. "Look at these men here—look at Nelson, for instance," she added with a sudden flush as her earnest eyes kindled: "see how strong and brave and handsome he is, how sure-footed and keen-sighted!"

"Yes, and how graceful and polite!" added Bella: "the Prince's manners are really wonderfully distinguished."

"Precisely. You see he is an exception to the ordinary class of guides: you confess it yourselves," said Bryan. "But take even your exception as an instance. Here is a man acknowledged to be the

best possible type of his class: how much do you suppose he knew or felt of the beauty of our sunset and moonlight row to-night, for instance? How much does he think about the places he takes us to because it is his business? What sort of companion would he make for either of you young ladies, suppose you had to be left alone with him upon a desert island, for example?"

"Well, I'm inclined to think they'd be a deal better off than if they trusted to your tender mercies, Keith," said Mr. Thornton with a laugh. "When it comes to a question of desert islands, I'd rather have a guide for a companion than a mere philosopher and friend like you."

Bryan joined good-humoredly in the laugh, and turning to Nelson, who had just then come up to them bearing a great log for the fire, he asked him what he thought of the two Ausable lakes, and which he liked best. Nelson, very much abashed at being questioned before so many "city folks," colored and fidgeted, and "didn't know as he knew."

"Oh, but you must have some notion," said Bryan. "Don't you like one better than the other?"

"Wal," said Nelson hesitatingly, "the lower lake is more precipitately wild, but then this one is a nicer kind of place for ladies; and then there's more trout to be got out of the spring-holes here."

"What were you thinking of this evening, Nelson, when we were rowing up the inlet?" asked Bella: "you were looking very serious about something."

"I dunno as I had anything pertickler on my mind more'n another," said Nelson with a smile, "except I was tryin' to make out whether we'd pork enough for breakfast in the mornin', or whether I'd best go home for more provisions."

"Well?" said Bryan to Elizabeth with an expressive lift of his eyebrows.

But Elizabeth did not answer: she was doggedly pushing little sticks into a soft cushion of moss beside her, and seemed to find the occupation very interesting.

Bryan looked at her for a moment in silence. Her face flushed a little under his scrutiny, but she still did not look

up. He leaned over to her on his elbow, and said in a low tone, so that she alone could hear, "My darling, do you know you have not given me a look or a smile this evening?"

"Why have you talked so, then?" said Elizabeth. "What right have you to call that poor man up and draw him out to laugh at him? Is poetry the only good thing in the world, do you think? and would you be much better satisfied if he went into raptures over the sunrise in the morning and forgot to get your breakfast? I have noticed that all you æsthetic people are very dependent upon your daily bread," she continued with a scornful little laugh; "and for my part I think it is as beautiful and as poetic to think about our duty, as Nelson did, as—about anything else," she ended abruptly, with a shamefaced blush at her own eloquence.

"My dearest, why this righteous indignation?" said Bryan calmly. "I am not aware that I have advanced any peculiarly vicious proposition. I have simply asserted that this mode of life was not calculated to foster the poetic sensibilities; and I think the young person there, in whom you seem to take so warm an interest, has sufficiently proved the truth of my remark. I am sorry if I have offended you, and am quite unconscious of any intention to do so. Make it up—won't you?—and I'll promise to consider your long-legged friend an embryo Joaquin Miller, if you choose."

There was something in the quiet laziness of Bryan's tone that stung Elizabeth to the quick. Moreover, no woman can endure to hear the object of her temporary admiration named slightly, even by the permanent possessor of her heart.

"Bryan, I think you are determined to misunderstand me," she cried desperately. "I cannot tell you how it pains me, this mocking tone of yours. You are never in earnest: you seem to care only for pleasure; and I really think I—I am going to bed." As if in despair of a successful climax to her indignation, she retreated from the field with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, Bella following wonderingly in the rear.

Bryan's nature was far too sweet to be ruffled by this little outburst, but, although he made large allowances for the incomprehensibility of the sex, he nevertheless pondered perplexed over his final cigar, wondering how much the ostensible cause of dispute really had to do with Elizabeth's present mood. He had learnt from past experience the valuable lesson that a woman's actions are rarely, if ever, the result of their apparent cause.

"Fred," said Bryan at last, as the lingering sweetness of the final cigar could be no longer prolonged, "what is your opinion of the mysterious subject, Woman? Young men of your years have usually a freshness of perception and a fund of information upon the interesting topic that we reverend seniors strive after in vain. Give us the benefit of your youthful sharpness of vision, my dear boy."

"Well," replied Fred, with that delightful confidence which has its fullest bloom between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five, "I must say I don't consider women such difficult conundrums as some people pretend they are. Of course there's a great difference in them, you know. There's Bella, for instance: once let her get up a tree, you know, and I defy anybody to make head or tail of what she wants or what she doesn't want till she chooses to tell you. And then there's Elizabeth, you know, just as serene and straightforward as a mill-pond: anybody can make her out in a minute, you know."

"Oh!" murmured Bryan reflectively. "Hum!—yes. Thank you, my boy! I think I'll go to bed."

And silence settled over the camp, and all was quiet on "Paradise" Lake.

The next morning dawned bright and beautiful, and everybody was astir betimes, for the word was given to return through the lower lake, or "Purgatory," toward the regions made classic by the unhesitating pen of Murray. Mrs. Thornton had had enough of the genuine wilderness, and desired to descend gracefully through the moderate roughness of Martin's and Paul Smith's to

the suavity of Schroon Lake and Saratoga.

Elizabeth seemed to have recovered her mental balance in the sweet morning air, and was kind and gracious as ever, though there was a wistful questioning in her eyes occasionally, as she chatted gayly with Bryan, that implied a restlessness not yet quite appeased. With the quick revulsion of a generous nature, she seemed to be doing her best to make up for her harshness of the night before, and Bryan eagerly accepted the implied *amende*.

Then they plunged into the wonderful forest between the two lakes, with all its variety of scenery, changing from cool shady depths of woodland, where they wound along the narrow trail in Indian file, to broad open glades streaming with sunny heat, where the purple thistles, covered with bees and butterflies, brushed against their shoulders, and the tall brakes, with their spreading fronds, waved high above their heads. Here the air was heavy with the scent of mauve-tinted orchids, and the rank vegetation all aflame with brilliant berries of all colors strung upon light sprays of leaves or bristling on stiff stems along the path. Great heads of purple *asclepias* nodded in the breeze, and long starry wreaths of *clematis* stretched from bough to bough. Then the trail led under the dark shade again, to emerge presently beside the rushing waters of the Ausable River as it hurried over the amber-colored rapids to the "Purgatory" of the lower lake.

Here our party embarked once more, and slipped through the long winding channel, among the dead wood that makes the upper end of the lake so dreary, out into the open water at last. Some swift clouds had come up, the sun was overcast, and the name of "Purgatory" seemed well given to those gloomy shores. On either side, as they looked down the narrow lake, towered great mountain-cliffs, all seamed and scarred by storms and frost, and but half covered by the slender birches that had a precarious footing among the rocks. Two thousand feet above the water rose those

rocky sides, and descended so steeply that the lake had no perceptible shore. Halfway down its length upon the west side the great "Sphinx" rock bent over the gloomy water, a half-formed semblance of a head with sweeping Egyptian drapery, the chin resting upon the breast. The wild desolation of the scene was hardly heightened by the scream of a great eagle that swooped down from the mountain and sailed across the distance. The high and narrow walls, the ragged edges of the shore piled with stiff spikes of dead timber whitened by time and tempest, mixed with the rough débris of rocks and trees carried down by slides, and the deep and gloomy look of the water, tinged with the leaden color of the clouds, made up a picture of dreary and oppressive grandeur and melancholy. It seemed a mountain-prison, through whose granite walls no captive might ever hope to pass.

And yet at the farther end of this desolate sheet of water lies *perdu* the loveliest Naiad of this region, so full of beautiful lakes and waterfalls. And as our party toiled up the steep gorge that leads to the Rainbow Cascade, she burst suddenly upon them in all her loveliness. Fancy a mountain-brook, with all its endless beauty of sparkling rapids and sunny pools and cloudy depths, coming down from a steep and narrow gorge over a hundred feet in height. On one side the iron-stained rocks, of a rich dark russet, rise in steps and ledges, clothed with moss and tufted ferns of the richest green, bright here and there with the milky blossoms of the *Houstonia*, lingering late in the cool and dewy shadows of the ravine. On the other side, where the cliff is one sheer straight wall, falls the Rainbow Cascade, a thin broad veil of water that scarcely hides the seams and fissures of the rock beneath, and at certain hours of the day catches a rainbow as it strikes upon the great boulder at its foot. Higher up, where the narrow walls of the glen meet, shoots a white and impetuous stream that forms the brook below, but with all the greater rush and fury of its leap it cannot rival the myriad charms of that thin

and wavering veil of water, that in every bewitching form that falling water can take makes the rugged crag beautiful.

It seemed to Elizabeth that she could never tire of watching its infinite variety. The green and mossy glen, the rich red color of the rocks, the pure crystal baths below, the great white clouds that hovered upon the brink of the precipice above, the rush and roar of the upper fall, the tender sweetness of the misty air, wrought upon her like a spell. Unnoticed, she stole away from the others, who were seated at a favorable point of view below, and began to climb the steep rocks opposite the fall. Their step-like formation tempted her on, and, confident in her sure foot and steady head, she went higher and higher, never looking back or down. The exercise was exhilarating, and the climb presented just enough difficulties to incite an impetuous spirit to persevere.

Suddenly, Bryan, who had been engaged in an earnest dispute with Mr. Thornton as to the height of the fall, missed Elizabeth from the group, and looking hurriedly round, caught sight of her fluttering drapery high up on the opposite cliff. He darted up the brook until he stood just beneath her, and called her gently, for fear of startling her and causing her to lose her precarious footing.

Elizabeth turned her head and looked down at him, her cheek bright with excitement, but a troubled look dawning in her eyes that belied the faint smile with which she tried to reassure her lover.

"Elizabeth, my darling, come down from there: you are enough to frighten anybody to death. Come down, directly!"

"I can't, Bryan," said Elizabeth in somewhat unsteady tones: "the last rock that I stepped on has fallen down, and I can't get up any higher, because the cliff hangs over so much just here. I think I shall have to take root here and turn into a white birch," she added with a smile intended to be encouraging, but which struck Bryan as so pitiful that he groaned aloud. There she hung upon

the face of the great cliff, her feet upon a ledge no wider than her shoe, her hands clutching the stem of a little birch tree, far too small to do more than help her to preserve her balance, while fifty feet below her roared the brook over the sharp and cruel rocks that formed its bed.

Bryan hastily began to clamber toward her, but his excitement, together with a natural tendency to dizziness, soon overcame him. His head whirled, his senses were confused, the roar of the waterfall deafened his ears, fire flashed before his eyes, his knees gave way beneath him, and he sank down upon a broad ledge about halfway up the cliff, completely upset by that physical weakness which sometimes conquers the bravest spirits, subjecting them to such tortures of shame and suffering as they alone can know.

"Bryan," said Elizabeth—and this time there was a pleading tone in her voice that drove him frantic—"are you not coming to help me? I am getting so tired! I don't think I can stand here much longer."

"God forgive me, my darling, I cannot get to you!" cried Bryan almost with a sob.

Elizabeth looked down at him, and a little sigh fluttered wearily from her lips. It went to Bryan's heart like an arrow, and he shook himself together for one more desperate effort. But before he had time to take the first step Nelson came bounding past him like a panther, the stones rattling down under his eager footsteps.

"Hold on there—I'm coming!" he shouted as he climbed swiftly up the rocks.

Elizabeth heard him, and her eye grew bright and the color came back into the cheek that was fast growing pale with weariness and fear.

In a few moments he was on a rock above her, and leaning over, with one arm clasped firmly round a sapling, reached the other hand out toward her: "Now, then, take firm hold of my hand, put your foot in that there crack, and I'll haul ye up."

Elizabeth grasped the welcome hand with all her strength, and tried to put her foot where she was told, but tried in vain: the crack was too high up for her to reach it. "I can't do it, Nelson," she said. "I never shall get up in that way."

"Look out there, then!" cried Nelson, who had comprehended the situation at a glance; and swinging down by the slender but tough sapling, he stood beside her in an instant, still clasping the tree.

"Now, do jest as I say," ordered Nelson, in that tone of authority that commands obedience and conquers fear, "and there ain't a mite o' harm goin' to come to yer. Put your foot on my knee—it's jest as steady as that rock"—and he struck it a mighty blow to prove the truth of the assertion—"and then on my arm, and hold on by the sapling: I'll keep her steady."

Elizabeth, unused to making a ladder of her fellow-creatures, hesitated and looked him in the eyes. There was no shadow of wavering there, and taking her courage in both hands, as the French say, she took the first step, those iron muscles never quivering beneath her weight. As soon as she was safe upon the broader ledge above, he climbed up after her, and then carefully helped her, by a more roundabout and safer way, back to the level of the brook again, where Bella and Mrs. Thornton, by this time alive to her peril, received her with effusion.

All this time Bryan had been sitting on the rocks, his face buried in his hands, suffering all the tortures that a brave and sensitive soul conquered by physical weakness can alone experience. Self-contempt, jealousy, despair and longing raged like a tempest in his heart, and until he heard his name shouted repeatedly by Mr. Thornton, who was impatient to be on the move again, did he rejoin the party.

Elizabeth turned to meet him as he approached, and he eagerly grasped her hand and gazed into her clear eyes. They met his with no shade of resentment in their steady depths, only with a

look of compassion and pitiful sweetness which smote him to the very soul.

"Elizabeth, can you ever forgive me?" he whispered: "I never can forgive myself, dear."

"There was nothing to forgive, Bryan," said Elizabeth with a sort of weariness in her tone. "You couldn't help it if you were dizzy. But it was very fortunate that Nelson came, for I could not have held there much longer. I think I am tired now," faltered Elizabeth as she stretched out her hand. Bryan eagerly seized it and supported her tenderly along the rough stones of the brook; but, although she accepted his help with a quiet smile, there was ever the same far-away look in her eyes, that seemed to hold him at a distance.

As they came out upon the lake again, the clouds had swept away and the sun was shining brightly. The granite slides high up on the mountains sparkled like diamonds, the shimmering birches glistened in the fresh breeze that crisped the waters of the lonely lake, and Purgatory seemed nearer akin to Paradise. Once more they plunged into the woods, and took the rough semblance of a road leading toward Keene.

All this time Elizabeth was vainly striving to allay the tumult in her heart, to find her way out of the labyrinth of confused sensations and half-formed feelings that perplexed her. She was indignant with her own indecision, scornful of her own scorn, not exactly disdainful of her lover's weakness, and yet angry that that weakness should so disturb her mind. Her tender conscience upbraided her for fickleness and indifference, for wavering in her faith, for harsh and uncharitable judgments, for unwomanly insensibility to the love that had so long been hers. Her perverse spirit refused to accept the chastening, and chafed at the bonds it wore. All this time no conscious thought of Nelson had come into her mind. Not from haughtiness, but from very innocence, she had never put him, even in imagination, upon the same level with Bryan. He was not a man to her: he was a guide, one of a class of beings created



for a special end. Confronted with a new ideal of manliness, which as yet she had not realized, her heart was like a magnetic needle upon one of these very Adirondack peaks, trembling and thrown off its balance by the masses of rough ore beneath it, but true in its effort to point still to its pole-star. Upon this unsettled mood, when all the earnestness of her nature was roused in the effort to solve its own perplexities, the light words of Bryan, prompted by the very serenity of his temperament, had struck with a jar, and Elizabeth unconsciously resented his want of harmony with herself.

They were very fine-drawn troubles, these perplexities of Elizabeth's, you say, but they were very real ones to her, poor child! and loomed up formidably in the narrow circle of her experience. So that she stood leaning upon her window-sill that evening with dewy eyes as she gazed out toward the purple mountains and the clear western sky, where one faint star trembled in the blue. Up from the brook near by came Isora, the romantically-named daughter of the house, bearing a heavy pail of water through the gathering twilight. The uncertain light lent a grace to the firm and rounded figure, and softened the outlines of her somewhat heavy features. With her light braided hair she suggested Gretchen returning from the fountain. As Elizabeth's vague gaze rested upon her a tall figure strode swiftly out from the shadow of the house, and seizing the heavy pail with one hand, gently embraced the yielding waist of the pretty water-carrier with the other, and stooped down to kiss her. There was no mistaking that supple strength, that careless perfection of movement. It was a pretty picture enough: then why did Elizabeth suddenly start back from the window, while a burning blush swept over her face and flushed even the delicate curves of her neck, as, covered with an indescribable confusion, she hid her face in her hands? A new dawn seemed to have shone upon her doubting heart, and overcome by a certain oppressive consciousness, from

which she felt that she must fly, she ran hastily down stairs and sought refuge from herself among the party upon the piazza. Bryan sat upon the lowest step, parrying the entreaties of the eager group who were urging him to sing.

"Oh, here's Elizabeth," cried Bella: "now we'll have it! Elizabeth, do please get Bryan to sing: he's as cross as a bear about it."

"Will you sing, Bryan, for me?" asked Elizabeth, with a certain hesitating tremor in her voice that inspired Bryan with a new hope. For, sensitive to every change in Elizabeth's looks or tones, and filled with angry remorse for his share in the adventure of the morning, he had been spending the day in that doubtful poise between hope and despair which is itself desperation. But now a certain tenderness seemed to vibrate in her voice as she spoke, and when she had seated herself upon the steps just above him, and he felt the encouragement of her presence, he began Blumenthal's beautiful song of "The Message."

The clear tones rang through the gathering darkness as the song described the message for the loved one in heaven, which the lover vainly endeavors to send thither by bird and cloud, but which, borne upon a strain of divine music, is finally wafted through the golden portal. And as Bryan threw his whole soul into the words he sang, the message, with all its passionate pleading, its tender urgency, was borne straight to the heart of her he loved, and Elizabeth felt her doubts and perplexities dissolving like the morning mists upon the mountains, that stole across the tree-tops and were gone. Of such intangible vapor her troubles seemed to have been made, and as the last notes died away upon the trembling air, under cover of the darkness she crept softly down to her lover's side. Her hand nestled into his, that eagerly received it, and as she felt the earnest clasp of love and friendship a tender peace fell once more upon Elizabeth's soul, as the sunshine settles upon the hillsides after the morning mists have melted away. KATE HILLARD.

## A WINTER THOUGHT.

IN bare, gnarled arms the gaunt trees take  
 The biting winds with many a shiver—  
 Keen winds that sweep the land, and shake  
 In frozen furrows all the smooth sweet bosom of the river.

Bare is the land of bird and flower.

O Mother Earth! art thou forsaken

In this thy darkest, dreariest hour?

Have birds and flowers, with summer airs, their flight unkindly taken?

And but for this, that in the breast

Of winter the young spring is sleeping,

The briefest insect life were best,

And our life day by day were but a time for hopeless weeping.

But Memory, smiling through her tears,

And wild Hope, whisper unto me,

"Day crowns the springs of all the years,

And glad as thy springs were of old, thy springs again shall be."

Then fast by violet-broidered brims

The frozen river seems to run,

The trees put forth their leafy limbs

To catch the fragrance of the breeze, the warmth of May-day sun.

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

## TOWN-PLANTING IN THE WEST.

ONE evening, before Wichita, Kansas, had realized its hopes of securing a permanent place upon the map—so long ago, in fact, as the spring of 1871—a gentleman from New York registered his name at the Harris House, and announced his intention of stopping a few days in order to see the country, and perhaps to buy some land in the neighborhood. After dinner he sought out the landlord, and made a special request that, as he was an Eastern man in search of experiences, he might have a buffalo steak served for his breakfast next morning.

"Buffalo steak?"

"Yes. It is obtainable, isn't it? You can get it here? I'd be willing to pay for any extra trouble, you know."

"Oh, no trouble. Fact is, I've not been able to get anything else for a week or two past. I was just going to apologize for having given it to you at dinner."

The Eastern man looked as if he thought himself sold, but still stuck to his request, because he wanted to know how buffalo meat tasted when he was not wrestling with it under the false impression that it was Texas cow. And then, finding the landlord sociable (for no more genial host than Rouse ever made his house pleasant for his guests

at his own loss), he asked if the town was quiet and orderly.

"Oh yes, perfectly so. You Eastern men fancy that we are overrun with desperadoes out here, but you'll find Wichita just as peaceful as a man could wish."

At this point the conversation was brought to a close by the irruption of a party of noisy men, of whom the landlord explained to his guest, as he went to attend to them, that they were "some of Curley Marshall's boys."

"And who is Curley Marshall?" asked the Eastern man of a bystander as he sat down in a vacant chair.

"Curley is one of our celebrities," was the reply. "He is to Wichita very much what Buffalo Bill is to Abilene. Fine fellow he is, too."

But "the boys" approached, and the bystander incidentally moved away without finishing his eulogy, while the newcomers surrounded the sinner before he was fully aware of the situation; and then he thought he would not seem in a hurry to get away. When, however, two of them began to practice broadsword parries over his head with loaded revolvers of the "navy" pattern, he changed his mind about the order of his going, and slipped out from between them just as "Long Dan," growing tired of the fun, cocked his revolver, and, leveling it at his friend's head, said briefly, "Git out of this! Thar's the door."

The other *weakened* a moment and looked at Dan doubtfully.

"I mean it, by G——! You git, or I'll plug you."

He did "git."

There was laughter from the boys as Dan looked grimly triumphant and invited them into the bar-room on his "shout." "Come on, stranger!" said he to the Eastern man, seeing that the latter did not start forward. But the Eastern man asked to be excused, pleading that he didn't drink.

"Don't drink? You won't drink with me? Do you mean to insult me?"

"No, sir, no—surely not. But I *never* drink."

"Look here, stranger! I don't like to

have a man say that he's too good to drink with me: I'm Long Dan Cowee;" and the speaker looked dangerous.

Eastern man thought he had better drink.

He lagged last in the crowd, however, and, satisfied that his absence would not be noted, stole out of the back door and hung round behind the kitchen until "the boys" should have gone. Presently he thought he heard them in the street, and looked round the corner of the house to see. There came a bright flash, right in his eyes, a report, and a handful of shot rattled against the fence near him, while with a yell the boys went on down the street, discharging their pistols into the air. They had not seen him: the shotgun was only fired on general principles, nobody supposing there was a man skulking behind the house who might get hit. Satisfied by this token that the hotel was clear, the Eastern man went inside again, and the landlord presently heard him booking his name with the stage-agent to return Eastward the following morning. He said he thought that when he had realized in consciousness the taste of buffalo meat, as he hoped to do at breakfast, he should have had all the experiences that he cared for at present. The landlord expostulated, and assured him that the unfortunate occurrence of the evening was very exceptional: some of Curley's friends had "taken possession" of the town that day, but it would be quiet to-morrow, and probably the like would never happen again. Nothing of the sort had happened before since Ledford was killed, about two months previously.

"And who was Ledford?"

Ledford had been the former proprietor of the Harris House. At one time a United States scout, he left the service in order to "trade" horses across the line of the "Nation" (the public remembers that some such traders were hung by horse-owners in Douglas county), and, having made enough in that business to enable him to retire from it, he did so, married a lovely young wife, and continued to be one of the most prominent and respected citizens of Wichita until a

squad of United States cavalry was one day sent after him, when he showed fight and was killed.

It was true that such disturbances were rare in Wichita. At the outset they were frequent, but then Curley Marshall was persuaded to accept the office of constable, and he kept the village quiet enough until he got tired of the novelty and resigned—an event which had then recently happened. Whenever any of his boys took possession of a saloon, Curley used to enter with a revolver in each hand and gently tell them to depart; and they always obeyed. It is due to the citizens, however, to state that such vigorous measures were taken soon after this as were effectual to reduce even Curley himself to observe the laws when within the corporate limits.

"You needn't mind Dan Cowee," said the bystander whom the Eastern man had before addressed. "He's the best-natured fellow in the world, you know, only he likes his fun now and then."

"Well, he *would* have shot that man—wouldn't he?—if he had not left when he told him to?"

"Oh, well! I expect he would: he's pretty determined."

"If I'm to be shot," said the Eastern man, "I'd as lief be shot by the worst-natured man in the place as by the best-natured one." And he adhered to his resolution of going away in the morning, much to the distress of the land-agents.

But notwithstanding the Eastern man's conviction that he had had experiences enough, he made a mistake in not staying a few days longer. Had he done so he would have been unmolested, and he might have added to his list the unique item of a fashionable ball, a description of which he read afterward in a letter from a friend who attended it, and who wrote as follows:

"This is a great place for dances: we have one a week on an average. The hall is usually neither extensive nor elegant, compared with the frescoed *salons* of your ancient metropolis: it will be perhaps twenty by forty feet on the floor, and of course not lathed or plastered. Very possibly, too, the building will be

deficient in braces, and will rock and creak to the measured but vigorous bounce and swing of dancers who are conscientiously doing their level best. There are no cobwebs pendent from the rafters—the building is too new for even the most enterprising spider to have begun a web in it yet—nor do I like the color of new cottonwood lumber as well as that of a weatherbeaten old barn; but in a new country like this one cannot expect to have all that is desirable: on the prairie one must not look for the picturesque, or at least, if one does, one will be badly sold.

"There are but few young ladies here, and most of them seem to be engaged as waiters at this and the other hotel. Fancy a scion of the Knickerbockers answering 'Beefsteak rare' (which is a joke, for the buffalo meat here is never cooked otherwise than like a dry chip) to the same young lady with whom he waltzes in the evening! It is not the same, however, as the same thing would be at the East. These girls are our Biddies: they are the daughters of our settlers and citizens. Women are scarce in this country, and it is very kind of them to look after the creature comforts of an occasional bachelor, as well as to dance with him. The landlord pays them for it, I suppose, but one needn't be always thinking of that, you know.

"At the last ball the ladies' toilettes were various, and in general effect quite wonderful, though I am too ignorant to be able to give any details. My impression is that striped calico and pink and white muslin were the staple materials, and that the make-up would have been called, by the fair dwellers upon the Hudson, 'horridly countrified.' No matter for that: there were pretty faces, and some forms which no dress could make seem ungraceful; and I think their beaux were not critical as to costumes.

"As to the gentlemen, the variety and originality of dress were far more striking. There was Curley Marshall in a white ruffled shirt (no coat or vest, and, I believe, no collar), buckskin pantaloons with an ornamental stripe down the leg, low slippers and fine open-work

stockings. He carried two navy revolvers at his belt. There was Major Fitzgerald, formerly of a Texas Confederate regiment. 'Fitzy' wore a pink-plaid calico shirt, elaborately ruffled with white muslin; a paper collar and crimson silk necktie; no vest; black velvetene sack-coat; and black corduroy pantaloons inside his boots, which were brightly varnished and ornamented with inlaid bars and stars of yellow leather, and a huge pair of Mexican spurs with bells. A most gorgeous outfit! In the same set with 'Fitzy' stood a bullwhacker just in on the cattle-trail, clothed in a preternaturally dirty flannel shirt, which was open, showing his manly chest as far down as the waistband of his equally dirty butternut pantaloons; and rusty cowhides, which exhibited his toes, and from which arose clouds of all the dust between the Red and the Big Arkansas whenever he executed a *pas seul*. There were, besides, several prominent lawyers, editors, doctors, real-estate agents and city officials of Wichita. Perhaps the probable number of these will not seem so large when you know that 'editor' means also city clerk, postmaster, United States commissioner and lawyer, and that all the *other* lawyers are real-estate agents and city officers. These gentlemen appeared in conventional 'biled' shirts with studs, and gold watch-chains, and black broadcloth. The rest of the company you may costume according to your own fancy.

"And now that I have given you such a minute account of how they all dressed, you want me to tell you how they danced? I can't. Just imagine it!"

But those days were not Wichita's palmiest. Indeed, it was at that time an open question whether or not there would be any Wichita beyond a mere straggling hamlet. The great rush had been during the previous summer. The preliminary surveys of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad had indicated this place—the point where the Texas cattle-trail to Abilene crossed the Big Arkansas, and where there was a supply store for the drovers—as its temporary terminus. Of course, within a

few months every claim was taken up for miles around. Munger and Dutch Bill had staked off their adjoining "eighties" into town-lots, the latter gentleman donning a black coat and becoming known thereafter as Mr. Griefenstein, and Wichita boasted of eight hundred inhabitants, with more coming. Other towns have done better than that, but it must be remembered that Wichita was not yet a terminus—it was only going to be one, and the railroad was at a standstill at Emporia, whence lumber and groceries had to be brought in wagons, a seven days' journey. And Wichita was destined never to be a terminus, for the railroad company, seeing that all the land had been taken there in advance of their location, wisely determined to run where their grant of alternate sections could be appropriated without deductions. They swerved northward, and started Florence, Newton, and other towns of their own, much more to their profit and satisfaction than any speculation they could have secured in Wichita. So the place was at this time as dead as a glass of soda would be the day after drawing it. It had the surrounding country to depend on, to be sure, and that was enough to ensure it a reasonably good future; for the whole county was well occupied with a class of settlers who had come there, not to speculate, but to stay and work. But this was a very commonplace, humdrum kind of prosperity, and far from satisfying those who had expected a big prize in the lottery. They wanted success to come with a rush, no matter if it soon left again with a hobble. A prosperity which required time to grow, just as other natural products grow, failed to sustain an undiminished enthusiasm. The every-day life of the citizens was not altogether lovely and rose-colored. The young lawyer, who had come there with little more than five dollars and his own brains, found that there was no money in the county to pay him even for what slight services the simple state of society demanded. He had perhaps two hundred and fifty or three hundred dollars a year as county attorney, and

upon that he lived. The land-surveyor worked on credit, and spent the portion of his dues he collected in running after the balance. The doctor did well, to judge from his account-book, but he was unable to pay his bills at the grocery.

Soon afterward, however, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Company built a branch down to Wichita, and the people built an iron free bridge across the river, and the "city" was an experiment no longer, but an assured fact.

An illustration of what Wichita might have been is afforded by what the city of Parsons really was. Somewhat earlier than the date above given—it was in November, 1870—I tried to get a ticket over the Missouri, Kansas and Texas road, at Emporia, to go to "Parsons." There *was* such a station, the agent admitted, but he didn't know *where* it was: he supposed it must be between Ladore and the next place, and he would give me a ticket for Ladore, and the balance could be paid to the conductor. When, on the train, the conductor appeared, I told him to let me off at Parsons. He looked at me queerly a moment, his face very expressive of "Well, none of *my* business, but won't you wish you hadn't?" but merely replied, "All right!" and passed on. Now, such a look as that was naturally calculated to make a man feel uneasy who depended upon finding shelter and food at his stopping-place, yet knew nothing of what that place might be; and so, when the conductor came again, I asked how much of a place it was.

"Plenty of it, such as it is—nothing but prairie, though."

"What! nothing there? No shanties, tents, nor anything?"

"Nothing at all there." And he passed on.

I was hardly prepared for that. I knew that the "City of Parsons" consisted of nothing more than the name as yet, but then that much of it was the future junction of the Sedalia branch, and somebody ought to be living at or near it, if only for the name of the thing. The train was not due until nine, and the night was pitch-dark and cold.

Well, I could bivouac. "Yes, yes," I mentally ejaculated, "and so I can eat crow," but I don't *hanker* arter it, *sure*!"

The fame of Parsons had evidently gone abroad, however, for when I spoke half a dozen voices coupled it with added questions, and as many heads turned with curious interest to survey "those other fellows," and estimate what they might be going for, and if there was any money in them. So, confident in the strength of numbers, the entire party took the risk of stopping, much to the disgust, as it appeared, of the conductor, who soliloquized audibly that "If they put many more towns on the line, he would have to stop at every mile or two presently." And at the last he meanly revenged himself by letting us off in a muddy cut, among a lot of loose rails and ties.

"Confound him!" objurgated a burly passenger. "He has carried us a mile beyond the station."

"Do you know the place?"—"Have you been here before?"—"Anywhere to stop at?"—"There *is* a place, then?"

"Camp up yonder, and a shanty or two. No, none to speak of."

"Oh, well!" "Oh, well!" "That's all right!" was exclaimed, in various tones expressive of great relief and content, as we fell in line and followed our broad-backed guide up the track. He was by no means talkative, but let us know that he was a contractor, and that the camp was that of his section-hands, with his own tent and the shanties of the store-keeper and boarding-boss. There was another house, too, where a settler's family lived.

Didn't that conductor know perfectly well that those tents and houses were here? Of course he did, only he thought that they were building too many towns along the road, and he didn't want to encourage the practice. Perhaps he was a conservative. Open prairie, indeed! What more of a city need any reasonable man expect or want than there was here?

The settler could not receive us all—full now, he said. "Nonsense, man! what business have you to be full? There's

always room for one more," said one of the party. But there wasn't, leastways not with his consent, gentlemen: he could take a few, but *positively* not all of us. And so we who were chosen went in, and turned our faces to new acquaintances and to the kerosene lamp and warm stove, leaving the others articulately gnashing their teeth in the outer darkness.

It was too late, though, for a long enjoyment of the situation: a peremptory "Bed-time!" pretty soon came from the host, which brooked no denial. One of the new-comers looked bewildered, and his eyes wandered inquiringly from the sides of the room to its inmates as he was heard to mutter, "Twelve by fourteen, with a garret and a kitchen lean-to where one *can't* sleep, 'cause there's no good place; and the man and his wife, and their girl help, and the other man and his wife, and two, four, six, eight of us men?" It was the man who had said there was always room for another. The arrangement was, after all, very simple: the girl somehow fixed a shake-down for herself in the impracticable kitchen, the married people all slept in the room, and the bachelors in the garret. The host held the lamp for us at the top of the ladder until we had distributed ourselves among the shake-downs (made up of a few blankets, a lot of prairie hay in ticks, and pieces of an old tent), and it is not for me to suggest how the married folk managed. There was darkness below presently, and then a deal of laughter; and we all felt acquainted and friendly.

In an interval of stillness a heavy step crunched the frost out doors, and a voice called, "Is Fan there?"

Somehow, it sounded solemn and ominous to us all. I knew it did to the others, though no one whispered.

"Yes, pa," came in a wondering, half-frightened tone, with a stir of the bed as she turned.

"Jessie's dead: you must be ready to go with me on the train in the morning."

"Oh, pa!"

He walked away heavily, and there was no more laughter nor any other sound within doors, other than the sup-

pressed sobs of a woman and the murmur of a few kind but useless words from her husband. The voice which had called was that of our guide, the contractor.

"Who was Jessie? What a sudden and chill touch of death it was to come in so upon the thoughtlessness of the moment! With what a cold, mysterious gleam yonder star shines through the crack in the roof, and how far it seems up to it, where Jessie has gone, perhaps! Pshaw! what stuff! I wish I could find that hole which sends such a stream of cold air all the way down my back, as if it came from the nozzle of a bellows." Thus I communed with myself as I lay, and the next thing I knew was, that I was lying on an iceberg and being trampled over by a herd of stampeded Texas cattle. The cat must have gone to sleep on my face, for she scuttled down the ladder as I threw my arm out.

The next morning we saw Parsons begin to grow. Very likely its growth was not equal to that of Julesburg and Virginia City, and, indeed, it may not have been unusual out there, where cities are a staple product of the country; but it seemed rapid to me, because I had never seen a town sprout before.

There were a dozen or so men wandering about with apparent aimlessness, collecting into groups now and then as if they were irresponsible atoms, and certain spots in the prairie were poles of attraction for them, and dispersing again, with but little conversation. Then a surveyor came out with his assistants and began driving stakes. Instantly all the atoms converged and beset him with questions:

"Are you the engineer?"

"Yes."

"How are you selling these lots?"

"Not at all. Get off the line."

"Are you the engineer?"

"Yes."

"What'll you take for that lot over yonder?"

"Mister, who *is* a-sellin' these lots?"

"I don't know. Stand away, will you?"

"Mishter, you bees as goot as vas dis a shdreet or an alley?"

"That? Street." And he picked up his instrument and escaped for a little while.

The last speaker had been closely followed by a wagon, upon which was the disjointed frame of a house, and on obtaining the information he sought, as to which was the front side of the lot, he directed the teamster to "Drife in dere now," and in a few minutes had his house unloaded. Afterward I saw another hungry speculator waiting, spade in hand, until the surveyor staked out the lot he wanted, when he fell to and outlined an excavation. Very likely both places were destined to be liquor-saloons. And yet the company was not ready to sell lots, the survey was not completed, the plat not filled, the agent not there. But these men were so fully alive to the importance of being first on the ground that they took squatter claims, and ran the risk of having to submit to whatever terms of purchase might be imposed. Their judgment was justified by the result: it was but a few weeks before Parsons contained a hotel or two, and a daily newspaper with a steam press. As to what its history has been since then, I know only what I have read, but it seems to have been one of unflinching prosperity.

A moral tacked to a tale is apt to be tedious, but there is one here which it may be well to notice. "Go West, young man!" has come to be a kind of watch-word with us, and to be accepted in our minds as a general panacea for impecuniosity. One who finds it hard to obtain a foothold among the crowded ranks at the East looks toward the sunset, and there the golden and rosy clouds seem to image the golden possibilities of the land beneath. When one gets there the dry facts of treeless prairie and hard work with poor pay seem the reverse of poetical. One then learns that in this matter, as in every other, there is no general formula applicable to all men alike. Some like the West, and some don't; some do well there, and some

could do better anywhere else in the world than they can there. Aside from personal tastes, however, it is evident that in such a complex civilization as ours the conditions of a newly-settled country must be as unfavorable to the development of certain classes as it is favorable to the development of others. In a new State the things most in demand are Muscle and Money. There are large tracts of good farming-land to be had at rates almost nominal. The farmer can readily make a comfortable living from his land, and in the mean time, with no effort of his, the land is sure to rise steadily in value until the possession of it becomes a fortune to him. The farmer, then, does well to go West. Money is in great demand, not only for speculative purposes, but because there is very little in the country, where most of the settlers are poor; so that one who has money can get a larger return for it there than he can at the East. But, on the other hand, there has not yet risen in these new settlements much demand for the best class of skilled labor of any kind. A man who has thoroughly learned, for example, the specialty of building staircases, must, if he goes to Kansas, do general carpenter work at less pay than he could earn in Ohio or New York. A lawyer thoroughly posted in the law of real estate and devises must content himself with petty cases of trespass by stray cattle or the collection of small debts. And even for the second-rate class of service demanded the skilled workman will find it hard to secure the moderate pay which alone he can demand, because the employer, as a rule, will be short of money. Those who belong to the unproductive classes, and who expect to make a living out of the community, had far better stay in a place where the community needs them—or *may* need them—and can afford to pay them, than go to a place where their best work will certainly not be wanted.

CHARLES EDWARD SMITH.



## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

## CHRISTMAS AT ROME.

CHRISTMAS has never been among the nations of Latin stock what it is among those who have drawn their blood and their civilization from ancestors of the Teutonic race. With the former the great festival of the year is New Year's Day, the "Jour de l'an," the "Capo d'anno." This latter is a pagan festival, the celebration of which has descended to their posterity in direct line from the former dwellers in the Eternal City. And the difference between the two races in this respect is one of the many curious indications of the inherent and essential paganism of this people; an interesting subject, which may be worth discussing when so many other things are to be done—*some day*—but not at Christmas-time.

Nevertheless, pagan as the world around us may be, we nomads of the English-speaking peoples contrive to supply ourselves and friends with an abundant portion of very orthodox cakes and ale—to say nothing of other more serious orthodoxies—and manage to "look like the time," not unsatisfactorily. I partook of as irreproachable a plum-pudding, the production of a Roman cook, at the hospitable table of a Bostonian, as all Old England could produce, to say nothing of New ditto. For we have long since taught these docile people what we want, and they perfectly well understand the advantages to be found in ministering to our special requirements. For whom is provided all that splendid show of roses of all hues, of carnations and lilies of the valley, which turns winter into spring at the well-known flower-shop in the Via Condotti, near Spillmann's, which no winter visitor to the Eternal City will have forgotten? Not for the descendants of the Quirites, I trow; neither for the "Senatus" nor the "Populus Romanus"; but for a *jeunesse dorée* which hails from Fifth Avenue and Belgravia. And the proof of this is to be seen in the brilliant show of holly,

gay with abundance of red berries, which duly makes its appearance there at Christmas-time. Nor is a supply of mistletoe sufficient for the necessities of the rising generation wanting.

By the by, talking of mistletoe, I hope I may be the first to send across the ferry that separates us the following last specimen of an English competitive examination. *Historical Examiner*: "And now, sir, can you tell me where it was that the Merovingian king Clovis embraced Christianity?" *Bright Young Candidate*, short and sharp: "Under the mistletoe bough, sir!"

Carnival is so constantly spoken of by English and Americans—and indeed sometimes by Italians also—as consisting of what should be said to be the last eight or ten days of Carnival, that it is probable that many persons are not aware that properly, and according to the calendar, Carnival begins with the first day of January, continuing, as all the world knows, till the beginning of Lent, forty days before Easter, compels all good Catholics to say "good-bye to meat" till the eve of Easter Sunday puts an end to the forty days' fast. Those last days which foreigners usually speak of as "the Carnival" are merely the culminating point and most furious access of the Carnival delirium. The Roman dealers in creature comforts, who are now decorating their shops, understand perfectly well that the festive season, the time for good eating and drinking, is close at hand. Perhaps the shops which most distinguish themselves in this way at Rome are the *pizzicagnoli*. We have no accurate translation for the word. "Cheesemonger" won't do, for the *pizzicagnolo* deals in many things that a cheesemonger does not concern himself with. Perhaps the main staple of the *pizzicagnolo's* trade consists of various preparations of the divers feet of Paddy's "true gentleman," the pig; yet he is not a "pork-butcher," for he does

not deal in uncured pork. Hams, "sides," "chops," "chines," sausages in countless forms and kinds—these are articles that at this season of the year fill the shops in question to overflowing. Now, however much all these good things may be "joys for ever," one would hardly expect them to turn out to be "things of beauty." But such they almost become in the hands of a Roman pizzicagnolo. These shops are, at all events, really things to be seen at this season of the year. Evergreens, not holly, as with us, but mainly bay, Apollo's leaf (for the "laurel," as we generally translate the Italian word, which, however, given with full botanical correctness, is the *Laurus nobilis*, is the bay)—Apollo's distinctive leaf is used, and with undeniably good effect, to garland sausages, huge brawn and chines of bacon! The aid of light is largely called in to help the show. Innumerable wax candles cast golden lights and quaint shadows on substances and surfaces of varied hues, which make up a really not inharmonious mass of coloring. Towering piles of huge Parmesan cheeses emulate pillars at the entrance to this temple to Pig glorified. And the slenderer shafts which architecturally flank them are constructed of the smaller but not less precious rounds of *Stracchino di Gorgonzola* from the flat and fat alluvial plains around Lodi in the valley of the Po. This is the cheese—less generally known on the northern side of the Alps than the Parmesan, because it is not so good a traveler—of which it is related that George IV., when prince regent—that "first gentleman in Europe," on which courtier's phrase America may well retort, "But not, thank Heaven! on our side of the water"—this *first gentleman*, when he was looking for evidence to enable him to get rid of his wife, said to an emissary about to start for Italy in quest of such, "At all events, if you bring me back no evidence, you can bring me a Stracchino cheese!" The origin of the name is a singular one. *Stracchino* is the diminutive from *stracco*, *tired*. And the name was given to the product because it is made from the milk of cows which have labor-

ed beneath the yoke, and are therefore *tired*. What influence this may have on the cheese I leave to dairy-farmers to decide and explain. But to return to our tour among the Christmas-shops of the Roman pizzicagnoli. It may be mentioned that not the least effective part of the *tout ensemble* consists of enormous circular masses of Milan butter, perhaps the finest in Europe, which now reaches Rome in perfect condition, fantastically and really very tastefully ornamented by arabesques worked in bay leaves, applied to the straw-colored surface of them. Lastly, and imparting a very marked and decided *couleur locale* to the scene, may be observed, high up in the most conspicuous centre of the back wall of the shop, amid festoons of sausages and huge circular slabs of porphyry-colored "mortadella" (a peculiar kind of colossal sausage as large as a man's thigh), a gorgeously framed picture of the Madonna and Child, surrounded by a galaxy of wax lights. For your Roman tradesman is a religious man, and, though by no means permitting the Madonna to interfere in any way with the conduct of his business, or indeed with any other department of his life, he likes to proclaim himself a dutiful son of Mother Church, and has a notion that the honor thus paid to the Virgin will be likely to induce Heaven to "bless his store." The *Roman* tradesman, I have said. For his fellow from the north of Italy has to a much greater degree emancipated himself from such notions and usages. And accordingly your Milanese or Turinese who moved to Rome when it became the capital of Italy is a much more nineteenth-century sort of personage than the genuine old Roman, the product of many a generation that has lived under papal rule. The consequence is, that one of the phenomena observable in the Roman world at present is the gradual extinction of the Roman citizens—gradual, but quite sufficiently rapid to be perceptible to the resident of only a few years. They are being squeezed out, to their own infinite surprise and disgust. The new men from the north of Italy come with better and more modern business

habits, with more energy, more industry, more capital, more intelligence, more activity. The old Roman can't keep up with them, and is far too proud to permit himself to imagine that his want of success is due to any shortcoming of his own, or that any change in his time-honored habits can be desirable. So he gradually goes to the wall. In a short time "his place will know him no more," and Rome will be inhabited by a more progressive race.

One of the Christmas specialties to which the American and English visitors used to look forward at Rome was the church music. But this, alas! is among the things that were and are not. The appointed church services indeed are performed somehow—those at St. Peter's, however, greatly curtailed in consequence of the pope's sulky determination to consider himself and behave himself as a state prisoner—but the singing is not what it was. It used to be a very favorite expedition to attend the midnight mass on Christmas Eve in the great church of Santa Maria Maggiore. "All Rome"—all English and American Rome—used to be there. It was not perhaps a very edifying assembly. The enormous aisles, stretching away into dim distance as they recede from the galaxy of light upon and around the altar, are all but entirely dark, and the huge columns, casting their black masses of shadow, supplied abundant "cover" to those who brought with them some voice better worth listening to than any in the choir. But the singing was really worth hearing. It is so no longer. Gay young heretics may still find the midnight mass an "awfully jolly lounge," but to the real lover of music the attraction has vanished. The same thing, almost, may be said of the choir of the canons' chapel in St. Peter's; and quite of the nuns of St. Trinità di Monte, whose sweet singing of vespers used to attract "all Rome." Either their good voices have all become old, and they have been recruited by no fresh ones, or they no longer care to make music for the delight of heretic ears. It is curious to note that the same thing may be re-

marked of all the other cities of Italy. If Italy is "the land of song," it is certainly not the land of sacred song. The thing has perished. Evidently, nobody cares for it, and Italians of real musical taste and knowledge speak of the strains of Basili or Palestrina as detestable rubbish! The probability is, that the true explanation of the phenomenon lies in the hatred and disgust for the Church and its services, and all belonging to it, that the Italians have been educated into by their past experiences.

There is, however, one place in Rome where good church music may yet be heard, and that is in the noble suite of rooms which Mr. Hooker, the American banker, occupies in the Buonaparte palace in the Piazza di Venezia, on the eve of Christmas Day. It has for many years been the hospitable and pleasant custom of Mr. Hooker to assemble really almost the whole of the American and English visitors in his house to hear the old Christmas services of Palestrina, Gulelmi, Fioravanti and other great composers of the best period of Italian church music, given by the best voices Rome can supply. Several hundreds of persons were assembled to partake of this treat on the night of December 24; and a very great treat it was. It would, indeed, be a very lame account of a Roman Christmas that should leave out Mr. Hooker's annual gathering.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

#### THE SIAMESE TWINS IN THEIR OWN LAND.

WHEN I first saw the Siamese Twins their strange foreign features, and the few sentences spoken for my entertainment in the harsh dialect of their country, made as strong an impression on my childish fancy as the freak of Nature which had united them so closely. Yet I scarcely expected then ever to visit the place of their birth, or to converse with their parents in their own vernacular. When, however, after the lapse of years, my husband and myself were setting forth on our Eastern tour, we sought out the Twins in order to learn from them something of their former home and con-

nections. They evinced much emotion when told that we should probably visit their country, and readily gave us the address of their parents. When we asked, "What message shall we take to them?" Chang said something in a low tone to his brother, at which Eng smiled and shook his head negatively, and then both spoke out, Chang saying, "Tell them we are coming home some time," and Eng adding, "—When we have made money enough."

The Twins were born some thirty miles south-west of Bangkok, in a little fishing-village that derives its name from the Mâ Klaung ("Great Canal"), on which fronts the single narrow street of low, straggling houses that compose the town. But while Chang and Eng were yet in their infancy the parents removed to Bangkok, and were, when we saw them, living within four miles of the city. The father was a Chinaman, who spoke the Tai-Cheu dialect. He was of medium height, somewhat stout, but well formed, and intelligent for one of the laboring class. The mother was born in Siam of a Chinese father and Siamese mother; so that the Twins were one-fourth Siamese and three-fourths Chinese, so far as parentage was concerned, and the people about Bangkok speak of them as the "Chinese Twins." Being born in the country, they spoke the Siamese language far more fluently than they did Chinese. They, however, wore the Chinese dress, and their hair braided *à la Chinoise*, as do always the *male* children of Chinese fathers; and the parents both spoke of their sons as Chinese, utterly ignoring their place of birth and the mother's nationality. The mother of the Twins was a fair, comely woman of medium height and well-developed form. She had good health, and looked still youthful, though already the mother of fourteen children, nine of whom were then living. Two were prematurely born, two died in early infancy, and one, of small-pox, at the age of six years or thereabouts. Chang and Eng were the first-born sons of their parents, and there were four other pairs of twins and four children born one at a birth; but none

except Chang and Eng had any abnormal peculiarity, and those that we saw were all healthy, intelligent and pleasing in appearance. Chang and Eng were born in the latter part of 1811 or early in 1812: we could not learn definitely which, as no record had been kept. The mother spoke of them as somewhat smaller at birth than her other offspring, and as seeming feeble for the first six months of their lives, Eng especially, who was never quite as large as his brother.

The notion that the Twins were in any sort *one*, that they were actuated by one mind or impulse, as had often been suggested, never seemed to have entered the mother's mind, and when questioned on the subject she utterly rejected the idea. She had never perceived that the illness of one affected the other: one sometimes cried while she was nursing his brother, or one might hurt his hand or foot, and the other not feel pain, but if the ligament that united the twain was touched just in the centre, both were conscious of it. They always played together as two, not as one; and when they began to prattle they oftener spoke to each other than to those about them. It is obvious why this habit of conversing together was not more common with the Twins as they grew older. Being always together and enjoying precisely the same facilities for acquiring information, there could be little occasion for one to communicate with the other.

The mother told us, further, that these children seldom disagreed with each other, though occasionally she had to interfere and compel one or the other to give up. Chang being larger, stronger and more intelligent, ordinarily took the initiative, and Eng, who was decidedly amiable, while his brother was irritable, and sometimes passionate, seldom contended for the supremacy. But now and then, either that the rule of the stronger became too stringent, or that the weaker was in a less yielding mood than ordinary, these closest of friends would become so incensed as to make use of some very unfraternal epithets toward each other. A whisper in the ear of one was not heard by the other, and if he

to whom the communication had been made failed to impart it at once to his brother, unkind words were sure to follow, and sometimes the coolness lasted for days. After the reconciliation, which was always cordial and entire, both brothers spoke deprecatingly of their quarrel, and for a long time were more devoted than ever to each other.

The mother said that at first the ligament that united the boys was so short as to compel them to face each other, nor could they turn in bed without being lifted up and laid in the desired position; but as they grew and exercised more freely, the ligament gradually lengthened, till they were able to stand side by side, and even back to back, and to turn themselves in bed by rolling one over the other.

The little cottage where these boys passed their childhood was of the sort known in Siam as "floating houses." They are one-story buildings, moored on the river bank, and kept in place not by anchors, but by large poles on each side driven into the muddy bottom. They are built of either teak boards or bamboo, roofed with *attap* leaves, and contain three or four rooms, of which the front one is a shop, besides a verandah that overlooks the river or canal. Here, day by day, as the father plied his trade of catching fish or cleaned and sorted them for market, and the mother was selling wares in her little shop, the twin brothers amused themselves in the broad, cool verandah, watching their parents and aiding in such light labors as they were able to undertake. Sometimes they went fishing in the boat with their father; and, like all Eastern children, they soon learned to swim, and spent much of their time in the water. One day, while they were thus engaged, Mr. Robert Hunter, a Scotch merchant residing in Bangkok, passed in his boat, and, attracted by the perfect uniformity of the children's movements, he stopped to ascertain how they managed to keep thus closely side by side. One can imagine his amazement at the discovery of the cause; and from that day, which was some time during the year 1824, Mr. Hunter began con-

cocting measures to get them off to Europe for exhibition. He spoke to the parents, to whom his plans seemed about as feasible as to send off their boys to another planet, and they would at first entertain no proposition on the subject. But Mr. H. continued to visit them from time to time, and by his genial nature soon won not only the hearts of the parents, but those of the boys themselves, till the latter became eager to set out on a tour over a world of which they heard such glowing accounts. Still, the parents held back, and all negotiations would probably have failed but for the opportune arrival, in the year 1829, of an American vessel commanded by Captain Coffin, who, offering to give the parents a large bonus, and Mr. Hunter pledging an equal amount, the Twins were handed over to the foreigners, and sailed immediately for Europe and the United States before the parents had time to change their minds. They were tractable, intelligent, well-behaved lads, who gave their new guardians no trouble, nor during the entire voyage expressed any desire to return to their native land. Since then their reputation has become world-wide. I saw them last in the fall of 1865, at the New England Agricultural Fair in Brattleboro', Vermont, where they were again exhibiting (nemselves, with two of their sons. The fathers were beginning to show marks of age, Eng especially, who looked five years older than his brother. They had nearly forgotten their native language, and in lieu of the deep emotion they had formerly evinced in speaking of their country, they seemed now to care very little about it, and wound up the conversation by saying nonchalantly. "America is our home now: we have no other." FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

#### LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

THE national air of New York this winter is "Molly, put the kettle on." "We all have tea" all the time. Kettle-drum is a good expression for an empty, loud noise, such as profane men are apt to denominate "women's cackling"; but, be that as it may, tea, tea, tea, four o'clock tea, is the great prevailing fash-

ion of the day. Tea at four o'clock means merely a reception, with nothing but tea for a refreshment: one cup of chocolate would break the charm. Tea, and tea inviolate. "My dreams are," said a stout gentleman, "that I am a funnel, and forty women are pouring tea down my throat." "My nightmare is," said a stout lady, "that the tea-kettle will not boil." To be sure, we have superb lunches, where, being too many to sit at table, we are served *Lucretia Borgia* fashion—all the guests on one side and all the servants on the other—from behind the well-spread board, which rises like an exhalation, with its candied temples and cloud-capped pinnacles. We go to dinners where the inevitable five oysters stare us in the face, with lacklustre observation. "Oysters," said Thackeray, "pervade American society. To me they are too large: they look like the tongue of a diseased giant. They affect your criticism of pictures: Page's Venus is described to me as 'Venus on the half shell.'" One treads on them at evening-parties, the careless waiters having spilled a few. Deprived of its bivalves, New York would be an impoverished Ancient Pistol, and fain to make the world its oyster.

The bouquet business has finally become such a nuisance that the young ladies of a sensible frame of mind have given out invitations for a certain dancing-class with this motto: "No bouquets will be received." Nothing but a Boston bouquet, composed of "Marshal Neil" rosebuds or the deep red "General Jacqueminot," was permitted to be received. No young lady would go to a ball unless she had one, and would not be seen carrying one made of cheaper flowers. Imagine the feelings of poor Brown, Jones and Robinson who had to pay for them at fifteen dollars apiece! Did Gulnare ask the price of the flowers which she received? Did Zelica or Lalla Rookh know how much their roses of Cashmere cost? Shade of Tom Moore! where are you? One gentleman who owns three acres of greenhouse near New York, and who is forced to sell his flowers to save them,

sold in the week between Christmas and New Year eight thousand rosebuds at twenty-five cents apiece! That is "scattering your rosebuds while you may," isn't it?

One of our most distinguished doctors of divinity, who was supposed, though a Protestant, to believe in the celibacy of the clergy, has become engaged, to the great delight of the men and the despair of the women. A noted Catholic convert, a lady of immense wealth, has been brought back again to the Protestant faith. Who shall say now that "Protestantism is a failure"?

Poor Charles Bristed, most amiable, most eccentric, most scholarly of men, has gone! Society here, which knew him so well, mourns him deeply. In his last letter he says: "They say society in New York is worse than it was in my day. With God all things are possible!" Was not that like him? Individuality was Bristed's charm, and those who knew him best loved him best. He pretended to be less good than he was—a common defect.

The second "Patriarchs'" ball, which came off on the 19th of January, was a picture of New York at her best—beautiful women and noble-looking men; all ages, too, which is the best ornament of a ball. The jewelry of New York women would not disgrace a duchess, and the grand elevated dais where the mammas sit was a blaze of diamonds. Save for the absence of the uniforms and orders which adorn European men, the ball would have rivaled any at Buckingham Palace or at the Tuileries.

It is amusing to hear the names of the dancing-classes—the "Ancient and Honorable," the "Mysterious," the "Bread and Butter," the "Rosebuds" and the "Babies." The dance must come out of people some way, else they would explode, like overcharged engines.

I must tell you a true story of an aquamarine. A young and pretty girl wore at a ball, a month ago, her mother's necklace, from which she lost the principal stone, and felt very unhappy about it, as aqua-marines are difficult to get. A young man found it, and put it in his

pocket. After three or four weeks' time, during which he and she had had a decided flirtation, she told him of her loss. He suddenly remembered having picked up the gem, and, having thought it a bit of glass, had forgotten all about it. It was, however, in his vest pocket. He did not reveal his discovery until she said to him one evening, "I would give anything to find mamma's aqua-marine" (with a sigh and a smile). "Will you give yourself?" he asked, and handed her the stone. So she got both a husband and a necklace, for mamma handed over the gems and the daughter.

MARGARET CLAYSON.

#### THE MUSICAL SEASON.

IN the palmy days of the so-called "Ullmann Combination," when the talented and impetuous Anschutz wielded the bâton and Adelina Patti was just coming to the fore, when the Marcel of Carl Formes and the Valentin of Poincot afforded us performances that are even now recalled with pleasure, there was one player in the orchestra who, despite the attractions of singers and the dramatic interest of the opera, was frequently regarded with attention by those who look in front of the foot-lights as well as beyond them. The bright, clever-looking youth with long hair thrown back and almost touching his shoulders, engrossed with the task before him, and playing with a dash and spirit that forced one to single him out from those by whom he was surrounded, was Theodore Thomas, the leader of the violins. The career of Mr. Thomas forms an important chapter in the history of American musical progress during the last fifteen years. While yet an orchestral subaltern he acquired no mean reputation as a solo performer on the violin. In conjunction with Mr. William Mason of New York he subsequently conducted a series of chamber concerts which extended over several years. The training he thus acquired, both as an executant and in the knowledge of compositions and composers, has since borne fruit in the formation of an admirably trained band, and the production, in a

manner before unequaled in America, of a long list of orchestral works.

The writer once visited Thomas in his earlier days, when the chamber concerts were yet in progress. There was to be a rehearsal that afternoon, and the leader was busily engaged in collating the different parts of a quartette—adding a *crescendo* here, a *diminuendo* there, and marking accents where they were required in order that there might be unanimity of expression, or, in other words, that his conception of the work might be fully interpreted. A powerful yet discerning mind thus informed the other players with its own ideas, and the result was a harmonious whole—no waste of power, no lack of refinement—a performance, in short, which conquered the most captious of critics. The same method underlies his success as an orchestral leader—a thorough study of the work in hand, a clear conception of the composer's intention, and, after that, conscientious rehearsing with his band. As a result we have wind instruments, both wood and brass, whose tones melt into one another with all the softness of the mellowest stops of an organ, while the strings, by their precision of attack and purity of intonation, seem to realize all one can wish for in that way.

At the first of the series of symphony concerts with which Mr. Thomas is now favoring Philadelphia, it was gratifying to note that the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience testified to a growing taste for music of a high order. The chief point of interest was the Schubert symphony in C major, a work which was unearthed by Robert Schumann, and by him introduced to Mendelssohn and the Leipsic orchestra. No wonder that Schumann was delighted with the treasure he had found. It has long since been accorded a place very near the greatest symphonies of Beethoven. It is a long poem, but its very length, instead of being wearisome, is, to use Schumann's epithet, "heavenly." An attempt at an analysis of the work were out of place here. As Schumann said, "To dissect the various movements would afford no pleasure: to convey any idea of the

novel features with which the work abounds, it were necessary to copy the entire symphony. And yet," he adds, "I cannot refrain from speaking of the second movement, which addresses us in such tender strains. There is one passage in which the horn seems in the distance, and its tones as if they had descended from another sphere. At that moment every one listened as if there were a heavenly visitor gliding about in the orchestra. Excepting those of Beethoven, no symphony had ever so impressed us. Artists and art-lovers united in its praise, and the master who had so thoroughly rehearsed it [Mendelssohn] uttered a few words which I would gladly have carried to Schubert as a message of joy. Years may elapse before the work becomes popular in Germany, but let there be no fear of its ever being overlooked or forgotten, for it bears the seeds of eternal youth within it."

The other orchestral numbers were the *Fidelio* overture, an adaptation of Liszt's bizarre *Rhapsodie Hongroise*, Berlioz's *Carnaval Romain* overture, and some graceful trifles by Bargiel. After what we have written it is needless to refer to the manner in which these works were given, although exception might, we think, be taken to the very rapid *tempo* of the *finale* of the symphony. Rumor has it that the Ninth Symphony is to be attempted toward the close of the season. Where the chorus is to come from we have not yet heard. If there be sufficient time to prepare the singers, there need be no lack of voices. Our Orpheus, Abt, Vocal Union and Beethoven societies would furnish a strong contingent if they could be induced to interest themselves in the matter.

— The sad intelligence of the death of Madame Parepa-Rosa revives our recollections of her many artistic triumphs while in this country. Her success was, in all respects, a genuine one. She came to us almost unheralded. Unlike many of her predecessors, however, she came in her youth, while voice and energies were unimpaired. Although London and Berlin had heard and appreciated her, her Transatlantic successes were so re-

cent that her praises had not yet been re-echoed on this side of the water, and thus we were obliged to pass on her merits without getting the key-note of criticism from abroad. Our critics are, however, gradually learning to get along without that crutch.

Although it is doubtful whether Madame Rosa possessed the qualifications of an actress, it is undeniable that she delighted in the stage. We remember meeting her after her first concert at the Academy of Music in this city, when her first words were, "How I should love to appear in opera in this beautiful house!" She was, at all events, fully equal to the dramatic requirements of comic opera. In the tragic rôles she lacked that intensity which sways an audience. But even there she had that which, with the more musical portion of her audience, went far to atone for this defect—a complete mastery of the musical part of the rôle. We have heard many a prima-donna whose acting saved a poor voice and a bad style. Madame Rosa, however, made one forget that aught but song was required of her.

The fatigues of several opera seasons, with their incessant wanderings from city to city, were not without their effect upon her, and when she last appeared in Philadelphia her voice showed signs of the constant strain that had been put upon it. Shortly afterward she returned to London. Thence she went to Egypt, and sang before the khedive. It seems but a few months since extracts from a bright, rollicking letter of hers, dated at Cairo, were published in our daily journals. Those who were fortunate enough to know her well need not be reminded of her charming manners, her bright, merry laugh that seemed to drive all gloom from her presence, or her power of causing her companions to share her own buoyancy of spirits. She made friends with ease. All seemed anxious to serve her, and, if report speaks truly, she never forgot a kindness. When we last met her she alluded to her long illness while in Baltimore, and spoke with tender gratitude not only of the famed physician who had been so kind to her,



but also of the strange lady who, taking pity on her solitude, had sent lovely flowers to solace her. Numerous instances of her kindness to others are brought to mind while we are penning these lines. To young votaries of her art she was very indulgent, listening to them with a patience that was often out of proportion to their merit, pointing out faults of method that had escaped their attention, and invariably telling them of the importance of constant and severe study. She loved her "art for art's sake." The greater the composition the keener her delight in singing it.

## NOTES.

APROPOS of the New Year's visits which some persons make in extraordinary numbers, a singular experience is said to have been achieved by a gentleman whose identity we may conceal under the name of Smith. Mr. Smith, being very busy on the first day of the year, concluded to discharge the ceremonies of the season by sending round his cards to the ladies of his acquaintance, and for that purpose drew up a list of names which reached the round number of fifty. Then, giving directions to his new valet to leave at the houses indicated on the list a package of half a hundred cards, which he would find on the parlor-table, our man of business went off, highly satisfied with his arrangement. On returning at night he asked if his Mercury had distributed all the cards. "Yes, sir," was the reply, "and there were two cards over." "Two over! how so?" "Why, there were fifty-two in the pack, and so I brought back the jack of spades and the queen of diamonds!" Tableau!

IF the Chinese lead no very dulcet life in San Francisco, at least the condition of the females seems to be better there than in the Celestial Empire, judging from an edict lately published at Houpei. This proclamation avers that about eight per cent. of the Chinese girls are thrown into the water at birth, and that this practice is an abominable abuse, for the reason that they could be placed at the

foundling hospitals, and sooner or later a great part of them would find husbands. The governor accordingly calls down upon such thoughtless parents the vengeance of Heaven, which, he suggests, may cause only daughters to be born to them before long. Besides, he warns mothers not to forget that they may be visited in dreams by the ghosts of the poor little beings thus cruelly done to death. Human justice, he adds, ought to punish these practices as grave crimes, and every village in which there are eight less girls than boys ought to be considered disgraced. It is a sign of progress in China that its frightful infanticide is really attracting censure as a crime. To us in America it is a little difficult to believe that such figures as those just given are not exaggerated; but it may be remembered that the Hindoo delegate to the Evangelical Alliance, the Rev. N. Sheshadri, while in Philadelphia, drew every whit as startling a picture of the infanticide practiced in India.

It is rather odd to learn that in a wine-making country where the juice of the grape is so cheap as in France, out of one hundred and twenty persons confined at Sainte-Pélagie, no less than sixty are wine-merchants who have been sentenced for adulterations and falsifications of their brands. It is even said that many Frenchmen have taken to strong liquors of late, on the plea of the difficulty of procuring sound and pure wines. If so, however, they leap from the frying-pan into the fire, since a favorite receipt for the manufacture of "rum" in France is said to be—New leather, grated, 2 kilogrammes; oak bark, scraped fine, 500 grammes; cloves, 15 grammes; new tar, 15 grammes; alcohol of molasses, 100 litres. In such a beverage the advantage over deceitful wines is not clear, and the Scripture adage is verified that if "wine is a mocker," "strong drink is raging."

THERE is a class of wonderful scientific stories which make the rounds of the press almost unchallenged, probably

to the intense amusement of the unscrupulous wits who invent them for the consumption of a not too thoughtful public. Such a yarn is the one related of the adventures of an unfortunate young laundress who had unluckily swallowed a needle, which caused her the greatest inconvenience, when a skillful doctor hit upon the expedient of making an external application of a very strong magnet, which, after many careful adjustments, finally drew the needle up the throat of the victim and out of her mouth. The reader will perhaps concede that the magnet was "very strong." However, the *Audience* is inspired by this or a like triumph of medical science to relate that a young man, in drinking hastily, swallowed a bit of his glass, which had been broken off and had fallen into the water. A doctor being summoned, after studying the facts intently for a few moments, ordered the patient to swallow a bottle of mineral water; upon which, with a magnet—still stronger, doubtless, than that of the laundress—he drew out the morsel of glass, which had been attracted by the water; "for," kindly explains the *Audience*, the skillful physician "had had the inspiration to administer a mineral water heavily impregnated with iron!" Some of our practitioners will see that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their pharmacopœias—namely, the things written in the newspapers.

ONE of the characteristic novelties of this age of ours has been a ball given in the Parthenon. The famous temple has seen many profanations in its day from Goths, Vandals, Venetians, and Englishmen, who have successively bruised, bombarded, and pillaged it, but it has been reserved for the Hellenic government itself to give an official ball in the place once sacred to Pallas Athene. Music from modern bands must have echoed strangely in that antique struc-

ture, and the contrast between the costumes, not to say the figures, of dancing consuls, ministers and "ladies of legations," and the marble caryatides, must have been striking.

MR. JOHN BIGELOW, to whom the public is indebted for the first authentic edition of Franklin's autobiography, has conceived the happy idea of supplementing that work by such portions of the correspondence of Franklin as relate to his personal history, so as to form a complete memoir in an autobiographical form. The *Autobiography*, as edited by Mr. Bigelow in 1868, brings the account of Franklin's life down to his fifty-first year, and to his arrival in England as agent of the colonies in 1757. From this period till his final return from France, five years before his death, he lived abroad, and was in constant correspondence not only with his official chiefs, but with his kindred and friends, to whom he gave full details of his public and private life. After his return to Philadelphia, in 1785, he kept up a correspondence with many eminent persons in Europe, with whom he had contracted a friendly intimacy, his letters coming down to the later stages of his last illness. He has thus left a full record of his remarkable career, and Mr. Bigelow has wisely judged that, whatever interest the world may feel in the accounts given by others of our first philosopher and diplomatist, it will be still more interested in his own account, which is in fact the chief source of all that has been told respecting him. In the execution of his plan Mr. Bigelow has so arranged the excerpts as to form a connected narrative in Franklin's own language, throwing such explanations as were requisite into foot-notes. The work is now in the press, and will be published by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. in three volumes, crown 8vo, of some six hundred pages each.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge. Edited by her Daughter. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Could this book have been published as the simple history of the mental and spiritual life of an interesting and gifted woman, its charm would have been unalloyed by any such feeling of disappointment as, we may venture to say, is now all but inevitable. Few people will take up the volume without expecting to find in its pages a store of vivid and original recollections of Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge, such as would make their mental images of these remarkable men more characteristic and lifelike. To whose pen could we have looked more confidently for those lifelike touches, those intimate personal details which might give us juster ideas of their individualities, than to that of the daughter of Coleridge, who was also to Wordsworth and her uncle Southey as one of their own children? But, although on every page, almost in every line, of the book we trace the mental and spiritual influence of all three poets, although its intellectual atmosphere is saturated with the metaphysics of Coleridge, and its phraseology proves how completely the poetry of Wordsworth had passed into the writer's mind and incorporated itself with her methods of expression—although she herself distinctly recognizes the part played by each of them in the formation of her character, views and tastes, and assigns to each his distinct sphere of special influence,—still, except from a few not very striking anecdotes and a rare quotation here and there from their sayings, one gains no objective impression of either of these men. All is filtered through her mind, and comes as a purely subjective statement. Delicate and slender as is her individuality, it stands between us and them throughout the book. To do justice to it, therefore, and to enjoy it, one must see in it nothing but a most interesting study of a woman's character, and forget, except so far as it concerns her and influences her development, who she was and among whom she lived.

No life could have been more uneventful, more devoid of the excitement that comes from variety and incident—the first twenty-

seven years of it spent in a retired country place, with few acquaintances, delicate health and very limited means; then after her marriage, which was the fruition of a seven years' betrothal, living in London in lodgings, the current of her existence never blending with the rushing whirl of society, knowing few people and shrinking from knowing more, with five children born to her in the first eleven years of her marriage, three of them dying in infancy, the shadow of ill-health stealing over her day by day, her time and thoughts devoted to her husband and children; then her husband's painful illness and death, followed by nine years of widowhood—years of conscientious labor at his unfinished literary work (the editing of her father's literary remains, a labor of love to her) and of redoubled devotion to her two surviving children, ended at last by a tedious and suffering illness. One cannot imagine a more colorless existence: no blue or scarlet threads are to be seen, but how many gray ones, and some of even darker shading!

Nothing can be more significant than the character of Sara Coleridge's earliest intellectual labors. We are told that at the age of twenty she published anonymously a "work in three octavo volumes translated from the Latin, and entitled *An Account of the Abipones, an Equestrian People of Paraguay*, from the Latin of Martin Dobrizhoffer, eighteen years a missionary in that country." There is something strangely different from the ordinary impatient assumption and eagerness for distinction of youthful authors in the unostentatious and laborious character of this first mental achievement of a girl of twenty. One thinks instinctively of Wordsworth's exquisite lines—

A maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love.

The only recognition the book ever received was in a delicately obscure passage in Southey's *Tale of Paraguay* (which was founded upon the missionary's narrative) and a speech of her father's, which pronounced it "unsurpassed for pure mother English." But the absence of any desire for notoriety, or even commendation, the love of intellectual labor for its own sake, was an essential character-

istic of Sara Coleridge, and was persistently evidenced throughout her life. She did much thorough and successful literary work, but she always did it either for pure love of it, or pure love of some one else—never for effect or distinction.

Very evidently, her early life was as devoid of youthful vagaries, of "the wild freshness of morning," as any mature middle age could have been; and throughout the whole history of her life the same calmness and moderation are to be observed. Delicate, subtle and strong as was her imagination, it was always controlled by her reason: there is a singular soundness and balance about her views on all practical matters and in her judgment of characters. One cause, no doubt, of the soberness and calmness—what one might call the chastened character—of all her views and expressions of feeling, even in these youthful records, was what she speaks of in her account of her early life as the great misfortune of both her father and herself—a "want of bodily vigor adequate to the ordinary demands of life, even under favorable circumstances." To this cause may also be attributed the entire absence of vivacity, at least of the ordinary kind, in her letters. In reading them, one almost longs for a little of the overflow of youth, something of that luxuriance that needs pruning, to relieve the absolute propriety and moderation of her sentiments and expressions.

After the fragment of childish recollections with which the book begins follows a brief memoir of her girlhood, wedded life and widowhood by her daughter, and the rest of the five hundred and odd closely-printed pages are entirely composed of her letters. One gathers from these the impression that letter-writing was with her rather a vehicle of expression than a method of interchange of thought. Most of them are addressed to men and women to whom she seems to have stood in the position of an acknowledged intellectual superior, and but few of them to men or women who have made any mark in the world. At times there is a touch of the didactic which oppresses one; and from first to last there is never a gleam of humor, and her occasional attempts at a joke always smell of the oil. But there is a great deal of forcible and effective illustration, many apt comparisons, and much delicate, thoughtful and well-judged literary criticism; while, above all, we feel throughout the book that elevation of cha-

racter and purity of nature which constituted the main power and the chief charm of the writer's life.

The mistake of the book seems to us to have been in the publication of most of her theological disquisitions, which fill a large space in the volume. We call them theological advisedly: they savor of the barrenness of scholastic disputations, and have as little to do with the reality of religion, for the most part, as a dry stick has to do with a green bough. Nothing could serve as a better illustration of the greater depth of treatment received by religious questions to-day and that of the day in which Sara Coleridge's mind was formed, than some of these letters. Even original and profound thought hardly redeems the religious writings of that day from their spiritual desiccation and superficiality, and the thought in these letters is neither deep nor original, although both subtle and mature.

The most delightful passages in the letters are those in relation to her children and their education and training. The best that she possessed of heart and mind she lavished on them from their birth, and there is a great and impressive beauty in the picture of her relation to and attitude toward them. There is a thoughtful, wise tenderness of feeling, combined with a vigorous healthiness of judgment, in all that she says concerning the training of children, that seems to strike the just mean between the cold, lop-sided morality of her own day and the fibreless sentimentality of the present on this subject. Anything more admirably wise and true than her letters to her husband and to Miss Trevenen and Mrs. Plummer about the education, mental and moral, of children, we cannot imagine, and a most valuable little compendium of her views on the subject might be readily made.

The book is a book for the few rather than for the many, but to those few it will both do good and give pleasure.

The Old Faith and the New: A Confession.  
By David Friedrich Strauss. New York:  
Henry Holt & Co.

In spite of its vehement arguments and aggressive statements, the whole tone of this book forbids one to regard it as a contribution to controversial religious writing. It is written for the faithful—to represent and fortify a school of thought, rather than to establish one. All its positions are assumed as already proved. It is addressed to those who think as the writer

does, but who have not his power of expression or grasp of argument, and who will be glad that some one has spoken their mind and defined their position for them. No one will be likely to have his opinions modified by anything it contains. Those who disagree with it will be outraged, those who agree gratified, by so uncompromising an assertion of their inward convictions.

The ground covered by this *Confession* would preclude, in itself, the possibility of going to the bottom of the arguments for or against any of the positions: Dr. Strauss recognizes this, and contents himself with succinct statements and assertions. In a naïf sort of way he always assumes that those who agree with him, and for whom his confession is made, acknowledge his spiritual and intellectual leadership, and will make no appeal from his decisions. Two very striking things about the book are its confident egotism and its courageous frankness. Few men unite the thoughtfulness and acumen of the critic with the defiant bearing of the partisan. Few thinkers are able and willing to be combatants as well, and to descend into the arena in defence of their ideas. Dr. Strauss is in these respects a rare union: he has the courage of his convictions in an unusual degree.

When he published *The Life of Jesus* in 1835, he was met by an all but unanimous cry of condemnation. As he himself says in the preface to his present work, "The author's name was a synonym for every deed accurst." The thirty years that have gone by since then have in nowise daunted or quelled his spirit or weakened his convictions. *The Old Faith and the New* has all the freshness and audacity of a young man's first appearance in the lists, ready to break a lance with all comers. His method of dealing with the great German thinkers, his predecessors, is eminently eclectic. Where they agree with him, their utterances are quoted as being of absolute authority—where they differ with him, he does not hesitate to pooh-pooh them with a good-natured, contemptuous assurance of their error. Lessing, Spinoza and Kant, even the two great teachers of his youth, Schleiermacher and Hegel, are all quoted, all approved, but all come short, in his opinion, of the standpoint to which he has attained. He has outstripped the whole intellectual world, and is now complacently waiting for it to catch up with him. There is always a measure of strength in such perfect faith, even

if it be only faith in one's self. That the world will come round to his views he never doubts: he says, "The day will come, as it came for *The Life of Jesus*, when my book will be understood; only this time I shall not live to see it."

The work of destruction in the present book is out of all proportion to that of construction. Of the old faith, Dr. Strauss leaves not one stone standing upon another, but when he comes to rebuild the edifice he falls into vague generalities, which will scarcely satisfy those weaker brethren who abound in all sects, even in those inspired by the doctrines of pure reason. He never evades this possibility, however, but deals with it as best he may—always frankly, even when to an unbeliever it may seem inadequately. After acknowledging that "a long dissertation" will be expected of him "concerning the compensation which our conception of the universe may offer in place of the Christian belief in immortality," he rehearses a short catalogue of barren and vague ideas, and winds up with remitting the feeble soul not satisfied with the prospect of "being freed from the toil of the long day's work that must at last exhaust," to Moses and the prophets, "who themselves knew nothing of immortality, and yet were Moses and the prophets still." There is indisputably light in the book, but it is light without warmth.

#### *Books Received.*

- Little People of God, and What the Poets have Said of Them. Edited by Mrs. George L. Austin. Boston: Shepard & Gill.
- Siam: The Land of the White Elephant. Compiled by George B. Bacon. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.
- The Lake Regions of Central Africa. Compiled by Bayard Taylor. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.
- Essays on Political Economy. By the late Frederic Bastiat. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.
- Under the Evergreens. By George C. Lorimer. Boston: Shepard & Gill.
- Which Shall it Be? A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander. Boston: Loring.
- Barriers Burned Away. By Edward P. Roe. New York: Dodd & Mead.
- Satan: A Libretto. By Christopher P. Cranch. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- Home Nook; or, The Crown of Duty. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

APRIL, 1874.

## THE NEW HYPERION.

FROM PARIS TO MARLY BY WAY OF THE RHINE.

### X.—A WALK TO WILDBAD.



TIMK PASSES.

A SAW-MILL IN THE BLACK FOREST, May —.

MY HOHENFELS: I have passed through such vicissitudes that I do not know the day of the month. I have sought in vain to turn my face toward my beloved hearthstone. I have drained the last drops of a bitter cup, which shall never be set to these lips again. I refer to the cup they gave me this

morning for breakfast, the beverage in which was of so vile and wooden a quality that nothing shall tempt me to try its like while beer is to be had: I believe there was sawdust in the grounds. The bread, too, seems to be all bran here, or perhaps there is sawdust in that too. In fact, baron, I write to you this morning in the full disenchantment of a satisfied endeavor. 'Why must I be haunted' (I have always said) 'by this persistent, importunate *Me*? Why cannot Paul Flemming lose himself?' And now I *have* lost myself, and I cannot tell you what a poor triumph it is.

"Too tedious the tale to give you the recital of my repeated failures to meet you at Marly! Since the day when I started to rejoin you, with no greater eccentricity of direction than the characteristic one of going eastward when you and my rendezvous lay westward,—since that fair start there has not been a morning when I have not been rushing to find you, not a night when I have not prepared to throw myself upon you at railway speed. The accursed railway! that and the perfidy of seeming friends have kept us apart. At this moment I do not know where I am, nor have I an

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idea how to get home. I do not know whether Appenweier or Freudenstadt is the nearer town, nor in which of them I want to be, could I get there. I am passing through the Black Forest, desperate and restless, with a motion in my wooden head like the perpetual motion which Wodenblock had in his timber leg, and which made him travel on through distant lands, a never-resting skeleton.

"Freudenstadt was the last village that had its baptismal appellation written up on a guide-post. Since that, I have been stringing village on to village without knowing or caring for their names. Everybody speaks a kind of jargon which is just enough like German for me to get it exquisitely wrong and set myself off on the wildest goose-chases. Yesterday, in a dim and lonely forest road, I was fairly frightened, for methought I heard eleven o'clock strike from twenty steeples at once: I feared my wits had fled. Going on a few steps, I found that the illusion proceeded from a wandering clock-seller, who had seen me first, and had stopped to advertise himself by setting all his mechanism in motion. While I paused to talk with him a cuckoo flew out from his breast, where he had hung his finest timepiece: the ghostly bird, unpleasing even to an unmarried ear,



THE EAR DISPLEASED.

chimed in impertinently with our conversation, and the twenty clocks continued to strike as I asked my way of the fellow. He answered in patois, and the result of the whole chorus was indeed distracting. To make him talk better, I went so far as to buy a clock. He did indeed speak more loudly, and I understood him to say that beds and nourishment could be obtained at a neighboring mill. It has proved to be a saw-mill, and the beds are filled

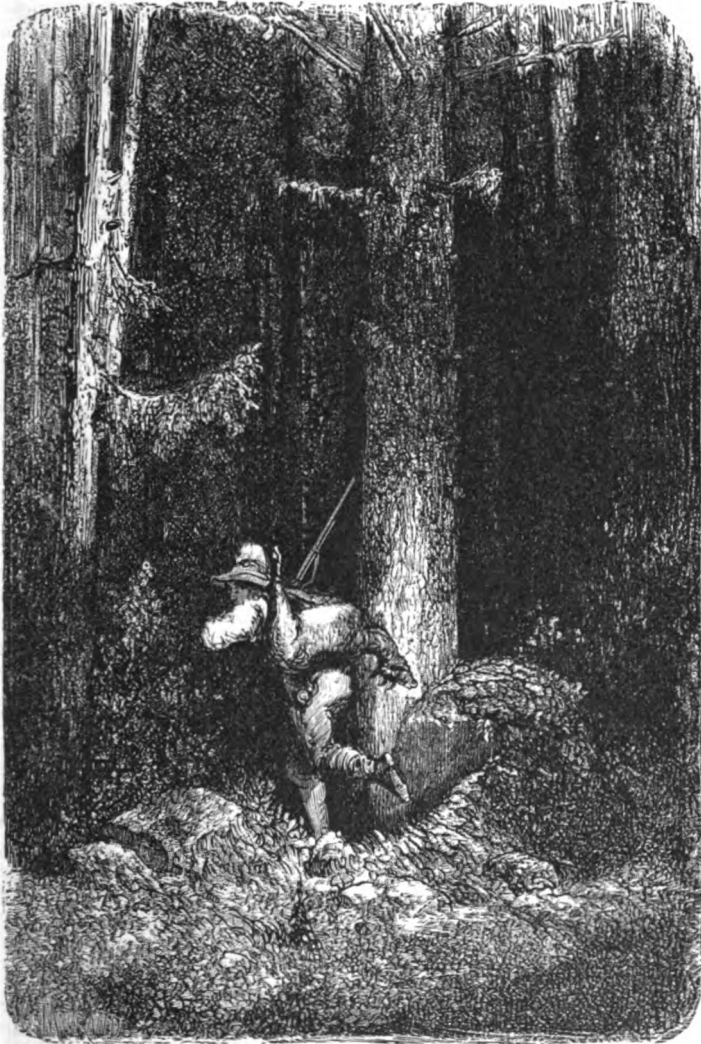
with sawdust. If you can think of any more incongruous and absurd figure than a lost man carefully carrying a clock through the recesses of the Black Forest, you must find it in Arnim's 'Wonder-Horn.' I no sooner had the automaton in my arms—there was a neat glass globe over it, and the utmost delicacy of carriage was required—than my one object in life was to find a place where I could set it down.

"Soon after dismissing my clock-seller—and indeed his prices were moderate—I heard a shot in the thick of the forest. I paused to listen, and directly a shadow was seen, faintly recalling old religious pictures of Saint John in the wilderness bearing the lamb. The Shadow fled at sight of me with extreme rapidity: I could but remark the lusty grace of the poacher as he made off with the goat dangling at his back. The incident was rather reassuring than otherwise, as a poacher argued proprietary rights, even here in the woods, and promised a vague connection with homes and haunts of men; but he was not an available person of whom to ask the way, being more ready to show me his heels than his tongue. The valley which led to Freudenstadt I have called the Valley of Rasselas, for it seems impossible to get out of it, and I believe I am all the while going round in a circle. I often hear, behind the green draperies of the forest, the songs of young girls, or the laughter of women washing clothes around a spring, or the lowing of herds: it is like dreaming. It is an enchanted vale, peopled only by echoes, or by such quaint and picturesque types as my freischütz and my time-bearer. Still, remembering the coffee and the bread, I am far from satisfied, and am convinced that losing the omnipresent Ego is not so fine as German poets have said it would be.

"Here there are no inns. The pilgrim deposits his staff in what corner soever he can. I asked one or two other people for the mill—a stout young woman who walked along braiding some fine and puerile-looking straw lace in her clumsy fingers, and a cowherd. I

pursued this idea of the mill with some eagerness, for how could I forget, my own baron, that charming night we passed together in what we called the enchanted valley of Birkenau, when you

sent the postilion right past the Weinheim landlord, who stood in his door solicitous to bless, and when we put up at the old mill on the Wechsnitz, where by the droning wheel we recited Goethe's



A POACHER.

'Youth and the Millbrook'? Ah me! that incident occurred while my life was comparatively unclouded. It was before I had met the Dark Ladie, and before some other and perhaps superior

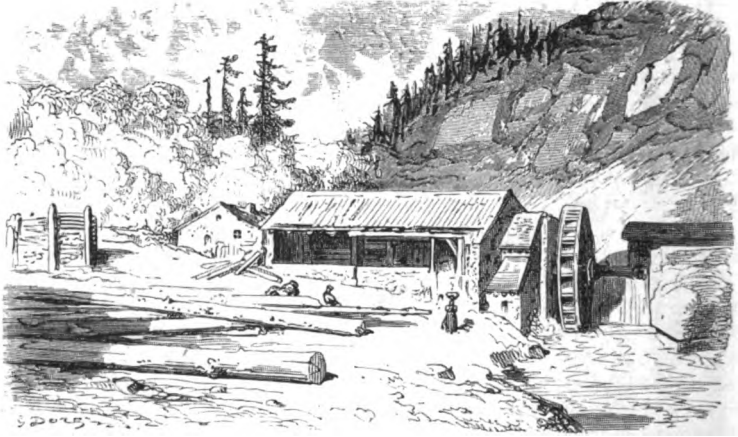
attractions had impinged on my course Well-a-day! I hope she is happy; but I am bound to confess that I do not know Mary Ashburton's present name, nor aught of her history since she married



that traveling valet who convinced her that he was the Lord of Burleigh in disguise. I may have changed my views, I may have selected a very different type of female excellence; but time enough for that when we meet.

"The clock-vender's mill proved, as I

have told you, a saw-mill. A pair of honest fellows were playing at draughts inside it, with pieces two inches broad hastily sawn off from sticks of brown and white timber; their table was a plank, rough from the mill, standing upon round and barky legs which had



A SAW-MILL IN THE SCHWARZWALD.

doubtless been trimmed to make the chequers, and rudely chalked over the top in a large chessboard pattern. The mill was stopped for the moment, the hungry teeth of the saw resting fixed in the heart of a pine. I was not put out



STRAW-BRAIDING.

too much when I found what kind of a laboratory it was. Have I not somewhere confided to you my notion of writing a poem to match Goethe's, and to be called 'The Song of the Saw-mill'? have I not enlarged to you on the beautiful associations of flood and forest that branch out from the theme?

At least, I have included, among the lessons of American poetry I have dined into your ears, Bryant's capital translation of Körner's little lyric on the 'Saw-mill.' I accepted the substitute, then, and took shelter under the substitute's roof of long and fresh-made boards.

I am a bird upon whose age you are always insisting, but I am for ever being caught with some variety of sweet-flavored chaff; so I fluttered confidently in to the lure of the two friendly peasants.



THE FLOWER-SPIRIT.

The lure was a bed filled with atoms of wood—as was also the coffee. I have postponed my poem.

"Risen with the sun, I am writing to you, my Hohenfels, upon the primitive

table just described, which is worthy of the patriarchal ages. My wanderings must add immortal facts to my essay on Progressive Geography, though it is embarrassing not to be able to find out the names of any of the places I encounter.—But what—what is the agitation which at this moment alarms my senses? The chamber seems to be whirling around me! The table is escaping from my elbows, and grates over the floor in a series of thrills or vibrations! Everything in the room is dancing and leaping, and a tremendous roar has begun to come in at the window! They have started the mill! I must seek elsewhere to finish this scrawl."

The fact of being leagues away from any probable post-office was just the incitement I needed to write to the baron: my letter, which I never took out of my pocket, was but fairly begun when the pair of millers, having cleared away our poor breakfast of coffee and sausages, set the apparatus in motion, as I have said.

As I rose a group of my fellow-pilgrims burst into the chamber, which was still furnished with the row of sawdust beds on which we had passed the night. Grandstone and Fortnoye, finger upon lip, brought me to the window, which looked out on the stream and on a little savage garden. "Now you can surprise the doctor in the very act of administering his peculiar remedies," said the latter.

Poor Somerard, hardly recovered from his accident of the evening before, was to-day put on a regimen of mere abstinence. The influence of poplar-sap being far too drastic, he was restricted entirely to perfumes, and under their control we found him. Planted near the window, and standing up with much spirit to a garden-flower which by his side appeared a giant, he inhaled the fresh odor with all the ardor of a war-horse that breathes the smoke of battle; and Sawney, at his back, was cautioning and restraining him, murmuring scientific formulas whose vile Latin came imperfectly to our ears, and perhaps pointing to his own red nose as a warning

against the reckless stimulation of the smelling organ. The litany took some ten minutes; at the close of which our homœopathist, dropping a grain of sugar out of a tube, administered the same to



CHARLATANRY.

his patient in water, and his surgical operation was for the present ended; the poor patient's back, to the ordinary eye, having much the same profile as before.

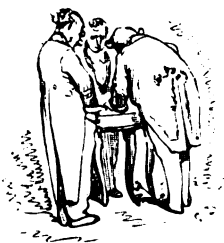
"What an invention!" said to Grandstone one of his guests from Épernay, his voice protected by the clatter of the machinery. "This doctor causes his client to drink through the nose—that same nose through which he doubtless makes him pay."

"Mysterious, though," said honest young Grandstone, doubtfully. "You'll find Somerard particularly light and airy this morning:

it's the essential oil he gets out of those gilliflowers and things."

"There is a need in humanity," said Fortnoye in his slightly rhetorical way,

"to which the race of charlatans responds. They are the parasites of the upper classes, just as the fortune-tellers subsist on our servants. There are metropolitan quacks



THE TRIPOD OF KNOWLEDGE.

and there are provincial quacks. In all the towns, and in the outskirts of great cities too, have we not encountered the same Proteus in his various forms of tooth-puller, pain-killer or corn-doctor? 'Heaven bless you, my fine fellow!' I think as the honest rogue



REFRESHMENT.

cuts his poor flourish with feathers, armor, music and fanfare: 'you are such a satire on the age that I would not part with you. We all have an aching tooth somewhere in the corner of our jaws, and we all try to temporize, instead of submitting to the regular dentist and the excruciating pull. While you are amusing the villagers, monsieur and madame are beguiled just as well with some Mesmer or Cagliostro adapted to their rank in life.'

"And the scientific ranks, too!" added I. "You must not think that learning excludes credulity. Have I not seen, in my own rooms at Passy, grave members of the Institute, in their sacred coats embroidered all round with silver olives, bending their old backs over my card-tables or endeavoring to float up to the ceiling like Mr. Home? But let us leave quackery, and this frightful mill too, where the tables turn from causes more purely rational. It will be delightful to follow that hemlock-tinted brook, which looks like mead or metheglin spilled from the drinking-horns of Valhalla."

"The gentleman is fond of the Northern mythologies," said the German orpheonist, who entered now—the same who had sat up all night with his beer and kirsch in the hotel of the Stag. "I have found something better

than the milk or honey-mead of Valhalla. I encountered, in a cow-yard, the very woman whom we met braiding straw; and I have bought from her all this potful of first-rate kirschwasser."

The good pair of millers would accept nothing for our beds or breakfast: they were offended at the bare hint. But when we passed the kirschwasser round to them in a friendly way, they drank it almost all between them.

I had to take a gibe from Somerard as I left my clock dancing a *pas seul* on the shelf above the quadrille of seven or eight mattresses upon the floor, for the whole frame of the mill was shaken with the revolving wheel. I had no repartee ready for the sarcastic dwarf; and indeed my feeling for him was one of pity when I saw the look of trust and veneration with which he started off on the arm of Doctor MacMurtagh. I could not but think of the proverb of the casuist Schupp, as reported by Heinrich Heine: "In this world there are more fools than persons."

My curiosity about Fortnoye being by no means satisfied, I sought occasion to enjoy his society as we walked, but he was the most popular member of the group, the pivotal member about whom the rest revolved in various combinations. He was never alone. I attached myself to him, however, and conversed indifferently amongst the rest while my arm was linked to his. Presently my chance came. The doctor, attracted by an echo, paused



TEACHING THE ECHO.

to hold a dialogue, it being, as he remarked, the only individual in the country that could speak a word of canny

Scotch: the rest, except Fortnoye, were willing to stop and hear the extraordinary duet. I carried off my man while the doctor was executing the song "Green grow the Rushes" for the echo's benefit, and our orpheonist, who could not catch the tune, and could make nothing of the words, added to the confusion by assisting in the chorus.

I made haste to report to Fortnoye the strange things I had heard about him from my fellow-lodgers at Carlsruhe—



THE DOUBLE ZERO.

England, the miners of Australia and the curious beauties of New York—"

"Of course it was your first visit?"

"No: that would be the proper way of beginning a story, but in fact it was *not* my first visit. I had risked fifty francs every Saturday for some months out of pure ennui, and had lost and won, with, of course, a slight tendency toward sacrifice on the average. I considered that I was paying very cheap for an extraordinarily interesting drama, and thought it would not be honorable to frequent the rooms unless I lost at least as much as I usually did. I laid down that night my fifty francs carelessly upon the O O, the double zero—the dangerous and fascinating spot affected by so many



THE LURLEIS OF BADEN-BADEN.

that he was at once a sage, a revolutionist, a bankrupt, a tradesman and a poet.

"There is a pennyworth of truth in all that," he answered, laughing. "But as we grow older we grow wiser. If you will but take me as I am to-day, I am no more a Communist than I am a bankrupt. My existence has been rather idle and aimless until lately, and I confess that there are adventures to be told of my after-college days that I do not like to remember. I will tell you a trifling incident. Some few years ago I was at Baden-Baden, sulky, homeless and alone. What does the traditional young man do at Baden-Baden when he is friendless and far from home?"

"He yields to the seductions of the games. The sirens of gambling allure him as they rise from the green expanse; and then the Lurleis sink with him and crunch his bones at their leisure under the—under the table."

"You are very right. One rainy evening I entered the rooms where, beneath a blaze of light, were assembled the roués of the Continent, the blacklegs of



GOING FORAGING.

players. The indicator went spinning round—in 'its predestined circle rolled,' as your Shelley has it. I lost, and the

lost again, and were left without a home in the world."



THE CROUPIER'S FOREFINGER.

croupier curled his forefinger around my little pile and tucked it in as the elephant absorbs the unregarded apple of the wondering little boy. Nothing could be quicker and cleaner. 'Take the whole of me, then,' I said in a pet, and threw down five hundred francs upon the same cynical double zero."

"Without doubt," I observed, "you

"Not at all, not at all! It was certainly all I had, but my quarter's allowance was coming in on the Monday, so you see I should not have run the risk. I never found any use in losing my head on these occasions. And then I won."

"You won!"

"Won, yes—a whole pocketful. And that was what frightened me. I was really afraid I should be bitten with

the playing-fever. At home that night I wrote a short memorandum in my pocket-book: '*N. B. Never gamble again.*' Of course, I only had to be reminded of it. I dedicated the sum, every centime, to the next worthy charity that should present: I was not long in finding such a one, and, as it happened, that money, by an odd providence, went



SIGN-LANGUAGE.

to build a little monument in a cemetery—the cemetery of Laaken, in fact."

I did not reveal that I knew anything of the story. The babe, the wretched

mother, the generous young stranger whose blushes I had had painted for me, whose sobbing words had been quoted in my hearing, the days of his tender watching by that poor child's last marble cradle, formed a memory too beautiful and delicate to be exposed. I grasped his hand, warmly enough, no doubt, and only said, "I've been told, too, that you are no stranger to Francine—"

"I should hope not!"

"And that you advanced the funds to start her in business."

"A bit, certainly — at six per centum. Besides, that little affair created a new centre of employment for my wines, and I had guarantees for my capital from old Father Joliet. Since those good fellows of your table choose to see in me a wild-cat speculator, was not this a reasonably good speculation?"

I was enchanted, for the easy commercial tone in which he spoke convinced me that he had never borne any relation toward Francine but that of her wine-agent.

However contented Mac-Murtagh might be with the lessons in Burns he was giving to the echo, the conviction became more and more deeply impressed on us that our lingual relation with the Black Foresters was not satisfactory. The orpheonist, whose nativity was in the Swiss direction, could understand about a word in forty of those which were addressed to us: I myself, with perhaps a broader education, a better knowledge of roots and a more philosophical way of listening, could usually pick up a word in twenty-five. We walked along the road with less and less assurance, until, at the sight of a man dressed in black, whose passage brought up all the little children to his knees and all the women to the

gate-posts or door-sills, Fortnoye quietly left us.

As I drew near I found he was talking to the priest in Latin. I contributed my own tributary stream of erudition, and we held a biblic colloquy in a language strangely varied with the French



ENTRANCE TO THE HÖLLEN PASS.

accent, the German accent and the unreasonable accent that used to be taught at Harvard. From this extraordinary diet the best results came out.

We had been marching quite away from the direction of Strasburg: we were at the village of Wurzbach, between the Lentz Valley and the Negold Valley. To our right was shown the little town of Calw, situated at the extremity of the Black Forest, on its Westphalian side: on our left, at a two hours' march, was



Wildbad, the famous watering-place, from whence we could easily reach a railway-station. These items considerably encouraged the chiefs of the army and revived the spirits of the men. In truth, the whole troop was getting tired

man and his daughter, the only guardians of the place, watched us taking possession with an expression of alarm. In fact, the rain increasing, the cows began to enter, and the strangers were eight in number: it was a large party

for so small a place. We were obliged, however, to await the passage of the shower: the storm redoubled, and the interior was a mass of steam. It was noon. We were all hungry, and not a sign from our hosts announced a dinner. We were all ranged, damp and clammy, like frogs on a skewer, along a miserable shelf or bench opposite the empty fireplace. The old man and the girl looked in their laps.

Tired of this, Fortnoye got up and rang upon the table a broad écu of Brabant, ordering the girl, with a quiet and becoming air of authority, to kindle a fire and serve some food. His gestures and his fine manly tones were expressive enough: the damsel, looking to her father for permission, and receiving a nod, filled the oven with wood and quickly sent a volume of smoke rolling up the chimney. Fortnoye was not yet at the end of his resources. He had per-



FREIBURG IN BRISGAU.

of the Rasselas valley, which seemed to have no bound nor limit.

At half an hour from Wurzbach the fog that had accompanied us all the way from the mill condensed into positive rain. We hastened our steps, looking meanwhile to right and left for shelter. A large cowherd's hut, distinguished by a wooden cross and surrounded by whole hillsides of cattle, offered itself to our regards.

This time the hospitality we received was not effusive or voluntary. An old

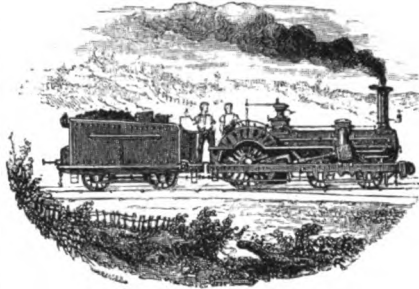
received a rabbit skin amongst the rafters, and, taking it down, he signified, with the assistance of another resonant écu, that we would take rabbit for our luncheon. The old man, when he comprehended this idea, nodded his head, put the two broad pieces slowly into his pocket, buttoned on leather gaiters and a thick felt overcoat, and doggedly vanished into the storm. He was gone an hour, but he did produce a pair of rabbits. Meanwhile, the idea of remaining for perhaps a day in a hovel without a

der, and where our Latin was not of the slightest advantage for social intercourse, became so intensely vexatious that we resorted to various expedients—shedding the light of intelligence on the mind of our young female companion. We named her Gretchen.

A kind of comical delirium seized on Gerard. As he desired eggs for dinner, he took to crouching on the ground and crowing like the morning cock in *Hamlet*. Gretchen regarded him with stupefaction. Grandstone, in this, feeling an inclination for tton-chops, began bleating like a sheep. His Épernay friends had unequal tastes: one took to fishing with an imaginary line, the other to drawing an invisible ox by a rope, and to sing expressively. I, for my part, fought with infinite regret of my useless cook at Marly. The efforts of all our pantomimists were fruitless, we starved on until the return of the old proprietor, except when one of them imitating Alfred in another neatherd's dress took to toasting brown bread at the tables—an operation which he continued with patience and great effect—until his friend returned successfully with the spoils, even as Alfred's henchman with the spoils of the Danish defeat.

Our rude dinner finished, we lost no time in leaving this primitive hotel. The storm had abated, and soon ceased entirely. Before entering Wildbad we judged it necessary to enter a large gasthaus, in the form of a chalet, placed upon the side of the road, in order that the brush-cleansing and pipe-claying proper to the entrance in form upon the Baths might take place. We had hardly gone when one of the most familiar choruses of the Allerheiligen concert smote our ears: it came from the throats of a dozen

orpheonists, who, after visiting the ruins and cascades, had plunged like ourselves into the Schwarzwald, and had described a very different circle through its recesses from ours. They had traversed the romantic Hell-vale, the Höllenpass; they had basked in the beautiful Paradise, or Himmelreich; they had touched long enough at Freiburg in the Breisgau to admire its fine cathedral, one of the few



THE MOTIVE.

completed edifices of its class in Europe; and here they met us on the outskirts of Wildbad. Our own orpheonist, who I believe was a law-clerk from Geneva, fraternized at once with these artists, and I saw him no more at the waters. Fortnoye determined to do a little stroke of business among the hotel-keepers of this favorite resort. Grandstone, after clucking together his brood of invited guests, busied himself with plans for their entertainment at the baths. I was the only one who wished to depart instantaneously. My motive for such intense haste, need I explain it to the reader?

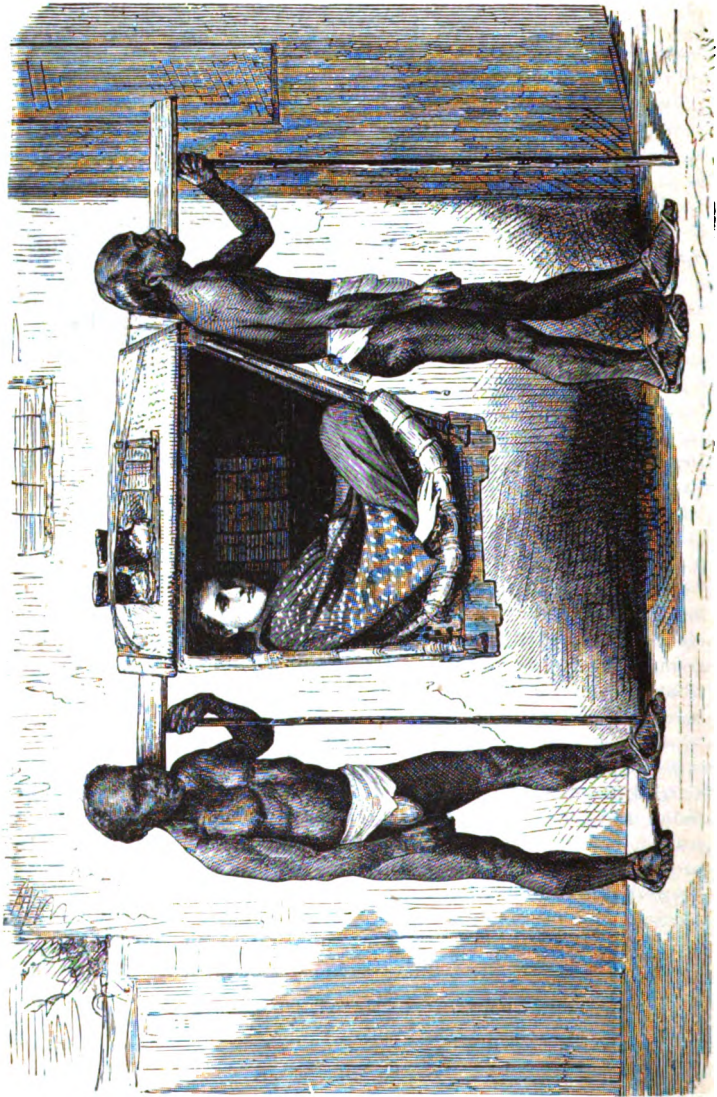
We, who had been such great friends, dissolved like a summer shower. All were busy and preoccupied: Fortnoye was the only one who grasped my hand at the station. EDWARD STRAHAN.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## WITH THE COUNT DE BEAUVOIR IN JAPAN AND CALIFORNIA.

ON landing at Yokohama, M. de Beauvoir and his companions were struck by the animation of the place and having secured quarters at a hotel



THE KAGO, OR JAPANESE CAB.

rushed to the window to admire the costumes, and the want of them, in the active crowd that passed through the street.

The Japanese appeared to be smaller than the Chinese, but their countenances were much more expressive of vivacity

and amiability. The women especially were charming, their ebony-black hair elegantly arranged in three stories with ornamental pins; their faces smiling and rosy—painted a little, it is true—and their teeth, in some instances, stained or gilt. They trotted along upon small wooden shoes, and were wrapped in overcoats, with a thick band of scarlet or green cloth about their waists, tied in a large knot behind, sometimes a foot square and shaped like a cartridge-box.

As for the men, according to their social position they had costumes varying from zero up to half a dozen jackets or tight-fitting trousers, worn one over the other. Here comes an officer with a round hat of a lacquered stuff, upon which are painted in gilt the arms of the daimio in whose service he is. His carriage is majestic: two very long sabres hang from his belt. He wears a coat with sleeves two feet and a half wide, and having an opening in the back which runs almost up to the shoulders, through which the sabres pass. On the back of this garment are embroidered the arms of his lord, hieroglyphics or flowers in red, yellow, blue or green, contained in a circle about a foot in diameter. From his belt hangs suspended the complicated apparatus of a smoker—a pipe with a metallic bowl about the size of a child's thimble, a tobacco-bag of leather-paper, with matches and other appliances. Every two or three minutes he fills his little pipe with a pinch of his tobacco, lights it, takes one or two whiffs, and the pipeful is smoked. On his feet he wears blue stockings, with a separate compartment for the great toe, and over these sandals of plaited straw, held on by two bands which are adroitly held by the great toe as though it were a thumb.

Here comes the escort of some prince—mounted guards, covered with armorial embroideries, and each with two sabres. They ride on decorated saddles, shaking their reins, which are large scarfs of some blue stuff. The crowd divides before them, all the spectators prostrating themselves on the ground.

The costumes are various. Many people wear only a pair of sandals, and

a strip of white cloth about the loins. Many are tattooed from head to foot with all sorts of figures, dragons, warriors, women, in the most brilliant colors, which stand out in striking relief on their yellow skins. Some carry "kagos" or "norimons," a sort of basket, which serves for the Japanese cab, and in which the traveler buries himself. Others push heavy chariots with solid



A BETTŌ OR RUNNING GROOM.

wheels, keeping time with the most incredible cries. Then there are fruit-sellers, carpenters and mechanics of all kinds, clothed generally with only a short jacket of calico, on the back of which is painted in large Japanese characters an inscription indicating either the trade of the wearer or the lord whose serf he is.

The streets of Yokohama are wide and straight. Each house is built of wood, without an atom of paint, and is a real toy-house, a genuine Liliputian Swiss chalet, built with a taste, a nicety and a neatness which are admirable. The Japanese are wonderful workers in wood,

and it is a pleasure to see the roofs, so light and yet so strong, supported by walls which are made, like the side-scenes in a theatre, of thin strips of wood, over which are pasted sheets of a cottony, transparent paper. In the evenings, when the lanterns dispense their soft light round the inside of these



INARAIA, A JAPANESE YOUNG WOMAN.

white buildings, the spectator seems to be looking at a magic-lantern. During the daytime the sides of the houses are slipped out, as side-scenes are, and the house becomes only a roof resting on the four light corner posts, the whole interior being thus opened to the air. Every part of the house is exposed to view, and everything done in it can be seen, while behind it appear the charming verdure, the cascades and the diminutive plantations of the little gardens situated in the rear.

The great luxury of the Japanese consists in their mats made of plaited straw. They are perfectly rectangular in shape, about three inches thick, and soft to the

touch. They are never stepped on with shoes, since the Japanese go about their houses always barefooted. Of furniture they have next to nothing: a small fence in one corner, a closet made of side-scenes like the sides of the house, and intended to contain the mattresses, a small set of shelves on which are arranged the lacquered plates for rice and fish,—this is all the furnishing for these houses, in which they live, as it were, in the open air. In the middle of each house are two articles of general use among all classes—the "chitai" and the "tobacco-bon;" that is, a brazier and the box for tobacco. Being great tea-drinkers, great smokers and great talkers, the Japanese pass their days around the brazier: there they can be seen in groups of seven or eight, seated on their backs around the tea-kettle.

In every shop our travelers visited they were received with a distinction and politeness which surpassed even the proverbial manners of their native country. In walking through the city they passed through the street of baths. In Japan where every one lives, as it were, in public, the costume of our first party in no way shocks the sentiments of the people, who in this matter may be considered as still in the Golden Age. The street is filled with bath-houses, to which the population resort, many of them twice or thrice a day. Here all sexes, ages and conditions mingle, fifty to sixty at a time in each bath-house. The passer-by sees them crouched down or sitting on an inclined plane, surrounded by pyramids of small tubs made of copper and filled with hot water. Here they sprinkle and soap each other. Attracted by the sight of the travelers, they come to ask "the noble strangers" politely for a cigarette.

A woman seller of dry goods invited the party to enter her shop and seat themselves upon the mats. This was for her a great honor, and as the party entered she saluted them by bowing with her forehead touched the floor, then offering them tea in small cups, she brought out tobacco for their pipes, and presented lighted coals held between two chop-



sticks. "I cannot hope," writes the count, "to express to you all the elegance of this woman of the people in her slightest movements: her features expressed the most simple womanly affability as her

habitual condition. Well, in whatever house you may enter you will be treated with the same distinction: we were almost stupefied to find it, and confessed that this people can rightly call us barbarians. I



BRONZE STATUE OF DAIBOUTS AT KAMAKOURÀ.

have not seen a single fight or dispute in the streets: all the men, in saluting each other with profound bows, wear a smile upon their lips; and when we desire to appear amiable we are awkward and ill-

bred in comparison with these Japanese, who are gracious without thinking of being so. Among them a man who gives way to his anger, or shows it in his tone or words, is avoided by his kind as unfit



for society. Thus, when at first our plenipotentiaries in the diplomatic conferences became animated, the Japanese said, "Let us put off this matter for another day: we cannot treat with those who are not masters of themselves."

For a trip into the country ponies were hired, each of which was accom-

panied by an enormous blue butterfly. Piece by piece, however, as he warmed up with his course, he took off his garments until he was clothed in only a pair of stockings and his scarlet tattooing, representing a combat between a woman and some large birds and a serpent. The "betto" of the count's companion was

even more singularly decorated. Though absolutely naked, he was clothed. His tattooing represented a blue jacket with white buttons and red seams, with a coat-of-arms in scarlet in the middle of his back, and a pair of trousers in black and white squares.

Ascending to high ground, the view became very fine. On the left, at a distance from the sea, rose the volcano "Vries," with clouds of smoke rolling from it; on the right, Foosiyama, the sacred mountain—the "mountain without an equal," its top covered with snow. This mountain dominates all Japan, and is revered as a divinity. The perfect regularity of its cone shape is familiar to those of our readers who have examined any specimens of Japanese ware, since it is very frequently represented in all sorts of utensils. Perhaps no people in the world are so sensitive to the beauties of Nature than the Japanese: everywhere throughout the country where there is a fine view



A YAKONINE (JAPANESE OFFICER).

panied by a "betto" or groom, who ran by the side of the horse the whole way. The road ran between rice-fields, the frequent ditches between which were covered with small bridges of bamboo. The "betto" of the count was named "Aramado." During the whole of the journey he kept up on foot with the horse, warning him by a sharp cry of any difficult place in the road. At setting out, Aramado's costume was superb: a bright blue coat with immense sleeves, and a tight pair of pantaloons. As he ran through the rice-fields, his sleeves flying in the wind, he looked like

where a fine tree offers an opportunity for a retreat in the shade, even in the paths most unfrequented, will be found a tea-house, a light cabin with a thatched roof and paper sides, with soft mats spread round the brazier used for boiling tea or rice. Here there was one, where the daughters offered our travelers tea and rice in small cups, while their mothers brought tobacco, and coals in the brazier. Other travelers stopped for refreshment, and here, as all along the route, the party was surprised at the politeness and amiability of the people they met. The route continued picturesque

beautiful along the course of a brook with cascades, and through groups of trees and hedges of camellias, azaleas, and other plants in full flower. Finally, coming to the coast, after a ride along a fine beach the sacred island of Inosima was reached. This is an immense volcanic rock shaped like a gigantic mushroom. There are steps, but no roads, to ascend it, and it is filled with temples, to which crowds of native pilgrims resort carrying wallets and wearing cockle-shells. The priests of the sanctuary dislike foreigners, so that the party was struck with meeting, instead of the smiles of an hour before, the hostile faces of the shaved priests muttering prayers, with the expression of stupidity, insolence and laziness which comes from the conscious possession of an undisputed and undeserved power. To the centre of the island runs a grotto over five hundred feet long, at the foot of which is an altar brilliantly lighted and surrounded with the pious offerings of thousands of visitors.

Returning to Yokohama, they visited on the way the temple of Pleasure near the city of Kamakourà. This is one of the largest temples in Japan, and is visited yearly by thousands of pious pilgrims. Continuing their way through trimmed hedges of camellias and azaleas thirty feet high, they came to the bronze statue known as the Daibouts or Daibutz. This statue is fifty feet high, and represents Booddha sitting, in the Oriental manner, on a lotus. It is ninety-six feet in circumference at the base, and is raised on a pedestal five or six feet high. The intention of the artist was to represent Booddha in Nirvana, or the state of utter annihilation of external consciousness

which is to be gained only through ages of purification by transmigration. The attainment of this condition is the great promise held out to the faithful, and has for more than twenty centuries been the



THE COLONEL OF THE ESCORT.

guiding hope of countless millions of human beings. The face of the statue is of the Hindoo type, and, with the attitude, is in perfect harmony with the artist's conception. All visitors agree that it is an exceptionally fine realization in art of a profoundly abstract religious conception. The small knobs upon the head are intended to represent the snails which, according to tradition, came to protect Booddha from the heat of the sun. The statue was made about six hundred years ago, being cast in sections, and joined so artistically that the seams are hardly to be seen. It is said that a temple formerly enclosed it, but was destroyed by an earthquake. Being hollow, it has a temple inside of it which the party entered, and were offered by a priest for

two cents a copy of the statue, which he guaranteed as a cure for all possible maladies, past, present or future.

In the construction of their houses, the Japanese, unlike most builders, begin with the roof. This is built on the ground, and when framed is covered with small shingles about the size of two fingers, as thin as a sheet of paper. When it is finished they raise it on four corner-posts. The sides are then slipped in grooves, and the house is finished without the use of a single nail. The danger of earthquakes is a reason for not using more solid material. The mats furnish the scale on which the houses are constructed. These mats are always made rectangular, measuring six feet by three: the houses, therefore, are constructed for six, twelve, eighteen or twenty-four mats, and when finished are masterpieces of neatness and elegance.

The Tokaido is a long road which runs along the whole length of Nippon, the chief island of the empire, from Nangasaki, the south-western, to Hakodadi, the north-eastern extremity. On this road specimens of every class of Japanese society are met—princes and princesses traveling in norimons; pilgrims on their way to shrines; tattooed porters bearing burdens hung from each end of a bamboo stick supported on the shoulders; men and women of all ranks and conditions. The post-office is a most flourishing institution: the distribution of the letters is performed by men who go upon a trot, wear nothing to impede their course, and carry their letters tied in a bundle on a stick swung over the shoulder. Relays are stationed at every third village, and the distribution is carried on day and night. The Japanese are great letter-writers, sending polite congratulations to each other from one end of the empire to the other, simply from amiability, and without any pretence of business. It is considered a great accomplishment to write a good hand, as well as to express one's self elegantly. A well-written sentence is frequently admired almost like a work of art.

Having secured a safe-passport and

been furnished with a guard, the party set out for Yeddo. The escort consisted of ten "yakonines," wearing flat, round hats of gilt lacquered ware on the top of the head, looking like dessert plates, two sabres passed through their girdles, and the backs of their coats embroidered with the arms of the Taikoon. Their pantaloons were large and made of colored silk, while on their feet they wore straw sandals and long spurs made of bronze. Wide scarfs served as reins for their horses, whose manes were cut short. At the gate of each town was a house decorated with flags, in which were seated four men writing the names of all passers, with the object and extent of their trip, and collecting the duties, which are laid upon everything.

At Meiaski the party rested at a tea-house, where they were served by thirty-six young girls. The decorations of this house were wonders of art, it having just before served as a stopping-place for the Taikoon in one of his visits to the town. The garden in the rear was an admirable specimen of Japanese skill and taste in these matters. It seemed like a fairy park looked down upon from an eminence through a reversed opera-glass. Forests of small purple or dark-green trees stretched out their petty branches round ponds of red goldfish; Lilliputian paths wound through pigmy lawns, crossing rills and bridges of turf large enough for the comfortable passage of a rat; while towers and summer-houses of proportionate size enlivened the landscape.

In Yeddo the party stayed at the French legation, an immense square building, divided into corridors and chambers by some fifty double lines of such side-scenes as the Japanese use for the partitions and walls of their houses. Yeddo being filled with the nobility, who are hostile to the introduction of foreigners, it was injudicious to leave the legation without the escort. One of the first things done after their arrival at the capital was to visit the temple of Atango-Yahma, which stands on a mountain outside of the city. Having arrived at the top of the hill, a flight of a hundred



granite steps led to a terrace presenting a view of the whole city, which looked like a park so large that the eye could not discern its limits. The sea washes

one side of the city, and a river runs through it, while the undulations of the thirty hills upon which it is built give it a unique appearance.



ONE OF THE GIANT TREES OF THE VALLEY OF CALAVERAS.

Yeddo consists of three cities: "Siro," the palace of the Taikoon; "Soto-Siro," the palaces of the daimios; and "Midzi," the city for trade. Siro, which is about five miles in circumference, appears like

an immense citadel surrounded with terraced lawns, that descend to lakes and circular canals. More than thirty bridges of granite unite this residence of the Taikoon with the city of the daimios,



which contains more than three thousand palaces. Soto-Siro differs also from other Japanese cities in being built entirely of stone. There is not a single wooden house in it. The general style of the architecture is simple and severe, each house being a large rectangle, built of white and black stones, and surrounded like a fortress with a ditch fed from a running stream. The mansions are the official residences of the daimios, who during the continuance of the feudal system were obliged to reside in them one year out of every three when they came to Yeddo to pay their homage to the Taikoon. There were eighteen daimios of divine descent, three hundred and forty-four created by the Taikoons during the last two centuries, and nearly eighty thousand "hattamothos," or great captains and knights. On their visits to Yeddo these daimios were accompanied by their harems, their official suites and their troops. Each of them tried to surround himself with as brilliant a cortège as possible, and brought with him from eight to nine hundred persons in his train. It may be imagined what a display of luxurious ostentation Yeddo afforded on these occasions, especially since it was the purpose of the Taikoon to stimulate each display, in order that he should, by eclipsing all his vassals, maintain his ascendancy over them.

Perhaps no feudal system in Europe was ever more effective than that of Japan in its flourishing days. The land was partitioned out among the daimios, who organized its culture by their serfs. The crops that were raised the daimio bought at a price fixed by himself, and when the serfs required food they bought back from him such quantities as they needed at another price, fixed also by himself. The difference constituted the revenue of the daimios. At present many of the palaces in Soto-Siro are nearly deserted, and the number of resident daimios is by no means what it formerly was. Still, the streets are animated, and our party was greatly interested in passing through them. The view in one of the streets passing from Soto-Siro to the trading portion of Yeddo

was very striking. Rows of granite walls divided the parks of the palaces from the street, and immediately about them rose hedges from six to thirty or forty feet high, admirably trimmed, and formed of camellias, azaleas and laurels in full bloom, while the sacred birds with their white plumage, made a spectacle as brilliant as anything in Fairland. Passing along this road, the party in the escort of a prince. He was preceded by heralds dressed in blue and armed with wooden swords to keep off the crowd. Then came a whole procession of soldiers, with falconers, damsels of pages, escorting the lacquered "mon" carried by eight men, in which His Highness sat with his legs crossed and a sword sticking about two feet of the window on each side.

The trading city was full of life and bustle, while the streets were so neat that they looked more like the paths in a park than the thoroughfares of a busy city. Great precautions are taken against fire. At the chief points wooden towers are built, provided with bronze bells to give the alarm. Almost every house has a pump arranged to work, and about every steps apart are hogsheds, scooped out of copper and filled with water.

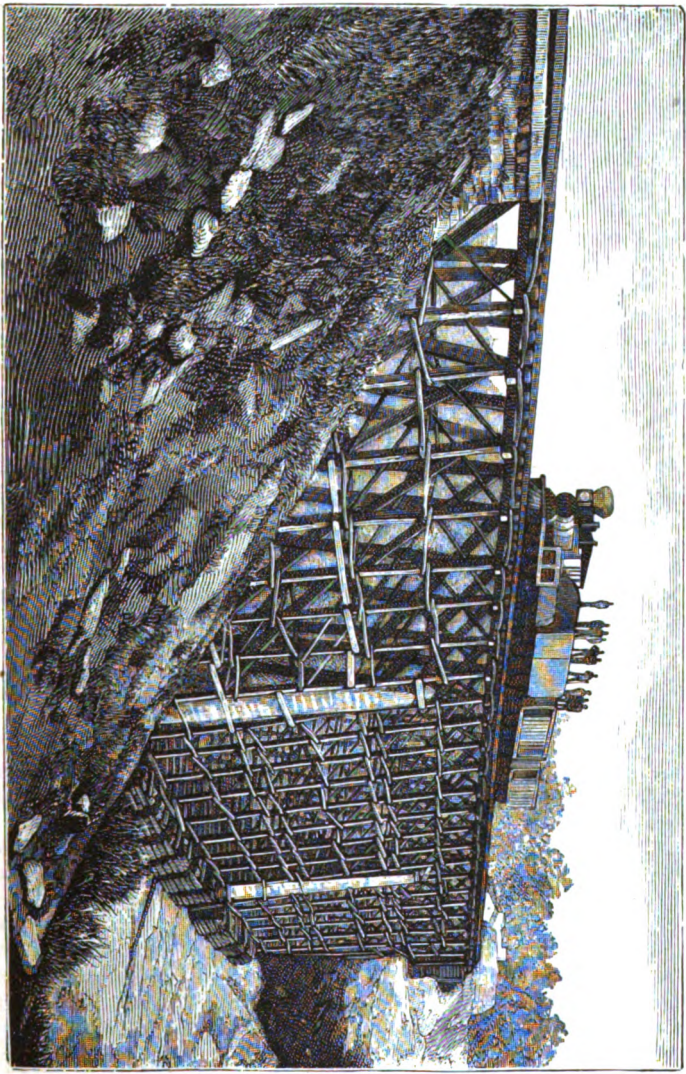
The Japanese government had granted to our party the privilege of visiting the garden of the imperial residence, the opportunity was seized with avidity. This was only the third time that such a favor had been granted to Europeans. The garden was a splendid specimen of Japanese skill and taste. There were walks, ponds filled with brilliantly plumaged aquatic birds, and with variously colored foliage, knots, tea-houses, appliances for hunting, music and dancing—in short, everything to charm or amuse.

Among the temples of Yeddo the most striking was one called "The temple of thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three divinities." Another dedicated to the god of toothache, is remarkable for the rites practiced in it. The sufferer who seeks the agency of the god in his distress pays his contribution and receives a slip of paper. This

hews assiduously until it becomes in his mouth perfectly plastic, and then, rolling into a ball between his fingers, he throws it at one of the pictures which are suspended high on the wall. The

skill of the Japanese enables them more generally to hit their target than our boys do when in country school-houses they engage in a somewhat similar diversion, and the devout worshiper goes away

WOODEN BRIDGE ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.



cured of the pain which brought him there.

At the arsenal our party were astonished to see the rifled cannon and guns made by the natives with machinery of their own construction. M. de Beau-

voir mentions Da-Keda (or Takeda) as the designer. This ingenious officer had studied Dutch, and with the help of a Dutch-Japanese and an English-Dutch dictionary had so mastered Bowditch's *Navigator* as to be able to calcu-

late longitude from an eclipse. Mr. Pumpelly, who was employed by the Japanese government to improve the working of their mines, had this Japanese gentleman attached to his suite, and tells this fact concerning him; adding, "But this knowledge was purely mechanical, and mathematics from a philosophical point of view was a new field to him, though when he took them up in this spirit he exhibited for the study a mental power which I almost envied him."

Returning to Yokohama, the party by special permission was allowed to visit the sacred mountain Foosiyama, and the sacred city Hakoni, situated at its foot. With guides and an escort of yakonines, and provided with passports, they set out on horseback along the Tokaido. Everywhere the country people received them with most amiable politeness, while the views of the country were superb. The hills rose to mountains in the distance, while on the other hand the green valleys lay spread before the eye, with precipices and cascades, rivers and virgin forests, ancient temples, rocks covered with verdure, and the line of the blue sea in the distance. The houses in the country have a slight covering of earth on the higher parts of the roofs, where lilies are planted, from which the oil is made that is used by the Japanese women in dressing their hair. This custom originated in an edict by the Mikado forbidding the use of the "sacred soil" for any plants except such as are useful, but giving permission to plant the lilies on the housetops, "since they give beauty to the hair of women, and will serve as the living hair of the paternal roof."

From Hakoni the party passed on to the baths of Mionoska, the Baden-Baden of the Japanese aristocracy, a village built in a deep valley on the flank of a steep mountain, where the streets are flights of granite steps, and the houses, in the midst of cascades, seem piled on each other. The baths are sulphur ones, and here the peculiar want of conventionality common in Japan was again forced upon the attention of our travelers. The towels offered them after

bathing were small sheets of a coarse paper.

Having spent somewhat more than a month in Japan, our travelers embarked on the Colorado for San Francisco. The Colorado was the first ship placed on the line between San Francisco and Japan. Her beauty of model, the admirable appointments for the comfort of her passengers, and the fact that though she was a ship of four thousand tons in speed, averaging eleven miles an hour, was obtained with the consumption of only thirty-five tons of coal in twenty-four hours, were matters of surprise. The count, says the count, "this result is possible to attain with our engines."

In crossing the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude, the day of the month—being for two days the third of June—called attention to the fact that the party had circumnavigated the world, and had seen one less sunrise than those who had remained stationary at home. The first sight of San Francisco, for our party so fresh from Japan, was one of disappointment. The earth, the houses, the sky, all seemed the same color, while the city looked yellow and mean. The hills surrounding it seemed to be engaged in battle, it under clouds of dust driven by a wind through the streets." The contrast with the fresh, beautiful green and blue coasts of Japan, which had been so recently left, produced this impression. On a visit to the theatre, however, changed this feeling. "In this hall there was elegance, a brilliancy, the indescribable perfume of civilization, such as we had no idea of."

Though in haste to return to France, our party lingered long enough to visit the Giant Trees, and before them were "confounded." "Our most majestic trees in France, the tallest firs of the Alps, the Pyrenees, the gum trees of Australia, all seem like dwarfs in their midst. Here they are, six hundred and more of them, in a single clump, rising up gigantic columns a hundred yards high. A few days were spent in a run through the mining country and to the valley of

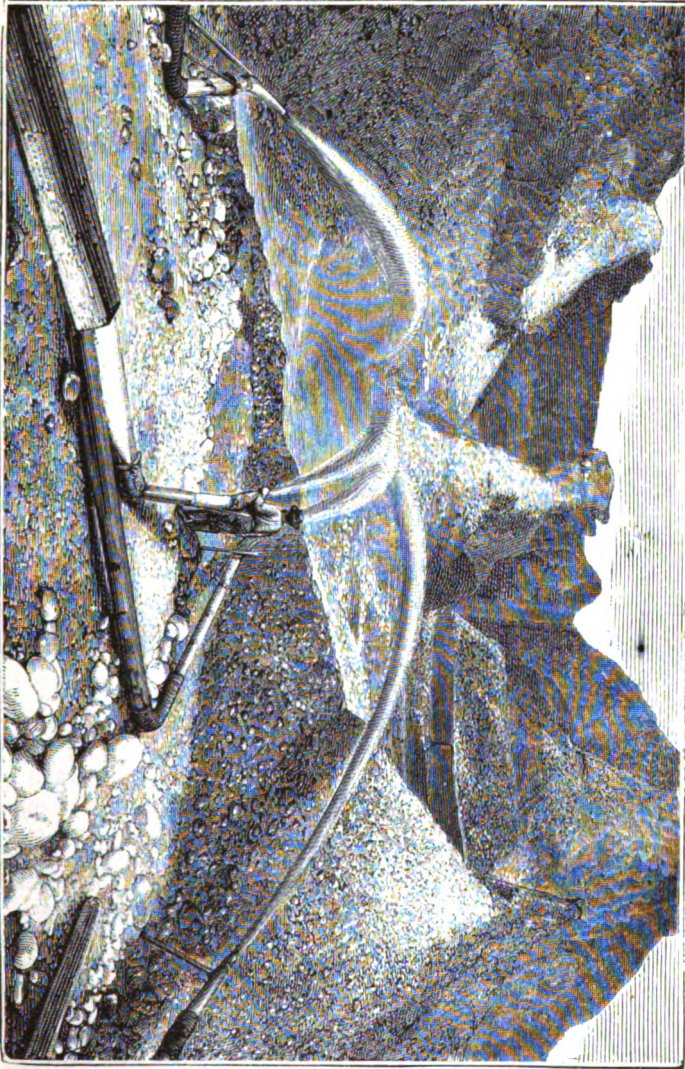


Calaveras, where is another group of giant trees, ninety in number, one of which furnished its bark for the Crystal Palace. It is dead, but stands erect, and

without the bark measures eighty-one feet round.

The structures on the Pacific railroad also excited our travelers' admiration for

BLUE TENT HYDRAULIC MINE.



their lightness, solidity and strength. In the mining region of Nevada the process at the Blue Tent Mine was so new as to greatly surprise the party. This is a hydraulic mine, where a mountain-stream, brought down in pipes, is driven with a pressure of two hundred and

seventy-five feet elevation against the mountain-side. So great is the force of the stream that a man struck by it would be killed instantly. The idea of using this force for mining purposes seemed to our party purely American in its boldness. Two or three men suffice for

managing the operation, and in a day will wash down twenty-five hundred tons of gravel. Other methods of this kind, on a larger scale, have been able to wash twenty thousand tons in the same time. Of course the amount of work done varies with the conditions. Sometimes groups of petrified trees are uncovered, and at times the soil is so dense that it comes down in blocks too hard to be broken except by the use of powder. The gravel thus loosened is then carried to a canal, with mercury in troughs placed

in the bottom, and the gold is absorbed by the mercury. Every month the work is stopped, and the amalgam gathered and the gold recovered by a chemical process. A brief visit to New Almaden, where the second richest mercury-mines known are worked, then occupied the party. Returning to San Francisco, they crossed the Isthmus of Panama and proceeded to New York, and thence to France, thus happily completing a journey round the world from east to west.

EDWARD HOWLAND.

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MY LOVE CAN HOLD HIS OWN.

HERE is a sad, worn letter, ten years old,  
 With threatened gaps along each well-pressed fold;  
 Yet though it tells of illness and of death,  
 I read it over, now, with tranquil breath.

When first it came, with strength of my despair  
 I paled and groaned, and turned from even prayer,  
 Despised what looked like comfort yet was none,  
 And bade the friends that brought it me begone.

It seemed I better could have spared them all  
 Than just the one on whom 'twere vain to call:  
 He was my world, and so the world seemed dead.  
 Why should all these be living in his stead?

I thank my God that I have learned to bow,  
 But fain would have submission *only* now:  
 I fear, sometimes, when on that once I dwell,  
 That Time in healing does his work too well.

I have a jealous feeling for the dead,  
 Lest some one else restore what Death has shed:  
 I wonder at my laugh and careless jest,  
 When he is dust who could have shared them best.

But in some ill that I can scarcely bear  
 I read this letter with redoubled care;  
 And when Pain comes with voiceless prophecy,  
 Here doth the sweetest comfort wait for me.

I will not fear: my love can hold his own;  
 So something tells me when my soul's alone:  
 In tardy joys though now I find content,  
 Yet after him the *homeward* look is sent!

CHARLOTTE F. BATES.

## MALCOLM.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD,"  
"ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE OLD CHURCH.

THE next day, the day of the Resurrection, rose glorious from its sepulchre of sea-fog and drizzle. It had poured all night long, but at sunrise the clouds had broken and scattered, and the air was the purer for the cleansing rain, while the earth shone with that peculiar lustre which follows the weeping which has endured its appointed night. The larks were at it again, singing as if their hearts would break for joy as they hovered in brooding exultation over the song of the future; for their nests beneath hoarded a wealth of larks for summers to come. Especially about the old church—half buried in the ancient trees of Lossie House—the birds that day were jubilant; their throats seemed too narrow to let out the joyful air that filled all their hollow bones and quills: they sang as if they must sing, or choke with too much gladness. Beyond the short spire and its shining cock, rose the balls and stars and arrowy vanes of the House, glittering in gold and sunshine.

The inward hush of the Resurrection, broken only by the prophetic birds, the poets of the groaning and travailing creation, held time and space as in a trance; and the centre from which radiated both the hush and the caroling expectation seemed to Alexander Graham to be the churchyard in which he was now walking in the cool of the morning. It was more carefully kept than most Scottish churchyards, and yet was not too trim: Nature had a word in the affair—was allowed her part of mourning, in long grass and moss and the crumbling away of stone. The wholesomeness of decay, which both in nature and humanity is but the miry road back to life, was not unrecognized here; there was nothing of the hideous attempt to hide death in the garments of life. The master

walked about gently, now stopping to read some well-known inscription and ponder for a moment over the words; and now wandering across the stoneless mounds, content to be forgotten by all but those who loved the departed. At length he seated himself on a slab by the side of the mound that rose but yesterday: it was sculptured with symbols of decay—needless surely where the originals lay about the mouth of every newly opened grave, and as surely ill-befitting the precincts of a church whose indwelling gospel is of life victorious over death!

"What are these stones," he said to himself, "but monuments to oblivion? They are not memorials of the dead, but memorials of the forgetfulness of the living. How vain it is to send a poor forsaken name, like the title-page of a lost book, down the careless stream of time! Let me serve my generation, and let God remember me!"

The morning wore on; the sun rose higher and higher. He drew from his pocket the *Nosce Teipsum* of Sir John Davies, and was still reading, in quiet enjoyment of the fine logic of the lawyer-poet, when he heard the church key, in the trembling hand of Jonathan Auld-buirid, the sexton, jar feebly battling with the reluctant lock. Soon the people began to gather, mostly in groups and couples. At length came solitary Miss Horn, whom the neighbors, from respect to her sorrow, had left to walk alone. But Mr. Graham went to meet her, and accompanied her into the church.

It was a cruciform building, as old as the vanished monastery, and the burial-place of generations of noble blood; the dust of royalty even lay under its floor. A knight of stone reclined cross-legged in a niche with an arched Norman canopy in one of the walls, the rest of which was nearly encased in large tablets of white marble, for at its foot lay the ashes

of barons and earls whose title was extinct, and whose lands had been inherited by the family of Lossie. Inside as well as outside of the church the ground had risen with the dust of generations, so that the walls were low; and heavy galleries having been erected in parts, the place was filled with shadowy recesses and haunted with glooms. From a window in the square pew where he sat, so small and low that he had to bend his head to look out of it, the schoolmaster could see a rivulet of sunshine, streaming through between two upright gravestones, and glorifying the long grass of a neglected mound that lay close to the wall under the wintry drip from the eaves: when he raised his head, the church looked very dark. The best way there to preach the Resurrection, he thought, would be to contrast the sepulchral gloom of the church, its dreary psalms and drearier sermons, with the sunlight on the graves, the lark-filled sky, and the wind blowing where it listed. But although the minister was a young man of the commonest order, educated to the church that he might eat bread, hence a mere willing slave to the beck of his lord and master, the patron, and but a parrot in the pulpit, the schoolmaster not only endeavored to pour his feelings and desires into the mould of his prayers, but listened to the sermon with a countenance that revealed no distaste for the weak and unsavory broth ladled out to him to nourish his soul withal. When, however, the *service*—though whose purposes the affair could be supposed to *serve* except those of Mr. Cairns himself, would have been a curious question—was over, he did breathe a sigh of relief; and when he stepped out into the sun and wind which had been shining and blowing all the time of the dreary ceremony, he wondered whether the larks might not have had the best of it in the God-praising that had been going on for two slow-paced hours. Yet, having been so long used to the sort of thing, he did not mind it half so much as his friend Malcolm, who found the Sunday observances an unspeakable weariness to both flesh and spirit.

On the present occasion, however, Malcolm did not find the said observances dreary, for he observed nothing but the vision which radiated from the dusk of the small gallery forming the Lossie pew, directly opposite the Norman canopy and stone crusader. Unconventional, careless girl as Lady Florimel had hitherto shown herself to him, he saw her sit that morning like the proudest of her race, alone, and, to all appearance, unaware of a single other person's being in the church besides herself. She manifested no interest in what was going on, nor indeed felt any—how could she?—never parted her lips to sing; sat during the prayer; and throughout the sermon seemed to Malcolm not once to move her eyes from the carved crusader. When all was over, she still sat motionless—sat until the last old woman had hobbled out. Then she rose, walked slowly from the gloom of the church, flashed into the glow of the churchyard, gleamed across it to a private door in the wall, which a servant held for her, and vanished. If, a moment after, the notes of a merry song invaded the ears of those who yet lingered, who could dare suspect that proudly sedate damsel of thus suddenly breaking the ice of her public behavior?

For a mere school-girl she had certainly done the lady's part well. What she wore I do not exactly know; nor would it perhaps be well to describe what might seem grotesque to such prejudiced readers as have no judgment beyond the fashions of the day. But I will not let pass the opportunity of reminding them how sadly old-fashioned we of the present hour also look in the eyes of those equally infallible judges who have been in dread procession toward us ever since we began to be—our posterity—judges who perhaps will doubt with a smile whether we even knew what love was, or ever had a dream of the grandeur they are on the point of grasping. But at least bethink yourselves, dear posterity! we have not ceased because you have begun.

Out of the church the blind Duncan strode with long, confident strides. He had no staff to aid him, for he never car-

ried one when in his best clothes; but he leaned proudly on Malcolm's arm, if one who walked so erect could be said to lean. He had adorned his bonnet the autumn before with a sprig of the large purple heather, but every bell had fallen from it, leaving only the naked spray, pitiful analogue of the whole withered exterior of which it formed part. His sporran, however, hid the stained front of his kilt, and his Sunday coat had been new within ten years—the gift of certain ladies of Portlossie, some of whom, to whose lowland eyes the kilt was obnoxious, would have added a pair of trowsers, had not Miss Horn stoutly opposed them, confident that Duncan would regard the present as an insult. And she was right; for rather than wear anything instead of the philibeg, Duncan would have plaited himself one with his own blind fingers out of an old sack. Indeed, although the *trews* were never at any time unknown in the Highlands, Duncan had always regarded them as effeminate, and especially in his lowland exile would have looked upon the wearing of them as a disgrace to his highland birth.

"Tat wass a ferry coot sairmon to-day, Malcolm," he said, as they stepped from the churchyard upon the road.

Malcolm, knowing well whither conversation on the subject would lead, made no reply. His grandfather, finding him silent, iterated his remark, with the addition—

"Put how could it pe a paad one, you'll pe thinking, my poy, when he'd pe hafing such a text to keep him straight?"

Malcolm continued silent, for a good many people were within hearing, whom he did not wish to see amused with the remarks certain to follow any he could make. But Mr. Graham, who happened to be walking near the old man on the other side, out of pure politeness made a partial response.

"Yes, Mr. MacPhail," he said, "it was a grand text."

"Yes, and it wass 'll pe a cran' sairmon," persisted Duncan. "'Fenfence is mine—I will repay.' Ta Lord loves

fenfence. It's a fine thing, fenfence. To make ta wicked know tat tey 'll pe peing put men! Yes; ta Lord will slay ta wicked. Ta Lord will gif ta honest man fenfence upon his enemies. It wass a cran' sairmon!"

"Don't you think vengeance a very dreadful thing, Mr. MacPhail?" said the schoolmaster.

"Yes, for ta von tat 'll pe in ta wrong. —I wish ta fenfence was mine!" he added with a loud sigh.

"But the Lord doesn't think any of us fit to be trusted with it, and so keeps it to himself, you see."

"Yes; and tat 'll pe because it 'll pe too coot to be gifing to another. And some people would be waik of heart, and be letting teir enemies co."

"I suspect it's for the opposite reason, Mr. MacPhail:—we would go much too far, making no allowances, causing the innocent to suffer along with the guilty, neither giving fair play nor avoiding cruelty—and indeed—"

"No fear!" interrupted Duncan eagerly—"no fear, when ta wrong wass as larch as Morven!"

In the sermon there had not been one word as to Saint Paul's design in quoting the text. It had been but a theatrical setting forth of the vengeance of God upon sin, illustrated with several common tales of the discovery of murder by strange means—a sermon after Duncan's own heart; and nothing but the way in which he now snuffed the wind with head thrown back and nostrils dilated, could have given an adequate idea of how much he enjoyed the recollection of it.

Mr. Graham had for many years believed that he must have some personal wrongs to brood over—wrong, probably, to which were to be attributed his loneliness and exile; but of such Duncan had never spoken, uttering no maledictions except against the real or imagined foes of his family.\*

\*What added to the likelihood of Mr. Graham's conjecture was the fact, well enough known to him, though to few lowlanders besides, that revenge is not a characteristic of the Gael. Whatever instances of it may have appeared, and however strikingly they may have been worked up in fiction, such belong to the individual and not to the race. A remarkable



The master placed so little value on any possible results of mere argument, and had indeed so little faith in any words except such as came hot from the heart, that he said no more, but, with an invitation to Malcolm to visit him in the evening, wished them good-day, and turned in at his own door.

The two went slowly on toward the sea-town. The road was speckled with home-goers, single and in groups, holding a quiet Sunday pace to their dinners. Suddenly Duncan grasped Malcolm's arm with the energy of perturbation, almost of fright, and said in a loud whisper:

"Tere'll pe something efil not far from her, Malcolm, my son! Look apout, look apout, and take care how you'll pe leading her."

Malcolm looked about, and replied, pressing Duncan's arm, and speaking in a low voice, far less audible than his whisper,

"There's naebody near, daddy—naebody but the howdie-wife."

"What howdie - wife do you mean, Malcolm?"

"Hoot! Mistress Catanach, ye ken. Dinna lat her hear ye."

"I had a feeshion, Malcolm—one moment, and no more; ta darkness closed around it: I saw a ped, Malcolm, and—"

"Wheesht, wheesht, daddy!" pleaded Malcolm importunately. "She hears ilka word ye're sayin'. She's awfu' gleg, an' she's as poozhonous as an edder. Haud yer tongue, daddy; for guid-sake haud yer tongue."

The old man yielded, grasping Malcolm's arm, and quickening his pace,

proof of this occurs in the history of the family of Glenco itself. What remained of it after the massacre in 1689, rose in 1745, and joined the forces of Prince Charles Edward. Arriving in the neighborhood of the residence of Lord Stair, whose grandfather had been one of the chief instigators of the massacre, the prince took special precautions lest the people of Glenco should wreak inherited vengeance on the earl. But they were so indignant at being supposed capable of visiting on the innocent the guilt of their ancestors, that it was with much difficulty they were prevented from forsaking the standard of the prince and returning at once to their homes. Perhaps a yet stronger proof is the fact, fully asserted by one Gaelic scholar at least, that their literature contains nothing to foster feelings of revenge.

though his breath came hard, as through the gathering folds of asthma. Mrs. Catanach also quickened her pace and came gliding along the grass by the side of the road, noiseless as the adder to which Malcolm had likened her, and going much faster than she seemed. Her great round body looked a persistent type of her calling, and her arms seemed to rest in front of her as upon a ledge. In one hand she carried a small Bible, round which was folded her pocket-handkerchief, and in the other a bunch of southern-wood and rosemary. She wore a black silk gown, a white shawl, and a great straw bonnet with yellow ribbons in huge bows, and looked the very pattern of Sunday respectability; but her black eyebrows gloomed ominous, and an evil smile shadowed about the corners of her mouth as she passed without turning her head or taking the least notice of them. Duncan shuddered, and breathed yet harder, but seemed to recover as she increased the distance between them. They walked the rest of the way in silence, however; and even after they reached home, Duncan made no allusion to his late discomposure.

"What was't ye thocht ye saw, as we cam frae the kirk, daddy?" asked Malcolm when they were seated at their dinner of broiled mackerel and boiled potatoes.

"In other times she'll pe hafing such feeshions often, Malcolm, my son," he returned, avoiding an answer. "Like other pards of her race she would pe seeing—in the speerit, where old Tuncan can see. And she'll pe telling you, Malcolm—peware of tat voman; for ta voman was thinking pad thoughts; and tat will pe what make her shutter and shake, my son, as she'll be coing py."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE CHURCHYARD.

ON Sundays, Malcolm was always more or less annoyed by the obtrusive presence of his arms and legs, accompanied by a vague feeling that, at any moment, and no warning given, they

might, with some insane and irrepressible flourish, break the Sabbath on their own account, and degrade him in the eyes of his fellow-townsmen, who seemed all silently watching how he bore the restraints of the holy day. It must be conceded, however, that the discomfort had quite as much to do with his Sunday clothes as with the Sabbath-day, and that it interfered but little with an altogether peculiar calm which appeared to him to belong in its own right to the Sunday, whether its light flowed in the sunny cataracts of June, or oozed through the spongy clouds of November. As he walked again to the Alton, or Old Town in the evening, the filmy floats of white in the lofty blue, the droop of the long dark grass by the side of the short bright corn, the shadows pointing like all lengthening shadows toward the quarter of hope, the yellow glory filling the air and paling the green below, the unseen larks hanging aloft—like air-pitcher-plants that overflowed in song—like electric jars emptying themselves of the sweet thunder of bliss in the flashing of wings and the trembling of melodious throats; these were indeed of the summer, but the cup of rest had been poured out upon them; the Sabbath brooded like an embodied peace over the earth, and under its wings they grew sevenfold peaceful—with a peace that might be felt, like the hand of a mother pressed upon the half-sleeping child. The rusted iron cross on the eastern gable of the old church stood glowing lustreless in the westering sun; while the gilded vane, whose business was the wind, creaked radiantly this way and that, in the flaws from the region of the sunset: its shadow flickered soft on the new grave, where the grass of the wounded sod was drooping. Again seated on a neighbor stone, Malcolm found his friend.

"See," said the schoolmaster as the fisherman sat down beside him, "how the shadow from one grave stretches like an arm to embrace another! In this light the churchyard seems the very birthplace of shadows: see them flowing out of the tombs as from fountains, to

overflow the world!—Does the morning or the evening light suit such a place best, Malcolm?"

The pupil thought for a while.

"The evenin' licht, sir," he answered at length; "for ye see the sun's deein' like, an' deith's like a fa'in' asleep, an' the grave's the bed, an' the sod's the bed-claes, an' there's a lang nicht to the fore."

"Are ye sure o' that, Malcolm?"

"It's the wye folk thinks an' says about it, sir."

"Or maybe doesna think, an' only says?"

"Maybe, sir; I dinna ken."

"Come here, Malcolm," said Mr. Graham, and took him by the arm, and led him toward the east end of the church, where a few tombstones were crowded against the wall, as if they would press close to a place they might not enter.

"Read that," he said, pointing to a flat stone, where every hollow letter was shown in high relief by the growth in it of a lovely moss. The rest of the stone was rich in gray and green and brown lichens, but only in the letters grew the bright moss: the inscription stood as it were in the hand of Nature herself—*"He is not here; he is risen."*

While Malcolm gazed, trying to think what his master would have him think, the latter resumed:

"If he is risen—if the sun is up, Malcolm—then the morning and not the evening is the season for the place of tombs; the morning when the shadows are shortening and separating, not the evening when they are growing all into one. I used to love the churchyard best in the evening, when the past was more to me than the future; now I visit it almost every bright summer morning, and only occasionally at night."

"But, sir, isna deith a dreadfu' thing?" said Malcolm.

"That depends on whether a man regards it as his fate, or as the will of a perfect God. Its obscurity is its dread; but if God be light, then death itself must be full of splendor—a splendor probably too keen for our eyes to receive."

"But there's the deein' itsel': isna that

fearsome? It's that I wad be fleyed at."

"I don't see why it should be. It's the want of a God that makes it dreadful, and *you* will be greatly to blame, Malcolm, if you haven't found your God by the time you have to die."

They were startled by a gruff voice near them. The speaker was hidden by a corner of the church.

"Ay, she's weel happit (*covered*)," it said. "But a grave never luiks richt wantin' a stane, an' her auld cousin wad hear o' nane bein' laid ower *her*. I said it might be set up at her heid, whaur she wad never fin' the weicht o' 't; but na, na! nane o' 't for *her*! She's ane 'at maun tak her ain gait, say the ither thing wha likes."

It was Wattie Witherspail who spoke—a thin shaving of a man, with a deep, harsh, indeed startling voice.

"An' what ailed her at a stane?" returned the voice of Jonathan Auldbuird, the sexton. "—Na doobt it wad be the expense?"

"Amna I tellin' ye what it was? Deil a bit o' the expense cam intil the calculation! The auld maiden's nane sae close as fowk 'at disna ken her wad mak her oot. I ken her weel. She wadna hae a stane laid upon her as gien she wanted to haud her doon, purr thing! She said, says she, 'The yerd's eneuch upo' the tap o' her, wantin' that!'"

"It might be some sair, she wad be thinkin' doobtless, for sic a waik worn cratur to lift whan the trump was blawn," said the sexton, with the feeble laugh of one who doubts the reception of his wit.

"Weel, I div whiles think," responded Wattie,—but it was impossible from his tone to tell whether or not he spoke in earnest,—"at maybe my boxies *is* a wheen ower weel made for the use they're pitten till. They sudna be that ill to rive—gien a' be true 'at the minister says. Ye see, we dinna ken whan that day may come, an' there may na be time for the wat an' the worm to ca (*drive*) the boords apart."

"Hoots, man! it's no *your* lang nails nor yet yer heidit screws 'll haud doon the redeemt, gien the jeedgement war

the morn's mornin'," said the sexton "an' for the lave, they wad be gien eneuch to bide whaur they are; they'll a' be howkit oot,—fear na that."

"The Lord grant a blessed uprisin' you an' me, Jonathan, at that day!" said Wattie, in the tone of one who felt himself uttering a more than ordinarily religious sentiment; and on the word followed the sound of their retreating footsteps.

"How close together may come the solemn and the grotesque! the ludicrous and the majestic!" said the schoolmaster "Here, to us lingering in awe about the doors beyond which lie the gulfs of the unknown—to our very side come the wright and the grave-digger with the talk of the strength of coffins and the judgment of the living God!"

"I hae whiles thought mysel', sir," said Malcolm, "it was gey strange-like to hae a wuman o' the mak o' Mistress Catanach sittin' at the receipt o' bairns like the gate-keeper o' the ither war' wi' the hasp o' 't in her han': it doesn't promise ower weel for them 'at she lat in. An' noo ye hae pitten't intil my heid that there's Wattie Witherspail an' Jonathan Auldbuird for the porters to open an' lat a' that's left o' 's oot again. Think o' sic-like haein' sic a han' in sic solemn matters!"

"Indeed some of us have strange porters," said Mr. Graham, with a smile "both to open to us and to close behind us; yet even in them lies the human nature, which, itself the embodiment of the unknown, wanders out through the gates of mystery, to wander back, it may be in a manner not altogether unlike that by which it came."

In contemplative moods, the schoolmaster spoke in a calm and loftily sustained style of book-English—quite another language from that he used when he sought to rouse the consciences of his pupils, and strangely contrasted with that in which Malcolm kept up his side of the dialogue.

"I houp, sir," said the latter, "it 'll be nae sort o' a celestial Mistress Catanach 'at 'll be waiting for me o' the ither

; nor yet for my puir daddy, wha cud  
de bein' wamled about upo' her knee."

Mr. Graham laughed outright.  
"If there be one to act the nurse," he  
replied, "I presume there will be one  
like the mother's part too."

But speakin' o' the grave, sir," pur-  
sued Malcolm, "I wiss ye cud drop a  
d'at might be o' some comfort to my  
dy. It's plain to me, frae words he  
fa' noo an' than, that, instead o'  
in' the warl' ahint him whan he dees,  
thinks to lie smorin' an' smocherin'  
the mools, clammy an' weet, but a'  
æ, an' trimlin' at the thoct o' the  
gent awfu' roor an' dirl o' the brazen  
æpet o' the archangel. I wiss ye wad  
in an' say something till him some  
at. It's nae guid mentionin' 't to the  
sister; he wad only gie a lauch an'  
ug awa'. An' gien ye cud jist slide  
a word about forgiein' his enemies,

I made licht o' the maitter to Mis-  
s Courthope, 'cause she only maks  
a waur. She does weel wi' what the  
sister pits intill her, but she has little  
her ain to mix't up wi', an' sae has  
a' weicht wi' the likes o' my gran-  
ber. Only ye winna lat him think ye  
led on purpose."

They walked about the churchyard  
till the sun went down in what Mr.  
Graham called the grave of his endless  
surrection—the clouds on the one side  
carrying all the pomp of his funeral, the  
clouds on the other all the glory of his  
rising; and when now the twilight  
embled filmy on the borders of the  
dark, the master once more seated him-  
self beside the new grave, and motion-  
ed Malcolm to take his place beside  
him: there they talked and dreamed to-  
gether of the life to come, with many  
wanderings and returns; and little as  
the boy knew of the ocean-depths of  
sorrowful experience in the bosom of his  
companion whence floated up the break-  
ing bubbles of rainbow-hued thought,  
his words fell upon his heart—not to be  
recovered for the birds of flitting fancy  
and airy speculation, but the seed—it  
might be decades ere it ripened—of a  
coming harvest of hope. At length the  
master rose and said—

"Malcolm, I'm going in: I should like  
you to stay here half an hour alone, and  
then go straight home to bed."

For the master believed in solitude and  
silence. Say rather, he believed in God.  
What the youth might think, feel, or  
judge, he could not tell; but he believed  
that when the human is still, the Divine  
speaks to it, because it is its own.

Malcolm consented willingly. The  
darkness had deepened, the graves all  
but vanished; an old setting moon ap-  
peared, boat-like, over a great cloudy  
chasm, into which it slowly sank; blocks  
of cloud, with stars between, possessed  
the sky; all nature seemed thinking  
about death; a listless wind began to  
blow, and Malcolm began to feel as if  
he were awake too long, and *ought* to be  
asleep—as if he were out in a dream—a  
dead man that had risen too soon or  
lingered too late—so lonely, so forsaken!  
The wind, soft as it was, seemed to blow  
through his very soul. Yet something  
held him, and his half hour was long  
over when he left the churchyard.

As he walked home, the words of a  
German poem, a version of which Mr.  
Graham had often repeated to him, and  
once more that same night, kept ringing  
in his heart:

Uplifted is the stone,  
And all mankind arisen!  
We men remain thine own,  
And vanished is our prison!  
What bitterest grief can stay  
Before thy golden cup,  
When earth and life give way,  
And with our Lord we sup?

To the marriage Death doth call,  
The maidens are not slack:  
The lamps are burning all—  
Of oil there is no lack.  
Afar I hear the walking  
Of thy great marriage-throng!  
And hark! the stars are talking  
With human tone and tongue!

Courage! for life is hasting  
To endless life away;  
The inner fire, unwasting,  
Transfigures our dull clay!  
See the stars melting, sinking,  
In life-wine, golden-bright!  
We, of the splendor drinking,  
Shall grow to stars of light.

Lost, lost are all our losses;  
Love set for ever free;  
The full life heaves and tosses  
Like an eternal sea!

One endless living story!  
 One poem spread abroad!  
 And the sun of all our glory  
 Is the countenance of God.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

THE next morning rose as lovely as if the mantle of the departing Resurrection-day had fallen upon it. Malcolm rose with it, hastened to his boat, and pulled out into the bay for an hour or two's fishing. Nearly opposite the great conglomerate rock at the western end of the dune, called the Bored Craig (*Perforated Crag*) because of a large hole that went right through it, he began to draw in his line. Glancing shoreward as he leaned over the gunwale, he spied at the foot of the rock, near the opening, a figure in white, seated, with bowed head. It was of course the mysterious lady, whom he had twice before seen thereabout at this unlikely if not untimely hour; but with yesterday fresh in his mind, how could he fail to see in her an angel of the resurrection waiting at the sepulchre to tell the glad news that the Lord was risen?

Many were the glances he cast shoreward as he rebaited his line, and, having thrown it again into the water, sat waiting until it should be time to fire the swivel. Still the lady sat on, in her whiteness a creature of the dawn, without even lifting her head. At length, having added a few more fishes to the little heap in the bottom of his boat, and finding his watch bear witness that the hour was at hand, he seated himself on his thwart, and rowed lustily to the shore, his bosom filled with the hope of yet another sight of the lovely face, and another hearing of the sweet English voice and speech. But the very first time he turned his head to look, he saw but the sloping foot of the rock sink bare into the shore. No white-robed angel sat at the gate of the resurrection; no moving thing was visible on the far-vacant sands. When he reached the top of the dune, there was no living creature beyond but a few sheep feeding on the thin grass.

He fired the gun, rowed back to the ton, ate his breakfast, and ate the best of his fish to the full.

The moment he turned back to her street, he saw Mrs. Catanach on her threshold with her akimbo: although she was old and her house spotless, she seemed for ever about the door. "What hae ye in yer boat today, Ma'colm?" she said, with a smile, which was not sweet to restore vanished confidence.

"Naething guid for dogs," Malcolm, and was walking past.

But she made a step forward, a laugh meant to indicate friendliness, said,

"Lat's see what's intill't'ay (*how*). The doggie's awa' on the day."

"Deed, Mistress Catanach," Malcolm, "I canna say I like ain fish flung i' my face, nor ill-faured tykes rin awa' wi' verra een."

After the warning given by Horn, and the strange influence he had had on his grandfather, Malcolm preferred keeping up a quarrel with the woman.

"Dinna ca' ill names," she said, "my dog wad tak it waur to be ill-faured tyke, nor to hae fish i' his face. Lat's see what's i' yer I say."

As she spoke, she laid her hand on the basket, but Malcolm drew it turned away toward the gate.

"Lord safe us!" she cried, with a laugh; "ye're no feared an' wife like me?"

"I dinna ken; maybe ay an' no—I wadna say. But I dinna hae onything to do wi' ye, mem."

"Ma'colm MacPhail," said Mrs. Catanach, lowering her voice to a whisper, while every trace of her vanished from her countenance. "I had mair to do wi' me nor ye an' aiblins ye'll hae mair yet nor ye can help. Sae caw canny, my man."

"Ye may hae the layin' o' me"

Malcolm, "but it sanna' be wi' my  
 sennet I hae ony life left i' me, I  
 fleg (*fright*)."

They get a waur yersel' : I hae  
 deid afore noo. Sae gang  
 o Mistress Coorthoup, wi' a  
 i' yer lug (*ear*). I wuss ye  
 uck as I wad wuss ye !"

His words sounded so like a curse,  
 to come a *cauld creep*, Malcolm  
 gave a laugh.

Malcolm at the House bought all his  
 they had had none for the last  
 because of the storm ; and he  
 gang to go home by the river-side,  
 heard a tap on a window, and  
 Courthoupe beckoning him to  
 door.

His lordship desired me to send you  
 Malcolm, the next time you call-  
 aid.

"I am here, mem, here I am," answered

Malcolm, "I will find him in the flower-garden,"

"He's up early to-day, for a

Malcolm took his basket at the top of the  
 led down the rock to the level  
 fern, and walked up the valley  
 stream.

The garden was a curious old-fashion-  
 ed, with high hedges, and close  
 trees, where two might have  
 wandered long without meeting, and it  
 was the time before he found any hint  
 of the presence of the marquis. At  
 length, however, he heard voices, and  
 following the sound, walked along one  
 path till he came to a little ar-  
 caded ere he discovered the marquis  
 sitting, and, to his surprise, the white-  
 ness of the sands beside him. A  
 dog-hound at his master's feet was  
 looking at his mane, and baring his eye-  
 with a growl, but the girl had a  
 white collar.

"Who are *you* ?" asked the marquis  
 gruffly, as if he had never seen  
 her before.

"I beg yer lordship's pardon," said  
 Malcolm, "but they telled me yer lord-  
 antit to see me, and sent me to  
 yer-gairden. Will I gang, or will  
 ye?"

The marquis looked at him for a mo-  
 ment, frowningly, and made no reply.  
 But the frown gradually relaxed before  
 Malcolm's modest but unflinching gaze,  
 and the shadow of a smile slowly usurp-  
 ed its place. He still kept silent, how-  
 ever.

"Am I to gang or bide, my lord ?" re-  
 peated Malcolm.

"Can't you wait for an answer ?"

"As lang's yer lordship likes.—Will I  
 gang an' walk aboot, mem—my lady  
 —till his lordship's made up his min' ?  
 Wad that please him, duv ye think ?" he  
 said, in the tone of one who seeks ad-  
 vice.

But the girl only smiled, and the mar-  
 quis said, "Go to the devil."

"I maun luik to yer lordship for the  
 necessar' directions," rejoined Malcolm.

"Your tongue's long enough to inquire  
 as you go," said the marquis.

A reply in the same strain rushed to  
 Malcolm's lips, but he checked himself  
 in time, and stood silent, with his bonnet  
 in his hand, fronting the two. The mar-  
 quis sat gazing as if he had nothing to  
 say to him, but after a few moments the  
 lady spoke—not to Malcolm, however.

"Is there any danger in boating here,  
 papa ?" she said.

"Not more, I dare say, than there ought  
 to be," replied the marquis listlessly.  
 "Why do you ask ?"

"Because I should so like a row ! I  
 want to see how the shore looks to the  
 mermaids."

"Well, I will take you some day, if  
 we can find a proper boat."

"Is yours a proper boat ?" she asked,  
 turning to Malcolm with a sparkle of fun  
 in her eyes.

"That depe'n's on my lord's definition  
 o' *proper*."

"Definition !" repeated the marquis.

"Is 't ower lang a word, my lord ?"  
 asked Malcolm.

The marquis only smiled.

"I ken what ye mean. It's a strange  
 word in a fisher-lad's mou', ye think.  
 But what for should na a fisher-lad hae  
 a smatterin' o' loagic, my lord ? For  
 Greek or Laitin there's but sma' oppor-  
 tunity o' exerceese in oor pairts ; but for

loagic, a fisher-body may aye haud his han' in i' that. He can aye be tryin' 't upo' 's wife, or 's guid-mither, or upo' 's boat, or upo' the fish when they winna tak. Loagic wad save a heap o' cursin' an' ill words—amo' the fisher-fowk, I mean, my lord."

"Have you been to college?"

"Na, my lord—the mair's the pity! But I've been to the school sin' ever I can min'."

"Do they teach logic there?"

"A kin' o' 't. Mr. Graham sets us to try oor han' whiles—jist to mak 's a bit gleg (*quick and keen*), ye ken."

"You don't mean you go to school still?"

"I dinna gang reg'lar; but I gang as aften as Mr. Graham wants me to help him, an' I aye gether something."

"So it's schoolmaster you are as well as fisherman? Two strings to your bow!—Who pays you for teaching?"

"Ow! nacbody. Wha wad pay me for that?"

"Why, the schoolmaster."

"Na, but that wad be an affront, my lord!"

"How can you afford the time for nothing?"

"The time comes to little, compairt wi' what Mr. Graham gies me i' the lang forenichts—i' the winter time, ye ken, my lord, when the sea's whiles ower contumacious to be meddlet muckle wi'."

"But you have to support your grandfather."

"My gran'father wad be ill pleased to hear ye say 't, my lord. He's terrible independent; an' what wi' his pipes, an' his lamps, an' his shop, he could keep 's baith. It's no muckle the likes o' us wants. He winna let me gang far to the fishin', so that I hae the mair time to read an' gang to Mr. Graham."

As the youth spoke, the marquis eyed him with apparently growing interest.

"But you haven't told me whether your boat is a proper one," said the lady.

"Proper enuch, mem, for what's required o' her. She taks guid fish."

"But is it a proper boat for me to have a row in?"

"No wi' that goon on, mem, as I telled ye afore."

"The water won't get in, will it?"

"No more than's easy gotten oot again."

"Do you ever put up a sail?"

"Whiles—a wee bit o' a lug-sail."

"Nonsense, Flory!" said the marquis. "I'll see about it." Then turning to Malcolm—

"You may go," he said. "When I want you I will send for you."

Malcolm thought with himself that he had sent for him this time before he wanted him; but he made his bow, and departed—not without disappointment, for he had expected the marquis to say something about his grandfather going to the House with his pipes, a request he would fain have carried to the old man to gladden his heart withal.

Lord Lossie had been one of the boon companions of the prince of Wales—considerably higher in type, it is true, yet low enough to accept usage for law, and measure his obligation by the custom of his peers: duty merely amounted to what was expected of him, and honor, the fitting shadow of the garment of truth, was his sole divinity. Still, he had a heart, and it would speak—so long at least as the object affecting it was present. But, alas! it had no memory. Like the unjust judge, he might redress a wrong that cried to him, but out of sight and hearing it had for him no existence. To a man he would not have told a deliberate lie—except, indeed, a woman was in the case; but to women he had lied enough to sink the whole ship of fools. Nevertheless, had the accusing angel himself called him a liar, he would have instantly offered him his choice of weapons.

There was in him by nature, however, a certain generosity which all the vice he had shared in had not quenched. Overbearing, he was not yet too overbearing to appreciate a manly carriage, and had been pleased with what some would have considered the boorishness of Malcolm's behavior—such not perceiving that it had the same source as the true aristocratic bearing—namely, a certain un-

selfish confidence which is the mother of dignity.

He had of course been a spendthrift—and so much the better, being otherwise what he was; for a cautious and frugal voluptuary is about the lowest style of man. Hence he had never been out of difficulties, and when, a year or so ago, he succeeded to his brother's marquisate, he was, notwithstanding his enlarged income, far too much involved to hope any immediate rescue from them. His new property, however, would afford him a refuge from troublesome creditors; there he might also avoid expenditure for a season, and perhaps rally the forces of a dissolute life; the place was not new to him, having, some twenty years before, spent nearly twelve months there, of which time the recollections were not altogether unpleasant: weighing all these things he had made up his mind, and here he was at Lossie House.

The marquis was about fifty years of age, more worn than his years would account for, yet younger than his years in expression, for his conscience had never bitten him very deep. He was middle-sized, broad-shouldered, but rather thin, with fine features of the aquiline Greek type, light-blue hazy eyes, and fair hair, slightly curling and streaked with gray. His manners were those of one polite for his own sake. To his remote inferiors he was kind—would even encourage them to liberties, but might in turn take greater with them than they might find agreeable. He was fond of animals—would sit for an hour stroking the head of Demon, his great Irish deerhound; but at other times would tease him to a wrath which touched the verge of dangerous. He was fond of practical jokes, and would not hesitate to indulge himself even in such as were incompatible with any genuine refinement: the sort had been in vogue in his merrier days, and Lord Lossie had ever been one of the most fertile in inventing and loudest in enjoying them. For the rest, if he was easily enraged, he was readily appeased; could drink a great deal, but was no drunkard; and held as his creed that a God had probably made the world

and set it going, but that he did not care a brass farthing, as he phrased it, how it went on, or what such an insignificant being as a man did or left undone in it. Perhaps he might amuse himself with it, he said, but he doubted it. As to men, he believed every man loved himself supremely, and therefore was in natural warfare with every other man. Concerning women he professed himself unable to give a definite utterance of any sort—and yet, he would add, he had had opportunities.

The mother of Florimel had died when she was a mere child, and from that time she had been at school until her father brought her away to share his fresh honors. She knew little, that little was not correct, and had it been, would have yet been of small value. At school she had been under many laws, and had felt their slavery: she was now in the third heaven of delight with her liberty. But the worst of foolish laws is, that when the insurgent spirit casts them off, it is but too ready to cast away with them the genial self-restraint which these fretting trammels have smothered beneath them.

Her father regarded her as a child, of whom it was enough to require that she should keep out of mischief. He said to himself now and then that he must find a governess for her; but as yet he had not begun to look for one. Meantime he neither exercised the needful authority over her, nor treated her as a companion. His was a shallow nature, never very pleasantly conscious of itself except in the whirl of excitement and the glitter of crossing lights: with a lovely daughter by his side, he neither sought to search into her being, nor to aid its unfolding, but sat brooding over past pleasures, or fancying others yet in store for him—lost in the dull flow of life along the lazy reach to whose mire its once tumultuous torrent had now descended. But, indeed, what could such a man have done for the education of a young girl? How many of the qualities he understood and enjoyed in women could he desire to see developed in his daughter? There was yet enough of the



father in him to expect those qualities in her to which in other women he had been an insidious foe; but had he not done what in him lay to destroy his right of claiming such from her?

So Lady Florimel was running wild, and enjoying it. As long as she made her appearance at meals, and looked happy, her father would give himself no trouble about her. How he himself managed to live in those first days without company—what he thought about or speculated upon, it were hard to say. All he could be said to do was to ride here and there over the estate with his steward, Mr. Crathie, knowing little and caring less about farming, or crops, or cattle. He had by this time, however, invited a few friends to visit him, and expected their arrival before long.

"How do you like this dull life, Flory?" he said, as they walked up the garden to breakfast.

"Dull, papa!" she returned. "You never were at a girls' school, or you wouldn't call this dull. It is the merriest life in the world. To go where you like, and have miles of room! And such room! It's the loveliest place in the world, papa!"

He smiled a small, satisfied smile, and stooping stroked his Demon.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### MEG PARTAN'S LAMP.

MALCOLM went down the river-side, not over pleased with the marquis; for, although unconscious of it as such, he had a strong feeling of personal dignity.

As he threaded the tortuous ways of the Seaton toward his own door, he met sounds of mingled abuse and apology. Such were not infrequent in that quarter, for one of the women who lived there was a termagant, and the door of her cottage was generally open. She was known as Meg Partan. Her husband's real name was of as little consequence in life as it is in my history, for almost everybody in the fishing villages of that coast was and is known by his *to-name*, or nickname, a device for distinction

rendered absolutely necessary by the paucity of surnames occasioned by the persistent intermarriage of the fisher-folk. *Partan* is the Scotch for *crab*, but the immediate recipient of the name was one of the gentlest creatures in the place, and hence it had been surmised by some that, the gray mare being the better horse, the man was thus designated from the crabbedness of his wife; but the probability is he brought the agnomen with him from school, where many such apparently misfitting names are unaccountably generated.

In the present case, however, the apologies were not issuing as usual from the mouth of Davy Partan, but from that of the blind piper. Malcolm stood for a moment at the door to understand the matter of contention, and prepare himself to interfere judiciously.

"Gien ye suppose, piper, 'at ye're peyed to drive fowk oot o' their beds at sic hoors as yon, it's time the toon-council was informed o' yer mistak," said Meg Partan, with emphasis on the last syllable.

"Ta coot peoples up in ta town are not half so hart upon her as you, Mistress Partan," insinuated poor Duncan, who, knowing himself in fault, was humble; "and it's tere tat she's paid," he added, with a bridling motion, "and not town here pelow."

"Dinna ye gloriffee yersel' to suppose there's a fisher, lat alane a fisher's wife, in a' the haille Seaton 'at wad lippen (*trust*) till an auld haiveril like you to hae them up i' the morning! Haith! I was oot o' my bed hoors or I hard the skirlin' o' *your* pipes. Troth! I ken weel hoo muckle ower ear' yer was! But what fowk taks in han', fowk sud put oot o' han' in a proper mainner, and no misguggle 't a'thegither like yon. An' for what they say i' the toon, there's Mistress Catanach—"

"Mistress Catanach is a paad 'oman," said Duncan.

"I wad advise *you*, piper, to haud a quaiet sough about *her*. *She's* no to be meddlet wi', Mistress Catanach, I can tell ye. Gien ye anger her, it'll be the waur for ye. The neist time ye hae a lvin' in, she'll be raxin' (*reaching*) ye a

hairless pup, or, 'deed, maybe a stan' o' bagpipes, as the product."

"Her nain sel' will not pe requiring her sairvices, Mistress Partan; she'll pe leafig tat to you, if you'll excuse me," said Duncan.

"'Deed, ye're richt there! An auld speldin' (*dried haddock*) like you! Ha! ha! ha!"

Malcolm judged it time to interfere, and stepped into the cottage. Duncan was seated in the darkest corner of the room, with an apron over his knees, occupied with a tin lamp. He had taken out the wick and laid its flat tube on the hearth, had emptied the oil into a saucer, and was now rubbing the lamp vigorously: cleanliness rather than brightness must have been what he sought to produce.

Malcolm's instinct taught him to side so far with the dame concerning Mrs. Catanach, and thereby turn the torrent away from his grandfather.

"'Deed ye're richt there, Mistress Findlay!" he said. "*She's no to be meddlet wi'. She's no mowse (safe).*"

Malcolm was a favorite with Meg, as with all the women of the place; hence she did not even start in resentment at his sudden appearance, but, turning to Duncan, exclaimed victoriously—

"Hear till yer ain oye! He's a laad o' sense!"

"Ay, hear to him!" rejoined the old man with pride. "My Malcolm will always pe speaking tat which will pe worth ta hearing with ta ears. Poth of you and me will pe knowing ta Mistress Catanach pretty well—eh, Malcolm, my son? We'll not pe trusting her ferry too much—will we, my son?"

"No a hair, daddy," returned Malcolm.

"She's a dooms clever wife, though; an' ane 'at ye may lippen till i' the w'y o' her ain callin'," said Meg Partan, whose temper had improved a little under the influence of the handsome youth's presence and cheery speech.

"She'll not pe toubting it," responded Duncan; "put, ach! ta voman 'll be hafing a crim feesage and a fearsome eye!"

Like all the blind, he spoke as if he saw perfectly.

"Weel, I hae hard fowk say 'at ye bude (*behoved*) to hae the second sicht," said Mrs. Findlay, laughing rudely; "but wow! it stan's ye in sma' service gien that be a' it comes till. She's a guid-natur'd, sony-luikin' wife as ye wad see; an' for her een, they're jist sic likes mine ain.—Haena ye near dune wi' that lamp yet?"

"The week of it 'll pe shust a leetle out of orte," answered the old man. "Ta pairns has been pulling it up with a peen from ta top, and not putting it in at ta hole for ta purpose. And she'll pe thinking you'll pe cleaning off ta purnt part with a peen yourself, ma'am, and not with ta pair of scissors she tolt you o', Mistress Partan."

"Gae 'wa' wi' yer nonsense!" cried Meg. "Daur ye say I dinna ken hoo to trim an uilyie lamp wi' the best blin' pip'er ever cam frae the bare-leggit Heelans?"

"A choke's a choke, ma'am," said Duncan, rising with dignity; "put for a latty to make a choke of a man's pare leks is not ta propriety!"

"Oot o' my hoose wi' ye!" screamed the she-Partan. "Wad ye threep (*insist*) upo' me onything I said was less nor proaper. 'At I sud say what wadna stan' the licht as weel's the bare houghs o' only heelan rascal 'at ever lap a lawlan' dyke!"

"Hoot toot! Mistress Findlay," interposed Malcolm, as his grandfather strode from the door; "ye maunna forget 'at he's auld an' blin'; an' a' heelan' fowk's some kittle (*touchy*) about their legs."

"Deil shoche them!" exclaimed the Partaness; "what care I for 's legs?"

Duncan had brought the germ of this ministry of light from his native Highlands, where he had practiced it in his own house, no one but himself being permitted to clean, or fill, or indeed, trim the lamp. How first this came about, I do not believe the old man himself knew. But he must have had some feeling of a call to the work; for he had not been a month in Portlossie, before he had installed himself in several

families as the genius of their lamps, and he gradually extended the relation until it comprehended almost all the houses in the village.

It was strange and touching to see the sightless man thus busy about light for others. A marvelous symbol of faith he was—not only believing in sight, but in the mysterious, and to him altogether unintelligible, means by which others saw! In thus lending his aid to a faculty in which he had no share, he himself followed the trail of the garments of Light, stooping ever and anon to lift and bear her skirts. He haunted the steps of the unknown Power, and flitted about the walls of her temple, as we mortals haunt the borders of the immortal land, knowing nothing of what lies behind the unseen veil, yet believing in an unrevealed grandeur. Or shall we say he stood like the forsaken merman, who, having no soul to be saved, yet lingered and listened outside the prayer-echoing church? Only old Duncan had got farther: though he saw not a glimmer of the glory, he yet asserted his part and lot in it, by the aiding of his fellows to that of which he lacked the very conception himself. He was a doorkeeper in the house, yea, by faith the blind man became even a priest in the temple of Light.

Even when his grandchild was the merest baby, he would never allow the gloaming to deepen into night without kindling for his behoof the brightest and cleanest of train-oil lamps. The women who at first looked in to offer their services, would marvel at the trio of blind man, babe, and burning lamp, and some would expostulate with him on the needless waste. But neither would he listen to their words, nor accept their offered assistance in dressing or undressing the child. The sole manner in which he would consent to avail himself of their willingness to help him, was to leave the baby in charge of this or that neighbor while he went his rounds with the bag-pipes: when he went lamp-cleaning he always took him along with him.

By this change of guardians Malcolm was a great gainer, for thus he came to be surreptitiously nursed by a baker's

dozen of mothers, who had a fund of not very wicked amusement in the lamentations of the old man over his baby's refusal of nourishment, and his fears that he was pining away. But while they honestly declared that a healthier child had never been seen in Portlossie, they were compelled to conceal the too satisfactory reasons of the child's fastidiousness; for they were persuaded that the truth would only make Duncan terribly jealous, and set him on contriving how at once to play his pipes and carry his baby.

He had certain days for visiting certain houses, and cleaning the lamps in them. The housewives had at first granted him as a privilege the indulgence of his whim, and as such alone had Duncan regarded it; but by and by, when they found their lamps burn so much better from being properly attended to, they began to make him some small return; and at length it became the custom with every housewife who accepted his services, to pay him a half-penny a week during the winter months for cleaning her lamp. He never asked for it; if payment was omitted, never even hinted at it; received what was given him thankfully; and was regarded with kindness, and, indeed, respect, by all. Even Mrs. Partan, as he alone called her, was his true friend: no intensity of friendship could have kept her from scolding. I believe if we could thoroughly dissect the natures of scolding women, we should find them in general not at all so unfriendly as they are unpleasant.

A small trade in oil arose from his connection with the lamps, and was added to the list of his general dealings. The fisher-folk made their own oil, but sometimes it would run short, and then recourse was had to Duncan's little store, prepared by himself of the best, chiefly, now, from the livers of fish caught by his grandson. With so many sources of income, no one wondered at his getting on. Indeed, no one would have been surprised to hear, long before Malcolm had begun to earn anything, that the old man had already laid by a trifle.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE SLOPE OF THE DUNE.

LOOKING at Malcolm's life from the point of his own consciousness, and not from that of the so-called world, it was surely pleasant enough! Innocence, devotion to another, health, pleasant labor, with an occasional shadow of danger to arouse the energies, leisure, love of reading, a lofty-minded friend, and, above all, a supreme presence, visible to his heart in the meeting of vaulted sky and outspread sea, and felt at moments in any waking wind that cooled his glowing cheek and breathed into him anew of the breath of life,—lapped in such conditions, bathed in such influences, the youth's heart was swelling like a rosebud ready to burst into blossom.

But he had never yet felt the immediate presence of woman in any of her closer relations. He had never known mother or sister; and, although his voice always assumed a different tone and his manner grew more gentle in the presence of a woman, old or young, he had found little individually attractive amongst the fisher-girls. There was not much in their circumstances to bring out the finer influences of womankind in them: they had rough usage, hard work at the curing and carrying of fish and the drying of nets, little education, and but poor religious instruction. At the same time any failure in what has come to be specially called *virtue* was all but unknown amongst them; and the profound faith in women, and corresponding worship of everything essential to womanhood which essentially belonged to a nature touched to fine issues, had as yet met with no check. It had never come into Malcolm's thought that there were live women capable of impurity. Mrs. Catanach was the only woman he had ever looked upon with dislike—and that dislike had generated no more than the vaguest suspicion. Let a woman's faults be all that he had ever known in woman, he yet could look on her with reverence—and the very heart of reverence is love; whence it may be plainly seen that Malcolm's nature was at once prepared for much delight, and exposed

to much suffering. It followed that all the women of his class loved and trusted him; and hence in part it came that, absolutely free of arrogance, he was yet confident in the presence of women. The tradesmen's daughters in the upper town took pains to show him how high above him they were, and women of better position spoke to him with a kind condescension that made him feel the gulf that separated them; but to one and all he spoke with the frankness of manly freedom.

But he had now arrived at that season when, in the order of things, a man is compelled to have at least a glimmer of the life which consists in sharing life with another. When once, through the thousand unknown paths of creation, the human being is so far divided from God that his individuality is secured, it has become yet more needful that the crust gathered around him in the process should be broken; and the love between man and woman, arising from a difference deep in the heart of God, and essential to the very being of each—for by no words can I express my scorn of the evil fancy that the distinction between them is solely or even primarily physical—is one of His most powerful forces for blasting the wall of separation, and, first step toward the universal harmony, of twain making one. That love should be capable of ending in such vermiculate results as too often appear, is no more against the loveliness of the divine idea, than that the forms of man and woman, the spirit gone from them, should degenerate to such things as may not be looked upon. There is no plainer sign of the need of a God, than the possible fate of Love. The celestial Cupido may soar aloft on seraph wings that assert his origin, or fall down on the belly of a snake and creep to hell.

But Malcolm was not of the stuff of which coxcombs are made, and had not begun to think even of the abyss that separated Lady Florimel and himself—an abyss like that between star and star, across which stretches no mediating air—a blank and blind space. He felt her presence only as that of a being to be

worshiped, to be heard with rapture, and yet addressed without fear.

Though not greatly prejudiced in favor of books, Lady Florimel had burrowed a little in the old library at Lossie House, and had chanced on the *Faerie Queene*. She had often come upon the name of the author in books of extracts, and now, turning over its leaves, she found her own. Indeed, where else could her mother have found the name *Florimel*? Her curiosity was roused, and she resolved—no light undertaking—to read the poem through, and see who and what the lady, Florimel, was. Notwithstanding the difficulty she met with at first, she had persevered, and by this time it had become easy enough. The copy she had found was in small volumes, of which she now carried one about with her wherever she wandered; and making her first acquaintance with the sea and the poem together, she soon came to fancy that she could not fix her attention on the book without the sound of the waves for an accompaniment to the verse—although the gentler noise of an ever-flowing stream would have better suited the nature of Spenser's rhythm; for indeed, he had composed the greater part of the poem with such a sound in his ears, and there are indications in the poem itself that he consciously took the river as his chosen analogue after which to model the flow of his verse.

It was a sultry afternoon, and Florimel lay on the seaward side of the dune, buried in her book. The sky was foggy with heat, and the sea lay dull, as if oppressed by the superincumbent air, and leaden in hue, as if its color had been destroyed by the sun. The tide was rising slowly, with a muffled and sleepy murmur on the sand; for here were no pebbles to impart a hiss to the wave as it rushed up the bank, or to go softly hurtling down the slope with it as it sank. As she read, Malcolm was walking toward her along the top of the dune, but not until he came almost above where she lay, did she hear his step in the soft quenching sand.

She nodded kindly, and he descended, approaching her.

"Did ye want me, my leddy?" he asked.

"No," she answered.

"I wasna sure whether ye noddit 'cause ye wantit me, or no," said Malcolm, and turned to reascend the dune.

"Where are you going now?" he asked.

"Ow! nae gait in particular. I can oot to see hoo things war luik."

"What things?"

"Ow! jist the lift (*sky*), an' the an' sic generals."

That Malcolm's delight in the presences of Nature—I say *presences*, as distinguished from forms and colors—all analyzed sources of her influence should have already become a conscious thing to himself, requires to account it the fact that his master, Graham, already under the influences of Wordsworth, whom he had hailed as a Coleridge that had burst his shell and spread wings of an eagle: the virtue passed from him to his pupil.

"I won't detain you from such important business," said Lady Florimel, and dropped her eyes on her book.

"Gien ye want my company, my leddy, I can luik about me jist as well as ony ither gait," said Malcolm.

And as he spoke, he gently stretched himself on the dune, about three feet aside and lower down. Florimel had half amused and half annoyed, but she had brought it on herself, and she punished him only by dropping her eyes again on her book, and keeping her face to the sea. She had come to the Florimel of Spenser.

Malcolm lay and looked at her for a few moments pondering; then, fancying he had found the cause of her color, he rose, and, passing to the other side of the dune, again lay down, but at a respectful distance.

"Why do you move?" she asked, without looking up.

"'Cause there's jist a possible chance o' win' frae the nor'-east."

"And you want me to shelter you from it?" said Lady Florimel.

"Na, na, my leddy," returned Malcolm, laughing; "for as bonny's ye are, ye wad be but sma' scoug (*shelter*).

"Why did you move, then," persisted the girl, who understood what he said ist about half.

"Weel, my leddy, ye see it's het, an' m'aye amang the fish mair or less, an' didna ken 'at I was to hae the honor sittin' doon aside ye; sae I thoct ye as maybe smellin' the fish. It's healthy euch, but some fowk disna like it; an' r' a' that I ken, you gran' fowk's senses ay be mair ready to scunner (*take of-mice*) than oors. 'Deed, my leddy, we adna need to be particular whiles, or it ad be the waur for 's!"

Simple as it was, the explanation rved to restore her equanimity, disturbed by what had seemed his pre-mption in lying down in her presence: e saw that she had mistaken the ac-on. The fact was, that, concluding om her behavior she had something to ry to him, but was not yet at leisure for im, he had lain down, as a loving dog ight, to await her time. It was devo-on, not coolness. To remain standing efore her would have seemed a demand n her attention; to lie down was to withdraw and wait. But Florimel, al-though pleased, was only the more in-lined to torment—a peculiarity of dis-osition which she inherited from her ther: she bowed her face once more ver her book, and read through three hole stanzas, without, however, under- tanding a single phrase in them, before he spoke. Then looking up, and re- arding for a moment the youth who lay atching her with the eyes of the ser- ants in the psalm, she said—

"Well? What are you waiting for?"

"I thoct ye wantit me, my leddy! I eg yer pardon," answered Malcolm, pringing to his feet, and turning to p.

"Do you ever read?" she asked.

"Aften that," replied Malcolm, turn- ng again, and standing stock-still. "An' I like best to read jist as yer leddyship's eadin' the noo, lyin' o' the san'-hill, wi' the hail sea afore me, an' nothing tween me an' the icebergs but the wat- er an' the stars an' a wheen islands. It's like readin' wi' fower een, that?"

"And what do you read on such occa-

sions?" carelessly drawled his perse- cutor.

"Whiles ae thing an' whiles anither— whiles onything I can lay my han's upo'. I like traivels an' sic like weel enuch; an' history, gien it be na ower dry-like. I div *not* like sermons, an' there's mair o' them in Portlossie than onything ither. Mr. Graham—that's the schoolmaister— has a gran' library, but its maist Laitin an' Greek, an' though I like the Laitin weel, it's no what I wad read i' the face o' the sea. When ye 're in dreid o' wantin' a dictionar', that spiles a'."

"Can you read Latin, then?"

"Ay: that for no, my leddy? I can read Virgil middlin'; and Horace's *Ars Poetica*, the whilk Mr. Graham says is no its richt name ava, but jist *Epistola ad Pisones*; for gien they bude to gie 't anither, it sud ha' been *Ars Dramatica*. But leddies dinna care aboot sic things."

"You gentlemen give us no chance. You won't teach us."

"Noo, my leddy, dinna begin to mak' ghem o' me, like my lord. I cud ill bide it frae him, an' gien ye tak till 't as weel, I maun jist haud oot o' yer gait. I'm nae gentleman, an' hae ower muckle respect for what becomes a gentleman to be pleased at being ca'd ane. But as for the Laitin, I'll be proud to instruck her leddyship whan ye please."

"I'm afraid I've no great wish to learn," said Florimel.

"I daur say not," said Malcolm quietly, and again addressed himself to go.

"Do you like novels?" asked the girl.

"I never saw a novelle. There's no ane amo' a' Mr. Graham's buiks, an' I s' warran' there's full twa hunner o' *them*. I dinna believe there's a single novelle in a' Portlossie."

"Don't be too sure: there are a good many in our library."

"I hadna the presumption, my leddy, to coont the Hoose in Portlossie.—Ye 'll hae a sicht o' buiks up there, no?"

"Have you never been in the library?"

"I never set fut i' the hoose—'cep' i' the kitchie, an' ance or twice steppin' across the ha' frae the ae door to the tither. I wad fain see what kin' o' a place great fowk like you bides in, an'

what kin' o' things, buiks an' a', ye hae aboot ye. It's no easy for the like o' huz 'at has but a but an' a ben (*outer and inner room*), to unnerstan' hoo ye fill sic a muckle place as yon. I wad be aye i' the library, I think. But," he went on, glancing involuntarily at the dainty little foot that peered from under her dress, "yer leddyship's sae licht-fittit, ye'll be ower the haill dwallin', like a wee bird in a muckle cage. Whan I want room, I like it wantin' wa's."

Once more he was on the point of going, but once more a word detained him.

"Do you ever read poetry?"

"Ay, sometimes—whan it's auld."

"One would think you were talking about wine! Does age improve poetry as well?"

"I ken naething aboot wine, my leddy. Miss Horn gae me a glaiss the ither day, an' it tastit weel, but whether it was *merum* or *mixtum*, I couldna tell mair nor a haddick. Doobless age does gar poetry smack a wee better; but I said *auld* only 'cause there's sae little new poetry that I care aboot comes my gait. Mr. Graham's unco ta'en wi Maister Wordsworth—no an ill name for a poet: do ye ken onything about *him*, my leddy?"

"I never heard of him."

"I wadna gie an auld Scots ballant for a barrowfu' o' his. There's gran' bits here an' there, nae doobt, but it's ower mim-mou'ed for me."

"What do you mean by that?"

"It's ower saft an' sliddery-like i' yer mou', my leddy."

"What sort do you like, then?"

"I like Milton weel. Ye get a fine mou'fu' o' *him*. I dinna like the verse 'at ye can murle (*crumble*) oot atween yer lips an' yer teeth. I like the verse 'at ye maun open yer mou' weel to lat gang. Syne it's worth yer while, whether ye unnerstan' 't or no."

"I don't see how you can say that."

"Jist hear, my leddy! Here's a bit I cam upo' last nicht:

His volant touch,  
Instinct through all proportions, low and high,  
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.

Hear till 't! It's gran'—even though ye dinna ken what it means a bit."

"I do know what it means," said Florimel. "Let me see: *volant* means—what does *volant* mean?"

"It means *fleein'*, I suppose."

"Well, he means some musician or other."

"Of coorse; it maun be Jubal.—I ken a' the words but *fugue*; though I canna tell what business *instinct* an' *proportions* hae there."

"It's describing how the man's fingers, playing a fugue—on the organ, I suppose—"

"A *fugue* 'll be some kin' o' a tune, than? That casts a heap o' licht on't, my leddy.—I never saw an organ: what is 't like?"

"Something like a pianoforte."

"But I never saw ane o' them, either. It's ill makin' things a'thegither oot o' yer ain heid."

"Well, it's played with the fingers—like this," said Florimel. "And the fugue is a kind of piece where one part pursues the other—"

"An' syne," cried Malcolm eagerly, "that ane turns roon' an' rins efter the first;—that 'll be '*fled and pursued transverse*.' I hae't! I hae't! See, my leddy, what it is to hae sic schoolin', wi' music an' a'! The *proportions*—that's the relation o' the notes to ane anither; an' *fugue*—that comes frae *fugere, to flee*—'*fled and pursued transverse* the resonant fugue'—the tane rinnin' efter the tither, roon' an' roon'. Ay, I hae't noo!—*Resonant*—that's *echoing* or *resounding*. But what's *instinct*, my leddy? It maun be an adjective, I'm thinkin'."

Although the modesty of Malcolm had led him to conclude the girl immeasurably his superior in learning because she could tell him what a fugue was, he soon found she could help him no further, for she understood scarcely anything about grammar, and her vocabulary was limited enough. Not a doubt interfered, however, with her acceptance of the imputed superiority; for it is as easy for some to assume as it is for others to yield.

"I hae't! It *is* an adjective," cried Malcolm, after a short pause of thought.

"It's the *touch* that's *instinct*. But I fancy there sud be a comma efter *instinct*.—His fingers were sae used till 't that they could 'maist do the thing o' them-sel's.—Isna 't lucky, my leddy, that I thoct o' sayin' 't ower to *you*? I'll read the buik frae the beginnin'—it's the neist to the last, I think—jist to come upo' the twa lines i' their ain place, ohn their ex-peckin' me like, an' see hoo gran' they soon' whan a body unnerstan's them. Thank ye, my leddy."

"I suppose you read Milton to your grandfather?"

"Ay, sometimes—i' the lang fore-nichts."

"What do you mean by the *fore-nights*?"

"I mean efter it's dark an' afore ye gang to yer bed.—He likes the battles o' the angels best. As sune 's it comes to ony fechtin', up he gets, an' gangs stridin' about the flure; an' whiles he maks a claucht at 's claymore; an' faith! ance he maist cawed aff my heid wi' 't, for he had made a mistak about whaur I was sittin'."

"What's a *claymore*?"

"A muckle heelan' braidswoord, my leddy. *Clay* frae *gladius*, verra likly; an' *more*'s the Gaelic for *great*: *claymore*, great sword. Blin' as my gran'father is, ye wad sweer he had fochten in 's day, gien ye hard hoo he'll gar 't whurr an' whistle about 's heid as gien 't was a bit lath o' wud."

"But that's very dangerous," said Florimel, something aghast at the recital.

"Ow, ay!" assented Malcolm, indifferently.—"Gien ye wad luik in, my leddy, I wad lat ye see his claymore, an' his dirk, an' his skene dhu, an' a'."

"I don't think I could venture. He's too dreadful! I should be terrified at him."

"Dreidfu! my leddy? He's the quietest, kin'liest auld man!—that is, providit ye say naething for a Cawmill, or *agen* ony ither hielanman. Ye see he comes o' Glenco, an' the Cawmills are jist a hate till him—specially Cawmill o' Glenlyon, wha was the warst o' them a'. Ye sud hear him tell the story till 's pipes, my leddy! It's gran' to hear him! An' the poetry a' his ain!"

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE STORM.

THERE came a blinding flash and a roar through the leaden air, followed by heavy drops mixed with huge hailstones. At the flash, Florimel gave a cry and half rose to her feet, but at the thunder, fell, as if stunned by the noise, on the sand. As if with a bound, Malcolm was by her side, but when she perceived his terror, she smiled, and laying hold of his hand, sprung to her feet.

"Come, come," she cried; and still holding his hand, hurried up the dune, and down the other side of it. Malcolm accompanied her step for step, strongly tempted, however, to snatch her up, and run for the bored craig: he could not think why she made for the road—high on an unscalable embankment, with the park-wall on the other side. But she ran straight for a door in the embankment itself, dark between two buttresses, which, never having seen it open, he had not thought of. For a moment she stood panting before it, while with trembling hand she put a key in the lock; the next she pushed open the creaking door and entered. As she turned to take out the key, she saw Malcolm yards away in the middle of the road and in a cataract of rain, which seemed to have with difficulty suspended itself only until the lady should be under cover. He stood with his bonnet in his hand, watching for a farewell glance.

"Why don't you come in?" she said impatiently.

He was beside her in a moment.

"I didna ken ye wad let me in," he said.

"I wouldn't have you drowned," she returned, shutting the door.

"Droont!" he repeated. "It wad tak a hantle (*great deal*) to droon me. I stack to the boddom o' a whumled boat a haill nicht when I was but fifteen."

They stood in a tunnel which passed under the road, affording immediate communication between the park and the shore. The farther end of it was dark with trees. The upper half of the door by which they had entered was a wooden grating, for the admission of



light, and through it they were now gazing, though they could see little but the straight lines of almost perpendicular rain that scratched out the colors of the landscape. The sea was troubled, although no wind blew; it heaved as with an inward unrest. But suddenly there was a great broken sound somewhere in the air; and the next moment a storm came tearing over the face of the sea, covering it with blackness innumerable rent into spots of white. Presently it struck the shore, and a great rude blast came roaring through the grating, carrying with it a sheet of rain, and, catching Florimel's hair, sent it streaming wildly out behind her.

"Dinna ye think, my leddy," said Malcolm, "ye had better mak for the hoose? What wi' the win' an' the weat thegither, ye'll be gettin' yer deith o' cauld. I s' gang wi' ye sae far, gien ye'll alloo me, jist to haud it ohn blawn ye awa'."

The wind suddenly fell, and his last words echoed loud in the vaulted way. For a moment it grew darker in the silence, and then a great flash carried the world away with it, and left nothing but blackness behind. A roar of thunder followed, and even while it yet belled, a white face flitted athwart the grating, and a voice of agony shrieked aloud:

"I dinna ken whaur it comes frae!"

Florimel grasped Malcolm's arm: the face had passed close to hers—only the grating between, and the cry cut through the thunder like a knife.

Instinctively, almost unconsciously, he threw his arm around her, to shield her from her own terror.

"Dinna be feyt, my leddy," he said. "It's naething but the mad laird. He's a quaiet cratur eneuch, only he disna ken whaur he comes frae—he disna ken whaur onything comes frae—an' he canna bide it. But he wadna hurt leevin' cratur, the laird."

"What a dreadful face!" said the girl, shuddering.

"It's no an ill-faured face," said Malcolm, "only the storm's frichtit him by ord'nar, an' it's unco ghaistly the noo."

"Is there nothing to be done for him?" she said compassionately.

"No upo' this side the grave, I doobt, my leddy," answered Malcolm.

Here, coming to herself, the girl became aware of her support, and laid her hand on Malcolm's to remove his arm. He obeyed instantly, and she said nothing.

"There was some speech," he went on hurriedly, with a quaver in his voice. "o' pittin' him intill the asylum at Aberdeen, an' noo lattin' him scoor the queentry this gait, they said; but it wad hae been sheer cruelty, for the cratur likes naething sae weel as rinnin' aboot, an' does no mainner o' hurt. A verra bairn can guide him. An' he has jist as guid a richt to the leeberty God gies him as ony man alive, an' mair nor a hantle (*more than many*)."

"Is nothing known about him?"

"A thing's known aboot him, my leddy, 'at 's known aboot the lave (*rest*) o' 's. His father was the laird o' Gerssefell—an' for that maitter he's laird himself noo. But they say he's taen sic a scunner (*disgust*) at his mither, that he canna bide the verra word o' *mither*: he jist cries oot whan he hears 't."

"It seems clearing," said Florimel.

"I doobt it's only haudin' up for a wee," returned Malcolm, after surveying as much of the sky as was visible through the bars; "but I do think ye had better rin for the hoose, my leddy. I s' jist follow ye, a feow yairds ahin', till I see ye safe. Dinna ye be feared—I s' tak guid care: I wadna hae ye seen i' the company o' a fisher-lad like me."

There was no doubting the perfect simplicity with which this was said, and the girl took no exception. They left the tunnel, and skirting the bottom of the little hill on which stood the temple of the winds, were presently in the midst of a young wood, through which a gravelled path led toward the House. But they had not gone far ere a blast of wind, more violent than any that had preceded it, smote the wood, and the trees, young larches and birches and sycamores, bent streaming before it. Lady Florimel turned to see where Mal-

colm was, and her hair went from her like a Maenad's, while her garments flew fluttering and straining, as if struggling to carry her off. She had never in her life before been out in a storm, and she found the battle joyously exciting. The roaring of the wind in the trees was grand; and what seemed their terrified struggles while they bowed and writhed and rose but to bow again, as in mad effort to unfix their earth-bound roots and escape, took such sympathetic hold of her imagination, that she flung out her arms, and began to dance and whirl as if herself the genius of the storm. Malcolm, who had been some thirty paces behind, was with her in a moment.

"Isn't it splendid?" she cried.

"It blaws weel—verra near as weel 's ny daddy," said Malcolm, enjoying it quite as much as the girl.

"How dare you make game of such a grand uproar?" said Florimel with superiority.

"Mak ghem o' a blast o' win' by comarain' 't to my gran'father!" exclaimed Malcolm. "Hoot, my leddy! it's a coomplement to the biggest blast 'at ever blew to be compairt till an auld man like *him*. I'm ower used to them o' min' them muckle mysel', 'cep' to fecht wi' them. But when I watch the sea-goos dartin' like arrow-heids throu' the win', I sometimes think it maun be gran' for the angels to caw aboot great flags o' wings in a mortal warstle wi' sic a hurricane as this."

"I don't understand you one bit," said Lady Florimel petulantly.

As she spoke, she went on, but the blast having abated, Malcolm lingered, to place a proper distance between them.

"You needn't keep so far behind," said Florimel, looking back.

"As yer leddyship pleases," answered Malcolm, and was at once by her side. "I'll gang till ye tell me to stan'.—Eh, 'ae different 's ye luik frae the ither nornin'!"

"What morning?"

"Whan ye was sittin' at the fut o' the bored craig."

"Bored craig! What's that?"

"The rock wi' a hole throu' 't. Ye

ken the rock weel eneuch, my leddy. Ye was sittin' at the fut o' 't, readin' yer buik, as white's gien ye had been made o' snaw. It cam to me that the rock was the sepulchre, the hole the open door o' 't, an' yersel' ane o' the angels that had fauldit his wings an' was waitin' for somebody to tell the guid news till, that He was up an' awa'."

"And what do I look like to-day?" she asked.

"Ow! the day, ye luik like some cratur o' the storm; or the storm itsel' takin' a leevin' shape, an' the bonniest it could; or maybe, like Ahriel, gacin' afore the win', wi' the blast in 's feathers, rufflin' them a' gaits at ance."

"Who's Ahriel?"

"Ow, the fleein' cratur 'i' *The Tempest!* But in your bonny southern speech, I daur say ye wad ca' him—or her, I dinna ken whilk the cratur was—ye wad ca' 't Ayriel?"

"I don't know anything about him or her or it," said Lady Florimel.

"Ye'll hae a' about him up i' the library there, though," said Malcolm. "*The Tempest's* the only ane o' Shakspeare's plays 'at I hae read, but it's a gran' ane, as Maister Graham has empoered me to see."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Florimel, "I've lost my book!"

"I'll gang back an' luik for 't, this meenute, my leddy," said Malcolm. "I ken ilka fit o' the road we've come, an' it's no possible but I fa' in wi' 't.—Ye'll sune be hame noo, an' it'll hardly be on again afore ye win in," he added, looking up at the clouds.

"But how am I to get it? I want it very much."

"I'll jist fess 't up to the Hoose, an' say 'at I fan' 't whaur I will fin' 't. But I wiss ye wad len' me yer pocket-nepkin to row 't in, for I'm feared for blaudin' 't afore I get it back to ye."

Florimel gave him her handkerchief, and Malcolm took his leave, saying—

"I'll be up i' the coorse o' a half hoor at the farthest."

The humble devotion and absolute service of the youth, resembling that of a noble dog, however unlikely to move

admiration in Lady Florimel's heart, could not fail to give her a quiet and welcome pleasure. He was an inferior who could be depended upon, and his worship was acceptable. Not a fear of his attentions becoming troublesome ever crossed her mind. The wider and more impassable the distinctions of rank, the more possible they make it for artificial minds to enter into simply human relations; the easier for the oneness of the race to assert itself in the offering and acceptance of a devoted service. There is more of the genuine human in the relationship between some men and their servants, than between those men and their own sons.

With eyes intent, and keen as those of a gazehound, Malcolm retraced every step, up to the grated door. But no volume was to be seen. Turning from the door of the tunnel, for which he had no *Sesame*, he climbed to the foot of the wall that crossed it above, and with a bound, a clutch at the top, a pull and a scramble, was in the high road in a moment. From the road to the links was an easy drop, where, starting from the grated door, he retraced their path from the dune. Lady Florimel had dropped the book when she rose, and Malcolm found it lying on the sand, little the worse. He wrapped it in its owner's handkerchief, and set out for the gate at the mouth of the river.

As he came up to it, the keeper, an ill-conditioned, snarling fellow, who, in the phrase of the Seaton-folk, "rade on the riggin (*ridge*) o' 's authority," rushed out of the lodge, and just as Malcolm was entering, shoved the gate in his face.

"Ye comena in wi'ooob the leave o' me," he cried with a vengeful expression.

"What's that for?" said Malcolm, who had already interposed his great boot, so that the spring-bolt could not reach its catch.

"There s' nae lan'-loupin' rascals come in here," said Bykes, setting his shoulder to the gate.

That instant he went staggering back to the wall of the lodge, with the gate after him.

"Stick to the wa' there," said Malcolm, as he strode in.

The keeper pursued him with frantic abuse, but he never turned his head. Arrived at the House, he committed the volume to the cook, with a brief account of where he had picked it up, begging her to inquire whether it belonged to the House. The cook sent a maid with it to Lady Florimel, and Malcolm waited until she returned—with thanks and a half crown. He took the money, and returned by the upper gate through the town.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

WHEN I first became a resident of Florence, some three-and-thirty years ago, Landor had ceased to live there, and my personal acquaintance with him dated from the period, many years subsequently, when circumstances that made the nine days' wonder of the time when they happened caused him to return to his old home in the "City of Lilies." But such a man could not have

been a member of the English colony on the banks of the Arno in those days, when everybody knew everybody, without leaving a very abiding mark; and the name of Walter Savage Landor was a household word among us, and all sorts of stories were current about the violent-tempered and eccentric but genial and large-hearted old man. When one stood on the "top of Fiesole" scanning

ousand details of the unmatched below, the eye never failed to rest interest on the home among the ses, a little to the left of and be convent of San Domenico, which d loved so well; and when any f us had taken a visitor or new-to the terraced brow of the won-old Etruscan city, to show the er that unequaled Pisgah-sight of ul d'Arno and all that it inherits river, the city-studded vale, the te range of sun-gilded hills, and ul Florence, with that surrounding as which caused Ariosto to say, ooking at the scene from the same f view, that "if the villas around ce could be collected within walls, was wherewithal to make three ,"—when all this was being point- he who was doing the honors of ne never failed to indicate "Lan- ulla"—"To the left there; the ounded by those fine cypresses; th the little tower or belvedere in ddle of the roof, about halfway nd the height on which we nd the level of the city." then would follow the current gosd the new-comer would be told e hot-headed poet, impetuous as : sixty years of age, conceiving disgust in consequence of certain ic disagreements, had left his home with absolute suddenness, ; over to the wife and family he ind him all his fortune, save a efficiency to support himself in r seclusion, and gone to live at And then other tales would be ome baseless, some true enough or example, this: how, having d a Florentine down for some which riled him, he was brought the tribunal, and how, having ntenced to pay a fine of a sequin, w down two, stating as he did so he meant to knock the "scoon-own again as soon as he left the that was Landor's constant pro- ion of the offensive word), per- might save trouble to take the for both assaults at once! or's pronunciation was peculiar

in many respects, as all readers will remember that his spelling was. The latter specialty, however, was adopted in accordance with certain theories held by the great writer on the subject; but the former was, I suspect, unconsciously practiced. "Wonderful" was a very favorite word with Landor, and he invariably pronounced it "woonderful." It was his habit—or at least it was during the years of my acquaintance with him—always to use violent and hyperbolic language. All his opinions were so strongly and undoubtingly held, all his impressions were so vivid and intense, that it seemed as if ordinary language were too weak to express them. The strongest adjectives and adverbs to be found in the vocabulary were called into requisition by him on all subjects. It was a part of the native vigor and intensity of the man's nature. And the eager violence with which he would tell you that such a man was *woonderfully* clever, or such a flower *woonderfully* lovely, was truly something "woonderful"! Another more disagreeable peculiarity of Landor's conversation was the inveterate habit he had of dropping his "h's." I know that some of our American cousins, who themselves are never guilty of the fault, and who are frequently offended by it in the old country, imagine that it is nearly, if not quite, universal among us. But I hope to be believed when I assure them that Landor was the only gentleman, in the full acceptation of the word, whom I ever in my life knew to be guilty of this fault. It was very singular that it should have been so, for Landor was to all intents and purposes, in the narrowest as well as in the broadest sense of the word, a gentleman. He was a gentleman by birth, by association, by his tastes and habits; and not only a gentleman, but a refined, elegant and classical scholar by education. Yet he was one of the most determined h-murderers that I ever heard speak. He talked always of his 'ouse, his 'orse and his 'ome. I do not think that he went upon the compensation principle of introducing the unfortunate letter where it ought not to be heard.

It would serve no good purpose to go over again the disagreeable story of the circumstances which caused Landor to abandon his retreat at Bath and once more seek a home beneath the hill of Fiesole. The whole history was only too much the property of every newspaper-reader on either side of the Atlantic at the time. Suffice it to put once more on record the truth that Landor honestly and entirely believed that he was acting justly and generously in doing as he did. He imagined, with more or less of reason—and he was very apt to be most violently precipitate in such judgments—that a young girl had been unjustly and unworthily treated by a schoolmistress. Whereupon, without pausing to give an instant's thought either to the consequences or the abstract morality of the act, he rushed, Quixote-like, to the defence of innocence, and, not contented with more legitimate means of open warfare, supplemented them by a libel of so classically gross a character (for his Martial-fed notions of epigram may be considered to have made the offence somewhat more excusable in him than it would have been in a more modern-minded man) that, being prosecuted for it, he was cast in damages which his means, diminished as they were by the making over of nearly the whole of his fortune to his family, as has been mentioned, were entirely unable to meet. He left England, and came to end his long life among the cypresses and olives beneath which so many years of it had been passed.

It was on his return to Florence that I first knew him, a closer and more immediate intimacy having sprung up between us than might otherwise possibly have been the case, from the fact of my first wife, Theodosia, the daughter of Joseph Garrow, Esq., having known him well as an old friend of her father's during his residence at Bath. Theodosia Garrow was at that time making the first essays of her wing as a poetess, with an amount of success and applause that justifies me in saying that the larger world would have recognized her powers if her life had not been all too quickly

cut short. Her poems were appearing from time to time in *Lady Blessington's Book of Beauty* and other similar publications; and it would seem, from a number of Landor's letters which came before me, that few of these youthful effusions were sent forth into the world without having first been submitted to the criticism of the young poetess's friend. Some extracts from the letter in which this criticism, as well as some other friendly gossip, was conveyed, are not being uninteresting. The latter question are not among the portions of Landor's correspondence which have been published; and there are passages in them which are well worth presenting as showing the delicacy and fineness of his criticism, as well as the genialness of his friendship.

After a long pageful of minute criticism on a little piece, of which I write, "this poem is of wonderful beauty," occurs the following passage: "It is remarkable that the noblest ode of the age has a word in it which might better have been exchanged for its opposite:

Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem  
Regnare: præsens divus habebitur  
Augustus, adjectis Britannis  
Imperio *gravidusque* Persis.

Now, *levibus* is more appropriate than *gravidus*.\* Remember, I am trying to keep your mind prepossessed to find faults; and I often find a quest who cannot find. I had at the verse, 'Her sweet mate first play,' because it sounds too like *meat*, particularly as we must lay it on *sweet*."

On the phrase, "the spangled sky," I remarks: "Perhaps I am fastidious. I avow my distaste for *spangled*, and every word translated from the poets and tailors to the earth and sky cannot even bear 'gild.' All these expressions remind me of something more vulgar and viler than the objects to which they are applied."

On the phrase, "One would have thought," he observes: "One is a capital and French. It suits only the

\* [It is passing strange that Landor should not have apprehended the sense in which the term *gravidus* is used, and the inappropriateness of the term in connection with the eulogy of Augustus.—Ed.]

things. *Monotonous* is liable to the same remark. These words belong to conversation, and to the worst conversation of all, that of the drawing-rooms."

This criticism on the word "monotonous" is curious, as indicating how rapidly in the speech and literature of a nation whose life moves fast the more delicate and subtle shades in the meanings of words, and the modes of using them, become changed. Surely, nobody at the present day would say of the word "monotonous" that it is specially unpoetical or French, or properly applicable only to "light things."

Here is the beginning of a gossiping letter, not to the poetess herself, but to her father: "Let me hope that before this time you are on your legs again." [A fit of the gout seems to be alluded to.] "If you are, you have the advantage of me. I cannot speak of *them* in the plural number. To-day I had a letter from Lady Blessington. She tells me that the *Book of Beauty* is not yet come out. When it is, a copy will be sent to Miss Garrow, to whom it owes its greatest value. Is it not *wonderful* . . ." Here a part of the sheet has been torn away. On the other side he continues as follows: "Ménage tells a story of a wife being carried on her bier through a briery lane: a brier scratched her, so that she awakened from a trance which had been mistaken for death. Some years afterward, when the same ceremony was to be performed again, the husband took especial care to have the briers well clipped."

The absence of the part of the sheet which has been torn makes it impossible to guess what was the application of this story. The letter continues: "I have been reading, with all the malignity of a critic's and a poet's eye, over and over again, your daughter's most beautiful compositions. In the 'Very Heart' I find

'Their bright eyes beam on me with scorn.'

I doubt whether anything *beams* in scorn. The word *beam* implies . . ." Here again the torn paper deprives us of Landor's definition of the word. But I am disposed to think that his observation is

a just one. On the opposite page he continues: "In the 'Sweet Brier' I find '*surpasseth*' before another *th*. The word in a different case would be better than *surpasses*, which is too sibilant. But my practice is never to put one *th* close to a following one."

" ' Pineth ere she can die  
For the love of the pale soft evening sky.'

I think the *can* might be omitted, for we can imagine here no passionate desire for death. And the verse to my ear is more harmonious without it. God grant my amiable friend not only to excel in purity and freshness and pathos of poetry all now living (for that she does already), but that . . . *lth* and those spirits without . . . there is no enjoyment of . . . tion or fame. Yours ever, W. S. L."

Here are some passages from another letter, dated "Bath, December 6, 1839:" "Dear Miss Garrow, I have been reading over and over again your verses in the *Book of Beauty*. But I am not quite certain whether I should admire those on the Portrait at all less if the two last were omitted. You perceive I am rather fond of finding fault. Pray make a distinction, if you please, between finding fault and censuring. For the first requires a great deal of ingenuity, at least in the track I am taking, and the other is a common trick which every fool is expert enough to play. . . . Are you acquainted with the works of Cino da Pistoia, the lover of Selvaggia? I cannot tell at what period of his life he wrote the poem of which I send you a translation, or who the ladies were; but surely one of them ought to be Selvaggia.\* Tell me what is more important than this idle question, which nobody can solve—when we shall see a volume of your poems. I have been crying in the wilderness about them. Believe me,

\* Cino da Pistoia was a celebrated lawyer and poet, born at Pistoia, a little city in the Val d'Arno, in 1270. He was a friend of Dante. Selvaggia, the lady-love of his poem, died young. The pretended translation from the old Tuscan poet was, as the reader will see from the next letter quoted, the production of Landor himself. Little jests and tricks of this kind were continually passing between the recluse at Bath and the little circle of his friends at Torquay, the then residence of Mr. Garrow.

my dear Miss Garrow, with kindest regards to all your friends, yours very sincerely,  
W. S. LANDOR."

Then follows on the opposite page the following :

DREAM OF CINO DA PISTOIA.

A voice in sleep came over me, and said,  
*Seest thou him yonder ?* At the voice I raised  
My eyes : it was an angel's ; but he veiled  
His face from me with both his hands, then held  
One finger forth, and sternly said again,  
*Seest thou him yonder ?*—On a grassy slope  
Slippery with flowers, above a precipice,  
A slumbrous man I saw : methought I knew  
A visage not unlike it, whence the more  
It troubled and perplexed me. "*Can it be  
My own ?*" said I. Scarce had the word escaped  
When there arose two other forms, each fair,  
And each spake fairest words, and blamed me not,  
But blesst me for the tears they shedd \* with me  
Upon that only world where tears are shedd.  
Another now came forth, with eye askance :  
That she was of the earth too well I knew ;  
And that she hated those for loving me  
(Had she not told me) I had soon divined.  
Of earth was yet another, but more like  
The heavenly twain in gentleness and love :  
She from afar brought pity, and her eyes  
Filled with the tears she feared must swell from mine :  
Humanest thoughts with strongest impulses  
Heaved her fair bosom, and her hand was raised  
To shelter me from that sad blight, which fell  
Damp on my heart : it could not ; but a blast  
Sweeping the southern sky, blew from beyond  
And threw me on the icebeds of the north.

The mystification was not permitted to endure very long, for another letter, bearing date the 14th of December, 1839—only eight days later than the preceding one, that is—begins thus :

"DEAR MISS GARROW: If you have bought the Poems of Cino da Pistoia, you have a right to bring an action of damages against me. I never saw any volume of them. All I have seen are two or three at the commencement of a *Scelta* containing specimens of Italian poetry, and beginning with the Sicilians before Dante. I myself am guilty both of the verses and the fraud. I am the *slumbrous man* as well as the pickpocket. But I am not the commentator. Here I stop.† Let me exhort you to give the world a volume of true poetry. I myself will review it—a thing I swore I never would do. But lovers of poetry are as pardonable for their perjuries as

\* Landorian orthography.

† Allusions which, for want of the other part of the correspondence, I have no means of explaining.

other lovers are ; and you remember 'Perjuria ridet amantum Jupiter.' You will never know more about it than from the poets. Do not believe that Lady Blessington is at all offended or displeased at your opinion of the prints (*i. e.*, the engravings in the *Book of Beauty*). She has heard the very same observations from me and many others. When I saw one of those disparaging representations I struck my forehead with rage. And yet it was the one on which I know the most pains were taken. Part of the fault is the painter's, who also fell under my objurgations. It was negligent in Lady Blessington to omit or defer an answer to your letter. But she is so incessantly occupied that she writes as few letters as possible. Nevertheless, I can venture to declare to you that I know her mind in regard to you, and that she estimates most highly not only your poetry, but your opinions. When I write to her again I will desire her to remove all uneasiness from your mind in respect of inattention, though I am afraid it may pain her to be reminded that there has been the appearance of it. I will transcribe three (what the Greeks would call) epigrams :

TO SOPHY.

Directed by the hand of Fate,  
May Love inscribe your lot !  
And, Sophy, be your wedded state  
All that my own is not !

TO ANOTHER.

The jewel that is absent in the ring  
We, after long entreaty, may supply ;  
But who, enfolded in his breast, shall bring  
A word once fallen, a long-wanted sigh ?—  
Such word, such sigh as must perforce have burst  
From him who placed it, or who saw it placed,  
And lookt between those eyelashes when first  
A tender smile his little gift had graced.

TO THE SAME.

If when I die you shed a tear,  
Oh why should I linger here ?  
But if my parting costs you two,  
Alas ! I shall be loath to go.

"And now, with kindest regards to papa, mamma and sister, believe me, dear Miss Garrow, yours very sincerely,  
"W. S. LANDOR."

I have one more letter, which I will give the reader the whole of. It bears

—that is, the post-mark, for none of the letters are dated by Landor—of 1840. Very soon after that date he and his family left Torquay and came to Florence, thus bringing to the acquaintance her whom, after seven years of married life, I had to lay beneath the cypresses in the beautiful Protestant cemetery of Florence, near Mrs. Norton, who as Miss Barrett had been the friend of her girlhood at Torquay. The error in question was as follows:

MR. MISS GARROW: I ought to have answered your letter a long while ago. I took such particular care of it that the soul of me I cannot find it in me, nor the noble verses it contained. It was my intention to have told you that I should have thought the ode Pindaric if it had begun with the reflections, and if you could have had it set up courage enough to sacrifice a good deal of what is grand and noble. But I entreat of you to let no delicacy deprive the world of those thoughts which filled me with such pleasure at Torquay. They must all be the better part of what women feel and more exquisitely felt and more delicately expressed than what we are content to say on the same subject. Dickens

Forster have been spending a great deal of time with me. Dickens of course has written the lives of the statesmen who flourished in the Commonwealth, ending with Cromwell. To these he has just now given a very short introduction to the great civil war. Nothing better in its way. So put two pence into your reticule, and now you walk down the steps" in allusion to some rather steep stairs formed part of the communication "The Braddons," Mr. Garrison, and the seaside town of Margate," and order it forthwith. Both friends were smitten by Miss Rose [afterward Lady Caldwell].

reproof:  
Dickens! By the saints! if you  
do to . . . what I truly do,  
it chuse but run you through!  
I en myself. Quick! swords for two!

He said, 'It will be a lucky fellow who gathers *that* Rose.'

RONDEAU.

Under the Rose, my hearty Dickens,  
What gamecock would not rear his chickens,  
And glance at them with brighter eye  
To see them bask or scamper by  
Under the Rose!

Under the Rose lay thou thy bays!  
There mine are laid for all my days!  
Thou praisest them! For this alone  
Praise them henceforth that they have grown  
Under the Rose!

"I have turned out my coat pockets—mind, I happen now to have four coats, double my complement!—and find your letter and verses. What I meant is, that Pindar would have begun with 'Through man's race.' There is one bad line. He would be a more ingenious man than I am who could find *two* in all your writings. The one is

Calls a blessing on thee down.

Show this to Mr. Garrow, and he will say forthwith, 'Oh, never mind, Theodosia! he has sent you a fair dozen of the same fashion!'"

And there the letter is left, without signature of any kind.

On returning to Florence upon the occasion which has been above referred to, Landor went immediately to the old villa, which had during all this time never ceased to be the residence of his family. But he did not remain there long. He had led the life of a bachelor recluse too long to find himself at ease in the midst of a family, even though that family was his own. So one day he came down into the city to his old friend Browning, and told him that he must find a lodging for him in the city. It was not the easiest commission in the world to execute, for Landor's means were, for the reasons which have been explained in the earlier portion of this article, very small; and he required those comforts and attentions and that looking after which are necessary to old age, and especially so to one who, though his habits and tastes were of the simplest, had always been used to have kindly and careful attendants about him—requirements, in short, which were very little



likely to be supplied by the generality of Florentine landladies, especially of apartments within Landor's restricted means. After some search, however, Browning succeeded in locating him in a small apartment admirably suited to all the requirements of the case. It was situated in a small street turning off from the Via de' Serragli to the right: the Via della Chiesa I think the name is, but, often as I have been there, I am not sure of the name. It was a small house, kept by a very decent and 'sponsible English woman, who, not insensible to the honor of having such a man for the tenant of her small apartment, did everything in her power during the last years of his life to make him comfortable and take care of him. The situation is not far from that Casa Guidi which was the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, and which the well-known poems of the latter have rendered famous wherever the English language is spoken; and thus his kind friends in Casa Guidi were able to assist in looking after his comfort.

In the first floor of that little house, pleasantly looking out on the garden of the well-known sculptor Santarelli, celebrated for its collection of camellias, Landor passed the latest years of his long life, and died. And there, with all the perfect courtesy of the school and day to which he belonged—a little elaborate perhaps for the taste of the present more rough-and-ready generation—he received, and seemed to take pleasure in receiving, the visits of all the English and Americans who came to Florence with any such title, either from private introduction or from their standing in the world of letters, as could justify them in presenting themselves as pilgrims to such a shrine. During the first part of the time he was able to go about without inconvenience, and used often to come to my house in a little pony chaise from the Villa Landor, with one of his sons to drive and take care of him. And here he would sit by the hour on the middle of a sofa, with his legs stretched out at length before him, and that noble head of his, with its silver locks somewhat shaggy-looking, sometimes thrown back,

and sometimes, but less often, thoughtfully forward on his breast. So he would talk always in a loud, vibrating voice of a quality which would make glasses ring on a table, and with headlong impetuosity, of men, of criticism, of pictures, of books—much of times, but most of books—expressed often—more often than not, I think—most heterodox and startling opinions, and often interrupting himself with huge and hearty "Ho! ho! ho!" resounded out of the caverns of a mighty chest like the laugh of a giant whenever he said anything particularly calculated to startle the conventionalists of the Philistines.

But these visits, and other similar to his friends, did not last long. His eightieth year had been passed, he began to fail rapidly, and the failing mental as well as bodily. No more fell into any state that could be called dotage or imbecility, but his mind seemed to become commonplace. He was curious to observe that as an old man's mind, in those cases in which it does not wear out with the body, becomes feeble as its powers decay, his powerful and robust intellect appeared to be such as the minds of the general men are in their prime. Upon several occasions of visiting him quite in the last years—in his last months, I may say—I found him reading the novels of G. P. R. James; books, although decidedly successful in their day, are undeniably of the jargon and neither as examples of literature nor as analytical studies of character such as could have interested him in the days when he was writing the *imaginary Conversations*. But he was reading the innumerable and very chrome pages of those old novels with the greatest relish, and was opened, quite in the old impetuous and peribolical style, in praise of the "A wonderful man, James! quite wonderful! Finest novels in the world!"

Toward the end the high and effervescing spirits which had so markedly characterized the man

g. His power of hearing also be-  
 very imperfect, and he was often  
 dulous and complaining—often in the  
 hyperbolic phrases, that assorted  
 gely in the minds of those who had  
 n him in the time of his exception-  
 or with the senility that had fallen  
 n. I remember on one occasion—  
 e last by several times of my visits  
 n, but toward the end—that as I  
 ny seat by his side on the sofa he  
 after my mother, within a few  
 his contemporary. I replied that  
 as well, but had become very deaf.  
 ! is she? I wish I was!" shouted  
 answer. After I had corrected  
 e asked whether she could sleep  
 ht. I said yes, she had the com-  
 being a very good sleeper. "Ah!  
 comfort! I can't sleep! I wish  
 d! But I shall sleep soon—sleep  
 e four-and-twenty hours round!  
 o! ho!"

old vivacity of temperament, and  
 ility, taking never malignant forms,  
 ry often ludicrous ones, remained  
 last. I remember a terrible scene  
 sternation in the little house in the  
 lla Chiesa. Landor had had his  
 , and having finished had rung  
 maid who waited on him to take  
 he dinner things. He had taught  
 od people of the house that it was  
 ent that that which they did for  
 ould be done quickly; but on this  
 nate occasion the girl did not an-  
 is summons as immediately as his  
 nce thought she ought to have  
 and when he had waited for her  
 ance as long as he thought the  
 ngelic patience could be expected  
 —*i. e.*, about two minutes—he  
 up from his chair, and gathering  
 r the four corners of the table-  
 lung it, together with all that had  
 it, but was now *in* it, out of the  
 into the street! Plates, dishes,  
 rs, glasses, forks, spoons, knives,  
 all came down with a crash in  
 swoop. The street-boys thought  
 aven had inaugurated a new and  
 roved dispensation, while the dis-  
 d terror of the landlady inhabit-  
 room below may be imagined,

but not described. And this was the  
 "vivacity" of an old gentleman consid-  
 erably past eighty!

There is one subject upon which those  
 who think that what I have to say on it  
 is of the nature of speaking ill of a  
 friend will consider that it were better  
 to be silent. I should think so with  
 them, and should abstain from touching  
 the matter I allude to, if I agreed with  
 them in the first proposition. But differ-  
 ing from them on this point, and feeling  
 strongly that it is absolutely due to any  
 honest profession of opinion to allow  
 such profession to have and to exercise  
 all such authority and influence as it may  
 be capable of exercising, and as he who  
 courageously professed it would have  
 wished it to have, I do not hesitate to  
 say that Landor was no believer in any  
 of the creeds which are founded on the  
 belief in a written revelation. Were  
 there any possibility of doubt upon the  
 subject, I should not make this state-  
 ment. But it was not in his nature to  
 conceal any sentiment or opinion, and  
 his own utterances on the subject were  
 of the frankest. I remember to have  
 seen many years ago—a long time be-  
 fore I had ever known him—a long let-  
 ter from him in which he maintained the  
 superiority of the old classical paganism  
 to any of the forms of faith which have  
 superseded it. In fact, in this respect,  
 as in many others, he was the most an-  
 tique-minded man I have ever met with.  
 Without being a profound or exact clas-  
 sical scholar according to the standard  
 of a day subsequent to his own, his mind  
 and taste had been fed and nurtured on  
 classical studies, and especially on clas-  
 sical poetry, from his youth upward. In  
 his tastes and sympathies he was essen-  
 tially pagan. In his modes of thinking  
 and feeling respecting the most import-  
 ant of all the questions that can occupy  
 the mind of man he was professedly  
 equally so. It is not for me to say, or to  
 guess even, how far such feelings and  
 opinions in his case were the result of  
 temperament, and how far they proceed-  
 ed from examination and reflection.  
 That he had thought much was suf-  
 ficiently shown, if by nothing else, by

the letter I have above spoken of. But Landor was to a remarkable degree one of those men whose thinking processes upon every subject are inextricably intermingled with and influenced by their emotional processes.

That he would have fully agreed with me in the feeling which I have above expressed as to the duty of speaking the plain truth on these matters with regard to those who have "joined the majority" before us, is curiously indicated by a little manifestation of his own feeling in a similar case. I happened to possess a copy of Charles Lamb's letters, which had belonged to Landor, and was enriched by many very characteristic manuscript notes on the margin in his handwriting. On a passage in which Judge Talfourd, the editor, is speaking of Lamb's religious convictions, Landor annotates indignantly, "Lamb believed nothing of the sort, and Talfourd knew it!" In fact, Landor was most conspicuously the last man on earth to conceal his own opinions on any subject, small or great, or to desire or approve of the concealment of them by others.

Landor had, as has been said, various crotchets on the subject of orthography and pronunciation. But his written style was simply perfect. We English-speaking folk have permitted our literature to develop itself unconfined and unhedged around by such recognized academies as have been in some other countries entrusted with the duty of preserving the so-called "purity" of the language. And the consequence is, that it has become, in the opinion of so impartial and so undeniably competent a judge as Jacob Grimm, the German lexicographer, the richest language which the world knows or has ever known. And Landor writing at the period of its complete development is perhaps the most perfect master of the magnificent instrument who ever used it. There have been great masters of style before his day, but it is not necessary to consider Landor as coming into competition with them. Our language has been always a growing one, and its progress, like that of the world generally, has been specially rapid of late years.

So that the language which Landor joined to the vehicle of his thoughts is a richer, a more powerful and a more complex one than that which our contemporaries had at their command. And regarding him as an employer of the English tongue at its apogee, I think he may be regarded as the greatest master of the style we have. The singular power which exhibits of bending the language to his purposes with an iron strength of will which makes it malleable and plastic in his hands, is all the more remarkable by reason of the essentially classical and pagan idiosyncrasies of his mind. The subjects of the *Lamb's Conversations* are, as we all know, of the most varied character, but they may be largely divided into three categories: those which deal with classical subjects; those which represent Italian places and scenes; and lastly those which deal with English character; though it is intended to be asserted that this last part of the *Conversations* is an entire and exhaustive one. But in each of these divisions the specialties—not only the profound—which characterize them are felt by the reader to be indicated with surprising vigor and fidelity. A man most deeply steeped in the lore of old pagan life was never offered to the mental palate before in so highly condensed and at the same time so diversified form. He who is well versed in Italian history and ways and manners will recognize the absolute exactness and truthfulness of the presentation of these which is offered him. An English reader whose interest is not concerned with the things and persons of his own history will find himself in the atmosphere of thoroughly English manners and character. But the style which is used throughout the *Conversations* is essentially choice, terse, nervous and coloring is most markedly other than English.

There is one of the *Conversations*

rather a batch of them, which I would especially point out to the reader as exemplifying what I have here said, and at the same time evidencing in a very charming manner Landor's intense love for and appreciation of Italy. I do this the more readily because this series of five conversations, though perhaps the most perfect and finished gem that Landor ever produced, is less widely known than the rest of his works, from having been published, not in the general collection of the *Imaginary Conversations*, but in a volume by itself, under the title of *The Pentameron*. The volume consists of five conversations, supposed to have taken place on five successive days, between Boccaccio and Petrarch. The scene of them is Boccaccio's house at Certaldo, where Petrarch visited him. Certaldo is a miniature little town once surrounded by its own walls, and, trusting to them and to its situation on the top of a steep isolated hill, like so many other of the mediæval towns of Central Italy, it showed itself a hard nut to crack by any who climbed its hill with hostile intent. It is situated in the valley of the Elsa, and is a station on the railway between Florence and Siena, easily visited, therefore, in the course of a day from Florence. The excursion is one which the visitor who has a day's leisure, and has read the *Pentameron*, will hardly refrain from making. The house which belonged to Boccaccio is still extant, and almost unchanged in its old place in the main street of the little town. It is a tiny tenement, and one can hardly imagine how room was found for the poet to receive his brother bard, and at the same time supply accommodation for Assuntina, the poet's maid and sole attendant, duly immortalized by Landor. When the stranger shall have performed this little pilgrimage, and spent an hour or two in making himself acquainted with some of the simple and good-natured *paesani* of the little town of either sex, whom he will find indulging in the *dolce far niente*, and who will insist on constituting themselves his amateur guides, he will agree with me that it is

impossible to conceive a morsel of writing more instinct with truth of local coloring and delicate appreciation of national characteristics than Landor's *Pentameron*. A hundred volumes of travels and a thousand biographical and antiquarian dissertations would not place so vividly or graphically before the reader, with their appropriate framing of local scenery, the Tuscan peasant and the Tuscan priest as they were, and with small changes are still, and the Tuscan man of letters as he was in the Middle Ages. It is impossible to doubt that Landor had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the locality. But he has erred, or more probably has chosen to modify the real facts in his treatment of his fiction, in representing Boccaccio's house to have been a "*villetta* hard by Certaldo," and in that delicious account of Ser Francisco's ride to his Sunday's morning mass at the church of Certaldo. For the house is, as has been said, in the main street of the town, and within a hundred yards of the church. If, however, a more accurate accordance with the particulars of the locality had been the means of depriving us of the "crowned martyr's" ride, and of the saddling of the canonico's nag by the joint efforts of himself and Assuntina, we should have lost infinitely more than we could have gained in minuteness of matter-of-fact information.

But I am straying from recollections of Landor to recollections of the scenes in which his memory will henceforth mingle for all English-speaking nations with the memories of those who commended them to his sympathies. Such a course might carry one through a not badly-imagined succession of scenes, but would lead us too far afield for our present space. I must content myself, therefore, with bringing my recollections of Landor to a conclusion by recommending all visitors to Italy to make such of his *Conversations* as treat of Italian subjects, and especially the *Pentameron*, a part of the reading by which they prepare themselves to enjoy their trip.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

## MRS. BURNET'S STORY,

AS TOLD ME BY MY WIFE.

## CHAPTER I.

WE live in the quietest possible way, my wife and I. We have nothing to disturb us, having no children, and a comfortable income securely invested. Banks may collapse, argosies may sink at sea: we have no calamity to dread short of the paying off of the national debt.

I don't say that we could not make annoyances for ourselves. We have a young man, for instance, hired to superintend a horse and phaeton and to help in the garden, who might be a source of perpetual anxiety; or our female servants—but, knowing them to be human, we shut our eyes to their follies; only when the strawberries disappeared mysteriously between night and morning my wife took an opportunity of remarking on the circumstance to the household corps, and was unanimously referred to the birds for an account of the missing fruit. "That's all very well," she quietly said, "but you know birds don't wear shoes." On an average we must have gone round the garden at least once every day all the season with one or more visitors, and on each occasion my wife repeated this little anecdote with a humorous appearance of unconsciousness. I listened with a smile of appreciation, and our visitors were amused—as they had every right to be.

Although the main stream of time runs quickly enough with us, I must acknowledge the feeders are apt to lag: the years flow rapidly past, but the hours and minutes dally a little sometimes. On the Tuesday mornings we rouse ourselves with considerable alacrity, that being, the day I always walk to a neighboring village to settle our weekly account for butcher's meat. (We have a butcher in our own village, but good reasons, which I need not detail, prevent us dealing with him.) If it is a fine day my wife accompanies me, and we get home to dinner with an appetite, and a

feeling that we have earned it. On Saturdays I always wind up two clocks and three timepieces, and my wife squares her household book. We give a small dinner-party some half dozen times a year, and otherwise are on good terms with the people of the neighborhood. Our village is most strictly exclusive and genteel: it is five miles from a railway-station, and as pretty a place as you could see. The houses are old-fashioned, but good and commodious, with well-stocked, well-grown gardens, while the rents are miraculously low; the consequence of which is that the inhabitants are ultra-genteel, mostly retired medical, military and naval men, with sons scattered over every land and sea, and with daughters collected at home of all ages, with very aristocratic manners and high, distinguished noses. There is one house at the end of the village which has even had the privilege of being occupied by a succession of indigent noblemen—repeatedly I have given his lordship a seat in my phaeton—and we all enjoy the title and work it diligently.

When dinner, the event of the day, is over, my wife takes an easy-chair on one side of the fire, and I take an easy-chair on the other: she furnishes herself with a volume of some kind, and I produce my note-book and pencil to note down any thought that may suggest itself or anything striking that has occurred—only nothing striking ever occurs. Her book slips from her hand into her lap, my pencil falls quietly on the carpet, the world recedes—probably the fire seizes the opportunity and recedes too—and the next thing we are aware of is the clatter of the tea things as they are brought in.

We don't always fall asleep, however. One afternoon lately my wife got interested and excited over her book, and finally shut it with a *bang*, causing a sudden dispersion of my ideas.

"What is it, my dear?" I asked. "You are not to flight a train of thought which is shaping itself into words in my

mind sorry for it. If I had fifty children not one of them should have a success!"

"I succeed!" I rejoined. "That's an artistic resolution: what's at the bottom of it?"

"Fanning, impulsive and at the same mature-looking girl given to keep a diary or journal, or something, and for the press, coming into this

Why, she'd have you down with a note-book, and me with my good and constitutional walks round the garden on a wet day: the very serenade would be stuck in in some way, and in age, sleepy and picturesque as it might make a good thing of it. If she chanced to die, her biography would weave us all into an artistic picture which we should flutter through with grace and breadth of the land like a helpless fly. Preserve us from fate!"

"I, it would not be the most agreeable thing possible," returned I, musingly. "I don't say it was well we had no governess). "Do you know, I said the colonel's daughter, Miss Ash—the one with the very hook—writes for periodicals?"

"Don't say so? That is the reason, she is always so anxious to please and verse for everything. On another day I took her round to the poultry: one of the Dorkings had died and she asked me to sketch the progress and issue of the disease as it existed in the domestic fowl; as if she were at the creature's ear all day and every day."

"I, you see, you have a chance of success, even without the governess." "You know, Robert, I was surprised the other day by being told that Mrs. Burnet of Oatlands was a governess who had never married?"

"I succeed!" I said, a good deal interested. "I rank among Mrs. Burnet's admirers. "One would hardly

guess that: she has none of the speak-and-act-by-ruleishness that often betrays the members of that profession."

"Well, if you like, I'll tell you her history as it was told to me. I hope it will not reach Miss McTavish's ears, or she will be spicing it up for the public: one would need to be on one's guard with her."

"Is there anything remarkable about Mrs. Burnet's history?" I asked.

"Wait a little, and you'll hear. Her grandfather—"

"Spare me the grandfather, Clara, if you please: I have no doubt he was a most respectable, worthy man, but just be good enough to come to herself at once."

"I am not going to say much about him, but I must give the story as I got it: I am not good at either adding or subtracting. Her grandfather was an English clergyman—not a bishop, as you may suppose, but a curate—"

"With a delicate wife and an only daughter?"

"Yes," replied my wife. "I see you have heard the story already: well, what do you think of it?"

"No: I have not heard it. Go on: I don't know any more of it."

"Ah, you were guessing: that is a trick of yours. Yes, an only daughter and an only son. The daughter was very pretty, and it chanced that a detachment of soldiers was quartered in their neighborhood."

"Ah! I see now. She married the lieutenant against her father's will, the regiment was ordered to Sierra Leone, he died of climate, she of grief, leaving another only daughter."

"Now, you are right this time, Robert, except that the marriage was not against her father's will, that the regiment was not ordered to Sierra Leone, that he did not die of climate nor she of grief. While the only daughter was still an infant, Lieutenant Jerpoint was killed by a fall from his horse: Mrs. Jerpoint, his widow, lived till within these three years. Don't you remember the Burnets being in deep mourning about that time?"

"No, I can't say I do."

"Well, then, you remember last season seeing a thin old gentleman in church with them?—he wore a black velvet cap always close to his head."

"I do not remember him, either."

"He was Mrs. Burnet's uncle, a clergyman, as his father was. Mrs. Jerpoint lived with him up to the time of her death. The lieutenant did not leave a fortune, so the widow educated her daughter to be a governess. And, by the way, if Miss McTavish does hear the story, she'll hardly set herself to do it up: governess-heroines are pretty thread-bare now."

"That would depend entirely on how she got it up: in good hands a world of interest might be squeezed out of the governess yet."

"Then to go on. Through some channel Miss Jerpoint got a situation in the family of Sir Francis Butler of Middleton Hall. Down came the young lady to Scotland—not certainly one of the ordinary kind of governesses that figure in books, moping, melancholy and fancying slights where none were intended, but genial and free, and at an age when the volume of life lay open before her at the bright page of hope. It was true she was sorry to leave her mother and uncle, and they would miss her much; but they were still comparatively young, and had their time filled up by duties which were a pleasure to them, while round them was a circle of chosen and intimate friends; and then her constant letters would go far to make up for her absence. And they did: they were the genuine overflow of the gladness of a young animated creature, happy in herself and in her circumstances, upon whom Care had not laid the weight of his little finger."

"Clara," said I, "I'll lend you my pencil—or pen, rather—and without doubt you will rival Miss McTavish in her own line."

"Don't talk nonsense: I'm just telling you the story as it was told to me."

"Well, go on: what next? Mr. Burnet would be a tenant of Sir Francis Butler's, and catch glimpses of the governess when he went to pay his rent."

"Mr. Burnet never was a tenant of Sir Francis's. Miss Jerpoint was an exceedingly suitable companion as well as teacher for Miss Butler, and both Sir Francis and Lady Butler soon saw this and valued her accordingly. Although she never could have been good-looking as a girl Mrs. Burnet must have been very charming."

"Not good-looking! I beg to differ with you there, and she is very charming now, mellowed and brought to perfection by some kind of discipline, as I think a woman is hardly a woman without that."

"Indeed! then I can hardly be a woman, having had no discipline."

"No discipline! Have I not been hard at work for I'll not say how many years disciplining you? and is not each moment as it passes a chisel clipping off here and bringing out line by line till the work is perfect? But I am eager to hear about Miss Jerpoint and Mr. Burnet. How could they misunderstand each other? They have too much good sense, surely, to have made themselves miserable about nothing."

"Just have patience. Although I do not write, I have sense enough not to blurt out the end of my story before the right time. Where was I? Yes. Miss Jerpoint young, happy, esteemed and beloved, was treated almost as a daughter of the house. No freezing politeness chilled her warm blood—no coming to the solitude of her own room, to sit and listen to the sounds of gayety from above and below, feeling that for neither circle was she an eligible guest. No morbid musings, nor crushed aspiration nor bitter and desponding entries in diaries: indeed, Miss Jerpoint was not guilty of keeping a journal. She did not sit in a dark corner watching the sunshine which she might not bask, and jealously noting all the dust and motes that floated in its beams. No, she breathed in a generous atmosphere, and soul and body were in sound and perfect health."

"What *did* happen?" I interrupted.

"Did Mr. Bur—"

"Oh, the impatience of mankind!"

Mr. Burnet, indeed! Do you suppose that Miss Jerpoint never had but one lover?"

"Ah, I see!"

"The clergyman of the parish—"

"Ah, the minister, was it? Well, Satan could have gone to Paradise as an angel of light as easily as a reptile, or as a Presbyterian minister as easily as either."

"The minister of the parish," continued my wife, "was a venerable old man—"

"Whew!"

"—And highly respected: he was unmarried, and had a niece who kept house for him. Occasionally a brother of hers resided with them, and—"

"That will do now, surely."

"—And his wife. On the death of the old man they all left together, and the house stood empty. A little Eden it was, and so Miss Jerpoint often thought as she and her pupil passed it in their daily walks and drives."

## CHAPTER II.

"At length the new minister came. He was the choice of the people, and a most popular man and preacher he was. He had been assistant in one parish and minister in another before he was presented to this living, and he had a gold watch and appendages and a service of plate given him by the bereaved people of his former charge."

"And I'll engage, Clara, that he was well supplied with embroidered caps and braces and bands and slippers and purses and pen-wipers worked by fair fingers and scented like 'Araby the blest.'"

"Yes, he was; and, more than that, there was one widow lady of independent means who, on each translation, translated herself along with him. No sooner was it fixed that he was going than she had a house taken in the new locality, and herself settled ready to receive him, before you could say Jack Robinson."

"Capital! And did the widow grow jealous of Miss Jerpoint, and mix a cup of cold poison for her?"

"Robert, how absurd! There was nothing of that kind: the widow was old enough to be his mother. It was his ministrations she valued so highly; and as he had no one in his house but servants, she said she liked to be near him to see after his little comforts and give him an occasional word of advice."

"What a delightful style of woman she must have been!—positively Minerva and Telemachus over again. I should not wonder if the archbishop of Cambay took the idea from some similar experience of his own."

"Certainly, there are kinds and degrees of silliness with which it is difficult to sympathize. I could not imagine myself running about the country after a clergyman, however highly I might esteem him."

"You are not a widow in independent circumstances."

"No; but to go on. Mr. Sandilands—that was the new minister's name—frequently visited at the hall. Hitherto, with perhaps pardonable vanity, he had been impressed with the idea that the entire female world was at his feet; and so that part of it that circled round him was: the slipper-and-pen-wiper-young-lady world has a very susceptible heart in its bosom, and a trick of writing scented notes about that delightful sermon, and that dear man Mr. Sandilands, and how crowded the church was, and how the people hung upon his lips, etc. A totally different phase of things opened on Mr. Sandilands at the hall. Sir Francis and Lady Butler went to church not 'to hear' this or that man preach, but to worship and gather instruction, and they did not altogether approve of Mr. Sandilands' style of preaching."

"Miss Jerpoint, on her part, had rather a prejudice against popular preachers: her grandfather and her uncle were both holy, erudite, laborious men, but neither of them had ever drawn crowded houses, which she had known done by a person with a deep voice and florid elocution, or even by a man with a black skin. It was something new to Mr. Sandilands. He missed the adulation and fuss that surrounded him elsewhere: his host and



hostess showed him much quiet and friendly politeness, but no one mentioned his sermons, nor the crowded church, nor that sweet address to the children. Lady Butler did not ask if his throat were properly wrapped up, nor suggest how much care he should take of himself; and Miss Jerpoint expressed neither alarm nor compassion when told what a pitiless storm he had encountered in prosecuting one of his pastoral visitations. Indeed, it never occurred to her that a man in robust health ought to be at all chary of exposing himself to the weather."

"I don't know what the upshot is to be, Clara, but, Miss Jerpoint's opinion notwithstanding, I am inclined to think that the preacher who draws crowded audiences, and continues to draw them, has something about him more than mere accessories — some vital points, something different from charlatanism — that he can put and keep himself *en rapport* with so many of his fellow-creatures. It's all very well for people to sneer at the fickle waves of popular favor who never ran any risk of being exposed to them."

"Mr. Sandilands, you see, had been in some measure exposed to them, but he found sudden and unexpected shelter at the hall, although no doubt he would have enjoyed them rolling that length. However, it was what you, Robert, would call a kind of discipline, and of a salutary nature too: he improved under it. The calm good sense of the auditors sitting opposite him in the crimson-clad gallery stared him in the face in his study also, and moulded his sermons, while in the pulpit his speech and action grew gradually more natural. It had been remarked by cynical people that when Mr. Sandilands pressed his hand to his forehead in an impassioned manner he did not forget not to derange his hair. He forgot his hair now—he even forgot himself, and the impression he made was not less, but greater, especially on the better class of his audience. Miss Jerpoint's chair gradually veered nearer the front of the gallery, till she had the preacher full in view. I have not told

you what he was like, Robert, have I? for I must not forget that."

"Certainly not. He would be a slight, boyish-looking man, with a lot of long hair which he would fling back off his forehead at every appropriate place."

"You think that is a 'vital point'? Did you not hear me say that he took care not to disturb his hair? It was dark and wavy; his eyes were dark and lustrous; his nose might have been stolen from a Greek statue, and he had the cleft chin of Apollo: set this head on the top of a handsome, well-knit body six feet high, and you will acknowledge that his popularity in some quarters was at least not altogether unaccountable."

"Really, Clara, your talent for description is creeping out of its napkin: let Miss McTavish look to her laurels."

"I tell you, Robert, I am only giving you the story as nearly as I can in the words I heard it. I thought I got some insight myself into the character of the man, but I don't know if I can convey it to you. I should be glad if you could reconcile his strange inconsistencies to my satisfaction."

"I doubt if I can help you there, Clara. I have thought of various people that I knew enough of them to be able to count upon what they were likely to do in given circumstances, but I found I might as well have been a child playing at hide-and-seek; and yet, if one could see closely enough, there is a thread of consistency running through every character; just as in the members of a family, who seen separately all look different and distinct, yet seen together there is a very strong resemblance among them."

"When I have done, then, you must pick out this thread in Mr. Sandilands' character and let me see it. There was much that was good about him, and even a grain or two of what was great, but it had been choked by his vanity, which had been well nursed. It was somewhat to his surprise that he found his interest in Miss Jerpoint and his admiration of her growing apace in spite of himself, for he had never intended to throw himself away upon a penniless

governess. Before very long, however, he began to feel that his fate was bound up with hers."

"The puppy! I hope she knew she was too good for him."

"From the first he had been struck with her as something different from and superior to the ordinary world of young-ladyism: he admired the clear good sense with which she always spoke to the point—the more perhaps as he had been a good deal accustomed to feminine maundering—the total absence of all kinds of smallness, the wide scope of enjoyment she had, and her entire freedom from every tinge of affectation,—all qualities which we know she has as fresh as ever, not a bit the worse for wear and tear. In her presence he felt ashamed of the minor quackeries in which he indulged, and began to shed them one by one, and come out a truer man. (No, don't pick me up, and say if a thing is true it can't be truer.) His first easy come-and-conquer kind of manner wore off, and a sort of diffidence took its place. He must have loved her, really loved her, for he began to doubt whether he would succeed in winning her: he did not seem to have advanced an inch nearer her, so far as he could judge, than the first time they met.

"But he had. Miss Jerpoint had begun to enjoy the homage he paid her; and when once or twice he betrayed what she thought genuine feeling toward herself, she grew interested, and admitted the idea that popularity was not incompatible with the possession of great qualities—that a man might have a fine presence and a musical voice, and a talent for putting things new and old in a striking light, and yet not be destitute of what was noble, high and holy."

"Now, Clara, don't say it: you don't mean to say that Miss Jerpoint allowed herself to fall in love with this piece of Birmingham coinage?"

"But, Robert, he was not all Birmingham. I have said, or I meant to say, that there was pure gold in him, if—"

"Ah, if! I doubt I must cut down my estimate of Miss Jerpoint."

"No, don't! Remember that she was

only a woman, or, I should say, a girl; and besides, it is unfair to judge either man or woman by the kind of article they marry. If they marry for love, as they ought to do, they are not in full possession of their senses at the time."

"Oh ho, Clara! That doctrine knocks the responsibility off one's shoulders with a vengeance; but I can give you an instance to the contrary. I married for love, and I knew as well what I was about as I do at this moment."

"You thought you did, but I might have been a vixen or virago, for all you knew."

"I am not so blind. Do you think I had not taken my own observations?"

"I have no doubt you had, but if I had been a vixen wanting to impose on you, I could have been as sweet—oh, as sweet as honey. People who are most amiable in public sometimes throw off the mask behind the scenes."

"That's true, I must allow. Well, if you had turned out a vixen on my hands, it would have been good exciting employment, the taming of the shrew."

"Ay, it's easy to make Petruchio conquer on paper, but I have known Kates that even he would have had to give in to."

"After all, then, I believe I must be thankful for my wife just as she is."

"You have every reason. You were saying you hoped that Miss Jerpoint did not fall in love. She did, and hers was not a nature to do a thing of that kind by halves. One can fancy how exquisite her reveries would be, just at the time of life as she was to enjoy to the full that dreamy delight. One can suppose it possible, when her chair drew back again from the front of the gallery, as it did when she began to feel conscious of a glowing interest in the preacher, till she could see nothing of him but the dark wavy hair, that then and there she worshiped the creature more than the Creator."

"Go on, Clara, and launch out. I should like to hear your version of how a young girl thinks and feels in a brown study of that kind, for, after all that novelists have said and poets sung,

the theme remains as fresh as ever, like the gush of delicate and ethereal flowers that comes with the young year: we gaze at them time after time with wonder and awe, and fear that a speck should sully their holy beauty."

"Robert, it is not thinking or feeling, it is floating—actual floating in as pure an ether as this world knows of—for a little, you know, only for a little while. How soon it passes, never to come again!"

"You don't mean, Clara, that Miss Jerpoint loved Mr. Sandilands, and that something coming between them—although when you mean to tell me what, I don't know—she married Mr. Burnet without loving him?"

"No, I do not mean that at all. Her love for Mr. Burnet, I don't doubt, was and is fervent and deep, but different in kind. You have spoken of spring flowers. The feelings with which she regarded Mr. Sandilands were the spring flowers of her life: they came with the season, and went with it: delicate, unrevealing, simple and childlike they were. When she married Mr. Burnet she was six years older, and the fruit of time is most certainly the knowledge of good and evil. Besides, what an experience was shut into those six years of her life! I should call her first love the snowdrop, her second the rose: it had the deep coloring and fragrance of midsummer."

"If I had to choose between them, I would have the rose, but it's all taste."

"Ah," said Clara, "perhaps I had better tell you the rest of the story another time?"

"As you please: indeed, I begin to suspect there is nothing particular to tell."

"Then, to punish you for such a suspicion, I shall make you sit still and here and now listen to the end."

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### CHAPTER III.

"MISS JERPOINT and Mr. Sandilands were engaged to be married, and the latter himself communicated the fact to Sir Francis Butler, who, together with Lady Butler, was heartily rejoiced to

hear it. They valued Miss Jerpoint, and were pleased that she should be permanently settled near them, and they were glad for her sake that she should be so well settled, for they believed she was the very person to supply or reform anything that was deficient or amiss in Mr. Sandilands; and most likely they were correct in thinking so. I can fancy, if the marriage had taken place, that the wife with her serene nature and rare good sense would have had the happiest effect in drawing forth what was best in her husband: each would have impressed the other, and as the years went on their lives would have blended—they would have lived for noble ends. They might have filled in Tennyson's picture:

And so these twain upon the skirts of time  
Sit side by side, full summed in all their powers,  
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,  
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,  
Distinct in individualities,  
But like each other, even as those who love."

"Really, Clara, you are too tantalizing: leave reflection and Tennyson, and say what happened. They were engaged, you say, and not married. He did not die, and she did not die: what on earth was it?"

"Oh, I could give you the bare facts in five words, but you would prefer getting the outs and ins, would you not?"

"Well, as I am not very busy at this moment, I'll hang up my curiosity for a little and let you take your own way: and a roundabout way it is, but pleasant enough too in the gloaming."

"In December they lighted their troth to each other. That circumstance crowned the year with gladness for them: the date was an epoch, and the next year dawned upon Miss Jerpoint as what was to be the happiest of her life. The dull leaden skies and cutting winds of spring passed all unheeded by her. A tremendous storm of wind—a cyclone on its travels, probably—one night made all the woods of Middleton Hall rock and creak and strain like the masts of a storm-tossed vessel, and next day the poor people got a harvest of fallen branches to gather. Miss Jerpoint met one of them in her usual walk—an old

with whom she was well acquainted—who hailed her by saying, 'at a nicht o' wind it was yes—I never shut an e'e the hale

am sorry for that,' Miss Jerpoint said, 'but I never heard the wind blow through it all like a top.'

'I had hae done that too when I was a bairn, but auld folk canna sleep so soundly. Mony a time I lie waken for Yestreen between the blasts I hear mysel' thinking ower the minister's sermon on Sabbath: it was unco comfortable wad hae thought, frae some time, that he was a married man.'

'I need! I did not observe anything that would have made me think that.' 'I can't say, but by the time ye've been through the warld for sixty years ye'll see heaps o' things ye canna see now. Ye're standing the now: things change to ye bit by bit. A minister, I think, should aye be a married man. Since the Irish began to come here, a priest comes round among us a week; but what can he ken o' our ways or their cares or their joys? I'm hing at a'.'

'You not think it is possible for a man to imagine himself in the place of another, and feel accordingly?'

'It is no possible to very mony o' us: we get a gift that's no gi'en unco often.'

'We can sympathize best wi' oursel's. But hae ye ever heard what a sair hoast the minister was vext to hear it, for it just came in mind o' our Sandy's the fore he de'ed.'

'I did not notice that, either,' said Miss Jerpoint. 'Any person will cough, and she walked on, and in a while the widow lady of independent means, whom I have spoken of, came into the subject of the minister's sermon, with all the sympathy and vigor usually brought to bear upon any connected with him.'

'I was so anxious about Mr. Sandilands, she said: 'such a severe cough he got in some way, probably by exposing himself.'

'I can't think he would do that,' said

Miss Jerpoint simply. 'I remember when he came first I used to think he took very good care of himself. I have not noticed it of late, but it is a great comfort to think that he does so. There is my uncle at home, a much older man than Mr. Sandilands: he goes out at all hours and in all weather, and never thinks of wrapping up his throat, or wearing goshes either.'

'Well, I can't say. That may do for your uncle: he may be made of iron, but Mr. Sandilands is not. I would not wish it to reach his ears, of course, for in a case of this kind to keep up the spirits is half the battle, but I may say it frankly to you—I do not like that cough.'

'Oh, I should hope it's nothing more than an ordinary cold.'

'Have you been in the habit of listening to coughs, Miss Jerpoint?'

'Miss Jerpoint had to allow that she had not.'

'Then I have,' continued the widow solemnly. 'I repeat, I do not like Mr. Sandilands' cough. One of his servants tells me that she hears him coughing for an hour after he is in bed. It really is most distressing: he ought to have change of air at once, and if I have any influence he will.'

'But Mr. Sandilands himself says it is only a slight cold he has got.'

'Miss Jerpoint, did you ever hear a young man allow he was ill as long as he could crawl?'

'Miss Jerpoint said nothing, for her experience in this line was very limited, and if she had ventured a reply the widow would have had a complete induction of facts to meet her with.'

'But it can't be,' she said at length—'surely it can't be that Mr. Sandilands is seriously ill?'

'Time will tell,' said the widow oracularly.

'And they parted, Miss Jerpoint thinking, 'Certainly, it is nothing serious.' She had never sat placidly by with a smile on her face while life grew chilled within her as her anxious ear took in the cough of a much-loved one, which said as plainly as words could have said it, 'Destined to die.' And it seemed both

her acquaintances had a knowledge of coughs, and they thought alike; so she went in from her walk stricken for the first time in her life with that mortal anxiety those know when one dear to them as life is threatened with peril. Yes, she would exert herself to induce Mr. Sandilands to try change of air."

"Then he did die of lung disease, Clara?" said I. "Well, it was melancholy enough, but unhappily not remarkable: one has not to look far for apparently robust people cut down in that way."

"But he was not cut down in that way."

#### CHAPTER IV.

"MR. SANDILANDS had said his cold was a mere trifle, but as he wished to pay his father a visit, he made arrangements for spending six weeks with his family, who lived some fifty miles southward: that would be change and relaxation enough."

"Clara, did not the widow want him despatched to Malaga or Mentone, and offer to accompany him?"

"I don't know whether she did or not. Miss Jerpoint and her lover met and parted in the garden. It was the spring season, and they were young and lovers, and to be married in about two months: you can easily imagine the kind of interview they had, and I may spare you details."

"Now, Clara, you are too provoking! After giving me the grandfather and the father and the uncle and the widow and fifty tiresome things, to say that you will deliberately skip the most interesting part—that can't be permitted."

"Well, it was everything you or any one could wish, this love-scene. I was not told the particulars myself, and I am not equal to filling them in out of my head. They were to meet once more, to interchange speech never again. Mr. Sandilands stood a minute and looked through the gate as Miss Jerpoint disappeared from his sight: was he conscious that in her person his good angel was retreating? On her part, Miss Jerpoint

was hardly aware of anything but her own exceeding happiness. She had missed all fear for the health of Mr. Sandilands, for he had said he was well, and looked so. Peering out at the blessed vista of the future, she stepped up through the gardens as if she had been treading on air, and went to her own room, where she shut herself to clasp her great happiness and know it was secure.

"When Mr. Sandilands got home he found lying for him a small parcel containing a respirator of peculiar make, and an accompanying note from the doctor earnestly requested that he would not expose himself to the night air, if he would persist in acting in this suicidal way; but she hoped and trusted that he would make it matter of no consideration whether it was his duty, in his circumstances to go out at sunset."

"What will the woman send you?" he said as with a look of wonder he tossed the note into the fire and the article sent into the far corner of a drawer. Next morning he started on his journey.

"And now, Robert," said I, "comes a gap in the history which I cannot fill up. I can only give you the fact. I should have liked to know what Mr. Sandilands thought and felt during those six weeks—by what steps he must have been few and short—before he had the extraordinary act which cost him his life. If a year had elapsed, it would have been six months, but six weeks!"

"Why, what in the world do you mean? He did not commit forgery. When Miss McTavish comes to you with her version of your story, you must bridge the gap in style."

"Very likely. She would rather have him appear entirely blameless than to see him up as little short of a normal man form. He was neither weak, nor erring man."

"He had been gone these six weeks when one morning, as the family at dleton Hall were at breakfast, the cis, as usual, was running his eye over the newspaper when he uttered a

mation, which made the others look out no more came of it, only, in- of, as was his custom, laying aside aper after a first cursory glance at kept hold of it or set his plate on if afraid it should get into other than his own. No sooner had Jerpoint and her pupil left the room he turned to his wife and said, t can possibly be the meaning of and he read aloud to this effect: ueenswood House, Queenswood, 31st, by the Rev. Josiah Porteous, ev. Walter Sandilands, minister Idleton, to Louisa Adelaide, only f John McQueen, Esq., of Queens-

must be either a mistake or an incidence of name, or a hoax,' ady Butler.

doubt it,' said Sir Francis. 'It be a pitiful hoax indeed, and it is e a mistake—all distinct enough I am not aware that there are two Sandilands, minister of parishes Middleton.'

is very extraordinary certainly,' r ladyship.

e shall soon know the truth of it, h I have no doubt of it now. oundrel! he is a disgrace to his aid Sir Francis, his passion rising, s apt to do on occasion.

grace, indeed!' echoed her lady- What can have been his motive? ht he was really attached to Miss ..'

, money,' answered her husband: no doubt it was money. I know ng of McQueen, and he is a very man.'

ll he mean to come back here down beside us as if all were as l be?'

odness only knows what he means, all not come if I can prevent him, ere is law in the land. I look iss Jerpoint as a member of my it is under my roof she has been ssly insulted. His conduct shall ighed to the world. She must e him: we can only reach the of such a miscreant through his

"" But Miss Jerpoint—' put in her lady- ship. 'Any true woman would shrink from such exposure.'

"" It can't be helped: the man must be punished. If she were my own daughter I would insist on it.' The lady said no more: she knew that her husband must have time to cool down.

"Before long they had various con- firmations of the fact, which Sir Francis had never doubted, and Lady Butler took on herself the difficult and trying business of telling Miss Jerpoint what had taken place, rather than it should come upon her unprepared from any chance quarter. She went to the school- room, and finding her daughter and Miss Jerpoint preparing to go out, she accom- panied them. As it happened, they strolled into the garden, to the seat where Miss Jerpoint and her lover had parted so recently. Lady Butler proposed to sit a little, and Miss Butler starting off to look at a bird's nest, she took the oppor- tunity of stating to Miss Jerpoint a case something like her own, and asking how she thought she would feel under such circumstances.

"" I really do not know how I should feel,' she said, 'but I should not like to be so tried.' She was speaking absent- ly, for the remembrance of that last meeting in this very spot was creeping over her.

"" No one would,' said Lady Butler: she could think of no other way of be- ginning at a distance and bringing the thing gradually to dawn on the young girl. 'Sir Francis,' she began again, 'was speaking to me this morning of a case of the kind that has occurred among his acquaintance. He is excessively in- dignant: the lady is a particular friend of his own.'

"" I am very sorry,' said Miss Jerpoint. 'I suppose she will just have to suffer in silence: that's all that women can do.'

"" Do you think she will suffer much?' Lady Butler asked anxiously: 'will she not think it a good escape? The man must be most unworthy.'

"Well, Lady Butler, for you and me, standing outside and merely looking on, it is easy so to speak and so to feel, but

I doubt it would be different if we were in that unhappy lady's circumstances.'

"'I have heard,' said her ladyship, 'of women dying of broken hearts: do you believe that probable?'

"'I think so,' replied Miss Jerpoint: 'at least mental distress may so affect the body as to make it more liable to attacks of disease, and less able to throw them off, and the end may be death; but, as far as I know myself, I don't think I should die from such a cause: I don't think I should even allow myself to be ill.'

"'I am glad to hear you say so,' Lady Butler said: 'you have relieved me greatly.'

"'Do you think I am likely to have my strength tried in that direction?' asked Miss Jerpoint, while a radiant smile overspread her face: where she was sitting she seemed to hear Mr. Sandilands' last words linger in her ear.

"'We never know what is before us or what we may have to bear,' said Lady Butler hurriedly. 'Would you just read this?' and she took the newspaper from her bag, thinking, 'She will never see what I am driving at, and she must know it some time.'

"She pointed out the announcement. Miss Jerpoint read: then looking in her friend's face, she said, faintly but firmly, 'It is not true.'

"'I thought that, and said it, but Sir Francis has been making inquiries—'

"'And it is all a mistake,' said Miss Jerpoint, turning deadly pale. 'Say it is all a mistake!' she again exclaimed, almost fiercely.

"'I wish I could say so, but it is too true. Stay here a little: I will walk round with Nelly, and come back for you. You have my keenest sympathy;' and delicately she withdrew, that the first agony of spirit might pass unwatched.

"Miss Jerpoint scarcely heard her; she felt suddenly stupid and idiotic; she grew very cold and shivered. When Lady Butler returned she found her sitting exactly where she had left her.

"'I think,' she said, 'we had better go in: I have sent Nelly on before.'

"'Go in? Yes, certainly: I am ready;' and she rose quickly."

#### CHAPTER V.

"THERE was a great change in Jerpoint's appearance, but none in manner: the one she could control the other she could not. She, Lady Butler, 'I shall go home to-morrow: would you be kind to write to my mother and prepare for what has occurred? I cannot say more into words myself.'

"Lady Butler undertook to do so, and in the mildest terms she could stated what had taken place, and turned Miss Jerpoint's plans; and not insist on her remaining at Mr. Sandilands' only because she thought that she should be decidedly for her benefit should go home.

"Sir Francis took an opportunity of urging Miss Jerpoint to bring her case against Mr. Sandilands. 'He will expose the most thorough,' and punishment; and at what expense to your own feelings and duty to the public. Just consult my lawyer shall see to everything: he can only get at him through his agents, it seems, and there is no doubt he would award large damages.'

"'Sir Francis, do you think it is prudent that if his whole fortune were to be lost, I would touch a penny?'

"'Quite right,' said Sir Francis: 'You can appreciate that part of it, could divide the money among charities.'

"'Or found a new one for a golden salve to the souls of poor men,' she said with bitter sarcasm.

"Sir Francis was awed somewhat by the presence of a young man, hunted and hemmed in by a troop of castaway hopes, searers of faith, and crushed by the pedestal of impossible perfection which she had placed him of whom she had delighted to hear.

"'Poor thing! poor thing!' he said, 'Poor thing! poor thing!' he said of himself, 'she cannot help seeing

ness, and yet she'll not consent to him.'

'O,' she said, as if answering his words, 'I could not do it; yet, if I not been altogether mistaken in him, he will not escape punishment. As we do not know how he may have been tempted. When he told me he loved me, I thought it impossible he could regard me so. It seems right, and he may never have dreamed how he could be loved: he did not mean to inflict such suffering.' 'O, he,' said Sir Francis, growing again. 'I have no doubt he only showed kindness, to save you from an unhappy marriage possibly, and you will be thankful to him accordingly. There will be women to the end of the fancy. I may admire your fort-temper, Miss Jerpoint, but I am sorry to say that I cannot imitate it. There is nothing I can do to punish: shall be done; and if I can't drive him out of this parish, it will be a high time the law should be red.'

"What do you think, Robert?" said she. "Could a minister be ousted from his cause? Or have you been thinking? You have made no remark in time?"

"I am interested, and I did not want to interrupt you. Could he be ousted? I am not learned enough in ecclesiastical law to say, but I should think it is not generally thought a dead-end that a man should change his mind and marry one lady while another man him to marry her. Miss Jerpoint's case is very aggravated, I allow; but how women often take these things to their heads with no reasonable consideration, and—"

"Hert, stop there! Don't speak of a thing like this. There are men, plenty of them, but that is the case for wicked men playing with the most sacred and holiest feelings of others. I know that in such cases women get both the truth and the scorn."

"I," said I, "Miss Jerpoint could not excuse the guilty man, which is my case. Isn't there some poet who

says, 'Hell has no fury like a woman scorned'? I should not have expected any circumstance to transform Miss J. into a fury, yet I should have expected her to show some degree of pride and indignation. But to excuse him—actually to make excuses for such dastardly conduct—I confess it was carrying the angelic a shade too far for my taste."

"That was one mood, Robert, but would she keep to one mood or ten in a day? Can you not fancy the dark wild surging of conflicting feelings within her? In any case, it is hard to find out that one we have loved and trusted is unworthy, but in hers it must have been fearful: one would need to be in her position to realize it. She hastened her departure from Middleton Hall, at which I don't wonder. Sir Francis arranged to accompany her home, for in her state of mind he could not think of her traveling alone, neither could he propose sending a servant with her, and he was not the man to fail in attention to the humblest of womankind. But he was saved the trouble, if such he would have thought it, for Miss Jerpoint's uncle arrived to take her home.

"No sooner was she gone than Sir Francis sat down and opened a safety-valve for his excited feelings by writing a full-grown letter to Mr. Sandilands, giving not merely a bit but the whole of his mind upon the affair, and fully detailing his conversation with Miss Jerpoint. 'If he has a conscience and a heart,' thought Sir Francis as he sealed his missive, 'this should do for both.'

"What Mr. Sandilands thought when he read that letter cannot be known: it can only be guessed at from the sequel. He resigned all connection with the church and parish of Middleton, so that Sir Francis had no need to move in that matter."

"Excuse me, Clara," I said, "if I just interrupt you for one moment to ask, *Did* the widow follow him?"

"Excuse *me*, Robert, if I just answer that I don't know. It is not likely, but I did not inquire: I did not take the interest in her you seem to do."

"*Seem!* There's no seeming in it. A



most interesting woman: I should like to know her—at a distance."

"Come now, Robert, no doubt she was a very excellent woman. Well, it was reported that Mr. and Mrs. Sandilands were going abroad, but they did not do so immediately, and although Mr. Sandilands had resigned his church, he did not give up preaching."

"And he would be more popular than ever. Let a man make himself notorious in any shape, and he'll fill the largest hall in any town."

"That was just what I was going to say. For one that went to hear him before, ten went now."

"And how did he and his wife get on? I hope she snubbed him well, and let him know who held the purse-strings—vulgarly, did not let him forget on which side his bread was buttered."

"She was a young, thoughtless, giddy girl, but for anything I know she might have been capable of that, only she had not much opportunity. They had been married about three months when they went to London, previous to setting off for the Continent. It so chanced that Miss Jerpoint's uncle had occasion to visit town at the same time, and took his niece with him. They were walking along the streets one day when Miss Jerpoint suddenly caught sight of Mr. Sandilands, and to prevent recognition she instantly dropped her veil over her face, but not before she had been seen by him, approaching with a lady hanging on his arm in a dress gay as that of a butterfly. As he passed he fixed a long, indescribable gaze on Miss Jerpoint's face, and she trembled so that her uncle, who, never having seen Mr. Sandilands, did not know of this unexpected meeting, asked what was the matter.

"'Nothing,' she said: 'let us go on.'

"'He is punished,' she thought, 'severely punished. Sir Francis himself might see that I am amply revenged. How I pity him!' She lay upon a sofa the rest of the day, suffering from the exhaustion that excitement brings on.

"The other couple—the gentleman and the gay lady—reached their hotel, a

fashionable one in a fashionable locality. The lady sprang up the stairs humming snatches of an opera tune, the gentleman followed her more soberly. The lady danced into her dressing-room, the gentleman remained in the bedroom from which the dressing-room opened. The lady was standing before the mirror bowing to her own image reflected there, and going through her various styles of salutation, in all of which she congratulated herself about equally perfect and fascinating: she had thrown off her bonnet and shawl, and with a smile on her face was again leaning forward to admire herself, when she was startled by the sudden report of a pistol, followed by a heavy fall, apparently in the adjacent bedroom. Hurriedly she opened the bedroom door, at the same moment that the bedroom door was opened by the lady who, chancing to be in the outside passage, had also been startled. They stood, the wife and the lady, frozen to the spot with horror at the sight of the figure of Walter Sandilands lying on the floor, his head struck through the head!"

"Horrible, Clara! horrible!"

"Was it not? What must the wretched man have suffered before he could reach such a resolution! Do you think he is responsible?"

"It is impossible to say. I have no doubt in some cases suicides are responsible—if not for the act, at least for the state of mind that induced the act."

"Robert, I have sometimes thought of the suicide as of a child sent out on hard apprenticeship—harder than he can bear—so that, goaded on, he breaks his indenture and runs to his father."

"Ah, Clara, that will hardly do if it is his Father's will that he should suffer, or if he brings the suffering on himself? None of us are sent out into the world to walk through it on velvet cushions; let us be thankful that we are not sent out to sit in judgment on our fellow-creatures."

"No doubt Mr. Sandilands brought his misery on himself, but that does not make it all the harder to endure."

an, you remember, I wanted you to me the thread of consistency run-through his character." here is one thread that has been ent enough throughout. I don't e must have been a bad man, but ay he was a very selfish one; and could for an instant suppose that d the use of his reason, his last act ntensely selfish, for in the attempt :ape from his misery he inflicted e anguish on others."

ell, Robert, I can't find it in my o be severe on him. If he had been ed, unfeeling man, regret and re- would not have unhinged him to a degree, I think. Of course all ends and relatives were grieved icked beyond expression, but the get over it probably was his wid- she returned to her father's house, arried again in little more than a and perhaps the last to get over it uestion if she has altogether got yet—was Miss Jerpoint. She re- l at home with her mother and and in process of time became nted with Mr. Burnet, then re- in their neighborhood as steward bleman. When he left that situa- : came here, as you know, and ore Miss Jerpoint arrived in Scot- as Mrs. Burnet, however, and I a happier pair do not exist." n sure of it, Clara—with perhaps lliant exception."

Next forenoon the Burnets called, and when we said, "Good-bye," and I lifted a little girl into a seat in their phaeton beside her mamma—a little fair morsel of freshness, with eyes and a power of using them that a coquette might envy—I thought, "If the morning of Mrs. Burnet's life has been stormy, the middle day is as calm and sunny as she could desire." As I came in I said to Clara, "Burnet is worth a dozen of the unfortunate man you were telling me of last evening: you might fasten Tennyson's lines on him more appropriately. I am sure he must have gained in sweetness since he was married, and any one can see that he has not lost 'the wrestling thews that throw the world;' and these lines—

Until at last she set herself to man,  
Like perfect music unto noble words—

might suit them very well: a pretty poetical rendering I take them to be of the doctrine of obedience."

"Robert, Tennyson never hints at obedience: it is equality he means, perfect equality."

"It is obedience he means, my dear—implicit obedience—although he has sugar-coated it very nicely. Ask Mr. Burnet."

"Well, well, so that women catch really noble words to set themselves to, it does not much signify."

So my wife had the last word.

THE AUTHOR OF "BLINDPITS."

## AMONG THE MEDIUMS.

"PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 22, 1872.

DEAR JOHN: When I last wrote you announcing the death of my children, I thought certainly the will of God had done with me; but alas! she who gave their young lives to the world lies low in her grave. I have crossed the path of that star which rides with darkness—

that hath power to smite the earth with plagues and turn its waters to blood. . . . There was real comfort in your letter, for it was in the line of my thought and in sympathy with my mood. Yes, I have read *The Debatable Land*—read and re-read it until I am thoroughly imbued with its philosophy, and am even more of a Spiritualist than you. I could not,

without abjuring all faith in human testimony, reject Mr. Owen's narratives, sustained as they are by his own character and that of many other unimpeachable witnesses; and I would not wish to do so, for they are the source of much happiness to me. Will you not come on and go with me to New York early next month, that I may seek the comfort which is, I trust, to be found in Spiritualism? Write and say you will come.

"Ever faithfully, HENRY ROST."

I had known and loved Rost for twelve years. We had been school-fellows, and afterward chums in college. When, therefore, I received this letter, I had no option, apart from my own inclination, but to accept his proposal.

The first of February found me at his house. Of course, Spiritualism formed the staple of our conversation. The first thing that struck me in the discussion of the subject was the universal interest it inspired, and the general prevalence of a concealed faith in its phenomena. One rainy Sunday morning, while sitting in the vestibule of the "Continental," a friend, who held a high judicial office, began its discussion with us in a quiet way, when, as the topic of conversation became known, a score of strangers gathered round and listened like inquisitive children. The opinion, I may add, was frequently expressed, by those who knew the tender affection which had subsisted between my friend and his dead, that if it were possible they would surely return to give him consolation.

The day after our arrival in New York we called on Doctor Gray, a venerable physician of high character, to whom our attention had been called by Robert Dale Owen as a witness to the most remarkable phenomena recorded in his book. What passed between the doctor and ourselves I do not feel at liberty to repeat, but he gave us the address of Doctor Henry Slade as a medium possessing the most wonderful powers. We drove at once to his residence, and, wishing to be entirely frank, introduced ourselves by presenting our cards. His apartments were elegant and his manners

quiet and gentlemanly: his head manifestly delicate, and his face and abnormal—just such a perfect imagination might conceiving between two worlds. As I followed Doctor Slade into his apartment, and the door closed behind me, I was struck with a feeling of awe and impression, however, was derived from my imagination, for the room was simply furnished and floodlight. In the middle of the floor stood an old-fashioned walnut breakfast-table with its wings spread. Around it were half a dozen chairs: a small case and a few pictures completed the furniture. A glance of the eyes had satisfied any one that no magic or artificial appliances of any kind could be used there without detection. I answered the curious and silence to whom we might afterward relate what happened, we made a thorough examination of everything in the room.

Placing a slate and pencil on the table, the doctor, after seating us at its sides, took a chair at the head of the table, and, joining our hands together we awaited developments. In a few moments a rapping was heard, first on the table, then on the under-side of the table, then on the wall eight feet away, and very next instant on the back of the chair, and with such emphasis could feel the vibrations. Till our hands had been clasped, but the releasing one of his, picked up the slate and with his teeth broke off a segment, not larger than a grain of sand, and placing it on the slate held the table, pressing the slate with his open palm against its lower surface, a bit of pencil being between the slate and the table, a very little while we heard a series of pencil writing, and could see the medium's face his resistance to the pencil sure upon the slate. When he ceased the slate was withdrawn and handed to Rost, and, written in a distinct hand, we read, "God bless A. P. R.," the initials of his wife's name. He was visibly moved at this: he mounted to his cheeks and his eyes suffused with tears. Recovering

emotion, he asked a question, the simple frankness of which indicated his faith. The pencil wrote, "Yes, I am A. P. R. : vanish all doubts. Heaven is shining in your soul." Here the doctor announced that this being the first effort of the spirit to communicate, it was exhausted. But to further illustrate his power, and to show the familiar relationship existing between himself and a deceased wife, he took from the bookcase an accordeon, and with his right hand held it at arm's length, asking, "Allie, will you play a tune for the gentlemen?" when, sure enough, it began to discourse as though played upon by living hands. I asked if it would play when held in my hands. "Yes, but not a tune." Holding it out at a right angle with as much strength as I could command, an irresistible force drew my hand down, stretching the instrument several times to its full length, and causing it to utter that peculiar nasal drawl it always gives in the hands of the un instructed.

This sitting was at high noon, and with all the light that could stream in through two large windows, and the pencil used was too small for human fingers to clutch. Making an engagement for the next morning, we left the doctor, profoundly impressed with what we had seen and full of hope for the future. We were consequently prompt in keeping the appointment. Being seated as before, the medium bit the point from his pencil, and dropping it on the slate, held it under the table, when almost instantly the scratching of the pencil was heard. It continued for several minutes, and when the slate was withdrawn its entire face had been written over in a fair round hand, the pencil being nearly worn out. We read: "MY OWN DARLING: As now I am blest by coming to the one that is the life of my soul, oh may you soon be blest by the spirit of God's love, as you are by the loving spirit of your darling! Oh, I have so much to tell you I cannot think what to say first. I am your loving A. P. R." My friend asked me to copy this, and suggested to the medium that if a pencil-point were placed under the slate as it

lay before me, perhaps the spirit would continue the message while I transcribed. This was done, and, *mirabile dictu!* the pencil began to write and the slate to creep under my very eyes like a thing of life. I stopped my copying, and holding the slate listened in amazement till the writing ceased. Bear in mind, a particle of pencil no bigger than a pin's head was placed upon a walnut table-leaf an inch in thickness, and an ordinary school-slate laid over it, and my hands—not the medium's—employed in holding it down. There was written: "MY DEAR: I hope you will cast off all doubts, and always believe we are by you to bless and guide you in the true paths of life, so you can come to us as pure and lovely as a human soul can come. Good-bye! God bless your loving soul! A. P. R."

Again this spirit was announced as exhausted, and we turned our attention to other phenomena. Raps were given simultaneously round the room; the table would rise under our hands and drop violently to the floor; the slate being held at arm's length by the medium upon my head, my full name was written by an invisible hand.

I will not disguise the fact that in spite of these manifestations my faith in Doctor Slade had begun to wane. That he possessed an occult power which I did not understand was evident, but the feeling had constantly grown upon me that it originated in his own mind. The writing on the slate either emanated from the consciousness of Mrs. Rost or from his. As an abstract proposition, it was as easy to believe it came from him as from her. I knew it had no accordance whatever with her tone of feeling or form of expression, while it was couched in just such language as he employed in conversation. Therefore, with all my anxiety to believe, I could not accept, unreservedly, these messages as coming from her. But this feeling I did not communicate to Rost.

We determined to go to the fountain-head of Spiritualism—to Margaret Fox, or, as she preferred to be called, "Mrs. Doctor Kane," one of the original Ro-

chester rappers. We found her a very ladylike little person, but, either from a voluntary renunciation of the vanities of this world, or from her limited commerce with the other, somewhat dilapidated and thready. We gathered round a small table which held only a pile of foolscap paper and a lead pencil.

This medium is *impressional*. Unlike her co-laborers, the trance-speakers, whose personal consciousness is assumed to be suspended, she simply relinquishes the use of her right arm—detaches it, as it were, from her will, and lends it to the spirit. The peculiarity of her writing is its being entirely inverted. She holds her pencil exactly as I hold mine, but it runs Hebrew-wise, from right to left, and the manuscript must be held between you and a strong light, with the written page from you, and read through the paper or else reflected in a mirror. After a general rapping her hand began to write. The first message was: "There are many here to greet you, and we are getting into communication with you. Speak to us as though we were near by your side, and then you will be able . . . The time is not far distant when you will be permitted to witness the presence of spirits, and you will receive proof that will destroy doubt. A."

A loud rap was here given, and her hand wrote, "There is one here who is waiting to speak with you. It is your old friend James—you will not know at this meeting who—or why I came." Rost looked at the paper and shook his head. I asked if he had a friend James in the spirit world. "No, unless it be General L—." A loud affirmative rap was heard, notwithstanding the assurance in the message that we should not know at this meeting who it was. The medium wrote, "Still another friend. Close the shutters, and aid us to get more power. A." The shutters were closed. "Meet us again: I will come to you in a light, and bear in my arms a blessed child that you will recognize. Let my dear child communicate. A." "Is that the spirit of Antoinette?" Rost asked, his voice quivering with emotion. The answer was "Yes," and

the ardor of my friend, which had been somewhat cooled by the irrelevancy of the messages, boiled up anew.

Miss Fox remarked that if the alphabet were written the spirits would write their full names: a pencil running down the column and pausing an instant at each letter, when the proper one was indicated the spirit would rap. In this manner "A. Phillips" was spelled. The maiden name of Mrs. Rost was Phillips. A gentle rap, scarcely audible, was heard, and the name of Rost's child was spelled. "Are you with your mamma?" "Yes." "Do you remember your auntie?" "Yes—she is here." The aunt to whom Rost referred was the only one his child had ever known was alive in St. Louis. Miss Fox, however, wrote, "My dear papa, I have your auntie here with me;" and the name "C-i-n-t-h-i-a" was spelled. Rost then remembered that his wife had lost a child before he knew her whose name was Cynthia. The medium wrote, "I will come to see you before you go to the other side and show myself as in the flesh. But where?" "In this room." "Can you show us something of the change at death?" "Death is a beautiful flower." "How long you employed?" No answer. The spirit was about to close. As Doctor Sibley said Rost was a medium of great power. I asked Miss Fox if either of us was a medium. Her hand seized the pencil and wrote for a few moments with great energy. Rost took the manuscript to the window, and came back glowing with enthusiasm as he read: "MY GOOD FRIEND, On next Thursday evening, at half nine o'clock, be alone and quiet, and you will receive a token. Be alone and watch for the token at 9 1/2 o'clock Thursday night. BENJAMIN F. LIN." I asked where we should be. "It makes no difference, so be alone and quiet. B. F." We were both in doubt if the communication could be received there. "Yes, the condition is that you be alone and watch for the token. B. F." My friend was beside himself with joy, and was not only a convert to the new

igion, but felt that he was to be its prophet. Hitherto seers and mediums had been chosen from the illiterate and vulgar, but next Thursday night was to mark a new era in Spiritualism and an epoch in his life.

When Thursday evening came we were, as we had anticipated, at the Allyn House in Hartford. A slate and pencil were provided for Doctor Franklin's use, and placed upon the centre-table in our room. A large easy-chair was drawn up for him, if he saw fit to visit us as he had done Mr. Owen's friends in New York. At nine o'clock the gas was turned off, and we took our seats at the table. A pale light shining through the transom dimly revealed the expression of my friend's face. His great gray eyes seemed to gather and concentrate its feeble rays, and flash them out with a feline lustre into the dark corners of the room in an eager search for the token. This intense desire had almost a transforming energy, for when he pointed to the shadow of a pillar (which supported the ceiling in the hall) that fell upon the transom, I looked up sympathetically, and for a moment its Corinthian coronal took on the likeness of a Continental hat.

At ten o'clock the doctor's chair was still vacant and the pencil undisturbed. I whispered the hour, and proposed to adjourn. "No, we must sit thirty minutes longer." Faith may remove mountains, but it will not bring Doctor Franklin from his grave. Half-past ten, and no token. Furious with disappointment, my friend sprang from his chair, threw the slate upon the hearthstone, shivering it to atoms, and denounced the whole thing as a fraud and humbug.

Soon after daylight next morning Rost wakened me to say that he had not slept: he had been revolving the matter in his mind, and had come to the conclusion that he had been too hasty—that I was to blame for the doctor's non-appearance, as the morning before I had spoken of him as "a heartless old kite-flyer," and it was but natural for him to resent the affront by disappointing us. We must return to New York. By the

next mail a letter was sent to "Mrs. Doctor Kane," saying we would call on her on Sunday morning at ten o'clock. Promptly at that hour we were at her door. "She was not feeling well: would we call at three in the afternoon?" At three "she had gone riding, but would return by seven." At seven "she was out to tea: call to-morrow at ten." At ten next morning "she was out shopping, but would certainly be at home to us at four." At that hour "she had taken a run into the country for a few weeks."

She had been given no clew to our disappointment in the Hartford letter: indeed, it was intentionally so worded that if she had not practiced a deliberate fraud she might have inferred the complete fulfillment of the promise. But the evidence of her trickery did not stop here, for in less than a month, as I was relating our experience to a party of gentlemen, one of them drew from his pocket an exact duplicate of our message from Doctor Franklin. This promise he had also failed to keep, and the chances are, if men had the candor to confess, the country is full of these broken pledges from the heartless old kite-flyer.

Rost, convinced that she was a humbug and charlatan, turned with new interest to Doctor Slade. The doctor welcomed us as disciples. By a singular caprice of memory he inverted my friend's name, and saluted him as "Mr. Henry." When he withdrew for a moment I suggested that this mistake would furnish an interesting test. If the messages received came from a member of the Henry family, we might know they originated in his mind. The doctor announced his readiness, and we gathered round the table. "The conditions were never so favorable," he remarked. "I am in a fine mood, and the atmosphere is full of electricity." A miscellaneous rapping was heard over the room, a heavy chair appeared to move itself from the opposite wall to the table, and my own chair was wrenched half round, the doctor's hands meantime remaining on the table with ours. It was evident the spirits regarded us as familiar acquaintances, and were resolved upon a

free and easy time. As soon as the slate was held under the table the pencil wrote, "I am so glad to see you again! MARY HENRY." This was the hearty salutation of an old friend. The "again" at least implied a former meeting. Rost looked at the slate for at least a minute with well-concealed disgust, and then handing it to me said, "I never knew this person: perhaps she is a friend of yours?" I had not the honor of her acquaintance, but, comprehending the situation, I looked dubiously at the message for some moments and replied, "I am trying to think." The medium was clearly nonplused, but again held the slate under the table. A pause of ten minutes ensued. The pencil then wrote, without any ostensible indication that the message was for me, and leaving us to infer that the address was determined by the doctor's own volition: "I knew you a long time ago. MARY HENRY." I asked "Where?" Fifteen minutes passed in profound silence: not a sound was heard, nor a funeral note. The medium looked wistfully at Rost and inquired, "Are you not Mr. Henry?" "No, sir." Ten minutes more of suspense. "Strange! Can't account for it. The spirits never behaved so before." Another pause. An idea seemed to strike the doctor: "Would my friend be kind enough to write a name on the slate?" He failed to stipulate that it should be that of a deceased friend. The scales were dropping from Rost's eyes, so he wrote the name of a living sister. The slate was held under the table, and again the pencil began to write. We had: "We are all here, but a change in the air prevents our communicating," with the name of his sister attached. In his hurry Rost had written her last name illegibly, and I noticed the spirit had signed it illegibly. This might have been a coincidence. Her message very plainly indicated that the séance was about to close, and I wanted more of her signatures. I knew a few simple questions that appeared to foreshadow another sitting would be answered, notwithstanding the change in the spiritual barometer. In this manner I obtained

half a dozen answers, in none of which was the last name intelligible. Looking at the slate, I remarked that I could not decipher the name, and asked the doctor what it was. He did not know but appealed to Rost. "*Mene, sone, tekel, upharsin,*" he replied, pushing his chair back from the table.

There was no longer any doubt of the imposture. It is true, I think the medium did not, nor do any of the others know the nature of the force employed. It will not do to reject all their practices as spurious, for, though much trickery, there is a large residuum which is as much a mystery to them as to us. But one thing most men who have been on the subject any attention must be given to, and above all the mediums themselves, is that the agency is not supernatural, but that it springs from and is dependent on the medium's own volition. The pencil was as clearly directed by Doctor Slade's will as his hand was when it reached it out for his fee.

As may be imagined, Rost's reaction was violent: his superstitious reverence for this man gave way to savage indignation. There was a streak behind him of cerulean hue and an odor of brimstone for at least three squares. Slade speculated on his affections, covered his heart to gold, and he thanked God for the good old orthodox hell to which he could consign the knave. His mind at last made up. Doctor Franklin kept the faith and given us the rule: *There was nothing in it.*

But it is difficult to turn a hungry man from any possible source of comfort when Rost's attention was called to the then recent experience of Mr. Platt of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and Colonel Don Piatt of *The Capitalist*. Mrs. Mary Hollis of Louisville, a clairvoyant medium, he began to give reasons for seeing her, and to leave we went. We found Mrs. Hollis a cheerful and affable woman in middle life, and, on the occasion of our first sitting, very glad to be delivered from the pains of chronic afflictions, an old bore. She had had the indiscretion, she said, to show him his young wife in a table

séance some months before, and since then he had given her no rest. Now, his young wife was really his old one. "She had been dead," he told us, "forty-three years last pea-time, but he knew her the minute she showed her face in the cabinet. She was the prettiest woman in Ameriky, so there could be no mistaking her identity. Of course, she looked pale and thin now, but you must remember how long she has been dead." His speech had a salacious flavor which justified the suspicion that he had married one or more wives since her death; so I ventured to inquire how his present wife liked this kindling interest in the young one. "Why, the old woman was the greatest Spiritualist you ever saw until I told her I had seen Mary Ann: now she raises *hob* every time I come to Louisville. You see, we have been married nearly forty-three years, and had a family of thirteen children, but five of them are dead; so I told her Mary Ann had brought our children with her, and was taking just as good care of them as if they had been her own. But this only made her worse: *she didn't want any step-mother for her children*. I don't know how I'm to settle it. I can't give up Mary Ann, nohow, and the old woman is making my life a hell. Why, sir, she even abuses Mrs. Hollis—calls her names, and says she only wants my money. I sometimes think she's demented."

The review of his troubles was too much for the old man. Sweet self-pity conquered him, and we left him sniveling in the parlor as we followed Mrs. Hollis to a chamber on the second floor. There was in this room the usual furniture of bed, bureau, washstand, a few chairs and a wardrobe, with the very unusual addition of two old women. The wardrobe, we were informed, was the cabinet. It was an empty shell, with one door, in which, about five feet from the floor, there was a diamond-shaped hole five inches long and four wide. When the room had been darkened to less than twilight by hanging shawls and counterpanes over the windows, the medium took her seat in the wardrobe, and the

door was closed. We sat eight feet from and in front of the cabinet. The medium kept up a brisk conversation with us for a few minutes, and then called for a song. The function of the old women now became apparent: they were the chorus, the orchestra, the morning stars that were to hail the new creation. "They call me Blue-eyed Mary" was given with tremulous tenderness, and such peculiar accent that when one of them complained of sore lips, I whispered to Rost, "That's nothing, so long as her nose is all right." But he was grave, and still hoped for serious results.

"Bonnie Doon" was next sung, during which I heard a scraping, as if the medium were rubbing the tips of her fingers against the rough surface of the wardrobe door. "Have you seen anything?" she asked. "No." The old ladies began a rustic cackle, but not being specially interested in local gossip, I expressed a partiality for "Blue-eyed Mary," which was repeated with new zest. There we sat, like small boys round a hole in the ground shouting, "*Doodle bug, doodle—doodle bug, come out of your hole!*" and watching the aperture for signs of life. It is a strange incongruity that music which makes you feel as though the particles of your body would fly in a thousand directions should enable disembodied, and therefore more sensitive, spirits to assume new forms. But—

Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you? . . .

If I stand here, I saw him.

The visage of a venerable gentleman passed before the little window of the cabinet. He was at least five minutes in making the transit. We saw him well: I did not recognize him, but my friend's nostrils swelled and his lips twitched. My eyes returned to the cabinet: the face of a young woman with hair *à la Pompadour* was in front of the aperture. I had never seen her before, but again Rost's face was flushed. I looked again, and, great Heavens! there was the image of a young woman I knew to have been burned twelve years before. "Had we seen anything?" "Yes—three faces." "Did we recognize them?" We preferred



not to say. The medium complained of the heat, and our first cabinet séance ended. She would give us another sitting the next day.

On our return the house was undergoing repairs: the clatter of hammers rang far and wide, but this made no difference; indeed, the spirits rather liked it. Everything was arranged as before, and we took our seats in front of the cabinet and watched the hole with the anxiety of terriers. The spirits were more prompt, had less difficulty in "materializing." The same old gentleman appeared; next a boy about ten years of age, then Madame Pompadour, then an old lady in frills and cap. I am near-sighted, and asked the medium if on that account I might not sit a little closer. "Yes, if very near-sighted." I drew my chair nearer the cabinet. Again the same funeral procession passed. A lump of coal in the grate fell apart, a blaze flamed up, and I saw the face, as familiar to me as my own mother's, of one I knew to have been burned years before. "Had we seen anything?" "Yes, a number of faces." "Did we recognize them?" Rost replied, "No: would they give their names?" They preferred to be recognized. Thus closed our second cabinet séance. We had two others, saw our spirit friends, but no new facts were evolved.

If I had been of the commission that tried Mrs. Surratt, the country might have been spared the Johnson-Holt imbroglio. Crime in a woman is the result of caprice; in a man, of vicious principles. "O Lord, make us men holier and better, but please to keep the women as they are." I always liked that prayer, which has a deeper significance than appears on the surface, for there can be no doubt women are radically better than men. But if much can be pardoned to womanhood, what is it that cannot be forgiven to beauty? Mrs. Hollis is a handsome woman, whose face any man would trust, yet she lends herself to the vilest imposture ever practiced upon human credulity. We had agreed before calling on her that we would say nothing whatever to each

other concerning our impressions until we had written them in detail, and that we would then exchange papers and compare notes. This we did, and I have never known a more perfect unity between two witnesses of any transaction.

I quote from Rost's report of the first séance: "I did not suffer my eyes to leave the hole in the wardrobe for one instant after we took our seats. The angle of my vision was so different from yours that I must have seen signs of life some moments earlier than you. The first thing I saw clearly defined was the edge of what appeared to be a dark pasteboard disk: then, as it came up with a nervous, jerky, irregular motion, I saw lights and shadows that indicated a picture of some kind; but before half its surface came into view I discovered it to be a wood-cut or photograph of an old man's head, with the margin carefully sheared away. I felt my face burn with indignation, and but for the promise to give you no clew to my impressions would have ended the farce at once." This was in substance just what I reported to him. The other apparitions were of exactly the same kind. The unfortunate woman whose sacrifice by fire I had witnessed in youth has undergone as many christenings as the statue of Jupiter. I have known her as Charlotte Corday, Joan of Arc, the Maid of Saragossa, and by the general anonym of Love. It was as the Maid of Saragossa that she was burned in our house many years ago. It may have been this protean character that commended her to Mrs. Hollis, for I have no doubt she did duty as the "prettiest woman in Ameriky," and is recognized daily as a kinswoman by her numerous patrons.

If this paper were not already so long I might moralize a while, but perhaps it is better to let it go to the public simply as a report. If I am capable of truth, it is a fair and literal statement of our experience. In the beginning I was almost a convert to the new religion, and my friend Rost a determined believer: no man ever relinquished a hope more reluctantly than he.

But if the fraud was so apparent to us,

why is it that other men are deceived by it? That is the great conundrum. Their credulity is to me almost as great a mystery as the phenomena would be if real. I cannot better conclude this paper than by quoting a letter from Rost received a few days ago: "The only objection I see to publishing our Spiritual adventure is, that the world is full of fools, who, having neither religious feeling nor a philosophic spirit, will scoff at our pursuit. Yet why need I care for them? The phenomena of Spiritualism are as worthy

of investigation as hypnotism or anæsthesia: my orthodox friends should think more so, for from their stand-point thousands of people are no doubt imperiling their souls by making the belief in these a religion. I have heard some of them compromise with it by declaring it to be of the devil, thus meeting the Spiritualists half way by conceding to it a supernatural origin. When its scientific value shall be ascertained these heathens of both classes will be delivered from their superstition." JOHN HAYWARD.

## IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

(1517.)

RAFFAELLE AND GIULIO ROMANO.

RAFFAELLE.

IT is divine!—I seem impelled to bow,  
 Half worshipping. My calm philosophers—  
 What mortals they, beside these strong-limbed gods  
 Of Michael's making! Would we here might meet,  
 That I might do him reverence, owning how  
 He, of all men, did first unseal my eyes  
 To the so grand significance of Form,  
 That day in Florence, when his *Pietà*  
 Like a new sense burst on me!

GIULIO.

—Better so:

That rapier tongue of his might have its thrust,  
 Touching your labors in the Vatican;  
 And though its point would only glance across  
 The crystal of your temper, it would gash  
 Great dints in mine. He was supreme in Rome  
 Before you came, but now the loungers even  
 Take sides and wrangle; and he's wroth to see  
 His realm beset by rivals—least of all,  
 By one whose fewer years—

RAFFAELLE.

I'll not believe it!  
 Standing in such majestic presences,  
 Whose models his own genius hath invoked  
 (For where can Rome or Florence show to-day

Titans like these?), it were not possible  
 That I could stain with shade of paltriness  
 Our matchless Michael. For who so creates  
 Hath something kindred with the Hand Divine!  
 Such eagle pride stoops not to foul its beak  
 With envy's slime: Vesuvius does not grudge  
 The vineyard at his foot its purpling grapes.  
 —For me, I sink amazed, to gauge the reach  
 Beyond the human, hidden in the grasp  
 Of this gigantic splendor. See yon sweep  
 Of daring touch!—how arrogant of power  
 Through conscious sense of mastery! Why, I think  
 He would not halt, afeared, nor blench, if bidden  
 To picture God the Father face to face!

GIULIO.

That would he not! Hath he not browbeat even  
 His Holiness? Could Satan's self do more?  
 —Oh ho! our Angelo's angelical  
 After the fallen type!

RAFFAELLE.

Nay, Giulio, nay:  
 Beseech you, wrong him not. Think how remote  
 His world from our warm life. Companionless,  
 And stern, and self-renouncing, and apart,  
 He dwells alone on Art's Olympian top,  
 In brotherhood with gods, and curtained round  
 With tragic mists that blot our common ways  
 Out from his ken. And even when he descends,  
 'Tis like the tale they chatter of his work  
 On this grand ceiling—how through lengthened gaze  
 Upward the power of earthward glance was lost.  
 And therefore (blame him not) he fails to note  
 Us lesser folk who haunt the mountain's side.

GIULIO.

*Lesser*, forsooth! My master, I lose patience!

RAFFAELLE.

Content you: we'll say *happier*, then;—we, rich  
 In miracle of sunset and of dawn—  
 In wonderments of heaven's blue interspace—  
 In yellowing corn-fields—in the flush of grass\*  
 And flower and leafage, and the mad, full joy  
 Of the gray earth he holds no vision for,—  
 We, over-rich in woman's comfortings,  
 And children's laughter, and sweet fellowships,  
 And the fresh joyance of this summer land;  
 Oh, happier thus, a thousand-fold than he—  
 He, mid his chilling clouds, upraised too high  
 To be aught else than numbed; who never felt  
 The fervid meltings of a foolish love

Trickle about his frozen heart! So blest  
 Am I—so garmented with woven smiles—  
 So wrapped in Art's delightsomeness—so wrought  
 Upon by the glad beauty of the world,  
 That in my soul I nurse a piteous ache  
 For such a marble-carven loneliness.

GIULIO.

Dear, gentle master, Michael scouts such pity!  
 What is all life to him—its men, its women,  
 The tumult and the process of its loves,  
 Its victories, strifes—what but a quarry whence  
 To hew and shape his wrestling thoughts?

RAFFAELLE.

But then,  
 Confess his Atlases can heave a world!

GIULIO.

Ay, grant you—grand enow; but with their brows  
 So wrinkle-gashed, their knotted muscles, thews  
 Like cordage stretcht, who ever thinks to find  
 A nesting here for dove-eyed charities?  
 Look you aloft: he holds mere beauty weak.  
 Where is the breathing flesh, the humid light,  
 The tremulous tints, the joyous calm, which make  
 Whatso *my* master touches all divine?  
 See Michael's women! stout Minervas, who  
 Would scorn the clinging of a baby's arms!

RAFFAELLE.

Consider, Giulio. They do say of him  
 He never kissed a woman—never caught  
 Some inward warmth from folding of her hands,  
 Nor from her lap hath snatched a crooning child,  
 With the white milk-drop on its mouth; and then  
 Be merciful!

GIULIO.

And let him teach disdain  
 Of life's humanities? Why, he would make  
 Us infidels to love and all sweet passions.  
 We're only safe because kind Heaven has set  
 Raffaëlle as antidote, to prove that not  
 Colossal Force nor Form can rule the realm  
 Of Art or Nature with such sovereign power  
 As woman yields. And so the smile wherewith  
 You've hallowed Mary Mother's lips, though touched  
 With troubling tears, will keep within men's souls  
 The truer worship, and the inner shine  
 That glorifies your Holy Child will cling,  
 A spell to charm the world for evermore!

MARGARET J. PRESTON

## A MODERN CRESSIDA.

## CHAPTER VI.

ONE who has been long an inhabitant of cities is awakened in the early morning by the stillness of the country, as the clatter of the streets rouses a rustic sleeping in a hotel. So Edith waked and slept or dozed again and again with a delightful and ever-growing sense of repose. The day seemed to stretch before her, a calm expanse of idleness or *dolce far niente*: no thoughts of engagements, visitors, amusements, all that makes up the busy idleness of a city life, urged her to rise and dress. But a gentle tap at the door came, and in answer to her "Come in," there entered her chamber the dimly-seen figure of the night before that had ministered to her fatigue and hunger.

May Bradford was a specimen of a charming type of young girl, without much evident individuality of her own, but without angles or chasms in her character. It was not moulded on a great scale, but it was harmonious. She greeted her cousin with a shy but hearty welcome, and Edith, who always succeeded with women when her will was not wanting, soon cast her spell upon May, who had never seen any one before possessing a tithe of Edith's personal attraction. Mrs. Penrhyn was domiciliated in a few hours, and slipped into her place at the family table between the two boys, aged twelve and fourteen respectively, as if she had been their eldest sister and always occupied it. The quiet little household found that, to its infinite delight and relief, she was not the white elephant they had all in their several ways half dreaded, and Mrs. Bradford congratulated herself again and again on having had the wisdom to accept Edith's proposal to become the tenant of the Lodge for the summer. It was in every way a success. Her limited means, cut down by her husband's death some years before, were much the better for the addition made to them by Edith's

liberal contribution; and then with advantage for dear May if her cousin fancied her, and next winter would give her a peep at that world in which she had never enclosed, all mothers desire their daughters should try for a prize!

And Edith—how was it with her? She found herself in no way disappointed in her young cousin: the sweet and freshness she had looked for were there, and with them a quick intelligence and the delightful ardour of youth. Their respective passions were soon taken, and Edith, who was the representative of the vast and great world in the eyes of the young girl, found herself created not only the "glass of fashion and mould of form," but an oracle of knowledge and wisdom, regarded always with uncompromising admiration, and times almost with awe. For Edith were—as how could there fail to be—penetrable joints in her armour. Her eyes were too much dazzled by entering shewn to see them; and at a time her confident faith and assurance that her queen could do wrong brought a quick, generous blush to Edith's cheek as she remembered far from immaculate were the pages of her past. Her past! How exciting and full of complicated emotions it seemed in this day of simplicity and calm repose! She felt a curious feeling at times, as if she were being made all over again in the life, the current of which ran so smoothly that every nerve seemed lulled to rest as she floated with the creature of change and reaction of and flow, as she was, the very mood of the days was grateful to her in the early hours, the simple fare, the restful nights of sleep. She grew to love them all, and astonished the family in her enjoyment of what they had so long hoped she would tolerate. The souls little knew that it was but a past

r, and one which, when appeased, sleep a dreamless sleep.

eral weeks had glided by, and had settled down into what seemed her a charming routine of occupation but in fact consisted of an inge-ny systematized course of idleness. dded a new and most delightful nt to the family group at Glenwood. all admired her, and in some way ve each and all pleasure, for she pleasure-giving being in the most nse of the word. Her altar was cold, and the gentle cloud of in-that rose perpetually in her nos-othed and pleased her. And then vas no rival to dispute her sway. e who came to scoff remained to was literally true of the two or ountry lasses who, old friends of came reluctantly and with preju- ) make the acquaintance of her "Mrs. Penrhyn, from the city." had never dreamed that such a ation of beauty and fashion could with a geniality and tact that other and wiser heads than theirs ible, and her little kingdom was sed of none but loyal subjects.

bright Saturday morning, as Edith itting the last touches to a toilet was the more charming for its ity, and the elaboration of which st what it would have been at rt ("I dress for myself," she al-aid), May rushed in with an open n her hand: "Oh, Cousin Edith, s coming to-night, and he will his whole vacation here! Is it delightful?"

had the remotest idea who Max y darling, I should not be luke-n my sympathy," replied Edith, as she knotted the ends of her loosely together and turned to her questioner.

know who Max is, Cousin Edith! e is papa's nephew, my cousin ll Floyd, and he is a theological "

dear!" said Edith with an invol-accident of dismay, but recovering

added: "I am very glad he is if you all want him, but will he

. XIII.—30

think me very dreadful, and pray for me at family prayers every night?"

"He will think you the most beautiful cousin and woman in the world, as we all do," exclaimed May, giving Edith a hug in the exuberance of her delight; "and you are sure to like him."

"What is he like?"

"Well, he is tall and handsome, fair, with deep-blue eyes and curly brown hair; and he is very manly and athletic, rows beautifully and rides splendidly—a sort of muscular Christian, you know; and next year he will be ordained; and—oh dear, cousin! I hardly know what to tell you about him. You are sure to like him, though."

"Am I?" was Edith's mental comment. She refrained, however, from uttering any of the heresies which rose to her lips apropos of clergymen and their profession and professions; for Edith, like most women of the world, believed that some species of goodness, and more especially that usually expected from and affected by clergymen, was only really attainable by women. The so-called feminine virtue of purity and the self-control that consists in suppression she thought impossible to men; and when they claimed them she believed that they but added the vice of hypocrisy to their proper masculine shortcomings; so that her feeling toward the cloth in general was a sort of aversion mingled with incredulity and amusement. A world in which the men were all *sans peur* and the women *sans reproche* would have seemed to her a place where the moral burdens of life were equally and fairly divided between the sexes.

"A theological student and a muscular Christian! Dear me! how much Kingsley has to answer for! Well, I suppose he cannot help being a prig, he is so young. No doubt he means well, and I must make the best of it. If he only won't think me obnoxious and injurious 'to his dearest little cousin'—I think that is what he called her in his letter. A little flattery will set it all right, I suppose; and I must remember not to leave my French novels lying about. They act upon an embryo clergyman as a red

rag does on a bull—outrage his sensibilities without his quite knowing why." And Edith ended her soliloquy with a light laugh, threw herself on a sofa, and was soon deep in the pages of one of her French novels.

The first words that Maxwell Floyd heard after the enthusiastic greeting he received from one and all of the family at Glenwood were: "Cousin Edith is here, Max, and you will admire her so much."

"Cousin Edith?" he repeated with a bewildered look.

"You must have heard me speak of her, my dear boy," said Mrs. Bradford, "but you have forgotten. She has taken the Lodge for the summer, but so far we have made but one family. Edith—that is, Mrs. Penrhyn—says that the consciousness that she can command solitude at any moment has quenched her thirst for it, and we are all only too glad to have her with us."

"Humph!" said Maxwell under his breath, "that sounds like a fine-lady caprice."

"Don't prejudge her, Max," whispered May in a deprecatory tone. "Wait till you see her." The confident tone of the last few words was not calculated to soothe Maxwell's incipient sense of antagonism, which sprang from the annoyance of finding a stranger's name a household word in the little circle where hitherto he had been the only favored guest; but he answered with a smile and in a softened tone, "I don't doubt Mrs. Penrhyn—of whom you *did* write me, by the way, only not as 'Cousin Edith'—is all that a woman can be. Shall I see her at tea, May?"

"I hope so," responded May radiantly, and Max, looking at his watch, hurried off to his room to prepare for the meal and the meeting. By the time he came down stairs he had quite decided that he should never like Mrs. Penrhyn, but at the same time had magnanimously resolved to treat her like a gentleman and a Christian; which, being translated into the profane vernacular, meant upon the whole rather disagreeably than otherwise.

The family party were assembled at tea, and Maxwell was in the midst of a

narrative of his recent successes in his college, when Mrs. Penrhyn entered so quietly and unobtrusively that he first knew of her presence by an odor wafted to him across the table—something between orange blossom and Cape jessamine—and looking up saw the seat opposite to his filled by a creature as unlike the Mrs. Penrhyn of his up-stairs meditations as could well be conceived. Instinctively he rose as his aunt presented him, and bowed in silence. There was an unconscious air of serene queenliness about Edith's mute acknowledgment of his mute salutation that irritated him. As the meal went on he grew more and more antagonized: her very dress and air were to his notions objectionable. He felt, rather than observed, that her ideas and tastes and feelings were the very antipodes of his own, and all the petty intolerance and jealousy with which his nature was incrustated awakened at the thought. At once his determination, formed before he had seen her, was modified. He had thought her a woman of the world indeed, but not so dangerous; by which he meant attractive and beautiful. He would of course treat her with perfect politeness, but he must not let her influence be too strong, especially over May, dear, innocent May! His soul went forth in an imaginary crusade against Mrs. Penrhyn's evil tendencies, and he was slightly embarrassed, on suddenly looking up, to find her star-like eyes fixed upon him with a half-amused look. He controlled his confusion, however, and returned her look steadily and gravely. Her eyes did not fall, which was wrong, according to Maxwell's theory. As a man and a clergyman he had a double claim that her eyes should lower their gaze before his. But Mrs. Penrhyn, seemingly, was not of this opinion, for after a few seconds' prolonged look she said suddenly, "Mr. Floyd, I am afraid you are guilty of using bella-donna for your pupils: I never saw such enormous ones. After tea I shall insist on a scientific test being applied by means of a lighted candle."

Edith always said what came into her

and people who admired her thought it one of her most charming qualities: others called it affected and artificial. The latter it might be, but the former it certainly was not. She made a rather odd beginning of conversation with perfect gravity, and Max was from astonishment. He had never "chaffed" by a woman before, the ladies of his limited circle thought his profession entitled him to be taken seriously. So did not Mrs. Penrhyn, for after a moment's pause she said, this time with a quiver of laughter: "I never dreamed you so meretricious. And you are to be a squire too! It's a sad example." "I assure you, Mrs. Penrhyn," said Edith, finding speech at last, "your words will not penetrate my armor. Vulgar as I am, I trust it is not on the score of personal vanity."

Edith made a slight, all but imperceptible bow at this solemn rejoinder, and then said, "I trust you are not such a creature as to be without a little vanity: vanity is the mainspring of all useful actions."

"I don't quite understand you," replied Maxwell stiffly, with a dawning notion that he was being laughed at, "but you are young in the ways of women of the world to know that Edith was paying you a compliment by her jesting tone. You were completely at cross-purposes and rather inclined to put the young man 'who had wonderful eyes, certainly' on a sort of domestic animal, the only light in which she ever looked of regarding very young men when she condescended to regard them; his resentful of her tone, fretted easy air of superiority, and bristled over like a porcupine."

"I was too hot to explain anything to you," she said languidly, a slight tinge of coquetry stealing over her manner.

"Dear, excuse me, won't you? I came and let us go over the little song I taught you last night; but I don't know. Floyd is the stranger, and I don't like to be selfish to-night. I'll take the row. Harry! Edward! come;" and she glided away from the table, and,

escorted by her two liegemen, disappeared in the direction of the little lake which lay a short distance from the house.

"Shall we go too, Max?" said May timidly.

"No, I don't care to row—I'm tired," said he, rather sulkily, throwing himself into a hammock which swung on the piazza. "Mrs. Penrhyn has it all her own way here, I suppose."

"We all love her dearly, and the boys delight in rowing her. It is so wonderful that she should be content here, is it not?"

"All's grist that comes to her mill, I suppose," he replied. "She won't like it long."

"Why, Max! what ails you? You are unkind, I think."

"No, no, May, I'm not; but you must forgive me if I don't much fancy your cousin: she wasn't very civil to me."

"Not civil to you, Max! Why, she joked with you, and she never jokes when she doesn't like any one. You should see her grand, cold manner, and when she laughs in that way with us we all think it a compliment."

"Very likely, dear, but I am not a cousin nor a child. I am a minister, or almost one, and I confess I prefer being treated with respect. Besides, May, that was a horrible word she used, so unfeminine and— Well, I'll try to like her, but I wish she wasn't here. Let us talk of something else."

"Yes, do, Max: tell me about that debate, and how you came off victorious."

Max readily acquiesced, and under the soothing influence of May's unfeigned admiration and interest almost forgot the ruffled sense of wounded dignity he had experienced at the table. Two hours later the boating-party was heard returning, and May and Max paused in their chat to listen to the sound of a little French song which Edith was singing, the two lads making a chorus.

"Is not her voice sweet?" said May.

"I hate French songs," said Max, "and everything French. It's the French literature, May," he added solemnly, "that is corrupting the minds of the youth of this country. I suppose Mrs. Penrhyn reads French novels all day long?"



"No, no, not exactly that," said May, "but she reads a good many. Are they all bad, Max?"

"All," said Max, confidently.

"Did you ever read 'one?'" said May innocently.

"No, I can't read French, but one doesn't have to read a thing one's self to know about it, May."

"Oh, of course not, but Cousin Edith says—"

"Oh, darling, don't let us talk about Mrs. Penrhyn: she is welcome to her opinions;" and so the conversation closed.

For a few days Edith preserved her graciousness intact, and met Maxwell's coldness and stiffness with a serenity that made him dislike her the more; but after trying good-naturedly to win him to her side, she suddenly desisted and treated him with a coldness that was more effective than his own, because it sat more easily upon her—rarely spoke to or noticed him except by an occasional thrust of irony, under which he winced. He evidently disliked her, and it was a feeling that waxed stronger, rather than died out, as the days went by. They were of necessity thrown much together; and though Edith avoided direct intercourse with him, still at times it became unavoidable. He was conscious that he was ungracious and unjust to her, and the very consciousness of it irritated him: he would not admit to himself that she was charming, and yet, spite of himself, he felt her charm. He obstinately set himself against her; and though, after the first day or two, he ceased to comment on her to May, and contented himself with mute disapproval of her sentiments and actions, yet his antagonism made itself visible; but it served to increase the enthusiasm and deepen the loyalty of the two lads, and even of May herself, who sadly admitted that "she did wish Max liked Cousin Edith, and did not find fault with her all the time."

Poor Max! his throne was usurped, and he could not, boy as he was, bring himself to sit at the feet of the woman who had displaced him.

## CHAPTER VII.

So things went on till one lovely afternoon about two weeks after Maxwell's arrival, as he lay under a tree on the lawn, pretending to read a deep controversial book, but in reality dreaming away the sunlight, he was roused by hearing Mrs. Penrhyn exclaim, in a tone of vexation, "How provoking! I had set my heart on a row this delicious afternoon. Those shabby boys! I shall scold them well. And there is no one even to push the boat off for me!" Maxwell jumped up instinctively, and after a moment's hesitation came forward and said, rather awkwardly, "I shall be very glad to push the boat off, Mrs. Penrhyn."

Edith looked at him doubtfully, and opened her mouth to decline this the first spontaneous courtesy that he had offered her: then the thought that he was her only possible means of obtaining the long exquisite, dreamy afternoon she had promised herself overcame her, and she said gently, "If you will be so very good;" and they turned as if by mutual consent and walked toward the shore. It was the first moment that they had ever voluntarily passed alone together, and the consciousness of this lent a double stiffness to Maxwell's manner as he said, "You are very fond of rowing, Mrs. Penrhyn?"

"I like it better than any out-of-doors amusement except riding on horseback, and it is too hot for that now."

"What do you like better in-doors?"

"Oh, so many things—reading, for instance."

"French novels," thought Max, and curled his lip. She saw it and smiled indifferently: it did not nettle, only amused her.

"Not trash always, Mr. Floyd," she said deprecatingly, with a slight appeal in her voice. He was a man, after all, and Edith remembered it to his peril as soon as they were alone together.

He colored at the implied reference to his thoughts, and stammered out a disclaimer: she smiled and let it pass. A few steps farther on, as they passed a little thicket, a feeble cry was heard, and

h stopped and said, "Do you hear?"

"Yes," he said: "it's nothing but a n, I think."

"Wait an instant, please," she said ly, and then darted into a thicket, ging in a few moments with a kitten ed in her arms. The little animal orn itself in the brambles, and was ing piteously.

"Please hold its poor little paw, Mr. l," she said, forgetful of their dis- terms, "and let me pull out this d thorn." He did so, and she dex- sly extracted a large thorn and gave itten instant relief. Then with a ats and caresses the little creature tarted on the homeward path, and strolled on.

a moment after Maxwell's eyes on her hand, and he saw that she erated it with the brambles. The ade him flush, and he exclaimed, "ave hurt your hand!"

"Nothing much," she replied care- ; "only a scratch I got keeping orns off that poor kitten."

"Could you let me—might I tie it up ou?" said Max eagerly, almost ously.

ooked at him from under her long ashes a soft, slow look, and then Yes, if you please," and held out and. It was not badly torn, as v when he had gently wiped the away, but one thorn had run into sh, and he pulled it out.

"Did that hurt you?" he said, his rembling as he asked. "t much," she said gayly.

"s. Penrhyn," he said, looking up r face as he knelt before her and ed to bind up her finger—she had

herself on the trunk of a tree he had first offered to dress her and as his eyes met hers their cre very near each other, and she again into his wonderful big pud saw them dilating and darken-

h the excitement of the moment— Penrhyn, if you would not dislike much" (this was said very hum- but I am afraid if you do not let place will fester."

"Let you do what?" said Edith.

"Put my lips to the wound and draw out the poison of the thorn," he answered—"please let me."

Edith colored slightly, but said, "Certainly," and held her hand out with perfect composure.

He bent his head, and she felt his warm lips close about the little puncture and press against her hand. In a moment it was done, and the poison was transferred from her veins to his. He tied the strip of cambric about her finger in silence with unsteady hands, and no more was said till they reached the boat, he walking dreamily along, a flush on his cheek, and Edith humming the refrain of a little French song which she had read that day, and which haunted her so that she was fain to improvise an air for it.

The shore once reached, Maxwell, with a brief apology for the want of ceremony, threw off his coat, and in a few moments the boat was dancing on the water. A light pair of oars were in it. Mrs. Penrhyn's shawl was placed in a safe corner, while Max, holding the boat with one hand, held out the other to help her in.

"Can you manage both oars?" he said as she seated herself and took them in her hands.

His voice had a queer sound in it, and Edith looked up quickly into his face. There was no mistaking the pleading expression in his eyes, and she said with a laugh, "You want your fee, doctor? Come, then."

He needed no further bidding, but sprang lightly into the boat, and taking the oars from her unresisting hands, with a few powerful strokes had soon sent the boat out into the lake. Edith, who had established herself comfortably on her shawl in the other end of the boat, sat silent for a few moments watching the spray from the feathered oars as they rose and dipped in the sunlight.

"How strong he is! and what a becoming thing strength is to a man!" she thought. "It almost makes one forget his odious profession. But I must not forget that Mr. Floyd deserves a lesson,

and will be all the better for one. He's but a boy, after all, and may be much improved by training."

The result of this brief meditation was that when Maxwell attained sufficient composure by dint of hard rowing for ten minutes to lift his head and look at his companion, which he did with a curious sense of complicity in something unorthodox, he knew not what, he saw the Mrs. Penrhyn of an hour ago, whom he almost disliked, and altogether disapproved of—the woman against whom he had been protesting in season and out of season—had come back, and the creature of the last half hour had gone like a wreath of mist. What it was that made the difference he knew not. Only a few moments ago he had felt every drop of blood in his body tingle to his finger-tips as he looked into her eyes and but his lips to her hand. It had been sudden, unforeseen and brief as summer lightning; and now he was again the Maxwell Floyd of the morning, who would willingly have walked five miles in the sun to escape a *lête-à-lête* row with Mrs. Penrhyn. And she? An impenetrable veil had been drawn over her face as it was in the wood, and the same slight mocking, haughty smile played over her lips that he had seen there that very morning, when he had been inveighing against some breach of decorum committed by a woman of fashion at Newport, of which he had heard at second hand through a friend's letter.

Before he could think it out, while the blood was still in his cheeks that had risen to them as he saw her old look come back again, she spoke, but with what a different voice from the siren tone with which she had lured him into the boat! "She only wanted a boatman," he thought instantly, "and so made me think she wanted me."

"Mr. Floyd, I meant to tell you that I have some books at the Lodge—not many, but quite at your service, and all in your line, I believe. I suppose you read all sides of a subject, and won't object to a little heterodox theology? I happen to have been reading in that direction this summer, and as I'm slightly

omnivorous and very desultory, have a little of every shade of opinion."

Yes, it had been a dream. The quiet, cold, courteous tone of her voice, the indefinable hauteur of her manner, put a space between them that even in the little boat, with his feet grazing the bottom of her dress as she half reclined, he sat watching the water sparkle, he could not bridge over. All his pride came mustering fast to his rescue, and he said with a very good attempt at indifference: "Thank you very much, but I fancy I am doomed to drier stuff for my summer's reading than Mrs. Penrhyn would care to digest for a caprice."

"Well, that may be: there is nothing patristic about my collection, certainly, and nothing very old. I never read obsolete books: I like those best that have their *raison d'être* in the day in which they are written; and then, if it amuses and interests me to read modern religious books, because they almost all consist of more or less clever attempts to put new wine into old bottles; and that is an instructive experiment to watch especially when the wine ferments and bursts the bottles. But come and look at my collection before you despise it."

"I will, certainly," he said with some embarrassment.

"You read everything, don't you?" she went on. "I mean, that is, your theory of reading, is it not?—a collection, not the segment of one?"

"I suppose it is my theory, but not my practice, I fear."

"That is because no one can read at college—only learn how to read," she said. "When you have more time you can read what other people think, not what somebody over you thinks you ought to think. The terrible part of an orthodox course of reading is that it gives you formed and definite opinions. Nothing is so much to be deprecated: as one begins to crystallize, one ceases to ferment."

Maxwell drew a long breath as he tranquilly uttered these, to him, amusing heresies. Limitation was the result of the teaching he had received, and must be of all dogmatism.

"There is a wonderful amount of life to me in modern religious free-thinking," said Edith musingly; "and such rarity! such individuality!—none of that uniformity which is a sure sign of the torpor of approaching death. Think of Renan, Strauss and Newman writing in the same generation, and all with the same dominant subject of interest!"

"Do *you* read those books?" he said quickly.

"Yes, I read them. M. Renan I have always followed in his writings, and Newman I enjoy at all times, though his logic always seems to me, as compared with that of other men of ability, as ventriloquism is to fine singing—wonderful, but barren of result. The day for casuistry has gone by: we need something equally keen, but that cuts deeper—cuts below one's sores, and probes one's wounds to the quick." She spoke gravely and as if she were thinking aloud.

So she really cared and thought about such things?—she who had seemed such a frivolous creature of time and sense, a mere butterfly. Maxwell thawed as they talked on, and soon found himself discussing, arguing and disputing in good earnest. Edith possessed the power of stimulating the intellect of a man as only a clever woman, who is at the same time a genuine one, can; without repelling him; and the time flew by, unnoted by Max, until he was reminded of it by Edith suddenly saying, "We shall be late for tea, Mr. Floyd, and you must be weary."

"I haven't a sensation of fatigue," he said simply: "I could row till to-morrow morning."

"You must be very strong."

"I am strong, but that was not what I meant."

"Oh no: I knew you meant to pay me a pretty compliment—none the less graceful for its want of originality," replied Edith with a mocking smile; "but row in, or they will wonder what has become of us, never dreaming that we are together."

This last sentence was uttered in a tone of irony which brought a cloud over Max's brow: he bent to his oars, and in

a very short time they had reached the shore. Whether they would have reached the house on better terms had they walked up through the wood together and alone—whether Edith would have soothed his ruffled mood and lured "this tassel gentle back"—can never be known, for on the bank stood the two boys, penitent and eager to be forgiven. Edith took an arm of each, and walked to the house between her two happy subjects, alternately teasing and petting the lads, while Max followed with her shawl on his arm, moody and resentful, yet with his brain surging with thoughts gendered by their talk in the boat.

"She has forgotten my very existence already," he thought; "or, if she remembers me, it is that I am carrying her shawl like a lackey." Just then it rushed over him, "But she would not have let a lackey touch her as I did this afternoon. Has she forgotten that too, I wonder?" An impulse urged him forward to test her memory on that point, and as they reached the door he quickly stepped forward and said, as he handed her shawl into May's outstretched hands, "I have forgotten all this while to ask after your finger, Mrs. Penrhyn: is it all right again?"

Edith looked at him, her eyes brimming with amusement—what a boy he was!—and said, "Thank you: your surgery was a complete success, I think. Did you know your cousin had a gift for doctoring, May?" she added, turning to May, to Max's dismay. "He"—and she paused for a second, and then went on, to his intense relief—"tied up my finger most skillfully this afternoon when I ran a thorn in it."

May, overjoyed at the prospect of an *entente cordiale* between Edith and Max, expressed the greatest interest in the adventure, and insisted upon a full and particular account of it at the tea-table, which Edith accordingly gave, omitting, however, all mention of Max's special recipe for healing a wound without inflammation; nor did she enlarge upon the row, merely saying that "Mr. Floyd had taken pity on her deserted condition"—here she looked reproachfully at

Harry and Ned—"and given her a magnificent pull—worth twenty of yours, boys," she concluded.

Maxwell Floyd did not sleep well that night. He sat long by his chamber window, and thought over the afternoon till his temples throbbed painfully. A whole new world seemed to have opened for him, full of uncertainties, doubts, problems, where everything was shifting, vague and shadowy. How unlike the world in which he had always lived, of plain facts, clearly-seen realities! Women had always been to him as prosaic in their aspect as men: no atmosphere of poetry and sentiment and imagination surrounded them as he had known them; and although he believed devoutly in love, it was as a sober domestic deity, waving no flaming torch, but holding a well-trimmed lamp, turned down and giving a steady moderate light. Of woman in her goddess aspect—of the intoxication, the terrible joys and exquisite pains of love, of Heine's embodiment of woman as a sphinx, who, while she ravished his soul with kisses, rent his flesh with her cruel claws—he had no conception whatever. Of Browning's meaning when he said, "What maketh heaven, that maketh hell," he could have told you nothing. The occurrences of the afternoon, which to Mrs. Penrhyn had been a pleasant enough distraction, but by no means surprising, seemed to him incomprehensible. He had yet to learn that women of Edith's type, being paradoxes themselves, engender nothing but paradoxes.

However, Max tried to convince himself, with the wonderful honest sophistry of youth—youth which is at once so true and so unreal—that Mrs. Penrhyn, although very charming—yes, that he must admit—was still not at all the sort of person he admired. He had done her an injustice about her reading, but that was a trifle. She had no simplicity, none of the ingenuousness that May possessed in such perfection. No doubt she had been amusing herself with him. Thank Heaven! he was man enough to see her arts and despise them. He had felt sorry when she hurt her hand in the wood,

and she had thought he admired her. Well, she would discover her mistake tomorrow: he would not waste another afternoon on her. And May had missed him, he was sure. Dear May! he had forgotten till that moment that they were to have begun Milman's *Latin Christianity* together that afternoon. And she had said nothing—always sweet and unselfish! But he would explain to her how Mrs. Penrhyn had asked him— Here he stopped abruptly, for *had* she asked him? or had she only granted his unspoken request? Well, it didn't matter now: he would read with May tomorrow and every other day, and he had been right in the beginning about Mrs. Penrhyn.

Then he fell asleep and dreamed a strange mixture of things, more inconsequent even than dreams usually are, for he was always rowing, rowing, and Edith was sitting in the boat and saying, "Go on! go on!" and then suddenly she put out her hand and said, "My hand hurts still: put your lips to it again;" and he dropped the oars to take it, and as he did so Edith turned into an enormous volume of the *Latin Christianity*, and the boat sank like lead, down, down. He struggled to get free, and waked to find the sun streaming in upon him through the window at which he had been seated the night before, and the blinds of which he had forgotten to close.

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#### CHAPTER VIII.

MAX did not see Edith at breakfast that morning, which was rather a disappointment, as he, like all people with newly-formed resolutions, was longing to experiment on their strength. It was rather flat to look at an empty chair and talk to May about the new calf, when he might have been defying the arts of Apollyon in the person of a beautiful woman whose voice was like a flute, and who somehow looked unlike any one else in the world, and he could not throw cold water on her probable intention of making him row her in the afternoon. Well, at all events, he could

up to May for his neglect of yesterday and he proceeded to do this with such success that May wasted half a morning in listening to Max's eloquence about something which had been decided by himself and Edith yesterday and concerning which Mrs. Penrhyn had given him some new ideas.

"*Latin Christianity* was duly bound and duly read for two good hours, Max was just finishing the fiftieth chapter with a sense of relief which he did not disguise from himself, when a footfall sounded behind him, and he turned his head he saw Edith looking at him with a very broad-brimmed smile and with an unusual flush on her cheeks. She was a woman who had a wonderful power of moving, stirring human beings: her atmosphere was charged with some vital force, there was danger in breathing it. It was nothing about her that jarred with Max's idea of what a woman should be when she was wrong in a silly way, she never sinned as a woman; and such women will almost always find ready forgiveness from men.

Max shut his eyes and senses resolutely against her: somehow he dimly felt that he had taken the poison from yesterday and yesterday into his own blood, and must struggle against its influence. He motioned to him not to stop, and she sat herself on May's cushion while she read the chapter. When it was over Mrs. Bradford approached them. "Where have you been, dearest mother?" said May.

"The Ralstons, dear. Poor Mrs. Ralston has a very sick child, and I am not sure I cannot go there again."

"Why not?" said Edith. "I will go, of course, my dear, the doctor says he thinks it is diphtheria, and I should probably catch it myself, and give it to all the children."

"Charity begins at home, and I must look after my own children first." "It is very kind of Mrs. Ralston!" said May. "It is a dreadful thing for her to be left with that horrible disease and her two little children."

"For all," said Edith, "the process of natural selection, although it has an

appearance of harshness about it, and isn't quite one's idea of a paternal government, is far the best one for the race in its ultimate results. If Mrs. Ralston loses this child, the other two, who are probably stronger and finer, will have a better chance."

"A strange sentiment for a woman!" muttered Max between his teeth.

"Not a clerical one, certainly," replied Edith in a coldly satirical manner. "Women and clergymen ought always to agree, I know, Mr. Floyd, but I am an unfortunate exception."

"The Christian theory is," said Max, not without a dash of involuntary pomposity, "that all human creatures are alike God's children, and alike precious and dear to him. How you can reconcile that with Mr. Darwin's blasphemous conjectures you best know, Mrs. Penrhyn."

"You set me a task, Mr. Floyd, that all the wise men of the day have failed to perform. How can I reconcile the irreconcilable? But, after all, I have a notion that when Browning said, 'Those laws are laws which can fulfill themselves,' he was right; and when the laws of Nature and the Bible differ, I am inclined to think Nature right too."

"Your standpoint is so peculiar that it is difficult for me to argue with you," said Max.

"Well, it is not necessary for you to learn how to talk to any one with whom you differ, you know: you will talk only to the faithful in the future; so don't rouse yourself to discomfit me. Once in the pulpit, Mr. Floyd, you will never hear any side of a question but your own;" and Edith, taking Mrs. Bradford's arm, led her aside and began a conversation in an undertone—what about, no one could hear.

As she turned away, Max exclaimed, "There, May! how could I ever respect or like a woman who talks in such a blasphemous, unfeeling way? I declare her heartlessness about those poor little children was absolutely disgusting."

"Oh, Max, she was not more than half in earnest."

"She was enough in earnest to take no interest in them. She is one of those

fine ladies who would drive over a baby belonging to a beggar with no more compunction than if it were a fly."

"Oh, Max, you are harsh and unjust."

"If you had seen her face, May—so cold and mocking, such a contrast to yours, all full of sorrow and sympathy!" and he drew May to him and clasped her tight. Praise from Max was very sweet to his cousin, and she nestled close to him as he said the words.

At the moment Edith's dress rustled by them, and they both looked up quickly with a slight sense of confusion. She passed with a smile and touch of her hand on May's head, not noticing Max, and settled herself to read a book which she had in her hand on a rustic seat not far away. When they were summoned to tea she came in tardily, and excused herself on the plea of a French novel which she said she had just received and which was entrancing. "I shall not think of going to bed till I finish it," was her conclusion. "Do you ever read French novels, Mr. Floyd?" and without waiting for his prompt "Never!" added: "Oh no, I forgot you don't read French, and they are not worth reading in English." As soon as the meal was finished she disappeared with her yellow-covered volume, and was seen no more that night. Max saw a light shining from her bed-room window as he closed his own rather late that night, and supposed she was fulfilling her intention of finishing the book before going to bed.

For three successive mornings after the evening when she had begun the novel, Edith came down very late, looking tired and haggard, with dark lines under her eyes, and when questioned tenderly by May, only laughed and said, "I've been having a real burst of dissipation with my box of novels. I feel almost gorged now, however, like an anaconda, and shall soon begin to digest."

Max did not see her till the evening on the first of the three days, and when he did noticed a very powerful and pungent perfume about her. She was a connoisseur in odors, and always used the most unexceptionally delicate ones; so that he did not at first connect it with

her, and, having a very sensitive nose, was guilty of the apparent rudeness of sniffing, and saying, "What is that smells so overpoweringly, May?"

Edith looked up from under her hair as she lay on the sofa and said languidly, "Dear me! I am very sorry you don't like my new perfume, Mr. Floyd—it's the rage in Paris, and this was I mean as a *haute nouveauté* with my nose the other day."

Max, who was really a gentleman, bowed and blushed, and said he had not known—he had not meant to be instant to object to it—but he had an unfortunate nose that nothing escaped.

"I think I shall probably get tired of it," continued Edith, "but it's strong for me, and my fancies may outlast three days."

True enough, in three days she seemed to be tired both of novels and perfume; for on the fourth day she appeared at dinner-table, and brought no odor which she save that of the fresh flowers she wore in her bosom. Her eyes had lost their weariness, and her countenance was brighter too, and she declared that she had "forsworn cakes and ale for the present." Even Max felt the change in her brightness and sweetness, and at the close of the meal she rose across the table and said, "Have been on the water lately, Mr. Floyd, I am fairly aching for a row," it was his stern accumulated resolve to surmount sufficient coldness, "No, I've not been rowing now, Mrs. Penrhyn: May has a standing engagement to row in the afternoon."

May's quick disclaimer of "Oh, no, if Cousin Edith would like to row, I served no purpose, for Edith only smiled sweetly and said, "By no means, I shall not interfere with their researches; perhaps the boys could row her." But fortunately the boys had an engagement too with an old school-fellow of the neighborhood for a few weeks, and it could not be set aside. They were loud in their regrets, and concurred in their bad luck by Edith's assurances that she would go with them the next afternoon *sans faute*. As she

his promise was made, Edith disappeared to her own quarters, announcing she was invisible for the rest of the evening—letters to write for the evening—letters which her novels had neglected for the past few days. He well looked after her retreating figure till the last flutter of her white dress fell from his eyes in the distance, then he slowly away from the door and directly set his face toward the library, where he knew the first volume of Milway awaiting him. May met him at the threshold, holding up the book.

"Are you ready?" he said.  
 "Yes," was her answer: "just let me get my work;" and handing him the enormous tome—ponderous to poor litany in more senses than one—she led him up stairs. He stood looking after her and thinking how entirely she was a woman ought to be. She quite embodied his idea of perfection in her sex, and he wondered what it was that made him almost sorry he could not have married Mrs. Penrhyn that afternoon.

Perhaps it was that he felt like a good hard pull. Yes, that was sure of it; he had been sitting all day; it made him ache for his rest; and he stretched himself, and he felt a tattoo on the banister and he thought May would come, he felt so restless.

Down she came in a moment and they were soon settled under the favorite tree in their accustomed place. May's work was in her fingers and her eyes bent on it: all was tranquil about them, and Max opened the book.

He glanced over to the end of the volume.

"At one more afternoon's reading of this volume. May," he said, and he began in a rather dogged way to read.

He read steadily for perhaps ten minutes, when suddenly he came to a stop. May looked up quietly to see the reason, and Max met her look with a bright flush of crimson on his face and an exclamation of "May, I don't know what ails me, I'm so nervous and fidgety."

"Go on reading, Max, and perhaps it will soothe you as you become interested," was her gentle suggestion.

Max took her advice, and read in rather a spasmodic way for another ten minutes; but the recipe proved inefficacious, and at the end of that time he flung the book down in rather a desperate manner, thereby startling May, who was perfecting a neat little darn in a pocket handkerchief, and who, he it confessed, was more lulled by Max's voice than instructed by the learned dean.

"It's of no use, May: I simply can't read. I must walk it off."

"Walk off *what*, Max dear?" anxiously inquired May.

"Why, this fit of restlessness: it's been coming on me for days, and this is the climax. I must take more exercise: it's the result of this lazy life I lead."

"You walked ten miles yesterday, I'm sure."

"Yes, I know, but it takes more than a ten-mile walk to get me over one of these restless fits." Max had never in his life been possessed by such a feeling of restlessness and necessity for violent action as that afternoon, and so he was not quite honest with his cousin; but he may be pardoned this slight departure from truth. With the mood that possessed him had come an instinct to conceal it, and who of us does not know how new-fledged Love ever hides his head like a frightened bird from beholders, hoping to blind them as well as himself?

"I'll walk it off," Max went on. "Tell Aunt Mary not to wait tea for me;" and in another moment he was striding rapidly away, and was soon lost to sight in the windings of the shady carriage-drive that led to the gate. May folded up her dainty bit of sewing, and with a quick little sigh went back to the house and busied herself with some of her household duties, which were never foremost when Max was by to claim her time and thoughts.

FRANCIS ASHETON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## FLORIDA REEFS AND KEYS.

ON the 30th of March we went out over the bar at Indian River Inlet at 6 A. M., on the top of the tide, having little water to spare under our keel; and with a fine northerly breeze we ran down the coast, arriving off the south end of Key Biscayne (which goes by the name of Cape Florida) by sunrise on the 31st, a distance of about one hundred and thirty miles. We rounded the southern point of the key, and came to anchor in a safe harbor, with deep water up to the beach. This Biscayne Key (or Island) is the next one south of Virgin Key, the most northerly of the range of keys which extends in a long sweep to the south-west round Cape Sable as far as the Dry Tortugas, a distance of two hundred and forty miles. "They are composed," says Agassiz, "either of accumulated dead corals, of coral rocks or of coral sand, cemented together with more or less compactness."

Outside these keys, at an average distance of three miles, is the Florida Reef, a submerged bank of coral, which nearly approaches the surface, and occasionally rises above it in the form of a key, and protects the range of keys and the reef-channel from the fury of the ocean waves, except in violent tempests, when the sea sometimes breaks over the barrier. This reef is a wall of limestone made by the coral animals or polyps, which have the power of assimilating the lime in the sea-water, and of building up with it from the bottom, from any depth not exceeding fifteen or twenty fathoms, or ninety to one hundred and twenty feet. This process is very slow, being calculated by Dana and other observers to be at about the rate of one-sixteenth of an inch a year. Thus the reefs about Florida, which, Professor Agassiz remarks, do not extend below ten fathoms, are the work of eleven thousand five hundred and twenty years. It was formerly supposed that the polyps were mechanical workers, building up these reefs by their united

labors for a residence, like the hillock of a colony of ants, but recent investigations have shown that this limestone or coralline is the skeleton of the polyp, and that it is enclosed within the creature instead of being its house. The keys themselves, as well as the greater part of the peninsula of Florida, have been the work of these polyps, so that Florida should be called the Coral State, her area of fifty-nine thousand square miles being chiefly composed of this substance ground up into sand by the action of the waves, and by the help of the mangroves gradually converted into dry land. Although the oldest of the States historically, Florida is geologically the youngest, and in fact is still emerging from the sea.

Biscayne Bay is some eighteen or twenty miles long, and receives the surplus waters of the Everglades through Miami River. The region between the Everglades and Biscayne Bay to the south and the Atlantic on the east is in Dade county, but is usually known as the Miami Country. The *Florida Gazetteer* says it contains six hundred miles square of good land, where, the climate being tropical, all the West Indian crops can be raised, coffee included. All authorities agree in the statement that it is the healthiest part of Florida, and probably of all others best suited for a winter home for invalids. If made accessible by a line of steamers or by a railroad along the coast from St. Augustine, it would become the favorite winter resort for the whole United States.

Captain Morris, Roberts and the doctor went ashore for a hunt, while the pilot and I took a small boat to go fishing. We first went to a shoal about a mile away, where the mullet were jumping, and with two or three casts of the net we got a dozen or two for bait. Suddenly there was a commotion in the water, and Pecetti rushed ashore and came to the boat.

"What is it?" said I.

"A big sawfish: now I'll show you sport." He poled the boat along hallows for a short distance, and seizing the harpoon, which had a fast to it, he tossed it into the air

of the boat: it turned and came head first, transfixing the great which darted off into deep water, bringing the boat after it. We were a hundred yards by the sawfish, and then stopped on the bottom in six feet of water. Pecetti hauled out up to it, and then struck it a

ling blow with a lance, and laying of the line we dragged it ashore. As a shark-like fish about six feet with a weapon of bone two feet in projecting from the snout. This was about three inches wide, and the edges with sharp spines two long and an inch or two apart. Sawfish (*Pristis antiquorum*) has no though it belongs to the selachians, shark family: it kills the fishes upon which it preys by slashing blows of this weapon, and then swallows them

whole. We ran our boat fast to the yacht, and edged a few yards astern and threw our poles into the channel, here about ten feet deep, with a strong tide running up the bay. The first fish was a heavy one of ten-pound weight, hauled overboard by the pilot. Then I hooked a large bass, which ran out a few yards of my line at the first dash.

"A strong fish, and fought hard for minutes, but the spring of the rod ed him, and he was neatly gaffed by my companion—a fifteen-pounder. We got two or three sea-trout of five pounds each, and a couple of group-Now Pecetti's line runs off furiously, resisting all attempts to check it.

"A jew-fish, Mr. Van, and a big fel-

low. The end of the line had run out, and he turned and ran under the bank. "The fish's gone into his hole," said the pilot. "I shall have to touch him up with the harpoon."

"I dropped the boat quietly down to the fish lay among the mangrove

roots, and looking over the stern we could see through the clear water the play of his fins as he lay balanced in his stronghold. Pecetti softly dropped the harpoon into the water till within a foot of the fish, when he pinned it with a quick thrust. A tremendous struggle ensued: the water flew in showers from the blows of the fish's tail, but the pilot held him down with the iron, which had passed through the body, and we were soon able to haul him alongside the boat.

"About seventy-five pounds, I should say: we couldn't have saved him without the harpoon."

The next I hooked was a shark, which took away my hook, and we went on board the yacht.

About noon Doctor White returned: he had been very successful, and brought in a pair of spoonbills, a scarlet ibis, three egrets and a flamingo.

"Well done, doctor! you *have* had luck."

"Yes, this is a great place for birds, and they are very tame. I wish I had some one to help me skin: I should regret to lose my egrets."

"Perhaps I can help you," said I: "I have sometimes tried my hand at it." So I sat down with an egret before me, and the doctor was good enough to say that I handled the scalpel not unskillfully.

"Schooner, ahoy! send the boat ashore!" and presently the hunters returned with two small deer which they had killed in a hummock about a mile off. They reported game to be very plentiful, having seen deer, turkeys and a bear.

"And you, venerable Izaak," said the captain to me, "what fish have you got?"

"Enough for the ship's company, and if it were twice as large, Pecetti and I could feed it from these waters."

"What would old Izaak himself have said could he have seen such a fish as that yonder?" said the doctor as he cleaned the skull of his flamingo.

"He would have described him as he did the barbel, as 'a lusty and cunning fish, which breaks the angler's line by

running his head in a hole in the bank, and then striking the line with his tail, as is observed by Plutarch in his book *De Industria Animalium.*"

The next day, April 1, two of the boats were lowered: in one of them the water-casks were put with a crew, and in the other we all went, taking a tent, camp-equipage and the dogs. We had a westerly breeze, which took us up the bay about nine miles, when we landed on the main shore at the place called the Punch-Bowl. This is an excavation in the bluff like a cave, with a deep hole or well, which is always full of pure, fresh water, filtering through the sand from the Everglades. Here we left one boat and crew to fill up the water-casks, while we went up the bay. Not far above the Punch-Bowl comes in the Miami River from the west. At the mouth of this stream is a grove of coconut trees, the most northerly in the State: there is a lighthouse and a few cabins; and there was formerly a military post, which is now abandoned. There is also a store kept by one of the settlers, to which the Indians resort for trading purposes, bringing deer-skins and the hides of wild cattle for sale. We met with a party of them at the store, and they regarded us in a hostile manner, probably on account of the affair at the wreck. In fact, the store-keeper told us that the Seminoles were much incensed, and advised us by no means to enter the Everglades.

We went up the Miami about three miles, to the place where it breaks through the rocky rind of the Everglades, and by climbing a great live-oak we obtained a view of a vast extent of that sea of grass, lakes and hummocks. Alligators were here abundant and very bold, so that we feared the loss of our dogs: the swamp was full of water-fowl and the river swarmed with bass and pike. We returned down the river, and camping at its mouth for a couple of days, found plenty of deer, and killed six, with a dozen turkeys, a bear and a panther.

We sailed from Biscayne Bay for Key West at 8 A. M., April 4, with a fine

breeze from the north-east. The morning was clear, and we ran along the range of keys for some hours. About noon the weather grew cloudy and thick, and the wind hauled to the south-east, and increased in force till by 2 P. M. we had to take in our light sails and reef fore and main sail. Still it blew harder, and at four we were pitching into it under a close-reefed mainsail. By this time Roberts and the doctor were prostrate with sea-sickness, and Captain Morris and I were on deck holding on to the weather rigging.

"This is going to be a heavy gale," said Morris.—"Do you know these channels between the keys, pilot?"

"I do, captain, though it is some time since I was here. There is good water between Indian Key and Alligator, or used to be, with shelter behind the keys."

"Well, then, take the helm and pilot us in: I don't like the looks of it outside."

Pecetti took the wheel, and kept away for the passage between the islands, which was perhaps a mile wide, with ten or twelve feet of water in the channel. Giving her a little more sheet as we headed north, we fairly flew before the gale, though we showed very little canvas, the great green rollers chasing us, and breaking at intervals astern, showing that the water was shallowing fast. After running about half a mile, we got the shelter of the key, and in fifteen minutes more we were under its lee and well protected from the heavy seas, though the land was too low to break the force of the wind. We were now in the sound or channel between two lines of keys: it was five or six miles wide, with comparatively smooth water on the eastern side, and here we came to anchor under the lee of the largest island, and with two anchors down we rode it out the rest of the day. About sunset the wind abated, and by midnight the storm had ceased entirely.

The next day broke with a clear sky and a gentle breeze from the west, and we landed on the key. It was about a mile and a half long, elevated but two

ree feet above the sea, and bordering a growth of mangroves, upon which grew oysters and other mollusks. On the eastern shore we found many shells which had been cast up by the sea, some fine living specimens of *Strombus*, *Pinna*, *Cypræa*, *Car-* etc.: we also picked up two argo- nauts, or paper nautiluses, with some crabs and crabs.

"You will stay here till to-morrow, if you can," said Pecetti, "I think we can get some turtle eggs to-night: this is a good key for turtle, and they must be here now."

"Are there nests here, do you suppose?"

"I don't think so, but the storm has washed all the signs."

"We remained, and fished and bathed all day, and the doctor got some parrots, boobies and man-of-war birds."

"The next night there was a bright moon, and the tide served also, for turtles come ashore at high water to lay their eggs. But as they do it in a much different fashion than the hens, one has to wait when on an egging excursion. About ten o'clock we pulled up the boat and landed on the beach, which was lighted in silvery moonlight."

"Now," said our pilot, "we must scatter about the beach, and hide above high-water mark. Keep very still or they will come ashore."

"I hid about high tide one large turtle, and presently another, appeared from the water, and laboriously made their way up the beach, the moonlight shining on their wet shells. We divided our party, and each party watched a turtle. I kept quiet, and saw ours crawl to a spot a little above high-water mark, where she began digging a hole in the sand with her hind flippers. It was nearly two feet deep, and she laid a layer of sand in it, which she covered with sand, and pressed it down with the weight of her body."

"Then she dropped another layer of sand, which she covered in like manner, and was so absorbed in her work that we approached quite near without attracting her attention. The whole op-

eration took eight or ten minutes, and when it was over Pecetti gave the word: we seized the turtle by the flippers, and turned her on her back, when she was helpless. We took one hundred and twenty eggs out of that hole. They are about the size of those of a hen, but more globular in form. The men who watched the other turtle were so eager for the eggs that they allowed her to escape."

From Alligator Key the distance to Key West is sixty miles on a course west by north; and this we ran with a southerly wind in about nine hours. Our course lay along the reef-channel, where the water was turned to a milky hue by the late storm. This comes from the stirring up of the coral sand from the bottom by the action of the waves. We sighted a number of the wrecking vessels which cruise about the reef watching for vessels in distress. They are sloops and schooners of thirty to sixty tons, and are sailed and manned by the Conchs from Key West, who are very skillful seamen. They derive their name from the large shellfish called the conch (*Strombus gigans*) which abounds in these waters, and on which it is pretended that these men subsist. The common story is, that these islanders can dive to the bottom in ten-fathom water and crack a conch with their teeth. Certain it is that they are most expert divers and swimmers, perhaps more nearly amphibious than any other race of men except the Sandwich Islanders.

"Here comes a wrecker from behind Sister Key," said the pilot: "it's a big schooner, and I believe he wants to race with you, captain."

"Well, if he is going our way I can't help his trying it."

The wrecker was a fine-looking schooner of sixty or seventy tons, and was beating out from the channel between two keys when we first saw her, but as she cleared the south point of the islet she kept away on a west course, about abreast of us, at a distance of a couple of miles. She carried a press of sail, while we were under foresail, mainsail and jib, and she was evidently outsailing us.

"Set the gaff topsails and flying jib, Mr. Brace."

With this canvas we gained on the wrecker, and in half an hour were well to windward of him.

"I should like to speak that vessel: you may run down to her, Tom," said the captain to the man at the wheel.

When near enough, Morris hailed: "Schooner, ahoy! have you seen an English yacht hereabout?"

"Ay, ay, sir—the Victoria: she's gone into Key West."

"When did you see her?"

"On the 4th, before the gale: she's all right, captain. We had a race with her and beat her; so we thought we would like to give you a try, but you are too fast for us. This is the first time we have been beat, though, for the Dolphin is called the fastest craft out of Key West."

"Better luck next time. Good-bye, captain.—West by north, Tom."

Key West is an island about six miles long and one in width. Although the highest point in the Florida keys, it is nowhere more than fifteen feet above the sea-level. Its name does not indicate its position, for both the Marquesas and Tortugas groups lie farther west, but is derived from the Spanish *cayo*, "an islet," and *hueso*, "bone" or "rock," the island being a formation of coralline limestone. The town lies in the north part of the island, and has a good harbor. It is in population the fourth town in Florida, having about five thousand inhabitants, most of whom live by turtling, wrecking and sponging. This last word has not the signification here which it bears elsewhere, but represents the honest industry of gathering the sponges which grow about the keys. The wreckers also are a useful and honest class of men, whose business is to relieve shipwrecked vessels and save life and property, which are often in danger on this treacherous Florida Reef. We learn that in five years, from 1854 to 1858, 326 vessels were wrecked on these reefs and keys, of an aggregate value of more than fifteen millions of dollars, the salvage and expenses on which amounted to about a million and a half. At that time

there were about fifty wrecking vessels out of Key West. The amount of salvage is determined by an admiralty court, and it is divided *pro rata* between the owner of the vessel, the officers and crew.

If these coral reefs have their due value to the mariner, they are not without other uses. Dana enumerates them as follows: They enlarge the limits of the lands they encircle; they provide extensive harbors and interior waters; they furnish fishing-grounds and abundance of fish, and by their protection of the coast from the inroads of the sea the coral lands are generally clothed with vegetation to the water's edge, and are able to support a much larger population than the rock-bound islands like St. Helena.

Considerable salt is made at Key West by solar evaporation, but the island is not fertile, and most of the supplies are brought from the main land or from Cuba. Key West place is an important naval station, and has a naval hospital: there is also a fortress at the entrance of the harbor, which is called Fort Taylor. The island has many Spaniards here from Cuba, and the winter the island is much frequented by Northern visitors, most of the Boston and New Orleans steamers touching here. This influx of strangers has caused the building of better houses than are found in most Florida towns, and there are good hotels and boarding-houses, a newspaper and a telegraph station. Key West City is the capital of Monroe County, Florida, and is the most important town in the United States, being situated 24° 32'.

We found the Victoria lying at Key West, where we remained for a few days, finding pleasant society among the natives and the winter visitors from the North. There were also many fugitives who had left the "ever-faithful" in consequence of the insurrection, bringing with them their families. The doñas and cellas we found very fascinating, and the palm groves and coral islets, and the tropical climate, which are the surroundings for them, and where they look their best. In dusty, business-like New York these children of the sun

rivel away and to lose their beauty and richness of color. Colonel and Captain Morris got up sail-articles for the ladies. One day we to Sand Key, and dined on the delicious little fish, a kind of sardine, which and there in abundance; and on our day we ran as far as the Mars, some twenty miles to the west-

In the evening there was usually a feast at some house where we visited, with a little music, and in these achievements the Cuban ladies excel. There is no fashionable talk: in fact, we have not much conversation except to cheer their eyes, but with these they are content. Their business is to look loved, and it must be allowed that they do.

One day an armed steamer came in with the yellow, red and yellow flag of the Spanish navy, so hated by the Cubans. As many of these were patriots, and if taken in Havana they would be shot without trial, the excitement was very great. The Spanish vessel was heavily armed, and of double the size of the single American man-of-war. Of course we did not imagine that a Spaniard came with hostile intentions into a friendly port—nominally so; that is; about as much so as Java was to Northern men during the Revolution. It seems to be natural to sympathize with all insurrections. We have done so: in our Revolutionary days the nations in Europe gave us sympathy, and the French gave us aid when our turn came to have a revolution, we were much astonished to find that the nations sympathizing with the Confederates, but it was exactly what we should have looked for. The Spaniards in Key West believed the Spaniard was capable of trying to take them even under the American flag when a boat came ashore from the steamer with a strong crew, and with a cannon at their head, they betook themselves to their weapons, and were very culty restrained from using them. They wished to precipitate a conflict, if possible, to involve the Spaniards in the war.

XIII.—31

Don Ramon Picacero, the captain of the San Juan, reported himself to the colonel in command of Fort Taylor as having come to look for certain deserters from his ship, who he had reason to believe were in Key West. Would the honorable comandante permit him to search for them?

The colonel would be glad to assist the honorable captain, but there were certainly no deserters in the fort: as to the town, he could not say—*there* he had no authority. The captain must apply to the city authorities, and the colonel would have the honor of attending him to the mayor's office. So they went to the mayor, and then walked gravely through the town, looking into the drinking-shops and other places where sailors are wont to be found, but they saw no deserters, nor the Cubans who were the real objects of the expedition, these having been kept indoors by judicious friends. But there was a certain Captain Ignacio Gomez of the Cuban army, who was in Key West acting for the insurrection, and he determined to get up a row, if possible. So when the Spanish party returning from their fruitless hunt were refreshing themselves at the hotel in company with Colonel Williams, the commander of the fort, and other American officers, who should enter the bar-room but Gomez? Don Ramon's moustaches bristled with rage: he drew his sword and shouted to his followers to "seize the traitor!" Gomez leveled his revolver at Don Ramon, when Morris, who saw at a glance as soon as Gomez entered that there would be trouble, seized his wrist and disarmed him, at the same time calling to Vincent, "Help me to take this man away." Vincent took hold of him directly on the other side, and they ran him out through a back door, he resisting stoutly, and swearing he would cut out "las tripas" of the don, but powerless in the hands of his keepers. In the mean time the Spanish captain, in a fury, tried to follow the Cuban, but Roberts and I, with other Americans present, barred the way. He immediately appealed to Colonel Williams: he had been forcibly prevented

from arresting the man after the promise of aid from the comandante.

"Is this man a deserter from your ship, Don Ramon?" calmly inquired the colonel.

"He is not, but he is worse: he is a Cuban traitor, whose life is forfeit to the law."

"We are speaking of deserters, Don Ramon: I know nothing of political offenders. You have committed a grave offence, sir, in attempting to make the arrest—"

"Offence? Do you speak thus to me, a commander in the royal navy of Spain?"

"I said an offence—which will be reported at once to our government."

"Do you know what force I have under my orders, Señor Comandante? I can lay your town in ashes."

"I have not inquired into your force, captain—being at peace with Spain, I am not interested in the question—but you are under the guns of a heavy battery, which will perhaps cause your actions to be more prudent than your words. I can hold no more intercourse

with you, however, till you have apologized for your incivility."

"Never!" returned the angry Spaniard, and immediately he went on board and steamed away.

"I am under great obligations to you gentlemen," said Colonel Williams to Vincent and Morris, "for taking away that fool of a Gomez. There would have been bloodshed in two minutes and who knows what next?—perhaps war with Spain. It is very difficult to keep the peace here in Key West. I assure you."

"So it seems," said Colonel Williams, "for the patriot captain wishes to cut my throat for interfering to save his."

"And mine too," said Morris. "He has great revenge has stomach for us all."

At the end of the week both vessels sailed for New York, where they arrived in safety; and before the Victoria left Quebec an arrangement had been made between the owners for a cruise up the great lakes during the summer, and grouse-shooting on the prairies, the rendezvous being fixed at Quebec.

S. C. CLARK.

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## APRIL.

**N**URSLING of Mother Nature! just because  
 Thou art a tender babe, whose ready tears,  
 With readier smiles, and ever-present fears,  
 And transient hopes, are true unto the laws  
 That circle babyhood, affection draws  
 Our souls to watch the promise that appears  
 In thy soft tints and gently rounding spheres  
 Of vital joyousness; and thus we pause,  
 Delighted with thy game of hide-and-seek!  
 Roguish thou lift'st a rumpled pinafore  
 Of clouds, to veil the quick returning store  
 Of dewy sunshine, till bright colors speak  
 A conscious ecstasy in peeping flowers,  
 Held as a trophy of the sun and showers.

MARY B. DOUGLASS.

## A PAIR OF FUGITIVES.

when the grasshopper becomes to them a burden, the wealth of the rich can be made available to save them from bankruptcy in strength and vigor, by a draft from their cheque-book. The old, old creditor, Death, could be asked to compound his claims and their release, then their toil in accumulating might be accounted to some use. But, unfortunately, no such arrangement is allowed them. None was allowed to old Martin Drascott, dead two weeks ago. He had belonged to that unselfish class who grind hard to enrich those who may come from them—a magnanimity against which would be nothing in particular to them if, at the last, he had enriched the persons; but he had always been most uncertain of men, and his latest act, though manifestly unjust, wholly in keeping with the rest.

retiring from business fifteen years ago, being already under pressure of the grasshopper burden, Martin Drascott had moved to the poorest of his estates, a little riverside cottage, with lapping, green waters rolling at the back, and at an unfrequented turnpike, at the foot of a steep, spinous, far-reaching hill.

His next step was to make election from his relatives of two grandchildren—Martin and Charity Drascott, to be the familiars of his solitude, or at least to save his old age from neglect. They were brother and sister, aged at the time twenty-five and twenty-three respectively. Consequently, the addition of fifteen years had made of them children, especially as the conditions of their existence had not been well calculated to keep green the feelings of

They had, indeed, given up the years of life to their exacting relations. Their chosen pursuits had been chosen for him. Accommodating themselves to his unsocial habits, they were known as shy of the great world as two owls of daylight. Mar-

riage he disapproved of, so they had indefinitely put away all thought of such a change in their estate, and were now confirmed bachelor and spinster. Perhaps they were none the worse off for that, for matrimony, as well as celibacy, is known to have its little infelicities.

Romantically considered, however, Charity Drascott's sacrifice in giving up Eben Jenkins, the miller, at her grandfather's bidding, should no doubt be accounted the immolation of her life's happiness. With a little idealization she might indubitably be presented as the lovely heroine of a hopeless love. But I am tired of romance, tired of idealization. There come times to the story-writer when always to dip the pen in bright hues becomes a weariness—when there is something restful in just such sober gray and drab as befit the coloring of an unidealized Martin and Charity Drascott. So I am constrained to leave to the little love-affair of the latter all its commonplaceness. Eben Jenkins would probably have "made her a good husband"—so the phrase goes—just as he "made a good husband" to the woman he did marry. But Charity's day-dreams had long since ceased to be disturbed by thoughts, and her night-dreams by visions, of Eben Jenkins, the miller. After all, perhaps it was just as well as it was. None the less, however, had the best part of her life and her brother's been given up to their grandfather. This was probably with the expectation of becoming, in time, his heirs. Yet they had strong family feeling, and their care was really more for him than for his property. They had never thought of coveting his wealth. Certainly not until they found that all but the house they lived in had been given to their cousin, Ashur Tunstall, who was himself a rich man. Perhaps not even then. But it was a cruel blow, that of knowing themselves disinherited, and the more cruel that it was for Ashur Tunstall. He had



always seemed to look upon them jealously since they came to live at the cottage. They believed it to have been he, if any one, who had turned their grandfather's mind in his dotage against them.

Their future now looked unpromising enough. They had a place to live in, indeed, but nothing to live upon. For the pursuits abandoned long ago they had lost their aptitude. The shyness begotten of isolation made them shrink from joining in the scramble of those who seek daily work for daily bread. Yet nothing else was left them.

One night, when the old man had been dead two weeks, they sat together talking it over. They had talked it over often before, but there are reasons for noting it on this particular night.

Of the dead Martin enough has been said. The living Martin was thin and a little bent. His hair and beard were gray. He had never been robust in health, and probably looked the older on that account. His manner was very quiet. To his sister he was, as she often declared warmly, "the best brother in the world." Charity, on her part, tenderly loved Martin. She was one of those shrinking, pliant women whose fears are their own, their opinions often borrowed. You might summer and winter with her and hardly hear her broach an original idea; but you would observe that her words were tempered with kindness from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof. Both brother and sister, indeed, so far as known, were simple-hearted, guileless people, deserving much better at the hands of their grandfather than they had received.

"I can't see what made him use us so," Charity was saying on this night.

Martin had heard the same remark twenty times before, but he replied patiently, "Grandfather was always quirky, you know—one thing to-day, something else to-morrow. If Ashur had lived with him as we did, we might have been the ones to get the property. Not that I care for more than enough of it to live upon, and I think Ashur ought to give us that. I've a notion that we might claim it as wages, waiting and tending upon

grandfather as we did, or as damages, considering what we might have done for ourselves if we had not come here."

"Ashur will not give it up if we do claim it. He is a hard man. I'd say to his face, and worse, if I had a chance. As long as he lives we might claim and claim and be none the better. If he were to die, to be sure—"

"He die! But his sort never do die," sniffed the thin, dry voice of Simon White, who lived half a mile farther up the river. This man had a weathered face, foxy eyes, a catlike tread, and a way of always coming upon people unawares. Add to this a habit of snapping things whenever opportunity occurred, and you will see why Simon White was not exactly regarded as Cheeryble Brother among his neighbors.

"You here, Mr. White?" observed Charity, hardly in a tone of welcome.

"To the best of my knowledge, I am. So you haven't got enough yet of waiting for dead men's shoon? But Ashur Tunstall won't be in a hurry about slipping off his. No, no—not he. It would be much good to you, my word for it, old Martin's provision that if Ashur should die the property is not to be alienated from the Drascott family. Look! There comes Ashur Tunstall now. Some might say it was a putting of his head into the lion's mouth for him to come here after what you said just now."

With a disagreeable laugh he retreated as unceremoniously as he had entered, walking toward the village, a mile farther on. He was scarcely gone when Ashur Tunstall arrived, riding in a light, highly-polished buggy. A somewhat portly gentleman was the new-comer, with a rubicund face, sleek and unctuous. He was proud of his wealth, and clinked gold pieces in his pockets when he walked, producing thus the music most pleasing to his soul. Not the tones of affection or tenderness, of kindness or gratitude, the voice of song, the sound of cunning instruments, the chanting of Nature's symphonies by bird and breeze and wave and dripping rill, delighted him half so much. Charity was right. Ashur Tunstall was a hard man.

the time of the funeral he was ill, frequently he had not been here until since old Martin's death.

"You'll find everything as he left it," Charity, leading the way to the old room. "You have brought the keys, I suppose? I gave them to your father when he was up here."

Tunstall had brought the keys. He took them from his pocket now, and handed one to a desk. Charity had to wait for. So, in some bitter-spirited spirit, she left the heir to his inheritance, and joined Martin, who was on the door-stoop.

"Poor old Martin, it *is* too bad!" she broke forth much less than her usual meek speech. "Ashur don't need it, he can do. Maybe he did not use any influence when he was up here, but I shall always believe he did. I don't like to see me hate him, too, and I feel so!" If I was a rattlesnake, I know I could bite him, if he put his heel on my back the next minute."

"If you was a rattlesnake, you would bite him?" croaked Simon White, round the corner of the house. "It would be a luscious paragraph for the papers then: 'FATALLY BITTEN.—Our merchant-princes, Ashur White, died,' etc. Did I leave my mark on you? Oh, here it is! Absence of a mark of genius, you know, or of a mark of a man. What an excellent thing for me and Mr. Tunstall that you are not a rattlesnake—eh, Miss Charity?"

"Another disagreeable, rasping voice," she walked away, treading as softly as a woman with her moccasined feet as if shod in

slippers. "I don't like that man!" said Charity discontented. "It puts me out so, having my ears catching up what I say before I know he is anywhere around. Mrs. White says if it was in the Spaniards' times she should think Mrs. White was a spy or something of the sort."

"I don't like his ways overmuch, but I don't think he'll do any harm. I'm sure he'll need his umbrella before

he gets to the village. That cloud over

yonder must have something in it, by its looks."

Something in it, certainly. Its freight when discharged came very near a tempest. It broke out first in a strong wind, blowing from all points, whirling columns of dust high in the air, uprooting trees along the spinous ridge, and creating doubts in the minds of many as to the stability of their chimneys. Ashur Tunstall came out from old Martin's room with a rather anxious face.

"The house is safe, I suppose? It isn't likely to blow down, is it?" he said nervously.

"It never has blown down, and I've seen many a harder gale than this sent against it. But seeing that it is all we have, and when things get to going against one it is always an easy matter to keep them going so, I can't be sure it will stand this time," replied Martin with some hardness of manner.

"You don't think— But I believe the wind is abating. Ah, there comes the rain."

With a crash like the rattling of shot it came. Sharp lightnings cleft the heavens, crashing thunder made the house quake, and seemed to shake the solid ridge opposite. Ashur Tunstall placed himself on a chair in the centre of the room, and hesitatingly removed a pistol from an inner pocket.

"That's the sort of 'protector' I carry when I travel, but just now it is safer not having such metallic toys about one for the lightning to get hold of, I suppose," he observed with a nervous laugh.

He was plainly very much frightened, wincing and growing pale when flash and crash came close together, and shivering in his chair between the explosions.

Martin began speaking of the claim for service he meant to prefer in his own and Charity's behalf, but Mr. Tunstall refused to discuss business-matters under such circumstances.

"You can at least say whether you will allow the claim," persisted Martin, rubbing his thin left cheek with a nervous forefinger.

"You got the house for what you did. I am surprised that you should expect—

Ugh! how long is this to last, I wonder? Cousin Charity, I believe I must trouble you for a bed to-night. It is getting late, and, to tell the truth, I always feel safer on feathers in a thunder-storm."

He stood up as he spoke and thrust his hands in his pockets, producing the chink of golden pieces dear to his heart; but even that sound could not delight him now.

"You'll be welcome to stay if you like," replied Charity. "We wouldn't turn a dog out on such a night as this."

The guest, who by inference might have been equally welcome if he had been a dog, was shown to his room presently. It was on the ground floor, with a door opening toward the river. He remembered, after getting into bed, that his "protector" had been left behind. No matter, he would not need it in so retired a place. With this reflection he cowered back upon his pillow, feeling a sense of security in the yielding, downy mass of Charity's best feather bed. Ashur Tunstall was no model of bravery, certainly. His dread of lightning was constitutional, so he had often declared. Then a fortune-teller had once predicted that he would come to his death in a thunder-storm. He had no faith in fortune-telling, yet that small remnant of superstition which Christianity has not been able quite to uproot in the hearts of many, whispered that the prophecy might come true in his case. But the threatening elements subsided finally. An infinite relief stole upon his senses: fatigue overcame him, and he slept the sleep of the weary.

Simon White went home late that night, having waited at the village inn until the storm was fairly spent. By the time he reached the Drascott place the moon was out, though heavy masses of cloud still hung about the zenith.

"It must be well toward one o'clock," thought Simon, taking out his watch and finding on examination that it lacked but five minutes of the hour specified. "I wonder if Ashur Tunstall don't have to spend the night with his loving cousins? Goodness! that was a pistol-crack as I'm a living sinner! What kind of

game? But there's a boat on the river. Somebody storm-stayed like me, I suppose, and firing shot to keep himself company. I wouldn't mind doing the same myself. It's a lonesome place out here, anyway."

As he went on home, however, Simon began to have doubts of the storm he had heard having come from the river. It had sounded nearer than that, he remembered now. He thought of it constantly until he reached home. He could not get it out of his mind until he had gone to bed. It stuck there like a burr. It mingled in his dreams, and awoke him with a start at an early hour, and in conjunction with a prying disposition drove him out of bed. He dressed himself hastily and set off for the village of the Drascotts.

When he reached the place the storm was stirring. The rain-washed moon looked fair and fresh in the early morning. The air was scented with the bloom. Each leaf and shrub and blade of grass was hung with myriads of drops, and gratefully drinking them with multitudinous, invisible mouths. But Simon White was not much affected by the sweetness of the hour. He paced at all, it was unawares. He went round the house and threw some gravel against Martin's window. This several times repeated, gained no response. Then he went back to the door and beat it with his knuckles in a gentle manner. Still there was utter silence within the house.

"I should think they must be sleeping for a wager here," he said impatiently. "Had I better break in a window to see? Halloa, old Dick! What's the matter with you?"

"Dick" was a large white cat that now came tearing by him with a unearthly cry. Simon shivered at the appalling sound, then began pacing back and forth before the door. Something lay in his path which he stooped to pick up. It was a blood-stained handkerchief, with "Martin Drascott" written in full upon the corner. Simon began to think he would be certainly justified in breaking into the house, but that extreme measure was precluded.

by the appearance of Martin and Charity, who were coming leisurely across a field skirting upon the river.

"Soh, neighbors! You are out early," croaked Simon White somewhat irritably.

"We were sent for to Lucy Burns at midnight. She had a shock or a fit, or something of the sort," explained Martin.

"At midnight?"

"Yes, exactly. I looked at the clock when we were starting."

"Oh, Martin," interposed Charity, "you must be mistaken. I noticed it was half-past one when we got to Lucy's."

"It is of no consequence," conceded Martin. "You are out early yourself, Simon. Is anything the matter?"

"That is what I am trying to find out. Old Dick, for one, thinks there is, or I'm no judge of cat-calling. Where is Ashur Tunstall?"

"In the house here. He had to stay all night on account of the rain."

"He must be a good sleeper, or I'd have turned him out before now. I was going by here last night about one o'clock and I heard a pistol-shot. It made me kind of uneasy some way. You don't know anything about it, I suppose?"

"No," from Martin and Charity, both with a startled look.

"Then this morning I found this," discovering the red-stained handkerchief. "Looks a little tragical, don't it? I suppose, Miss Charity," with one of his disagreeable laughs, "you didn't forget for a minute that you were not a rattlesnake, with Ashur Tunstall sleeping under your roof?"

Charity became as white as the dead. "Don't go in, Martin—don't go in!" she screamed in tones of utter terror.

And when the door was opened she tried to hold him back from entering. Simon White pushed past them both, and went straight to Ashur Tunstall's room. He knew the house well enough to guess accurately where the guest had slept.

Where he slept still, but it was the sleep that knows no waking. The lightning he dreaded had left him unscathed only that he might be overcome by a

more cruel agent. This was a murderer's work upon which Simon White, and close behind him Martin Drascott, looked, the latter with a livid face and trembling limbs. Charity had remained outside at first, but a strong fascination soon drew her also within. She crept to Martin's side and clutched his arm tremblingly.

"Come away, Martin," she said scarcely above her breath—"come away. They'll be saying next that we did it."

"No, not that—my God, not that! Where is Simon? He was here a minute ago."

"He slipped out just now. He will have us taken up for murder. I read it in his eyes. We shall be sent to prison, you and I that in all our lives have never done anything to hide our heads for. We shall be disgraced before all the town. Martin, we can't stay here—indeed we can't."

If he had not been so stunned, Martin had intelligence enough to know that to go away would be the worst possible course to pursue; but his brain-forces were thrown from their equilibrium, and that answering to the centripetal was temporarily paralyzed. Consequently, he was easily carried off by Charity's fright and pleadings. She put a quantity of provisions into a traveling-basket, and they set out together, with such consciousness of security perhaps as the ostrich has when her head is hidden under sand.

A mile farther up the river there was a notch in the ridge, through which they passed into a region of forests, with only a settler's cabin at long intervals. On they walked, keeping within shelter of the woods both for comfort and security. On, telling themselves that no mocking steam-spiced engine could be sent in pursuit through the wilds they traversed nor lightning messages discourse in advance tales of their flight.

The morning waned and hot noon came on. They were footsore and fagged, but dared allow themselves only a few moments for rest. Before their dry and meagre meal of biscuits and cheese was half eaten, Charity urged

with a scared, backward glance that they ought to be moving. Martin complied wearily, finishing his bread and cheese on the way. Secretly, he was beginning to regret this wild flight. To go back now, however, was not to be thought of, and he would not speak out his regrets lest Charity should fancy that he meant to upbraid her for urging him to the undertaking. He dared not think yet what the morrow was to bring. When their small stock of provisions was gone they would be almost like two babes in the woods for helplessness, but he could put off reflection upon that for some other time. Just now the ghastly object he had seen that morning, and the consciousness that Charity and himself were fugitives—from what?—came between him and all collected thought.

An hour or two before nightfall Charity was obliged, still with a scared, backward glance, to declare that she could go no farther. Martin discovered a deserted lumberman's camp, brought into it as good a collection of boughs as he could make with no axe for lopping them, and the two slept there that night.

With the early morning they were astir again, but their steps were lagging, for the yesterday's tramp had told upon their muscles, unused to such exercise. Then they had been able to find no spring of water near what Martin called, with a pathetic attempt at pleasantry, their "inn." After going on two or three hours and still finding no water, they came out into a cleared field with a cottage in sight, and a sweep and curb marking a well in front.

"Oh dear!" said Charity longingly, "it seems as if my mouth is parched to the very pit of my stomach."

"Wait in the grove yonder and I will bring you some water," replied Martin, taking a tin "dipper" from the basket.

Charity's heart was in her mouth—notwithstanding the anatomical inconsistency—while she watched him across the field. He had gone no more than halfway when fear overcame every other consideration, and she ran forward to call him back, but had the misfortune to make a misstep by which her ankle was

sprained. Martin, when he returned, found her limping about to test the injured member, and moaning at each step.

"I can't walk," she sobbed when he came up with her. "What shall we do now?"

Unpleasant as it was, they could only stay where they were. It might be possible to remain in the grove a day or two undiscovered, but the necessity for inaction was most disheartening. Charity had providently brought her knitting-work, which helped to keep her quiet, though that peaceful occupation and her face of despair sorted ill together. Martin found a hollow knot or socket from a dead tree, and with his pocket-knife set to work to fashion it into a drinking-cup, neatly carving some heads of wheat upon the outside as a finishing stroke. Despite these occupations, it was a tedious, anxious day. They talked little, but thought a great deal. The cause of their flight and to what it tended had not yet been spoken of between them, nor anything pertaining thereto; but when twilight was falling on this second day, Charity, looking over the ridge toward home, said with a slight quaver in her voice, "You don't think, Martin, we had best have stayed and taken what was sent, do you?"

Martin felt an appeal in every quavering word, and stoutly answered "No." If the doom of Ananias had been held distinctly before him, he would still have said the same. There are surely some deceptions, prompted by love, which are quite beyond the province of the father of lies. Charity's face showed visible relief.

"I was afraid you were blaming me because we came," she said.

"I should have no right to do that in any event. By coming with you I made the measure as much mine as yours. So, if it should turn out unfortunate—which I trust it may not—don't think of my blaming you, Charity."

She gave him a grateful look and resumed her knitting, which had lain idle during the conversation. Martin carefully shaved the lip of his cup to greater

moothness, but was interrupted in his work by the sound of footsteps. Looking up hastily, he saw Simon White coming toward their retreat. Charity saw him at the same time, and smothered a cry by pressing one hand against her lips.

"I might have known he would find us out. They've offered a reward for us, and he hopes to get it," she said in a husky whisper.

Simon meanwhile was pushing on through the grove with a rustling of dead leaves and a snapping of dry twigs.

"So, neighbors, a pretty tramp you have been taking, just at the time when you were wanted most at home, too," he called as soon as he came within speaking distance.

"I suppose," replied Martin, with a desperate attempt at assurance, "that we are free to come and go as we like?"

"Free? Yes, I suppose so, but it looks a little queer, with the rich man of the family lying dead in your house, and on his heirs too, along with two or three of your cousins."

His heirs! They had not once thought of that.

"Well, well," Simon went on, "I expect you had your reasons for coming, and things did look a little ugly for you yesterday morning, I admit. There had been Charity saying how she hated her cousin; and then there was that pistol-rack at one o'clock; and Martin saying you went to Lucy Burns's at midnight, and Charity declaring it wasn't till half-past one; then the handkerchief with Martin's name; and that dead man whose death was going to make you rich. Yes, as I said, it did have an ugly look. But when Lucy Burns came to tell that her clock was a deal too fast; and a detective from the city that had been on the track of an out-and-out desperado, caught him hiding up river a bit; and some of Ashur Tunstall's plunder was found on the chap; and he, seeing it was all up, made a clean breast of the murder, and owned that he spotted the

handkerchief to throw suspicion on some one else,—why then, neighbors, I began to think it was time for you to be coming home. And old Dick, he thought so too, I guess, for he kept standing up on two legs with his fore paws on the window-ledge, and crying as if he was that lonesome he didn't know what to do with himself. So, partly for Dick's sake, and partly because I thought maybe I'd had something to do with scaring you away, I set out to hunt you up. The funeral's put off till nine o'clock to-morrow morning, and if you don't mind riding a bit by night, I've a horse that will take us all back by midnight. Well, Martin—well, Miss Charity? Are you going along with me?"

"Dear me! I knew Dick would miss us. And we needn't have come, after all!" said Charity, sensibly relieved, but with a degree of shamefacedness too. "You'll never forgive me, I know, Martin, for leading you off on such a tom-fool's chase."

"Please God, Charity, we'll be home in a few hours, and we'll have enough to do all our lives to thank Him that we *can* go home in peace, without wasting regrets because we came."

"I take it, though, that Shakespeare's *Love's Labor Lost* was nothing to your fear's labor lost—eh, Miss Charity?" quoth Simon with one of his grating laughs.

But really his manner was the worst thing about the man, and as he took our fugitives safely home, showing them much kindness on the way and afterward, it is fair to suppose that his heart was much less acrid than his speech.

Ashur Tunstall's Drascott property was divided among the Drascott heirs, Martin and Charity receiving enough to amply compensate them for all past anxieties. So justice was done in the end, though, as often happens, the agency permitted by Providence to bring it about was a thoroughly wicked one.

LOUISE S. DORR.

## THE DANCING-SCHOOL IN TAVISTOCK SQUARE.

IN London, in order to "get on," one must be very great or famous, or one must dance. Unless a man is a very decided catch and an object to the "mamas," or is enough of a lion to make him fit for exhibition, dancing is about his only utility. The average London man of society thinks dancing a very slow amusement. He is either athletic and prefers hunting and yachting, or he is dissolute, and simple pleasures pall upon his jaded appetite. As a rule, too, the important young men do not dance. The greater a man is the more is he careful to abstain from anything which will make him entertaining. His dullness is always in proportion to his distinction. The same holds true with regard to conversation or to any other sort of contribution to the amusement of others. He only is agreeable and clever from whom fortune has withheld better gifts than talent or the power of pleasing. He only would be witty who is without solid advantages. A "talking man" is in danger of being snubbed, and nobody can help pitying the ridiculous fellows who sing at the afternoon "musicals."

To be sure, all young people dance. How would "golden youth" be possible if there were no ball-rooms? But when men get toward five-and-twenty, those who can afford not to dance desert the balls for the concert-saloons. Young noblemen and eldest sons will spend a few moments at the parties, and, as a great favor to the hostess, will walk through a quadrille with the prettiest girl in the room. But how can one who has at hand the *cancan* and the casinos find amusement in anything so puerile as the waltz? Who cares to talk to humdrum cousins when one can drink bad champagne with painted women in a gilded café near the Haymarket? It is only cadets, clerks in the Treasury, youths with no particular expectations, who dance. Among diplomatists, attachés

waltz: a councilor or secretary may under protest. I knew one excessively light-headed envoy who would dance now and then, but who always took care to dance badly.

The talk of the young men concerning balls and parties is, however, to be taken with a considerable discount. They are "bores," and this tone the poorer young men catch from the more fortunate swells. A clerk in the Foreign Office, when I asked him his destination, said, "To this — ball." Of course, the young man was exceedingly glad to have got a card, but he shuffled off to "this — ball" with the air of a martyr.

Still, dancing young men are scarce enough to make ladies who give parties anxious to get them; and if one is going to a ball, though it may be more dignified to walk about *solus* and stare, it is certainly pleasanter to dance.

Accordingly, when a diplomatic appointment made me a resident of London, I determined to learn to dance. Cato learned Greek when he was eighty, and I was twenty-five before I could do the *deux temps*. I was reared in a pious household, in which dancing was thought to be wicked. After leaving college I acquired a notion of my own dignity quite inconsistent with so frivolous a pastime. (I give my experience in this matter at some length, because I know it will represent that of a great many others.) But, of course, I outgrew this dignity in time, and came to look upon that notion as only another and rather small sort of coxcomby. Between your frivolous and your philosophic coxcombs I much prefer the former, as the more amiable of the two. What possible relation had the conduct of my legs to the universe and the moral law? My fear of dancing was a symptom of that timidity and strength-destroying self-consciousness which possesses so many people of the present day. They are enamored of superiority, and they associate

certain external images with the fashionable types of greatness they admire. The philosophic young coxcomb would be willing to kick up his heels at home, or to skip through the Virginia Reel with his sisters and cousins. Why not, then, in public? He fears to be thought foolish. The coxcomb in question is fond enough of applause, and especially of the applause of ladies. If they told him that he danced well, he would soon discover that he liked dancing. It is the impression he makes upon others, then, of which he is thinking. This last is always an important consideration, but not at all an heroic one. Let not the philosopher ascribe the very commonplace fear of ridicule to a grand and indefinite sense of his own superior unfitness for the frivolous amusement.

*Omne ignotum pro mirifico*, says the proverb. I should have been taught to dance in order to learn that dancing is no very wonderful thing. A man who could put his arm round the waist of a pretty woman, and calmly trust himself with the guidance of his floating argosy of lace and tarletan about a ball-room, was formerly to me like a being from another sphere. I could not understand how that man felt. His *ego* was an exalted mystery. A few steps at Brookes's academy would have taught me that this man was but mortal, and might have cured me of my depressing sense of inferiority.

I once did attend the dancing-school of a little village in Western New York. This village was the seat of a very radical water-cure, in the chapel of which there was a service on Sundays and a dance on Tuesday evenings. The ladies were all in Bloomer costume, and as the institution was radical socially as well as in religion and politics, the cooks, laundresses and chambermaids were always asked to the balls. These were, in fact, the only healthy people present. Your vis-à-vis was usually a lady with an affection of the neck or a gentleman with a wet towel round his forehead. One gentleman, I remember, with a towel about his head and a neck awry, had a chair set for him which he occupied

while the side couples were dancing: when the time came he sprang up with great alacrity, gallantly and playfully flung out his right foot, and walked through the step in the most punctilious manner.

One's imagination was not fascinated by the felicity of whirling round the room one of these invalids in short clothes and trousers. Still, I did go to the village dancing-school with the intention of learning to waltz. But I found it was only the little girls who were pupils: their sisters merely came to look on and chat. I did not care to enact the directions of the master before all the smiling young society of Bunbury. The only pupil of riper age I ever saw at the school was Miss Carker, the lady doctress from the water-cure, who sometimes rode her horse man-fashion through the streets of the village. She was dressed at the time almost like a man, and her hair was parted on the side. She presented herself as a scholar, and the professor, who had never seen her before, was sorely puzzled where to put her. He did not like to ask her. There was a long continuous row of children standing at the time, the upper half of which were girls and the lower half boys. The professor wittily extricated himself by placing her just in the middle and letting her decide for herself.

In London I found it quite necessary that I should put myself under the care of some instructor, and I was commended to the academy of Mrs. Watson in Tavistock Square. Tavistock Square, the reader will remember, is situate in the dim regions of Bloomsbury, once an aristocratic quarter, but now quite given up to lodging-houses and the private dwellings of attorneys and merchants. Here lives on the first floor an economical widow, who supports a son at the university; a Spanish conspirator, Communist or exile of the Thiers government occupies the third; an American Senator, even, who is green or unambitious, may find his way with his family into the first. Upon the whole, it is a gloomy neighborhood. Just round the corner is Russell Square, the famous



abode of the Sedleys of *Vanity Fair*, whose residence Thackeray himself, on a walk through that part of the town, once pointed out to Mr. Hannay. All Bloomsbury has much the same look—the most unlovely part of London, or indeed of England. For my part, I believe I prefer Seven Dials.

Mrs. Watson must have weighed quite two hundred pounds. When a girl she might have been something less, but she was certainly never a sylph or a fairy. She was, however, a very good and agreeable person, and an excellent teacher. There were besides several nieces, rather pretty girls, too, who assisted her in the education of the young men.

It seemed to me an odd sort of profession for a young lady. Twelve hours out of the day and twelve months out of the year they were saying, "Take my right hand with your left, and put your right arm—" This latter instruction the preceptress did not finish in words, but the pupil seemed to comprehend his duty by intuition. "That is very well," said the lady. He was often told to hold her "a little more firmly," and to this advice, from my observation, he never seemed to be particularly averse.

These young ladies were very nice, and of course perfectly respectable, but they did not appear to me to be envied. Society is not kind to a poor girl in England. That her position here is different is due not to any superior charity or chivalry of ours, but to our luckier circumstances. Society in Europe assumes toward her that tone of scarcely concealed contempt which the strong and successful must inevitably hold toward the weak. The talk of the young men concerning her is, I think, not so respectful as in this country. Of course, where such a sentiment exists the dignity of the objects of it must be somewhat impaired. It is only the exceptional people who can resolutely hold their own sense of themselves against the mood of society. I think these young ladies were not so proud as American girls would have been. They would propose bets to the young men on the Oxford and Cambridge boat-races, saying that if

they lost the winners, of course, would not expect the debt to be paid.

These ladies, I say, assisted Mrs. Watson. She herself usually undertook the initiation of the patient. Mrs. Watson was not only large, but strong, resolute and conscientious. Moreover, she was not a person to put up with any indolence or false shame on the part of a pupil. I had for years been enamored of passivity. "I do not like to be moved," says Clough. That poet and much-musing philosopher always liked to feel himself at the centre of innumerable radii of possibilities, rather than as moving in any one line by which he was plainly and irrevocably committed. But Mrs. Watson was not a person to encourage any indecision of this kind. After a preliminary word or two she took me firmly by each hand and began jumping me back and forth, saying, "One, two, three, four," etc. Be it remembered that I was the only performer in the room, and that all the lady assistants and a pupil or two, who were waiting their turns, were looking on. Mrs. Watson, becoming satisfied with my proficiency in the piston movement, wished to see what I could do in a rotary way. She began sending me round the room by myself, spinning like a top. When I gave signs of running down, she struck me again on the arm and sent me round faster. Really, for a person with some pretensions to sobriety, this was pretty thorough treatment. I was sure the young assistants must be screaming with laughter, and I was not sorry when I passed into the hands of these milder and less muscular preceptresses.

I was very proud when I had learned the *deux temps*. I really thought myself a very accomplished young man. But Mrs. Watson said that it was quite necessary, absolutely indispensable, that I should learn the *trois temps*. I had got on very well with the *deux temps*, but what labors I underwent in the acquisition of the *trois temps*, and what giggling of the lady assistants I braved, and what screams of stifled laughter from a very jolly cousin of Mrs. Watson, who was visiting from the country, and

came in to look at us, I will not here relate. I was absolutely made to stand on one foot and hop. It was incredibly painful, but I bore it all, as children take medicine, because I thought it was good for me. The reader will fancy the bitterness of my feelings when I discovered that it was all in vain. The *trois temps* was not danced at all in London: the *deux temps* was universal.

There was no personage of the dancing-academy in Tavistock so interesting to me as its mistress, Mrs. Watson, whose gentle and dapper little husband played the violin. Mrs. Watson was rarely seen except on great and critical occasions. Her full habit of body and long service entitled her, she thought, to repose. But she would now and then walk with majesty and old-time elegance through a figure of a quadrille, taking hold of her petticoat with thumb and finger of each hand, and coquettishly fanning and flirting it. She did not often waltz or galop, but sometimes, in enforcing a lesson, she would commit herself to the undulations of the dance, and sail or swim about the room *sola*. She was as a rule a very good, kind and sensible woman, but she had a few fine antique graces which she would bring out when circumstances seemed to call for them. Among these was a very superb method of leaving the room which

she gave us occasionally. If the conversation turned upon fine society (I believe she thought me rather a man of fashion), and if she had seen my name in the *Post* that morning, she would treat me to one of these. "I bid you good-morning," she would say; and lifting her petticoat with thumb and finger, she executed a retreat backward with some six steps, and, laying her hand upon the door-knob, vanished elegantly.

Of the school in Tavistock Square, besides the accomplishments which I there gained and which I highly prize, I retain a little memento in the shape of Mrs. Watson's *Manual for Dancing*, a tiny book which now lies on my table. It contains, besides descriptions of quadrilles, polkas, galops, etc., much excellent advice upon general behavior which recalls the little institution quite vividly. Occasionally the little document becomes severe, almost sarcastic. "All skipping, hopping and violent motion should be restrained." Again we are told that *vis-à-vis* must not meet each other "with proud looks and averted glances," but "with a smile" and "a pleasant recognition." "True politeness is entirely compatible with a kind disposition. In our higher classes unreserved and agreeable manners prevail much more than in the middling ranks of society."

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#### A COUNCILOR, JUDGE AND LEGISLATOR OF THE OLDEN TIME.

ON the 3d of July, 1686, not quite four years after the arrival of Penn, a bricklayer from the island of Jamaica, named Samuel Richardson, bought five thousand eight hundred and eighty acres of land in Pennsylvania, and two large lots on the north side of High street (now Market) in the city of Philadelphia, for three hundred and forty pounds. He had probably been but a short time a resident of Jamaica, since the certificate

he brought with him from the Friends' meeting at Spanish Town, to the effect "y<sup>e</sup> he and his wife hath walked amongst us as becomes Truth," was only given "after consideration thereof and Enquiry made." Of his previous life we know nothing, unless it be the following incident narrated in Besse's *Sufferings of the Quakers*: In the year 1670 a squad of soldiers arrested George Whitehead, John Scott and Samuel Richardson at a

meeting of Friends at the Peel in London, and after detaining them about three hours in a guard-room, took them before two justices, and charged Richardson with having laid violent hands upon one of their muskets. "This was utterly false, and denied by him, for he was standing, peaceably as he said, with his Hands in his Pockets." One of the justices asked him, "Will you promise to come no more at meeting?" *S. R.*: "I can promise no such thing." *Justice*: "Will you pay your 5s.?" *Richardson*: "I do not know that I owe thee 5s." A fine of that amount was nevertheless imposed. The sturdy independence and passive combativeness manifested upon this occasion formed, as we shall hereafter see, one of the most prominent characteristics of the emigrant from Jamaica; and there are some other circumstances which support the conclusion that he was the person thus commemorated. Driven, as we may safely suppose, from England to the West Indies, and thence to Pennsylvania, by the persecution which followed his sect, he had now experienced the hardest buffetings of adverse fortune, and soon began to bask in the sunshine of a quiet but secure prosperity. Surrounded by men of his own creed, he thrived greatly, and rapidly passed into the successive stages of a merchant and a gentleman. In January, 1689-90, he bought from Penn another lot on High street for the purpose of erecting quays and wharves, and he now owned all the ground on the north side of that street between Second street and the Delaware River.

In January, 1688, William Bradford, the celebrated pioneer printer, issued proposals for the publication of a large "house Bible" by subscription. It was an undertaking of momentous magnitude. No similar attempt had yet been made in America; and in order that the cautious burghers of the new city should have no solicitude concerning the unusually large advances required, he gives notice "that Samuëll Richardson and Samuëll Carpenter of Philadelphia are appointed to take care and be assistant in the laying out of the Subscription

Money, and to see that it be employed to the use intended." A single copy of this circular, found in the binding of an old book, has been preserved.

In 1688, Richardson was elected a member of the Provincial Council, a body which, with the governor or his deputy, then possessed the executive authority, and which, in its intercourse with the Assembly, was always excessively dictatorial and often disposed to encroach. Quarrels between these two branches of the government were frequent and bitter, and doubtless indicated the gradual growth of two parties differing in views and interests, one of which favored the Proprietary and the other the people. Soon after taking his seat he became embroiled in a controversy that loses none of its interest from the quaint and plain language in which it is recorded, and which may have had its origin in the fact that he was then a justice of the peace and judge of the county court, a position which he certainly held a few years later. The Council had ordered a case depending in that court to be withdrawn, with the intention of hearing and determining it themselves, and Richardson endeavored in vain to have this action rescinded. At the meeting of the 25th of December, 1688, a debate arose concerning these proceedings, and the deputy governor, John Blackwell, called attention to some remarks previously made by Richardson which reflected upon the resolution of the Council, telling him that it was unbecoming and ought not to be permitted, and "Reproving him as having taken too great liberty to Carry it vnbeseeingly and very provokeinly." He especially resented "ye said Sam<sup>l</sup> Richardson's former declareing at several times y<sup>t</sup> he did not owne ye Gover<sup>r</sup> to be Gover<sup>r</sup>." Richardson replied with some warmth that "he would Stand by it and make it good—that W<sup>m</sup>. Penn could not make a Gover<sup>r</sup>;" and this opinion, despite the almost unanimous dissent of the members present, he maintained with determination, until at length the governor moved that he be ordered to withdraw. "I will not withdraw. I was not brought

ither by thee, and I will not goe out by  
by order. I was sent by ye people, and  
hou hast no power to put me out," was  
be defiant answer. The governor then  
aid that he could not suffer Penn's au-  
thority to be so questioned and himself  
o contemned, and, being justified by  
he concurrence of all the Council except  
Arthur Cook, who "would be vnderstood  
o think and speak modestly," he suc-  
ceeded in having his motion adopted.  
Thereupon Richardson "went fforth, de-  
claring he Cared not whether ever he  
sat there more againe." After his de-  
parture it was resolved that his words  
and carriage had been "vnworthy and  
vnbecoming;" that he ought to acknow-  
ledge his offence, and promise more re-  
spect and heed for the future, before being  
again permitted to act with them; and  
that he be called inside and admonished;  
"but he was gon away."

A few weeks after this occurrence the  
governor informed the Council that he  
had made preparations to issue a writ for  
the election of members in the places of  
Richardson and John Eckley, and also  
presented a paper charging Thomas  
Lloyd—who had recently been chosen  
one of their number, and who, as keeper  
of the Great Seal, had refused to let it  
be used in some project then in contem-  
plation—with various crimes, misde-  
meanors and offences. At this meeting  
Joseph Growdon, a member who had  
been absent before, moved that Richard-  
son be admitted to his seat, but was in-  
formed by the governor that he had been  
excluded because of his misbehavior.  
On the 3d of February, 1689, during  
the proceedings, Richardson entered the  
Council-room and sat down at the table.  
In reply to a question, he stated that he  
had come to discharge his duty as a  
member. This bold movement was ex-  
tremely embarrassing to his opponents,  
and for a time they displayed hesitation  
and uncertainty. Argument and indign-  
ation were alike futile, since, unaccom-  
panied by force, they were insufficient  
to effect his removal; but the happy  
thought finally occurred to the governor  
to adjourn the Council until the after-  
noon, and station an officer at the door

to prevent another intrusion. This plan  
was adopted and successfully carried into  
execution. Upon reassembling, Grow-  
don contended that the Council had no  
right to exclude a member who had  
been duly chosen by the people; and  
this led to an earnest and extended de-  
bate, in which, the secretary says, "many  
intemperate Speeches and passages hap-  
pen'd, fitt to be had in oblivion." Ere  
a week had elapsed the governor pre-  
sented a charge against Growdon, but  
the fact that three others, though some-  
what hesitatingly, raised their voices in  
favor of admitting all the members to  
their seats, seemed to indicate that his  
strength was waning.

The election under the new writ was  
held on the 8th of February, 1689, and  
the people of the county showed the  
drift of their sympathies by re-electing  
Richardson. The Assembly also inter-  
fered in the controversy, and sent a de-  
legation to the governor to complain that  
they were abused through the exclusion  
of some of the members of Council.  
They were rather bluntly informed that  
the proceedings of the Council did not  
concern them. In the midst of the con-  
versation upon this and kindred topics,  
Lloyd, Eckley and Richardson entered  
the chamber and said they had come to  
pay their respects to the governor and  
perform their duties. A resort to the  
tactics which had been found available  
on the previous occasion became neces-  
sary, and the meeting was declared ad-  
journed; "upon which several of ye  
members of ye Council departed. But  
divers remayned, and a great deel of  
confused noyse and clamor was ex-  
pressed at and without the doore of ye  
Gover's roome, where ye Councill had  
sate, w<sup>ch</sup> occasioned persons (passing by  
in the streets) to stand still to heare;  
which ye Gover' observing desired ye  
sayd Tho. Lloyd would forbear such  
Lowd talking, telling him he must not  
suffer such doings, but would take a  
course to suppress it and shutt ye  
Doore." The crisis had now approached,  
and soon afterward Penn recalled Black-  
well, authorized the Council to choose a  
president and act as his deputy them-

selves, and poured oil upon the troubled waters in this wise: "Salute me to ye people in Gen<sup>l</sup>. Pray send for J. Simcock, A. Cook, John Eckley and Sam<sup>l</sup> Carpenter, and Lett them dispose T. L. & Sa. Richardson to that Complying temper that may tend to that loveing & serious accord y<sup>e</sup> become such a Govern<sup>t</sup>."

After the departure of Blackwell the Council elected Lloyd their president. Richardson resumed his place for the remainder of his term, and in 1695 was returned for a further period of two years. During this time Colonel Fletcher made a demand upon the authorities of Pennsylvania for her quota of men to defend the more northern provinces against the Indians and the French, and Richardson was one of a committee of twelve, two from each county, appointed to reply to this requisition. They reported in favor of raising five hundred pounds, upon the understanding that it "should not be dipt in blood," but be used to "feed the hungry & cloath the naked."

He was a judge of the county court and justice of the peace in 1692 and 1704, and for the greater part—probably the whole—of the intervening period. In the historic contest with George Keith, the leader of a schism which caused a wide breach among those early Friends in Pennsylvania, he bore a conspicuous part. A crew of river-pirates, headed by a man named Babbit, stole a sloop from a wharf in Philadelphia and committed a number of depredations on the Delaware. Three of the magistrates, all of whom were Quakers, issued a warrant for their arrest, and Peter Boss, with some others to assist, went out in a boat and effected their capture. Although, as the chronicler informs us, Boss and his party had "neither gun, sword or spear," it is fair to presume they did not succeed without the use of some force. This gave Keith an opportunity of which he was by no means loath to take advantage, and he soon afterward published a circular entitled an "Appeal," wherein he twitted his quondam associates with their inconsistency in acting as magistrates and en-

couraging fighting and warfare. Five of the justices, one of whom was Richardson, ordered the arrest of the printers, William Bradford and John McComb, and the authors, Keith and Thomas Budd, and the latter were tried, convicted and fined five pounds each. These proceedings being bruited abroad and "making a great noise," the six justices, including the five above referred to and Anthony Morris, published a manifesto giving the reasons for their action. Keith, they say, had publicly reviled Thomas Lloyd, the president of the Council, by calling him an impudent man and saying his name "would stink," and had dared to stigmatize the members of Council and the justices as impudent rascals. These things they had patiently endured, as well as his gross revilings of their religious society, but in his recent comments upon the arrest of Babbit he not only encouraged sedition and breach of the peace, but aimed a blow at the Proprietary government, since if Quakers could not act in judicial capacities the bench must remain vacant. Such conduct required their intervention, as well to check him as to discourage others. The Friends' yearly meeting, held at Burlington on the 7th of July, 1692, disowned Keith, and their testimony against him Richardson and many others signed.

Robert Quarry, judge of the court of admiralty, received his appointment from the Crown. He seems to have been personally objectionable, and his authority, being beyond the control of the Proprietary, was not submitted to even at that early day without evidences of discontent and some opposition. An affair occurring in the year 1698 led to a conflict of jurisdiction between him and the provincial judges, in which he obtained an easy triumph; but his success appears only to have been satisfactory when it had culminated in their personal humiliation. John Adams imported a quantity of goods, which, for want of a certificate, were seized and given into the custody of the marshal of the admiralty court, and although he afterward complied with all the neces-

ary legal forms, Quarry refused to re-deliver them. The governor would not interfere, but Anthony Morris, one of the judges of the county court, issued a writ of replevin, in obedience to which the sheriff put Adams in possession of his property. Thereupon, Quarry wrote to England complaining of what he considered to be an infringement by the proprietary government upon his jurisdiction. On the 27th of July, 1698, Morris, Richardson and James Fox presented to the governor and Council a written vindication of the action of the county court, saying it was their duty to grant the replevin upon the plaintiff giving bond, as he had done, and adding that they had good grounds for believing the sheriff to be as proper a person to secure the property "to be forthcoming in Specie, as by the replevin he is Comanded, as that they should remain in the hands of Robert Webb, who is no Proper officer, as wee Know of, to keep the Same." More than a year afterward, Penn, who had recently arrived in the Province on his second visit, called the attention of the Council to the subject, and to the great resentment felt by the superior powers in England at the support said to be given in Pennsylvania to piracy and illegal trade. The next day Morris surrendered the bond and the inventory of the goods, and resigned his commission. To his statement that he had for many years served as a justice to his own great loss and detriment, and that in granting the writ he had done what he believed to be right, Penn replied that his signing the replevin was a "verie indeliberate, rash and unwarrantable act." His cup of humility had not yet, however, been drained. Quarry required his attendance again before the Council, and said the goods had been forcibly taken from the marshal, and "what came of y<sup>m</sup> the s<sup>d</sup> Anthonie best knew;" that he could not plead ignorance, "having been so long a Justice y<sup>t</sup> hee became verie insolent;" and that the security having refused payment, and it being unreasonable to burden the king with the costs of a suit, he demanded that the "s<sup>d</sup> An-

thonie" should be compelled to refund their value. Morris could only reply "y<sup>t</sup> it lookt very hard y<sup>t</sup> any justice should suffer for an error in judgment; and further added that if it were to do again, he wold not do it."

David Lloyd, the attorney in the case, when arguing had been shown the letters-patent from the king to the marshal, with the broad seal of the high court of admiralty attached. He said, "What is this? Do you think to scare us w<sup>t</sup> a great box and a little Babie? 'Tis true, fine pictures please children, but wee are not to be frightened at such a rate." For the use of these words he was expelled from his seat in the Council, and for permitting them to be uttered without rebuke the three judges, Morris, Richardson and Fox, were summoned to the presence of the governor and reprimanded. Edward Shippen, being absent in New England, escaped the latter punishment.

Richardson was elected a member of the Assembly for the years 1692, '93, '94, '96, '97, '98, 1700, '01, '02, '03, '06, '07, '09. He probably found the leaders of that body more congenial associates than had been the members of the Council, and, from the fact that he was sent with very unusual frequency to confer with the different governors in regard to disputed legislation, it may be presumed that he was a fair representative of the views entertained by the majority. Though doubtless identified in opinion with David Lloyd, he does not appear to have been so obnoxious to the Proprietary party as many of his colleagues, since James Logan, writing to Penn in 1704, regrets his absence that year, and on another occasion says that the delegation from Philadelphia county, consisting of David Lloyd, Joseph Wilcox, Griffith Jones, Joshua Carpenter, Francis Rawle, John Roberts, Robert Jones and Samuel Richardson, were "all bad but the last."

On the 20th of October, 1703, a dispute arose concerning the power of the Assembly over its own adjournment—a question long and warmly debated before—which illustrates in a rather amusing way the futile attempts frequently

made by the governors and their Councils to exercise control. A messenger having demanded the attendance of the whole House of Representatives forthwith to consult about adjournment, they, being engaged in closing the business of the session, sent Joseph Growdon, Isaac Norris, Joseph Wilcox, Nicholas Waln and Samuel Richardson to inform the Council that they had concluded to adjourn until the first day of the next Third month. The president of the Council objected to the time, and denied their right to determine it, and an argument having ensued without convincing either party, the delegation withdrew. The Council then unanimously resolved to prorogue the Assembly immediately, and to two members of the latter body, who came a few hours afterward with the information of its adjournment to the day fixed, the president stated "that ye Council had Prorogued ye Assembly to ye said first day of ye said Third month, and desired ye said Members to acquaint ye house of ye same." The order is solemnly recorded in the minutes as follows: "Accordingly ye Assembly is hereby prorogued." To prorogue them until the day to which they themselves had already adjourned was certainly an ingenious method of ensuring their compliance.

On the 10th of December, 1706, the Assembly sent Richardson and Joshua Hoopes on a message to the governor, who, upon their return, reported that his secretary, James Logan, had affronted them, asking one of them "whether he was not ashamed to look him, the said James Logan, in the Face." The wrath of the Assembly was kindled immediately. They directed Logan to be placed in custody, that he might answer at the bar of the House, and sent word to the governor that since he had promised them free access to his person, his own honor was involved; that they resented the abuse as a breach of privilege; and that they expected full satisfaction and the prevention of similar indignities for the future. The governor sent for Logan, who explained that "all that past was a jocular expression or two to S.

Richardson, who used always to take great freedom that way himself, &c. he believed he never resented it as an affront;" and Richardson, being summoned, declared that he was not at all offended.

For many years after his arrival in Pennsylvania, Richardson lived upon a plantation of five hundred acres near Germantown, and probably superintended the cultivation of such portions of it as were cleared. There he had bred cattle and sheep. The Friends' records tell us that several grandchildren were born in his house, and from the account book of Francis Daniel Pastorius we learn that when they grew older they were sent to school at the moderate rate of fourpence per week. On the 24th of April, 1703, however, Elliner, his wife, died, and some time afterward, probably in the early part of the year 1705, he removed to the city. He married again and lived in a house somewhere near the intersection of Third and Chestnut streets which contained a front room and kitchen on the first floor, two chambers on the second floor, and a garret.

In the same year he was unanimously elected one of the aldermen of the city, and this position he held thereafter until his death. In December of that year he, Griffith Jones and John Jones, in order of the Town Council, bought a set of brass weights for the sum of ten pounds twelve shillings; and the purpose of the new city may be inferred from the fact that they gave their individual shares and took in exchange an obligation of the corporation, which, though offered for settlement, was not finally disposed of until five years afterward. In May, 1710, the Town Council decreed to build a new market-house for the use of the butchers, and they raised the necessary funds by individual subscriptions of money and goods. Richardson was among the fourteen heaviest subscribers at five pounds each, and at its completion in August, 1713, was appointed one of the clerks of the market to collect the rents, etc. on a commission of ten per cent. The first monies received were applied to the payment

n old indebtedness to Edward Shippen or funds used "in Treating our present Governor at his first arrival." The meeting of the Town Council on the 1st of October, 1717, was the last he attended.

He died June 10, 1719, at an advanced age, and left a large estate. Like many others of the early Friends, he was a slaveholder, and among the rest of his property were the following negroes: viz., Angola, Jack, Jack's wife, and Diana. His wardrobe consisted of a new coat with plate buttons, cloth coat and breeches, loose cloth coat and druggel waistcoat, old cloak, old large coat and Round robbin," two fustian frocks and breeches, two flannel waistcoats, three pair of old stockings, two hats, linen shirts, leather waistcoat and breeches, six neckcloths, three handkerchiefs, one pair of new and two pair of old shoes.

He had four children. Joseph, the only son, married in 1696 Elizabeth, daughter of John Bevan, and from about

the year 1713 lived at Oletgho on the Perkiomen Creek, in Providence township, Philadelphia (now Montgomery) county. This marriage was preceded by a carefully drawn settlement, in which the father of the groom entailed upon him the plantation of five hundred acres near Germantown, and the father of the bride gave her a marriage portion of two hundred pounds. Of the three daughters, Mary, the eldest, married William Hudson, one of the wealthiest of the pioneer merchants of Philadelphia, mayor of the city in 1725, and a relative of Henry Hudson, the navigator; Ann married Edward Lane of Providence township, Philadelphia county, and after his death Edmund Cartledge of Conestoga in Lancaster county; and Elizabeth married Abraham Bickley, also a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia. Among their descendants are many of the most noted families of the city and of the eastern counties of Pennsylvania.

SAMUEL W. PENNYPACKER.

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## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

### A BLIND LEADER OF THE BLIND.

EIGHT years ago a little book (now long since out of print) was published in Paris, called *The New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English*. It purported to consist of "a choice of familiar dialogues, clean of gallicisms and despoiled phrases," which "was missing yet to studious portuguese and Brazilian Youth." It was one of those books which ought not to be willingly let die; but the truth is, it was so extremely rich a contribution to philology that every copy was hastily picked up, and the edition disappeared from the book-stalls. There had previously, the author tells us, been books enough designed for the same purpose, but they had only taught their readers to "speak

very bad any of the mentioned idioms;" whereas, "we did put," says the writer, "a great variety own expressions to english and portuguese idioms; without to attach us selves (as make some others) almost at a literal translation." The whole preface of this interesting work is deliciously self-complacent, but we must content ourselves with quoting its conclusion, which runs as follows: "The *Works* which we were conferring for this labour, fond use us for nothing; but those that were publishing to Portugal, or out, they were almost all composed for some foreign, or for some national little acquainted in the spirit of both languages. It was resulting from that carelessness to rest these *Works* fill of imperfections, and anomalies of style; in



spite of the infinite typographical faults which some times, invert the sense of the periods. It increase not to contain any of these *works* the figured pronunciation of the english words, nor the prosodical accent in the portuguese: indispensable object whom wish to speak the english and portuguese languages correctly."

Once or twice we have remarked the citation, by some amateur, of a little batch of phrases taken from this wonderful *Guide*; but they were only gems picked at random, and as the original work contains more than one hundred and eighty closely-printed pages, there are thousands of jewels left for us to select from without appropriating any that have ever been culled. First in order come sundry conversational phrases, such as—

Let us go to respire the air.  
The coachman have fixed himself in the seat.  
I know there a thousand insurmountable difficultier.  
At what o'clock is to get up?  
I have pains on to conceive me.

When the student has mastered about thirty pages of these choice phrases, he is advanced to "dialogues," a few specimens of which we will append, beginning with the conversation entitled

*For to Write.*

It is to day courier day's; i have a letter to write.  
At which does you write?  
I go to answer to —. They have bring the letters?  
i was expected a letter from —.  
Is not that? look one is that.  
It is for me, but i know not the writing.  
This letter is arrears.  
It shall stay to the post. Bring me the inkstand, put in some ink. This pens are good for notting; where is the penknife? During i finish that letter, do me the goodness to scal this packet; it is by my cousin.  
Have you put the date? This letter is not dated.  
I have not signed. How is the day of month?  
The two, the three, the four, etc.  
Fold that letter; put it the address. The courier is it arrived?  
They begin to distribute the leiters already.  
That is some letter to me?  
No, sir.  
Go to bear they letter to the post.

Should any of our fashionable tailors ever be struck by the peculiarly elegant English used by some Portuguese or Brazilian customer, they may know where it was acquired by referring to the "little book" and to the following pattern dialogue:

*With the Tailor.*

Can you do me a coat?  
Yes, sir.  
Take my measure.  
What cloth will you do to?  
From a stuff what be of season.  
Have you the paterns?  
Choice in them.  
How much wants the ells for coat, waist coat and breeches?  
Six ells.  
It is too many.  
What will you to double the coat?  
From something of duration. I believe to you that.  
You shall be satisfied.  
When do you bring me my coat?  
The rather that be possible.  
I want it for sunday.  
Bring you my coat?  
Yes, sir, there is it.  
You have me done to expect too.  
I did can't to come rather.  
It don't are finished?  
The lining war not sewd.  
Will you try it?  
Let us see who it is done.  
I think that you may be satisfied of it.  
It seems me very long.  
It is so that do one's now.

Button me.  
It pinches me too much upon stomach.  
That a coat go too well, it must that be be just.  
The sleeves have not them great deal wideness?  
No, sir, they are well.  
The pantaloons is to narrow.  
It is the fashion.  
Where is the remains from the cloth?  
It is any thing from rest.  
Have you done your account?  
No, sir, i don't have had the time for that.  
Bring it me to morrow.

If cheerful conversation be a boon to the sick-room, there ought to be much remedial virtue in the following specimen of a conversation designed for the use of those intending

*For to Visit a Sick.*

How have you passed the night?  
Very bad. I have not slept; i have had the fever during all night. I fell some pain every where body.  
Live me see your tongue. Have you pain to the heart?  
Yes, sir, some times.  
Are you altered?  
Yes, I have thirsty often.  
Let me feel your pulse.  
It is some fever.  
Do you think my illness dangerous?  
Your stat have nothing from troublesome.  
It must to sent to the apothecary; i go to write the prescription.  
What is composed the medicine what i have to take?  
Rhubarb, and tartar cream, etc.

ou shall take a spoonful of this potion hour by hour.  
 must to diet one's self to day.  
 What i may to eat?  
 ou can take a broth.  
 an i to get up my self?  
 es, during a hour or two.  
 et me have another thing to do?  
 Take care to hold you warme ly, and in two or three  
 days you shall be cured.

The pupil having by this time acquired choice stock of phrases, with a select and well-weeded vocabulary, is now ready to practice the epistolary style after the best models. It is a little singular to find Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Maintenon taken as specimens of famous English letter-writers: however, this trifle apart, the earnest student cannot do better than "give his days and nights" to the following exquisite models:

*Madam of Maintenon to her Brother.*

I have show to the King what you had write me in your accident; he have received as you may desire. He leave the scarf to day, and he is thank God, in good health.

Here is the answer of M. Pelletier, which you send your letter, for Mylord, which will not to receive nobody. He show a admirable wisdom and moderation, and every one is admiration of see him where he is; never was been a choice more approved. We shall see on the prosperity shall be spoil him.

Rejoice you, my dear friend, but innocently. Think of the other live, and prepare as to pass there with most confidence that we may do.

*Madam of Sevigné at their Daughter.*

I write you every day: it is a jay which give me most favourable at all who beg me some letters. They will to have them for to appear before you, and me i don't ask better. That shall be given by M. D——. I don't know as he is called; but at last it is a honest man, what seems me to have spirit, and that me have seen here together.

Not the least original feature of this little treatise, which, as the author modestly says, is specially "adapted to the usual precisions of the life," is its fund of entertaining anecdotes, so ingeniously worded as to entirely confuse the point. Everybody, for example, has heard the story of the French writer who "wrote only for the American market:" this joke is presented by our matchless *Guide* in the following intelligent and embellished shape:

A man one's was presented at a magistrate which had a considerable library. "What you make?" beg him the magistrate. "I do some books," he was answered. "But any of your books i did not seen

its.—I believe it is so, was answered the author; i make nothing for Paris. From a of my works is imprinted, i send the edition for America; i don't compose what to colonies."

But lack of space warns us to close our citations from this source, and we do so with quoting two or three "idiotisms and proverbs," which the reader can translate into more commonplace English at his pleasure:

*Idiotisms and Proverbs.*

To come back at their muttons.  
 More he has, more he wish to have.  
 There is not any ruler without a exception.

Inimitable as is the jumble of English and Portuguese constructions in this amusing little treatise, the enormous self-satisfaction of its author is equally ludicrous. Never was linguist in better humor over his success. It is only, indeed, after perusing specimens of the book itself that the *naïveté* of the introduction is fully appreciated, and then its beaming self-conceit might make even a hypochondriac laugh.

L. M. G.

VICTOR EMMANUEL AND LA ROSINA.

THE readers of these pages will perhaps have had their attention called to the circumstance that the courtly *Almanach de Gotha* mentions this year, for the first time, the fact of the marriage of the king of Italy to Rosina, countess of Mirafiore. The insertion of this statement in those very courtier-like pages produced an effect at Rome not unlike that of a thunder-clap on a bright summer day. It told nobody anything he did not know before. But why did the notice appear *now* for the first time? And why and at whose instigation was it inserted? It was very evident that the managers of that publication could not have suddenly become awake to the fact that the king of Italy had, to use the vulgar and uncourtly phrase, "made an honest woman" of "La Rosina" many a long year ago. No. The courtly and secular *Almanach* must clearly have been *inspired* from some source. Public opinion at once jumped to the conclusion that the "inspiration" emanated from the Quirinal; and that is still the general opinion in Rome. But I have very

strong reason to believe that public opinion, as will *sometimes* happen to be the fact, is at fault on this point. No doubt in this case, as in some others, "a man's enemies are those of his own household." But I suspect that the enemy who has done this thing was not one so closely of his own household or so "near the throne" as the lady in question herself. It may be remarked, however, that whoever communicated the statement to the *Almanach de Gotha* made a blunder of some importance in one respect. It is stated in that usually correct publication that the king of Italy married Rosina, countess of Mirafiore, "morganatically." The *Almanach de Gotha* has been in the habit for so many years of talking about the morganatic marriages of the princes of the German empire that it has probably come to consider any marriage of a royal personage with a person not of royal blood, and not recognized as sharing the throne with her husband, as a "morganatic" marriage. But this species of contract is not known in Italy at all. The marriage of the king is a complete, perfect and regular marriage as far as the Church and the religious scruples and conscience are concerned. It is not a marriage at all as far as the civil laws of the kingdom and the legitimization of children are concerned. Things were in this condition, remaining as they had been for many years, and as most people supposed that they would remain till the end, when all the gossip and the speculation respecting the insertion in the *Almanach de Gotha*, which had given such bitter offence to the younger branches of the royal family, was suddenly intensified a hundred-fold by the report that it was the king's purpose to complete his union with "La Rosina" by the civil contract. Now, the consequence of this step, if it were taken, would be to make "La Rosina" essentially and formally, and to all intents and purposes, queen of Italy. As on the one hand no morganatic marriage exists in Italy as in Germany, so on the other there is no royal marriage act as in England. The king can marry whom he pleases, and if the marriage is a good one in the eye

of the law, the person so married will become the queen of Italy. But though the theory of the matter is perfectly plain and simple, the practice in the present case would be found to be surrounded by difficulties of a very thorny nature. The law of Italy requires that the civil ceremony which constitutes a legal marriage must be performed before, and witnessed and registered by, a certain civil functionary—in ordinary cases the syndic, or, as we should say, the mayor. But it is specially provided in the Italian code that the civil officer before whom a marriage of the sovereign must take place is the president of the senate. Now, the present president of the senate is the marchese Torrearsa, a wealthy and important Sicilian nobleman, whom no feeling of servile compliance would induce to do, or to contribute to the doing, anything that he considered to be injurious or indecorous for Italy. The president of the senate would doubtless have no power to refuse to act in the manner pointed out by the statute in the case of a marriage of the sovereign, but he could resign his functions rather than be called upon to exercise them in that manner. Those who know him well have no doubt that the marchese Torrearsa would embrace that alternative rather than be a party to the marriage in question. And the general impression is that no senator could be found to succeed as president who would not act in a similar manner. These are the difficulties on one side of the question. But the other side is by no means free from them. The result of the law, which enacts that no persons are legally married who have been so by the Church alone, has been that a vast number of couples who have been living as man and wife, and who have been married by the priest, and not otherwise, are not married at all, and their children are illegitimate. Now, in order to remedy this state of things a bill has been introduced, and is now before the house, making it penal on priests to perform the marriage ceremony between persons not previously married by civil contract, and on parties causing themselves to be so married; and fur-

her providing that such persons as have hitherto considered themselves as married by the religious ceremony only may, by passing through the formality of the civil ceremony within an appointed time, regularize their union and legitimize their offspring; and commanding all parties so circumstanced to take advantage of this provision. Now, should the king not comply with the invitation thus given, he will be in the position of an open breaker of the law; which is awkward. It may be mentioned that no marriage can in any case legitimize the children of the king and the countess of Mirafiore, because they were born during the lifetime of the late queen. But—and this is a bit of gossip which has only been whispered here in a few ears, and of which I by no means guarantee the truth—it is said that the countess of Mirafiore may be expected shortly to present her husband with a child who *would* be legitimized by such a civil contract as we have been speaking of. And should this little bit of court news be true, it is very easy to understand how very unpleasantly it must complicate matters. The notion of a ceremony which would render La Rosina "queen of Italy is, as may be imagined, more than distasteful to the princes and their youthful wives. Nay, the amount of recognition which has been accorded by the insertion of the act of the religious marriage in the *Almanach de Gotha* has been the cause of much anger and heartburning "animo cœlestibus." And it may be imagined what would be felt and said if a legitimate child and possible heir to the crown of Italy were to be expected from the marriage!

In the mean time, Rome is full of the gossip which the unpleasant state of things in the royal household arising from these circumstances gives occasion to. The princess Margaret is highly and very deservedly popular among her future subjects and among the foreign residents in Rome. Her beauty, affability and grace of person and manner render her a universal favorite. It is to be feared, however, that this word "universal" may have to be qualified by one

exception. It can hardly be supposed that there is much love lost under the circumstances between Prince Humbert's wife and the countess of Mirafiore. The other day, at the theatre, the princess, though she had gone strictly *incog.*, was recognized and warmly applauded. But there was some reason to think that "La Rosina" intended to make her appearance that same night, and considerable anxiety was felt by those to whom such a *contretemps* would have proved extremely disagreeable respecting the possible consequences of such a rencontre. It is said the princess would infallibly have left the house, and that the elder lady would as infallibly have been hissed and hooted by the people. Fortunately, on this, as on so many other occasions, it seemed as if discretion had been felt to be "the better part of valor," for the countess of Mirafiore did not make her appearance.

Many stories are told, by no means in a malicious spirit, of the pretty princess's love of finery and magnificence in dress. She used to wear rings over her gloves, but having discovered, by some of those infiltrations of truth that sometimes reach even royal ears, that such a practice was decidedly *mauvais genre*, she does so no longer. At the gala reception on New Year's Day she wore a superb white velvet train, trimmed with a gorgeous gold stuff that had been sent to her from Russia by the princess Bariatinska. And very magnificent it was. But the princess had intended to wear the gold tissue entire as a train. This, however, Worth, the English women's tailor at Paris, beneath whose despotism all Europe and America (and probably the princesses of Dahomey too, if one could get at the fact) submissively bow, did not approve of. So, quietly observing that the princess would look like a priest in his vestments if she wore the gorgeous brocade as she had proposed doing, he without more ado cut it up into trimmings, and arranged the dress in his own fashion. The princess, it is said, was by no means pleased with this very *sans façon* proceeding of the autocrat of fashion. But of course she did not dare to complain.

Who knows but she might have had a crease in the body of her next Parisian dress had she done so? T. A. T.

#### THE MUSICAL SEASON.

THE second of the Thomas concerts offered us a novelty in the shape of Raff's *Lenore* symphony. From the manner in which the work was presented to the public, it challenges criticism from two widely different stand-points. Judged by musical standards, it is worthy of the fame of the composer, already favorably known by his *Im Walde* symphony and several interesting trios and sonatas. Raff, although never strictly confining himself to traditional forms in the treatment of his subjects or the number of his movements, does not find it necessary to avail himself of noisy dissonances and long preludes that apparently lead nowhere. He is fertile in happy melodic subjects, ingenious in his treatment of them, and a thorough master of orchestral effect. Despite an occasional leaning toward older models, notably Schumann, his works possess enough beauty and originality to stamp him as one of the most important of living composers.

The cant of criticism assumes many forms. In its worst phase it parades an array of minute details which needlessly mystify the general reader. To convey any ideas interesting to the musician it were necessary to adopt Schumann's plan while criticising the "Episode d'une Vie d'Artiste" by Berlioz, and give the passages note for note as they can be reduced from the score. Any other method would be dealing in empty phrases void of meaning either to the musician or the mere music-lover. Besides this, first impressions of a musical work which has been conceived on a grand scale generally stand in need of subsequent correction. It is not as with a landscape, in which, though there be passing lights and ever-changing cloud-effects, the chief details can be leisurely studied after the first surprise is over; nor as with a painting or statue, where the sober second thought of the beholder often follows so closely on the heels of the first impression as to seem inseparable from it. And as to another point. In sending forth the symphony as the *Lenore*, the composer has entered the field of so-called "programme music." Bürger's ballad has found many translators, but in this version it is conveyed in a language whose greatest charm is its indefiniteness. How much or

how little Raff may have intended to suggest can hardly be known, and we will cheerfully assume that he is too conscious a musician to attempt to overstep the limitations of his art. Whether the symphony was intended to tell the simple story of the ballad, or to reproduce its effect on Raff's imagination, the link in the chain of associations is, in either case, a different one. The extent to which music can be used to serve such purposes depends upon the passing mood of the listener as well as the genius of the composer. The subject of descriptive music has given rise to innumerable æsthetic conundrums which we shall neither state nor attempt to solve. Suffice it to say that when a composer is not content to awaken simple emotions, and would do more than steep his audience in pure delight, he finds it absolutely necessary to resort to letterpress to convey his meaning. There is a conventional language of flowers, but it has nothing to do with the pleasure we derive from beholding the rose in all its glory, or the modest, lowly violet. Lovely melodies and harmonies, peculiar instrumental combinations, certain progressions, possess a beauty all their own, and a suggestiveness that is both indefinite and unlimited unless a text underlies them. In the words of Henry Giles, "The direct relation of music is not to ideas, but to emotions. Music in the works of its greatest masters is more, marvelous, more mysterious than poetry."

The *Leonora* overture (No. 3) was also on the programme. It was said of a certain great man that wherever he sat was the head of the table. Does it not seem thus with the works of Beethoven? Do they not arouse both performer and listener to a feeling of reverence for the genius who could write *Fidelio* and the *Ninth Symphony*? The Raff symphony, confessedly a genial and interesting work, had been offered as the *pièce de résistance*, but when the evening was over we could not help feeling that the Beethoven overture had furnished the climax of enjoyment. After that there was a perilous descent to a say-nothing *Serenade* by Volkmann, in which Mr. Lübeck's violoncello showed to advantage, and then, to close the concert, the stormy *Tannhäuser* overture, which would have been more acceptable with a larger force of violins.

— The Wieniawski-Maurel concerts offered a strange medley of ill-assorted selections, and served to illustrate some of the vagaries

of programme-makers. There was an evident desire to please all tastes; and, as a result, every listener must have found some one thing that bored him. Those who had come for the sake of hearing Beethoven's delicious violin romanza in F, or the Bach adagio and fugue, were surely not edified by variations on "Willie, We have Missed You" or "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

Mr. Maurel's selections were, for the greater part, confined to Rossini, Donizetti and Verdi. Once, and once only, did he favor us with something of another order, and that was when, on being recalled, he sang Schumann's "Widmung" with so much intelligence and feeling that we could not help wishing for more of the same sort. He has a superb, fresh voice and an excellent style.

Mr. Wieniawski's visit to the United States closes with his present concert tour. We learn that he leaves for Brussels to succeed to the position of Vieuxtemps, the Nestor of Belgian violinists. In bowing, intonation, phrasing, execution and expression Wieniawski is simply a master, and is undoubtedly one of the greatest violinists who have yet visited this country. He accomplishes the most difficult *bravura* passages with an ease and certainty that seems to rob them of half their marvelousness. In the Chaconne and the Bach fugue there are requirements of a higher order to which, in our opinion at least, he is fully equal. Although they bristle with difficulties before which the deftest player of *Nel cor più* and *Carnival* variations may well stand aghast, they demand something more than the mere executant. How gladly we would dispense with some of the once brilliant trifles that so often burden our concert-programmes! Real artists might be employed with better work, and thus even effect a healthy change in the repertory of the impatient amateurs who are tempted to emulate them.

The Bach fugue was in this case something more than a revival. To the larger portion of the audience it was an absolute novelty. To write such works for the violin would, at first blush, seem to be making too great a demand upon the resources of that instrument. But with a sure hand Bach wrote his *Suites* over a century ago, and now, when much that was written for the violin since his time has begun to pall, and players look about for novelties with which to win new honors, they go back to father Bach to find works that test

all their powers. Whether Joachim won his first spurs by his playing of the Chaconne we are unable to state, but feel assured that it has brought him more honor from discerning audiences than any other composition in his repertory.

We owe thanks to Wieniawski for having given us the Chaconne and others of Bach's works in far better style than they were ever before heard in this country. In this he has done a real service to art—one which, with his sincere admirers, will go far to atone for his having made many of his selections with reference to a much lower standard. We trust that his playing of the compositions before alluded to may awaken an interest in Bach's works for the violin. Artists and very clever amateurs will find them a rich mine, offering much food for study, and certain to give breadth and refinement to their style.

— Mr. J. H. Bonawitz, already well known as a brilliant pianist, has an opera *in petto*. For a libretto he has drawn on Schiller's *Bride of Messina*. A recent private performance of the work afforded so much pleasure as to excite a hope that it may be produced in public, and we are glad to learn that this desire will probably be gratified.

#### UNPURPLED PARIS.

A CITY of narrow streets and limited boulevards, of grisettes, cheapness, brightness and gayety; a city not half so fair as now, and yet the loveliest in the world,—such was Paris as I first beheld it twenty years ago.

A city solemn and wellnigh as silent as the grave, gloomy beneath a glowing August sun, its streets thronged with stunned-looking groups of men with white, set faces, all speechless under the stroke of a great disaster,—such was Paris when I quitted it in 1870, two days after the battle of Wörth.

And now of the Paris of to-day, with blackened ruins that stand where once the proudest edifices of the world's queen city reared their stately heads. The Tuileries especially, like Macbeth's hand, is "a sorry sight." It must have been fired at the corner nearest the Rue Rivoli, as the flames seem to have been checked at the corner of the quay, and the large pavilion at that end is apparently unharmed. Down the Rue de Rivoli, halfway to the Place du Carrousel, swept the cruel fire, seemingly with mad intent to destroy the Louvre and its art-treasures; and why it did not do so, or how it was ever ex-

tinguished, is a mystery to me, especially as another attempt had been made to fire the Louvre just opposite to the Palais Royal, where, however, the flames seem to have been extinguished before they had time to spread. Some part of the façade of the palace, fronting on the garden, is still standing, and the sheltered columns and hollow windows look strangely like the vestiges of ancient buildings we see at Rome. The *débris* on the end nearest the Rue de Rivoli has been cleared away, but the rest of the ruin is still standing, and here and there some vestige of painted ceiling or frescoed wall recalls the glories of the past. The balcony on the front of the Pavillon de Flore, where the emperor and empress used to show themselves to the people on great occasions, and from which the birth of the prince imperial was announced, is still in its place, and through the empty casement behind it are visible the walls of the throne-room glittering with tarnished gilding, and with the blackened side-branches for lights in their accustomed places—a ghastly mockery of the splendors and festivities of the past. The work of reconstruction has been begun on the side fronting the Rue de Rivoli, but if, as has sometimes been said, governments in Paris last for twenty years, methinks the next change of government will find the Tuileries still unfinished, so few are the workmen employed and so slowly do they go about their business.

The Column of the Place Vendôme looks as though some colossal spider had spun a web of planks around it, after which the whole had been topped with a wooden extinguisher. Three years have elapsed since the work of rebuilding it was begun, and it is not more than one-third finished as yet; so we may fairly allow the three workmen who seem to form the entire available force employed upon it six years more to finish the work.

At the Hôtel de Ville the work of reconstruction is proceeding with rather more spirit, though the hollow skeleton of that once peerless building still stares into the sunshine, and seems to mock at the puny efforts of the swarming laborers. It is strange that so superb an edifice should wear so little of its ancient grandeur in its ruin; but, after all, a burned house is but a skeleton, and that is not a lovely sight—not even that of Mary Stuart or La Belle Gabrielle.

The very thorough process of clearing away the rubbish which is gone through with

in all burned buildings in France makes the sense of nakedness and utter destruction all the more oppressive. This is particularly the case with the last of the many injuries which the fire-fiend has lately inflicted on Paris—the destroyed opera-house. The interior has been clean swept away by the combined efforts of the flames and the *déblayers*, so that nothing is left of the hall where once the world's most famous artists represented the greatest works of modern composers—the royalty was fêted by the Empire, and the beauty and fashion found their chosen theme. Over the entrance-door there still remains a canopy of glass and iron that used to shelter the richly-attired belles when they alighted from their carriages, and the words "Entrée aux Loges," etc. are still legible on the wall beside the doorway; but within—nothing. Meanwhile, the new opera-house is in progress of construction at a rate which threatens rival in rapidity the works of the Vestal Column and the Tuileries. Over three years ago the exterior of the great building was completed, and now we are told that another year will be necessary in order to finish the interior.

The Bibliothèque National and the Palais Royal have both been rebuilt, and are externally at least, entirely finished. None of these was wholly destroyed, however, were the long arcades of the Palais Royal even injured, save by a stray bullet in the brand. Here and there one sees a pane of glass with a clean hole by a bullet, and I was rather amused at the persistency with which the proprietor of one of the shops so damaged denied that the Commune had marked his property. "A stone, madame, only a stone, I assure you," he declared.

One of the oddest of the minor changes brought about by the new state of things is visible at the Théâtre de la Gaîté. The crimson velvet curtains which shade the prospect boxes were originally embroidered with golden bees, the emblem of the Empire. When I visited the theatre the other evening I was with astonishment that the bees had undergone a republican change into something quite strange, and upon close inspection discovered that each had been turned into a sort of insect-descript flower by the simple expedient of working a third wing in the guise of petals to the back, and by planting a curved stem, with one leaf attached to it, in the place where the sting ought to be.

Of all the changes wrought by the war and the Commune, the saddest is that which has passed over the Bois de Boulogne. The lovely park that furnished pastime and pleasure to so many is nearly half destroyed. As far as the lake the serried rows of well-grown trees have been replaced by scrubby bushes and straggling twigs. In fact, the whole place looks like some of the dwarfish woods overgrown with brushwood that one passes through in the sandy regions of New Jersey. I was surprised too to see how small this celebrated park really was. Like a fashionable belle of our own day, the Bois de Boulogne, when thus thoroughly disrobed, has not only lost most of its charms, but much of its apparent size as well. The lake, however, with its cascades and islets, is as lovely as ever, and around and beyond it cluster the trees in uninjured beauty and undiminished luxuriance. To use another simile, the Bois looks to-day very much like those large colored advertisements of Hair Restorers which show a head, bald, with a few straggling hairs on it, on one side, and adorned with a full suit of flowing locks on the other. The houses along the Avenue Urich (once the Avenue de l'Impératrice) have all been rebuilt, and the turf looks soft and green under the faint golden sunshine of this lovely winter weather, mild as April, tender and mist-veiled as October. One misses sadly the dashing equipages and gorgeous costumes of that gay and brilliant court, *tapa-gense* as its own toilettes, which once made so much noise and filled up so vast a space in the social history of the world. Whither have they fled, that gay and reckless crowd—princesses with as many adventures in their history as in that of La Belle Hélène; marquises with pretty faces and piquant toilettes; dukes and duchesses by the score, cocottes and cocodettes by the hundred? A sort of bourgeois, not to say republican, simplicity is settling down on all things in Paris. People go about in the quietest of dresses and with the most unobtrusive of manners. The wild eccentricities in dry goods and jewelry have disappeared from the windows. Ladies no longer pile thirty-six yards of silk on their backs in the guise of one costume, nor do they carry little lobsters, clocks, spiders, crayfish or snails suspended to their ears for earrings. Trimmed dresses are making their last ineffectual attempt at a stand. We are coming back to plain skirts, to rich, heavy materials, to good taste and simplicity, once

more. The American colony of course still cling wildly to the ruffles and puffs, the loopings and hunchings and trimmings of the over-dressed period, but even they will be forced to give way after a while.

Another change which I have remarked is the comparative absence of soldiers and sergeants-de-ville in the streets. In old days the former swarmed in every street, and the latter were to be met with at every corner. Now you may walk for hours without ever seeing a specimen of either. Then, too, the pretty curly-tailed spitz dogs, that used to abound in every shop and at the heels of every passer-by, have all disappeared—eaten up, most probably, during the siege—and they have been replaced by an ugly race of English bull-terriers with flat heads, projecting jaws and savage eyes. Gone too are the superb Angora cats, big and soft and silky and long-haired as an old-fashioned muff, with tails like a moderate-sized boa. Were they too eaten? I fear so. One of the race still exists in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, and his mistress told me of the infinite trouble she had had to preserve his life during the siege, till she at last succeeded in training him to run and hide whenever anybody opened the shop-door.

And such is Paris to-day. Can you imagine it? Paris without a ball-room for official fêtes—Paris without a grand opera-house, without a court, without an emperor, its demi-monde shrinking into obscurity, its gay dresses toned down in color and shorn of their frills—Paris scarred with ruins, shadowed with sad memories of defeat, troubled with aspirations for revenge! Yet withal it is Paris still, ever fairest and most fascinating of all cities of the known earth, lovelier in her ruins than other cities in their pride, gayer in her gloom than other cities in their gladness. L. H. H.

#### NOTES.

THE humors of the restaurant are endless. Not long since a gentleman dining at a famous eating-house complained to the waiter that the latter had kept him waiting fully half an hour for a glass of cognac. "That's true," says John with ineffable coolness, "but then, you know, while you have been waiting your brandy has been getting older!" The gentleman was so struck with the impudence of the answer that he drank the spirits without reply, and moved toward the door. "But you haven't paid: wait a mo-



ment for your bill," cries the knight of the napkin. "Hardly," replies the gentleman, who by this time had recovered his ability to make a repartee. "If I waited for that, you would keep me here till to-morrow;" and thereupon vanished through the open door. But not much more profitable a customer than this practical joker was the conscientious philanthropist who was dining with a friend, when the latter discovered an error of thirty cents in the bill brought by the boy at the end of the repast. "Call the proprietor," cries the scrupulous guest with much indignation. "But it's thirty cents in our favor!" explains his companion. "Ah hem! Well, then, we had better not dispute the account," says the pacified citizen, "for it would only result in having the poor waiter turned out of his place." This kindly reflection settled the case without further attempt at correction. If we may close our note with a simple pun, it shall be with a new turn neatly given to an old subject. Mr. M—— was not long ago passing before a beer-garden, on the door of which a placard was hanging with the words inscribed: "Closed to-day on account of the funeral of the proprietor." "Well," cries M——, recoiling, "you will never catch me patronizing that place again!" "Why so?" inquires his companion. "Because," replies M——, with much gravity, "they have just put the beer-seller in his own bier."

IN these days of revenue discussions perhaps some of our Congressional financiers may borrow a hint from a deputy in the French Assembly, who, being a husband, and therewith also a father of seven children, thinks of demanding that a capitation-tax be placed on bachelors. Starting with the mournful assertion that there are in his country at least two million men who are not married, and are yet arrived at man's estate, he proposes that these dilatory or reluctant members of society shall annually pay eight dollars a head for their privilege of single blessedness. This tax would produce a revenue of about sixteen million dollars. Now, the question that will arise in the reader's mind is as to when this culpable state of celibacy begins. You obviously can hardly tax a young man of twenty-odd on the ground that he does not marry, when the poor fellow might be only too glad to do so. On

the other hand, it is equally clear that the line must be drawn somewhere. With a commendable moderation, and even with a degree of mercy, the French deputy fixes the age of thirty-five as the one beyond which a disposition to celibacy may be suspected as already confirmed. There could be many arguments *pro* and *con* regarding the justice of drawing the line at five-and-thirty—and in fact the question may be confidently commended to the notice of debating societies of mixed academies—but meanwhile it would at least give an official date for taxable bachelorhood.

PUNCH's desponding interrogatory, "What will become of the missuses?" might be echoed with feeling by a Mrs. W——, to whom a chambermaid presented herself the other day in response to an advertisement. The applicant was attractive in mien, but answered the usual catechism with a certain mysterious reluctance, and even an effort at evasiveness. Put to the test, she finally confessed that she had left seven places during the past twelvemonth. "Seven places in a year!" cries the astonished Mrs. W——: "why, you must be somewhat difficult to suit!" "Oh no, ma'am," was the frank response. "I'm not hard to please at all, but I've been looking for a place with an old couple with property who would consider me like a daughter!" It was unfortunate that Mrs. W—— could not come up to the terms of this simple requirement.

MECHANICAL leeches for medical purposes are amongst the astonishing inventions of modern days, but they are rather surpassed in audacity by the "artificial oysters" for which a patent has been asked in a European country on the ground of their utility at all seasons. The inventor constructs his oysters of a peculiar jelly, joined with tapioca, salt and water; and to add to the general illusion he places them in genuine oyster-shells, which are sedulously glued along their edges. It is really astonishing with what painful labors ingenuity will eagerly burden itself in the effort to imitate, particularly if the imitable object is sufficiently abundant, perfect in its way and cheap to render the task of successfully counterfeiting it and competing with it in the market both an unnecessary and a difficult one.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Life of Charles Dickens. By John Forster. Vol. III. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

There is as little in this volume as in the former ones of the social gossip and details which we might have expected to find in the biography of a man as intimate as Dickens was with the most eminent of his brother authors and wits, and one who was so vivacious in his temperament and social in his habits. The omission is accounted for by Mr. Forster, partly on the somewhat singular ground that, with his friends, Dickens was "only one of the pleasantest of companions, with whom one forgot that he had ever written anything," and partly by the plea of limited space, which had to be devoted to the complete portraiture—as far as possible self-portraiture—of the subject, leaving aside whatever would have contributed nothing to the design except in the way of "lively illustration." No picture, we may admit, could be more definite and clear than that which the work presents to us of Dickens's personality; but whether, if the lines had lost some of their sharpness under a less rigid treatment, the softened outlines and fuller shading might not have enticed the eye to a more lingering study, and left upon the mind a deeper and truer as well as more agreeable impression, may still be questioned. As it is, we are kept almost continually under the spell of that extraordinary tension which seems to have characterized every exertion of Dickens's intellectual faculties and every effort of his inflexible will, but which must surely have been relaxed in his hours of social intercourse, or he could never have been "the pleasantest of companions." That he was an admirable letter-writer—a fact of which this volume affords fresh but less abundant proof than could have been wished—must be ascribed not only to the vividness of his observation, his power of graphic description and the animation of his fancy, but also to the absence of that strain under which so much of his regular literary labor was accomplished, and which did more to mar it with exaggeration than any lack of control over his imagination. The passages in the earlier part of this volume in which he de-

picts the various things and people that attracted his attention or awakened his sympathy in his visits to the Continent, especially during three summer sojourns at Boulogne, are in his happiest vein, full of sparkle and whim, of keen insight and generous feeling, without the disproportion and excess that so often resulted from the painful elaboration he bestowed on every fancy or conception in his later novels. He has, for example, with some swift and vivid touches immortalized his landlord at Boulogne, M. Beaucourt, in whom pride of property displayed itself as the most romantic and disinterested of sentiments, leading him to catch at every suggestion of an improvement in *château* or grounds like an artist receiving a hint from a friendly connoisseur, not suffering the tenant for whose convenience the work was done to bear any portion of the expense; and who, when an allusion was made to losses he had sustained through acts of benevolence, answered with the deprecating murmur, "Ah, Monsieur Dickens, thank you, don't speak of it," while he backed himself down the avenue with his cap in his hand, "as if he were going to back himself straight into the evening star, without the ceremony of dying first." Many passages of a soberer tint are not less effective, while there is an occasional mention of incidents and scenes, of meetings and talks, which makes us wish that we too might sometimes have been allowed to forget that Dickens "had ever written anything" for publication.

Yet it must be admitted that in no record of an author's life did the fact of authorship require to be made more prominent than in the biography of Dickens. The immense and ever-extending popularity of his writings, and their direct influence on public sentiment, and in some cases on measures of public utility, heightened his sense of their importance, and intensified the ardor with which he labored in the preparation of them; while he drew the material for them from his own experience and his own nature more largely than any novelist of similar fertility has ever done. They are, it is true, all pictures of the world and of life, but pictures so peculiar in tone and coloring

that we are often less struck by the reality of the object than by the force and singularity of the medium through which it is presented. It might be asserted with some plausibility that the idiosyncrasy of Dickens was the reverse of an artistic one. It overmastered his perceptive powers, keen as these were, casting a shadow that obscured or disturbed what a more limpid nature of inferior gifts would have reflected clearly. On the other hand, it is to this intense individuality that the biography owes its exceeding interest, which seldom flags throughout the present volume. As the years go on the ardor remains unabated, the tenacity of purpose is even more persistent, the struggle against obstacles more determined. Fresh tasks are undertaken where reform seems to be most needed. The labors and fatigues of a public reader are superimposed on those of the author. Thus unsparing of himself, Dickens is exacting in his claims on others. Ever prompt and active in his sympathies, grateful for any kindness or any help that may smooth his way, he cannot endure any obstructions, active or passive, any indifference that might tend to paralyze his energy. Here no doubt is the key to that act of his life which has received, perhaps merited, the most censure—his separation from his wife. Mr. Forster has treated this passage with becoming delicacy; but while he leaves unveiled the details that would merely gratify curiosity, he reveals enough of the deeper causes that furnish the real solution. With more of patient endurance and less of strenuous endeavor, Dickens could not have performed an equal amount of work, but a larger proportion of it might have been worthy of his genius, and the spring would not have snapped so suddenly and soon. The very order and regularity of his habits made the strain more constant and severe. There was nothing fitful in his energy, no interval of dissipation or of lassitude. The flame burnt steadily, and consumed him all the more quickly.

The critical estimate of his writings, so far as it differs from the popular verdict, is not likely to be affected by the chapter in which Mr. Forster has discussed the subject. This is, indeed, the weakest part of the book, and disfigured by a bad taste almost incredible in a writer of such experience. Far from refuting the views set forth by Mr. Lewes, this biography will, we be-

lieve, have the effect of confirming them. But in doing so it will redeem the character of Dickens from a suspicion which the caricature and the false pathos frequent in his novels had affixed to it. These, as we can now see, sprang not from a conscious straining after effect or a wanton degradation of powers, but from an intensity of vision that magnified the nearest or most salient objects, a vividness of sensations which Mr. Lewes hardly goes too far in terming "hallucination," and finally the tension under which his faculties were so constantly exercised. A lack of fidelity and of harmony was the inevitable result; but there was no want of the sincerity and the manliness which, whatever its defects, formed the basis of his character.

Personal Recollections, from Early Life to Old Age, of Mary Somerville. With Selections from her Correspondence. By her daughter, Martha Somerville. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

One takes up this book with the expectation of being instructed, and with a resolute determination not to be bored. What can we expect to find in the history of a woman distinguished as an intellectual phenomenon, and that in a purely scientific department, but much to excite admiration and respect, with nothing to entertain or amuse? But one lays the book down with a sense indeed of having been made to think, and of having learned something worth learning, but chiefly of having been interested and delighted throughout. It might have been readily pardoned to a woman like Mrs. Somerville had she made her aspirations, efforts and achievements the main subject of her recollections; but it is not so: the great intellectual labors and successes of her life are simply recorded with but slight comment, and with the surpassing humility that belongs only to great minds. Born in 1780, and reared in a quiet seaport-town in Scotland, Mary Fairfax received the scantiest imaginable portion of what people now-a-days are pleased to term education. At ten years of age she was sent to school for a year, at the expiration of which she could neither read, write, nor even spell decently well. But her life at Burntisland was an education of another sort than that given by books, and, as the best possible preparation for the studies of her later years, she learned to observe natural facts, and to record them intelligently.

rew up at a time when it was thought graceful eccentricity for a woman to anything so recondite as Latin or the matics. Yet from the moment when ught sight of an algebraical problem on ck of a magazine of fashion, and knew tively that this was something she l to study, she persevered in the face istant opposition and discouragement. he one exception of her uncle and fu-ther-in-law, Dr. Somerville, every one blamed or ridiculed her. She acci-ly overheard a remark made by Nas-the painter to the Ladies Douglas perspective, and from it learned that was the book that would help her; adds: "As to going to a bookseller ing for Euclid, the thing was impossi- it *I never lost sight of an object which irected me from the first.*" "Not one acquaintances or relations," she writes, anything of science or natural history, d they done so, should I have had the : to ask any of them a question, for I have been laughed at. I was often l and forlorn—not a hand held out to e." But while her great talent was g uneasily in its cage she was leading of other young ladies, learning how to ery fine pastry and how to paint very ictures, practicing four or five hours n the piano, and going constantly to tre. At twenty-four she married her Mr. Greig, the Russian consul for ritain: he took her to London, to a ttle house. She was alone most of e, and continued her mathematical under great disadvantages; for al-Mr. Greig offered no active opposition , he was entirely unsympathizing, as a very low opinion of the capacity of and had neither knowledge of nor in science. This ill-assorted union minated after three years by Mr. leath, and the widow returned to her house with two little boys, one an- he was much occupied with the care children, and her health was bad; less, she was free to pursue her stud- hich she had made progress, and did hless of the censure of her relations. llace, professor of mathematics in the ty of Edinburgh, furnished her with works for a course of mathematical nomical science, including the high- ches. "I was thirty-three years of

age," she tells us, "when I bought this excel- lent little library. I could hardly believe that I possessed such a treasure when I looked back on the day that I first saw the mysteri- ous word 'Algebra,' and the long course of years in which I had persevered almost with- out hope. It taught me never to despair." During the period of her widowhood she be- came acquainted with Henry Brougham, who had so remarkable an influence on her after- life, and with many other distinguished men.

In 1812 she married her cousin, Dr. Wil- liam Somerville; and the first incident re- corded of their life together is significant of their congeniality: they began to study min- eralogy together in Edinburgh, where they at first settled. At this period Mrs. Somerville was a frequent guest at Abbotsford, and tells us that when the authorship of the Waver- ley Novels was being discussed very warmly, her little boy said, "I knew all these stories long ago, for Mr. Scott writes on the dinner- table, and when he has finished he puts the green cloth with the papers in a corner of the dining-room; and *when he goes out Charlie Scott and I read the stories.*"

In 1816, Dr. Somerville was appointed to a medical position which took them to Lon- don. There they at once made many ac- quaintances of the kind she most affected— among the first that of Sir John Herschel, a friendship which lasted through life. They went to Paris, where they met La Place, Arago and Cuvier; and spent the winter of 1817 in Italy, meeting Canova and Thorwald- sen, and also Sir Roderick Murchison, "who at that time hardly knew one stone from an- other—had been an officer of dragoons, a keen fox-hunter:" it was through his wife's tastes that he became a geologist. Mrs. Somerville was now incorporated into scien- tific society, and lived in familiar intercourse with such men as Wollaston, Dr. Young, Sir John Herschel, Sir Edward Parry (for whose third Arctic voyage she put up a quantity of orange marmalade, and was rewarded by hav- ing an island named after her in the icy re- gions), Babbage and many others, besides all the best literary people and artists. The year 1827 was an era in Mrs. Somerville's life. Lord Brougham requested her to write a pop- ular account of La Place's *Mécanique Céleste*, to be published by the Society for the Dif- fusion of Useful Knowledge, saying that if she would not do it no one else could, the book being known to not above twenty people

in England, "its very name to not more than a hundred." This makes one realize how far in advance not only of her sex, but of her day, Mrs. Somerville was. She hesitated with characteristic modesty, doubting, she said, her own self-acquired knowledge, but finally agreed to make the attempt, on condition that if she failed the manuscript should be burned. Meanwhile, the matter was a profound secret. Thus suddenly was the course of her life determined. Yet she thrust aside none of her daily duties and occupations, but accomplished her task by means of her wonderful power of abstraction and perseverance, within three years after its beginning. When the book appeared scientific men of every nation vied with one another in testifying their admiration for her work. Honors poured in thick and fast: the highest of them all, in her estimation, was the adoption of her work as a text-book at Cambridge. A pension of two hundred pounds, afterward increased to three hundred, was the more acceptable as the Somervilles at this time lost the greater part of their fortune.

About 1838, Mrs. Somerville went abroad to obtain a warmer climate for her husband, and the rest of her life was spent in Italy, with occasional visits to other parts of the Continent and to England. The record of the next thirty years is one of steady and ever-successful labor, of undimmed domestic happiness, spent in beautiful places with delightful people; and about it all was the perfume of fame, whose fumes, as Byron tells us, are "frankincense to human thought."

The perfect serenity of atmosphere throughout the work is delightful, and so too is the reality of all the descriptions of people and places. Wherever she went her place was accorded her ungrudgingly, and she always met with admiration and recognition from men of science. In 1849 her *Physical Geography* appeared, and was greeted with unqualified approval. Humboldt laid his homage at her feet, saying, "the author of the ill-considered *Cosmos* should be the first to do honor to Mary Somerville's *Physical Geography*." The nobility of her nature seemed to raise her above jealousy or meanness, or exciting them in others: she made many friends, and lost none.

In 1861 the first cloud came in the death of her husband, with whom she had lived so happily for almost fifty years: in 1865 she lost her son, Woronzow Greig, with whom

her relations had been most tender. The same year she sent to England her last manuscript for publication, *Molecular Microscopic Science*—a book which she thought she had made a great mistake in writing, her best being toward mathematics.

To the last, honors crowded upon her. In 1869 the Victoria Medal was awarded to her *Physical Geography*, and the first gold medal struck by the Geographical Society at Florence was bestowed upon her in the same year. Her mind never lost its flexibility and plasticity: she was ever learning, ever growing. She had no prejudices or pettinesses: she was in sympathy with great thoughts, from whatever quarter they came, and united with her intellectual grasp tolerance for those who differed from her. The last sorrow of her life was the death of a pet bird which for eight years had perched on her arm while she studied. Mrs. Somerville died in sleep in November, 1872, at the age of ninety-two years.

#### *Books Received.*

- The Ancient City: A Study on the Religious Laws and Institutions of Greece and Rome. By Fustel de Coulanges. Translated from the latest French edition by Willard Small. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
- A Dictionary of Medical Science. By Robley Dunglison, M. D., LL.D. A new edition, enlarged and revised. By Richard J. Dunglison, M. D. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea.
- Art-Culture: A Hand-book of Art Selections from Ruskin. Arranged by Rev. W. H. Platt for the use of Schools and Colleges. New York: John Wiley & Son.
- Our Common Insects: A Popular Account of the Insects of our Fields, Forests, Gardens and Houses. By A. S. Packard, Jr. Salem: Naturalists' Agency.
- Summer Etchings in Colorado. By Eliza Greatorex. Introduction by Grace Greenwood. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Circulars of Information of the Bureau of Education. No. 5. Washington: Government Printing-Office.
- The Young Magdalen and Other Poems. By Francis S. Smith. Philadelphia: T. E. Peterson & Brothers.
- Verses. By H. H., author of "Bits of Talk" and "Bits of Travel." Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- Zomarat: A Romance of Spain. By Frank Cowan. Pittsburg: Published by the Author.
- Ten-Minute Talks on All Sorts of Topics. By Elihu Burritt. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

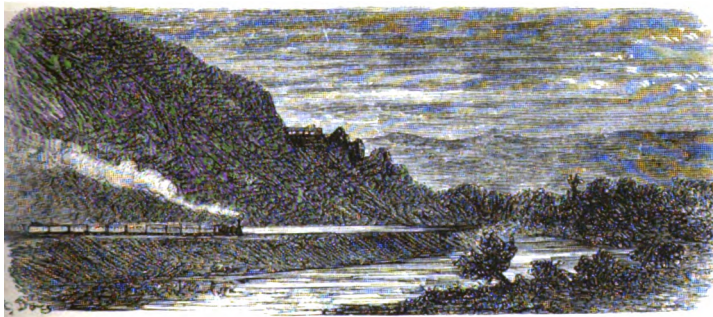
POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

MAY, 1874.

THE NEW HYPERION.

FROM PARIS TO MARLY BY WAY OF THE RHINE.

—THE NECKAR REVISITED: OLD FRIENDS AT HEIDELBERG AGAIN.



PURSUIT.

BERT BEVERLEY, in his *History of Virginia*, published in 1705, has that "at the mouths of their rivers, all along upon the sea and bay, the Myrtle, bearing a berry, of which they make a hard brittle wax, upon refining grows transparent." He goes on to speak of the uncontaminated sweetness of this bay or myrtle—a wax so obdurate that candles made of it will go out with a fume that is as deadly as the smoke: they die in an odor of fragrant these tapers, like little saints; so the people blow them out for the pleasure of smelling the snuff.

The modest *Vaccinium myrtillus*, an

unpretending member of the great family of the bays, grows abundantly in the shade of the trees and up the sides of the hills in the Black Forest and along the Rhine. Its berries are exported into France, sometimes to the value of forty thousand hogsheads in a season; but that must be in a year when the vintage is bad, for the innocent *Vaccinium myrtillus* (or airelle-myrtille) changes in the hands of the cunning Frenchmen into grapes: those versatile chemists have found a philosopher's stone by which they can ferment a capital wine out of the myrtle. The plant which can render such service to humanity, which can

According to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

make glad the heart of man with its wine or cheer his nights with its light, deserves an illustrious recompense; and the myrtle has given its name to one of the grandest towns of the old Palatinate,



THE MEETING.

the university city of Heidelberg. The word Heidelberg signifies "Myrtle Mountain."

I wish I were writing these lines by the scented rays of a candle made out of the American myrtle. I wish this *romer* by my side were filled with bland bay wine. For I am in Heidelberg! I am at a little card-table in a beautiful bed-room, where the snowy sheets—the first I have seen for several days—extend an almost irresistible invitation to a trumper so tired as I. Yes, I am writing in Heidelberg! I wonder what the May moon is whispering to the old tower that lies prone on the mountain yonder, overthrown and calm—an Endymion in slumber, with ivy bound around its forehead. I should like to ask some poet: I should like to ask Hohenfels, with whom I have discussed rhyme and reason by the month together here in Heidelberg. I *could* ask him, and find out exactly what he thinks about the moon, for a parallel ray streams into the next room, where Hohenfels is sitting in the fauteuil, dozing probably. But I will go to bed. I will lay down my pen and try my pillows—I have seen none since those of Achern, on which the landlord's daughters had strewed tobacco instead of poppies. I will blow out my fat, gelatinous candle, whose snuff is by no means perfumed with myrtle. I would

like to read myself to sleep with a volume of Goethe, my faithful Charles being hard by to carry away the light when I dropped off, as was his style of old. I *could* summon Charles easily enough, for he is in the ante-chamber adjacent to my bed-room, snoring on a cot bed.

But what is all this? Heidelberg! And Hohenfels with me at Heidelberg, as if it were young Paul Flemming again who talked, and the baron were by, with thirty years' silver taken out of his long hair, to criticise and listen! And Charles himself present, the faithful retainer, as though the snug summer box at Marly, with all its comforts, had been wafted away to the shores of the Neckar! Heidelberg, and the baron, and the devoted Charles! It must be a witchery of the May moon. Let the pen fall, and let the morning correct what the night has dreamed.

Yet morning has come, and I am still at Heidelberg, but half in a dream. Let me recall how I have fared since I parted with Fortnoye and the Épernay revelers and started Parisward from Wildbad.

At the junction of Oos, as I emerged from the railway-car with the impression that I must take another carriage to get



THE FEMALE CRUSOE AND PETS.

upon the French line, a heated man stepped out of the terminus as I entered it. The heated man was Charles, my faithful Charles!



I hardly recognized him at first, I so little expected to meet him in the duchy of Baden. As he saw me his feelings expressed themselves in a complete inability to speak, and in a perspiration that set a tiara of pearls across his forehead: when he grasped my hand something fell splashing upon my boot, and I made no doubt but it was a tear.

For thirty-six hours, Charles, borrowing the wings of steam and the reflector-lantern of the locomotive, had been

searching for me minutely, as Diogenes searched for a man or Telemachus for a father. A letter received by Hohenfels at Marly from some gentleman unknown to Charles had given the former some account of my escapades. According to this epistle, I had just left Baden-Baden, seemingly without cash, and to all appearance owing board-money at Carlsruhe, and probably at other places. The baron, inexpressibly shocked to recognize such a vagabond in a friend of his,



THE DEAD CASTLE.

waited a few days for my appearance; then, unable to bear it, flew to my relief. Charles begged to go along with him. Josephine the cook was to write to them instantly if I arrived, and was left with narrow instructions to look well into the faces of all ragged persons who came begging at the gate, and turn no one away who could possibly be her master in a state of adversity. If I did not come, she was to write all the same and send a line of news every day.

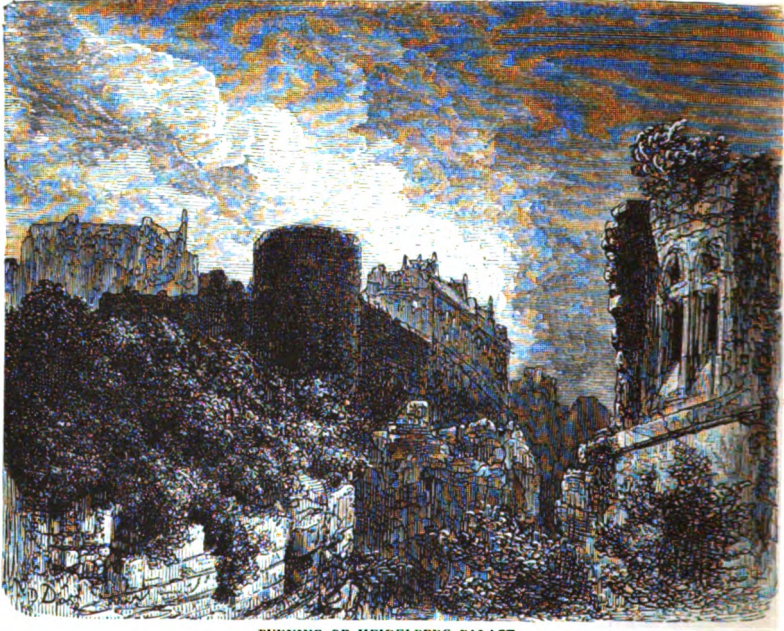
Two of these epistles had reached

Charles without any tidings of Monsieur. Hohenfels had become very morose at Baden-Baden, and went about muttering anathemas against young heads covered with gray hair. His correspondent, whom he met there, and who was of course Sylvester Berkley, was equally nonplused. He could not understand how I had obtained the sinews of war for any further campaigns, and was much surprised that I had not returned direct to Marly, since he had bidden me farewell at the station, with my baggage



on my person in the shape of a battered tin box. I must then, he opined to Hohenfels, have gone back to Carlsruhe, where I seemed to have unlimited credit with a certain Francine. He took the trouble to accompany the baron thither, his curiosity undoubtedly piqued in the matter of Francine as well as of me. In fact, the two gentlemen had left this morning, and were doubtless now in Carlsruhe. Their instructions to Charles

were to post himself at the Oos junction, and watch at all the trains with the eye of a hawk and the ear of a lynx for any faded gentleman who should bear my stature, and who would probably be heard asking for a temporary loan to enable him to reach Paris. His story told, Charles looked me over, and his old protecting tone took an accent of pity as he said, "Monsieur must have suffered a great deal to be obliged to buy an old hat like



BURNING OF HEIDELBERG PALACE.

that." It was my new hat, which indeed had had its own little history.

"We will go to rejoin them together," said I. "I have a debt at Carlsruhe which I am glad enough to settle."

"Monsieur has run in debt?" There was a flood of reproach in the tone, and Charles, who is of my own age, yet likes to treat me as a schoolboy, made me feel as I did when I was at Cambridge and used to confess my debts in the vacations. At seven in the evening we reached Carlsruhe.

In search of Berkley, I approached the official bureaux once more, at about the same hour as before, and with the

same question. The identical porter, like an automaton, gave me the identical reply of the previous occasion: "Mr. Berkley has gone to Heidelberg, where he is dieting on whey." I asked if he had not been in Carlsruhe to-day, returning from Baden. The answer was affirmative, without explanations. "If he has gone to Heidelberg, is there not another gentleman with him?" There was a new affirmative response, and the watchman went so far as to add, "I believe the gentlemen have gone there to hunt for something they have lost."

That something was I. Satisfied with my news, I ran around parenthetically

to the house where I had been so comfortably lodged. In the pretty dining-room everything was confusion. The dinner-table, all entire, giving up its old researches in Progressive and Comparative Geography, was talking of the grand event. Francine had gone, Francine had been taken away—by an old gentleman, a servant added. I came just in time to attract every one's suspicions to myself. "What were you plotting together in the office yonder?" asked the man of Wyoming, pointing to the cabinet, where the keys still hung up like interrogation-points in a manuscript.

This gave me great concern, but I had leisure to think of nothing for the moment but to place myself as quickly as possible in the care of my keepers. Pigeon-holing Francine in my brain, to be thought about when I should have leisure, I hastened with Charles to the railway. The train which had just brought us was ready for departure. Carlsruhe is a dining-station, and while I was at the table of Francine our fellow-passengers were mingling soup and coffee in the brief agony of a railway meal.

Charles, sitting with me in a first-class carriage for the first time in his life, indicated his sense of the proprieties by maintaining perfect silence, and placing himself at the greatest attainable distance in the diagonal corner from my own. Under any other circumstances he would have been full of talk. I fell into a train of musing that agreed well enough with his taciturnity. I considered how I had abjured the Rhine, and was now skirting its mountain-walled borders. I thought of the insane concatenation that was flinging me upon Hohenfels once more, and at Heidelberg! A score and a half of years expanded their cloudy wings around me, and a lymphatic beauty smiled vaguely upon me in the general situation. The baron and I, though assuredly we never expected to see Heidelberg together again, might discuss Richter and Schiller behind that many-windowed mask of a ruined façade, and our criticisms would become juvenile again and unconventional, like those

of the Brontë children when their father made them utter opinions from behind a mask on the great men of England. But the baron! I paused doubtfully. My very servant had been scolding me: what avalanches of reproach had I not a right to expect from Hohenfels!

We reached Heidelberg in the dark, and I made for the hotel of Prince Charles, where I knew that Berkley usually took his whey. I trembled with apprehension. I was about to meet the man whom I had urged to pass the spring with me in my little country den at Marly. I had written him two letters: the first was from Carlsruhe, wherein I bade him await me. He had obeyed, but his waiting had been vain. The second letter, from the saw-mill in the Black Forest, was in my pocket.

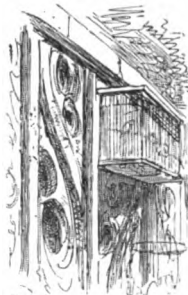
Charles quickly discovered for me the little suite of rooms in which Sylvester and the baron were installed. I ordered him, with a dignity unusual with me, to go in first: I was shaking in all my joints. The door opened, and in an instant Hohenfels was hugging me like a lunatic in his long arms.

"Ah, you terrible responsibility! Have I got you safe?" he said. I felt his heart thumping against my own ribs.

Berkley left the chess-board at which the two gentlemen had been sitting over their game, and came up to me slowly, with graceful gestures of his knees at every step, and brushing out



RUINS AND CABBAGE.



A MOCKING BIRD.

his whiskers a little as he advanced. It was his manner when he had something elaborately sarcastic to deliver. But he remarked, "What a singular man you are, Mr. Flemming! and what a singular

the keys so that I can lock you up from the outside, and I am going to fasten you in. You are capable of running off from us again."

I slept as on swan's-down, and awakened to find myself in the shadow of the Myrtle Mountain, with Charles unrolling a napkin to wait on me in the breakfast-room, and my name on the inn-register next to the names of my oldest friends.

Sylvester awaited us in the adjoining room, where a little private table was laid. Charles relieved my wants with importunate compassion and waited on the others with much friendly interest.

Although I have long recorded my liking for public dinner-tables, where so many gentle things can be said without being overheard, yet I approved this time the confidential form of the meal. We had so much to say to each

other! The private table, however, proved to be an arrangement of Berkeley's. He did not choose to drink his whey along with the holiday clerk and the commercial gent.

The event of the repast was a letter from Josephine. It said, in so many words (addressed to Hohenfels), that Monsieur being certainly lost, she was going to look out for another situation: the solitude was unbearable; she was tired of acting as cook in the service of Argus and the two tabbies. I read the assurance of my loss in a loud voice to the others. For some reason or other, it gave me a fit of home-sickness. From the post-mark of Marly emanated a powerful influence over my spirits. I was conscious of an overwhelming desire to



DRUNK WITH REVENGE.

man you have made of me! At the beginning of the month I took leave and came down to Heidelberg: you forced me to break off my cure of whey, to go and take it up again at Baden-Baden. Now you have got me back here, are you content with me?"

I wrung his hand: in my confusion it was the broadest acknowledgment I could make.

I tried to say something to Hohenfels: "There is a good moon on the ruins, old pal. I'd like to go up and sit there a while with you."

"You rheumatic infant!" said the baron, but he was touched too. "You must go to bed. The next chamber is engaged for you, you see. It is rather more comfortable than this: I have set

see my garden, with its pumpkin vines and Lima beans, its little rows of sweet Indian corn, and the other contrivances with which, in opposition to Laboulaye, I had created an *Amérique en Paris*. I wanted to fondle my dog, and I wanted to baste my cook. Of these desires I made a confidant of Hohenfels, proposing to him to fall into retreating order forthwith.

"Only last night you wanted to revisit the castle. You need not bring me so far to drive me straight back again. As for your cook, console yourself: I gave her news of your health in a letter mailed last night."

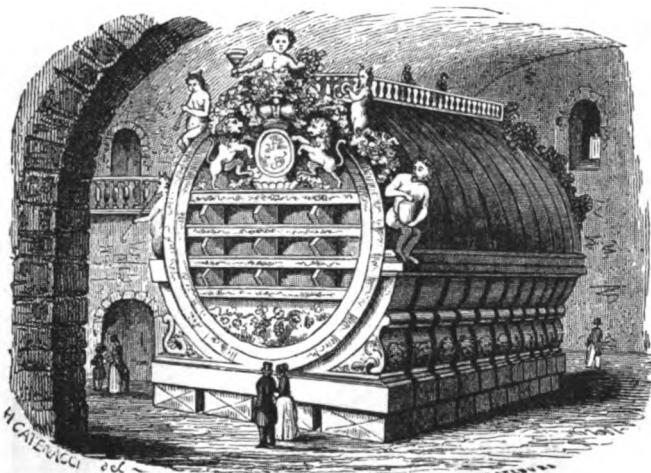
The baron, with his shackling, ungainly limbs, his enormous silken tassel of hair, has not improved in looks with age. A pair of deep crescent-shaped furrows have partially replaced his old smile, and his forehead is ruled like a country schoolmaster's copy-book for the inscriptions of Time. But the soft iris of his light-blue eye the years have not been able to wrinkle; and out of that mild azure, of a color eternally young, he gave me a look of exceeding friendliness as he cheered me up: it was not for my cook he consoled me.

"I am willing enough to see the ruins," I said, ashamed. "I only fear, if we go over the old spots again, that we shall take root here."

We beguiled Berkley by promising to drop him at the Molkenkur, his dairy of whey and buttermilk. It was in a grange so named, on the top of a hill, that Sylvester undertook to acquire the diplomatist's calmness by infusion and imbibition. From the plateau we lowered our eyes, and out of the midst of the

lower part of the mountain, between Wolfsbrunnen and the Molkenkur, a magical apparition surged up before our sight in the dazzling morning sunshine.

A city of marble rests there as though it eternally heard the trump of a material resurrection. Columns and arches rise



THE GREAT TUN OF HEIDELBERG.

out of earthy graves. Men of stone, its only inhabitants—some of whom hold swords in their hands, while others are supine and vanquished in dusty moats—seem to keep up eternally some terrific battle. Immense piles of ruin deform the earth. Palaces rise around in majesty and seeming strength, but through their huge windows you see peeping the foliage of lusty trees. Ivies, like the snakes of Laocoön, roll up from the feet of the sturdy pillars, and bite again and again into the cracks and fissures of the stone. As Herculaneum lies fixed and mocked in its security of lava, so lie these buildings mocked with the cohesion of their own mortar and ironically cemented with their ruin.

"*Heidelberga deleta*," said Berkley the statesman in a low voice, repeating the sinister brace of words furnished by Boileau to serve as inscription on the medal struck in honor of Louis XIV., the destroyer of Heidelberg.

"Nay, I cannot think its life is completely trampled out," said Hohenfels.

"Some intelligence of its past purpose and splendor must remain, to give it a ghostly animation. Do you suppose these stones do not excite themselves, on quiet nights, by performing again the echoes of revel and pomp they knew of yore? Do you believe yonder stairs, plying up in spirals to the clouds, do not lead anywhere, or are not pressed by

phantom feet? There is a voice in the Past, gentlemen, for him who can hear it:

Prophetic sounds and loud arise for ever  
From this, and from all Ruin, to the wise!"

For my part, I recited one of Goethe's little poems, that one composed by him when sailing down the Rhine in company with Lavater and Basedow, and when, as we may fancy, he was suddenly



THE HERO.

struck by the contrast between some gray tower on the cliffs above and the floating life beneath :

He stands upon the turret high,  
The Hero's noble wraith,  
And to the skiff that passeth by,  
"Fair speed the voyage!" he saith.

"Behold, *these* sinews were so strong,  
*This* heart so stout and wild,  
Such pith did to these bones belong,  
So high the board was piled.

"One half my life I stormed away,  
One half in rest I drew—"

At that word of "rest" I looked at Hohenfels, and paused: he concluded the poem in his silver voice with a gentleness that turned its menace into a beson, and looking kindly straight at me

"*And thou, thou mortal of a day,  
Thy mortal path pursue!*"

Sylvester then, as his contribution to the literature of Heidelberg, furnished one of his neat and succinct little histories, resuming in a few words the past career of the stones that lay mute around us.

the place now occupied by Heidelberg Castle the Romans had already ructed a fortress of a square plan.

the fall of the Empire the design respected, so far as the form went, the Franks in the first, and then by Conrad the Henstaufen, who began it the appearance of a palace. Conrad's old palace was reconstructed in the close of the fourteenth century by Robert I. Robert II., who added various parts to the building. The succeeding electors rivaled each other in their graces and beauties of building. Frederick I., called the Pious, and Louis the Peaceful, ornamented it with towers and terraces; Frederick IV. erected a superb construction whose remains prove its former splendor; his son, Frederick V., king of Bohemia, built a second close by, calling it the English Palace, to recall to mind that his wife Elizabeth was the sister of James I. of England. In the unfortunate reign Heidelberg fell into the Bavarian hands, and its great library was carried to Rome. New palaces were added by successive electors, but the crowning glory was that of architecture which was conceived by Otto Henry in the middle of the eighteenth century. The cluster of buildings had well earned its splendid name of the German Alhambra when, from 1674 to 1693, all the scourges of heaven fell upon the Palatinate. Of its beauties there remained only that which the miner and sapper, the cannon and the fire, were unable to destroy.

Louis XIV. did not sufficiently prize the palace of Heidelberg. Its beauty has grown by what he did, and the city does not offer half the solemnity of this its murdered rival. The elector continued his explanations to the resident and habitué. The castle in its present state has resident officers and guardians of both sexes. The Tower of Rupert, dating from the time of

Louis the Débonnaire, is haunted by the devil, they say, since the doings in it of a certain Leonora of Lützelstein; but from this ill-omened edifice we heard the sounds of a piano: other habitable



THE JESTER.

portions are occupied by commonplace modern tenants. While Berkley was relating the history of Leonora, we observed a woman passing along an arched gallery with a plate of sauerkraut—surely an honest and healthy sign of life; another tower near by, half crumbled away, showed windows with good tight modern sashes; and while the screech-owl and adder were making the most of the ruined portion, a canary in a cage mocked the devastation with sublime impudence, singing as he swung over Heidelberg from a Gothic balcony.

We examined the buildings of the old castle in detail—the towers, rather, for in this ruin every separate portion is so called, and even the library is a tower. We inspected the terrace, with its fresh gardens in the pomp of spring-time, and we looked down on the roofs of the modern town. Wherever we went I fancied something was wanting.

Suddenly I asked myself if something was not *de trop*?

My eye fell upon Berkley, who was demonstrating a Roman coin in the museum with insufferable zeal and erudition. I glanced at my dear Hohenfels, and fancied that his thoughts were the like of mine. *This*, in fact, was not our Heidelberg, the Heidelberg of our Lang Syne, the Heidelberg of our memories and of our passion. How could we possibly fall into the old tone, how discuss

Hans Sachs or the Minnelays, before this frigid perfection, this person with opinions all made up and squared by rule, this perennial Prize Scholar fed on whey? We formed between ourselves a political party in opposition to Berkley. We spoke to each other with our eyes behind his back: we telegraphed over his shoulders or through his elbows. It is true



GUARDIAN OF THE CELLAR.

that Sylvester bore the name of one of my best friends, a man who stood by me and cheered me nobly in a period of ridiculous trial; and the younger Berkley, for his own part, had overwhelmed me with civilities and obligations. I could not help it: the moment he presented himself, in complete armor of white kid gloves and insipid erudition, at the scene of my old fond confidences with Hohenfels, he became an enemy. I would not have offended him for the world, yet he was a mortal offence to me.

There was nothing for it but bravado. We must drain Berkley to the dregs. "I suppose we cannot escape from it," I said: "let us go and see the great tun. The guide-book will never forgive us if we don't."

"Yes," said Hohenfels, "let us beard the lion of Heidelberg. Let us see the great tun."

In this kind of desperation we paid homage to the coopers' marvel. We approached an angle formed by the palaces of Frederick IV. and Frederick V., and descended into the electoral cellars. I am not sure that in all our residence at Heidelberg, Hohenfels or I had ever visited the tun; but as a piece of acted derision to Berkley we both enthusiastically agreed to see the corpulent wonder.

In place of one astonishment, we had three.

Compared with the wine-tun of commerce, the smallest of the three tuns at Heidelberg is a giant, but by the side of the other two, it seems like a little anchovy-keg or mackerel-tub. The true monarch, the master-tun of Heidelberg, reposes in grand honor amongst the traditions of the German people. The vine-growers of the Palatinate, to fulfill their title, were obliged to fill it every year; but it had to submit to the fate of the castle: the castle was burnt up, the tun was drowned out. The revenge of all the enemies of Germany, the revenge of the French, the Bavarians, the Imperialists, Barbarossa, Turenne and Mèlac, had to come by turns and slake its thirst at this symbolical, this eucharistic wine-vessel. They broke the vase after having let flow the contents. His enemies' backs once seen in retreat, the noble elector would cause the tun to be reconstructed, and always in augmented proportions. The astonishment of the world was increased, but so was the tax of the vine-growers. The curious may see accordingly, to-day, the most enormous cask which it has yet entered into the mind of a cooper to construct: if his ambition should increase by but one degree, he would be no longer a cooper, but a shipbuilder.

Indeed, the tun resembles nothing so much as a Dutch brig seated on the stocks. Reposing its majestic belly on a series of solid supports, it sits like an Ark of Jollity, its prow and poop, so to speak, both decorated with figure-heads and coats-of-arms, and a lusty Bacchus seeming to bestride the hoops in a bower of sculptured vines. A double stairway leads up on deck, where, in a lucky season, a ball has been given in honor of the vintage, and the elector has danced with the fairest women of his court.

This mastodon of the cellarage, built in 1751 by Engler, engineer-cooper, as he was proudly called, of the elector Charles Theodore, has been three times filled completely. If the crop were but middling, the good prince deigned to reduce the levy to the contents of his mid-



e tun; if it failed entirely, he con-  
 tended to accept the fill of the smallest  
 caskhead, called the Virgin's, which only  
 held thirty thousand bottles.

In the same cellar, besides the three  
 casks, we saw the statue of Perkeo the  
 cooper, buried by desire with his mouth  
 under the spigot of the largest cask. It  
 was a kind of doll, or imitation, with a  
 frame of wood, a coat of silk, with tow  
 and short breeches, a wooden cane  
 in the hand which is *not* an imitation.

Clement Perkeo, the buffoon of Charles  
 the Fourth, in addition to the ordinary hats  
 of his kind, such as fishing off the  
 general-in-chief's wig with hook and  
 line, withdrawing the chair from the  
 coroner's prime minister, and the like, had  
 an enthusiastic addiction to wine. The  
 most beautiful building and eighth wonder of the

world, he thought, was the tun, and he  
 chose for his nearest friend Engler, the  
 engineer-cooper. He brought in the  
 most accurate news of the grape-har-  
 vests. "Is the yield large, Perkeo?"  
 "Disgraceful: hardly the middle tun!"  
 or, "Perfect ruin: only the Virgin this  
 year!" By these symbols he announced  
 to the elector the misfortunes of his  
 peasantry, and to the greedy court-  
 treasurer the prospects of his taxes.  
 Lest the vicissitudes of the vineyards  
 should affect his spirits (and the good  
 spirits of a jester are his capital), he  
 was allowed with eighteen bottles  
 of Markgrafter wine per day. His only  
 wish on dying was to be buried with his  
 lips under the grand faucet, doubtless  
 hoping, even in death, to render the tun  
 his tributary. The elector directed his



THE SHUTTLECOCK.

to be prepared as guardian of the  
 bar: thus we see it, made of cooper's  
 and caulkers' materials, wood and tow.  
 At the conclusion of our visit to the  
 rooms we were resting, my dearest friend  
 and I, in the largest chamber of our suite  
 at the Prince Charles hotel. Berkley  
 is off for his whey, and I thought the  
 moment had come at last for Ulrich von  
 Hohenfels and Walther von der Vogel-  
 side. But Hohenfels asked me for a  
 plain, methodical account of all my wan-  
 derings. I next tried to induce him to  
 speak of his new acquaintance, Mr. Berk-  
 ley, having myself a determined habit  
 of discussing the last thing that has got  
 into my head, and being willing to make  
 common cause with the baron in ex-  
 ecuting the diplomatist. But Hohenfels,  
 whatever language his eyes might have  
 spoken in allusion to Berkley, would not  
 speak in his absence with any expression  
 but a guarded chivalry and courtesy,

protesting that he knew the gentleman  
 too slightly to estimate his character,  
 and again asked me for the full confes-  
 sion of my long error.

That history, which I had recounted  
 to customs-officers and cab-drivers, to  
 Francine and to Fortnoye, and which  
 had rolled up like a snowball even as I  
 was singing the cantos of my own *Odys-  
 sey*, I gave to Hohenfels in full: I did  
 not omit the loss of an umbrella or the  
 purchase of a hat.

Hohenfels made his comment: "It  
 seems to me that if your friend Berkley  
 has made himself a living churn for di-  
 gesting buttermilk and whey, you have  
 done even more to lose your independ-  
 ence as a man. You have lost your cen-  
 tre of gravity. You have become a mere  
 shuttlecock between Accident and Cap-  
 price."

EDWARD STRAHAN.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## IN A CARAVAN WITH GÉRÔME THE PAINTER.

CONCLUDING PAPER.



ALMEH. (FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL ETCHING BY J. L. GÉRÔME.)

THE camels of state provided by the khedive expressly for Gérôme were awaiting him and his party at Suez to continue the excursion through the burning deserts and wadys of Arabia Petrea. One member of the artist-band, attacked by painful symptoms of sunstroke at Senures, was longing to get back to Cairo and to the possibility of seeing a good doctor in that capital. The allotted days of the journey were passing. Yet Gérôme and his fellow-painters, infatuated with the beautiful oasis of Faïum, continued to explore its canals and exam-

ine its little towns as long as they could find the least excuse for so doing. It seemed to them like a page of pure Bible life fastened down upon the desert; and they hesitated with luxurious reluctance to cross the Nile and face the robber-infested wilderness of the Red Sea. The encounter almost worth a sunstroke to meet was the lucky chance of the travelers at Senures.

Here for the first time they found the primitive, unsophisticated dancing of the East. The circumstances and the company amongst which they met the

and the most piquant relief, and the performance remains imprinted on the minds of Gérôme and his friends as a perfection of impromptu farce.

The primitive almeah whom Gérôme depicts in his etching is very different from the spoiled, cosmopolitan dancing-girl contaminated with a hundred tricks learned from European travelers, who offer their exhibitions to the taste of

Cockneys in Cairo. This is a study of the wilderness. Sullen and patient by turns, she traces her plenary for the eyes of rude men of the desert, swart Nubians, simple comers from the cradle of the Nile. Her grotesque features, the heavy festoons which she plaits her tresses, the casual way in which she can throw a shawl over her head, the rude coins which she wears—so different from the gold crowns and shillings with which the European beauty is proud to bedizen herself—seem strange, picturesque, and peculiar. Her head, scrupulously depicted in our engraving, is one of the best studies in aquafortis which Gérôme has ever given to the public. It attracts the attention, before he died, of theophile Gautier, ever on the look-out for something bizarre and savage as food to his jaded appetite. Having seen the etching in an exhibition arranged for the profit of unfortunate artists, in his own strenuous language he raved of the "eyes half shut, and blinded by the sun," the "heavy oriental divan on which to lay a kiss," and "cheeks polished like those of a black in basalt." The simple strength of the execution, too, was much to his liking. "All these traits are indicated," he remarked, "with a few strokes of a assured needle, which expresses more facts than all the patient toiling of the artist. It is a rough sketch on copper, quite as valuable as an original drawing: the biting of the aquafortis has nowise changed its character."

Gérôme, granting to him his profound love for forms in repose, is an excellent draughtsman, expressing with a scatter of strokes a texture, a motion or an arrested movement.

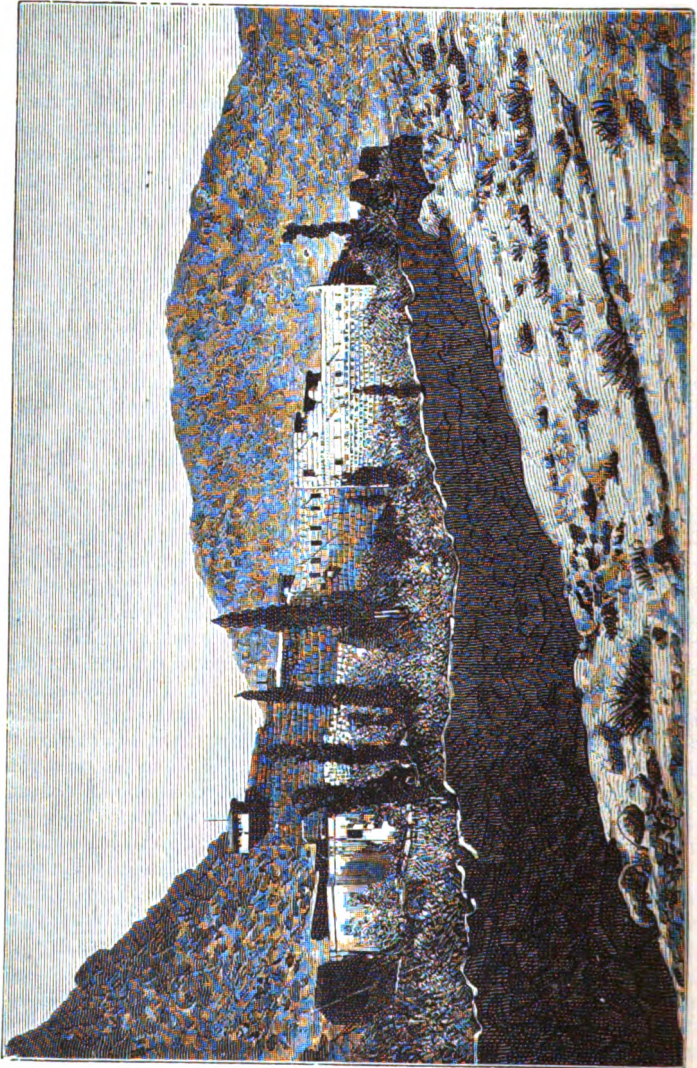
"Go to the crayon-drawings by Raphael in the Louvre," he will sometimes say, "and see what directness of expression! With the simplest and readiest curves he defines a bony articulation, the round hardness of an acting muscle or the swinging line of a relaxed one. Having learned the secrets of anatomy by heart, Raphael knows instantly whether there is soft flesh or hard bone under a piece of skin, and in the most definite way tries to find a stroke that will express at once the desired texture. There is no rubbing the drawing over to an even state of grit or wool: everywhere is tendon, skin or bone, defined in the plainest language." His own strokes and hatchings are much less inventive and varied than Raphael's, but they search for a similar way for the plain carriage of some truth, and, as his industrial motto seems to be *Nulla dies sine lineâ*, so is the lesson of his pencil *Nulla linea sine animâ*.—Of all which practice and theory the head we refer to is a good example, not easily obtained elsewhere than in our pages.

Hasne, with her fine braids intermingled with threads of gold, with her eyes cast down to hide their liquid brightness, with her pendent coins and sweeping blue draperies, was the heroine of a fête which Gérôme saw fit to give at Senures in honor of the civic authorities. Our expedition, when approaching provincial towns, found it necessary to put on a good deal of state and to assume an almost plenipotentiary importance. Thus, when the ditch-threaded fields and ruined tombs of Senures were reached, the tents were ostentatiously spread in an eligible spot, and the flag of France was allowed to unroll its colors to the respectful African breeze. These preliminaries arranged, the painters, their beasts hung about with glittering ornaments in the taste of the country, went solemnly to pay their regards to the sheikh. Arrived at the mayor's office of Senures, a young Arab in gorgeous raiment came forth to apprise the visitors that his sheikh, although aware of the illustrious strangers' approach, was obliged, together with his municipal council, to forego the pleasure of receiving them. Reasons of the last

importance compelled this civic action. On the next day, however, the ediles would hasten to present to the strangers, on the thresholds of their own tents and

under the shadow of the French flag, their profoundest homage.

Not undelighted with this response, the Frenchmen withdrew; but, while the



VIEW OF THE MONASTERY ON MOUNT SINAI.

cluer and more serious members of the troop prepared to regain their tents, the younger artists, willing to ride somewhere after the trouble of being mounted, desired their dragoman to take them to the dancers' quarter. There was Hasne, with a dozen of her friends, drinking araki

among a crowd of well-dressed and courteous Arabs. The evening was spent over lessons in the softest Lalla-Rookh phrases at the feet of these princesses, care being taken to sit out the well-dressed Arabs, who retired salaaming.

Next day, for the reception of the

th, a feast of splendor was arranged, combining the revels of Cleopatra the discretions of Mabilie. Paper rns were strung up in the largest the chests and trunks were disposed iers and orchestra-seats in a theatre, pet folded in two made the imperial allotted to G r me and his staff, and dragoman rolled a bran-new *kuffi* l his skull-cap. The city council ed in state: it was the very group il Arab gentlemen who had been ised overnight in the courts of the ng-women, and whom reasons of ighest municipal importance had from being at home to receive their rs!

e *nil admirari* of Eastern charac- evented these statesmen from being way embarrassed as they met the ed recognition of one after another : French youths. Shirking a cere- d observance in order to keep ap- nents made with dancing-girls, and being surprised in the act of drop- he national pocket handkerchief feet of these enchantresses, ap- d to them the simplest thing in the

So far from being abashed at g been seen in the exercise of their e functions, the council met their ean acquaintance with the air of atulating them on the way in which endship had been formed, and they d with lofty Eastern languor the ce of that charming Hasne with they had so frankly unbent the before.

ne swept in, a surprising spectacle. g been summoned to add to the res of the entertainment by a y of her art, she had dressed for rt with a sense of its importance, esented an aspect worthy of inter- al criticism. She was draped in a lue robe bestarred with patines of gold: this was caught up at the by fringes of embroidered silk in of the wildest innocence—or bra-

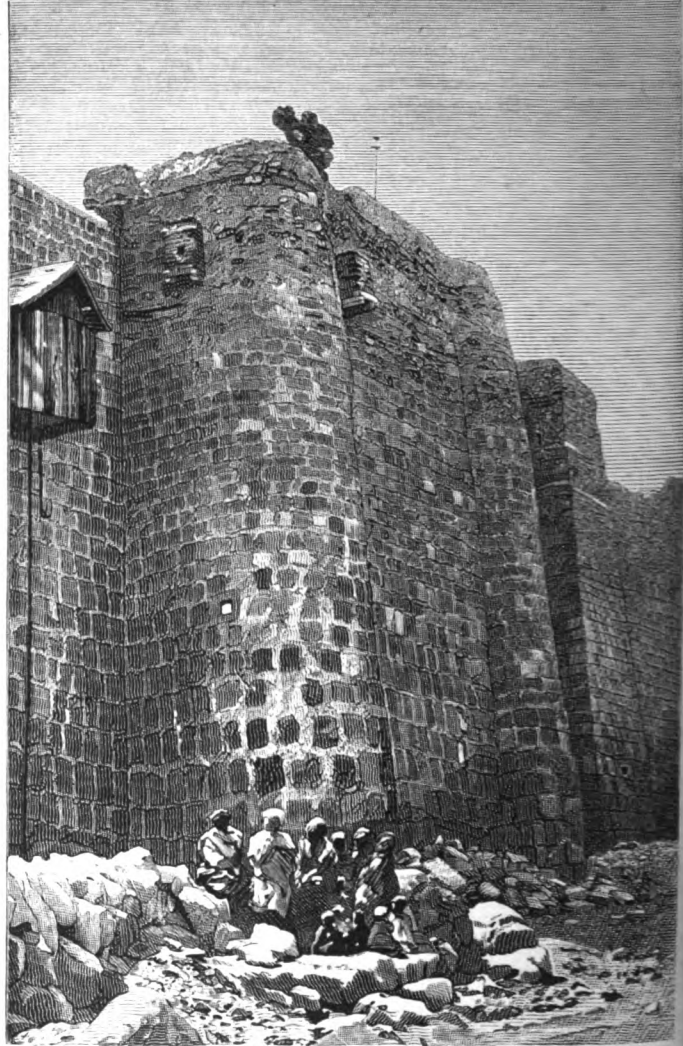
Her head was artistically wrap- a yellow cloth, which formed the est of coiffures, combined as it was innumerable slender tresses falling nder it to the shoulder, some of

them caught together on the forehead with imperceptible clasps of gold.

The metallic clamor of all her netted coins and pendants, the harsh cries with which she preluded her first steps, and the awful bray of her barbaric accompanists, gave something of a diabolic cast to the comedy. The travelers had never felt so far from home. At the first accords of the two-stringed viol with the *darabuka*, or earthen kettledrum, Hasne planted herself all at once in the middle of the tent. Nailed to her place by the feet, the dancer seemed to suffer, in her body, like a thrill of passion, the vibrations proceeding from the instruments. Waves of motion rolled down the muscles of all her supple form from the neck to the ankles. As the music, from its first slow cadences, became brisker, the gestures of the dancer, her contortions and the convulsive movements of her limbs took on a more feverish and savage character. Raising her heavy lids, the velvet blackness of her eyes seemed suddenly furnished with vivid lightnings, for the strangest sparks shot from them during the unintermitted shocks of the movement. Not only did the muscles of the torso and the limbs seem now one convulsive, complaining mass of love-tormented motion, but the flexible hips were made to move with incredible suppleness, and the soft bare feet, though never detached from the ground, were seen to be treading a measure by sympathetic movements of all the bones and of the arch of the insteps. Arrived at the climax of this rhythmic drama, the dancer sank shudderingly to her knees, and then executed kneeling a new series of figures, more strange, suggestive and picturesque than the first. Hasne had certainly the most faultless natural grace in seeming to undergo these nervous possessions: with the instinct of the true artist she controlled every movement even when seemingly most abandoned to an irresistible convulsion, and never once betrayed the angularity of weakness and imperfection. For more than an hour she varied her unearthly postures with the limpid softness of a water-serpent joined to the grace of a gazelle.

Apparently on this occasion inspired by the Africo-European expansion of her little world, by the promise of double bakshish and by the official assistance of the mayor and his suite, Hasne sur-

passed herself. The raptures of the native audience seemed to indicate some performance beyond the common. Granges, sweetmeats, money and ar were poured at her feet. Behind the



MONASTERY ON MOUNT SINAI: THE AERIAL DOORWAY.

guests a compressed mass of humanity, formed from the servants of the caravan and the friends of the musicians, was sweating and grilling, presenting a hundred vignettes of wild Arab character

surprised in its sincerest expression. The camel-drivers in Gérôme's service, entirely given over to the enjoyment of their senses, formed a group fit to illustrate the *Arabian Nights*. Both were



red, and both blind of the same  
Whether or no sympathy had  
at them together, they were perch-  
e by side, and were loudly express-  
e effects of drink and beatitude;  
hen Hasne, falling on the carpet  
wounded tigress, stretched and  
ted her limbs with expiring efforts,  
ould contain themselves no longer.  
river suddenly seized in both his  
the head of the other, and shook  
ently to the music with actual  
of delight: the other, while his  
was thus used to beat time like a  
yielded himself to the treatment  
e most expressive spasms of pleas-  
At length, just as the head, shaken  
violently every minute, seemed  
to be plucked quite off and hurled  
dancer like a rose, the two tur-  
after tilting over the ear, unrolled  
elves and fell into ruin, showing  
ysterious tuft called "the Moham-  
—the crown which the true Moslem  
idden to expose, and by which he  
: lifted into Paradise. Schehere-  
erself would have been glad to  
ce into her repertory these two  
ible figures, with their parallel  
ess, with the scarlet immodesty of  
ot shaved heads, with their em-  
their raptures and their tipsiness.  
hers, expressing themselves in their  
l ways, were hardly less pleased.  
contorted in a kind of spiral with  
anges at her feet, presented the  
cial semblance of a *cornucopia*,  
n of plenty.

oir, in a spirit of mischievous curi-  
approached her with a little neck-  
worth thirteen sous at home, such  
country-girls wear around their  
own necks on Sundays. At this  
ition, Hasne very suddenly drop-  
er rôle of possessed Pythoness.  
commencing to show the treasure  
ies, she snatched it like a monkey,  
possession of it, applied it to her  
then over her head, and seemed  
to flee lest it should be taken from  
When made to understand that  
ud was to be given her as bak-  
she approached her benefactor  
onvulsions of contentment that  
t. XIII.—34

resembled epilepsy, and for a while Le-  
noir seemed less likely to be thanked  
than bitten: floods of words escaped her,  
harsh, piercing and discordant. The  
dragoman gave up the task of translating  
her grateful Orientalisms, and Lenoir was  
obliged to retire with half his meed of  
thanks ungrasped by his understanding.

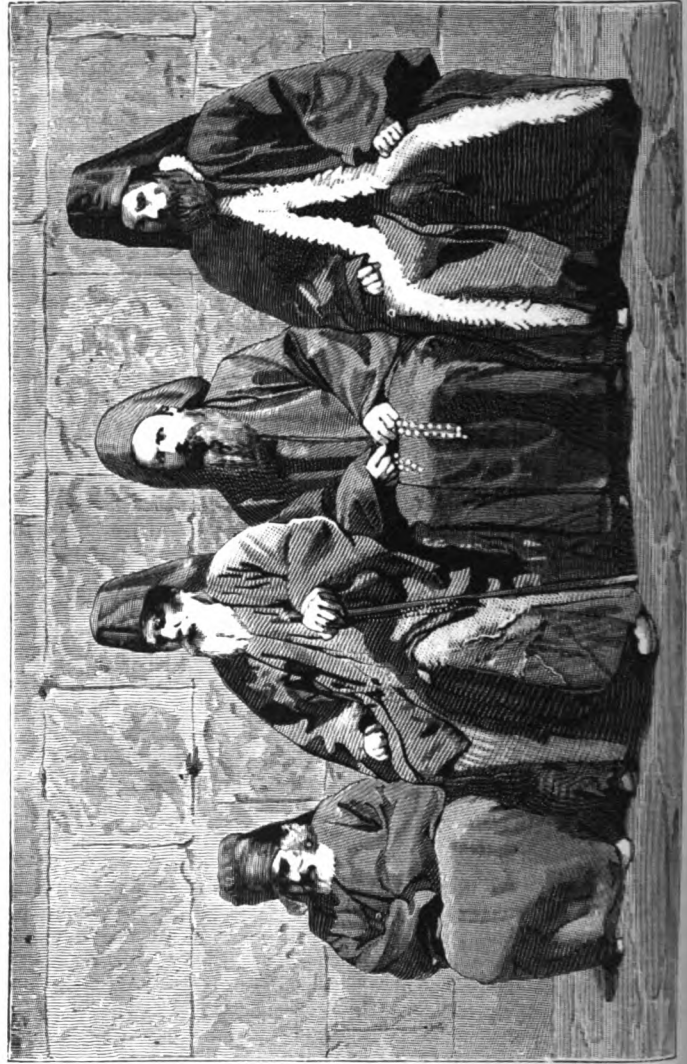
More successful in his lingual transac-  
tions with the sheikh was G r me, the  
Co-lo-nel of the party and chief Amphitry-  
on of the feast. It is one of the bizarre  
accidents of M. G r me's education that  
while ignorant, as all Frenchmen are,  
of the most widely-spoken of European  
tongues, and constrained to respond with  
"H las! non," to the first question put by  
every hopeful American visitor whether  
he speaks English, this conversationalist,  
so one-sided in his own studio, has but  
to go to the ends of the earth to find  
himself in easy communication with the  
people. G r me speaks Arabic like a  
native. His adieus with the lord mayor  
of Senures were performed, then, with  
much grace, at becoming length, in suit-  
ably extravagant metaphors and with  
endless repetition. The esteem of the  
municipality was gained securely. The  
burgomasters retired. Hasne, for her  
part, made a much more popular and  
sensational exit than they, and rode roy-  
ally off on G r me's biggest donkey,  
followed by the acclaims of all, from  
masters to lowest servants.

Next morning at five a fire-cracker  
cackling was heard outside the tents, and  
there was Hasne, accompanied by a vo-  
ciferous chorus of friends and compan-  
ions. She explained that upon the rising  
of the sun she had experienced a desire  
to see her friends again. Hasne was  
quieted with a little coffee: a rather bril-  
liant matin e reception was achieved to  
the constant tune of "Ya kulum habibi  
kebir." The morning call would have  
been an unshadowed success had it not  
been for Hasne's unprincipled seduction  
of Jules.

Jules was a wooden-headed jumping-  
jack, which Lenoir, as the baby of the  
troop, had claimed the privilege of bring-  
ing from home, with the vow of showing  
him every famous sight from France to

Persia. This hopeless little imbecile, usually suspended by an elastic to the neck of his patron's donkey, had regarded the wonders of travel with unmoved vacuity, had gazed from the summit of

the Pyramids upon the French camp stoically as the forty centuries themselves and had been a perpetual solace to his protector by the consistency and obduracy of his dullness. Hasne saw his



GROUP OF MOHKS, MONASTERY OF HIMAL.

attached him to her ears and her forehead, and uttered sharp shrieks of joy. In the afternoon Lenoir made a color-study. Night came: Hasne and Jules had eloped.

The efforts and emotions attendant on

giving and composing the feast were followed by sensations still more dramatic, as the painter and his friends, threading the populace of actresses in their dens, undertook to bring to light the mystery. Their new but close

tions with the municipality were not unneeded in obtaining a separation of body, bed and board between this impressionable lady and her last alliance. Hasne lingered fondly around the camp for many days, and the only way by which the painters could obtain the privacy necessary for their studies was in frightening the damsel almost sick by photographing her. Lenoir, consoled at the return of Jules, betook himself industriously to painting water-carriers and washing-women. One day, returning to camp, he saw a hideous "spectacle serpent," or *naja*, lying in the middle of the road engaged with its digestion after a hearty meal of chicken, and apparently waiting for its doctor. The creature, having swollen around its prey like a leech, was almost unable to stir, and presented the figure of a monstrous frog with the rudiment of a tail. It was killed by the Arabs, its head literally whipped off with a switch, and the striped skin offered to the traveler. The golden *uraeus*, the emblem worn on the forehead in so many Egyptian statues, is nothing else than a representation of this serpent, taken at its most dyspeptic or fully-gorged moment.

Meantime, the visitation of sunstroke upon a cherished member of the party cast a gloom upon the whole band, and preparations were made for accompanying the invalid back to Cairo. Indeed, the further tracing up of the Nile was not a part of their plan: they proposed, returning by Medinet and Cairo, to push on to Suez, Akabah and the mysterious wilderness beyond. The final luncheon at Senures was embellished by the presence of Hasne, who manifested a touching sensibility at the thought of a separation. To try her with a new test, the Hercules of the expedition produced his celebrated buckskin gloves, adapted to the measure of a pair of hands that could have strangled a great many *najas* or *urauses*. The little paws of the dancer were quite lost in the great reddish-colored gauntlets, but the joy of Hasne was indescribable. She walked from tent to tent shrieking with happiness, and showing her small fists and enormous shields

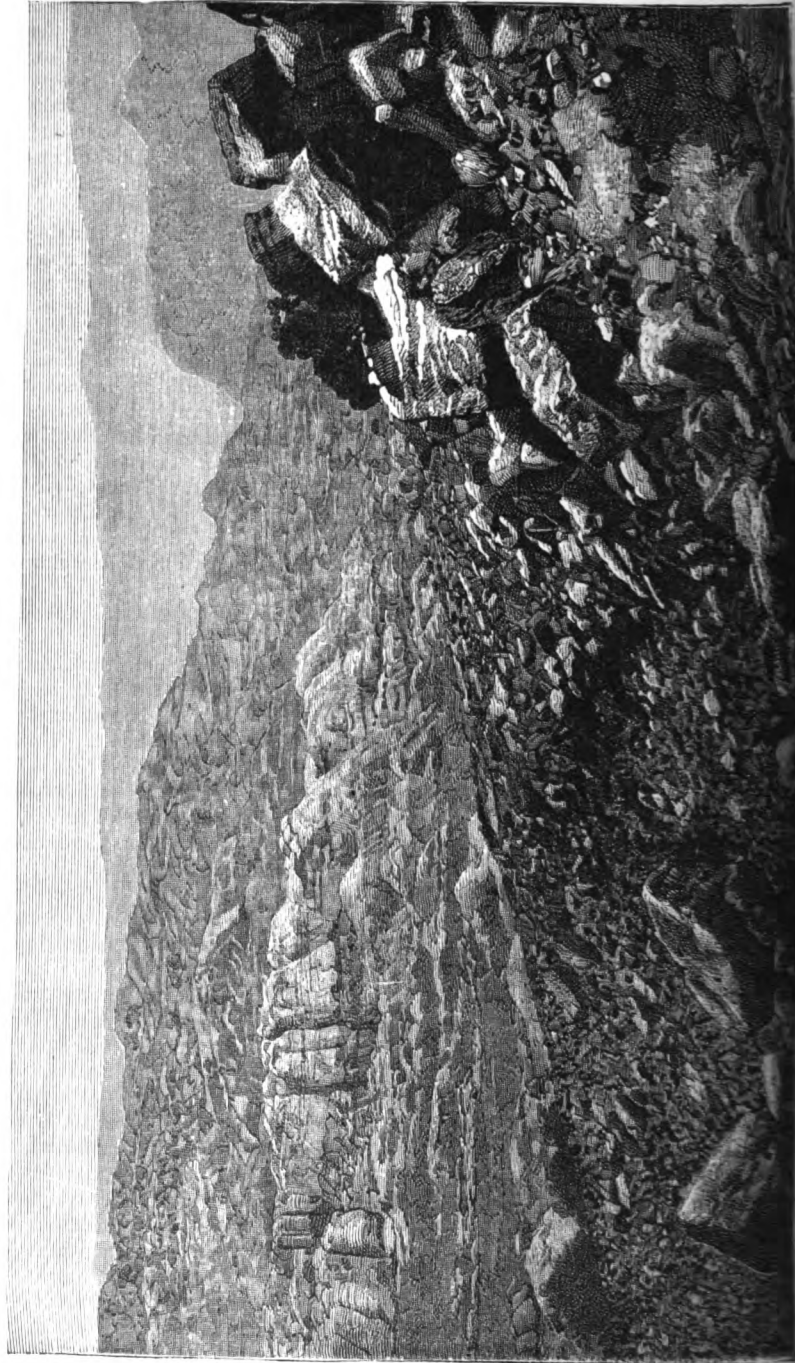
to every one. To regain the gloves it was necessary to have recourse to the Fabulist or longbow-puller of the caravan, who assured her that the buckskins were accursed and would bring ill-luck. Bakshish, the universal healer of wounded hearts here below, consoled this susceptible female, and she saw the caravan start for Cairo with a good grace.

The attentions and repose obtainable at the metropolis had a happy effect upon the invalid, who was soon able to accompany his fellows in the further explorations they chose to make among the streets and mosques of Cairo. Each painter, as he watched the incessant crowd and caught the varying silhouette of the groups of domes, wished that he had months to give for every day allotted to Cairo. But the East is compassed now-a-days at railroad speed, and it was the railway that hurried them off one brilliant morning to Suez in modern first-class carriages intended to hold six persons, but into which eight were packed lest they should feel cold.

The desert separating Suez from Cairo was formerly a real bugbear and very toilsome to cross, the camels sinking in the slippery sand to their knees. This sand is a white impalpable dust yielding to every wind, so that the domed hills of to-day give place to-morrow to an absolute plain. The color of the powder is the color of treachery: it varies with the wind and with the time of day. At early dawn the sands are rose-colored, with violet shadows; sometimes at noon they are a plain of untinted snow; in the short period of twilight, reflecting like metal plates the burning tones of the sun at his setting, the mountains of snow sometimes seem turned to mountains of fire.

Our travelers found Suez full of passengers making the transit to or from India. The English hotel was overflowed, and, after obtaining the use of the saloon for bed-room, the painters discovered a dozen Britons snoring in chorus even in that retreat. The Englishmen were not very polite on being disturbed from their dreams; and their ill grace aroused the most reprehensible





feelings of revenge in the Gallic bosom. The sleepers were quickly awakened to the fullest extent by finding the gas turned on and burning at full head, while a group of fantastic beings in nightcaps and airy robes, sitting under white umbrellas with color-boxes in their laps, were making sketches of the rows of English boots, and all the while loudly discussing the eternal and glorious principles of art. Nor were the young men content with this mild victimization. Having given strict orders to the boot-black, they set at the door a single boot out of every English pair, the majority of which were of crude yellow leather: when these came back, all ebon and varnish, they were silently placed among their original mates, but not until the authors of the jest were far on their way.

The superb blooded dromedaries which henceforth bore the party on their way were the special and graceful loan of the khedive. This gentleman, whom prolonged residence at Paris has made a perfect European at will, was as well aware of Gérôme's reputation and intellectual rank as any Frenchman of the boulevards. Nine immensely tall beasts, with mountains on their backs and no end of legs, did up their joints into compressed kneeling postures as the artists mounted, and shot up to a fearful altitude the moment they felt their loads in place. These quadrupedal giants were an appropriate offering from the viceroy's own stable to the painter who had done so much to make Egypt famous and bring its glories of landscape or history visibly before the eye of the world. Gérôme and the Doctor and the Naturalist mounted with such grace and dignity as they could command. When it came to the turn of young Lenoir, he found that the most colossal of the nine had been derisively allotted to him. Now, Lenoir is not in his own person an overgrown man: already at Medinet, when the damsel of the large slippers offered him drink from her urn, it occurred to him that he could not play a very good Eliezer, so far as profile went, to her Rebekah. He is in fact constructed rather on the pattern allotted to Mr.

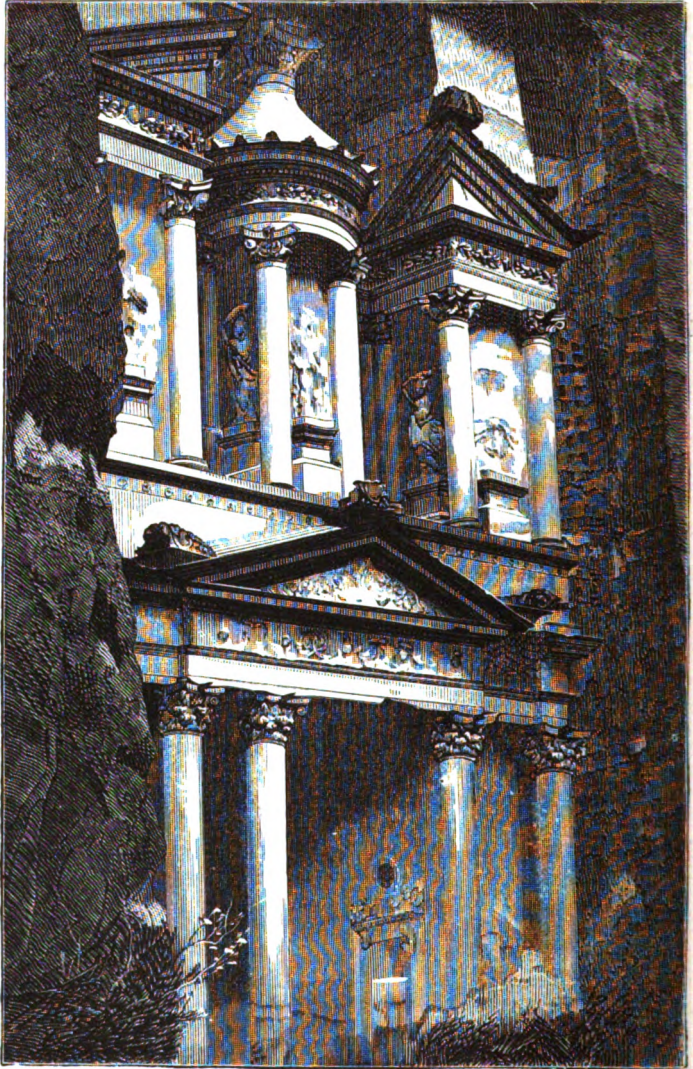
Harry Foker by the author of *Pendennis*, having a dark skin, short legs and an incorrigible grimace. He stood up by his camel a moment, measuring his length against its endless legs: then, as the brute knelt, after a brief space of serious meditation he recommended his soul, and immediately staggered up with the rising animal to a height superior to that of anything in the caravan—a pre-eminence which he guarded proudly for the rest of the expedition.

The wilderness life of the party, under the active dragomanship of Yussef Musali the Syrian, soon became a triumph of organization. The commissariat was supplied with the usual preserved meats and an unusual assortment of choice wines. The *personnel* of the artist-troop had by this time, on that principle of natural selection which has arranged the solar system, gravitated into a certain rank. Gérôme and a given contingent of his friends formed the serious group. One of the pair of smaller tents was allotted to himself and closest comrades, and ran up the national tricolor whenever it camped: the other was for the rest of the "serious." Of the three large tents, one was the club-room and dormitory of the spirits unblest with quiet, the sons of Belial who loved to dance all night round a table: this unhallowed precinct was, unhappily for the interests of a quiet theory of existence, the popular one. Every night the "serious" philosophers came to the door and begged to be admitted, but Lenoir always exacted a dear payment for this entrance. The five tents with their furniture, borne upon a total of twenty-seven camels and dromedaries, formed a train of very respectable magnitude.

The Red Sea, as seen on the map, puts up two long arms at the top, much like the horns of a snail. At the extremity of one horn is the town of Suez: the corresponding town garnishing the other horn is Akabah. The land clipped between the two horns is a mountainous, irreclaimable wilderness, full of cañons or wadys, forming a sort of peninsula as it extends deeply into the embrace of the two arms of the Red Sea.

On this tongue of rocky land immemorial tradition has fixed the location of Mount Sinai. The accuracy of this attribution is being just now strongly combated by a learned and venerable British geog-

rapher and traveler. If Beke's drifting of Sinai toward Arabia, quite to the east of Akabah, be right, it may have this of importance about it, that we may be compelled to relinquish Egypt as the land



MONOLITHIC TEMPLE AT PETRA.

from which the Jews escaped, and imagine the Misraim which held them in bondage as some temporary dynasty which succeeded in reclaiming a part of Arabia Petrea from the Ishmaelites.

The course through the wadys and along the shore of the Red Sea is slow and difficult. The caravan is thrown completely on its own resources, and one feels at last the close, savage, throttling

embrace of the Desert, like a snake, bound to kill if it may. Nature here is no friend to human life: she must be fought at every step. One day—it was in February, but hot as a furnace—the tents were drying after a storm, near Wady Sadr on the shore of the sea, and the artists were admiring the sausage-like red of the rain-washed mountains, when two human forms were seen on the horizon. Approaching, they were seen to be naked, wasted to skeletons, their eyes unnaturally large, and they made signs that they were dying of hunger. Fishermen of the Red Sea, they had lost their boat in the storm. The Colonel and the Doctor constituted themselves friendly rivals in the task of preserving these poor starved beings from death. They were served with judicious rations of food, which restored them little by little, and at last, shedding tears of gratitude, they departed with a contribution of food, wine and spirits to try and find their way to Suez.

The Mardi-Gras, February 25th, found the pilgrims bathing in the Fountain of Marah, whose corrosive salts pricked their skins and covered them with blisters. At home what gayeties and maskings, thought the lads, while we are smarting with the bitter penalties and laws of Sinai! Determined not to be entirely conquered, a kind of Mardi-Gras procession was organized. The grave Syrian servants looked on in wonder as the young men, dressed in such travesty as their wardrobes afforded, executed torchlight promenades, with patriotic songs and atelier jokes of the most respectable antiquity.

The next wady, called Wady Schilla, surpassed all that they had heard of in the way of fantastic coloration: the rocks, all ochre or vermilion, with geologic strata of blue and green, seemed to be coarsely painted by a voluntary hand. A distribution of the painters was made to secure the memoranda of all the principal colors. Gérôme undertook to copy the red and yellow cliffs, and treated their strange effects with a master hand: Lenoir accepted the blue, and his bedfellow the green. Several

days were occupied in this singular scenic art. Then came Wady Mokatteb, the Written Valley; Wady Faran, with its forests of virgin palm, whose untrimmed plumes swept the ground; Wady Solaf; and finally Sinai, as the whole world calls it, with its rock-perched monastery.

The convent is a great stronghold, a castle fully able to sustain itself against the surrounding bandits. In the immense tower is fixed the elevated doorway, soaring over the ground at a prodigious height, wherein provisions, visitors and materials are admitted, with the assistance of a basket, a rope, a pulley and a capstan worked by the fathers. At present, however, a modern door at the base of the tower is generally used. By this prosaic entrance the artists invaded the sanctuary. They were made welcome guests, and passed frequently, day after day, from their camp without the walls to the warm, candid and intelligent hospitality within. The monks, dressed in the dignified robes of the Greek Church, were figures to strike the eye of a painter. Their superior, an old man with a splendid white beard tumbling like a cataract of snow to his very girdle, took Gérôme and his friends into high favor. They were made free of the library, where Lives of the Saints and other manuscripts enriched with the finest mediæval miniatures, the *Evangelists* written by the emperor Theodosius, and many other books in grand old bindings, made the artists' mouths water with appreciation. In the enclosure is seen the place of the apparition of the Burning Bush, where visitors still approach with uncovered feet; and on the hills hard by the place where the Law was delivered to Moses, and the five holes at the base of Horeb where the miraculous fountain was opened.

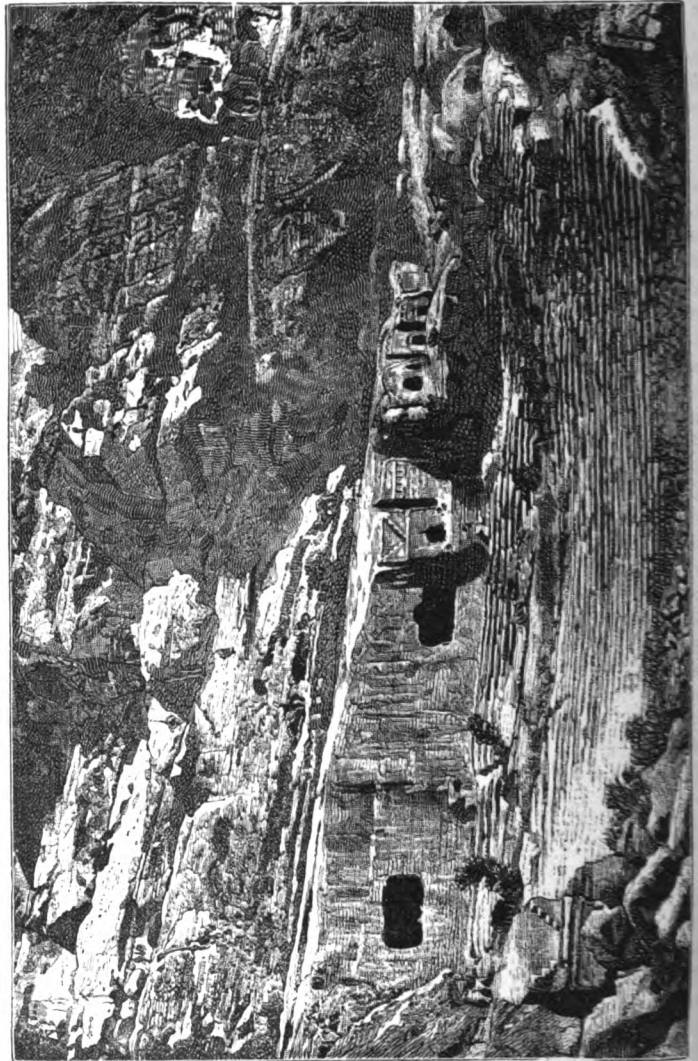
The holy men are held in the highest respect by all the robbers around them, who come up with their disputes for arbitration. In the same way the camel-drivers of the expedition, disputing about some trifle, were appeased as soon as the monks had spoken.

The Sinai encampment concluded with



a joyous ceremony, in which the monks joined with the best possible grace. It was the birthday of one of the caravan, the beloved Doctor, whose boot-soles had been worn to paper in the most ac-

tive researches among these rocks consecrated as the milestones in the biography of the grand Jewish legislator. Six days beforehand the cook had been put upon his mettle, and the happy d-



THE ROMAN THEATRE, PETRA.

was graced by a dinner fit for Sardanapalus. Two soups, four side-dishes, three roasts, salads, sweets and plenty of mustard,—it was the Frankest outrage upon the cuisine of quails and manna for which the place is traditional. Wines and studio-

songs lubricated the whole dinner, and the good fathers were present to grant absolution wherever necessary. The monks, who carefully cultivate the manna-yielding plant, gave to each of the visitors on departure a little bag of manna.

nd a tin tube filled with honey from nt Sinai. They submitted with de- their handsome faces to the pho- pher of the party: the proofs were ibuted to the good men when the s made their call of farewell, and es of the group which the reader among these pages are gazed at complacency to-day by the originals at rock-built nest so bare of inci- s.

pre of the wearisome wadys, and Akabah. This station, much to the s' surprise, was full of interest and acter, far beyond Suez. It is the t where the troops of pilgrims to a are provisioned; and, with its sav- sheikh and brigandish neighbors, is quite a surfeit of adventure. The onial feast offered to this robber- r was a most singular comedy, af- g many a rueful laugh.

e sheikh, whose name was Moham- Gadd, was absent at the time of the an's arrival, being engaged, as his ury candidly expressed it, in rob- camels among the neighboring Meantime, the artists' kitchen- is soon as it was set up, was visited wds of furiously-hungry people, in- g many estimable country sheikhs racters who could only be treated politeness, and whose meddling rove Achmet the cook almost mad age as he served them repeatedly offee and cognac.

respectable robber-sheikh came late at night, when the rockets had en fired and the paper lanterns up in his honor had burned out. proached the little camp, and the man, in a panic of apprehension, nced the veritable Mohammed the most authentic, as he was the and ugliest, of all the sheikhs.

ome was extremely exasperated at ntinely visit. Awakened all of a r after a hard day's journey, he out gloomy and lowering in a hasty and looked about for his guest; e sheikh was not to be seen. In nding the principal tent deserted arrival, he had rolled off his mare ade with unfailling instinct for the

kitchen. Here he called for everything that he took a fancy to, not disdain- ing to fall in line so as to pass to his numer- ous suite the coffee-cups and glasses which he demanded from Achmet. Ap- prised that the Co-lo-nel was ready to receive him, he started like a child caught in the jelly-closet, and was found hastily ensconced in the saloon-tent, his mouth full and a Rheims sponge-cake in his hand.

"Tell him," said Gérôme sharply to the dragoman, "that now I have seen him I shall be happy all the next four- and-twenty hours, and that, to begin im- mediately, I am going to go to bed."

And with this honest growl the weary Co-lo-nel retired to his pavilion, leaving to his courier and young friends the task of serving out compliments and coffee: the last, to simplify the manœuvre, Mo- hammed Gadd finished by swilling in large quantities out of the sugar-bowl.

The sheikh departed with the consol- atory remark that he would call again. The artists expressed rapture, but pro- posed to be off at an early hour to avoid the proffered honor. In fifty minutes, however, there was heard a new and in- creased confusion. The faithful mayor had come to fulfill his promise, with a new band of provincial sheikhs, among whom was his brother. Sheikh Mak-Bul, who would accompany the artists to Petra. Poor Achmet, as the new demands for coffee began to fall upon his ear, raised his arms to Heaven and uttered cries of grief.

The poor caravan left a large part of its provisions in the maws of these Aka- bah cormorants. The rest it distributed, on a precisely similar system, among the savage sheikhs whom it was Mak-Bul's business to introduce and to conciliate. Thus complimenting, complimented and robbed, they moved on amongst the band- ditti to Petra.

It was at three o'clock in the afternoon when, after a gradual ascent from the level of the sea that had lasted for days, the guides called a halt and pointed to the marvelous panorama.

Petra, the city carved out of a single stone, like a cameo on a ring, was be-

fore them, encrusted upon the spurs of Mount Hor and its satellites. From this point the monuments and constructions of the city could not be distinguished. A vague and general sense of artificial design could alone be traced in the modeling of the sweeping valleys and precipitous ravines. Naturally fortified by its position on the mountain, the strategic importance which made the Romans undertake so elaborate a construction as Petra could be understood. The natural rock in which they worked out their prodigious design is a sandstone, of a deep red color which cannot be represented in our engraving, rather friable in quality, and sometimes displaying the swollen boulder-forms of volcanic lavas. Petra, as a settlement of rock-dwellers or troglodytes, goes back to the earliest Bible times. It was the Romans, however, who appreciated its position as a junction-point between Arabia, Egypt and India, and who chose to develop it into the fantastic, theatrical and altogether extraordinary city we see.

Unhappily, the Romans, powerful as their hand was, did not always apply it to works of the best taste. The designs of the Petra monuments awakened but mediocre admiration from our company of artists. It is Roman architecture of the decline, surcharged with ornament, with a quantity of overweighted pediments, flowering columns and needless niches; one architectural motive shouldering away another, and the whole heaped together without system or control. The backgrounds of Pompeii paintings, with their mad perspective and giddy porticoes and colonnades, are here repeated in the solidity of stone. To show the melodramatic character of the whole construction, it may be mentioned that Petra is entered through a gloomy fissure, over which is thrown an arch like a bridge; but it is a bridge which carries no road, which is inaccessible, which connects nothing, and which therefore can be nothing but a big and useless ornament.

Even more puzzling is the temple, which bursts upon you after a long scramble through dark and difficult pas-

sages, cunningly illuminated with a narrow beam of sparse sunshine. The ignorant Arabs, who connect everything hereabouts with the past glories of Egypt, call this façade by the name "Treasure of Pharaoh"—*Kasneh Firun*. It is intended, apparently, as the entrance to a roomy temple, but it gives access to nothing but a small, undefinable room with niches, too petty for a chapel and too large for a tomb. It is like a monument in a church, and perhaps perpetuates the fame of some Roman tutor or magistrate. It is two stories high, and the urn on the summit is marked with bullets, the Arabs being firmly convinced that it holds an immense treasure, yet not having enterprise to tempt any more systematic exploration than an occasional shot at it. The interest of this relic, as indeed of Petra in its entirety, is not in its design, but in the audacity of its construction: the temple, like the whole city, is carved in solid mountain—a monolith.

Near the great theatre, which curves its hemicycle of benches in a nook like a Greek, pointing to an amphitheatre much higher than the Roman one of Arabia by Ælius Gallus. Around the circumference of the theatre, too, are chambers cut out in the rock, which though taken by some savants to be sort of theatrical boxes, are much more probably the rooms of the present cave-dwellers.

The young impertinents of the caravan could not leave Petra without mentioning the Greek and Roman inscriptions with additions entirely original. They kindly wrote on the walls the names of passages and avenues, such as *Mouffetard* and *Guignol Square*, accompanying this nomenclature with energetic profiles of sheikhs of the caravan who had obtained their esteem or notice, and in whose likenesses they took pains to abstain from flattery. Four months later, at Damascus, Lenoir encountered a party of antiquarians who had been exceedingly baffled and irritated by amended inscriptions, and he had

pleasure of inveighing strongly with them against the sacrilege of unscrupulous wits who would complicate the study of the past with gross or inappropriate restorations.

The sortie from Petra might have been difficult but for the firmness and coolness of Gérôme. The sheikh who accompanied them as a guard against the Beduins chose to be dissatisfied with the amount of his recompense, and required pay proportional to the grandeur of the viceregal dromedaries which carried and posed the party. When called upon to escort them out of the defile, he denounced, objecting that his horse was not here. The Co-lo-nel, with a steady glance from his black eyes, ordered him imperatively to mount and escort the band: he grumblingly obeyed. The other Arabs accompanied the procession, uttering claims for payment. At last, Nossar, the sheikh of Petra, dismounted, and came up to Gérôme lance in hand, asking for an increase of his present. The Co-lo-nel simply drew out his pocket-book, and smilingly showed it quite empty: to complete the allegory, Gérôme took off his cloak and proffered it to the sheikh. Utterly confused as he was by this offer, the fellow was still dissatisfied, and presently a young Arab, nephew to Sheikh Nossar, placed himself in the way of the travelers, with a pistol pointed at the dragoman. Three of the Frenchmen thereupon showed their revolvers, and the cowardly rascal rode away, while the procession wound through the rocks in silence. The pile of stones limiting the boundary of Petra was reached, and the caravan was in another jurisdiction. By good judgment and abstinence from either threats or timidity the day was saved without bloodshed. The artists were free to continue their journey toward Jerusalem and Damascus.

Such is the coolness which it often takes a brave man a whole lifetime to learn! Gérôme has not always been so forbearing. In this astute, ready, sober-headed man of the world, which of his old comrades of '48 would recognize the radical young demagogue who headed a deputation with a petition for abolishing marriage? The self-command exhibited in his pointing at the brigands without firing does perhaps show a little more of the old spirit of self-forgetful courage, as when, in his early duel, he discharged his own pistol in the air, allowing the jealous husband to plant a bullet in his arm, where it still remains and causes a slight lameness of the member. Perhaps that little transaction came into his mind when, in the ravines of Petra, he showed the muzzle of his weapon to the nephew of Nossar without pulling the trigger. It is well to guard what was calm and courageous in our youth—the offspring of healthy nerves—and let what was unsound and visionary go. So Gérôme has acquired, as the auxiliary of his remarkable artistic talent, a decent modicum of business tact. He married, and his choice was the daughter of a great picture-merchant, who since the union has taken care of his son-in-law's fortunes and found splendid markets for his ingenious pictures. And when traveling in Dreamland, as it were, in the land of sunrise and enchantment, Gérôme does not scorn the assistance of the powers that be, but rides to his ideal right out of the viceroy's stable, on a dromedary twice as high as that which supports the ordinary tourist. A little sense, mixed in with the composition of genius, is a "mon'sus good thing," as our uncle the Major would say; for it gets, instead of the cloud that is almost in shape of a camel, the royal beast himself in all his housings, and may calmly survey the world from that eminence.



## THE BLUEBIRD.

WHEN ice is thawed and snow is gone,  
 And racy sweetness floods the trees—  
 When snowbirds from the hedge have flown,  
 And on the hive-porch swarm the bees,—  
 Drifting down the first warm wind  
 That thrills the earliest days of spring,  
 The bluebird seeks our maple groves  
 And charms them into tasseling.

He sits among the delicate sprays,  
 With mists of splendor round him drawn,  
 And through the spring's prophetic veil  
 Sees summer's rich fulfillment dawn :  
 He sings, and his is Nature's voice—  
 A gush of melody sincere  
 From that great fount of harmony  
 That thaws and runs when spring is here.

Short is his song, but strangely sweet  
 To ears weary of the low,  
 Dull tramp of Winter's sullen feet,  
 Sandaled in ice and muffed in snow :  
 Short is his song, but through it runs  
 A hint of dithyrambs yet to be—  
 A sweet suggestiveness that has  
 The influence of prophecy.

From childhood I have nursed a faith  
 In bluebirds' songs and winds of spring :  
 They tell me, After frost and death  
 There comes a time of blossoming ;  
 And after snow and cutting sleet  
 The cold, stern mood of Nature yields  
 To tender warmth, when bare pink feet  
 Of children press her greening fields.

Sing strong and clear, O bluebird dear !  
 While all the land with splendor fills,  
 While maples gladden in the vales  
 And plum trees blossom on the hills :  
 Float down the wind on shining wings,  
 And do thy will by grove and stream,  
 While through my life spring's freshness runs  
 Like music through a poet's dream.

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.

## MALCOLM.

GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD,"  
"ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE ACCUSATION.

E next morning, soon after their early breakfast, the gatekeeper in the door of Duncan MacPhail's : with a verbal summons for Malcolm appear before his lordship.

'I'm no to lowse sicht o' ye till ye it in yer appearance," he added; ien ye dinna come peaceable, I gar ye."

aur's yer warrant?" asked Malcolmly.

wad hae the impidence to demy warrant, ye young sorner?" Bykes indignantly. "Come yer ny man, or I s' gar ye smairt

ud a quaiet sough, an' gang hame warrant," said Malcolm. "It's here, doobless, or ye wadna hae to shaw yer face on sic an eeran'." can, who was dozing in his chair, at the sound of high words. His affection perceived at once that m was being insulted. He sprang feet, stepped swiftly to the wall, down his broadsword, and rushie door, making the huge weapon and whir about his head as if it en a slip of tin-plate.

ere is ta rascal?" he shouted. cut him town! Show her ta lowef! She'll cut him town! Who'll tting her Malcolm?"

Bykes, at first sight of the weapon, nished in dismay.

ot toot, daddy!" said Malcolm, him by the arm; "there's nae-ere. The puir cratur couldna e sough o' the claymore. He e the autumn wind over the stub-her's Ossian for 't."

Lord pe praised!" cried Duncan. pe confounded her foes. But what a rascal pe wanting, my son?" ing him back to his chair, Mal-

colm told him as much as he knew of the matter.

"Ton't you co for *no* warrant," said Duncan. "If my lort marquis will pe sending for you as one chentleman sends for another, *then* you co."

Within an hour Bykes reappeared, accompanied by one of the gamekeepers — an Englishman. The moment he heard the door open, Duncan caught again at his broadsword.

"We want you, my young man," said the gamekeeper, standing on the threshold, with Bykes peeping over his shoulder, in an attitude indicating one foot already lifted to run.

"What for?"

"That's as may appear."

"Whaur's yer warrant?"

"There."

"Lay 't doon o' the table, an' gang back to the door, till I get a sklent at it," said Malcolm. "Ye're an honest man, Wull, but I wadna lippen a snuff-mull 'at had mair nor ae pinch intill 't wi' yon cooard cratur ahin' ye."

He was afraid of the possible consequences of his grandfather's indignation.

The gamekeeper did at once as he was requested, evidently both amused with the bearing of the two men and admiring it. Having glanced at the paper, Malcolm put it in his pocket, and whispering a word to his grandfather, walked away with his captors.

As they went to the House, Bykes was full of threats, of which he sought to enhance the awfulness by the indefiniteness; but Will told Malcolm as much as he knew of the matter—namely, that the head-gamekeeper, having lost some dozen of his sitting pheasants, had enjoined a strict watch; and that Bykes, having caught sight of Malcolm in the very act of getting over the wall, had gone and given information against him.

No one about the premises except Bykes would have been capable of harboring suspicion of Malcolm; and the head-gamekeeper had not the slightest; but, knowing that his lordship found little enough to amuse him, and anticipating some laughter from the confronting of two such opposite characters, he had gone to the marquis with Bykes's report; and this was the result. His lordship was not a magistrate, and the so-called warrant was merely a somewhat sternly-worded expression of his desire that Malcolm should appear and answer to the charge.

The accused was led into a vaulted chamber opening from the hall—a genuine portion, to judge from its deep low-arched recesses, the emergence of truncated portions of two or three groins, and the thickness of its walls, of the old monastery. Close by the door ascended a right-angled modern staircase.

Lord Lossie entered, and took his seat in a great chair in one of the recesses.

"So, you young jackanapes!" he said, half angry and half amused, "you decline to come, when I send for you, without a magistrate's warrant, forsooth! It looks bad to begin with, I must say!"

"Yer lordship wad never hae had me come at sic a summons as that cankert ted (*toad*) Johnny Bykes brought me. Gien ye had but hard him! He spak as gien he had been sent to fess me to yer lordship by the scruff o' the neck, an' I didna believe yer lordship wad do sic a thing. Ony gait, I wasna gauin' to stan' that. Ye wad hae thocht him a cornel at the sma'est, an' me a wheen heerin'-guts. But it *wad* hae garred ye lauch, my lord, to see hoo the body ran whan my blin' gran'father—he canna bide onybody interferin' wi' me—made at him wi' his braidsword!"

"Ye leein' rascal!" cried Bykes; "—*me* feared at sic an auld spider, 'at hasna breath eneuch to fill the bag o' 's pipes!"

"Caw canny, Johnny Bykes. Gien ye say an ill word o' my gran'father, I s'gie your neck a thraw—an' that the meenute we're oot o' 's lordship's presence."

"Threits! my lord," said the gamekeeper, appealing.

"And well merited," returned his lordship.—"Well, then," he went on, again addressing Malcolm, "what have you to say for yourself in regard to stealing my brood-pheasants?"

"Maister MacPherson," said Malcolm, with an inclination of his head toward the gamekeeper, "micht ha' fun' a fitter neuk to fling that dirt intill. 'Deed, my lord, it's sae ridic'ulous, it hardly angers me. A man 'at can hae a' the fish i' the haille ocean for the takin' o' them, to be sic a sneck-drawin' contemptible vratch as tak yer lordship's bonny becraturs frae their chuckies—no to mention the sin o' 't!—it's past an honest man's denyin', my lord. An' Maister MacPherson kens better, for luik at him lauchin' in 's ain sleeve."

"Well, we've no proof of it," said the marquis; "but what do you say to the charge of trespass?"

"The policies hae aye been open to honest folk, my lord."

"Then where was the necessity for getting in over the wall?"

"I beg yer pardon, my lord: ye hae nae proof agen me o' that aither."

"Daur ye tell *me*," cried Bykes, recovering himself, "'at I didna see ye wi' my ain twa een, loup the dyke aneth the temple—ay, an' something flutterin' unco like bird-wings i' yer han'?"

"Oot or in, Johnny Bykes?"

"Ow! oot."

"I *did* loup the dyke, my lord, but it was *oot*, no *in*."

"How did you get in then?" asked the marquis.

"I gat in, my lord—" began Malcolm, and ceased.

"How did you get in?" repeated the marquis.

"Ow! there's mony w'ys o' winnin' a my lord. The last time I cam in bet ane, it was 'maist ower the carcass o' Johnny there, wha wad fain hae hauded me oot, only he hadna my blin' daddy ahint him to ile 's joints."

"An' dinna ye ca' *that* brakin' in?" said Bykes.

"Na; there was naething to brak, 'ceft

t had been your banes, Johnny; an' that wad hae been a peety—they're sae guid or rinnin' wi'."

"You had no right to enter against the vill of my gatekeeper," said his lordship. "What is a gatekeeper for?"

"I had a richt, my lord, sae lang 's I was upo' my leddy's business."

"And what was my lady's business, pray?" questioned the marquis.

"I faun' a buik upo' the links, my lord, which was like to be hers, wi' the twa beasts 'at stans at yer lordship's door inside the brod (*board*) o' 't. An' sae it turned oot to be whan I took it up to the loose. There's the half-croon she gac ne."

Little did Malcolm think where the faintest of pearly ears were listening, and the brightest of blue eyes looking down, half in merriment, a quarter in anxiety, and the remaining quarter in interest! On a landing half way up the stair, stood Lady Florimel, peeping over the balusters, afraid to fix her eyes upon him lest she should make him look up.

"Yes, yes, I dare say!" acquiesced the marquis; "but," he persisted, "what I want to know is, how you got in that time. You seem to have some reluctance to answer the question."

"Weel, I hev, my lord."

"Then I must insist on your doing so."

"Weel, I jist winna, my lord. It was 't' straucht foret an' fair; an' gien yer lordship war i' my place, ye wadna say naer yersel'."

"He's been after one of the girls about the place," whispered the marquis to the gamekeeper.

"Speir at him, my lord, gien 't please yer lordship, what it was he hed in 's man' whan he lap the park-wa'," said Bykes.

"Gien 't be a' ane till 's lordship," said Malcolm, without looking at Bykes, "it wad be better no to speir, for it gangs fair agen me to refeese him."

"I should like to know," said the marquis.

"Ye maun trust me, my lord, that I was efter no ill. I gie ye my word for that, my lord."

"But how am I to know what your word is worth?" returned Lord Lossie, well pleased with the dignity of the youth's behavior.

"To ken what a body's word 's worth ye maun trust him first, my lord. It's no muckle trust I want o' ye: it comes but to this—that I hae rizzons, guid to me, an' no ill to you gien ye kent them, for *not* answerin' yer lordship's questons. I'm no denyin' a word 'at Johnny Bykes says. I never hard the cratur ca'd a leear. He's but a cantankerous argle-barglous body—no fit to be a gatekeeper, 'cep it was up upo' the Binn-side, whaur 'maist naebody gangs oot or in. He wad maybe be safter-hertit till a fellow-cratur syne."

"Would you have him let in all the tramps in the country?" said the marquis.

"De'il ane o' them, my lord; but I wad hae him no trouble the likes o' me 'at fesses the fish to yer lordship's brak-wast: sic 's no like to be efter mischief."

"There is some glimmer of sense in what you say," returned his lordship. "But you know it won't do to let anybody that pleases get over the park-walls. Why didn't you go out at the gate?"

"The burn was atween me an' hit, an' it's a lang road roon'."

"Well, I must lay some penalty upon you, to deter others," said the marquis.

"Verra weel, my lord. Sae lang 's it's fair, I s' bide it ohn grutten (*without weeping*)."

"It sha'n't be too hard. It's just this—to give John Bykes the thrashing he deserves, as soon as you're out of sight of the House."

"Na, na, my lord; I canna do that," said Malcolm.

"So you're afraid of him, after all!"

"Feared at Johnnie Bykes, my lord! Ha! ha!"

"You threatened him a minute ago, and now, when I give you leave to thrash him, you decline the honor!"

"The disgrace, my lord. He's an aulder man, an' no abune half the size. But fegs! gien he says anither word agen my gran'father, I *will* gie 's neck a bit thraw."

"Well, well, be off with you both," said the marquis, rising.

No one heard the rustle of Lady Florimel's dress as she sped up the stair, thinking within herself how very odd it was to have a secret with a fisherman; for a secret it was, seeing the reticence of Malcolm had been a relief to her, when she shrunk from what seemed the imminent mention of her name in the affair before the servants. She had even felt a touch of mingled admiration and gratitude when she found what a faithful squire he was—capable of an absolute obstinacy indeed, where she was concerned. For her own sake as well as his she was glad that he had got off so well, for otherwise she would have felt bound to tell her father the whole story, and she was not at all so sure as Malcolm that he would have been satisfied with his *reasons*, and would not have been indignant with the fellow for presuming even to be silent concerning his daughter. Indeed, Lady Florimel herself felt somewhat irritated with him, as having brought her into the awkward situation of sharing a secret with a youth of his position.

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CHAPTER XVIII.  
THE QUARREL.

FOR a few days the weather was dull and unsettled, with cold flaws and an occasional sprinkle of rain. But after came a still gray morning, warm and hopeful, and ere noon the sun broke out, the mists vanished, and the day was glorious in blue and gold. Malcolm had been to Scaurnose, to see his friend Joseph Mair, and was descending the steep path down the side of the promontory, on his way home, when his keen eye caught sight of a form on the slope of the dune which could hardly be other than that of Lady Florimel. She did not lift her eyes until he came quite near, and then only to drop them again with no more recognition than if he had been any other of the fishermen. Already more than half inclined to pick a quarrel with him, she fancied that, presuming

upon their very commonplace ad and its resulting secret, he approach with an assurance he had never fested before, and her head was motionless over her book when he and addressed her.

"My leddy," he began, with h net by his knee.

"Well?" she returned, without lifting her eyes, for, with the in privilege of her rank, she could b lent with coolness, and call it t without remorse.

"I houpe the bit buikie wasna the waur, my leddy," he said.

"'Tis of no consequence," s plied.

"Gien it war mine, I wadn sae," he returned, eyeing her an "—Here's yer leddyship's pock kin," he went on. "I hae keptt rowed up, ever sin' my daddy w oot. It's no ill dune for a bliin' ye'll see, an' I ironed it mysel' as I cud."

As he spoke he unfolded a p brown paper, disclosing a little p a cover of immaculate post, w humbly offered her,

Taking it slowly from his ha laid it on the ground beside he stiff "*Thank you*," and a secoo ping of her eyes that seemed m close the interview.

"I doobt my company's no w the day, my leddy," said Malcol trembling voice; "but there's at maun refer till. Whan I took ha leddyship's buik the ither day, ye a half a croon by the han' o' yer lass. Afore her I wasna gaein to loo onything ye pleased wi' reg me; an' I thoct wi' mysel' it wa be necessar' for yer leddyship's an' the luik o' things—"

"How dare you hint at any standing between you and me?" ed the girl in cold anger.

"Lord, mem! what hev I said sic a fire-flaucht oot o' yer bonn I thoct ye only did it 'cause ye like to luik shabby afore the la gaein' onything to the lad 'at bro yer ain—an' lippeded to me to unne

did it but for the luik o' the thing, say."

had taken the coin from his pocket, had been busy while he spoke rub-it in a handful of sand, so that it might as new when he now offered

ou are quite mistaken," she rejoined graciously. "You insult me by saying I meant you to return it."

"Iv ye think I cud bide to be paid turn till a neebor, lat alane the lift—a buik till a leddy?" said Malcolm keen mortification. "That wad be spise mysel' frae keel to truck. I o be paid for my wark, an' I like to id well; but no a plack by sic-like *ad such*) sall stick to my loof (*palm*). z be no offence to gie ye back yer roon, my leddy."

d again he offered the coin.

don't in the least see why, on your principles, you shouldn't take the y," said the girl, with more than oldness of an uninterested umpire.

worked for it, I'm sure—first acanying me home in such a storm, ten finding the book and bringing k all the way to the house!"

leed, my leddy, sic a doctrine wad grace oot o' the earth! What wad fe be worth gien a' was to be peyed I wad cut my throat afore I wad n sic a warl'.—Tak yer half-croon, ddy," he concluded, in a tone of

ty. the energetic outburst was suf- . in such her mood, only to the dis- f Lady Florimel.

o anything with the money you ; only go away, and don't plague out it," she said freezingly.

hat can I du wi' what I wadna pass my fingers?" said Malcolm with atience of deep disappointment.

ve it to some poor creature: you some one who would be glad of it, say."

ten mony ane, my leddy, wham it reel become yer ain bonny han' to till; but I'm no gaein' to tak' fer a leeborality that wad ill be-me."

ou can tell how you earned it."

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"And profess mysel' disgraced by takin' a reward frae a born leddy for what I wad hae dune for ony beggar wife i' the lan'! Na, na, my leddy."

"Your services are certainly flattering, when you put me on a level with any beggar in the country!"

"In regaird o' sic service, my leddy: ye ken weel enuch what I mean. Obleege me by takin' back yer siller."

"How dare you ask me to take back what I once gave?"

"Ye cudna hae kent what ye was doin' whan ye gae 't, my leddy. Tak it back, an tak a hunnerweicht aff o' my hert."

He actually mentioned his heart!—was it to be borne by a girl in Lady Florimel's mood?

"I beg you will not annoy me," she said, muffling her anger in folds of distance, and again sought her book.

Malcolm looked at her for a moment, then turned his face toward the sea, and for another moment stood silent. Lady Florimel glanced up, but Malcolm was unaware of her movement. He lifted his hand, and looked at the half-crown gleaming on his palm; then, with a sudden poise of his body, and a sudden fierce action of his arm, he sent the coin, swift with his heart's repudiation, across the sands into the tide. Ere it struck the water, he had turned, and, with long stride but low-bent head, walked away. A pang shot to Lady Florimel's heart.

"Malcolm!" she cried.

He turned instantly, came slowly back, and stood erect and silent before her.

She must say something. Her eye fell on the little parcel beside her, and she spoke the first thought that came.

"Will you take this?" she said, and offered him the handkerchief.

In a dazed way he put out his hand and took it, staring at it as if he did not know what it was.

"It's some sair!" he said at length, with a motion of his hands as if to grasp his head between them. "Ye winna tak even the washin' o' a pocket-nepkin frae me, an' ye wad gar me tak a hail half-croon frae yersel'! Mem, ye're a gran' leddy an' a bonny; an ye hae turns aboot ye, gien 'twar but the set o' yer

heid, 'at micht gar an angel lat fa' what he was carryin', but afore I wad affront ane that wantit naething o' me but gude will, I wad—I wad—raither be the fisher-lad that I am."

A weak-kneed peroration, truly; but Malcom was overburdened at last. He laid the little parcel on the sand at her feet, almost reverentially, and again turned. But Lady Florimel spoke again.

"It is you who are affronting me now," she said gently. "When a lady gives her handkerchief to a gentleman, it is commonly received as a very great favor indeed."

"Gien I hae made a mistak, my leddy, I micht weel mak it, no bein' a gentleman, and no bein' used to the traitment o' ane. But I doobt gien a gentleman wad ha' surmised what ye was efter wi' yer neepkin, gien ye had offert him half a croon first."

"Oh yes, he would—perfectly!" said Florimel with an air of offence.

"Then, my leddy, for the first time i' my life, I wish I had been born a gentleman."

"Then I certainly wouldn't have given it you," said Florimel with perversity.

"What for no, my leddy? I dinna unnerstan' ye again. There maun be an unco differ atween 's!"

"Because a gentleman would have presumed on such a favor."

"I'm glaiddier' nor ever 'at I wasna born ane," said Malcolm, and, slowly stooping, he lifted the handkerchief; "an' I was aye glaid o' that, my leddy, 'cause gien I had been, I wad hae been luikin' doon upo' workin' men like mysel' as gien they warna freely o' the same flesh an' blude. But I beg yer leddyship's pardon for takin' ye up amiss. An' sae lang's I live, I'll regaird this as ane o' her feddars 'at the angel moutit as she sat by the bored craig. An' whan I'm deid, I'll hae 't laid upo' my face, an' syne, maybe, I may get a sicht o' ye as I pass. Guid-day, my leddy."

"Good-day," she returned kindly. "I wish my father would let me have a row in your boat."

"It's at yer service whan ye please, my leddy," said Malcolm.

One who had caught a glimpse of the shining yet solemn eyes of the youth, as he walked home, would wonder no longer that he should talk as he did—so sedately, yet so poetically—so long-windedly, if you like, yet so sensibly—even wisely.

Lady Florimel lay on the sand, and sought again to read the *Faerie Queen*. But for the last day or two she had been getting tired of it, and now the forms that entered by her eyes dropped half their substance and all their sense in the porch, and thronged her brain with the mere phantoms of things, with words that came and went and were nothing. Abandoning the harvest of chaff, her eyes rose and looked out upon the sea. Never, even from tropical shore, was richer-hued ocean beheld. Gorgeous in purple and green, in shadowy blue and flashing gold, it seemed to Malcolm, as if at any moment the ever new-born Anadyomene might lift her shining head from the wandering floor, and float away in her pearly lustre to gladden the regions where the glaciers glide seaward in irresistible silence, there to give birth to the icebergs in tumult and thunderous uproar. But Lady Florimel felt merely the loneliness. One deserted boat lay on the long sand, like the bereft and useless half of a double shell. Without show of life the moveless cliffs lengthened far into a sea where neither white sail deepened the purple and gold, nor red one enriched it with a color it could not itself produce. Neither hope nor aspiration awoke in her heart at the sight. Was she beginning to be tired of her companionless liberty? Had the long stanzas, bound by so many interwoven links of rhyme, ending in long Alexandrines, the long cantos, the lingering sweetness long drawn out through so many unended books, begun to weary her at last? Had even a quarrel with a fisher-lad been a little pastime to her? and did she now wish she had detained him a little longer? Could she take any interest in him beyond such as she took in Demotus, her father's dog, or Brazenose, his favorite horse?

Whatever might be her thoughts or

feelings at this moment, it remained a fact, that Florimel Colonsay, the daughter of a marquis, and Malcolm, the grandson of a blind piper, were woman and man—and the man the finer of the two this time.

As Malcolm passed on his way one of the three or four solitary rocks which rose from the sand, the skeleton remnants of large masses worn down by wind, wave and weather, he heard his own name uttered by an unpleasant voice, and followed by a more unpleasant laugh.

He knew both the voice and the laugh, and, turning, saw Mrs. Catanach, seated, apparently busy with her knitting, in the shade of the rock.

"Weel?" he said curtly.

"Weel!—Set ye up!—Wha's yon ye was play-actin' wi' oot yonner?"

"Wha telled ye to speir, Mistress Catanach?"

"Ay, ay, laad! Ye'll be abune speykin' till an auld wife efter colloquin' wi' a yoong ane, an' sic a ane! Isna she bonny, Malkie? Isna hers a winsome shape an' a lauchin' ee? Didna she draw ye on, an' luik i' the hawk's-een o' ye, an' lay herself oot afore ye, an'—?"

"She did naething o' the sort, ye ill-tongued wuman!" said Malcolm in anger.

"Ho! ho!" trumpeted Mrs. Catanach.

"Ill-tongued, am I? An' what neist?"

"Ill-deedit," returned Malcolm—"whan ye flang my bonny salmon-troot till yer oogly deevil o' a dog."

"Ho! ho! ho! Ill-deedit, am I? I s' no forget thae bonny names! Maybe yer lordship wad alloo me the leeberty o' speirin' anither question at ye, Malcolm MacPhail?"

"Ye may speir 'at ye like, sae lang 's ye canna gar me stan' to hearken. Guid-day to ye, Mistress Catanach. Yer company was nane o' my seekin': I may lea' 't whan I like."

"Dinna ye be ower sure o' that," she called after him venomously.

But Malcolm turned his head no more.

As soon as he was out of sight, Mrs. Catanach rose, ascended the dune, and propelled her rotundity along the yielding top of it. When she arrived within

speaking distance of Lady Florimel, who lay lost in her dreary regard of sand and sea, she paused for a moment, as if contemplating her.

Suddenly, almost by Lady Florimel's side, as if he had risen from the sand, stood the form of the mad laird.

"I dinna ken whaur I come frae," he said.

Lady Florimel started, half rose, and seeing the dwarf so near, and on the other side of her a repulsive-looking woman staring at her, sprung to her feet and fled. The same instant the mad laird, catching sight of Mrs. Catanach, gave a cry of misery, thrust his fingers in his ears, darted down the other side of the dune, and sped along the shore. Mrs. Catanach shook with laughter. "I hae skailled (*dispersed*) the bonny doos!" she said. Then she called aloud after the flying girl,—

"My leddy! My bonny leddy!"

Florimel paid no heed, but ran straight for the door of the tunnel, and vanished. Thence leisurely climbing to the temple of the winds, she looked down from a height of safety upon the shore and the retreating figure of Mrs. Catanach. Seating herself by the pedestal of the trumpet-blowing Wind, she assayed her reading again, but was again startled—this time by a rough salute from Demon. Presently her father appeared, and Lady Florimel felt something like a pang of relief at being found there, and not on the farther side of the dune making it up with Malcolm.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### DUNCAN'S PIPES.

A FEW days after the events last narrated, a footman in the marquis's livery entered the Seaton, snuffing with emphasized discomposure the air of the village, all-ignorant of the risk he ran in thus openly manifesting his feelings; for the women at least were good enough citizens to resent any indignity offered their town. As vengeance would have it, Meg Partan was the first of whom, with supercilious airs and "clippit"



tongue, he requested to know where a certain blind man, who played on an instrument called the bagpipes, lived.

"Spit i' yer loof an' caw (*search*) for him," she answered—a reply of which he understood the tone and one disagreeable word.

With reddening cheek he informed her that he came on his lord's business.

"I dinna doobt it," she retorted; "ye luik sic-like as rins ither fowk's eeran's."

"I should be obliged if you would inform me where the man lives," returned the lackey—with polite words in supercilious tones.

"What d' ye want wi' *him*, honest man?" grimly questioned the Partaness, the epithet referring to Duncan, and not the questioner.

"That I shall have the honor of informing himself," he replied.

"Weel, ye can hae the honor o' informin' yersel' whaur he bides," she rejoined, and turned away from her open door.

All were not so rude as she, however, for he found at length a little girl willing to show him the way.

The style in which his message was delivered was probably modified by the fact that he found Malcolm seated with his grandfather at their evening meal of water-brose and butter; for he had been present when Malcolm was brought before the marquis by Bykes, and had in some measure comprehended the nature of the youth: it was in politest phrase, and therefore entirely to Duncan's satisfaction in regard to the manner as well as matter of the message, that he requested Mr. Duncan MacPhail's attendance on the marquis the following evening at six o'clock, to give his lordship and some distinguished visitors the pleasure of hearing him play on the bagpipes during dessert. To this summons the old man returned stately and courteous reply, couched in the best English he could command, which, although considerably distorted by Gaelic pronunciation and idioms, was yet sufficiently intelligible to the messenger, who carried home the substance for the satisfaction of his master, and what he could of the

form for the amusement of his fellow-servants.

Duncan, although he received it with perfect calmness, was yet overjoyed at the invitation. He had performed once or twice before the late marquis, and having ever since assumed the style of Piper to the Marquis of Lossie, now regarded the summons as confirmation in the office. The moment the sound of the messenger's departing footsteps died away, he caught up his pipes from the corner, where, like a pet cat, they lay on a bit of carpet, the only piece in the cottage, spread for them between his chair and the wall, and, though cautiously mindful of its age and proved infirmity, filled the bag full, and burst into such a triumphant onset of battle that all the children of the Seaton were in a few minutes crowded about the door. He had not played above five minutes, however, when the love of finery natural to the Gael, the Gaul and the Galatian triumphed over his love of music, and he stopped with an abrupt groan of the instrument to request Malcolm to get him new streamers. Whatever his notions of its nature might be, he could not come of the Celtic race without having in him somewhere a strong faculty for color, and no doubt his fancy regarding it was of something as glorious as his knowledge of it must have been vague. At all events, he not only knew the names of the colors in ordinary use, but could describe many of the clan tartans with perfect accuracy; and he now gave Malcolm complete instructions as to the hues of the ribbon he was to purchase. As soon as he had started on the important mission, the old man laid aside his instrument, and taking his broadsword from the wall, proceeded with the aid of brick-dust and lamp-oil, to furbish his and blade with the utmost care, searching out spot after spot of rust, to the smallest, with the delicate points of his great bony fingers. Satisfied at length of its brightness, he requested Malcolm, who had returned long before the operation was over, to bring him the sheath, which, for fear of its coming to pieces, so old and crumbling was the leather, he

kept laid up in the drawer with his sporran and his Sunday coat. His next business, for he would not commit it to Malcolm, was to adorn the pipes with the new streamers. Asking the color of each, and going by some principle of arrangement known only to himself, he affixed them, one after the other, as he judged right, shaking and drawing out each to its full length with as much pride as if it had been a tone instead of a ribbon. This done, he resumed his playing, and continued it, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his grandson, until bedtime.

That night he slept but little, and as the day went on grew more and more excited. Scarcely had he swallowed his twelve o'clock dinner of *sowens* and oat-cake, when he wanted to go and dress himself for his approaching visit. Malcolm induced him, however, to lie down a while and hear him play, and succeeded, strange as it may seem with such an instrument, in lulling him to sleep. But he had not slept more than five minutes when he sprang from the bed, wide awake, crying,

"My poy, Malcolm! my son! you haf let her sleep in; and ta creat peoples will pe impatient for her music, and cursing her in teir hearts!"

Nothing would quiet him but the immediate commencement of the process of dressing, the result of which was, as I have said, even pathetic, from its intermixture of shabbiness and finery. The dangling brass-capped tails of his sporran in front, the silver-mounted dirk on one side, with its hilt of black oak carved into an eagle's head, and the steel basket of his broadsword gleaming at the other; his great shoulder-brooch of rudely chased brass; the pipes with their withered bag and gaudy streamers; the faded kilt, oiled and soiled; the stockings darned in twenty places by the hands of the termagant Meg Partan; the brogues patched and patched until it would have been hard to tell a spot of the original leather; the round blue bonnet grown gray with wind and weather; the belts that looked like old harness ready to yield at a pull; his skene dhu stick-

ing out grim and black beside a knee like a lean knuckle:—all combined to form a picture ludicrous to a vulgar nature, but gently pitiful to the lover of his kind. He looked like a half-mouldered warrior, waked from beneath an ancient cairn, to walk about in a world other than he took it to be. Malcolm, in his commonplace Sunday suit, served as a foil to his picturesque grandfather; to whose oft-reiterated desire that he would wear the highland dress, he had hitherto returned no other answer than a humorous representation of the different remarks with which the neighbors would encounter such a solecism.

The whole Seaton turned out to see them start. Men, women and children lined the fronts and gables of the houses they must pass on their way; for everybody knew where they were going, and wished them good luck. As if he had been a great bard with a henchman of his own, Duncan strode along in front, and Malcolm followed, carrying the pipes, and regarding his grandfather with a mingled pride and compassion lovely to see. But as soon as they were beyond the village the old man took the young one's arm, not to guide him, for that was needless, but to stay his steps a little, for when dressed he would, as I have said, carry no staff; and thus they entered the nearest gate leading to the grounds. Bykes saw them and scoffed, but with discretion, and kept out of their way.

When they reached the House, they were taken to the servants' hall, where refreshments were offered them. The old man ate sparingly, saying he wanted all the room for his breath, but swallowed a glass of whisky with readiness; for, although he never spent a farthing on it, he had yet a highlander's respect for whisky, and seldom refused a glass when offered him. On this occasion, besides, he was well pleased to add a little fuel to the failing fires of old age; and the summons to the dining-room being in his view long delayed, he had, before they left the hall, taken a second glass.

They were led along endless passages,

up a winding stone stair, across a lobby, and through room after room.

"It will be some glamour, sure, Malcolm!" said Duncan in a whisper as they went.

Requested at length to seat themselves in an ante-room, the air of which was filled with the sounds and odors of the neighboring feast, they waited again through what seemed to the impatient Duncan an hour of slow vacuity; but at last they were conducted into the dining-room. Following their guide, Malcolm led the old man to the place prepared for him at the upper part of the room, where the floor was raised a step or two.

Duncan would, I fancy, even unprotected by his blindness, have strode unabashed into the very halls of heaven. As he entered there was a hush, for his poverty-stricken age and dignity told for one brief moment; then the buzz and laughter recommenced, an occasional oath emphasizing itself in the confused noise of the talk, the gurgle of wine, the ring of glass and the chink of china.

In Malcolm's vision, dazzled and bewildered at first, things soon began to arrange themselves. The walls of the room receded to their proper distance, and he saw that they were covered with pictures of ladies and gentlemen gorgeously attired; the ceiling rose and settled into the dim show of a sky, amongst the clouds of which the shapes of very solid women and children disported themselves; while about the glittering table, lighted by silver candelabra with many branches, he distinguished the gayly-dressed company, round which, like huge ill-painted butterflies, the liveried footmen hovered. His eyes soon found the lovely face of Lady Florimel, but after the first glance he dared hardly look again. Whether its radiance had any smallest source in the pleasure of appearing like a goddess in the eyes of her humble servant, I dare not say, but more lucent she could hardly have appeared had she been the princess in a fairy tale, about to marry her much-thwarted prince. She wore far too many jewels for one so young, for her father had given her all that had belonged to

her mother, as well as some family diamonds, and her inexperience knew no reason why she should not wear them. The diamonds flashed and sparkled and glowed on a white rather than fair neck, which, being very much *uncollared*, dazzled Malcolm far more than the jewels. Such a form of enhanced loveliness, reflected for the first time in the pure mirror of a high-toned manhood, may well be to such a youth as that of an angel with whom he has henceforth to wrestle in deadly agony until the final dawn; for lofty condition and gorgeous circumstance, while combining to raise a woman to an ideal height, ill suffice to lift her beyond love, or shield the lowliest man from the arrows of her radiation: they leave her human still. She was talking and laughing with a young man of weak military aspect, whose eyes gazed unshrinking on her beauty.

The guests were not numerous: a certain bold-faced countess, the fire in whose eyes had begun to tarnish, and the natural lines of whose figure were vanishing in expansion; the soldier, her nephew, a wasted elegance; a long, lean man, who dawdled with what he ate, and drank as if his bones thirsted; an elderly, broad, red-faced, bull-necked baron of the Hanoverian type; and two neighboring lairds and their wives, ordinary, and well pleased to be at the marquis's table.

Although the waiting were as many as the waited upon, Malcolm, who was keen-eyed and had a passion for service—a thing unintelligible to the common mind—soon spied an opportunity of making himself useful. Seeing one of the men, suddenly called away, set down a dish of fruit just as the countess was expecting it, he jumped up, almost involuntarily, and handed it to her. Once in the current of things, Malcolm would not readily make for the shore of inactivity: he finished the round of the table with the dish, while the men looked indignant, and the marquis eyed him queerly.

While he was thus engaged, however, Duncan, either that his poor stock of patience was now utterly exhausted, or

he fancied a signal given, com-  
 ed of a sudden his full-blown wait-  
 bag, and blasted forth such a wild  
 of a pibroch, that more than one  
 e ladies gave a cry and half started  
 their chairs. The marquis burst  
 laughing, but gave orders to stop  
 —a thing not to be effected in a mo-  
 t, for Duncan was in full tornado,  
 the avenues of hearing, both cor-  
 al and mental, blocked by his own  
 ng utterance. Understanding at  
 h, he ceased with the air and al-  
 the carriage of a suddenly checked  
 ; looking half startled, half angry,  
 eeks puffed, his nostrils expanded,  
 ead thrown back, the port-vent still  
 s mouth, the blown bag under his  
 and his fingers on the chanter—on  
 ret to dash forward again with re-  
 led energy. But slowly the strained  
 les relaxed, he let the tube fall from  
 ps, and the bag descended to his  
 "A man forbid," he heard the la-  
 rise and leave the room, and not  
 the gentlemen sat down again to  
 wine was there any demand for the  
 ise of his art.

w, whether what followed had been  
 ranged, and old Duncan invited  
 e express purpose of carrying it  
 or whether it was conceived and  
 ted on the spur of the moment,  
 e seems less likely, I cannot tell,  
 he turn things now took would be  
 to believe, were they dated in the  
 nt generation. Some of my elder  
 rs, however, will, from their own  
 ledge of similar actions, grant like-  
 l enough to my record.

hile the old man was piping as  
 ly as his lingering mortification  
 l permit, the marquis interrupted  
 usic to make him drink a large  
 of sherry; after which he requested  
 o play his loudest, that the gentle-  
 night hear what his pipes could do.  
 e same time he sent Malcolm with  
 sage to the butler about some par-  
 wine he wanted. Malcolm went  
 than willingly, but lost a good  
 f time from not knowing his way  
 gh the house. When he returned  
 nd things frightfully changed.

As soon as he was out of the room,  
 and while the poor old man was blow-  
 ing his hardest, in the fancy of rejoicing  
 his hearers with the glorious music of the  
 highland hills, one of the company—it  
 was never known which, for each merrily  
 accused the other—took a penknife, and  
 going softly behind him, ran the sharp  
 blade into the bag, and made a great  
 slit, so that the wind at once rushed out,  
 and the tune ceased without sob or wail.  
 Not a laugh betrayed the cause of the  
 catastrophe: in silent enjoyment the con-  
 spirators sat watching his movements.  
 For one moment Duncan was so as-  
 tounded that he could not think; the  
 next he laid the instrument across his  
 knees, and began feeling for the cause  
 of the sudden collapse. Tears had  
 gathered in the eyes that were of no use  
 but to weep withal, and were slowly  
 dropping.

"She wass afrait, my lort and chentle-  
 mans," he said, with a quavering voice,  
 "tat her pag will pe near her latter end;  
 put she. pelieved she would pe living pe-  
 yond her nainsel, my chentlemans."

He ceased abruptly, for his fingers had  
 found the wound, and were prosecuting  
 an inquiry: they ran along the smooth  
 edges of the cut, and detected treachery.  
 He gave a cry like that of a wounded  
 animal, flung his pipes from him, and  
 sprang to his feet, but forgetting a step  
 below him, staggered forward a few paces  
 and fell heavily. That instant Malcolm  
 entered the room. He hurried in con-  
 sternation to his assistance. When he  
 had helped him up and seated him again  
 on the steps, the old man laid his head  
 on his boy's bosom, threw his arms  
 around his neck, and wept aloud.

"Malcolm, my son," he sobbed, "Tun-  
 can is wronged in ta halls of ta stran-  
 cher; tey 'll haf stapped his pest friend  
 to ta heart, and och hone! och hone!  
 she 'll pe aall too plint to take fen-  
 cheance. Malcolm, son of heroes, traw  
 ta claymore of ta pard, and fall upon ta  
 traitors. She'll pe singing you ta onset,  
 for ta pibroch is no more."

His quavering voice rose that instant  
 in a fierce though feeble chant, and his  
 hand flew to the hilt of his weapon.

Malcolm, perceiving from the looks of the men that things were as his grandfather had divined, spoke indignantly :

"Ye oucht to tak shame to ca' yersel's gentlefowk, an' play a puir blin' man, wha was doin' his best to please ye, sic an ill-faured trick."

As he spoke they made various signs to him not to interfere, but Malcolm paid them no heed, and turned to his grandfather, eager to persuade him to go home. They had no intention of letting him off yet, however. Acquainted — probably through his gamekeeper, who laid himself out to amuse his master—with the piper's peculiar antipathies, Lord Lossie now took up the game.

"It was too bad of you, Campbell," he said, "to play the good old man such a dog's trick."

At the word *Campbell* the piper shook off his grandson, and sprang once more to his feet, his head thrown back, and every inch of his body trembling with rage.

"She might haf known," he screamed, half choking, "that a cursed tog of a Cawmill was in it!"

He stood for a moment, swaying in every direction, as if the spirit within him doubted whether to cast his old body on the earth in contempt of its helplessness, or to fling it headlong on his foes. For that one moment silence filled the room.

"You needn't attempt to deny it; it really *was* too bad of you, Glenlyon," said the marquis.

A howl of fury burst from Duncan's laboring bosom. His broadsword flashed from its sheath, and brokenly panting out the words, "Clenlyon! Ta creat defil! Haf I peen trinking with ta hell-hount, Clenlyon?" — he would have run a Malay muck through the room with his huge weapon. But he was already struggling in the arms of his grandson, who succeeded at length in forcing from his bony grasp the hilt of the terrible claymore. But as Duncan yielded his weapon, Malcolm lost his hold on him. He darted away, caught his dirk—a blade of unusual length—from its sheath, and shot in the direction of the last word he

had heard. Malcolm dropped the sword and sprung after him.

"Gif her ta fillain by ta troat," screamed the old man. "*She* 'll stap his pag! She'll cut *his* chanter in two! She'll pe toing it! Who put ta creat-cran'son of Inverriggen should pe cutting ta troat of ta tog Clenlyon?"

As he spoke, he was running wildly about the room, brandishing his weapon, knocking over chairs, and sweeping bottles and dishes from the table. The clatter was tremendous, and the smile had faded from the faces of the men who had provoked the disturbance. The military youth looked scared; the Hanoverian pig-cheeks were the color of lead; the long lean man was laughing like a skeleton; one of the lairds had got on the sideboard, and the other was making for the door with the bell-rope in his hand; the marquis, though he retained his coolness, was yet looking a little anxious; the butler was peeping in at the door, with red nose and pale cheek-bones, the handle in his hand, in instant readiness to pop out again; while Malcolm was after his grandfather, intent upon closing with him. The old man had just made a desperate stab at nothing half across the table, and was about to repeat it, when, spying danger to a fine dish, Malcolm reached forward to save it. But the dish flew in splinters, and the dirk passing through the thick of Malcolm's hand, pinned it to the table, where Duncan, fancying he had at length stabbed Glenlyon, left it quivering.

"Tere, Clenlyon!" he said, and stood trembling in the ebb of passion, and murmuring to himself something in Gaelic.

Meantime, Malcolm had drawn the dirk from the table, and released his hand. The blood was streaming from it, and the marquis took his own handkerchief to bind it up; but the lad indignantly refused the attention, and kept holding the wound tight with his left hand. The butler, seeing Duncan stand quite still, ventured, with scared countenance, to approach the scene of destruction.

"Dinna gang near him," cried Mal-

"He has his skene dhu yet, an' s that's warst ava."

cely were the words out of his when the black knife was out of n's stocking, and brandished aloft shaking fist.

ddy!" cried Malcolm, "ye wad-twa Glenlyons in ae day—wad

would, my son Malcolm!—fifty oars in one preath! Tey are ta n of wrath, and tey haf to pe iont."

an auld man ye hae killed enew nicht," said Malcolm, and gently e knife from his trembling hand. aun come hame the noo."

a tog tead, then?" asked Duncan

na; he's breathin' yet," answer-colm.

ll not can co till ta tog will pe Ta tog may want more killing,"

at a horrible savage!" said one lairds, a justice of the peace. ught to be shut up in a mad-

ye set about shuttin' up, sir, or I—I kenna whilk—ye'll hae to rearer hame," said Malcolm as ped to pick up the broadsword,

complete his possession of the s. "An' ye'll please to haud in at nane here is an injured man gran'father himsel'."

!" said the marquis; "what do ke of all my dishes?"

ed, my lord, ye may comfort yer-t they warn a dishes wi' harns i' them; for sic's some scarce oose o' Lossie."

're a long-tongued rascal," said quis.

ang tongue may whiles be as s a lang spune, my lord; an' ye at that's for?"

marquis burst into laughter.

at do you make, then, of that cut in your own hand?" asked jistrate.

ak my ain business o' 't," an-Malcolm.

o this colloquy passed, Duncan en feeling about for his pipes:

having found them he clasped them to his bosom like a hurt child.

"Come home, come home," he said; "your own pard has refenched you."

Malcolm took him by the arm and led him away. He went without a word, still clasping his wounded bagpipes to his bosom.

"You'll hear from me in the morning, my lad," said the marquis in a kindly tone, as they were leaving the room.

"I hae no wuss to hear onything mair o' yer lordship. Ye hae dune enuch this nicht, my lord, to make ye ashamed o' yersel' till yer dyin' day—gien ye hed ony pooer o' shame left in ye."

The military youth muttered something about insolence, and made a step toward him. Malcolm quitted his grandfather, and stepped again into the room.

"Come on," he said.

"No, no," interposed the marquis. "Don't you see the lad is hurt?"

"Lat him come on," said Malcolm; "I hae a soon' han'. Here, my lord, tak the wapons, or the auld man 'll get a grip o' them again."

"I tell you no," shouted Lord Lossie. "Fred, get out—will you?"

The young gentleman turned on his heel, and Malcolm led his grandfather from the house without further molestation. It was all he could do, however, to get him home. The old man's strength was utterly gone. His knees bent trembling under him, and the arm which rested on his grandson's shook as with an ague-fit. Malcolm was glad indeed when at length he had him safe in bed, by which time his hand had swollen to a great size, and the suffering grown severe.

Thoroughly exhausted by his late fierce emotions, Duncan soon fell into a troubled sleep, whereupon Malcolm went to Meg Partan, and begged her to watch beside him until he should return, informing her of the way his grandfather had been treated, and adding that he had gone into such a rage, that he feared he would be ill in consequence; and if he should be unable to do his morning's duty, it would almost break his heart.

"Eh!" said the Partaness, in a whis-

per, as they parted at Duncan's door, "a baad temper 's a frichtsomen thing. I'm sure the times I hae telled him it wad be the ruin o' 'im!"

To Malcolm's gentle knock Miss Horn's door was opened by Jean.

"What d'ye wint at sic an oontimeous hoor," she said, "whan honest fowk's a' i' their nichtcaips?"

"I want to see Miss Horn, gien ye please," he answered.

"I s' warran' she'll be in her bed an' snorin'," said Jean; "but I s' gang an' see."

Ere she went, however, Jean saw that the kitchen door was closed, for, whether she belonged to the class "honest folk" or not, Mrs. Catanach was in Miss Horn's kitchen, and not in her nightcap.

Jean returned presently with an invitation for Malcolm to walk up to the parlor.

"I hae gotten a sma' mishanter, Miss Horn," he said, as he entered; "an' I thoct I cudna du better than come to you, 'cause ye can haud yer tongue, an' that's mair nor mony ane i' the port o' Portlossie can, mem."

The compliment, correct in fact as well as honest in intent, was not thrown away on Miss Horn, to whom it was the more pleasing that she could regard it as a just tribute. Malcolm told her all the story, rousing thereby a mighty indignation in her bosom, a great fire in her hawk-nose, and a succession of wild flashes in her hawk-eyes; but when he showed her his hand,

"Lord, Malcolm!" she cried; "it's a mercy I was made wantin' feelin's, or I cudna hae bed the sicht. My puir bairn!"

Then she rushed to the stair and shouted—

"Jean, ye limmer! Jean! Fess some het watter, an' some linen cloots."

"I hae nane o' naither," replied Jean from the bottom of the stair.

"Mak up the fire an' put on some watter directly.—I s' fin' some clooties," she added, turning to Malcolm, "—gien I sud rive the tail frae my best Sunday sark."

She returned with rags enough for a small hospital, and until the grumbling

Jean brought the hot water, they sat and talked in the glimmering light of one long-beaked tallow candle.

"It's a terrible hoose, yon o' Lossie," said Miss Horn; "and there's been terrible things dune intill't. The auld mairkis was an ill man. I daurna say whan he wadna hae dune, gien half the tales be true 'at they tell o' 'im; an' the last ane was little better. This ane winna be sae ill, but it's clear 'at he's tarred wi' the same stick."

"I dinna think he means onything muckle amiss," agreed Malcolm, whose wrath had by this time subsided a little, through the quieting influences of Miss Horn's sympathy. "He's mair thoughtless, I do believe, than ill-contrived—a' a' for 's fun. He spak unco kin'-like to me, efterhin, but I cudna accep' it, ye see, efter the w'y he had saired my dady. But wadna ye hae thought he wad auld enouch to ken better by this time?"

"An auld fule 's the warst fule ava'," said Miss Horn. "But nothing o' that kin', be 't a's mad an' pranksome as ever sic ploy could be, is to be made mention o' aside the things 'at was mutit (*muttered*) o' 's brither. I budena come ower them till a young laad like yersel'. They war never said straucht oot, min' ye, but jist minitit at, like, wi' a doon-draw o' the broos an' a wee side-shak' o' the heid, as gien the body wad say, 'I cud tell ye gien I daur.' But I doobt mysel' gien onything was *kent*, though muckle was mair nor suspekkit. An' whaur there's reik, there maun be fire."

As she spoke she was doing her best, with many expressions of pity, for his hand. When she had bathed and bound it up, and laid it in a sling, he wished her good-night.

Arrived at home, he found, to his dismay, that things had not been going well. Indeed, while yet several hooses off, he had heard the voices of the Partan's wife and his grandfather in fierce dispute. The old man was beside himself with anxiety about Malcolm; and the woman, instead of soothing him, was opposing everything he said, and irritating him frightfully. The moment he entered, each opened a torrent of accu-

ons against the other, and it was with ility that Malcolm prevailed on the man to go home. The presence of boy soon calmed the old man, how- r, and he fell into a troubled sleep— which Malcolm, who sat by his bed night, heard him, at intervals, now enting over the murdered of Glenco, v exulting in a stab that had reached heart of Glenlyon, and now bewail- his ruined bagpipes. At length to- d morning he grew quieter, and Mal- n fell asleep in his chair.

## CHAPTER XX.

## ADVANCES.

WHEN he woke, Duncan still slept, l Malcolm, having got ready some for his grandfather's, and a little se for his own breakfast, sat down in by the bedside, and awaited the man's waking.

The first sign of it that reached him, e the feebly-uttered question—

'Will ta tog be tead, Malcolm?'

'As sure 's ye stabbit him," answered lcolm.

'Then she 'll pe getting herself ready," d Duncan, making a motion to rise.

'What for, daddy?'

'For ta hanging, my son," answered ncan coolly.

'Time eneuch for that, daddy, whan y sen' to tell ye," returned Malcolm, ntious of revealing the facts of the e.

'Ferry coot!" said Duncan, and fell eep again.

In a little while he woke with a start.

'She 'll be hafing an efil tream, my l Malcolm," he said; "—or it was 'll more than a tream. Cawmill of nlyon, God curse him! came to her lside; and he 'll say to her,— 'Mac-

onnull,' he said, for pein' a tead man would pe knowing my name,— 'Mac-

onnull,' he said, 'what tid you 'll pe aning py turking my posterity?'

And : answered and said to him, 'I pray it d been yourself, you tamned Clen-

on.' And he said to me, 'It 'll pe no t wishing that; it would pe toing you

no coot to turk me, for I'm a tead man.'

—'And a tamned man,' says herself, and would haf taken him py ta troat,

put she couldn't mofe. 'Well, I'm not so sure of tat,' says he, 'for I 'fe pecked all teir partons.'—'And tid tey gif tem ta you, you tog?'

says herself.—'Well, I'm not sure,' says he; 'anyhow, I'm not tamned ferry much yet.'—'She 'll pe much sorry to hear it,' says herself.

And she took care aalways to pe calling him some paad name, so tat he shouldn't say *she* 'll be forgifing him, whatever ta rest of tem might pe toing.

'Put what troubles me,' says he, 'it 'll not pe apout myself at aall.'—'That 'll pe a wonder," says her nain sel': 'and what may it pe apout, you cut-troat?'

—'It 'll pe apout yourself,' says he. 'Apout herself?'

—'Yes; apout yourself,' says he. 'I'm sorry for you— for ta ting tat's to be tone with him that killed a man aal pecaase he pore my name, and he wasn't a son of mine at aall! Tere is no pot in hell teep enough to put him in!'—'Then they must make haste and tig one,' says herself, 'for she 'll pe hangt in a tay or two,'—'So she 'll wake up, and beholt it was a tream!'

'An' no sic an ill dream efter a', daddy!" said Malcolm.

"Not an efil dream, my son, when it makes her aalmost wish that she hadn't peen quite killing ta tog! Last night she would haf made a puoy of his skin like any other tog's skin, and to-day—no, my son, it wass a ferry efil tream. And to be tolt tat ta creat tefil, Clenlyon herself, was not ferry much tamned!—it wass a ferry efil tream, my son."

"Weel, daddy—maybe ye 'll tak it for ill news, but ye killed naebody."

"Tid she 'll not trive her turk into ta tog?" cried Duncan fiercely. "Och hone! och hone!—Then she 's ashamed of herself for efer, when she might have tone it. And it 'll hafe to pe tone yet!"

He paused a few moments, and then resumed:

"And she 'll not pe coing to be hangt? —Maype that will pe petter, for you wouldn't hafe liket to see your olt cran'- father to pe hangt, Malcolm, my son. Not that she would hafe minted it herself in such a coot caause, Malcolm!



Put she tidn't pe ferry happy after she tid think she had tone it, for you see he wasn't ta ferry man his ownself, and tat must pe counted. But she tid kill something: what was it, Malcolm?"

"Ye sent a gran' dish fleecin'," answered Malcolm. "I s' warran' it cost a poun', to jeedge by the gowd upo' 't."

"She'll hear a noise of preaking; put she tid stap something soft."

"Ye stack yer durk intill my lord's mahogany table," said Malcolm. "It nott (*needed*) a guid rug (*pull*) to haul 't oot."

"Then her arm has not lost aal its strength, Malcolm! I pray ta taple had been ta rips of Glenlyon!"

"Ye maunna pray nae sic prayers, daddy. Min' upo' what Glenlyon said to ye last nicht. Gien I was you I wadna hae a pot howkit express for mysel'—doon yonner—i' yon place 'at ye dreamed about."

"Well, I'll forgife him a little, Malcolm—not ta one tat's tead, but ta one tat tidn't do it, you know.—Put how will she pe forgifing him for ripping her poor pag? Och hone! och hone! No more musics for her tying tays, Malcolm! Och hone! och hone! I shall co creeping to ta crafe with no loud noises to defy ta enemy. Her pipes is tumb for efer and efer. Och hone! och hone!"

The lengthening of his days had restored bitterness to his loss.

"I'll sune set the bag richt, daddy. Or, gien I canna do that, we 'll get a new ane. Mony a pibroch 'll come skirlin' oot o' that chanter yet er' a be dune."

They were interrupted by the unceremonious entrance of the same footman who had brought the invitation. He carried a magnificent set of ebony pipes, with silver mountings.

"A present from my lord, the marquis," he said bumpiously, almost rudely, and laid them on the table.

"Dinna lay them there; tak them frae that, or I 'll fling them at yer poothered wig," said Malcolm.—"It's a stan' o' pipes," he added, "an' that a gran' ane, daddy."

"Take tem away!" cried the old man, in a voice too feeble to support the load

of indignation it bore. "She 'll pe ing no presents from marquis tat would pe teceifing old Tunc making him trink with ta cursed lyon. Tell ta marquis he 'll pe her cray hairs with sorrow to as for she 'll pe tishonored for de henceforth."

Probably pleased to be the bearer of a message fraught with so much importment, the man departed in silence to the pipes.

The marquis, although the prospect threatened, and indeed so far as a serious turn, had yet been somewhat satisfied with its success. The old man had been to his eyes a crotch in the extreme, and the young one so manly as to be picturesque. He had even managed to solve, half dreamy and of altogether probable execution, to do something for the fisher fellow.

The pipes which he had sent to Duncan were a set that had been brought to the house—ancient, and in the opinion of either connoisseur or antiquary, exceedingly valuable; but the marquis, neither the one nor the other, was not in the least mind parting with them. As little did he doubt a proposal made through their means, was utterly repudiated for a refusal of his gift, nearly as much perplexed as he was at the result.

For one thing, he could not stand such offence taken by one in a man's lowly position; for although he had plenty of highland blood in his veins, he had never lived in the highlands, and understood nothing of the habits or feelings of the Gael. He was noble in him, however, and somewhat rebuked, and he was a little sorry at having raised a barrier between himself and the man, a fisherman, to whom he had taken a great deal of liking from the first.

Of the ladies in the drawing-room, whom he had recounted the various interesting joke with all the graphic details for which he had been admired at none, although they all laughed, he appeared to enjoy the bad recital the

the bold-faced countess. Lady regarded the affair as undignified. The best, was sorry for the old man. She must be mad, she thought, and she was satisfied only with the praises of her low degree. The wound in his forehead, the marquis either thought too good for mention, or serious enough to be viewed.

They were seated at their late breakfast. The lackey passed the window. Lady returned from his unsuccessful mission. The marquis happened to see the rejected pipes. He called him, and heard his report, then he quickly nodded and dismissed him—his face angry—and sat silent.

"It isn't it spirited—in such poor taste?" said Lady Florimel, the smile in her face, and her eyes glistened.

"As damned impudent," said the countess. "It is damned dignified," said Lady Florimel.

The marquis stared. The visitors, in a momentary silence, burst into a laugh.

"I wanted to see," said Lady Florimel, "whether I couldn't swear if I don't think it tastes nice. I like to take to it, I think."

"I'd better not in my presence, my dear," said the marquis, his eyes sparkling with fun.

"I shall certainly not do it out of respect, my lord," she returned. "I think of it," she went on, "I shall do what I will do: every time you say a word in my presence, I shall repeat after you. I sha'n't mind who's the parson or magistrate. Now you'll

will get into the habit of it." "I expect you get out of the habit of it, papa," said the girl, laughing merrily.

"A confounded little Amazon!" said the countess.

"What's to be done about those rejected pipes?" she resumed. "You know how such people to serve you so!

Return your presents, indeed!—Suppose I undertake the business?"

"By all means. What will you do?"

"Make them take them, of course. It would be quite horrible never to be quits with the old lunatic."

"As you please, puss."

"Then you put yourself in my hands, papa?"

"Yes; only you must mind what you're about, you know."

"That I will, and make them mind too," she answered, and the subject was dropped.

Lady Florimel counted upon her influence with Malcolm, and his again with his grandfather; but, careful of her dignity, she would not make direct advances; she would wait an opportunity of speaking to him. But, although she visited the sand-hill almost every morning, an opportunity was not afforded her. Meanwhile, the state of Duncan's bag and of Malcolm's hand forbidding, neither pipes were played nor gun was fired to arouse the marquis or burgess. When a fortnight had thus passed, Lady Florimel grew anxious concerning the justification of her boast, and the more so that her father seemed to avoid all reference to it.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### MEDIATION.

At length it was clear to Lady Florimel that if her father had not forgotten her undertaking, but was, as she believed, expecting from her some able stroke of diplomacy, it was high time that something should be done to save her credit. Nor did she forget that the unpiped silence of the royal burgh was the memento of a practical joke of her father, so cruel that a piper would not accept the handsome propitiation offered on its account by a marquis.

On a lovely evening, therefore, the sunlight lying slant on waters that heaved and sunk in a flowing tide, now catching the gold on lifted crests, now losing it in purple hollows, Lady Florimel found herself, for the first time, walking from the lower gate toward the Seaton. Round-

ing the west end of the village, she came to the sea front, where, encountering a group of children, she requested to be shown the blind piper's cottage. Ten of them started at once to lead the way, and she was presently knocking at the half-open door, through which she could not help seeing the two at their supper of dry oat-cake and still drier skim-milk cheese, with a jug of cold water to wash it down. Neither, having just left the gentlemen at their wine, could she help feeling the contrast between the dinner just over at the House and the meal she now beheld.

At the sound of her knock, Malcolm, who was seated with his back to the door, rose to answer the appeal;—the moment he saw her, the blood rose from his heart to his cheek in similar response. He opened the door wide, and in low, something tremulous tones, invited her to enter; then caught up a chair, dusted it with his bonnet, and placed it for her by the window, where a red ray of the setting sun fell on a huge-flowered hydrangea. Her quick eye caught sight of his bound-up hand.

"How have you hurt your hand?" she asked kindly.

Malcolm made signs that prayed for silence, and pointed to his grandfather. But it was too late.

"Hurt your hand, Malcolm, my son?" cried Duncan, with surprise and anxiety mingled. "How will you be doing that?"

"Here's a bonny young leddy come to see ye, daddy," said Malcolm, seeking to turn the question aside.

"She'll be ferry clad to see ta ponny young laty, and she's creatly obleechd for ta honor; put if ta ponny young laty will be excusing her—what'll be hurting your hand, Malcolm?"

"I'll tell ye efterhin, daddy. This is my Liddy Florimel, frae the Hoose."

"Hm!" said Duncan, the pain of his insult keenly renewed by the mere mention of the scene of it. "Put," he went on, continuing aloud the reflections of a moment of silence, "she'll be a laty, and it's not to be laid to her charch. Sit town, my laty. Ta poor place is your own."

But Lady Florimel was already so and busy in her mind as to be could best enter on the object of visit. The piper sat silent, resolving painful suspicion with regard to Malcolm's hurt.

"So you won't forgive my father, MacPhail?" said Lady Florimel.

"She would forgife any man for men," he answered, "—Clerly, ta man, whoefer he might be, who put upon her ta tiscrace of traiking his company."

"But you're quite mistaken," said Florimel, in a pleading tone. "I believe my father knows the gentleman you speak of."

"Chentleman!" echoed Duncan. "is a tog!—No, he is no tog: togs is He is a mongrel of a fox and a dog."

"There was no Campbell at all that evening," persisted Lady Florimel.

"Then who told Tuncan MacPhail lie?"

"It was nothing but a joke—said the girl, beginning to feel humiliated."

"It was a paad choke, and might been ta hanging of poor Tuncan the piper."

Now Lady Florimel had heard of some one having been hurt in an affair of the joke, and her quick and stantly brought that and Malcolm's together.

"It might have been," she said, "ing a miss for the advantage. It well that you hurt nobody but your grandson."

"Oh, my leddy!" cried Malcolm, despairing remonstrance; "—as haudin' t' frae him a' this time: Ye ha' considert an' auld man's feelings. He's as blin' 's a mole, my leddy."

"His feelings!" retorted the girl grily. "He ought to know the mischief he does in his foolish rages."

Duncan had risen, and was now ing his way across the room. He reached his grandson, he laid both his head and pressed it to his bosom.

"Malcolm!" he said, in a broken and hollow voice, not to be recognized as "Malcolm, my eagle of the Craig of hart of the heather! was it yours?"

l with her efil hand, my son? e'll pe hurting her own poy?— efer wear turk more. Och hone! ne!"

urned, and, with bowed head his chair, seated himself and

Florimel's anger vanished. She his side in a moment, with her ounge hand on the bony expanse as it covered his face. On the de, Malcolm laid his lips to his d whispered with soothing ex-ion—

maist as weel 's ever, daddy. e the waur. It was but a bit o'

It's nae worth twice thinkin' o'." urk went trough it, Malcolm! It to ta table! She knows now! olm! Malcolm! would to God killed herself pefore she hurted !"

nade Malcolm sit down beside d taking the wounded hand in his, sunk into a deep silence, orgetful of the presence of Lady l, who retired to her chair, kept also, and waited.

as not a coot choke," he mur-it length, "upon an honest man, ght pe calling herself a chentle-A rache is not a choke. To put a rache was not coot. See to it. was a ferry paad choke, too, to pig hole in her poor pag! Och ch hone!—Put I'm clad Clenly-not there, for she was too plind im."

you will surely forgive my father, e wants to make it up! Those ive been in the family for hun- years," said Florimel.

own pipes has peen in her own or five or six chenerations at aid Duncan. "—And she was ng why her poy tidn't pe mend- bag! My poor poy! Och hone! ie!"

I get a new bag, daddy," said l. "It's been lang past men'in' age."

then you will be able to play ,," urged Lady Florimel.

an's resolution was visibly shaken

by the suggestion. He pondered for a while. At last he opened his mouth sol- emnly, and said, with the air of one who had found a way out of a hitherto im- passable jungle of difficulty :

"If her lord marquis will come to Tuncan's house, and say to Tuncan it was put a choke and he is sorry for it, then Tuncan will shake hands with ta marquis, and take ta pipes."

A smile of pleasure lighted up Mal- colm's face at the proud proposal. Lady Florimel smiled also, but with amuse- ment.

"Will my laty take Tuncan's message to my lord ta marquis?" asked the old man.

Now Lady Florimel had inherited her father's joy in teasing; and the thought of carrying him such an overture was irresistibly delightful.

"I will take it," she said. "But what if he should be angry?"

"If her lord pe angry, Tuncan is angry too," answered the piper.

Malcolm followed Lady Florimel to the door.

"Put it as saft as ye can, my leddy," he whispered. "I canna bide to anger fowk mair than maun be."

"I shall give the message precisely as your grandfather gave it to me," said Florimel, and walked away.

While they sat at dinner the next even- ing, she told her fater, from the head of the table, all about her visit to the piper, and ended with the announce- ment of the condition—word for word— on which the old man would consent to a reconciliation.

Could such a proposal have come from an equal whom he had insulted, the mar- quis would hardly have waited for a chal- lenge: to have done a wrong was noth- ing; to confess it would be a disgrace. But here the offended party was of such a ludicrously low condition, and the pro- posal therefore so ridiculous, that it struck the marquis merely as a yet more amusing prolongation of the joke. Hence his re- ception of it was with uproarious laugh- ter, in which all his visitors joined.

"Damn the old wind-bag!" said the marquis.

"Damn the knife that made the mischief!" said Lady Florimel.

When the merriment had somewhat subsided, Lord Meikleham, the youth of soldierly aspect, would have proposed whipping the highland beggar, he said, were it not for the probability the old clothes-horse would fall to pieces; whereupon Lady Florimel recommended him to try it on the young fisherman, who might possibly hold together; whereat the young lord looked both mortified and spiteful.

I believe some compunction, perhaps even admiration, mingled itself, in this case, with Lord Lossie's relish of an odd and amusing situation, and that he was inclined to compliance with the conditions of atonement partly for the sake of mollifying the wounded spirit of the highlander. He turned to his daughter and said,—

"Did you fix an hour, Flory, for your poor father to make *amende honorable*?"

"No, papa; I did not go so far as that."

The marquis kept a few moments' grave silence.

"Your lordship is surely not meditating such a solecism!" said Mr. Morrison, the justice-laird.

"Indeed I am," said the marquis.

"It would be too great a condescension," said Mr. Cavins; "and your lordship will permit me to doubt the wisdom of it. These fishermen form a class by themselves; they are a rough set of men, and only too ready to despise authority. You will not only injure the prestige of your rank, my lord, but expose yourself to endless imposition."

"The spirit moves me, and we are commanded not to quench the spirit," rejoined the marquis with a merry laugh, little thinking that he was actually describing what was going on in him—that the spirit of good concerning which he jested was indeed not only working in him, but gaining on him, in his resolution of that moment.

"Come, Flory," said the marquis, to whom it gave a distinct pleasure to fly in the face of advice, "we'll go at once, and have it over."

So they set out together for the Seaton, followed by the bagpipes, carried by the same servant as before, and were received by the overjoyed Malcolm, and ushered into his grandfather's presence.

Whatever may have been the projected attitude of the marquis, the moment he stood on the piper's floor, the *gourousus*, that is the gentleman, in him, got the upper hand, and his behavior to the old man was not polite merely, but respectful. At no period in the last twenty years had he been so nigh the kingdom of heaven as he was now when making his peace with the blind piper.

When Duncan heard his voice, he rose with dignity and made a stride or two toward the door, stretching forth his long arm to its full length, and spreading wide his great hand with the brown palm upward.

"Her nainsel will pe proud to see my lord ta marquis under her roof," he said.

The visit itself had already sufficed to banish all resentment from his soul.

The marquis took the proffered hand kindly.

"I have come to apologize," he said.

"Not one vord more, my lort, I pe," interrupted Duncan. "My lort is come out of his own cootness, to pring her a creat kift; for he'll pe hearing of ta sad accident which pefell her poor pipes oae efening lately. Tey was ferry old, my lort, and easily hurt."

"I am sorry—" said the marquis, but again Duncan interrupted him.

"I am clad, my lort," he said, "for it prings me ta creat choy. If my lady and your lortship will honor her poor house py sitting town, she will haf ta pleasure of pe offering them a little music."

His hospitality would give them of the best he had; but ere the entertainment was over, the marquis judged himself more than fairly punished by the pipes for all the wrong he had done the piper.

They sat down, and, at a sign from his lordship, the servant placed his charge in Duncan's hands, and retired. The piper received the instrument with a proud gesture of gratification, felt it all over, screwed at this and that for

ent, then filled the great bag gloriously ill. The next instant a scream invaded the astonished air fit to rival the skirl produced by the towzie tyke of Kirkalloway; another instant, and the piper was on his legs, as full of pleasure and pride as his bag of wind, strutting up and down the narrow chamber like a rkey-cock before his hens, and turning ever, after precisely so many strides, with a grand gesture and mighty sweep, as if he too had a glorious tail to mind, and was bound to keep it ceaselessly quivering to the tremor of the reed in the throat of his chanter.

Malcolm, erect behind their visitors, gazed with admiring eyes at every motion of his grandfather. To one who had from earliest infancy looked up to him with reverence, there was nothing ridiculous in the display, in the strut, in that to other eyes too evidently revealed the vanity of the piper: Malcolm regarded it all only as making up the orthodox mode of playing the pipes. It is indeed well that he could not see the expression upon the faces of those behind whose chairs he stood, while for moments that must have seemed minutes they succumbed to the wild uproar which issued from those splendid pipes. On an opposite hill-side, with a valley between, it would have sounded poetic; in a charging regiment, none could have wished for more inspiriting battle-strains; even in a great hall, inspiring and guiding the merry reel, it might have been in place and welcome; but in a room of six feet by twelve, with a wooden ceiling, acting like a drum-head, at the height of seven feet and a half!—it was little below torture to the marquis and lady Florimel. Simultaneously they sought to make their escape.

"My lord and my leddy maun be wuin', daddy," cried Malcolm. Absorbed in the sound which his lungs emitted and his fingers modulated, the marquis had forgotten all about his visitors; but the moment his grandson's voice reached him, the tumult ceased; he took the port-vent from his lips, and his sightless eyes turned full on Lord Ossie, said in a low earnest voice—

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"My lort, she 'll pe ta craandest stand o' pipes she efer blew, and proud and thankful she'll pe to her lort marquis, and to ta Lort of lorts, for ta kift. Ta pipes shall co town from cheneration to cheneration to ta ent of time; yes, my lort, until ta loud cry of tem pe trownt in ta roar of ta trump of ta creat archangel, when he'll pe setting one foot on ta laand, and ta other foot upon ta sea, and Clenlyon shall pe cast into ta lake of fire."

He ended with a low bow. They shook hands with him, thanked him for his music, wished him good-night, and, with a kind nod to Malcolm, left the cottage.

Duncan resumed his playing the moment they were out of the house, and Malcolm, satisfied of his well-being for a couple of hours at least—he had been music-starved so long—went also out, in quest of a little solitude.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### WHENCE AND WHITHER?

HE wandered along the shore on the land side of the mound, with a favorite old book of Scottish ballads in his hand, every now and then stooping to gather a sea-anemone—a white flower something like a wild geranium, with a faint sweet smell—or a small, short-stalked harebell, or a red daisy, as large as a small primrose; for along the coast there, on cliff or in sand, on rock or in field, the daisies are remarkable for size, and often not merely tipped, but dyed throughout with a deep red.

He had gathered a bunch of the finest, and had thrown himself down on the side of the dune, whence, as he lay, only the high road, the park wall, the temple of the winds, and the blue sky were visible. The vast sea, for all the eye could tell, was nowhere—not a ripple of it was to be seen, but the ear was filled with the night gush and flow of it. A sweet wind was blowing, hardly blowing, rather gliding, like a slumbering river, from the west. The sun had vanished, leaving a ruin of gold and rose behind him, gradually fading into dull orange and lead and blue sky and stars. There was light

enough to read by, but he never opened his book. He was thinking over something Mr. Graham had said to him a few days before, namely, that all impatience of monotony, all weariness of best things even, are but signs of the eternity of our nature—the broken human fashions of the divine everlastingness.

\* \* \* \*

"I dinna ken whaur it comes frae," said a voice above him.

He looked up. On the ridge of the mound, the whole of his dwarfed form relieved against the sky and looking large in the twilight, stood the mad laird, reaching out his forehead toward the west, with his arms expanded as if to meet the evercoming wind.

"Naebody kens whaur the win' comes frae, or whaur it gangs till," said Malcolm. "Ye're no a hair waur aff nor ither fowk, there, laird."

"Does't come frae a guid place, or frae an ill?" said the laird, doubtingly.

"It's saft an' kin'ly i' the fin' o' 't," returned Malcolm suggestively, rising and joining the laird on the top of the dune, and like him spreading himself out to the western air.

The twilight had deepened, merging into such night as the summer in that region knows—a sweet pale memory of the past day. The sky was full of sparkles of pale gold in a fathomless blue; there was no moon; the darker sea lay quiet below, with only a murmur about its lip, and fitfully reflected the stars. The soft wind kept softly blowing. Behind them shone a light at the harbor's mouth, and a twinkling was here and there visible in the town above; but all was as still as if there were no life save in the wind and the sea and the stars. The whole feeling was as if something had been finished in heaven, and the outmost ripples of the following rest had overflowed and were now pulsing faintly and dreamily across the bosom of the laboring earth, with feeblest suggestion of the mighty peace beyond. Alas, words can do so little! even such a night is infinite.

"Ay," answered the laird; "but it makes me dowfart (*melancholy*) like, i' the inside."

"Some o' the best things does that," said Malcolm. "I think a kiss frae my mither wad gar me greet."

He knew the laird's peculiarities well: but in the thought of his mother had forgotten the antipathy of his companion to the word. Stewart gave a moaning cry, put his fingers in his ears, and glided down the slope of the dune seaward.

Malcolm was greatly distressed. He had a regard for the laird far beyond pity, and could not bear the thought of having inadvertently caused him pain. But he dared not follow him, for that would be but to heighten the anguish of the tortured mind and the suffering of the sickly frame; for, when pursued, he would accomplish a short distance at an incredible speed, then drop suddenly and lie like one dead. Malcolm therefore threw off his heavy boots, and starting at full speed along the other side of the dune, made for the bored craig; his object being to outrun the laird without being seen by him, and so, doubling the rock, return with leisurely steps, and meet him. Sweetly the west wind whistled about his head as he ran. In a few moments he had rounded the rock, toward which the laird was still running, but now more slowly. The tide was high and came near its foot, leaving but a few yards of passage between; in which space they approached each other, Malcolm with sauntering step, as if strolling homeward. Lifting his bonnet, a token of respect he never omitted when he met the mad laird, he stood aside in the narrow way. Mr. Stewart stopped abruptly, took his fingers from his ears, and stared in perplexity.

"It's a richt bonny nicht, laird," said Malcolm.

The poor fellow looked hurriedly behind him, then stared again, then made gestures backward, and next pointed at Malcolm with rapid pokes of his forefinger. Bewilderment had brought on the impediment in his speech, and still Malcolm could distinguish in the babbling efforts at utterance which followed were the words,—*"Twa o' them! Twa o' them! Twa o' them!"* often and hurriedly repeated.

"It's a fine, saft-sleekit win', laird," said Malcolm, as if they were meeting for the first time that night. "I think it naun come frae the blue there, ayont the stars. There's a heap o' wonnerfu' things there, they tell me; an' whiles a trokin' win,' an' whiles a rosy smell, an' whiles a bricht licht, an' whiles, they say, an auld yearnin' sang 'll brak oot, an' wanner awa' doon, an' gang flittin' an' fleein' among the sair herts o' the men an' women fowk 'at canna get things putten richt."

"I think there *are* two fools of them!" said the marquis, referring to the words of the laird.

He was seated with Lady Florimel on the town-side of the rock, hidden from them by one sharp corner. They had seen the mad laird coming, and had recognized Malcolm's voice.

"I dinna ken *whaur* I come frae," burst from the laird, the word *whaur* drawn out and emphasized almost to a howl; and as he spoke he moved on again, but gently now, toward the rocks of the Scaurnose. Anxious to get him thoroughly soothed before they parted, Malcolm accompanied him. They walked a little way side by side in silence, the laird every now and then heaving his head like a fretted horse toward the sky, as if he sought to shake the heavy burden from his back, straighten out his poor twisted spine, and stand erect like his companion.

"Ay!" Malcolm began again, as if he had in the mean time been thinking over the question, and was now assured upon it, "the win' *mann* come frae yont the stars; for dinna ye min', laird—? ye was at the kirk last Sunday—wasna ye?"

The laird nodded an affirmative, and Malcolm went on.

"An' didna ye hear the minister read ae the buik 'at hoo ilka guid an' ilka merfit gift was frae abune, an' cam frae the Father o' lichts?"

"Father o' lichts!" repeated the laird, and looked up at the bright stars. "I dinna ken *whaur* I cam frae. I hae nae ither. I hae only a . . . I hae only a *uman*."

The moment he had said the word, he began to move his head from side to side like a scared animal seeking where to conceal itself.

"The Father o' lichts is your father an' mine—the father o' a' o' 's," said Malcolm.

"O' a' guid fowk, I daur say," said the laird, with a deep and quivering sigh.

"Mr. Graham says—o' a'body," returned Malcolm,—"guid an' ill;—o' the guid to haud them guid an' mak them better—o' the ill to mak them guid."

"Eh! gien that war true!" said the laird.

They walked on in silence for a minute. All at once the laird threw up his hands, and fell flat on his face on the sand, his poor hump rising skyward above his head. Malcolm thought he had been seized with one of the fits to which he was subject, and knelt down beside him, to see if he could do anything for him. Then he found he was praying: he heard him—he could but just hear him—murmuring over and over, all but inaudibly, "Father o' lichts! Father o' lichts! Father o' lichts!" It seemed as if no other word dared mingle itself with that cry. Maniac or not, the mood of the man was supremely sane, and altogether too sacred to disturb. Malcolm retreated a little way, sat down in the sand and watched beside him. It was a solemn time—the full tide lapping up on the long yellow sand from the wide sea darkening out to the dim horizon; the gentle wind blowing through the molten darkness; overhead, the great vault without arch or keystone, of dim liquid blue, and sown with worlds so far removed they could only shine; and on the shore, the centre of all the cosmic order, a misshapen heap of man, a tumulus in which lay buried a live and lovely soul! The one pillar of its chapter-house had given way, and the down-rushing ruin had so crushed and distorted it, that thenceforth until some resurrection should arrive, disorder and misshape must appear to it the law of the universe, and loveliness but the passing dream of a brain glad to deceive its own misery, and so to fancy it had received



from above what it had itself generated of its own poverty from below. To the mind's eye of Malcolm, the little hump on the sand was heaved to the stars, higher than ever Roman tomb or Egyptian pyramid, in silent appeal to the sweet heavens, a dumb prayer for pity, a visible groan for the resurrection of the body. For a few minutes he sat as still as the prostrate laird.

But bethinking himself that his grandfather would not go to bed until he went back, also that the laird was in no danger, as the tide was now receding, he resolved to go and get the old man to bed, and then return. For somehow he felt in his heart that he ought not to leave him alone. He could not enter into his strife to aid him, or come near him in any closer way than watching by his side until his morning dawned, or at least the waters of his flood assuaged, yet what he could he must: he would wake with him in his conflict.

He rose and ran for the bored craig, through which lay the straight line to his abandoned boots.

As he approached the rock, he heard the voices of Lord Lossie and Lady Florimel, who, although the one had not yet verified her being, the other had almost ruined his, were nevertheless enjoying the same thing, the sweetness of the night, together. Not hearing Malcolm's approach, they went on talking, and as he was passing swiftly through the bore, he heard these words from the marquis—

"The world's an ill-baked cake, Flory, and all that a—woman, at least, can do, is to cut as large a piece of it as possible, for immediate use."

The remark being a general one, Malcolm cannot be much blamed if he stood with one foot lifted to hear Florimel's reply.

"If it 's an ill-baked one, papa," she returned, "I think it would be better to cut as small a piece of it as will serve for immediate use."

Malcolm was delighted with her answer, never thinking whether it came from her head or her heart, for the two were at one in himself.

As soon as he appeared on the other side of the rock, the marquis challenged him:

"Who goes there?" he said.

"Malcolm MacPhail, my lord."

"You rascal!" said his lordship, good-humoredly; "you've been listening!"

"No muckle, my lord. I hard but a word apiece. An' I maun say my leddy had the best o' the loagic."

"My leddy generally has, I suspect," laughed the marquis. "How long have you been in the rock there?"

"No ae meenute, my lord. I flang aff my butes to rin efter a freen', an' that's hoo ye didna hear me come up. I'm gaein' efter *them* noo, to gang home i' them. Guid-nicht, my lord. Guid-nicht, my leddy."

He turned and pursued his way; but Florimel's face glimmering through the night, went with him as he ran.

He told his grandfather how he had left the mad laird lying on his face on the sands between the bored craig and the rocks of the promontory, and said he would like to go back to him.

"He 'll pe hafing a fit, poor man!" said Duncan. "—Yes, my son, you must co to him, and do your best for him. After such an honor as we've had this day, we mustn't pe forgetting our poor neighbors. Will you pe taking to him a trop of uisgebeatha?"

"He taks naething o' that kin'," said Malcolm.

He could not tell him that the madman, as men called him, lay wrestling in prayer with the Father of lights. The old highlander was not irreverent, but the thing would have been unintelligible to him. He could readily have believed that the supposed lunatic might be favored beyond ordinary mortals; that at that very moment, lost in his fit, he might be rapt in a vision of the future—a wave of time, far off as yet from the souls of other men, even now rolling over his; but that a soul should seek after vital content by contact with its Maker, was an idea belonging to a region which, in the highlander's being, lay as yet an unwatered desert, an undiscovered land, whence even no faintest odor had been wafted

cross the still air of surprised contemplation.

About the time when Malcolm once more sped through the bored craig, the marquis and Lady Florimel were walking through the tunnel on their way home, chatting about a great ball they were going to give the tenants.

He found the laird where he had left him, and thought at first he must now surely be asleep; but once more bending over him, he could hear him still murmuring at intervals, "Father o' lichts! Father o' lichts!"

Not less compassionate, and more sympathetic than Eliphaz or Bildad or Iphar, Malcolm again took his place

near him, and sat watching by him until the gray dawn began in the east. Then all at once the laird rose to his feet, and without a look on either side walked steadily away toward the promontory. Malcolm rose also, and gazed after him until he vanished amongst the rocks, no motion of his distorted frame witnessing other than calmness of spirit. So his watcher returned in peace through the cool morning air to the side of his slumbering grandfather.

No one in the Seaton of Portlossie ever dreamed of locking door or window at night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A "MEET" IN THE CAMPAGNA.

THE aptitude and the inaptitude of Englishmen to make homes for themselves in strange lands, and to become, as Byron says, "in strange eyes not a stranger," are both remarkable as you regard the matter from different points of view. That the Englishman is a good colonist the history of the world declares with sufficient emphasis and distinctness. That he not only can find a home in strange lands, but can find a pleasure in doing so, the cities of Europe from St. Petersburg to Palermo abundantly declare. Yet your Englishman does not readily emancipate himself from the specialties of his English habits. He assimilates himself to the people among whom he pitches his nomad tent less perhaps than the denizen of any other land. Perfectly ready to leave his island home, and to leave it as far behind him as may be needed, he yet insists upon carrying England about with him wherever he goes. And the degree in which he has succeeded in causing his special needs and tastes to be supplied and catered for on the shores of the Mediterranean, as well as on those of the Baltic, is one of

the curious specialties of modern life in Europe. Lord Byron's Fletcher would no longer need to make his master's life a burden to him because there was no porter to be had. And Miss Mariana Storke's\* recommendations to the traveler about to venture across the Channel, to carry with him "a carving-knife and fork, and a block-tin teakettle," are out of date; not because he has learned to live without his block-tin teakettle, but because he has taught the nations of Europe to provide the article for him. And to this teaching our Transatlantic cousins have of late years contributed their full share. It is not, I think, that Americans have the same degree of difficulty in adapting themselves to the habits and ways of living of foreign society. They are perhaps more cosmopolitan in this respect than their fathers in the old country. But they invariably

\* Perhaps I ought not to assume that readers of the present day have ever heard of Miss Mariana Storke. Her book was *the* guide-book to the Continent in the days before Murray's red books existed; and her volume is a truly curious indication of the changes that have been made in continental life in the course of the last half century.

find English ways and things so much more consonant to their own likings than those of any other people that they swell—and in these latter years have more than doubled—the demand for all that was originally provided especially for Englishmen. And as of course all such special providings must depend on the extent of the demand, the greatly increased flood of American travelers in Europe has largely contributed to the due supply of all those special little matters that an Englishman likes to find prepared for him.

Foremost among the specialties which illustrate the truth of these remarks is the Roman hunt. A fox-hunt bodily transplanted out of the English shires to the Campagna around Rome! A "view-halloo" within hearing of the Catacombs! The mere idea is enough to make each separate saint of all the tens of thousands who lie there, and have lain in peace for some sixteen hundred years, turn in his narrow rock-hewn bed. Of all the transplantations of bits of English life to foreign soil, this establishment of a fox-hunt at Rome is the most wonderful and the most audacious. Think of listening to the music of the hounds under the shadow of the tower-tomb of Cæcilia Metella! Think of Reynard "stealing away" between the sepulchres which line the Via Appia! Yet it has taken root in the soil to which it has been transplanted, and has become an institution. Many of the Roman *jeunesse dorée* have taken to the sport kindly, and would find a great gap in their winter amusements if the English hunt were no longer in existence. But it would assuredly cease to exist if it were wholly cut off from the parent stock. A continuous supply of English riders, English horses, English dogs, and, above all, English ways and ideas, is needed to cause the exotic plant to flourish. Possibly American patronage might keep up the hunt even if Old England had sunk beneath the sea—for it is at the present day as much supported by Americans as by Englishmen—but it may be safely affirmed that if the Italians were left to manage it by themselves, the in-

stitution would not last long. They are not "to the manner born," though, as I have said, some among them take to it kindly. The prince royal is a great supporter of the hunt, and is very constantly present at the meets. And he does not ride badly. Prince Sciarra is also a very regular attendant, and does the thing, as far as it is possible for one of Latin race to do it, in good English style.

But let us suppose, not that Charicleer has "proclaimed a hunting morning," in the words of the good old English hunting-song—because the Nimrod of the Eternal City do not dream of turning out till near midday—but that the *Italian News* has proclaimed it in its columns, and betake ourselves to mark "the humors" of a meet in the Campagna.

The meet on this occasion shall be at the tomb of Cæcilia Metella—perhaps the prettiest, most characteristic and most picturesque of all the spots at which the Roman hunt is in the habit of assembling. This celebrated tomb is situated by the side of the Via Appia, about two miles from the gate of St. Sebastian, on the southern side of the city. The Via Appia—"longarum regina viarum," as an old Roman poet calls it—was the great means of communication between Rome and all the south of Italy and the port of Brundisium, the modern Brindisi. The Via Appia was therefore also the highway leading to all the Roman settlements and colonies in the Levant, as well as to Egypt and to Greece. For the first ten or twelve miles of its course after leaving the city the road is lined by an almost continuous succession of ancient sepulchres, and immediately after passing the Catacombs of St. Sebastian it plunges into the full desolation of the Campagna. The peculiar and unspeakable sadness which is the special characteristic of the Roman Campagna—and also, it may be said, its special charm—has often been remarked. And that portion of the vast and wonderful prairie which the traveler enters on when he leaves Rome by the Via Appia bears impressed on it this special characteristic perhaps more strikingly than any other.

Certainly, whether considered with reference to the immediate foreground or to the features of the distant view, it is the most beautiful. In front, as he faces south, the wayfarer on the Via Appia has the Alban Hills, culminating in Monte Cavo, and shutting in the plain of the Campagna before his eyes. They are studded with towns and villages, which show like white spots of light amid the darker coloring of the surrounding woods, or retire into shadow scarcely to be distinguished from them, according as the southern sun touches them with his gilding or a fleeting cloud shelters them from his eye. But these distant evidences of the presence of human life are too far off to mar the absolute and impressive solitude of the scene. Immediately around are the silent but eloquent memorials of the past—such dim and ever dimmer abysses of the past!—vistas of dark centuries, barely rendered visible by a twinkling light of history or tradition, seen at the farther end of other even darker vistas of barbarous mediæval generations! They are all represented. They have all left their mark on that triply palimpsest surface. Even as the geologist shows us the strata of the globe's crust, one beneath the other, differentiated by the characterizing fossils each contains, and formed at epochs far distant from each other, so on this wondrous Roman plain may be traced the different *couches* of the works of bygone generations superimposed one upon the other, and obliterating one the other. Tombs, from the princely structure which has given its name to the locality in question to the humble roadside slab bearing a half-obliterated name; temples, from the pagan fanes of deities whose names are forgotten on the lips of the people, though the *raison d'être* of them still lives in their hearts and fashions their lives, to the wretched lath-and-plaster saints' niches of the present day; fortresses; tottering walls and vaults of imperial pleasure-houses; huge earthworks, the purpose and meaning of which not even the archæologist can guess; foundations, shattered arches, acqueducts,—these are the characters in

which History writes her mouldering records around. And the present utters no sound to distract from them the attention of the reader. Utter, utter solitude is the characteristic, and seems to be the appropriate characteristic, of the region. Possibly between your eye and the horizon the solitary figure of a horseman may be seen crossing the wide surface of the plain, or perhaps passing beneath one of the arches which are as the giant strides of the acqueduct as it stalks across the far-stretching extent of brown grass-fields. He is doubtless a "massaro," as the men are called to whose care the vast herds that roam over the Campagna are entrusted; and he looks, with his gun slung behind his back, his long goad—which may do duty in the picture of him for a lance—his steeple-crowned brigand hat, and his easy and free seat upon his horse, as picturesque a figure and one as appropriate to the scene as an Arab on the desert. And his silent passage across the field of your vision has in nowise the effect of diminishing the solitariness of the scene.

These are the surroundings among which we take our way to the meet on a lovely bright, sunny day in January. Solitary! Why, the old Appian Way is as much alive as an English turnpike-road in the neighborhood of a county town on market-day. Truly the ghosts who may be supposed to haunt this tomb-bordered way must conclude that some very strange new phase of the world's history has set in. They had been allowed for so many centuries to sleep their quiet sleep and dream their undisturbed dreams in peace—their rest, and the melancholy, time-consecrated repose of all that remained of what had been theirs, had been so long respected!

Not long after passing under the old archway of the Porta di San Sebastiano we come in sight of the huge circular mass of the building known as the tomb of Cæcilia Metella. Our vehicle—for we are among the lookers-on, and not among the actors in the anticipated sport—is one in a long line which follow each other along the road. Roman coachmen never attempt to pass each other. The dust

on the "regina viarum" is ankle-deep, and of a rich chocolate color, being composed mainly of the débris of "pozzolana," as the deep ruddy-brown earth is called which has made for two thousand years, and still continues to make, the excellent Roman mortar. It matters little which way the wind is. If from the north, you are covered by the clouds kicked up by the carriages behind you; if from the south, you are the victim of those which precede you. The associations which you have hitherto cherished in connection with that storied track are exposed to shocks yet more severe than the inequalities of the road—which in truth has seen better days—inflict upon your person.

"Consumedly dusty, this Viar Rappier! It's worse by chalks than the Epsom road on a Derby Day! Why don't they put down some macadam?" sings out, as he trots by, young Courtenay Smith, a Cockney of the Cockneys, whose father made his money in Capel Court, a jovial, florid young fellow, who could be mistaken for nothing but an Englishman if you were to put a bornouse on him and set him down to share an Arab's mess of mare's milk under a tent in the desert. Reginald Courtenay Smith is always at the meet, is a great supporter of the hunt, and is got up in irreproachable style. *Not* in pink. No! The English and American members of the hunt, for the most part, do not sport red coats; the latent meaning of which I suppose to be a silent protest to the effect that they are well aware that this is not the real thing—only a makeshift to fill the void in the heart of the wanderer, which yearns for the better joys of "the shires." Be the motive what it may, American and English Romans do not hunt in pink. They leave such gaudy delight to the young Romans to whom "looking like the time" is half the battle.

"But think what dust it is!" says the Rev. Athanasius Abbott, a High Church English divine in a coat made to be a clever imitation of a cassock, and who, if he remains much longer in Rome, will probably become a "pervert" — "the

dust of vanished empires, the dust of saints and martyrs, Mr. Smith! Macadam on the Via Appia, forsooth! The next thing would be to fit up St. Peter's with pews!"

Athanasius Abbott, who, his theology aside, is a very pleasant fellow and a gentleman, and whose religious views by no means prevent his coming out to see the meet, especially in such company as he has with him in the carriage which is next before our own, is a special favorite with the young ladies of the American and English colony, and papas of sound Protestant views sufficiently pronounced to make them care about the *isms* of their daughters would do well to keep their eyes open. The comely lady sitting opposite to him in the carriage is Mrs. Armytage Atkins, a widow from Baltimore, who has been a beauty; and the two young ladies, her daughters, who occupy the remaining seats, are such now, and very charming girls into the bargain. They perfectly well understand that Mr. Abbott is a gentleman and Mr. Smith a snob. But the latter is good-humored, gay, mounted on a very handsome horse, and is an ever-ready partner in the ballroom. So pretty Marian Atkins, who tolerates him rather more kindly than her sister—for Nora rather gives him the cold shoulder in consequence of the annoyance it occasions her to hear him call her *Norar* Ratkins—Marian replies: "For my part, I agree with Mr. Smith. I think that since the empires *have* vanished, it would be a great deal better that their dust should vanish too. Which way do you think the fox will take this morning, Mr. Smith?"

Little Reginald Courtenay Smith is delighted, and reins up his thoroughbred to ride by the side of the carriage. The imprudent Marian had little intended that her small bit of patronage should have the effect of attaching Mr. Smith to the side of the carriage all the rest of the way to the place of meeting. Nora gives her sister a look, and feelings not strictly such as should prevail on the inside of a cassock are generated in the heart of the Rev. Athanasius.

Just then a young American Oxonian,

as joined his family in Italy during Christmas vacation, and who has the reputation of being the boldest rider in the country, trots by on the other side of the carriage to that on which Mr. Devereil is riding. Summers Devereil hails Philadelphia, though one would say Quaker blood was the last thing one would expect to find in his composition. At a glance the state of the case regards the attendant cavalier on the side of the carriage, and, after putting his hat to Mrs. Atkins, with a friendly morning for a run, isn't it, isn't it?" he shoots back a wicked "Wish you, Miss Marian!" which that young lady perfectly understands, though neither gentleman does.

At that moment the line of carriages shifts a little to one side, and His Royal Highness Prince Humbert dashes by in a dog-cart—an exception to what has been said about Roman coachmen not passing each other on the road. The turnout of His Royal Highness is roughly unexceptionable, and perfectly English in style. The dog-cart, the splendid fast-trotting horse, the two gentlemen on the seat behind, might all have been imported from the little island piece. The "get up" of His Royal Highness himself is also thoroughly English, curiously enough, both he and his turnout have a much more genuine English appearance than the most fashionable supporter of "the sport" at the meet was ever able to assume. His Royal Highness rides in pink, but he at the same time wears a buff overcoat, which will be shed off when he mounts at the meet. It is abundantly evident that Prince Humbert has fashioned himself, as far as the hunting-field is concerned, on the latest models. But I would not say that, as used to be said with perfect truth, that poor young duke of Parma was assassinated in the streets of London capital some twenty years or so ago, at when he used to come to the meet and race the most acceptable competitor you could pay him was to go up to the meet, and, pretending to take him for an English groom, ask where his master Prince Humbert rides well, and is

very constant at the meets of the hunt when he is in Rome. Mr. Courtenay Smith rises in his stirrups as the prince passes, and takes off his hat and bows ostentatiously. The Rev. Athanasius Abbott sits as motionless as a statue. He is prepared at any moment for social martyrdom in support of his opinion that Victor Emmanuel is a usurper who has no business to be at Rome.

Presently an elderly American gentleman rides past, raising his hat to the occupants of the carriage as he passes, but without speaking. He is well mounted, and his appointments are all "in good form," as the modern slang phrase has it, but very quiet. He is very evidently a gentleman, and one who, as might be easily guessed, does not like to be "loud" in his amusements in any way. By his side rides, on a queer-looking, very tall and very raw-boned steed, a young Roman in the most brilliant of scarlet coats, the most showy of green satin cravats, an enormous hunting whip, which he holds as a coachman driving four-in-hand might hold his whip, and a pair of blue cloth trousers, which have wriggled up on his legs so as to display an undue portion of the boots below them.

"What is the matter with Mr. Robbins? He seemed quite cross this morning, passing without a word in that manner," says Nora Atkins.

"Don't you see what is the matter?" returns her mother. "Can't you make allowance for the effect of acute suffering?"

"I should not wonder if it were to end in a tragedy—upon my soul, I shouldn't. I expect that Robbins will brain that fellow some day, I do indeed," says Mr. Smith.

"Why? what has 'the fellow' done? and who is he?" inquires the Rev. Athanasius innocently.

"What! don't you know? All Rome has been talking about it. As for who he is, that's more than I can tell you; but I know that he is the best fun going," replies Mr. Smith.

"What is he talking about?" says the Rev. Athanasius in a lower tone to Miss Nora Atkins, who is sitting opposite to

him on the side of the carriage farthest from Mr. Smith, "Do *you* understand what it is all about, Miss Nora?" repeats the clergyman, not above half liking the tone of the gay and gallant Smith, but, on the other hand, unwilling to be ignorant of anything that "all Rome" is talking about.

"Yes, I know what he is alluding to—a parcel of stupid nonsense," says Miss Nora with a curl of her pretty lip. "That *thing* riding there in the red coat would stick himself close to Mr. Robbins, it seems, all the time they were out last meet, and the old gentleman was very much disgusted with it."

"Well, I can't say he looks like a very attractive companion," says the clergyman; "but have you no idea who or what he is, Mr. Smith?"

"Who or what? Well, as for what he is, he is some Italian snob, with less than the ninth part of a tailor's idea of riding. I take it he sticks to old Robbins because he considers him a safe leader. At the end of the day last time, after having been with considerable difficulty persuaded to put up a revolver which he had brought with him for the purpose of shooting the fox, he was seen pressing with eager hospitality on poor Robbins some sausage and 'ricotta' which he drew forth from his coat pocket after he had been riding on it all day. You may conceive the disgust of poor Robbins and the inextinguishable laughter of the whole field. Another man would have shared the fun, but Robbins could not brook being made one of the actors in such a scene. And now there he is again, and Robbins can no more shake him off than if he was chained to his horse's tail, knowing all the while what a burst of laughter there will be when he rides on the field attended by his satellite. Robbins can't bear to be laughed at."

"Well, I do think that it ought to be brought in 'justifiable homicide' if Mr. Robbins *does* 'brain' him, as Mr. Smith suggests," says Miss Nora in an undertone.

"But Mr. Smith does not sufficiently reflect on the consequences that might

arise if such a mode of ridding one's self of disagreeable and adhesive people were recognized," rejoins the Rev. Athanasius in the same tone. "I confess, all the same, that I rather sympathize with the feelings of Mr. Robbins."

Shortly after that the carriages pass under the shadow of the huge round tower and the remains of mediæval walls, mushroom upstarts in comparison to its own venerable antiquity, which have remained attached to it ever since Pope Boniface VIII. in the thirteenth century turned it into one of the fortress-strongholds of the Gaetani, to which family belonged. This grand old tower was built nearly two thousand years ago as a monument to the memory of Cæcilia Metella, the wife of Crassus and the daughter of Quintus Cæcilius Metellus. The reader will no doubt remember Byron's lines on this tomb in the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*. The High-Church clergyman quotes them for the benefit of Nora Atkins as the carriage passes beneath the tower and turns into the field beyond it through a gate in the half-ruinous wall that thereabouts bounds the road, the narrow passage of which makes it necessary for Mr. Smith to resign his place by the side of the carriage. In another minute he is in the midst of the horsemen who have gathered around the dogs, which have just arrived on the ground under the care of the whipper-in; and the carriage is being manoeuvred, not without some difficulty, over the soft and uneven turf among the crowd of vehicles that throng the field and are crossing and recrossing each other in all directions in search of the best spot of vantage for seeing the throwing off.

We turn in at the gate immediately behind the Atkins party, but in the next minute are separated from them in the throng. The scene around us is truly an extraordinary one. The part of the Campagna overlooked from the field in question, which occupies the highest part of one of the rising knolls so frequent in the district, is one of the most picturesque that can be found within its limits. I have endeavored partially to

ibe the distant outlook on which the  
ests at the extremity of the Cam-  
a. But the objects more immedi-  
around are striking and suggestive  
highest degree. The ruins of the  
eval fortress of the Gaetani, show-  
like a wornout rake knocked to  
s by riotous living in comparative  
by the side of the stalwart hale old  
f the tower, their senior by thirteen  
ries, and bidding fair to outlive  
by thirteen more, are in the high-  
gree picturesque. The grand line  
ches on the left, striding across the  
in solemn and solitary grandeur,  
s the course of the Aqua Claudia.  
lofty mediæval tower called the  
: Fiscale, on the same side of the  
tells the tale of days more utterly  
hed than those of the more storied  
1 times. Lastly—but by no means  
in the value of its contribution to  
auty of the scene—there is at some  
distance to the southward a large  
o of pines, the deep verdure of  
1 contrasts admirably with the brown  
of the remainder of the landscape.  
over all there is that ineffably beauti-  
light of the Roman sky, which seems  
me inexplicable peculiarity of atmo-  
e to have the specialty of freedom  
all garish quality, and the gift of  
ring, even while it gilds the world  
ins it falls on, a pensiveness to the  
essions inspired by gazing on them.  
alter Scott bids those who would  
fair Melrose aright to visit it by  
ale moonlight. Those who appre-  
the goodness of the advice would  
y perhaps think the time for visit-  
aright" the matchless scene I have  
pted to describe is when all the  
is brilliant with the scarlet coats  
ortsmen and the gay dresses of the  
s in a hundred carriages, and the  
filled with jocund, ringing voices,  
g which the familiar tone of our  
tongue largely predominates. Yet  
et at the tomb of Cæcilia Metella  
orth seeing, if only because most  
edly such a conjunction of sights,  
is, ideas and associations can be  
with nowhere else.

It is getting on toward midday, and  
the enthusiastic sportsmen do not seem  
to be in any great hurry for the "throw  
off." It may be suspected perhaps that,  
to many of them, the pleasantest part of  
the day's work consists in showing off  
themselves and their horses among the  
carriages, with the occupants of which a  
deal of flirting is done before the real  
business of the day commences. "Do  
your devoirs, gentle knights! Bright  
eyes behold your deeds!" used to be the  
encouragement proclaimed aloud by the  
heralds in the olden days of joust and  
tournament. And on the present oc-  
casion the impatient crack from time to  
time of the huntsman's whip might be  
understood to be eloquent in the same  
sense. But the bright eyes seem to be  
more potent to detain the cavaliers where  
they are than to stimulate to any deeds  
save riding about saunteringly from one  
carriage door to another. It seems diffi-  
cult to guess what they are waiting for.  
One odd specialty of the Roman hunt  
seems to be that the hounds are in no  
greater hurry than their human playfel-  
lows. They stand or sit in a group in  
the centre of the field in a state of ap-  
parently perfect contentment; and their  
placidity is accounted for when we ob-  
serve that they are, though pretty dogs,  
a great deal fatter than would be deemed  
tolerable in the little island.

Meanwhile, the field has become very  
full. The latest laggards have arrived  
from the city, and some four or five ladies  
are seen among those mounted for the  
sport. At last, when the sun has long  
passed the meridian, they move off sau-  
nteringly and easily enough to the south-  
westward, and we follow them with our  
eyes till the last of the trail is lost behind  
one of the innumerable inequalities in  
the surface of the Campagna, and they  
disappear in the folds of a valley where  
there is a little cover, and where, as we  
hear afterward, they find a fox, which  
does not take them so far afield as to  
prevent the entire party being back in  
Rome in time to dress for a seven-o'clock  
dinner. T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.



## DESHLER &amp; DESHLER;

OR, MY LIFE AS A BOOK-AGENT.

## TWO PARTS.—I.

I HAD been summoned to the principal's office, and the summons set my heart fluttering. True, it was the end of the month, when the teachers received their wages: of course that was why I had been called; and yet the fear of discovery kept me all the while nervous and suspicious.

I was composition-teacher in the seminary, and fifty dollars a month is what I earned. Doubtless it seems to many women, with their pitiful wages or no wages, that with fifty dollars a month I must have been happy and independent. But wait: out of this fifty dollars there had to be taken forty for board of self, baby and nurse-girl, and I had to bear the humiliating consciousness that favor, if not charity, was shown me in these figures, for the school was one of high grade, where the arrangements were expensive and where the boarders fared well. Then, too, it was just at the close of the rebellion, when prices were exceedingly high. Out of the ten dollars which the principal handed to me at the month's end there remained to be taken the nurse's wages, two dollars per week. Less than two dollars a month was all that I cleared. And my salary was for ten months only: during the summer vacation my income would cease.

How I ever contrived to dress myself and child in that stylish young ladies' school I do not know. I suppose it was by darning and scouring, turning and piecing, and all the other innumerable shifts that only decayed gentlefolks know of. Yet such people generally have some wardrobe of better days on which to exercise these innumerable shifts. I had not even this: I had parted with mine, piece by piece, as I was closer and closer beleaguered. My last silk dress—it was an apple-green—had helped to pay my passage on a block-

ade-runner to Halifax. I was at the South, you see, during the war.

I had been called to the principal's office, I was saying. He wanted to pay me my month's wages, that was all; so I breathed again. And yet there was a steely, averted look about his eyes which kept me from breathing with perfect freedom. Well, the month's hard work was ended, and I held my wages in my hand. How was I ever to lay up anything for Baby at this rate? How were we to live through the coming vacation, now but one month removed? How, indeed, to come nearer, were the pressing wants of this very day to be met? There were things that Baby must have. Weeks before I had been notified by the household authorities that she was unrepresentable shabby. As if I hadn't known it long before they! My own last pair of gaiters were brown and frayed, and next Sunday soiled kids must keep me from church.

These questions came to me as I sat in my room, looking vacantly at the ten-dollar bill which the principal had handed me. And it was not the first time they had come to me. At every month's end through all the nine they had possessed me. No day, indeed, had passed that they had not rapped importunately at my brain, and in the nights I would wake suddenly with two cruel, haunting dreads—of Want and Discovery—like ghostly hands on my heart. There was not in all the world the person to whom I could look for help. Why I was thus isolated it need not concern you to know. A gulf had come between me and those who once sheltered and cherished me. I can recall now the feeling with which in those sheltered days I read and heard about the wolf at the door. It was all so vague and meaningless. I never could make it seem real to me that any-

as suffering from poverty, just as not believe when a child that it y playmate when I pinched her pinches hurt me. And did the of the wolf ever hurt and drag soul into the depths as it did Is it gnawing at the hearts of countless sad-eyed women and children men who pass me in the crowds?

something must be done. I had is a thousand times before, but e summer vacation was only a off, and Baby and I had no hole arth where we could hide away to the world, as the happy snakes n life grows uncomfortable. Then, teacher's place I held by a thread. it account would be my ability, hful service, against the odds on er side? Something *must* be I had questioned, over and over, st continue to teach—if there was ne work in which I could make noney or spend less—some work ch no one need trouble himself ny past life.

ubt if anybody ever read news-advertisements as industriously as uring the following three weeks. seeking an avenue, an escape. ny reading it seemed that all the were ringing with calls for agents. and studied, and wondered what d that extraordinary business could didn't see, if the advertisers were facts about the money to be made various agencies, why there should work-hunters or want-pursued left. Ladies and gentlemen were d that they could earn more moning their leisure hours at this and gency than in any other earthly ss. It appeared to me that the isers had better give themselves oitable agencies that had more in them than any other earthly ss. I believed in my heart that nderful businesses were all, or the f them, humbugs, and yet I studied lvertisements with a vague, hunscinated interest, though without g at any decision.

ut a week before the school was to

close for the year I was summoned to another interview with the principal. Now indeed there was fear and trembling in my heart. My first glance at the principal's face satisfied me that I was overtaken—that the grave of my secret had been found and laid open. First, he settled with me for the month, not quite ended. "Read this," he then said, handing me an open letter.

I read it through, and in the writing I recognized the cruel hand that had struck me.

"Is this true?" the principal asked, transfixing me with a look.

"It is," I answered in a voice trembling in spite of a fierce resolve to keep it steady.

"Then, of course, your services will not be needed another year. I have spoken with no one about your unfortunate history: I am the only one here acquainted with the facts, and for the sake of avoiding scandal I desire to have you remain until the close of the school. I received that letter nearly a month ago, but I did not wish to embarrass your short stay in the seminary; and I would not have spoken of my discovery till the last moment but that I wished to give you time to plan for the future. I might have excused the facts, but I cannot overlook the deception in your course, even to the concealment of your name."

"And yet," I had the boldness to say, "you are purposing to continue the deception and the concealment till the close of your term. Why not publish a card giving the world my name and telling the story of my shame?"

"It would create scandal and bring the school into disrepute," he answered.

"And am I bound to bring myself into disrepute with all I meet and through all time? Before I may ask a man for work must I lay open my history to his gaze? Is it never to be permitted to my heart to know its own bitterness? Must every stranger intermeddle with it?"

"No, no," said the man with some feeling: "matters are not so hopeless. You are not bound to lay open your life to every employer. There are many kinds of work available to you in which

present fidelity is all that can concern an employer. But a young ladies' school is a different matter entirely. You have given me very faithful service. As a teacher of composition you have exceptional ability. I shall not readily fill your place. I should be glad to retain you, but it is out of the question. I hope you may find another situation, but you have no right to engage with a school without giving your employer your full confidence. If you do make an engagement without this, it is a swindle, just as truly as when a man sells knowingly a diseased horse as sound." He spoke incisively.

"I think you are right," I replied, "and I thank you for setting things in this sharp light. I have been sorely bewildered: I was so environed."

"Yes," he said, "these fatal steps take us always into hedged places, where escape costs a struggle."

"Yes, yes," cried my impatient spirit, "I know it—oh, I know it all!"

This interview decided me to investigate some of those calls for agents which I had been studying; but which? I decided against all those that called for money or postage-stamps: I would run no risks. While hesitating between one guaranteeing three hundred dollars per month, and another ten dollars a day, I came upon a notice which decided my fate: "WANTED—Agents for Horace Greeley's *American Conflict*," etc. etc.

Now, I had heard of Horace Greeley—he was a reality: here was something tangible. A sight of his name was like encountering a friend in a land of strangers and in a sea of perplexities. This call was surely honest and trustworthy. I immediately despatched a letter of inquiry to the Hartford publishers.

One morning shortly after the Latin teacher handed me with a sharp look a bulky post-office package, which brought the color in a tingling flood to my cheek. The envelope was stamped with the very call for agents which I had answered. I hurried off to my room and eagerly tore open the package. It contained a bewildering number of circulars, one of which, "Confidential Terms to Agents,"

fairly dazed me. Forty per cent. commission the agent was allowed. The information excited me greatly. I had supposed that on the sale of a five-dollar volume, for instance, there would be a commission of fifty or sixty cents to the agent; but two dollars! This profit seemed so enormous that I began to suspect the publishers of proposing some swindling business to me. And this feeling was strengthened by the reading of a lengthy circular, "Instructions to Agents," which they were earnestly recommended to commit to memory before starting out to canvass, with the assurance that in the practice of these "Instructions" success was certain. I felt humiliated in reading this circular—not that anything dishonest was proposed: this I was forced to acknowledge—but there was a system of tactics marked out for the use of the agent against an unsuspecting public. The truth is, I was getting a glimpse of the strategies, if not the tricks, of trade, and I was startled. And yet there it was, printed in great emphasized letters, that without a close observance of the "Instructions" failure inevitably awaited the book-agent. I was sorely perplexed, but I happily decided to take my perplexities to a lady acquaintance, a mother of daughters, a wise, discreet woman in whose judgment I could confide. She at once set my conscience at rest on the subject of the forty-per-cent. matter, assuring me that it was a common profit in traffic with any goods.

"A hundred per cent. is no very unusual profit," she continued. "You'll earn your money twice over, poor dear! You'll find getting subscriptions and delivering these great volumes pitiless work. I wouldn't do it for the money that everybody together will make in the whole enterprise."

"You wouldn't do it for the money's sake, but you would to get a death's weight off your heart," I replied.

"I could never leave my shelter till pushed out," she said: "I would cling till the last moment to the roof above me. I could never, never step out in the storm as you are proposing to do."

id not tell her that I had been  
d out. I was growing very weak,  
vas trembling in every fibre. I  
ied to divert my thoughts.

ad this dreadful circular," I said,  
ng her the "Instructions to Agents,"  
tell me what you see in it."

ee nothing dreadful," she answered  
she had run it over. "If I were

nd you out on any mission that  
bring you in contact with people

licit aid for the poor or for an or-  
asylum or for our wounded sol-

-I should have to give you in-  
ons much like these to ensure your

is. You would need to be cau-  
l against pushing in the faces of

's prejudices, against self-asser-  
gainst impatience. I should have

rise you to humor people's harm-  
hims; to make the most of any

nent name you might capture; to  
very honest argument and endea-

nd, in short, to do essentially what  
re instructed in this circular to do."

ny conscience was relieved. Then  
ed the lady's advice about under-

; the work.

ou must counsel with your own  
" she answered. "You know what

ge there is in you. As for me, I  
l sooner the earth should open and

ow me than to undertake such a  
"

nd so should I."

in less than an hour thereafter I  
nailed a letter to the publisher ac-

g the agency for Greeley's *Amer-*  
*Conflict*. When the school was

l I put my child to board in the  
ry with a woman who was a stran-

o me, but who had been recom-  
led as motherly and trustworthy. I

never write it here how I suffered  
I turned my back on the little

s outstretched to me, and ran along  
illage street to the station with my

s over my ears to shut out my  
crying, my veil drawn to hide my

I climbed into the car just mov-  
ff, where I cried till it seemed to me

l never could stop crying.  
ride of three hours brought me to

ity to which I had been appointed

agent for *The American Conflict*. It  
was about three o'clock in the afternoon,

and very warm. I had never been in  
the city before, and did not know the

name of a person in it; so when I found  
myself amid the bustle and hurry of the

great railroad dépôt, jostled and crowd-  
ed, where everybody was full of self, I

felt more of a nobody than ever. I *was*  
nobody to all the world except Baby: I

was all the world to her. This thought  
made me strong to turn my back on self

and to brave all things for her sweet  
sake.

I turned to one of the importunate  
hackmen and inquired if he knew of a

quiet, respectable boarding-house of  
moderate terms and convenient to the

business of the city. Yes, he knew just  
the place. Who ever heard of a hack-

man who didn't know just the place?  
In due time I was set down before a

dilapidated-looking wooden house, de-  
cayed and gray with age, which was,

however, finely located for my purpose.  
I was shown into a cheerless sitting-

room, where I was soon joined by a  
man of more sombre aspect even than

the house. He was very tall and very  
thin, with a bald head and a faded blue

eye. I asked him if I could get board  
in the house, and he asked me if I could

give him city references, adding, "We  
never take lady-boarders into the house

without references." I wondered if he  
took men-boarders without references.

I hadn't learned then that the first at-  
titude of the mind toward an unprotected

woman is one of suspicion—that it is a  
sin for a woman to be friendless. And

surely the case must be exceptional:  
somebody must be at fault when a wo-

man has no hand she can grasp.

I had supposed that I had gone into a  
business where there would be no raking

up of the dead past, yet here I was in  
trouble at the very start. City references

were demanded. I did not know a per-  
son in the city, and of course did not

wish to. I had meant to earn what  
money I could, and then to go to some

new place where nobody had ever known  
me, and live as much away from the

world as was possible.

"Can you give me references out of the city?" he asked when I had told him that I was a stranger in the place—"the name of your pastor, for instance? I suppose you're a member of some Church: it's your duty to be."

"Yes," I answered, "a member of the Presbyterian Church."

"Ah!" he said, smiling in a repressed way, as if afraid of smiling, "that is my Church. I used to be a Presbyterian preacher when I was a young man."

My heart warmed toward him, and I thought his must toward me; so with an outburst I said, "I am about to engage in a work which is out of my sphere: I would rather my friends did not know about it." This was true as far as it went.

There came a cold, blue look into his face: "What work is it?"

"I am a book-agent," I answered, my face burning as the confession for the first time passed my lips.

"Oh, you needn't be ashamed of that," he replied. "I've been a book-agent myself."

Here was another bond of sympathy between us. If he had suffered as I was suffering, racked by misgivings and humiliations, he must feel for me. But, alas! he had not suffered as I was suffering: he was of a different nature; and then, too, he was not a woman for the first time facing the world.

"Did you make anything at the business, and is it very hard?" I knew that my eyes must have an eager, hungry look in them as these questions came, forced out by my vague fears.

"Some people can make money at a book-agency, and some can't. I did very well, for I chose a book that I knew the Lord would bless—one that he would like to see in the hands of all the people. It was Mr. Headley's *Sacred Mountains*. Then, besides, I was used to men and their ways, and knew how to feel for their weak spots, and how to overpersuade them. If I fell in with a religious man, I would tell him about the sweet piety of the book and its devotional spirit. If the man wasn't religious, I'd recommend it for something else. I re-

member a man once swore at me and ordered me out of his office—said he didn't want any of that religious twaddle. 'This book is not religious anything,' I said. 'It's solid history and geography, presented in such a fascinating way that it will create in your children a taste for reading and study.' Then I turned to a part that was simply descriptive and read it to him. Well, that man took two copies for a pair of twin boys he had. Yes, I did very well in the book business, but I should say that you wouldn't do much. Women can't. They ain't strong enough for the walking and the standing around and the talking: it takes a sight of talking and arguing and persuading. Sometimes a man has got to be just worried into subscribing—teased into it. And then a woman can't go into men's offices and shops: 'tain't proper. No, God intended woman to be the vine, and He intended man to be the upholding tree: He never intended woman to go out into the world."

He told me much more about God's intentions, which I only half heard. I was trying to think out something for myself. I did, however, listen as he went on to tell about a woman, a book-agent, who had been stopping with him last week. "She was agent for a medical book," he said. "She didn't make enough to pay her board: I had to keep her trunk and clothes. You'd better find some other business."

I tried to speak, but found myself crying.

"Oh, you needn't feel downhearted: you can find some other work."

"What?" I managed to articulate.

"Well, you can go out as sewing-girl. Don't you understand dressmaking?"

"No."

"Well, you can learn it."

Oh, what did he know about the present pressure and my empty purse, and about Baby? Three dollars a week I was paying for her board.

"And you ought to learn it, so as to make your own dresses. A person in your circumstances ought not to hire her dressmaking: she ought to understand

ing everything for herself. You'll always be hard pressed until you learn to do all sorts of work for yourself, instead of hiring. Now, we need a dining-room table: ours left day before yesterday, and we pay good wages—two and a half a week to a first-rate girl."

"Oh! well, again, how was he to know that I had been? and indeed what were my *had-beens* have to do with the matter?"

"Your dining-room work is very light nothing but play: everything's very convenient. I try to make everything comfortable for my servants: they have feelings as well as other people. But I don't believe you're strong enough for that work: you look sickly."

"I was too much tired then to remark any inconsistencies in his words. I was feeling so disheartened and fearful about the venture that had he said three dollars a week for a first-rate girl, or if Basboard had been two and a half a week, I think I should have engaged for a dining-room place at once.

"No," I said, "I must try the agency: I have spent money for the outfit, and I mean to try it."

"What book are you agent for?"

"Greeley's *American Conflict*."

"That is a very fine work, I have understood. There ought to be patriotism enough in the country to sell that. If you can succeed with any book, you can do that. Every loyal man who loves his country will take a copy. Get good names to start with."

"Will you subscribe for it?" I had the courage to ask. "Your name will be an introduction to the boarders of the household in this neighborhood."

"No, no, I couldn't subscribe," he answered, looking nervous and uneasy. "I'd like to help you along. I believe in charity: I always help everybody in, but—"

"I will board out the subscription," I suggested.

"That wouldn't help the matter any: I shall have to pay cash for what you'd eat, and for the wear and tear of things. I have to buy every mouthful that's eaten in this house, and provisions are very

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high: steak's eighteen cents a pound, and I have to give all my boarders good fare. I've given my best days to the service of the Lord, and now I'm left, like the old wornout dray-horse, to shift for myself."

I almost expected to hear him add, "The Lord is very ungrateful." "No," he continued, "I can't subscribe; and there's no use in my subscribing. It's likely some of the boarders will take it: it's their duty to, and I'll have a chance to read it all I wish."

"Can you give me board?" I again asked.

"Well, I suppose I must. I always like to help a person along, especially an unprotected female; and you're a sister in the Church. I suppose you haven't any too much money;" and he smiled as though he had made a good joke. "A room on the third floor would likely suit you."

I recalled the low, smothered look the house had presented from the exterior, and I could easily conjecture what a room on the third floor was like. But the days when I was allowed a choice were passed.

"For the rooms on that floor I get ten dollars a week—in advance."

That last word sent my heart into my throat. I had but two dollars and fifty cents in the world. I ought to have known that my board would be demanded in advance, but I did not: I had hoped that I should have a chance to earn it before the end of the week.

"Can't you give me a little time to earn my board? You can hold my trunk in pledge. If I have any success whatever I shall earn my week's board."

I wish I could show you how that ex-minister received this suggestion. He screwed himself this way and that on his chair; he ran his fingers through his scant hair; he rubbed his hands together; he buttoned his black alpaca coat and unbuttoned it; he crossed his legs; he uncrossed them; he stood up; he sat down.

"No, no, I couldn't do anything of the kind: it's no way to do business at all. I've got my store-room full of pawned

trunks already. If you were a man, you might have something I could wear, but your ribbons and fixings wouldn't be of any use to me: I lost my daughter years ago. Besides, it's against my rules and principles to take in women without references. I don't want to be hard on you, you understand, but I've got to look out for myself. 'He that provides not for his own household is worse than an infidel.' You'll have to go somewhere else. Put your trust in the Lord and you've nothing to fear; but you can't get board anywhere in this city on credit."

I took out my purse and handed him the two dollars and a half. "This is all I have," I said: "I suppose it will pay my way till morning."

"Well, I don't want to strain matters with you: you can stay till after breakfast to-morrow."

I rose, drew down my veil and left the house. Now indeed I felt that I was pursued: the wolf was verily on my track. I must do something, and that at once. I walked along the street blindly, trying to recall something of the "Instructions to Agents." I had supposed that I knew them by heart, but they had all gone from me. On I walked, because I knew not what else to do. I looked at the magnificent trade-palaces on either hand, filled with the products of every clime and people, and questioned why I was walking those strange streets penniless, utterly wretched except for my love of Baby and the feeling that I must brave everything for her. I looked again, and I was passing between magnificent residences. "Ah!" I thought, "if the women in these beautiful homes knew of the wretched spirit passing by their steps, how the doors right and left would fly open!"

But I hadn't time for such thoughts. By persistent effort I succeeded at length in recalling something in the "Instructions" about getting influential names to start with—the names of ministers and pastors of churches. Then I stepped into a corner grocery and asked to see a city directory. Turning to the churches, I took down the names of the city pastors, laughing a little at what I was plot-

ting against them as they sat perhaps in quiet unconsciousness, in their studies. I found that I was in Washington street and one of my victims, a Presbyterian minister, lived in Washington street about five blocks up the street. I counted by comparing numbers—six and half I found when I had walked the distance.

I never contemplated any house with such trepidation as that minister's. I think I know how a condemned criminal feels at the first view of his prison. I never marched into the cannon's mouth, but I believe I could do the thing with a happy heart compared with the man I carried up the steps of that magnificent house. He was at home, and I was shown at once to his study. The words printed on the air between my face and his, were some lines from the "Instructions": "Call the gentleman by name, introduce yourself with a respectful, fearless voice and manner, as though you were proud of your business." "What was I to do this when I was ready to sink into the floor? I spoke. My voice sounded strange, and seemed to come from I know not what quarter. I was ready to cry, as, indeed, it seemed that I always was in those days.

"And what do you wish of me?" asked the minister in a voice oh so calm.

I wondered if that was the voice in which he dispensed consolation to his flock.

"I should like to have you subscribe for this book."

"I can't afford it," he replied blandly.

"I mean, of course, that I will send you with a copy of the book," he explained.

"You can't afford to do that."

"The influence of your name will more than compensate me."

"I cannot endorse a book that has not been examined. I cannot lend my name blindly: I might mislead others."

I respected the justice of his position and turned to go, forgetting all the arguments in the "Instructions." The minister followed me to the door. How contemptibly sheepish I felt!

"One of my elders lives in that house."

st across the street," the minister said. He is one of the most benevolent men in the city, and one of the most influential. If you can get his name, it will go much farther than mine."

As I crossed the street to a grand house with a stone front, I saw the massive door closing on a gentleman who had just gone in. The bell was answered immediately by the same gentleman. "This is the most benevolent man in the city, he does not advertise his benevolence in his face, I thought. It was thin, and caution was its prominent expression. Politely but coldly I was invited to a parlor. With a statuesque face he heard my story. Then he handed me a card.

"Come to the bank to-morrow morning at nine o'clock," he said.

There remained nothing for me to do but to leave the house. Mindful of the instructions to start my list with influential names, I decided to abide my interview with the banker, and to return to my boarding-place, for it was now nearly nine o'clock, and I was faint and hungry. But in the mean time I was not idle. There was a map of the city in the house, and I studied it faithfully.

The next morning, at a few minutes before nine, I found myself at the bank, and punctually at nine the gentleman whom I was to meet came into the office, and good-morning to me in a reserved way, carefully inspected his office for a few moments, and then sat down at his desk. How could I hope for anything more than that marble man?

"I will subscribe for your book," he said.

My heart gave a sudden leap, and I tried to say "Thank you," but not a word passed my lips. I opened the subscription-book, laid it before him, and looked by watching as he wrote "John S. Waddell" in queer, cramped letters. I saw the name in the same queer, cramped letters many a time after this on bank-reques, and never without an inclination to carry it to my lips. He dried it with blotting-paper and handed the book back to me. I received it in silence, though feeling as if I should like to go

down on my knees at his feet. I turned to leave.

"Wait, madam," he said, writing on a card that he handed me. "Go to Mr. Perkins: this is his address. You may say that I sent you. He'll subscribe. And this is Mr. Tomlinson's address: he'll subscribe. Good-morning."

I could have hugged the man, but I did not even say "Thank you." Of course I was crying.

Mr. Perkins's number was near by, and I found the gentleman in his office. I had the tact to make Mr. Waddell's name the first word in my petition: "I am soliciting subscribers for Mr. Greeley's history of the rebellion." I didn't need to remember the ready-made arguments in the "Instructions."

Mr. Perkins said promptly, "Very well, I'll give you my name;" which he did in a brisk, nervous way. "There! use it wherever you think it will be of advantage to you. I am pretty well known in the city, and I am glad to encourage woman in any honest work, for there are very few avenues open to her, and those are crowded. This work is something that women can do, and I consider it a perfectly legitimate business; but there are people who do not. You'll meet with a great many rebuffs, more refusals than acceptances by a great many; but put a hard face on and keep at work, and you'll succeed." Mr. Perkins liked to hear himself talk, and I also liked to hear him when he talked such words of cheer.

Just at this point a tall, heavily-bearded man entered the office. "Dennison," said Mr. Perkins, "here's a book you ought to have for your boy—Greeley's history of the rebellion. Sit down here and write your name. It's sold only by subscription."

Mr. Dennison gave me a hasty glance, sat down in the indicated seat and wrote his name.

Each of these three orders was for a copy in half-calf binding, at fifteen dollars for the two volumes; so that I had made eighteen dollars in half an hour, though the books, it is true, yet remained to be delivered. I began to credit



the stories of three hundred dollars a month. My spirits were up among the hundreds.

My next move brought me into a lawyer's office, for I thought I would canvass the building before going to Mr. Tomlinson, whose address the banker had given me. As I entered the lawyer's office a youngish man sprang to his feet, bowed in a polite, winning way, and wheeling an easy-chair about said, "Pray be seated, madam. The sight of a lady this dull, sultry morning is very refreshing."

I felt that he took me for a client. I dreaded to tell him my errand, and I ought to have known better than to do it. When I did, I can't tell you how disgusted and injured he looked.

My next interview was with a doctor, on whose office-door was the title of my story—"Deshler & Deshler." Both gentlemen were in. I addressed myself to one seated near the door.

"You haven't a patient in me," I said, wishing to avoid a repetition of the lawyer's disappointment, and smiled as well as I could.

"What, then?" asked the gentleman, returning my smile with one very cheery.

"Oh," I answered, keeping up the play, "I am one of those horrid creatures that are permitted on earth to teach people patience."

"To what genus of the plagues do you belong?"

"I'm a book-agent, and of course I have the very best book that ever came from the press."

"To be sure you have," he assented, "but what's the name of it?"

"Greeley's *American Conflict*."

"But it's too early for a good history of the rebellion: in the year three thousand and one there may be a well-sifted, unbiased history of the war."

"In which," I added, emboldened and brightened by his good-nature, "General Grant may be shown to have been a pure invention, and the identity of Abraham Lincoln with the founder of the Jewish nation be clearly demonstrated. But, unfortunately, you may not be living then to subscribe for that history."

"Perhaps not, but you and I may talk it over in heaven."

"But you'll never go to heaven if you don't subscribe for this book."

"I don't believe it's worth subscribing for. Greeley couldn't write an honest history: he's a partisan."

"I'm sorry for the American who is not a partisan—who could maintain neutrality in these momentous days," I said warmly. Glancing toward the lower end of the room, I caught a look of approval in the eyes of the younger brother, for such I afterward found he was.

"But a partisan can't write a history," said the elder Deshler.

"All histories have been written by partisans," I maintained. "Every historian draws his testimony from partisans: he but weighs it, and strikes the balance of probabilities. Mr. Greeley's history contains a very careful analysis of the causes of the war. This makes the book valuable, let the history of the rebellion be what it may."

"Mr. Greeley ought to be able to write well concerning the causes of the war: he had more to do with bringing it on than any other man in America," laughed the doctor.

"That is very high praise," I answered, "and if it is true it entitles Mr. Greeley to the gratitude of us all. So I'll make an appeal for the brave old editor. You see, I'm working for him as well as for myself: he has a percentage on every sale I make. Subscribe for Mr. Greeley's sake."

"Well, Greeley is an object of charity, and I'll subscribe for his history, but not this morning."

"The sooner I get a good show of names the better for me and for Mr. Greeley. Your name will get me dozens of others among your patients," I argued.

"If it were a bottle of cough-medicine you were selling, my name might help a little."

"You understand that you are not to pay for the books till delivered," I explained, thinking his delay might be a matter of money. "I wish influential names to begin with;" and I opened the subscription-book.

"No, I shall not subscribe now," he persisted. "Call here to-morrow morning."

"Very well," I answered, wondering what difference it could make to any mortal whether he wrote his name to-day or to-morrow.

"Why do you wish to give the lady the trouble of coming again?" asked the younger brother, glancing up from his book.

"Well, I should like to hear how she's getting along," replied the elder gentleman.

I don't know what kind of a look it was that came into the younger man's face at this reply, and I don't know whether it was meant for me or his brother. It was such a look as made me shrink from asking for his subscription, and I left the office.

In the hall my eye caught the sign "Agents Wanted" on a neighboring door. I made a call in the room, feeling interested to investigate anything germane to my business. When I had proposed to the young man whom I found within to subscribe for Greeley's history his interest seemed immediately engaged. He looked over the prospectus tentatively, and asked me a multitude of questions about my experience in the business, my success, etc. Then he said, "I'll tell you what: when you come to deliver the books to your subscribers, you'll wish you'd never heard of Horace Greeley. You'll find it an awful job, the hardest work a lady ever undertook. You've known ladies who had taken a large list of subscribers get so discouraged when they came to delivering the books that they'd sell out for a song, or maybe they'd throw the whole thing overboard. I'd advise you to give up the business at the start. Did you ever canvass for books issued in parts? Well, it's ten times easier than working with volumes. Now, I run subscription-books that are delivered in parts—one part a fortnight, and it's no work at all to deliver them. One part doesn't weigh much more than a sheet of music;" and he took down some parts from a shelf in confirmation of his words. "And it's easier to get sub-

scriptions for a work in parts. Men are frightened at the thought of paying ten dollars in a lump for a book, but almost anybody can pay twenty-five cents a fortnight, and never miss it. Now, I can give you the agency for a history of the war that's published in parts; and it's a better history than Greeley's."

He talked until I was persuaded to try canvassing for his history. So, equipped with "Part First," I found myself again in the hall, and again I was attracted by a sign, "Agents Wanted." I found this call was for picture-agents.

"Hurrah!" said the picture-man when he saw "Part First" in my hand, "you don't mean to say that you've gone into this business? You'll find it the most tedious, picayunish work that was ever concocted. You can see yourself how it is. Suppose you always find your subscriber at home with the change ready, you've got to call on him twenty-four times to collect five or six dollars. But you're more likely not to find him in, and so you may have to call thirty or forty times to make that collection. And it's all nonsense about its being easy to deliver these parts. I've tried it. If you took along just one part at a time, it would do to talk. But to make the thing pay at all you've got to take two or three dozen parts when you start out, and that makes a big weight. You'll get awful tired of the work, I tell you. Now," continued the speaker, "the picture-business is the prettiest business for a lady in the world. You can start out with seven or eight pictures, and deliver as you get subscribers, and the whole work is finished at one stroke. And the profits are immense. Here's a picture—'Washington's Prayer at Valley Forge'—sells for two dollars and a half, and your commission is a dollar. Now, a man knows what he's getting when he takes a picture, but when he subscribes for a book he is buying in the dark: he's got to take the agent's word for everything; and people suspect every agent of being a swindler."

"I get the same commission on Greeley's history."

"Yes, but you've got to take the ex-

pressage and the packing-boxes out of that; and you've got to rent room somewhere for receiving your books: they are very bulky. Then there comes in the work of delivering them; so you'd be safer in calling your commission twenty per cent., instead of forty."

And so he argued his cause until I was again persuaded to change my work. My next call was on a real-estate agent. When I told him my business, showing him the engraving, he broke into a coarse laugh, and declared he wouldn't give two dollars and fifty cents for all the pictures in the world unless he could sell them again. Then I asked him to subscribe for Greeley's *Conflict*. He wouldn't have the book as a gift—wouldn't lumber up his house with books. I'd better go to selling real estate—could make lots more money than at books. Nobody wanted books except a few literary folks, and literary folks never had any money: they were always poor, wore other people's old clothes, and were out at the elbows at that. "Now, real estate is something that everybody knows about, and wants—rich and poor, the wise and the fools. I've got a hundred and odd lots out at Riverside, the finest suburb of this city. I'll give you fifty dollars on every lot you sell." He brought forth maps and diagrams and photographs, and showed me a beautiful city, with parks, boulevards, rustic bridges, fountains, churches, seminaries, hotels, etc. Then he told me of a young man who had made a hundred dollars a day working in Riverside real estate. "It's no trick at all to sell two lots a day. Why, there was a young fellow came in here the other day—played out—told me he didn't know where to get his dinner. I urged him to try real estate. Well, in one hour after leaving my office he came back with a woman to have a deed made for a Riverside lot he had sold her, and he actually paid for his dinner out of the fifty dollars commission he got on the sale."

Fifty dollars at a stroke was very dazzling, and then, as the Riverside-man had said, one didn't have to "lug" the lots round, as one must the books one sold.

He filled my hands with descriptive circulars, maps, photographs, price-list, etc., and I left his room.

I next found myself in the office of an insurance-agent, and offered to sell him a lot at Riverside. He smiled: I was encouraged. I showed him the maps and photographs and price list, and talked about the boulevards, the groves, the parks, the bridges, the seminaries, the churches, the hotels. The more I talked the more he smiled.

"You're a good talker," he said at length, "but do you know that this beautiful city of Riverside is under water—that there isn't a house there except some shanties occupied by wharf-rats? Riverside is a paper city, a swindle. Now, let me tell you something just in a business way. I don't mean any flattery, you understand. You are one of the best talkers I ever met; you are evidently a lady; you are easy and graceful in your manners; you are handsome—excuse me, I am talking business; there is an alternating brightness and pensiveness in your face and manner very taking; your voice is music; you're a Southerner, I suspect; your manner is at once shy and brave; there is an appeal in your plain black dress. Please don't resent what I am saying: I am invoicing your stock in trade, and it's tremendous. Your very weakness is strength: men will listen to you when they'd turn a man out of doors. So get hold of the right thing, and you'll make about the best agent that ever I saw, and I've seen a great many in my life. Now, life insurance is a legitimate business, understood and admitted to be so by business-men the country over. Almost every man means to get his life insured some day, and needs only to be approached in the right way to be secured. Now, just let me show you;" and he took out a pencil and drew a card to him. "I pay you ten per cent. commission. Say you get an insurance policy for fifty thousand dollars; say the premium on that is three thousand; ten per cent. on that is three hundred dollars at one stroke. Then I give you five per cent. on renewals—and almost every man

s—and you have one hundred and  
ollars a year steady income as long  
: policy is kept up. Now, you  
get a fifty-thousand-dollar policy  
alf hour's talk. Suppose you get  
ch policies a month—and you can  
—there you've got three thousand  
s in hand for your month's work,  
a income of fifteen hundred a year  
ewals."

"Baby! if we only could!" cried  
art.

"I'd even if you get only one such  
th, at the year's end you're rich.  
y it. I'll tell you how to work it."  
duced circulars, books, etc., and  
a bewildering talk about average  
, non-forfeiting policies, premiums,  
nds, endowment plans, stock com-  
etc.

"I don't understand it at all," I said.  
"If you will with a little study," he  
d me. "Just take these papers  
and study them at your leisure"—  
I my pockets and hands—"and be  
ou come to see me again."

"I left the office, and of course was de-  
to go into the life-insurance busi-  
I followed it for about two hours,  
nsurance-agents will perhaps not  
prised to learn that I did not hook  
-thousand-dollar fish. At the end  
t time I encountered a second in-  
ze-man, who clearly explained to  
y want of success: I had under-  
to represent the most expensive,  
ost unreliable, the most unpopu-  
mpany in the United States. He  
d by figures—and figures can't lie  
his company was at the head of  
nce companies—that the insured  
twenty-five per cent., solicitors  
sure of success, etc. etc.

"I heard the great court-house clock  
ng twelve. This was the dinner-  
at my boarding-house, and I was  
y: I had breakfasted at six. But  
rse was empty. I decided to work  
ecause I knew not what else to do.  
thing might happen before tea-time.  
t out into the street, and walked on  
came to a church. I had a feeling  
I was off the track—that I ought  
nk over matters and get my mind

settled. So I sat down on the church-  
steps, and I said to myself, "This morn-  
ing you were doing well: you made  
eighteen dollars in half an hour, but you  
allowed yourself to be frightened and  
coaxed into trying one thing and another  
until you were bewildered and lost your-  
self. Now, the first thing that you've  
got to do is to relieve present pressure.  
Perhaps there is more money in the in-  
surance business, but there is more wait-  
ing, and it's more complicated. You  
don't understand it: your brain is in a  
whirl now about it. To save your life,  
you don't know the difference between  
a policy and a premium. Do you stick  
to Horace Greeley's *American Conflict*  
—for the present at least, until you can  
find breathing-time." And myself an-  
swered, "I'll do it."

Then I left my seat on the church-  
steps and went on, growing hungrier and  
fainter every moment; and I felt sheep-  
ish and guilty. It was not simply because  
I was hungry—that I had often been in  
my life—but that I was walking the street  
like any beggar, hungry and with no  
means of getting a dinner. I worked on  
from one door to another, entering every  
one on my way, finding myself ever and  
anon in some uncomfortable situation—  
in a barber's shop or a billiard-room or  
a cigar-store, and once in a saloon. I  
was unused to a crowded city, and was  
not familiar with the characteristic shop-  
markings. In a carpet-store I caught a  
subscriber.

After a while I stumbled into a restau-  
rant thronged with gentlemen. I was  
making a hasty retreat when I met Dr.  
Deshler, Sr., entering the eating-room.

"Why!" he said in a tone of surprise  
as he recognized me: then he added in-  
stantly, as if comprehending that I had  
missed my way, "This is the way you  
want to go." He put my hand under  
his arm and led me through a side door,  
and before I was aware of his design  
we were seated at a private table in a  
ladies' eating-room, and he was asking  
me what he should order. I was greatly  
confused, and I don't know what I said,  
except that I couldn't, and I tried to  
move back my chair.

"Sit still a moment," he said. "You haven't had your dinner, have you?"

"No," I had to acknowledge.

"You must be careful to take your meals regularly. We doctors know the ill effects of irregular eating. It's nearly three o'clock. Where do you board?—Why, that's old Bennett's!" he said when I had given him the number. "My dear madam, my heart aches for you. That old skinflint will starve you to death. Nothing less than the stomach of an ostrich could digest the delicacies of his table. I had a patient there once, and I always had to take along something in my pocket for him to eat."

Again I tried to leave my seat, saying I must go.

"One moment, madam," he said: "it will save you considerable time, a tedious trip, a poor dinner, and, it may be, an attack of sickness, to dine here to-day; and it will give me a great pleasure. We'll take salt together, and then we shall be friends."

"I'm greatly obliged to you, but—but—I am a stranger."

By this time I had left my seat. Dr. Deshler also rose, and accompanied me to the door, saying, "Please let me order some trifle to refresh you. This morning you looked fresh and bright: now you are absolutely haggard."

I stepped into the street and walked away without speaking, and of course I cried behind the veil I had drawn. I thought I had left the doctor in the restaurant, but he was still at my side.

"If you will go to old Bennett's, you must ride," he said: "I will stop a car for you."

I wished Dr. Deshler in Jericho. How was I to pay my car-fare? I tried to banish the tears from my voice as I said, "I don't wish to ride."

But he heard the tears, as anybody but a deaf man would. "My dear madam," he said, "pray forgive me. I do not wish to intrude, but you're in trouble. What is the matter? Perhaps I can help you. Pray tell me your trouble."

"You're a stranger," I managed to say.

"That is true. If you have friends in

the city, by all means take your trouble to them."

"I have no friends."

"Then tell me your trouble. Believe me, I will respect your confidence. Is it about money?"

The thought flashed upon me that I should have to tell somebody, so I said:

"Yes."

"Here is my office," he said: "come in, and perhaps we can contrive something."

The younger brother was in the main office, so I was conducted to one of the consultation-rooms.

"Now tell me all about it," said my companion.

"This is all there is about it," I answered, trying to smile: "I haven't any money, not a single cent, and I've no business to live."

"And have you no friends to look to?" he asked.

"No."

"That is strange. You are a delicate, refined woman: it is very strange for such a one to be completely friendless. I don't understand it. You must have had friends some time."

"Yes, I have had friends."

"Are they all dead?"

"No."

"Estranged?"

"Yes."

"You married against their wishes, perhaps."

"No," I answered, resenting his questions.

He felt the resentment in my voice doubtless, for he said hastily, "I beg your pardon. I haven't questioned you from idle curiosity, but I am interested and I want to help you. How can I? Can't I do something more than offer you money?"

"I will tell you how you can help me: you can subscribe for this book. Write your name now."

This he did, and then turned to me with "Well?"

"Please indicate the style of binding you wish," I continued—"cloth, sheep, half-calf, or Turkey morocco."

"Which will give you the best com-

mission?" he asked, not having noticed the printed prices.

"The highest priced of course—the Turkey morocco. That's expensive—ten dollars a volume, and there will be two volumes;" and I pointed to the publishers' prices.

"That's the kind I wish," he replied, making the entry. "What next?" he asked.

"I have forty-per-cent. commission, so that I shall make eight dollars on your subscription, as you will see from these terms to agents;" and I showed him the circular. "If you choose, you may advance me five dollars on your subscription. You will know that I shall deliver the books, as it will be for my interest to secure the remaining three dollars."

He took out his purse and handed me eight dollars: "Let me at least do so much."

"Believe me, I appreciate your kindness," I said.

"And believe me, I appreciate the favor you have done in allowing me to do his little thing."

"Now I'll go and get my dinner," I said between laughing and tears.

"It is incredible!" and the doctor regarded me with steadfast eyes. "Won't you come in here sometimes and let me know how you are doing?"

"Perhaps so: I should like to."

"And if you get into trouble, will you come to me before any one else?" he asked.

"It will be easier to come to you than to any one else," I answered.

"And you may fall sick—I'm afraid you will in this work: remember I am a doctor."

Well, I went into the street, cried of course, stopped a car and went to Mr. Bennett's—paid my board for a week, and sat down to a dinner of stewed beef and rice pudding. My interview with Dr. Deshler was a grateful relief: I felt an outstretched hand. I worked that afternoon till six o'clock. I had all sorts of things said to me, kind and unkind. I cried at the kind things and at the unkind. I did not get a single subscription.

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BURNING AND BURYING IN THE EAST.

AFTER various adventures by sea and by land, we had been resting and luxuriating in the beautiful Anglo-Indian bungalows and amid the really good English society in the old Burmese city of Rangoon. But we had not come so far across the waters to study the homes and habits of our own people, congenial as are both, and pleasant to be met with in that far-off land of the Tropics. So, after having gratified our curiosity by inspecting all the "lions" of this quaint city, once the pride of the Burmese monarchs, with its kyoungs and pagodas, its huge bells and far-famed "Golden Temple," we called a cabinet council and decided on a tour among the Karens, of

whose primitive habits and strange religious creed we had heard marvelous accounts. These people, who are wholly distinct from the Burmese, and in natural endowments vastly their superiors, occupy the jungles of the rocky promontories of Aracan and the Tenasserim Provinces, as well as the upper or mountainous portions of the empire bordering on Thibet and Cochinchina. There, on the misty mountain-tops, they have from remote ages had their eyry dwellings and lived in total isolation, social, religious and political, even from the people in nearest proximity to them. Very many of their settlements, being in the vicinity of small streams, are easily accessible

by boats, and some of these we resolved to visit. So, hiring a native sampan measuring five feet by thirty, with six stout men as rowers, we set about laying in the comforts and necessaries that would be required for a ten days' tour through regions where, we were told, we should find neither shops nor hotels, nor probably even a convenient camping-ground, unless we fancied the familiar proximity of tigers and cobra-di-capellos. We must expect therefore to eat and sleep in our boat, and a stock of mats and leather cushions was to furnish us with seats by day and beds by night, while a snug mosquito-net was fitted to the boat's cover in a way to be folded back or outspread at will as a protection against the voracious attacks of the myriads of insects that swarm about these inland water-courses. A Bengalese cook, who, according to the custom of the country, came furnished with the pots and pans needed to ply his vocation, was duly installed as master of our commissariat; a sufficient complement of tea, sugar, "hard tack" and rice was laid in to stand us in case of emergencies; while our daily supplies of fruit, fish and poultry we thought we might safely depend on purchasing from native boats as we needed them. We did not then know what we afterward learned through experience, that hospitality to strangers, and especially foreigners, is the cardinal virtue of the East, and that almost any Oriental, rich or poor, would sooner starve himself than suffer his guest to want. But so we ever found it, even among the Karens, a wild, uncultivated people, most of whom are wretchedly poor, paying tribute of labor and goods to their Burmese lords, and deriving but a scanty subsistence from fishing and the cultivation of the little patches of ground about their dwellings. Yet these poor villagers, wherever we stopped, loaded us with excellent jungle-fowl, eggs, fruit and fish, generally declining to be paid for them, and only consenting to do so when we refused otherwise to receive the supplies.

We had bright moonlight for our journey, and when the tide was favorable we

traveled at night, and lay over during the most oppressive hours of the day. Rapidly sped our light bark up the picturesque little streams that form the delta of the Irrawaddy, sometimes completely hidden in the tall grass that waved its feathery heads above our own. We spent a day at the Maubee villages, and then pushed on to Pantenan, where we fell in with an old Karen, who gave us a singular account of the religion of his people. Formerly, he said, the Karens had no God—"only a book that they worshipped," which was in a language they did not understand; but their ancestors had taught them to "look for a deliverer from the far West, from the nation in whose language the book was written." This deliverance, we were told, came at last with the missionaries, who had given them a written language and taught them to worship the true God.

The garb of our informant was simple but picturesque. A broad waist-cloth of white cotton bordered with red fell below the knee, and a loose jacket of corresponding color and adornment nearly to the hips, while about his well-formed head was bound a scarf woven with a border of bright colors, and finished at the ends with a long variegated fringe. This is the ordinary dress of the men. The women wear scant petticoats woven in gay stripes, and long jackets plentifully embroidered or ornamented with seeds and shells; to which is added all the jewelry they can possibly obtain or manufacture from beads, wings of insects and shells.

The house into which our new friend invited us was a bamboo cottage, erected on bare poles about sixteen feet from the ground. It contained but two rooms, had neither chimney nor window, only a wide door, and was entered by means of a ladder that was drawn in at night as a protection against thieves and wild beasts. These primitive dwellings we found everywhere among the Karens, and however large the family there were seldom more than two rooms. Furniture there was none save a few cooking-pots and the mats that served both as seats and beds; but nearly everywhere we

ound one or more musical instruments—very simple in construction, but giving out wondrously sweet sounds; and the natives all seem to possess both ear and voice for singing.

We spent nearly two weeks in roaming among these hospitable villagers, meeting always a kindly greeting and every accommodation the country afforded, though often compelled to leave our boat and travel on foot through the jungle. On the return voyage it was our good fortune to reach Oo-twau, a village two days' journey north of Bassein, just in time to witness the ceremonies of a Karen funeral. As we entered the settlement we heard the sound of instruments and "the people making a noise," and we thought of the "ruler's daughter" raised by our Lord from her brief sleep. Pressing forward with the multitude, we learned that it was the copyist of the village—a most important personage in lands destitute of printing-presses—who was dead, and every man, woman and child seemed interested and moved.

Among the Karens everything pertaining to death is regarded with absolute horror. The clothes, books and other possessions of the deceased are all committed to the flames; and any one who should knowingly appropriate any part of them would be considered unclean for ever. Even the piece of work on which a man or woman happens to be engaged when a death is announced to him must be at once abandoned, and however valuable or costly it is never resumed. Thus, a house or boat in which is invested perhaps nearly all a poor man's little fortune; a valuable web of cloth that has cost some feeble woman months of wearying labor; the harvest of a field or garden which is just about to repay the whole season's toil and anxiety,—must be all alike consigned to irredeemable destruction if their owners should chance to be engaged on their work when they see or hear of a death. This copyist and his wife, a worthy young couple, had been since their marriage zealously engaged in trying to build themselves a house, living meanwhile in an old one near by. The frame of the

new building was already erected, but funds were wanting for its completion, and these the young couple were earning, the man by writing, the woman by weaving, when death put a stop to their plans. A few days more would have completed the books and the cloth, and the sale of them would have supplied ample means to finish the house. But now the innocent volumes on which the patient copyist had spent long days of toil must, with the fine cloth of the poor wife, be consumed by fire, and even the frame of the new house would share the same fate. To touch again any of them after such a casualty would, in the estimation of these superstitious Karens, involve a curse more fatal than the poisoned tunic of Nessus conveyed to Hercules, entailing calamity, not only to the corporeal part, but to the soul through all future states of being.

In accordance with the Karen custom, as soon as the young copyist had ceased to breathe, every part of the body, even the face, was closely enwrapped in coarse white cloth, and the corpse laid out on a bench in the outer room, where all who came in might weep over it. Rice was poured down in piles at the head and feet, together with fruit, tobacco, cigarettes and betel-nut; and on one side of the body was placed a basket containing a drinking-cup, a knife and a spoon, and some cooking utensils. The spirit of the dead man was then invited to eat freely as while in the body, and exhorted not to be ashamed; whilst all his deceased friends who had preceded him to the land of spirits were urged to return and escort their brother to his destined abode. Meanwhile, the nearest relatives, with the young wife at their head, crowded round the dead body, prostrated themselves with wails and lamentations, and implored the departed to return and bless their longing ears once more with the sound of his familiar voice. Others sang dolorous ditties and chanted songs in figurative language and in a peculiar measure. During the singing a large party of friends and relatives engaged in a curious game called "Tiger and Fowl," which, they told us, was design-



ed to symbolize the conflict of the disembodied spirit with the powers of the air—*i. e.*, witches, demons and hobgoblins. Then followed in succession sundry marches around the bier, fresh prostrations and more lugubrious ditties, and hot water was poured out at the head and feet to supply the deceased with drink in his new abode. At nightfall small tapers were lighted for a brief interim and placed near the corpse, while one of near kin marched round it to proclaim to the dead man the points of the compass, the tops and roots of the trees, and other important items of locality, but always directly the reverse of their true position, as the Karens believe that the residence of departed spirits, unless they are born again into another form, is directly at antipodes with our earth, which they hold to be a circular plane. When these various ceremonies had been completed the lights were extinguished, and all, they told us, was to remain in *statu quo* for about thirty-six hours, when the burning would take place. This interval was spent by the relatives and friends in feasting and revelry.

While burning the body was separated by a sort of kiln from the fuel that surrounded it, so as to prevent the mingling of the ashes of the corpse and those produced by the incineration of the wood. This precaution is always taken where the ashes are to be preserved; otherwise, all is consumed together, and the work of demolition in either case occupies scarcely an hour. But before the bones have been reduced to ashes the Karens select a single one, usually that of an arm or finger, and carefully preserve it till a convenient time for bringing the relatives and friends together again. In the case of the deceased copyist this meeting was to take place four days after the burning of the body; and, wishing to see the end, we concluded to remain in the neighborhood, visiting Bassein in the interim, and returning to Oo-twau in time for the concluding rites.

At the appointed time a great feast was prepared, ceremonies similar to those performed over the body were repeated over the bone, its solitary representative,

and a solemn dirge was sung to frighten off Muk-há, an evil spirit of whom the Karens stand in special dread. Then one of the silver bangles worn by the deceased on his wrists and ankles was hung up just over a vessel of cooked rice, of which the departed spirit was invited to partake. On inquiring the reason of this ceremony, we were told that if the bangle and the string by which it was suspended should remain perfectly motionless, this would be received as an indication that the soul of the deceased was a prisoner in hell, and the party would break up in dismay. But if the string should evince a tremulous motion, the bangle turn round or the cord snap suddenly in twain, the survivors would see in these tokens indisputable evidence that the deceased had answered their call. Fortunately for their credulity, the bangle (moved no doubt by the passing breeze) did turn suddenly around, and the poor wife, with a cry of joy, pressed it eagerly to her lips. The spirit was then invited to the grave prepared for the bone, which was buried with the food and clothing the dead man was supposed to require in the spirit-land, and money with which to ransom himself if he should chance to be taken prisoner on the way by any evil-minded demon. The whole company then clapped their hands three times, saying, "Go in peace! This grave is thy small house, but thy grand and spacious mansion is on the cool bank of the river Mandokwa, where beauteous maidens recline on beds of fragrant flowers, and all is cool, calm and quiet." With this loving valedictory the funeral rites ended, and the company dispersed. The urn containing the precious ashes was carefully laid away by the bereaved wife, but the grave in which the solitary bone had been deposited could never be revisited. It was thenceforth not merely a spot devoid of interest, but one sure to endanger the well-being of any rash enough to approach it, even by accident.

Cremation of the entire body is the mode of disposing of their dead generally practiced by the nations of South-eastern Asia: the practice of the Chinese and

of the Malay tribes, and occasional instances among the Burmese, even with the custom of the reserved among the Karens, form the exceptions. The Malays generally fall in the habits of the nations with whom they commingle, burying or burning as usual around them. The Burmese, in some peculiar circumstances, occasionally inter, but unless the deceased occupied an exalted position the coffin is no sooner closed than all interest in it ceases, and in a brief period every locality is forgotten, even by the nearest relatives. Another grave rarely long be dug on the same spot, cultivated, or a house reared above the mouldering dust, and none be aware of its fact. The Chinese always bury in the lead: once a year the graves are visited, and fresh offerings of food, incense, gilt paper and paper clothes burned thereon; and the cemeteries are all in perfect order. They usually occupy pleasant sites on shady hillsides, while the ground is covered with beautiful plants, with flowers of gorgeous tints as can be developed beneath those burning skies, twining luxuriant tendrils around every tomb, suggestive of mingling of life and death, and of reproduction. The tombs are shaped in the exact form of the Greek letter Omega ( $\Omega$ ), which may possibly have been selected by the imitative Chinese to symbolize the grave as the termination of man's sublunary existence, as the Greeks themselves used that letter to signify the end. Whether the Chinese adopted the type from them, or whether the adoption is merely a coincidence, is now only conjecture. Among the Chinese, Burmese, Cambodians, Peguans, and all the surrounding nations the dead are not buried, unless the survivors are too poor or too parsimonious to pay the priests' fees for burning, and such cases very rarely occur. It arises the strange anomaly so often noted by foreign tourists, that in lands where the population is more dense than in any other portion of our globe so few cemeteries are to be seen. But in the beautiful hillside burial-places of the Chinese, the small, unpretending en-

closure that marks the last resting-place of a European traveler or missionary, and the occasional priestly pagoda or gorgeous mausoleum of some Musselman rajah, one might suppose that the tyrant Death had been exorcised from those sunny lands, instead of lurking unseen amid the perennial verdure and among the petals of every fragrant flower.

Among the Chinese funeral rites are performed in a manner peculiarly their own. With the fondness for formal etiquette that distinguishes the better class of Celestials, they always speak of a deceased friend as "absent," "transferred," "walking among his ancestors," or having "changed worlds"—never as "dead." Of an emperor or priest they say, "He has become a guest of the upper regions;" and when so great a calamity as the death of a reigning monarch occurs, a proclamation is issued commanding all classes and ages, of both sexes, throughout the empire, to refrain for a hundred days from marrying, feasting, sacrificing to the gods, attending theatres, playing on instruments of music, shaving the hair or beard and wearing ornaments; while for the same length of time all are required to wear badges of mourning. When a parent or aged relative dies, the event is made public by hanging long, narrow strips of white cloth on each side of the front door, and a special courier announces the demise to the entire family connection, inviting them to the scene of mourning. All come, either attired in white garments or having a piece of white cloth tacked on the jacket just between the shoulders, looking like an ordinary patch—rather a capacious one, and not very neatly put on, as some sort of disfigurement is quite essential to the Oriental's idea of mourning.

During one of my visits to the beautiful island of Singapore the death of a wealthy Chinese merchant occurred, and I was one of the foreigners fortunate enough to receive an invitation to the funeral. It was said to be one of the grandest pageants ever seen in Singapore, and there were certainly ten or twelve thousand people present—as motley a concourse of nations and cos-

tumes as can be imagined. Pressing through the crowd, I made my way to the spacious apartment where the body was laid out, robed in garments of heavy, white figured crape, plenteously adorned with natural flowers, from among which peeped out the costly gold buttons that served as fastenings to the breast and sleeves of the jacket. The entire outfit had been made years before by the order of the owner, and in precisely the same fashion as those worn by him in life, as the Chinese use no shroud or special burial-suit for their dead. The coffin too had been in his best parlor for twenty years or more, and he had doubtless often lain down in it to ascertain whether it would still fit him, as he had grown somewhat corpulent with his increasing years and luxurious living. So universally do the Chinese recognize the propriety of this forethought that a handsome coffin is considered a very appropriate present from a dutiful son to an honored parent on any festal occasion; and one often sees in well-furnished houses two or three handsomely-decorated coffins occupying conspicuous positions in the reception-rooms of the family. The design is not to keep death always in view, but simply, as among us men make their wills, to be ready when needed.

On inquiry, I learned that the body of the old merchant was, according to Chinese usage, laid in the coffin immediately after being robed for burial, and the lid was at once fastened down; but through the large glass plate all the upper part of the body was so distinctly visible that I believe I could have counted the buttons on his jacket. Below the glass plate was one of silver, containing the name and age of the deceased and the inscription designed for the tombstone. Over the coffin was spread a sheet of pure white silk, elaborately embroidered by his wife, and presented to him years before as a birthday gift. It was designed for this very purpose, and had been thoughtfully done in the days of youth, ere the loving eye should be dimmed or the deft fingers palsied by age.

But when the time of burial arrived the Eastern mania for display triumphed

over decorum and good taste. On starting for the cemetery the procession was headed by a band, whose performance on gong, tom-tom, cymbal and triangle produced a din more insufferable than the screech of a pair of infuriated cats or the hideous yells of the prowling jackal. After the musicians (if such execrable disturbers of the peace may lay claim to the designation) came a huge paper image about fifteen feet high; then the bearers of flags and pennons on which were inscribed in flaming red and black characters the virtues, real and imaginary, of the deceased, his position, the offices he had held and some of the leading incidents of his life; next followed a Chinese pagoda, with two female images and mourning lanterns; then another pagoda, with a train of small boys dressed in white silk bearing white and blue flags; and then a score or more of miniature altars curtained round with tinsel-paper and piled with all sorts of eatables—barbacued pigs, poultry fantastically dressed to represent Booddhist priests, boiled rice, fruit, cakes and sweetmeats in endless variety; and lastly, cigarettes, native and foreign, and betel-nut, tobacco, and serie for chewing. Next came the coffin, with priests at the head and in the rear, and immediately followed the wives, children and other relatives, all clothed in loose garments of white sackcloth, put on over the ordinary dress, and confined at the waist by hempen girdles, while their long, glossy hair, usually so daintily braided, now hung loose and disheveled almost to the knees. The wives were distinguished from the hired mourners by large veils of white cloth being thrown over their heads and nearly enveloping the entire person. At the place of interment the body was placed under a shed near the grave, and the offerings brought for consecration in a similar one a little farther off. Joss-sticks were then lighted, waved over the corpse, and stuck in the ground all around the grave; full suits of paper clothes were burned, and the ashes thrown into the receptacle; then rice at the head and foot, water, betel-nut and cigars; then the coffin was low-

sprinkled with lime and covered completely with the beautiful silk before described; jars containing rice and fruit were placed at the ends of the casket; gilt papers were cut and thrown in, and, above all, venerable bouquets of fragrant flowers. The ashes of the paper clothes were mixed with raiment for the dead man in the presence of spirits, and those of the gilt paper to be converted into money to pay the ferryman's fare over the Chinese Styx to the shady groves and flowery plains of the spirit-land. Prayers were next said by the priests, while the people prostrated themselves to the earth, but sprang eagerly on their feet as the former threw about handfuls of the little coins called "cash," endeavoring to secure one or more, not for their intrinsic value, but as talismans to keep off witches and ghosts. After a scrambling match the grave was dug up, a last deafening lamentation wailed forth, and then the whole adjourned to the other shed to witness the consecration of the delicacies which they were presently to partake of in their former home of the deceased, a ceremony being always the conclusion of a Chinese funeral. The consecration was performed by the priests placing an idol surrounded by joss-sticks in the centre of tables, and chanting over all some dirges; and the ceremonies were concluded by one unanimous prostration and loud wail, and then the assembled company repaired to the house of the deceased, where eating, drinking and revelry of all sorts lasted till daybreak.

Two weeks afterward I was invited to witness the winding up of this grand funeral. An elevated platform was erected in front of the house, upon which were arranged all sorts of eatables, and flowers of every kind, and the whole, as well as the roof of the shed, was lighted up with huge lanterns of red silk painted in grotesque characters. On the essence of the delicacies the spirit of the deceased was supposed to feast, while the substantial elements were devoured by those of his friends who were still cumbered with this mortal coil. Just within the house was a wooden cage made to represent the dead

merchant, and before it stood three cups of tea, three of wine and three of rice; and in near proximity were a score or so of paper images, designed to symbolize the spirits who were waiting to conduct their brother to his future abode. Near by were also a Buddhist idol and his shrine, with several large baskets of gold and silver paper and piles of paper clothes. All these things, and a huge paper house, in which were paper representations of the merchant, his wives, children, servants, and even his favorite horses, were consumed by fire for his use in the spirit-land. A cask of samshu (Chinese arrack) was then opened, which was denominated "liberating the dead man from earth's prison;" a priest informed the deceased that all the ceremonies required by the gods were now completed, and, his future wants having been provided for, he was exhorted to depart in peace. Nothing remained to be done but to dispose in the most expeditious manner possible of the cask of arrack, and I hastened to take my leave before the "liberated spirit" should become disorderly. This funeral was said to have cost about ten thousand dollars, and was attended not only by natives, but by nearly all the Europeans of the settlement, for the old Chinaman was one of the "merchant-princes" of the island, universally respected by all classes; and few who visited Singapore during the forty years that he resided there will fail to remember Chek Whampoa as he sat in his place of business with a dignity and courtliness of manner that Caucasians would find it impossible to imitate. He came to the island without ten dollars in the world, and died worth half a million or more.

Among the Burmese there are certain religious prejudices opposed to the burning of children who die in infancy and women dying soon after they become mothers. These are consequently buried, and I witnessed the burial-rites of one female while at Maulmain—a wife and the mother of an infant only two weeks old. The body, robed in the same garments worn in life, but with the head and feet bare, was laid on a long, nar-

row bench and profusely strewn with flowers. Over it was a framework of bamboo hung with tinsel-paper and decorated with such fringed and floral adornments as the limited means of the family enabled them to procure. The relatives sat around weeping, assisted, or rather led, by hired mourners; but whether the grief was real or only its semblance could not be told, for custom requires the dead to be loudly bemoaned, and from the decisions of Oriental etiquette there is no appeal. The hired mourners threw themselves, with torn garments and disheveled hair, on the bare ground, weeping, wailing and howling till utterly exhausted, then lay writhing and panting long enough for their depleted energies to be restored, only to repeat the same frantic cries and gesticulations as before. While the mourners were occupied within, others met in a shed outside the dwelling to construct the coffin, funeral-car and paper adornments, and prepare offerings for the officiating priests. While so engaged they sang ribald songs, gossiped and jested about the deceased, her character and future prospects, in the most disgusting manner. When their task was finished the body was carelessly placed in the rude coffin, laid upon the extemporized car, and amid singing, dancing and revelry of every description was borne away to the place of burial. Corpse and coffin were both covered with flowers, the car gayly decorated with tinsel, and sundry uncouth images of genii, ghosts and demons were placed as sentinels at each corner of the car to keep off the spirits still more uncanny than themselves, if indeed any such could be found. Several Boodhist priests headed the procession; then came the musicians with their clang of instruments; then the various offerings for the clergy; then a huge paper monster sufficiently hideous in form and feature to frighten off every possible and impossible spirit of air, earth and water; then a miniature pagoda with an idol; then the corpse and mourners; then a concourse of women and girls carrying flowers, cups of water, rice and betel-nut for the dead; and the rear was brought up by a motley

crowd—an incongruous mixture of all sorts, ages, and conditions—who from interest or curiosity had joined the procession. At the grave intoxicating drinks were freely distributed, and the bearers, becoming exhilarated by the liquor, jumped and danced with frantic violence, shaking and tumbling the corpse in a manner too shocking to be described. The musicians, under the influence of the same excitement, yelled, shrieked and breathed forth such appalling strains of diabolical discord as might startle the wine-god himself in the midst of his bacchanalian revels. During the tumult the coffin was lowered into the grave; each relative threw in a handful of soil; water, rice and betel were poured at the head and feet; and then, amid the din of drums and the wailing dirge of the entire company, the hole was filled up. As soon as this had been completed all bowed and worshiped; and then, while the band played a lively air, the people dispersed, many of them intoxicated, and all utterly careless and unconcerned.

Young children are disposed of with even less solemnity, their little bodies being thrown uncoffined, and almost nude, into a hole scarcely two feet deep. I have seen the earth thrown hastily in and stamped down with a levity and rudeness that thrilled my soul with horror. The one redeeming feature of these heartless scenes was that the tiny graves were literally covered with fragrant flowers. But, like withered buds, these little graves are left untended and uncared for: no fond mother comes at eventide to weep for her lost darling or hang fresh garlands on its tomb, but the fierce hyenas soon scent their prey, and the frail form is scarcely cold ere it is dragged from its shallow grave and devoured by these monsters.

During a residence of several years in Siam, I neither saw nor heard of a single burial in that country, nor did I meet with more than three Siamese tombs. They were the "Tombs of Three Kings," said to be centuries old, and all that I could learn of their history was that beneath those gorgeous monuments of black granite, exquisitely chiseled and adorned with mosaics in gold, silver,

er, ebony and ivory, reposed the  
of three famous warrior-kings who  
ordered their bodies to be buried  
and of burned, in order that the  
sincerity of the circumstance might keep  
in memory of their virtues and bravery  
fresh in the hearts of their subjects.  
This is now, and has been for cen-  
turies, the universal custom in Siam—  
indeed, it is supposed, because of the  
facility it affords for removing the pre-  
sents of the loved and lost. In old,  
cratic houses I have seen arranged  
in family receptacle massive golden  
urns containing the ashes of eight, ten,  
or twelve generations of ancestors; and  
these are cherished as precious heir-  
looms to descend through the eldest  
branch. Once, while at Bangkok,  
I had an opportunity of witnessing the  
funeral of a deceased priest of Booddh.  
The ceremony was conducted like any other burning,  
except that the car on which the dead  
was placed was furnished with  
ropes, to which ropes were attached  
in the front and rear. Crowds of  
people dressed in holiday garb pulled at  
the ropes, dragging the car first one  
way and then the other, contending  
for the honor of superintending  
the burning of so sacred a personage.  
The display was an immense display of fire-  
works, rockets whizzed and whirled in  
all directions, drums beat, and the  
people danced wildly; and when at  
last the torch was applied, one loud,  
triumphant cry of "He has gone to Nig-  
h" filled the air. Then with shouts  
of triumph the people dispersed, while  
the officiating priests proceeded to rifle  
the funeral-car of its rich adornments for  
the benefit of the temple where their de-  
ceased brother had resided.

The time, expense and character of a  
funeral depend mainly on the rank and  
wealth of the parties, though the cere-  
mony is always performed by the priests  
and always within the precincts of a  
temple. The only exception is in sea-  
son of epidemics or when the land is  
stricken by famine. Among the very  
poor, where the expense of the obsequies  
is borne by the local authorities, the flesh is  
buried as soon as the body is cold, and  
L. XIII.—38

thrown to beasts or birds of prey, to be  
devoured on the spot, while the bones  
are reduced to ashes in the most expe-  
ditious manner possible, and scattered  
to the four winds of heaven. Among  
the better classes the dead body is laid  
unmutilated, save by the removal of the  
intestines, in a coffin, and it is more or  
less carefully embalmed, according to  
the time it is to be kept. If the deceased  
belonged to a private family of moderate  
means, the burning takes place from four  
to six days after death; if he was wealthy,  
but not high-born, the body may be kept  
a month, but never longer; while the re-  
mains of a noble lie in state from two to  
six months, according to his rank; and  
for members of the royal family a still  
longer period intervenes between the  
death and the burning. But, whatever  
the interval, the body must lie in state,  
and the relatives make daily prostrations,  
prayers and offerings during the whole  
time, beseeching the departed spirit to  
return to its disconsolate friends. When  
the time for the funeral has arrived the  
body is laid in a receptacle on the sum-  
mit of a stately pyramid, the form and  
material of which indicate the wealth  
and position of the deceased. It is thick-  
ly gilded, and the receptacle lined with  
plates of solid gold when the body has  
belonged to one of royal lineage and  
well-filled coffers. The last is quite as  
essential as the first to a gorgeous Ori-  
ental funeral, since for rank without money  
an East Indian has ever the most pro-  
found contempt. Both requisites were  
fortunately united in the person of the  
queen-mother of King Pra-Nang-Klau,  
the old usurper who occupied the Siam-  
ese throne previous to the accession of  
the royal brothers who died in 1868. At  
the funeral of this aged queen there was  
such a display of Oriental magnificence  
as rarely falls to the lot of Western eyes  
to witness. The embalmed body lay in  
state, under a golden canopy for the  
space of eight months: the myrrh, frank-  
incense and aromatic oils used in its  
preparation cost upward of four thousand  
dollars, and the golden pyre about eighty  
thousand. The hangings were of the  
richest silks and velvets, trimmed with

bullion fringe and costly lace, and the wrappings of the body of pure white silk embroidered with pearls and precious stones. Incredible quantities of massive jewelry decked the shrunken corpse, and a diadem of glittering gems cast its prismatic radiance over the withered features. Tiny golden lamps, fed with perfumed oil, burned day and night around the pyre, while every portion of the vast saloon was decorated with rare and beautiful flowers, arranged in all the various forms of crowns, sceptres, temples, angels, birds, lanterns, wreaths and arches, till Flora herself might have wondered at the boundless resources of her domain. Day and night musical instruments were played, dirges wailed forth and prostrations perpetually performed; while twice every day the king, attended by his whole court, made offerings to the departed spirit, beat his breast, tore his hair, and declared life "utterly unendurable without the beloved one." All this was kept up for eight months, and then the scene changed to one of festivity. For thirty days, during most of which time I was present, there was a succession of levées, concerts and theatricals, with feats of jugglery, operas and fireworks; and then the embalmed body, surrounded by perfumes and tiny fagots of sandal-wood, was consumed by fire, and the ashes collected by the high priest or his deputy in a golden urn, and deposited, with other relics of royalty, in the king's palace. The golden pyre, with many other costly gifts, was presented by the dutiful son to the temple where the queen's obsequies had been celebrated—given, doubtless, as an expression of the gratitude he could not help feeling toward the petulant and tyrannical old termagant who had at last condescended to relieve him of her presence. For, if common report was to be relied on, not only had the queen-mother constantly rifled her royal son's well-filled coffers to supply her wants at the gaming-table, but her domineering temper had robbed his life of domestic comfort. And now that she had generously consented to "exchange worlds" or "be transferred," her remains must needs be disposed of with regal magnificence,

since doing so required the time of only a thousand persons for about a year, and cost the nation but the trifling sum of half a million of dollars.

At all funerals choice flowers, especially tuberoses, the golden blossoms of the clustering henna and the sweet-scented dauk-máli, are profusely used; and there is constantly a crowd of well-dressed people, for Orientals are always at leisure and always in a mood to enjoy sight-seeing. When the pile is to be ignited, lighted tapers are plentifully distributed by the priests, and applied by all who are near enough to reach the pyramid. During the burning mirth and music are at their height, the combined performances, in which each strives to raise his own voice above all the rest, producing an effect so ludicrous as would seem to dislodge every solemn thought.

There is one other ceremony connected with the incineration of the body at all Booddhistic funerals that I must not neglect to mention. While the flames are gleaming most fiercely, sending forth their forked tongues of glowing fire, the nearest relatives toss bundles of clothing across the flaming bier, uttering meanwhile, in low, plaintive tones, solemn earnest invocations, which can be heard only occasionally in the pauses of the wailing dirge and the fierce clang of instruments. I had witnessed these strange proceedings, so like child's play to us, at several different funerals before I was able to comprehend their significance. To the imaginative Oriental they are no unmeaning ceremony, but a species of necromancy, by means of which he would peer into the unknown future to catch a glimpse of the fate of the loved and lost. All Booddhists believe in transmigration, and their sacred books tell them that six times at least the souls of even the best and purest must cross the fiery gulf that separates this state of being from the Nigban for which they pine—the Elysian fields, where in shady groves and amid fadeless flowers the faithful ever securely slumber in dreamless unconsciousness, insensible alike to pain and pleasure, and utterly incapable of volition, thought and action, yet not

ad. When guilt has been incurred by any breach of Booddhistic law the number of probationary lives is increased in proportion to the magnitude of the offence—often, ay, generally, reaching to hundreds and even thousands of states being—till “by oft-repeated trials and offerings the soul is purged from sin, and rendered meet for the companionship of the blessed.” But six times, at the very least, the soul must have inhabited an earthly body; and if, in tossing the bundles of clothing across the pyre, they fall not a single time, the survivors believe that the deceased has passed his last ordeal, and is thenceforward safely lodged in Nigban. But if the bundles fall, they read in this casualty an omen of additional states of trial and discipline, just as many in number as the failures in catching the bundles. After eight or nine falls they give up in despair, thinking it useless to peer further into the dismal future of one who has still so many years of discipline before him. There is a childish trifling in this matter, as some travelers have supposed: it is an affair of the gravest moment and of heart-thrilling interest, while its results are watched

with intense anxiety. In this ceremony is doubtless to be found the reason why a devout Booddhist never plays in any game that requires a ball or other object to be caught in the hands. To him such pastime is a sacrilege, a profane trifling with things sacred—sure to be visited, in some future state, with a severe penalty.

I have spoken of the lack of cemeteries, yet I have read many Oriental epitaphs, engraved, not on pillars or tablets of marble, but on those precious gold and silver urns which to the imaginative Oriental form the tangible links in the chain that binds him to the dear ones that have faded from his view; and, watering them daily with his tears, the very spots where they rest become to him hallowed ground. The epitaphs are characterized by touching simplicity. “The flower that once lay in my bosom,” “The heart where I loved to nestle,” “My withered bud,” “Joy of the harem,” “Earth’s fairest flower,” “Pure as a dew-drop,” “Sunlight of my home,” and “Sleep sweetly,” without the name and age of the deceased, are some of the inscriptions I have read not without emotion.

FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

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## TASSO TO LEONORA D'ESTE.

“Io non cedo in amar.”

I DEEM my love not less, O lady dear,  
 Than theirs who dare their passion to disclose:  
 Concealed within my inmost life it glows,  
 And may not as its sweet spring-bloom appear.  
 Others proclaim their fealty sincere  
 By eloquent words and sighs, or in the flow  
 Of lofty verse, or by their reverence low,  
 When rapt they gaze on thy bright beauty clear:  
 Let them pursue thee still, from early dawn,  
 Summer and winter, to the close of day,  
 As follow hounds the timid hunted fawn:  
 I seek thee, dearest, where none other may  
 Behold thee—in my heart! and boast alone  
 The hidden love and lasting faith I own.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.



## A MODERN CRESSIDA.

## CHAPTER IX.

MAX, meanwhile, strode rapidly out of the gate, and, taking the least frequented road, walked for half a mile till he came to a sequestered wood-path, down which he turned, knowing that he would be unlikely to meet any one for a mile and a half, when it ran into a more public and beaten track. He walked fast, with his head bent down, feeling as if rapid motion and exertion were a relief to him. He scarcely saw, and did not heed at all, the exquisite wood-flowers at the side of the path: he never lingered to look down one of the green tangled vistas of light and shade that opened upon him at every slight turn in the path. He hardly paused to take breath till, as the path took a sudden turn to the right, he came in sight at once of the road into which it merged and of a small house set back in the woods. His eyes fell upon a woman seated in a rocking-chair just outside the door, with a child in her arms, slowly rocking it to and fro, and singing softly the while. He remembered suddenly that this was the cottage of Mrs. Ralston, the poor woman of whose child's illness his aunt had spoken, and, moved by a kindly impulse, he stepped forward to the little gate, and leaning upon it said, with sympathy in his voice, "Good-afternoon, Mrs. Ralston. How is your sick child?"

"He's much better to day, thank you, Mr. Floyd," replied the woman. (She knew Maxwell well by sight as the young divinity student and the nephew of Mrs. Bradford, and his profession lent an additional respect to the tone of her reply.) "Poor little fellow! I sit here with him in the fresh air all my spare time: it seems to make him more alive-like," she added.

"So, that is the child in your arms?" said Max with some interest as he looked at the wan little face, and noticed the lustreless eyes and hollow cheeks

of the child as it lay on its mother's lap.

"Yes, sir, this is the boy. I didn't think four days ago he'd be here now. The Lord is very merciful."

"It must have been very hard for you all alone here," said Max, with a pang of self-reproach going through him as he remembered that one of the most sacred duties of his future profession was to help the sick, and yet he had hardly given a second thought to this woman in her trial till this accident brought her before him.

"You may well say that, sir. For the first day I was wellnigh desperate, what with the other children here, and no one to help me at home or take them away, for of course it's a very dangerous disease, and I couldn't look to have folks running any risk for a poor body like me. But after that, when that blessed angel—I can't call her no other—came and took the night-nursing right off my hands, and brought me food and drink, and tied that stuff about the children's necks too, so that they were protected, why then I got along better; and now the danger is all past, the doctor says Heaven bless her and her goodness to me!"

"What do you mean?" said Max in a bewildered way; and then, as a sudden dread and suspicion seized him, he exclaimed, "Good Heavens, woman! You don't mean that May—that Miss Bradford—has been here and run the terrible risk?"

"No, indeed, I don't, sir," said Mrs. Ralston with a slight flush of resentment at his tone. "Miss Bradford's a nice young lady, and I'm not for saying naught against her; but she's not one of those to put their heads in a lion's mouth. No, no: it was the strange lady from New York. I don't rightly know her name: she lives in the little lodg' on Mrs. Bradford's place."

"Tell me all about it, will you?" said

lax rather hoarsely, coming in the gate and leaning against the tree under which Mrs. Ralston was sitting, his face half turned away from her.

"Well, sir, you see, I was sitting with the child in my arms that first evening, and the poor little creature was very ill. The doctor had just been here and shook his head over him, and gone away, and the other two were asleep in their beds: it was the night of the day I saw Mrs. Bradford and told her how the doctor said Willy had the diphtheria, and I felt more alone than ever before in my life. I knew no one would come to me for love or money with that disease in the house, and when I thought of the long night before me my heart grew sore. Just then a tap came at the door, and in came a lady all in white: she looked 'most like a spirit, and I stood up and said, 'You'd better keep out of here, for there's sickness here, and maybe death.' You see, I spoke short-like, for I thought she'd go at once when she heard what was the matter. 'That's just what brought me,' she said softly. 'I heard you were in trouble, and as I am a neighbor I came over to see if I could help you.' 'Perhaps if you knew it's diphtheria that's here, you wouldn't be so obliging,' said I, rather rudely I'm afraid. 'I've seen you before,' she said: 'I'm not afraid;' and then she threw off a kind of cloak she was wrapped in, and in about five minutes she had the boy in her lap. Somehow, she took the management right away, and when she had made me tell her what the doctor had ordered, brandy and beef-tea—things I hadn't, nor couldn't get—she went out and called a woman who was waiting outside and sent her for them. Then she said, 'Mrs. Ralston, I came to help you take care of this boy of yours, and I want to take the night-nursing, for I can't well be here in the daytime. You must go to sleep, and I will call you at five o'clock, when you must go home.' For all I could say, she had her way, for somehow she was like a queen over me; and you may think it strange, but, though my boy was so sick, I slept sound, for I was tired to my heart's core, and the lady gave me

a kind of feeling as if she knew what she was about.

"It would be long to tell it all. She came the next night and the next, and then the doctor said Willy was going to get well; so yesterday she said, 'I won't come to-night, Mrs. Ralston, but I'll see you soon.' Ever since the sun seems to have gone out of the cottage. She did everything, and it's all along of her that the boy got well and the children didn't take it; for she tied some strong-smelling stuff about their necks and about mine and her own, and said it would keep away the infection; and so it has, for we've none of us even a sore throat."

As Mrs. Ralston went on, amplifying and repeating in a stream of grateful enthusiasm, Max stood and listened like one in a trance. He never moved or turned his head as she spoke, but at length, when she had for the hundredth time said that "she was sent by the Lord, and was an angel if ever there was one," he said abruptly and suddenly, "Thank you, Mrs. Ralston, for telling me: I sha'n't soon forget it. Good-night!" and went with quick steps out of the little gate and down the road beyond.

Mrs. Ralston looked after him rather astonished, and said to herself, after a long meditative pause, "I wonder if he was vexed at what I said about May Bradford? They do say she's to marry him some day. Well, I can't help it. I'll uphold it—for it's true—the lady at the lodge is an angel on earth if ever there was one;" and so she turned indoors with her boy in her arms.

Max walked down the road till he came to a little wood-path which he well knew, and into which he turned. There was an old log lying by the side: he remembered it, and thought he would sit there for a while. He *must* sit still and think. Soon it was reached, and he sat down on it and put his head in his hands. His thoughts were chaotic at first, and his brain seemed whirling: it was all so incredible, so strange, yet it was true. Yes, while he had been judging and condemning Mrs. Penrhyn for her light words, but had never once thought of doing anything for the poor woman who

was in such a strait, Edith had ministered to her, and had been even as one of God's own angels coming and going in secret and with power. How unjust he had been to her! and how she must despise him! Ah, no wonder she thought poorly of religious professions, she who was so much better a Christian than they all, and who made no professions. A cloud rolled from his eyes, a great light shone around about him, and all his hardness and prejudice and narrow-mindedness toward her seemed to leave him. The reaction was as intense as the bias had been extreme, and as his thoughts took shape they seemed to resolve themselves into one idea: he must go to her, must fall at her feet, must acknowledge his evil, unjust thoughts, and ask her forgiveness. Like a convert of old, he burned to make his confession and hear words of absolution. As he sat there, with every barrier broken down, with his defences utterly destroyed, Love, who always finds out the way, entered his softened heart and found no rebel against his sovereignty. Max did not say to himself, "I love her," but he felt it. And why should he not love her? His perversity and antagonism of the past weeks turned their weapons against him in her cause; and when at last he sprang to his feet he was possessed with one purpose, filled with an intense, burning desire to seek Edith and tell her all. He did not look beyond that moment, he was mastered by the first imaginative and passionate emotion of his life, and he was "transported beyond this visible present." He trembled as his exalted fancy pictured her scorn and indifference, and then his strong man's courage rose to help him: he would convince her, in her own despite, of the sincerity and depth of his feelings. He looked at his watch and saw that the tea-hour was past: he would go back at once, and as soon as he had accounted for himself to his aunt he would seek Mrs. Penrhyn at her cottage. He could not speak to her alone at the house.

So he set his face homeward. The ground flew under his long strides, and

yet he could not compass the distance with sufficient rapidity to satisfy him. The avenue gate was fastened: he vaulted over it, and ran the last few hundred yards, only checking his pace as he came in sight of the piazza, where he could dimly discern several figures. It was too dark to distinguish if Edith were there, and his heart gave a bound at the possibility; but in a moment more he had reached the steps, and saw that Mrs. Penrhyn was absent. May and Mrs. Bradford came forward to greet their runaway—the one with a playful remonstrance, the other with an anxious inquiry if anything had happened.

"Nothing, dear aunt. I forgot how far I was from home, and dreamed away an hour in the woods," was his answer to the latter; and to May he replied by a deprecating "You know, May, how restless I was, and I thought I had better walk it off."

"Well, sir, come to your tea, but you must go up stairs first."

"Indeed I must," said Max, looking at his rather dusty boots and tumbled linen with a rueful glance: it would take him half an hour more to make a toilet in which he could approach his new-found goddess. He had forgotten his condition.

"I only want a cup of tea, May," he called out as he ran up stairs three steps at a time. When he came down he had decided what his excuse should be for going to the lodge, for excuse he must have: he would say that he had a handkerchief of Mrs. Penrhyn's which he had found in the wood. This clumsy and transparent device he looked upon as a triumph of art, and came down with perfect composure prepared to make his *coup* as soon as he had swallowed his tea and chatted for a few moments with his aunt and cousin. But Max's finesse was doomed to be a failure. After a few minutes of elaborately easy talk, he said, with as much carelessness as he could command, but with a rising flush which the kind darkness hid, "By the way, where is Mrs. Penrhyn to-night?"

"She went home at once when tea was finished," said May.

"I found a handkerchief of hers in the wood, and might as well walk to the lodge with it: it's early yet, won't take me five minutes."

"You are very gallant, suddenly, Max," May, laughing: "I suppose you're going to be sorry for the way you've treated Cousin Edith. But you must call to-morrow to make amends, for I said she had a headache and didn't want any of us to-night."

Max felt almost sickened at this sudden disappointment: he could scarcely find his voice to say in reply, "Well, I'll give it to her to-morrow." He was conscious, in spite of his immense desire to break through all obstacles and go to her, that, considering former terms with Mrs. Penrhyn, he must not insist on intruding on her without rousing some suspicion in May's mind as to his present state of feeling. A few minutes he sat without speaking, and as he sat had formed his plan. He would wait till bedtime—they kept late hours, thank Heaven!—and then, once safe in the solitude of his room, he could let himself down beneath the boughs of the walnut tree outside to go to Edith: she would not be in, and he would see her, if only long enough for a word. He *could* not wait to-morrow. Then he set himself to work of making conversation, and managed to amuse both the ladies most successfully. Never had an hour seem so long to Max in his life as this one. His thoughts wandered perpetually to Edith, and it took all his new-born power of dissimulation to conceal his pre-occupation. At last the clock struck ten, jumping up briskly he said he had something to write to do, and had better be going. This was such a common remark that it made at this hour that it invited no comment; and after a goodnight kiss to both he found himself in a moment in his own room, the door closed.

At last he was free, and now to lose no time. He had soon swung himself to the end of a bough, and a few minutes sufficed to land him on the grassy foot of the tree. Stealthily he

crept along under the shadows of the avenue till he reached the little gate that gave entrance to the enclosure immediately about the lodge. He had satisfied himself before he started, by a rapid reconnaissance from his window, that no light shone in Edith's bed-room, and he felt sure of finding her in her little library. He crept to the window and saw that the room was lighted only by a cluster of wax candles on a table. Edith's lounge was drawn under their light, and she lay upon it reading.

As Max gazed on her and saw the dark lines of fatigue under her beautiful eyes and noted the paleness of her cheek, how his heart smote him as he thought how that look had come to her face! While his eyes were still riveted upon her she let her book fall in her lap and uttered a slight sigh of weariness. It broke the spell, and Max quickly turned back and opened the front door with a rather tremulous hand. As he found himself in front of the door of the library in which she was, his courage almost failed him: he hesitated, and felt as if even then he must turn back, when a slight noise made by his hand on the knob roused Edith from her reverie, and she called out in her silvery voice, "Who's there?" There was no alternative now but immediate entrance or ignominious flight, and Max opened the door and stood before her.

"You, Mr. Floyd!" exclaimed Edith. "Is anything the matter? is any one ill at the house?" And she half rose from her sofa.

"No, no," he stammered, "nothing is wrong;" and then, as the blood rushed even to the roots of his hair, "I came to see you for myself, Mrs. Penrhyn."

She made no reply, but remained looking at him in mute astonishment.

"I saw Mrs. Ralston this afternoon," he went on hurriedly—all his meditated eloquence had deserted him, he felt almost choked—"and she told me about you, and I came to beg your forgiveness for my injustice—to tell you how much I admire your conduct—to—to—" He could get no farther.

Edith was beginning to see how it

was, but her manner showed no sign of the fact. "Thank you very much for your good opinion," she said calmly: "it must be worth having or you would not have insisted upon seeing me to-night. They told you at the house, no doubt, that I was invisible. What excuse did you make to get here?"

The suddenness of the question took Max so by surprise that he found but the truth wherewith to answer, and stammered out, "I let myself down by the walnut tree outside my window and came across the avenue: they had all gone to bed."

Edith smiled: "And risked breaking your neck for a point of conscience? Really, Mr. Floyd, I could have waited till to-morrow morning to be told that you did me the honor not to think me a heartless brute any longer."

It was too much for Max: her mocking tone struck a nerve and it quivered through him. The tears would spring to his eyes, though he tried hard to choke them back as he said, "Oh, Mrs. Penrhyn, you misunderstand me cruelly."

"Do I?" she said quite gently, for his emotion was too evident not to be visible to her quick eyes. "Then sit down here and explain yourself;" and she motioned him to a stool at her feet. In a moment he had thrown himself on his knees, and with a broken voice he cried, "Please take pity on me. I know I have been an intolerable fool, and that I deserve nothing but contempt from you; but if you but knew how I have suffered since this afternoon, you would forgive me; and now that I see it all—all your goodness and loveliness, and what a fool I have been—I am punished enough by the thought of my own obstinate, stupid blindness, Mrs. Penrhyn. Only forgive me! Let me hear you say that some day—not now, but some day—you will like me a little. I will work for your favor as no man ever worked, and you will teach me to be what you like, now that the scales have fallen from my eyes. Only tell me that you do not quite despise me, and I will ask nothing more now."

Edith was moved, or at all events pleased, excited, interested. It was a sensation, and she had had none for so

long! She had almost forgotten how it sounded to hear a man's heart in his voice. She put her hand lightly on Max's bowed head and said, "Indeed, I forgive you, if I have anything to forgive. I think you will never again judge a fellow-creature by appearances."

"Never, never, so long as I live. And you really forgive me?"

"Yes: there is my hand on it;" and she transferred her delicate fingers from his head—to his grasp, she intended, but he caught her hand and kissed it again and again, not quietly and softly, but with a young man's first burning love-kisses. Edith felt that she must go no farther, and with her natural power of retreating from a leap she said, with a quick but not abrupt change of manner, "And now tell me about your evil thoughts of me, and how good Mrs. Ralston managed to disperse them."

Max, who was shy and simple as any lad, obeyed her, and, seated on the stool at her side, looking up into her face while she lay back on her pillows, he told her it had all come upon him; and then she told him about her device of the French novels being a pure fiction, and how she had trembled when he commented on her perfume, thinking he might recognize it as a well-known aromatic drug used for such purposes; and they laughed like a couple of children over her quick fabrication of "the new perfume just from Paris." All was smooth between them now—smooth as the grassy side of a precipice. Edith was his queen and he her subject, and she had a keen pleasure in gazing into his mind and heart, always meeting her own reflection therein mirrored.

Max was in Paradise: no doubts or fears assailed him now. He was sailing on a summer sea, and with all sails set toward some "golden isle of Eden." The time went by till a little French clock beside them rang out the hour of midnight. Max started: he had not yet forgotten his properties. "I must not keep you up," he said. "I did not know it was so late."

Edith rose without a word, and went with him to the door. The moon was

g brightly and cloudlessly. Edith  
 d at it for a moment, and then  
 alf to herself, "What a night for  
 ater!"

ould you go? would it be too late?"  
 claimed eagerly: his eyes said more  
 is words.

can't resist it," she said with an-  
 look at the moon: "wait till I get  
 aps." She ran back, and in a few  
 ds they had started for the boat.  
 ater was still, the moon shone in  
 plendor, and as Max slowly but  
 ly pulled the boat out under her  
 s and looked at Edith lying on her  
 s with the silver light upon her, he  
 nt himself indeed in some enchant-  
 id. It was a night to remember,  
 e never forgot it. They talked but

He was silent from fullness of  
 t: for the moment his cravings  
 stilled, only to wake to fiercer life  
 e morrow. She was silent, partly  
 n instinct that told her she was on  
 rous ground, and partly because  
 ood was dreamy. It was very  
 she thought, to have some one  
 er who understood her well enough  
 to be silent with him. What a gen-  
 impulsive creature he was! And  
 iled a sweet grateful smile as she  
 ibered his burst of the evening,  
 rning met his eyes fixed on her  
 is soul welling out of them. For  
 e Max was content: he only ask-  
 ove her. We all know how much  
 he love we give fills the heart than  
 hich is given to us, and his was  
 overflowing.

dangerous amusement," thought  
 as she laid her head down that  
 "but what is pleasure without a  
 of danger? I regard Mr. Floyd as  
*bar droit de conquête.*"

know what heaven is like now,"  
 ured Max to himself as he fell  
 . "I did not think there could be  
 ng so perfect on earth."

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 CHAPTER X.

Max's prejudice had been extreme,  
 like great, the reaction that took

place in him was equally so. Heart,  
 mind and spirit seemed to lay down their  
 powers at her feet to whom he had at  
 last yielded unconditionally. The mo-  
 ment that his love for Edith laid him  
 open to her influence his whole nature  
 became sensible of the contact of a su-  
 perior in mind and cultivation. There  
 was something peculiarly delightful to  
 Mrs. Penrhyn's world-worn palate in  
 the fresh, pure draught which Max held  
 to her lips, and she enjoyed the rare  
 pleasure of teaching and guiding his  
 mind, as well as the more ordinary ex-  
 citement of receiving his ardent homage.  
 She was everything by turns to him; and  
 though it required no effort of the imag-  
 ination for any man to make a goddess  
 of Edith Penrhyn, yet to no man had  
 she ever before seemed a saint. Max  
 regarded her as the incarnation of all  
 perfection, and sometimes Edith had a  
 strange half pang of self-reproach when  
 the boy would evidence his reverence  
 and adoration for her by some extrava-  
 gant burst of feeling. Had she loved  
 him her feeling had been akin to that so  
 eloquently described by Victor Hugo in  
 his tragedy of *Marion de Lorme*. Di-  
 dier, her lover, ignorant that his mistress  
 and the celebrated courtesan are one  
 and the same woman, cries out in horror  
 at the sight of a book dedicated to Ma-  
 rion on the table of the creature whom  
 he loves, and whose purity in his eyes  
 is also that of "the icicle that hangs on  
 Dian's temple." But she did *not* love  
 him: she took his love as he gave it,  
 freely and without thought of the future;  
 but while his was the abandonment of  
 passion, hers was but the carelessness  
 of selfishness.

Max made no secret of his devotion  
 to Edith. He was with her incessantly,  
 and when not with her was reading her  
 books, thinking her thoughts, doing her  
 errands—in every sense of the words  
 "living unto her." He had come under  
 her intellectual influence at a most un-  
 fortunate time of his life, and one by  
 one the convictions upon which his re-  
 ligious faith rested sickened and died in  
 the deadly atmosphere of doubt which  
 Edith carried with her. Her mind was

rich in all those destructive intellectual missiles which, cast into any one's field of thought, explode only to scatter dismay and ruin about them. She planted the roots of a negative theology in Max's mind, and started him on a voyage of discovery on a tempestuous sea, in an open boat without either oars or rudder. But while all this dreary work was going on, Max was filled so full with love and joy that he was unconscious of his losses. The wealth of happiness Edith bestowed upon him was so great that he had no consciousness of any other want. To be in her presence, to hear her voice, to see her face, were to him the perfection of happiness. He asked but little of Edith, so far as the usual encroachments of men go, and she appreciated, even while it amused her, the exalted character of the feeling that made him kiss her hand with a flush and tremor. "He will outgrow all that," she said to herself: "meanwhile it is very sweet."

Day by day Max's feeling for Mrs. Penrhyn struck deeper and deeper into his heart, while she plucked the blossoms from the fair outgrowth only to wear them a day and then cast them carelessly away. But that time had not yet come, and until it should come Max was on a pinnacle of bliss. Mrs. Bradford saw, as indeed she could not help seeing, that he had fallen in love with her cousin, and she was surprised and somewhat displeased at Edith's acceptance of his devotion. It did not suit her notions, and, though Mrs. Penrhyn's nonchalant self-possession afforded her no opportunity of expressing her disapprobation, she could not help showing it by a slight access of dignity in her manner to the offender. Mrs. Penrhyn took no notice of this beyond staying rather more at home and giving endless *tête-à-têtes* to Max both morning and evening, instead of persisting in her former custom of spending her time with the family party. But, although Max awakened no strong feeling for himself in Mrs. Penrhyn's heart, nothing indeed beyond a fleeting fancy, he roused what had lain dormant for weeks past—her native love of excitement. Refreshed by its slumber, it rose

like a giant in its might within her, and Max had no power to lay it. Edith had fed too long on stronger food for the love of a boy to satisfy her, and whatever emotion she gained from the possession of his heart and soul soon waned to a shadow when she had once fathomed the depths and scaled the heights of his nature. For a while, Max was really her object in life, so long as he was new to her. No two hearts are just alike, and while his individuality was unexhausted she was absorbed by the possession of it. But when she had once learned the lesson of his nature, when she knew beforehand what effect softness or coquetry or coldness would have upon him, her interest died out; but with it the thirst for excitement did not die, and she began to wonder when she might safely bring Dr. Wadsworth's prescription to a close and begin her old life again.

Poor Max! He did not dream of this, and while he was still swimming in a sea of glory, one beautiful morning the mail brought Edith a letter which gave the clench to her resolution of breaking up the monotony of her present life. The letter was from Thornton Raymond. Many a time Edith had thought of him that summer, and wondered if he had gone for ever. She did not want to lose him. Since that fit of restlessness had come over her she had thought oftener of him, and once began a note to him, but changed her mind and tore it up when half finished.

Edith's eyes sparkled as they had not done for many a day as she ran over Raymond's characteristic note. It was short and in these words:

"I cannot help writing to you, though I've tried hard, Edith, but it's of no use. Everything and every one bores me without you. Are you not thirsty for the champagne you talked about? Perhaps you have taken to drinking spring-water? Don't be silent any longer: silence kills me. Write and snub me if you like, but say something to give me an interest in life again. You always have my address.

"Yours always, T. R."

Edith, who always allowed herself the

erous luxury of letting her impulse  
away with her, wrote an answer with-  
in five minutes after receiving this note.  
only said :

"The spring-water is very good here,  
Thornton — very pure, cool and fresh ;  
if your champagne is very fine you  
come and open one bottle for me.  
I promise to taste it, if no more.

"E. P."

The letter was tossed into the mail-  
box and when Max met her at dinner  
noticed that the languor which had  
descended over her of late had been sup-  
planted by a sort of sparkle that played  
over her face and manner. His spirits  
were with hers, and when they started for  
the boat which he had urged her to take  
afternoon they were both as radiant  
and joyous as two children. The after-  
noon was beautiful, Edith gracious and  
pleasing, and Max felt as if the boat  
was a fairy boat, and hardly knew that  
as pulling her along.

As they neared the shore again, Edith  
said : "I expect a friend of mine here  
to-day."

"I should like to know any one who  
is a friend of yours," said Max tenderly.  
"What is her name?"

"It's not a she," said Edith with a tinge  
of embarrassment : "it's a he—Mr. Ray-  
mond of New York."

Max looked up quickly : "I did not  
know you had any men friends : I mean,  
intimate ones."

"I have a great many," she replied  
modestly, "or have had : unfortunate-  
ly I have had to speak of some friends as  
ghosts of the past."

"When they were not real friends,"  
said Max.

"I don't know," said Edith. "A feel-  
ing may be perfectly genuine and deep,  
yet be ephemeral."

"I don't think so. But to go back  
to your friend of yours who is not yet, at  
least, a part of the past."

"He comes for a few days soon."

"How soon?"

"I hardly know : as soon as he gets  
settled after he will start," she said mus-  
tily.

"Did you send for him?" said Max in  
a low voice.

Edith looked at him before she an-  
swered. He was white to his lips : it  
was his first pang of jealousy. "This  
won't do," she thought : "I can't have  
my life made miserable by these two  
men quarreling over me. I'll snub Max  
now, poor fellow ! I hate to do it, but  
he must learn that he can't keep a wo-  
man who doesn't love him to himself.  
I believe, in my soul, that all men are  
born Turks concerning women." These  
thoughts passed through her mind with  
lightning-like rapidity, and she answered  
Max's question with but a slight pause,  
looking at him still as she did so : "You  
mustn't make a grand inquisitor of your-  
self, Mr. Floyd. I hate being catechised,  
and never answer questions."

"I beg your pardon," muttered Max :  
"I had no right."

"I hope you will like Mr. Raymond,"  
Edith went on, not noticing his agita-  
tion : "he is rather a lion in his way,  
and a very accomplished man of the  
world."

Max tried to say something civil and  
commonplace, and then instinctively be-  
gan to pull in shore. As they walked  
toward the lodge, Edith talked about all  
imaginable subjects easily and lightly,  
but to no effect : the evil spirit would not  
be laid. At the door they paused, and  
Max was turning to go without a word  
when Edith detained him by a gesture,  
and looking into his eyes said softly,  
"Are you jealous of Mr. Raymond? You  
need not be. Don't you *trust* me?"

The words were simply chosen and  
vague in meaning : they contained no  
pledge, scarcely an assurance, but they  
brought back joy to Max's heart, and  
the sun shone again for him as he an-  
swered with all the soul in his voice, "I  
trust you perfectly ;" and then stooping  
he kissed her dress and was gone.

"That will not keep him from being  
very unhappy while Thornton is here,"  
murmured Edith to herself. "Well, I  
will not attempt to manage things be-  
forehand. Let me see : he will be here  
to-morrow night. I will have a late din-  
ner, and ask Max to meet him : that will



please him and the proprieties at once. Heigh-ho! Poor Max! he bores me a little now. I never was meant to teach, or to learn either, I fear."

Edith's invitation was duly given the next morning, and accepted eagerly by Max, who, in the simplicity of his heart, thought, "She cannot care for Mr. Raymond or she would rather meet him alone than ask me to join the party." He understood nothing of the contradiction of feeling that induces a woman to postpone the climax that she desires. But Pain, the great teacher, was soon to begin his education.

Edith spent the day alone: it was her mood to be alone, and, like all her moods, when it came she indulged it. Max too longed for solitude, and spent his day in walking far and wide, only coming in to make a more elaborate toilet than usual for the dinner to which he was bidden.

Edith had sent a carriage to the station for Raymond, and he was shown at once to a room on his arrival, with the announcement that dinner would be ready in half an hour. Edith was no lover of Arcadian simplicity, and hated to dispense with the lesser conventionalities of life almost as much as she liked to trample upon the larger ones. On no account would she have received Thornton dusty and wayworn from the train, and the artificial atmosphere of form was perfectly preserved, even in her simple little *ménage* at the lodge. "Luxuries are never out of place when they are incongruous with their surroundings: they are only intensified," was one of Edith's sayings, and she practically carried it out.

When Mr. Raymond entered the parlor he found Max and Edith already there. Not a sign of the annoyance he felt at not finding Mrs. Penrhyn alone was to be seen in his manner: he greeted her frankly and cordially, and bowed to Max courteously enough. So imperturbable was his bearing that Max said to himself, "He *is* only a friend, after all," thinking that *he* could not have greeted her so quietly had all the world been standing by. So they went to din-

ner, and for a while Edith and Thornton played at the battledore and shuttlecock of conversation lightly and gracefully enough, while Max listened and wondered how they learned the game, for somehow he had a dim sense that they *were* playing a game. He had never seen the society side of Mrs. Penrhyn before, and though she was charming to him in this way as in all ways, he had that uneasy, half-frightened feeling that always comes when one we love shows us a side unknown to us before—the fear lest this new creature will not love with the old love, till some look or tone of the old self reassures our hearts.

But while Max was half bewildered, half charmed, Raymond's self-control began to melt like wax under the fire of Edith's looks and tones. Never had she been in a mood more responsive to his influence, and he grew momentarily more sensible of it, while with the consciousness came a rush of impatience and irritation at her waywardness in having brought that fellow here just to thwart him. He had not come for this, nor would he bear it. Thornton had no chivalry in his nature, and so none in his love, and there was an absolute want of idealism in it too. His flowers must always be plucked, and sometimes with very rude hands: he never could content himself with breathing in their fragrance, and pasture his soul on the mere contemplation of their beauty. So, as the dinner went on and the time went by his manner gradually lost its cordial ease and grew abrupt and impatient; his eyes lost their inexpressiveness and sparkled on Edith; his mouth ceased to smile, and quivered with eager feeling while he strove to set it firm and hard.

Edith felt the change, and tried to keep him, in racing parlance, "steady"; but he had got the bit between his teeth, and the pace grew harder as he went on. As the wine went round, Max mechanically refused it after a glass or two, and when he saw Edith allow the servant to pour out glass after glass of champagne and drink it in long draughts, he looked at her with an involuntary expression of astonishment. She did not see it, but

ond did, and having reached a  
of impatience when he was ready  
or do almost anything, he laughed  
and said, "Mr. Floyd seems sur-  
l at your powers as a wine-drinker,  
*ma belle*, but he does not know you  
ll as I, or he would think nothing  
ew glasses of champagne."  
til that moment, although his tone  
nanner had verged on familiarity,  
d studiously addressed her as Mrs.  
yn, and his words were like a thun-  
lt in the ears of Max, who flushed  
anger and moved restlessly in his

ymond was quick enough to inter-  
his expression of face, and had a  
sense of delight come over him as  
ought, "So she has made this young  
love her, and he has the insolence  
jealous of me! I shouldn't won-  
he called me to account shortly.  
ne see if I can't make her choose  
en us."

ith's only reply to his comment was,  
Floyd has learned already that I  
ot made quite in conformity to set  
Thornton. I don't think he is so  
astonished."

intended no criticism by my looks,  
re me, on anything that you saw fit  
Mrs. Penrhyn," Max said, turning  
and speaking gravely; and then,  
ng across at Thornton, he said  
edly, "Pray do not interpret my  
again, Mr. Raymond: we might  
as to its meaning."

ery possibly," replied Thornton  
r, "but in a multitude of counsel-  
ou know, lies wisdom."

x opened his mouth for an angry  
ider, but Edith spoke quickly:  
re, Mr. Raymond, confess that if a  
s house is his castle, a man's face  
least as much his own property."

you will let me look at your face  
ell you what I see in it," said Thorn-  
with a glance that brought the color  
r cheeks, "I will swear not even to  
Mr. Floyd's. But, to go back to  
" he went on, without waiting for  
nswer which she strove to make,  
n will you try my champagne as  
romised?"

"Not to-night, I think," said Edith  
coldly.

"Oh, well, then, we must make the  
most of this;" and he motioned his ser-  
vant to fill his glass. Raymond was  
growing reckless, and Edith longed for  
the dinner to come to an end: there was  
a storm in the air.

"What is your profession, Mr. Floyd?"  
said Thornton suddenly.

"I am studying for the ministry," re-  
plied Max, for the first time in his life  
wishing he had some other answer to  
make.

"Indeed! I did not know it. I fear  
I have talked even as the ungodly. I  
never dreamed of finding Mrs. Penrhyn's  
table graced by one of the cloth. Don't  
look as if I were misrepresenting you,  
madam: we all know what you think  
of clergymen as a rule. Let me tell you,  
Mr. Floyd, what she said once, so that  
you may fully appreciate the honor of  
being an exception to such a rule;" and,  
in spite of Edith's imploring "Thornton,  
what *are* you saying?" he went on:  
"This is her definition of a clergyman:  
'A creature who disdains masculine  
virtues only that he may feign feminine  
ones, and who is in reality the possessor  
of neither.' Good! wasn't it? but severe."

"I hardly think Mr. Floyd can care  
for a compliment to himself at the ex-  
pense of his profession," said Edith, hur-  
riedly stealing a look at Max, who sat  
petrified.

"Oh, one can forgive a woman any  
error in doctrine if she but believes in  
one's self. Isn't it so, Mr. Floyd?" said  
Thornton.

Max muttered something in reply, and  
Raymond went on: "But, *ma belle*, I  
haven't yet told you about the fancy ball  
at Newport: it was a success in every  
one's eyes but mine. I thought of noth-  
ing but the one last year, when you went  
as a bacchante. Heavens! how superb  
you were! I vow one could believe in a  
religion of which such creatures were the  
priestesses."

"Then you think me one of a crowd,  
Mr. Raymond?" said Edith haughtily.

"You know what I think of you very  
well, and that were I Bacchus I would

have but one altar, and you should serve it eternally;" and his eyes glowed as they rested on her. She returned his gaze, and for one moment they both forgot that they were not alone. But for a moment: the next, Max was on his feet, his head whirling, his heart leaping within his breast, with just enough self-command to say, "You will excuse me," to Edith, "I must go;" and then he had left the room. For the first instant they were both silent, Thornton surprised and Edith startled—the next heard Thornton's exclamation of "What luck! I never hoped for such success. Fairly driven away! See what it is to be ungodly."

"Come away from here: it is stifling in this room," said Edith, and led him to the library.

Max had burst away with one thought, the desire to be alone while he grappled with the knowledge that had come to him. The veil had been torn from before his idol, and lo! its feet were of clay. For an hour he wandered in the woods, all the images evoked by Raymond's wild talk thronging about him. Edith was dethroned in his mind. His religion was shattered, for she had been its living centre, and she was gone. She had never lived: indeed, it had all been a dream. What! the woman the hem of whose garment he felt honored to kiss could let that profane reveler speak to her as he might to—and Max ground his teeth at the thought—almost to his mistress! And she had gone to a ball—where this man and others like him crowded round her—as a bacchante, the type of license and unbridled passion! Great God! His head was on fire, his heart was bursting. He laughed aloud in bitterness. But he must drink the cup to the dregs: he would see her once more, and he would see her that night. This resolution once formed, he threw himself down under a tree and lay motionless, his face buried in his hands, till the time should pass. At last he rose: it must be time now for that man to go, and yet he would not trust his own estimate. He looked at his watch: yes, it was late enough for him to go back, and he retraced his steps toward the

lodge. As he did so the memory rushed over him of the night when he had stolen from his room, overflowing with eager penitence, to gain forgiveness from the woman who then seemed as if set on an eminence above the world in his eyes. How different now, when his heart was filled with naught but accusation and bitterness! He quickened his steps, and soon reached the cottage. As he stood without in the still night he could hear the low murmur of two voices within. He had not gone, then; but Max steeled himself to wait: it could not be long now. Half an hour went by, every moment seeming winged with lead to his weary soul, and then the door opened and a man's shadow fell upon the moonlit step.

"What a night for the water!" said Edith's voice.

"Will you go out on it?" asked Raymond.

"No, no, I'm too tired," she said softly; and then, "I've rowed a great deal this summer."

"What! with your sprig of divinity?" laughed Raymond.

"Come now, Thornton, you behaved very ill to him: confess it."

"Perhaps so, but I was not responsible. You drive me mad sometimes, Edith."

"Don't put your sins on my shoulders: I've enough of my own to carry. Now go."

"*A demain*," he said, kissing her hand.

"If I don't change my mind to-night," she said with a smile. "Suppose we say *au plaisir*?"

"We won't quarrel about *words*," was his answer. And so they parted.

Edith had gained the library door, and her hand was on the handle, when a voice said behind her, "May I speak to you?"

She turned and saw Max's pale face like a Nemesis behind her.

"It is rather late," she said coldly, "but come in, if you will."

Her manner was like ice. He followed her into the library, and she threw herself into an easy-chair and motioned him to a seat with the words, "Is it any

particular, Mr. Floyd? I'm so

cold insolence of manner galled the quick, as she meant it should, it, though she had given no sign, that Max was shocked, and resented only a woman like her can resent reason. Nothing but despotism sat her. But as she had never reached heights upon which Max had reached her, nor the depth of his feeling, so she had no conception of what relation of that evening had been to her, nor what havoc it had wrought on his soul. He grew whiter than wax as she spoke, and, refusing to be moved by a gesture, leant against the wall for an instant while she sat calmly, and then straightening his figure to its full height, said, "I could not wait any longer to see you. I came to ask you a question: is it all true?"

"More explicit," she said coldly. "What true?"

"That that man said—all that I saw in your face? Oh, Edith Penrhyn!" he cried, all the selfish he had gained with so hard a blow swept away by his agony, "tell me it was a lie—that I dreamed it—was only to try my faith—anyway out that it is true."

Edithless he awaited her answer; it came slowly and distinctly: "I do not know your right to ask me such a question, Mr. Floyd; but I will answer you if you are very young and very pretty. It was all true that Mr. Ray said of me to-day. I am no saint, I have never posed for one in your life. If you have mistaken me for one, *adieu* *à* *vous*. I am very sorry you have had a lesson should come to you from me, but I cannot hold myself responsible for it. Sooner or later you will have learned that human beings are not made to be stretched on the Procrustean bed of a narrow theology, and do not learn it now?" Her voice rang out cold as she said these words.

Max looked at her stupefied. Was this Edith of the night before? A storm of fury ran through his veins, and he faltered, "You cannot treat me in

this way! My heart is worth something. I will not let you wreck my life, and then say, 'I am not accountable to you.' You have taught me to love you, you have accepted my love, and—"

"Stop one moment," said Edith rising, "and listen to me, Mr. Floyd. I made no effort to gain your love. I submitted to your injustice and dislike with a good grace: this you will confess. An accident brought about a change, a reaction in your feeling toward me—an accident for which I was in no way responsible. Then you idealized me. I told you again and again that I was only a woman, and a very human one, but you would have it that I was a goddess. It made you very happy to have something to worship, and I consented to serve as your idol, for I too have been young, and know what a luxury it is to indulge in these delusions. Still, I did it under protest. Am I to be held responsible for not being what you chose to think me? Even if I had loved you"—and her voice took a sarcastic tone under which he winced—"I should not let you call me to account for my short-comings. Neither as a lover nor as a father-confessor do I look for absolution from you, Mr. Floyd. But I am very sorry for you, and a little sorry for myself. Hereafter you will think of me as the embodiment of feminine wickedness, and make me the scapegoat of all your future sins. And why? Because I happened to be the first woman who turned out not to be what your fancy painted her. Well, I don't complain: it was your fate and mine." She paused for a moment, and then rising said, "Good-night;" and before Max could recover himself she had glided from the room.

Edith had hardened into marble under Max's tone of mingled accusation and appeal, and no relenting softness had overcome her in their short interview. When she reached her room she threw herself on a lounge, and half closing her eyes ran over the events of the day. The retrospect was not pleasant, and made her moody. Why had she let this boy hang about her? Why had she sent for Thornton? As she asked herself these

questions, and grew impatient at her own answers to them, something slipped from about her throat and fell tinkling to the ground. She opened her eyes, and saw on the floor the locket she had worn that day, and which had become unclasped without her perceiving it. In a moment she remembered that it was the locket into which she had shut Marston's sleeve-button, and a cold shiver ran through her. The most reasonable of us feel the effect of coincidences in our own lives, and Edith could not resist the half-superstitious feeling that crept over her at this slight accidental occurrence. It struck "the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound," and with one of those singular transitions of feeling of which some women are capable she buried her face in the cushions of the lounge and burst into a fit of low but passionate weeping. Long she wept, and when a lull would come, still the tears would spring afresh at some new thought. The taste of the Dead Sea fruit on which she had been feeding was bitter in her mouth, and her tears were bitter too. After a while they ceased, and when she could command herself she rose and opening a drawer in her writing-table drew from it Marston's letter. She read it through. The tears did not come now, only a burning flush spread over neck and brow. "He knew me better than I chose to

know myself. Is it too late now?" Long she pondered with the letter in her hands and when at last she rose to put it away the sky was red with the dawning day. But before she lay down to rest she had written the note that follows to Raymond, and placed it on her maid's table with a line ordering its delivery the first thing in the morning. Then she slept heavily till long after midday.

"My words to-night were prophetic, and their fulfillment is upon us. Do not come to-morrow. I can never be to you again as I was this evening, and that being so we had better part without another meeting. There would be no use in my attempting an explanation—you could not understand me—but some day I will ask you to forgive me. Adieu!"

"EDITH."

While she slept, Thornton Raymond was rushing fast away from the place in an express-train for New York, vowing never to see her again, and Maxwell Floyd was telling his aunt and cousins that he was going to spend the last weeks of his vacation with a friend in the West. "A long-promised visit," he said, heeding nothing of May's sad looks, wrapt in the blank egotism of his first keen sorrow.

FRANCIS ASHETON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE BRITISH CIVIL SERVICE.

SOME months ago the retirement was announced of the most distinguished member of the permanent staff of the British civil service—the Right Hon. Edmund Hammond, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who has since been elevated to the peerage. Mr. Hammond was in many respects a typical civil servant. He was "cradled in despatches," and the "F. O." was his nursing-mother. His father knew Philadelphia as well as he did London, for

he was the first minister accredited to the United States from England, and the father of the present minister at Washington, Sir Edward Thornton, was his attaché. Subsequently, Mr. Hammond, who married, whilst in this country, an American lady, connected with the well-known De Lancy family of New York, was appointed to the same post so long filled by his son.

Like all the other machinery of the British government, the civil service has

ed its present form and proportion  
 gh a gradual process of develop-  
 and has undergone many changes  
 modifications in recent years. The  
 r Secretaries of State date from the  
 of Henry VIII. About 1540 two  
 aries were appointed, styled the  
 s Principal Secretaries. A third  
 ppointed by Edward VI. in 1553,  
 Elizabeth had only one; and it was  
 l 1574 that a second was again ap-  
 d. The title "Secretary of State"  
 not occur until the end of Eliza-  
 reign, and the earliest instance  
 is in a document bearing date  
 in which Burleigh's second son,  
 t Cecil, the first earl of Salisbury,  
 led "our Principal Secretary of

" After this three were occasion-  
 ppointed, but the regular number  
 ued to be two until the period of  
 ion with Scotland, when a third  
 ppointed to attend to the affairs of  
 ountry. This secretariat was, how-  
 dropped in 1746, and from that  
 there were again only two until  
 the eighth year of George III.'s  
 when a third was appointed as  
 ary of State for the Colonies. In  
 he office of Colonial (or third) Sec-  
 was abolished, leaving again only  
 ecretaries. These had long been  
 n as Secretary for the Northern and  
 ary for the Southern Department,  
 orthern comprehending Northern  
 e, the Southern, Southern Europe;  
 ich were now added the colonies  
 antations. But in 1782 a new ar-  
 ment was made: the Northern was  
 the Foreign Department, and the  
 ern the Home Department. This  
 ued till 1794, when a third secre-  
 as appointed for the War Depart-

In 1801 this secretary was made  
 ary also for the colonies, and this  
 gement continued until about 1856,  
 in consequence of the Crimean  
 he office of Secretary at War, the  
 r of which was not a Secretary of  
 was abolished, and a new office of  
 ary of State for War was created.  
 e salary of the Secretaries of State,  
 was fixed at six thousand pounds  
 15, when that sum was fully equal

to ten thousand pounds now, was re-  
 duced in 1831, the year of the first Re-  
 form Bill, to five thousand pounds, at  
 which it remains.

The Foreign Office is regarded by its  
 members as being "the crack office"—  
 what the Guards are to the rest of the  
 army—and the majority of its clerks are  
 "highly connected," being younger sons  
 of good families, and apt to give them-  
 selves airs which render them as un-  
 popular with those above as with those  
 below them. The patronage of this of-  
 fice, as of the diplomatic and consular  
 services, is in the hands of the Secretary  
 of State, who, when a vacancy occurs,  
 nominates such number of persons as  
 he pleases, generally three, to compete  
 for the vacant post. The candidates are  
 examined by examiners appointed by the  
 Civil Service Commissioners. Usually,  
 only the candidate who gets the most  
 marks obtains a clerkship, but where a  
 young man possesses great interest the  
 second candidate also has sometimes  
 been selected, if the Civil Service Com-  
 missioners have professed themselves  
 satisfied with his attainments. A com-  
 petent knowledge of French is the point  
 particularly insisted on, and some ac-  
 quaintance with another foreign language  
 is demanded.

The salary commences at one hun-  
 dred pounds a year, and rises very slow-  
 ly, culminating eventually, when prob-  
 ably the clerk is between fifty and sixty,  
 in eight hundred to one thousand pounds  
 a year. After some twenty-five years'  
 service he may retire with two-thirds of  
 his salary, and after fifty years' service  
 —the period which Mr. Hammond had  
 completed—with a pension equivalent to  
 his full salary. This applies to the ser-  
 vice generally.

The Foreign Office hours are nominal-  
 ly from eleven to five, but in fact they  
 are very irregular, necessarily depending  
 as they do upon the state of continental  
 affairs. Sometimes the clerks have next  
 to nothing to do, and at other times a  
 heavy press of business. There are in  
 the Foreign Office, besides the Secretary  
 of State, two Under Secretaries and an  
 Assistant Under Secretary. The parlia-

mentary Under Secretary receives fifteen hundred pounds, and the permanent Under Secretary two thousand, and Mr. Hammond had five hundred pounds a year extra as the manager and distributor of the Secret Service Fund. If the Secretary of State is a peer, the Under Secretary is a member of the House of Commons, and *vice versâ*; the object being to secure a representation of the department in each branch of the legislature.

A very close union now exists between the diplomatic service and the Foreign Office. The Secretary of State is chief of both branches, and some time ago the Foreign Minister of the day conceived the happy idea of sending Foreign Office clerks to assist occasionally in the work of legations. This has had a very salutary effect, by familiarizing them with other countries and enlarging their knowledge of the manners and customs of foreign nations. Again, of late years great use has been made of the British attachés at foreign legations, by the Secretary of State requiring them to furnish reports relative to the trade and industries of the countries they are resident in. These reports have proved most valuable, being prepared by those whose position gives them every possible opportunity of procuring the best information.

The Home Secretary's is a very busy and important office, whose appointments have recently, we believe, been thrown open, with some slight restrictions, to public competition. Its staff is on almost the same model as the Foreign Office.

The Colonial Office also closely resembles the Foreign Office in its arrangements. The examinations for entrance are the hardest of all, but the salaries are somewhat higher, at least in the subordinate clerkships, than those of the Home or Foreign Office.

The Colonial Secretary appoints the governors of colonies, and in what are called "Crown colonies" he has the patronage of some other offices. Crown colonies are those which are still governed directly by the home government, instead of having, like Australia and Canada, what is called "responsible gov-

ernment;" which means a government by their own legislatures, exactly on the English model.

The War Office is an enormous department, whose patronage is entirely vested in the Secretary of State for War. This department is, like the others we have mentioned, directly represented in both houses of the legislature.

The remaining and most modern of the Secretaries of State's offices is that for India, where there is a similar parliamentary representation, but a less and more elaborate machinery, the Secretary of State being assisted by a council composed of a number of gentlemen who are paid a salary of fifteen hundred pounds a year, to assist him in his deliberations. This council is composed of members who have had great experience in Indian life, and of a few eminent commercial men, who act as advisers to the Secretary of State in financial affairs. This arrangement came into force when some fifteen years ago the charter of the East India Company expired, and the administration of the government of that vast country was assumed by the Crown. The Secretary of State for India is an officer of enormous power. He can override the ukase of the governor-general, and is practically an almost absolute monarch. Parliament knows little and cares little about the affairs of India, and is content unless something very extraordinary arises, to leave the conduct of the affairs of that empire in his hands.

Besides the Secretaries of State's offices, there are two which are of great importance—the Treasury and the Admiralty. In continental countries the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs is generally the prime minister, but perhaps because England is so commercial the monetary department is there that over which the head of the government presides. There have, however, been a few exceptions to this rule since the commencement of the reign of George III., when the government department assumed their present form. Thus, in 1761, while the duke of Newcastle was First Lord, the premier was Mr. Pitt

Lord Chatham), who held the office of Secretary of State. Again in the year Lord Bute became pre-while Secretary of State, the duke castle still remaining at the Trea-From August, 1806, to January, the duke of Grafton was First Lord, Mr. Pitt as Lord Privy Seal was premier, and from February, 1806, member of the same year Lord lle was First Lord, and Mr. Fox r as Secretary of State.

minister to whom the actual su-ndance of the revenue belongs is ancillator of the Exchequer. Dur-: reign of George III. this office, he premier was a commoner, was onjointly with the office of First of the Treasury, and Mr. Glad-assumed it shortly before his fall, ew five thousand pounds a year : Lord of the Treasury and twen-hundred pounds as Chancellor of chequer.

of the Chancellor of the Ex-r's duties is to preside, in the ab-of the Lord Chancellor, at the r what is called the Trial of the The pyx is the box in which the re contained that have been se-for trial or assay before the coin-which they make part is allowed sued from the mint. It is sealed ree seals, and secured with as ocks, the keys of which are kept Master of the Mint, the Chancel-the Exchequer and the Queen's r; and the trial is conducted in e of such members of the Privy l as may be summoned and of a twenty-one freemen of the Gold-Company, nominated by the s of the company. The coins ppared with the trial-plates which t in the ancient treasury in the of Edward the Confessor in the s of Westminster Abbey.

y of the old customs connected e Exchequer were, with true Eng-servatism, retained until a very te. Formerly, when money was . the entry, after being made in a was transcribed upon a slip of ent called "a bill," and then a

stick or rod of hazel or some other wood was prepared, with certain notches cut upon it, indicating the sum in the bill. This was called "striking" or "levying a tally." The tally was then cleft from the head to the shaft through the notches, and one of the two parts retained by the Chamberlains of the Exchequer, while the other, called the counter-tally, was given to the party paying in the money, and was his discharge in the Exchequer account. The tallies were not abolished and indented cheques substituted as re-ceipts until 1783, up to which time the accounts at the Exchequer were kept in Latin and in Roman numerals.

Formerly, there was a mighty function-ary called the Lord High Treasurer, but for a long time his duties have been put into commission and executed by the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. The last Lord Treasurer was the duke of Shrewsbury, who was appointed under remarkable circumstances on Friday, July 30, 1714, two days before the death of Queen Anne. The dukes of Somerset and Argyll presented themselves in the council-chamber at Kensington, where Queen Anne lay on her deathbed in an adjoining room, and after they had taken their seats, Tindal relates that a member of the council represented how necessary it was that in case the queen died the post of Lord Treasurer (from which the famous Harley, earl of Oxford, had been suddenly removed three days before) should be filled; "to which," he adds, "the whole board assenting, the duke of Shrewsbury was unanimously chosen." The physicians attending the queen having been examined, and assured the council that she was sensible, several members were ordered to attend her and lay before her its unanimous opinion regarding the treasurership; upon which she warmly endorsed their selection. The duke was subsequently confirmed in his office by George I., but soon after-ward, on October 13, 1714, a patent was issued for appointing Charles, earl of Halifax, and other commissioners, in his stead, and ever since the office has been in commission.

This office commands all the fiscal ar-



rangements of the country, and no money can be got unless "my lords" give permission to draw Britannia's purse-strings. The first lord receives five thousand pounds a year, "the financial lord" two thousand a year, and the junior lords one thousand. The junior lords are usually rising M. P.'s, and one is almost invariably a Scotchman and another an Irishman. The Treasury employs a large staff of clerks, who rank as high socially as those in the offices of the Secretaries of State.

The Admiralty, too, is managed by Lords Commissioners. The first lord receives five thousand pounds a year, and, like the Secretary of State for War, is almost always a civilian. The junior lords are, like their colleagues of the Treasury, parliamentary supporters of the government, and one is always a naval officer of experience, who is commonly called "the sea lord." There is a political secretary with a seat in the House of Commons.

The immense department of the Postmaster-General is in "the city," far away from the classic ground of Whitehall and Pall Mall, where the departments which we have been describing are situated. It is not regarded as an aristocratic department, and except in its secretary's office the majority of the employés are of a different social grade from those at Whitehall. The patronage is in the hands of the Postmaster-General and the Treasury, but many of the appointments are now thrown open to public competition under certain restrictions as to age, etc. The winter of discontent is a perennial season in this office, and has been ever since the advent of the famous Sir Rowland Hill. That gentleman's penny-postage scheme proved at the outset a heavy loss to the revenue, and has never from a financial point of view been much of a success. It is true that in the revenue returns it has made a decent figure, but this has often been accomplished by placing contracts for the carriage of mails to the account of the Admiralty. Anxious to make his pet scheme appear not only incomparably convenient—as every one

readily admits it to be—but also lucrative, Sir Rowland resorted to every possible device with this end, and besides thus adroitly saddling the Admiralty with the expense of the Post-Office, he screwed and pinched and cheese-pared in his office to the last degree. The result has been that the employés, very scantily paid and hardly worked, never ceased from grumbling, and indeed are admitted to have very good reason for their murmurs. On the other hand, it is urged that were their places vacant, there would be ten thousand applicants for them the next day.

During the last seven years the Post-Office staff has been greatly augmented in consequence of the Post-Office Savings Bank Act and the transfer of the telegraphs to the department, and it is now on a colossal scale. The machinery and general efficiency of the office is admitted to be unsurpassed by any postal department in the world.

The Customs is another immense department of the same sort of standing as the Post-Office, and the majority of the employés are drawn from similar classes.

A very large office which came into existence as a government department only in 1858 is the Registry of the Court of Probate. In that year, the old courts for proving wills, which had hitherto been attached to the archbishoprics and bishoprics, were all abolished, and in their place was created the Court of Probate, with a principal registry in London, and various smaller registries attached to the London office in the country. The London office at Doctors' Commons had previously been the registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, and its former employés were brought into the new department, and many were added, and now it is one of the largest offices under the Crown. The whole of its appointments are vested in the judge of the court, and his office not being political, he is free to appoint just as he pleases without the slightest pressure being put upon him, and thus has the most agreeable patronage of any man in England.

Besides the offices we have mentioned there are the Board of Trade, the Duck

caster, the Woods and Forests the Office of Works, the Privy Office—whose education department is very important, and filled only with university men who have graduated with honors—and a host of minor departments; the number of persons employed in the superior grades of the service being estimated altogether at twenty thousand.

A great change came over the government departments in England about forty years ago. Up to that time a government clerk was, except in two or three political departments, generally a man of the social stamp of a commercial clerk but as the gentleman class increased and multiplied and craved employment, and Army and Navy, Bar and Church, became overstocked, they began to cast a hungry eye toward the civil service. Until then ministers often used to give clerkships to the sons of their steward butlers, and it has been reported that the grandfather of a nobleman in the Foreign Office, who married a duke's daughter, had served a nobleman in one of these useful capacities. Civil service appointments continued about 1825 to 1855 to be an excellent provision for unambitious, idle or younger sons. Only get a nomination and the thing was done. But in the latter year dates another great change. Sir Charles Trevelyan, Lord Palmerston's brother-in-law—who is generally credited with being the prototype of the modern Gregory Hardlines, the austere official—of whom Mr. Trollope's *Three Clerks*—and a few other prominent people came to the conclusion that the civil service had really sunk in the depths of ignorance, inertness and incompetency. A great deal of talking and writing on the subject ended in the appointment of a commission known as the Civil Service Commission, created by an act containing a clause to the effect that all who aspire to a government pension must pass through its hands. At that time a great change took place as to the desirability of competitive examination. In the first report the commissioners said it would be natural to expect that

so important a profession would attract into its ranks the ablest and most ambitious." Mr. Waddington, then Under Secretary for the Home Department, laughed this statement to scorn. "He who believed it to be sheer absurdity to expect, with the commissioners, that the ablest and most ambitious youths in the country could be tempted to enter it." To show how slight was the inducement, Sir Stafford Northcote observed that "for the first five, ten or fifteen years nothing is required of the young clerk but to copy despatches and fold letters." "Consider," said Sir Clinton Murdoch, now one of the Commissioners of Emigration, "the prospects of a young man entering the Treasury, or one of the Secretaries of State's offices, or any other office of the same class. His duty will be to copy papers, and he will seldom be called on to do anything more. He will continue at this work for not less, on an average, than fifteen years, when he will attain to a higher class, where he will receive a higher salary and a somewhat more important description of work, and he will probably remain in this second class ten or fifteen years. After from twenty-five to thirty years' service he will attain to the first class, where he will at last be called upon for the exercise of the high faculties which his original examination was intended to test." "The qualifications required for the adequate performance of this daily drudgery are," Mr. Murdoch truly enough observed, "not great intellectual attainments, but diligence, patience, accuracy, willingness." "In many offices," said Mr. Romilly, head of another department, "a clerk may be there eighteen or twenty years without its being possible for him to advance himself by any effort of his own." Experience has since proved that really able young men, unless they are very indolent and unambitious or entirely devoid of patrimony, seldom desire to enter government offices. Those who do are generally found to be out of place there, since they become thoroughly disgusted with the eternal drudgery of routine work and the hopelessness of their prospects of rising. Many of those high officials

who were so in love with the competitive-examination system have, after experience, ceased to be so, though all are agreed on the desirability of an examination which proves that a man can write clearly, spell correctly and has some knowledge of arithmetic.

The class, however, to whom the system of nominating several candidates to compete has proved a real boon are the dispensers of patronage. Ministers and influential members of Parliament, whose lives were harassed by supporters and constituents begging for places, find themselves greatly relieved. The honorable member for Grampond is besought by a valuable constituent to get his boy nominated for the Red Tape Office. He buttonholes his friend, the Patronage Secretary of the Treasury, in the lobby of the House that evening. "Have you any vacancies in the Tape Office?" he asks that bland and benignant official, so well versed in saying "No" in the most delightful manner. "The Tape Office? I'll see," says he. "I think there's going to be a competition for a junior clerkship in a few days. I'll let you know." Next day comes a letter to nominate young Mr. Jenkins from Grampond to compete for the office. There are twenty other candidates. Perhaps poor Jenkins doesn't get it, but that is not his member's fault: he has done his best.

Although all candidates for the civil service must pass an examination in reading, writing and arithmetic, it rests with the head of each department to say whether the examination shall be competitive, and what further subjects than these shall be required. Some heads of departments, not believing in highly accomplished clerks, have steadily declined to raise the standard of examination for their offices.

The majority of the clerks in the best class of government offices are quiet, gentlemanlike, rather indolent men, who take life easily, grumble a good deal at their condition—which for the most part is that for which they are best suited—dance at balls and parties, and live in lodgings about St. James's until they are

thirty, when they usually marry, migrate to less fashionable quarters, and sink most entirely out of the fine society of their bachelor days; for although the great Lady Rubadub is very glad to see young Mr. Plantagenet Montessoro of the Tape Office at her balls in Grosvenor Square, and to have him in readiness to call her carriage and take her down to supper, she "really cannot" keep up an acquaintance when he marries and goes to rear an impecunious brood in a poor house in the depths of Belgravia or the wilds of Tyburnia.

The permanent Under Secretaries are most always very able men, are well bred in the civil service, but, like both Mr. Herman Merivale, or Mr. R. G. Herbert of the Colonial Office, are persons of very superior calibre taken into the service at a mature period of life and their special qualifications.

The occupation which can best be tried on in conjunction with civil service appointments is literary work, and men are successful in this respect. Sir John Taylor, author of *Philip Van Arden*, is a clerk in the Colonial Office; Sir Arthur Helps is clerk of the Privy Council; Mr. Herman Merivale was Under Secretary for India; Mr. Henry Reece, Editor of the *Edinburgh*, is registered in the Privy Council; and to these may be added Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Casson, and Mr. Anthony Trollope—who, now retired, were long in public departments and a host of lesser lights.

The great reason of the English civil service being, with all its drudgery and small emoluments, as highly valued as it is, lies in the certainty it affords of a moderately comfortable provision for life. Except for the gravest misconduct an employé is ever dismissed. The Act of 1858, which created the Probate Office whilst vesting its patronage in the Crown, did not empower him to dismiss a clerk without the sanction of the Lord Chancellor. For a clerk in any department to lose his appointment in consequence of a change of administration is an event absolutely unknown.

REGINALD WYNNE

## A VISIT TO PASTA.

the autumn of 1860 I was staying at Como with some friends, who inhabited an old palazzo overlooking the town in its picturesque port. The house, which had belonged in former days to a princely family of Odescalchi, was in the Gothic style of the fourteenth century. On either side of the entrance stood a queer-looking stone monster, supposed to represent a lion seated on his paws. The doorway was arched, and paved with slabs of red and white marble. The staircase was wide and handsome, and the apartments on the first floor were vaulted and had been originally covered with frescoes, which were partially hidden under a coating of wash. The furniture was antique, but not remarkably comfortable, but there was a terrace overlooking the lake shaded by a trellis of vines and climbing roses, which formed the most beautiful salon imaginable. Here we dined and spent the evening. The foliage was thick above our heads that we were almost screened from observation, and the views on all sides were of exceeding beauty. Below was a busy little piazza, surrounded on three sides with quaint, old-fashioned houses supported on covered loggias, and on the fourth side opening into a tiny port, which was always filled with pleasure- and fishing-boats, and visited once or twice a day by a steamboat from Lecco and Bellagio. Beyond lay the lake, bordered with innumerable villas and backed by a mountainous outline of exquisite beauty. As Foscolo used to say, "When I am at Como I cannot study, for I am perpetually tempted to rise from my books and run to the window to gaze at the magnificent prospect. It fascinates me, and I lose all my time in studying its manifold loveliness." In the early morning the port was always crowded with boats, and the piazza alive with peasants, who brought hither their fish, fruit and vegetables to sell. This market scene,

with its constant bustle and jabber and picturesque costumes, seemed the realization of a tableau in *La Muette de Portici*, and one almost expected to see Masaniello and Fenella threading their way through the chorus, and waiting to begin a melodious duet. The women of Lombardy wear a much-pleated petticoat, a black velvet bodice with white gigot sleeves made of lawn, and a unique headdress formed by a number of long pins with silver knobs as big as walnuts stuck in a semicircle round the chignon. Over these they sometimes hang a long black veil. Such a headgear wore the gentle Lucia when she first captivated Don Roderigo, and thereby occasioned much misery to the unfortunate Renzo, as narrated in that most charming of Italian novels, *I Promessi Sposi*.

Our padrone di casa, Signor Locatelli, was a personage of note, who in days of yore had been chapel-master in the cathedral of Brescia, and intimate with the great composers of the latter half of the last and the beginning of the present century. Zingarelli, Cimarosa, Caraffa, Paesello and Bellini had been among his best friends, and he worshiped their memories as well as their music. Into this galaxy of illustrious masters he admitted Rossini, Donizetti and Mercadante, but his hatred of Verdi was as intense as that of an Exeter Hall May-meeter for the name of the Scarlet Lady. He looked upon the composer of *Ernani* and *Il Trovatore* as little short of a monster, and used to boast that Verdi's music had never polluted his piano. In person the Signor Maestro was not lovely. He was long, lean and bald; his eyes were restless and keen; and Nature had given him the biggest nose I ever saw on a human face: it was of Roman architecture, and exceedingly roseate in hue. Although not in clerical orders, he dressed like a prior, and wore not only a black flowing *soutane*, but also a shovel hat as big as Don Basilio's. But

if the maestro was not handsome, he was intelligent and a profound musician, especially learned in all matters concerning vocal music and the art of singing. In his den at the top of the house, where stood his piano, an ancient but tuneful instrument made in the days when it was fashionable for pianos to possess a drum pedal and surprise bells, I have spent many a happy hour. The good old gentleman took a fancy to me and introduced me to gems of music now known to few. He first made me acquainted with Zingarelli's *Inez di Castro* and *Gerusalemme*, both noble works, full of charming melodies. He also played through the scores of Paesiello's *Barbiere* and *Servia Padrona*; Cimarosa's *Penelope*, *Il Matrimonio Segreto* and *Teodolinda*; Bach's *Didone Abbandonata*; Storace's *Barbiere*; and Cherubini's *Medea*. But there was one composer whom the maestro loved more than all the rest united—Vincenzo Bellini. He possessed several letters and some manuscript music of this divine melodist, and showed them to me frequently, treating them the while with the reverence of a priest handling sacred relics.

Bellini passed several summers of his short existence at Como, and doubtless the lovely scenery of the lake inspired many of the unsurpassed melodies of *Norma* and the *Sonnambula*, both composed upon its shores. Maestro Locatelli placed Bellini infinitely above both his master Zingarelli and his fellow-pupil Paesiello. Zingarelli had a facile and graceful style, and once, in the sacred quartette for four voices without instrumental accompaniment, reached the sublime; but he wanted originality. He boxed the ears of his scholar Mercadante for saying that one of his melodies was stolen from Mozart. Paesiello, on the other hand, wrote too much and too rapidly. It is scarcely credible, but nevertheless a fact, that before this composer was thirty-five years of age he had written fifty-five operas. When an old man he was apt to forget both the names and numbers of his compositions. Paesiello, although a pupil of Zingarelli,

was a much older man than Bellini, who was probably the last of the Neapolitan maestro's scholars. Paesiello was the first purely Italian composer who used those intricate embellishments so noticeable in Cimarosa's music, and in this he influenced Bellini greatly; so much so indeed that one may say Bellini continued and improved Paesiello's style. Rossini, a pupil of Cimarosa, on the other hand, imitated his master, and continued and improved upon his method. Locatelli used to say that Italian operatic melody reached its acme of perfection in Cimarosa, Cherubini, Bellini and Rossini: since their day it has gone on a gradual decrescendo until it has reached Verdi and the screaming school.

The old maestro spoke lovingly of Bellini, telling how gentle and amiable he was, and how all who approached him felt the attraction of his sweet nature and strove for his good-will. Although born at Catania, at the very foot of burning Etna, and of Sicilian parents, Bellini's hair was golden, his eyes blue and his complexion as ruddy as that of a Northman. He was a very delicate creature, but neglected himself sadly, so that death took him off when only thirty-three years of age. Locatelli informed me that of all Bellini's operas, *Norma* was the one the composer loved best. "I care little if all the rest are burnt," he would say, "if *Norma* is saved."

The mention of *Norma* led naturally to that of the great artiste who had first represented the character, and who was now living in the neighborhood of Como. Locatelli went frequently to see her, and had much to relate of her affability and genius. Twice he had asked me to go with him, but I had been obliged to refuse because otherwise engaged. I was about to give up the hope of seeing her when a young English lady of my acquaintance arrived from Milan, where she was studying for the lyric stage, to pay a visit to Pasta and consult her as to the merits of her voice. She brought with her a letter of introduction to the once famous Diva from Madame Giovannina Lucca, wife of the late Francesco Lucca, the celebrated Milanese music-

her, and aunt of Madame Pauline of present popularity. As I happened to be intimately acquainted with the ever and charming woman, I did not hesitate in accepting Miss Vaughan's invitation to join her in her expedition.

Accordingly, one lovely morning we started for the Villa Pasta, stopping a short time on our way at the Villa Diana—Pliny the Younger's villa—the ruins of which are not extensive, having been built into the modern residence of the Princess Belgiojoso of Milan. This is a superb mansion, with marble staircases, colonnades, fountains and terraced gardens. One saloon struck us as very extraordinary. It was immense, lofty and well proportioned, but all the furniture was covered with black velvet—chairs, canopies, tables, and even the

It was thus that the widowed lady Pauline—not the famous Julia, Princess Belgiojoso, the clever writer and friend of Beethoven, but her successor—did not fit to manifest her sorrow for the death of her lord. Close by this villa a cascade darts from the peak of a mountain and dashes headlong into the valley below. A little bridge spans it, which is said to have been constructed by Pliny in the year 69.

It was nearly noon when we reached our destination. The villa, or, rather, the gardens of Pasta—for there are three of these—*castelli*—are agreeably situated on the bank of the lake. They are surrounded by handsome gardens, neatly laid out, and, as usual in the mountainous parts of Italy, constructed on terraced slopes. You enter by a gate leading on to the lake, and then pass through a little wood fragrant with the odor of the pretty white and pink cyclamen. The first villa used to be rented to foreigners; the second was a kind of school, and I believe also the residence of a priest; the third house was that inhabited by the signora. As we met her she came to inform us to which of the villas we were to direct our steps, we were obliged to knock first at the oratory. Her summons a head was thrust out from the upper window, and we were informed that the padrona was in the gar-

dens above. We started in the direction indicated, and soon reached a kind of plateau planted with nectarine trees heavily laden with fruit. Beneath them were gathered five peasant-women picking up the delicious products and piling them into big baskets. I asked one of these women in the Milanese dialect if the "sciora padrona" (the lady-mistress) was in. She I questioned was of a medium height, rather stout, and arrayed in an old checked cotton gown, a white jacket and a wide, coarse straw hat. She wore no stockings on her feet, which were thrust into those ancient heelless wooden shoes, called *broccole* in Italian, which were as common in the days of Pliny as they are now. She held a long pole in her hand, with which she was engaged in knocking down the nectarines. "La son mi la padrona" ("I am the mistress"), answered she. At this unexpected answer Miss Vaughan and I were both dumfounded. Could this common-looking old country-woman be Pasta, the famous Diva, the greatest lyric actress that ever lived? We produced our letters, the signora read them, and then wiping her fingers, wet with fruit-juice, stepped forward to greet us pleasantly. She apologized for her costume, said she was in the country and loved to live *sans gêne*, and, to break the ice completely, offered us some of her nectarines, which seemed to me the finest I had ever tasted. Then she invited us to breakfast, and led us within. Having introduced us into the salon, she begged us to amuse ourselves as best we could whilst she went to change her dress, adding with a laugh, as she glanced at her *broccole*, "And put on a pair of stockings. You English people," she went on, "call this kind of costume 'shocking.' I remember when I was in London noticing how young ladies, and old ones too, used to bare their necks very low—so very low that I used to think it 'shocking.'" It was amusing to notice how clearly she pronounced the word "shocking," which is so popular amongst foreigners. Pasta spoke always in Italian, with a very pure accent and much grace, but in a voice unusually harsh and loud for a woman.

This is a peculiarity often found in singers and in persons accustomed to speak in public.

In half an hour she returned. Her appearance had undergone a complete transformation. She quitted us a peasant—she returned a duchess. Her costume was, however, very simple, being of white muslin, and flowing around her in the fashion of a morning wrapper. On her head she wore a black lace veil, which entirely hid her hair, so that I cannot say whether it was at all gray. Her features were decidedly Jewish. She was born of Israelitish parents at Sarrano, near Milan, in 1798, and was consequently sixty-two years of age at the time I saw her. Her maiden name was Negri, and she was educated in music by Maestro Bartolomeo Lotte, chapel-master of Como Cathedral. She then passed under the instruction of Asiola, director of the Milan Conservatory of Music. In 1816 she sang in London in the Catalani troupe. Of her *début* a leading London paper said: "A Madame Pasta sang in the subordinate part of Arsinœe. Her performance deserves no comment." Eight years later her salary at Her Majesty's was fourteen thousand pounds for the season. On one occasion she refused to sing three times in Norwich for five hundred pounds: she wanted six hundred. Madame Caradori Allen went in her place for three hundred pounds. She made an immense fortune, but lost the greater part of it by the failure of Gugmüller's bank at Vienna, and during many years after her withdrawal from the stage she gave singing lessons to support herself. Her best pupil was Madame Parodi. The villas she had purchased during the days of her fortune were what saved her from utter ruin. She had by dint of hard study made herself what she was not naturally, a great singer. She was by nature a superb tragic actress—one who equaled in nobility of attitudes, depth of expression and dignity the illustrious Sarah Siddons. Talma said of her: "Pasta is a woman I can learn something from." As I have said, her features were Jewish, the nose aquiline, the head beautifully

shaped, and the eyes extremely brilliant and capable of infinite variety of expression. She was below the middle stature, but her arms and hands were very fine, and she was fond of displaying them. She was not only a woman of extraordinary genius, but of blameless life, of great charity and nobleness of heart—an ornament alike to her profession and to humanity.

The breakfast was served in a pretty little room leading into the garden. It was a plain and well-cooked meal. First we had risotto, a Milanese dish of rice and cheese; then came roast or stewed beef, and finally preserves and coffee. I must not forget the wine, which was excellent. During the repast the signora spoke a great deal about singing and music in general. Like most Italian artists of the old school, she did not entertain a very favorable opinion of the modern teachers and composers. "There are very few good singers now, and still fewer masters," said she. "People nowadays sing in their throats, in their heads, through their noses—anywhere, in short, but in the proper place, their chests. Singing when properly managed is an excellent exercise. It opens the lungs and strengthens the chest. Then, again, people no longer pay any attention to the recitative. They gabble through it as fast as they can, or they recite it in a monotone. My recitative made my reputation. I declaimed it, I acted it, I gave every phrase its full meaning. I studied it thoroughly, and when I once passed on to the stage I became for the time being the character I represented. I ceased to be Giuditte Pasta: I was Medea, Desdemona or Norma. There is another thing. Not only do young people eat (*mangiate*) the recitatives, but you actually presume"—here the signora became much excited—"you actually presume to alter the maestro's music. You, Miss G——, and you, Mr. H——, have the courage to introduce your own vocal embroideries into the compositions of a Bellini or a Donizetti. *È troppo*. People do not pay to hear your compositions: they pay to hear you sing. A true artist has too much

ect for the composer to alter his  
s excepting in such places as he has  
t *piacere* for the purpose."

hilst we were sipping our coffee the  
ora told us this anecdote: "The  
," said she, "is secondary to the  
in which it is used. I had not a  
voice at all. It was one of great  
pass, but thick (*velata*) and not at  
exible, and I had great difficulty to  
it in tune. I was not successful  
many years. I overcame all my diffi-  
ties by hard study. Perseverance  
wonders for me: it will for any one  
determines to battle all obstacles  
conquer them. I had no natural  
e or trill, and as the music of forty  
s ago was very elaborate and full  
hakes, this was a great drawback  
e. For five years I struggled to ob-  
the much-desired power of trilling.  
day it came to me as by inspiration.  
ld shake perfectly. I did not say a  
l about my victory to any one, being  
rmined to exhibit it for the first time  
re the public. I was then at Berga-  
and acting in *Niobe*, an opera con-  
ng an aria \* which suited my voice  
actly in every respect, but which I  
been hitherto obliged to omit in part,  
long trill obligato opens the quick  
ement or cabaletta. I did not ven-  
even to admit the orchestra to the  
vledge of my secret. I simply told  
conductor to suspend the instruments  
e passage in question, as I was going  
roduce a long cadenza. That even-  
when I came to the passage in ques-  
I stood in the middle of the stage  
commenced a shake in a low key,  
ually increasing it in power, and  
ly diminishing and ending it in a  
nza which linked it to the aria with  
ct ease. The orchestra and the  
ic were so surprised that for a sec-  
or two there was a dead silence in  
heatre, and then the musicians laid  
n their instruments and applauded  
o the echo. It was one of the proud-  
ights of my life." †

Madame Pasta alluded, I think, to the splendid  
ra "Del suave bel contento" in Pacini's *Niobe*.  
made a great sensation whenever she sang it. It  
composed, however, for Rubini the tenor.  
was afterward told that Madame Pasta con-

By this time we had finished our re-  
past, and Signora Pasta led us to the  
saloon, a large and cheerfully furnished  
apartment. The conversation turned on  
the subject of *Norma* and the *Sonnambula*,  
two operas with which Pasta's name  
is for ever linked. "*Norma*," said she,  
"was not a success on the first night." (It  
was produced at the Scala at Milan.) "I  
was the *Norma*, and Giulia Grisi, then  
quite a girl, the *Adalgisa*. We all acted  
and sang as well as we could, but there  
was some cabal or other amongst the  
Milanese to put the opera down, and it  
was little applauded. The next night  
was better, and within the week half the  
town was singing 'Casta Diva.' The  
*Sonnambula* pleased at once, although  
the part of *Amina* was scarcely suited  
to me; still I did it well, and liked it.  
Of all my characters, the one I preferred  
was *Desdemona*. I used to act the last  
scene famously. You know *Othello* gets  
*Desdemona* out of her bed, and has a  
struggle with her, and a duet too, before  
he kills her." †

Madame Pasta remarked that most  
people, when they study a song, never  
pause to read and study the words, but  
set to work at once upon the air. This,  
she observed, was very absurd, and she  
advised Miss Vaughan, before beginning  
to learn an aria, to master the full mean-  
ing of its words, so as to give them their  
right expression. "A song," she said,  
"is a dramatic recitation; only, instead  
of speaking, you sing it. If it is cheer-  
ful, you must contrive, without exagger-  
ation, however, to phrase it mirthfully;  
if it be sad, sorrowfully; and if tragic,  
with as much dignity as you can com-  
mand." She then imitated, to our great  
amusement, the ordinary young lady's  
style of singing a sentimental ballad, in  
a monotone about as expressive as a fish-  
woman crying "Herrings."

When we were quite at our ease, Ma-  
dame Pasta invited Miss Vaughan to  
sing. The young lady sang the contralto  
cavatina from *Semiramide*, "A  
quel giorno!" The great artist was  
tinned this shake during the prodigiously long period  
of five full bars.

† Evidently Salvini obtained his idea of the last act  
of *Othello* from the libretto of Rossini's opera.



pleased with her voice, and kindly undertook to sing passages from the same air, in order to show her how *she* sang it. The voice was gone, but the method, the artistic taste and marvelous art of declamation, still existed as fine as ever. I shall not easily forget her grand and expressive manner of singing the recitative "Eccomi alfine in Babilonia." One felt indeed that the Assyrian prince Arsace would thus have pronounced these words when after a long exile he finds himself once more before the august temple of Belus: "Si ecco di Belo il tempio! Insolito terrore, sacro rispetto, mi commuove il cuore." ("Behold the temple of Belus! At its sight my heart is filled with terror and sacred awe.") So great was the expression she threw into the words "sacro rispetto" that I should not have been surprised, nor should I have smiled, had I seen her prostrate upon the earth in an attitude of Oriental devotion. But she stood by the piano motionless as a statue, her face calm and dignified. She was acting only with the voice, and not with her person. This was very great art. To convey to the hearer the full meaning of a dramatic scene without any of the ordinary contortions of face or body, to be expressive to the utmost degree, and yet remain in an attitude of perfect repose, is what very few of our modern artists can do.

It was late in the afternoon when we rose to take our leave. With graceful politeness Pasta accompanied us through the gardens, gathering as she did so some beautiful roses, which she presented to us. As we were passing under a vine-trellis some dead leaves, bright with the scarlet dye of autumn, fell to the ground. The signora stooped and picked them up, saying gravely, "The leaves

are already falling. I do not like autumn: it reminds me of death."

"But after winter comes spring," said Miss Vaughan—"after death, eternity."

"Thank God for that, my child! I am an old woman. Addio!"

We were at the gate. A last handshake, another "Farewell," and our boat quitted the shore. When we were some way out on the lake we could see the white figure of the Diva passing through the alleys of her garden and finally standing still by her door. She saw our boat and waved a kerchief: we waved ours in return. Presently we glided round the corner of a small cape and the villa was hidden from our sight. The sun was sinking fast behind the mountains, a cool and pleasant breeze was abroad, and overhead the firmament was plentifully sprinkled with stars ere we reached home.

I never saw Pasta again. The following year (1861) Maestro Locatelli went to join Zingarelli, Paesiello and Bellini. On April 1, 1865, Giuditta Pasta passed away quietly, closing her honorable life by an edifying death. The funeral services in her honor were extremely magnificent. After a low mass in the chapel of her villa the body was placed in a state barge and conveyed by water to Como, where it was received by the bishops and clergy, and borne in procession to the cathedral. Here high mass or requiem was sung in the presence of all the military and civil authorities, the governor of Milan and innumerable deputations from the various Italian musical societies. The society of Saint Cecilia in Rome ordered a high mass to be sung for the repose of her soul in the basilica of their patron, and all over Italy her death was mourned.

R. DAVEY.

## FOREVER.

THOSE we love truly never die,  
 Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,  
 A ring and flowers, types of life and death,  
 Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,  
 And life all pure is love; and love can reach  
 From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach  
 Than those by mortals read.

Well blest is he who has a dear one dead:  
 A friend he has whose face will never change—  
 A dear communion that will not grow strange:  
 The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath  
 Will reach our cheek all fresh through weary years.  
 For her who died long since, ah! waste not tears:  
 She's thine unto the end.

Thank God for one dead friend,  
 With face still radiant with the light of truth,  
 Who loves the graybeard as he loved the youth,  
 Through twenty years of death.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

## FLIRTS AND THEIR WAYS.

THE dictionary defines a flirt as "a young girl who acts with giddiness." Observe the incapacity of those who sit in high places! The dictionary manifestly knows nothing about it. A flirt is not of necessity a young girl, and cannot in the nature of things be the least giddy. *Au contraire justement*, she acts with well-considered and deliberate purpose; she possesses great steadiness and force of character; her patience and perseverance are indomitable; and for years she keeps in view an object of comparatively trifling interest until it is *un fait accompli*. She assumes such moods and characteristics as she deems most ef-

ficient in pursuance of her designs, and plays a part with a verisimilitude which often deceives the most acute. She is a social Modoc, delighting in her cruel achievements, and rating her prowess by the extent of the wounds inflicted and the number of scalps taken.

As with early potatoes, there are several varieties of flirts, and it is difficult to decide which variety is preferable.

The dashing flirt does very heavy execution. She dances, rides and talks with so keen an enjoyment in each that it imparts itself to others: her interest never flags, her tongue exemplifies perpetual motion, and her overflowing ani-

mal spirits are as exhilarating as a sea-breeze. She is exceedingly imperious and haughty, and rules everybody connected with her, from her mamma to her maid, and from Captain Jones, whom she delights to honor, to little Johnny Wilkins, who hangs about her and devotedly performs her behests for weeks and weeks without receiving a kind word. But then, when she does condescend, her kindness is so delightful that all her retainers, from mamma and Aunt Lucy and Captain Jones down, bask joyfully in the "sun of sweet content." Loyal Johnny Wilkins's fidelity and deft execution of sundry commands are rewarded by a charming little speech of recognition, and he is most grateful and happy. She is a person of great determination, does as she likes best, and possesses an insight into characters and motives which enables her "to play upon them, seem to know their stops, and sound them from their lowest note to the top of their compass;" and is gentle or stern, coaxing or bullying, affectionate or cold, as her quick discrimination suggests.

She has great partiality and aptitude for physical and out-door amusements; she waltzes with Captain Jones long after that gallant officer is ready to faint from heat and exhaustion, and mamma and Aunt Lucy are almost in spasms of terror lest she should break a blood-vessel; and she plays croquet until it is so dark that the gentlemen are compelled to tie white handkerchiefs on the wickets in order to see them, and her devoted slave Johnny Wilkins holds a lamp for her, and consequently has to bear the blame of all her misfortunes in that exciting pastime for not throwing the light farther than it can shine. When she joins aquatic excursions she always takes an oar and pulls most doughtily; she makes herself very merry at the expense of those timid young ladies who, one would imagine, had the hydrophobia, so great is their terror of water; she jumps about to tilt the boat from side to side, and at their unaffected uneasiness laughs aloud so liquid, so merry, so musical a laugh, and withal looks so saucily beautiful, that the attendant cavaliers, instead of

reprobating such heartless conduct, flock in numbers to her standard, and by and by receive the reward they merit. They do anything and everything she wishes; steer in the direction she pleases; row rapidly or slowly as she is fresh or tired; and their indulgence of her whims is received as a matter of course. She expresses a desire for some lovely water-lilies. Captain Jones hastens to gratify her, and as he exerts all his strength to break them from their tough stems, she, holding the rudder-lines, deftly turns the boat a little to one side, and over goes the adventurous Jones into the water. The other gentlemen think this most bewitching playfulness, and the ladies—Oh, never mind them: who cares what they think? In for a penny, in for a pound. Jones, wet through, swims about and gathers all the lilies he can find, returns to the boat and presents them to his *bien aimée*, who smiles prettily, thanks him in the kindest manner, and tells him he is like a great water-dog.

She has set her heart upon riding Captain Jones's beautiful and spirited steed Black Auster, which he once in an unguarded moment offered to lend her, although her own pretty bay Donum is a charming palfrey, and much more suitable for a lady's use. She is bent upon this because mamma and Aunt Lucy have positively refused their consent, combined their forces and held out manfully against a hot siege, and the miscreant Jones, deserting the cause of his liege lady, actually, from some hidden recess of his inner nature, plucks up sufficient courage to decline to lend her his wild and dangerous horse; not because he doubts her ability to ride Black Auster, but he cannot think himself justifiable in doing so in opposition to her mother's and aunt's express commands. To this speech she replies, dropping her cheery voice to a plaintive key with a disappointment quite touching, "I thought you would be pleased to do me a favor: I beg your pardon."

"So I would! so I would!" excitedly declares Jones; "only your mother opposes it so strongly."

She turns her back upon him as if she intends to join the rest of the equestrian

who are standing about in little s, all engaged in cheerful and con- discussions concerning the horses quipments. "My mother opposes eed!" she says, looking back over oulder at him with scorn and in- tion flashing from her eyes, "and of : you care more for mamma's op- on than for my wishes. Hereafter, e I may know better who are my riends. Do you suppose if I had Mr. Lester to lend me his horse in of mine, he would not have gladly on his head to that gate there and nged the saddles in one moment? he would, poor dear fellow!"

Jones, weak but not wicked! With e desire burning within him to break Lester's head on which the young epresented him as joyfully peram- ng, he comes up close to her and s for the millionth time a variety timental vows, the burden of which : he will do anything for her, even ting his own throat or Lester's or ther man's.

"!" scornfully cries the young lady, omise so much, how little you per- ificing spirit! And when I ask you nge a saddle you flatly refuse!" do not refuse: I only hesitated on nt of your mother's apprehensions olent opposition; but I will go and e the saddles this instant. Come ount before your mother finds us

nma, a thought suspicious from xperience, is on the scene of action : the saddle is quite fastened on Auster, and she and Aunt Lucy istrate vehemently in strophe and ophe, in true tragic style, both with fending damsel and Captain Jones. tter is for giving up the point and ing the saddles back again, but the : young lady makes vigorous resist-

"Let that saddle stay where it is, in Jones. No, mamma! No, Aunt I will ride Captain Jones's beauti- se. Cannot manage him? Pshaw! I ride a wild buffalo. Take Donum, I! I would as soon ride a sheep. mind Aunt Lucy, captain: come,

put me up. You ought to know by this time that when I say a thing, I stand to it. Just listen to mamma and Aunt Lucy—where's the stirrup?—to hear them talk, one would think I had never been in the saddle before. My whip, if you please: thank you. Come, captain: there is no use in mooning round mamma and Aunt Lucy: they will never forgive you if you live until your life is a burden to you. You are not to blame, indeed! You offered me your horse, changed the saddles with your own hands, and assisted me to mount. Oh, you had nothing at all to do with it, poor innocent! Why, you are the head and front of the offending, for you first suggested the idea to me. But don't look so downcast: get on your horse and let us go. Why don't you all make haste?—the sun is blistering, and Black Auster and I are dying to be off. 'Then mount, then mount, brave gallants all!' Now, Auster, your best devoir. Mamma, Aunt Lucy, I am very sorry mourning is becoming to neither of you, but it is all Captain Jones's fault. 'Adieu, for evermore, my dears—adieu for evermore.'"

The demure flirt catches many hearts in the rebound from the above-described variety. Indeed, most men who have been "put through the mill" by the latter undergo a total revolution of feeling, and in future attach themselves to maidens of gentle demeanor and timid nature. The demure flirt is in many respects the exact opposite of the dashing flirt. The latter looks you straight and steadily in the face with clear, unflinching eyes: the former has downcast orbs, sometimes lifted suddenly with great effect, and as suddenly the white lids, with their long dark lashes, fall. The demure flirt blushes a great deal, and is quite simple and modest in manner. She is also of a lachrymose tendency, and her eyes fill with becoming tears on any suitable occasion. She is affectionate and docile to a creditable extreme, and departs herself on all occasions in model style. She does the "poor oppressed" in a telling manner, and a man is a brute indeed if, after receiving her soft confidence, he is not inclined to do battle in her behalf against

the whole world, and does not so express himself to the extent of a *bona fide* proposal "for better, for worse." It is a most favorable circumstance for the demure flirt if she is obliged for some reason to reside with an aunt. This relative is represented, under the strictest vows of secrecy, by the dutiful niece, to be such a monster of iniquity and oppression, and her sufferings under her sad trials of so terrible a nature, that the confidant tears his hair and groans aloud that age and sex prevent him from challenging the indulgent and worthy old lady and inflicting upon her condign chastisement. While he fairly weeps at the piteous recital, she beseeches him to calm himself, and says she must bear with what fortitude she may the burden laid upon her. Thereupon the afflicted youth madly commences a speech with "my poor angel" of which the result is obvious.

The demure flirt is essentially feminine. She shudders at the mention of "woman's rights;" she is accomplished to a very moderate extent; she does not ride at all; she is afraid of the water; she screams and clutches the nearest eligible young man if she sees a spider; she objects to a course of improving reading on the principle of not unsexing herself; and, in short, is seemingly so innocent, so unassuming, so retiring, that many unsuspecting youths are deceived thereby and come to grief.

The musical flirt of the first quality is a very excellent variety. The class of persons over which she reigns is more choice than extensive, but so rare is the cultivation to a very high extent of the art among amateurs that she has but few rivals, and is usually *prima donna assoluta*. And yet, she has other subjects than the men versed in the mysteries of *cantabile* and *fioritura*, *sostenuto* and *staccato*, who raise their eyes to heaven in ecstasy when hearing "In questo semplice," and delightfully beat time and wag their heads approvingly to "Come per me" and its following *allegro brillante*. Men who do not know *do* from *re* or *mi* from *sol* lean on the piano or sit by the harp, their chains riveted by every molten, golden note that falls from

the enchantress's lips, because the woman is an orator and her singing is a declamation, in the sweetest voice in the world, of the finest verses in the language. Why, did not little Tommy Tadpole sit beside her and shiver and weep aloud at her pathetic rendering of "Mary, go and call the cattle home"? and does he not entertain his friends in season and out of season by warbling that less pretentious ballad, "Star of the e-evening, be-you-ti-ful sta-ar!" in humble imitation of her style? Tadpole was wholly overcome and offered her his euphonious name, himself, and his five hundred thousand dollars, when she sang that song. He thought, no doubt, life with her would be a harmonious duet through limitless eternity.

The literary flirt is, in her circle, a personage of great distinction; not that she has ever written anything, but her supposed capabilities are great indeed. Her friends frequently ask her, as respectfully as if addressing a being of a superior order, "Why don't you write a book?" to which she modestly replies, "I am not capable of that sort of thing." Yet she thinks she is capable of writing such a production as Bacon's *Essays* if she chose to give herself to the task. Her flirting material is somewhat scant, owing to the fact that numbers of young men are afraid of her. But those who bend at her shrine are of rather a higher type than the general class of beaux, with better acquirements, professions, ambitions, and withal more constant. She flatters them by her preference, for it is well understood she tolerates none but intellectual men; she delights with her ready appreciation of a *bon mot*, pleases with her sprightly and intelligent conversation, amuses with her charming little originalities, and has always read the newest books and criticisms; her society never fatigues, for her mind combines something of the strength of a man's with the alertness and vivacity of a woman's. Altogether, the stool at Minerva's feet is a most agreeable piece of upholstery. She is always eager to learn something new, to enter upon fields of knowledge hitherto untrodden, but

fortunately for acquirements of perma- value she is subject, like the rest of her sex, to whims, and constantly pursues one enterprise for another. She sometimes a votary undertakes to teach German, and after months of patient labor, during which she makes considerable progress, he is thrown over in favor of a divinity student, who instructs her in the Hebrew language. She has been sitting on the lawn, a table before her, large and formidable folios scattered about, a broad hat on her head, a blue ribbon round her throat, her most serious expression on her pretty face, in the direction of a youthful neophyte in the law, pitching into Blackstone with a religious and diabolic ardor. The poor young gentleman, taking no precautions for the protection of his complexion, looked like a ploughboy than a genteel lawyer before the finale of his glorious labors. Alas for Judge Miner's future eminence! she and her counsellor, who had earned in the law disagreed in a moment on the point of marrying and divorcing in marriage, he taking the affirmative and she the negative, and the little Solon was dismissed before the conclusion of the first volume of the entertaining series.

She is often accused of writing and committing to memory her brilliant sayings previous to their delivery before an audience. I can neither confirm nor contradict this statement, but certainly among the most stupid of her friends she makes deceptions which she does not attempt in the presence of the literati. Softhead's dull eyes opened as she appropriated and glibly recited whole chapters of that delectable text-book, Abernethy's *Intellectual Philosophy*! The careless youth afterward asserted to his friends, in the slang peculiar to his class, "she was a "stunner on the talk, any day, and as pretty as a peach."

She looks down with great scorn from her elevation of Latin and logic upon the limited mental capacity and trifling pursuits of other young ladies, and induces a similar feeling in the breasts of her admirers, who desert all other damsels and devote themselves with them no more. She is sup-

posed to be very ambitious in the matter of her future husband. She aspires to be a philosopher or savant of world-wide reputation, and regards a United States Senator or general with much the same feelings as she dancing youth around her. Not that she scorns the giddy pleasures of galop or waltz. *Au contraire*. Listen! The band is playing the "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltzes: she breaks off in the most learned disquisition, with which she is entertaining an appreciative professor, on the subject of Aryan migrations and civilization, taps her little satin-booted foot in her eager anticipation, and delightedly whirls away with the most feather-pated popinjay in the room, leaving the professor to chew the cud of bitter meditation upon the fickle and unstable nature of woman in her best estate.

The pious flirt—ah, formidable she indeed! What man living can resist those soft eyes, that gentle voice which expresses so kind an interest in his spiritual welfare? How sweetly she urges young Brown to forsake this wicked world, its pomps and vanities! How she implores him to attend regularly the house of worship to hear that eloquent, that *dear* man, Rev. Mr. Yawn-your-head-off, hold forth, while presenting him with those lively and entertaining works, "Steps to the Altar" and "Why am I a Churchman?" and marking the effective passages! How eagerly he promises to read a psalm at the same hour she reads the same psalm! and how he astonishes his gay young friends by breaking from them as the clock strikes ten, leaving them to imagine he is fleeing from his creditors, madly rushes to his room, locks himself in, and gallops through the psalm before she can possibly have read a single verse! How delicious it is to spend an evening at her papa's mansion, to hear her soft voice utter the most delightful encouragements, to see her as she sits, an embodiment of youthful beauty and piety, her soft jeweled fingers knitting a smoking-cap for a Dorcas society! How he patronizes that Dorcas society, her sweet blue eyes looking at him—well, certainly very kindly!

The first symptom of his overthrow is

his regular appearance at Saint Swithin's every Sunday, rain or shine. He sits near her, and watches her lovely Paris bonnet and gracefully devotional attitudes during the service. As the sermon proceeds his attention wanders from it, and is concentrated upon her downcast eyes and sweetly pensive face. He sits quite still, behaving more decorously in church than he ever did in his former life, when he was often a fit subject to be led out by the ear, and is apparently very attentive, in hopes her thoughts are not too high to notice this sacrifice, until the preacher has completed his eighteenthly and a few words by way of application. He waits on the steps, and as she comes out meets her and escorts her home, listens to her eulogies upon the sermon, and does his best to pretend to have heard it.

He goes on step by step. He joins a charitable society for the purpose of sending tracts to the Modocs; he gives liberally to the pious beggars who set upon him; he reads quantities of books on serious subjects, in order to be able to interchange noble thoughts with his beloved; he takes a class in the Sunday-school; he gives up dancing, billiards, theatre and opera-going, and all sorts of pleasant things, because she thinks they do not tend to edification. And the end of that man is — peace? Not a bit of it! She is very sorry he has deceived himself: she will always love him as a brother, etc. etc.; and the end of that man is that he consoles himself after his own fashion, secedes from the society for sending tracts to the Modocs, buttons his pockets against the vampire beggars, resumes his dancing, billiards and other devices of Satan, surrenders his class in the Sabbath-school without a pang, declares openly that he will never forgive her for having induced him to read such an unconscionable quantity of psalms under false pretences, and publicly denounces the Rev. Mr. Yawn-your-head-off as a "long-winded old reprobate" with an ardor that makes her say she is afraid he is a very wild young man, and that she had hoped better things of him. And the end of that wo-

man? Why, we all know she married old Croesus Ever-so-much for his money, after the approved manner of her sisterhood.

The sympathetic flirt is one of the most popular varieties. She is the *confidante par excellence* of all the opposite sex: to her the heart of man unbends itself. She beguiles from the lover his recital of unrequited attachment, and her sympathy tacitly intimates to him that perhaps there may yet be balm in Gilead. In her appreciative presence the aspiring poet declaims his glowing verse; to her the youthful politician confides his wild dreams of future greatness; others freely recount their projects, their disappointments, their ambitions, their secret feuds; and for each she has comfort or encouragement. She has a capacity of putting herself in one's place and comprehending one's feelings, inexpressibly grateful to a wounded heart. If a youth be plucked at the university, how she abuses the faculty! If an army officer cannot obtain a furlough, she is incensed against the obdurate "powers that be." If one's bill fails to pass either House, how her once high opinion of the dignity and rectitude of legislative bodies is lowered! She retains her recruits perhaps longer than any other variety. They dare not desert her colors, for she knows entirely too much of the secret workings of their hearts and minds to be openly braved, and those who once enlist in her ranks surrender freedom of speech and action.

The sentimental flirt is the kind of young lady with whom gentlemen are always promenading on shady lawns and vineclad porches, or rowing in the moonlight on the river, or sitting on the beach *tête-à-tête* in the full glare of a summer sun while all other Christians are enjoying an afternoon *siesta*. She is not at all choice with regard to the mental capacity, eligibility, or social status of the gentlemen whom she admits to the privileges of her friendship. The fact is she is so very susceptible that she discovers some extraordinarily meritorious quality in every beau that comes near her, and if she were not equally inco-

adoring Jenkins to-day and Thompson-morrow, her heart could not sustain such a multiplicity of tender emotions.

Her chosen adherents are very entirely of that class of young men who is so insignificant in all respects and almost ignored by other young men in society. In conversing with one of them the demure flirt does not mention her aunt's name even once; the coquettish flirt notices them not at all; the musical flirt excuses herself and says she is hoarse; the pious flirt takes no interest whatever in their souls; the sympathetic flirt understands perfectly that she are foemen utterly unworthy of her attention, and, unlike Bulwer's ideal woman, she neither exalts nor consoles. The literary flirt is accustomed to sit on a mountain top for a while, and of course scorns the snatching of minnows to fortune and fame unknown. But all is fish and bubbles to the net of the sentimental and her hook is as warily baited for tickleback as for a magnificent salmon or trout.

She is, on account of the universal attraction-system upon which she forms the centre of battle, a great belle. Some of the young ladies of unusual beauty and didactic attire, with all their war-paint may lack the almost indispensable element of grace at ball or *soirée* simply because, through some singular fatality, their sworn admirers, Captain Jones, Mr. Tadpole, are not present. The superior mode of life and affluence of the sentimental flirt is decried and derided by the fact that she never experiences so vexatious a *contretemps*: she finds her devotees in every class, she encourages them all, from young boys and maidens, whom she finally marries to the French dancing-master, who seduces her *mise à ravir*, or the Italian dancing teacher, who lays his hand upon his cheek, turns his eyes wrong side out and says, "Com'è bella!"

She is vain the rampant rage of her brother, the haughty young collegian, who lifts his voice in vociferous objections to the conduct of the goods clerks, and her father, who rebukes him, and represents that it is impossible to dance *vis-à-vis* to such young men in the Lancers and bow distant

ly to them in the streets, but that receiving them in more familiar intercourse is simply out of the question. The sentimental flirt acquiesces with apparent meekness, the domestic storm blows over, the horizon is again clear, and she resolves to pursue her designs in the manner that best pleases her, *malgré* paternal advice and fraternal commands.

She is not given to saying sentimental things herself, but the amount of raving nonsense and incoherent folly she induces young men to perpetrate would secure them a place in the State lunatic asylum if a disinterested listener could overhear them. No man can truly know himself (after the advice of the exacting old Greek, who wanted other people to do what he could not do himself), and truly wish the acquaintance less extensive, until he discovers how silly, how languishing, how like the hero's rhapsodies of a third-rate novel, his hitherto sensible conversation can be in a vine-clad porch, with a sentimental young lady on his arm, promenading to and fro. Her white hand gleams on his coat-sleeve; her dark eyes look softly into his; the moonbeams glint upon her golden hair, hardly so bright themselves; he quotes, "I would that little isle had wings;" she sighs and murmurs something almost inaudibly, after which he plunges still deeper into the slough of nonsense.

Although wise in my generation, it is utterly beyond me to give an opinion upon the relative merits of the foregoing varieties. Like the almanac that chronicles the transcendent virtues of each variety of early potatoes, my trumpet gives forth an uncertain sound, and like the almanac I shake my head and sagely opine all are good and none are best. Yet something of moment can I impart. Not long since I heard a retired flirt of great brilliancy say that she had during a long and successful career adopted each *rôle* in turn, and if she could recall the years of misdirected zeal and energy, she would reduce her former elaborate *modus operandi* to the following simple *régime*: Buy a hogshead of prayer-books and do the pious flirt.

R. EMMET DEMBRY.



## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

## A CHILDREN'S BALL AT ROME.

THE Carnival is admitted on all hands to have been a great failure this year; and the accounts which have reached us from the other cities of Italy seem to agree in declaring that it has been no better with them than at Rome. Not that the social gayeties, the balls and the pleasant gatherings of all sorts have been at all less in number or in agreeableness than in other years, but these are not now specially a note of Carnival time, as they used to be in the days when the smallest attempt at the most quiet carpet dance in Lent was sure to be stopped by the intervention of the police. People may dance now as much as they like, and when they like; so that, as far as "society" is concerned, there is no difference to be discerned between Lent and Carnival. And among all classes this necessarily takes from Carnival the sense that was in it when it was really an adieu for forty long days not only to the flesh-pots, but to cakes and ale of every kind.

Other causes are, however, at work to produce the same effect; and it may be safely prophesied that within another generation Carnival will have become a thing of the past. The nation, in fact, is outgrowing it. And it is a curious and suggestive fact in the social history of the world that in the case of other nations similar causes have produced similar effects. All readers of English history will remember how markedly that freedom which dates from the English Revolution was contemporaneous with the dying out of popular sports and pastimes. The two phenomena were so curiously linked together, and were so entirely recognized as connected in the relation of cause and effect, that Charles I. and Archbishop Laud endeavored to keep the old sports forcibly alive by law—to compel the people to put up May-poles and dance round them by authority. Of course the attempt resulted in utter failure. It was found that the stream could not be made to run

back toward the hills. At the time of the French Revolution the same phenomenon occurred. The French peasants of the old régime were slaves and were half-starved. But they danced and sang, and village-greens were festive with saint-day revelry. They rose and guillotined their tyrants and became free, but they ceased to dance and sing. And now the same thing is happening in Italy. The same causes are producing the same effects. The old song tells us that "it is good to be merry and wise," but it seems as if nations could accomplish only one of these good things at a time. Italy is following her elder sisters into (let us hope) the wise stage of her existence. She is certainly "putting away her childish things," and Carnival revelry with the rest of them. In a certain formal way the thing is still kept up, for it is found to pay. The spirit of the thing is gone, and a very great number of the Romans consider the last days of Carnival (for it must be understood that according to the almanac Carnival lasts from the first day of the year to Shrove Tuesday—i. e., to forty days before Easter) an unmitigated nuisance. But English, American and Russian gold is as much valued as ever it was, and shoals of visitors of these nations, especially the first two, are still attracted to Rome to witness the saturnalia of the last ten days of Carnival.

The running of the "Barberi" or riderless horses has been abolished this year for the first time since, some three hundred years ago, they were, as a measure of humanity, substituted for the same number of helpless Jews, who were before that period compelled to amuse the Romans by a race in a similarly wretched condition. Humanity toward the wretched screws of horses which used to rush in an agony of terror from one end of the Corso to the other along a narrow lane formed by the surging crowd has not been the only motive for putting an end to the exhibition. A year never

ed without one or more accidents  
e or limb among the crowd. This  
to console the populace for the loss  
e old spectacle, it came into the  
ety head of somebody in authority  
bstitute a race of velocipedes! A  
absurd idea was never conceived.  
space available for their running  
ardly more than ten or fifteen feet  
for the crowd which filled the Cor-  
ould, and indeed could, allow no  
. A race was therefore out of the  
ion, and the wretched performers  
their stumbling way down the street  
after the other at considerable dis-  
s, amid the hisses and derisive  
ngs of the crowd.

spite of all such failures out of  
s, "Society," as it calls itself *par ex-  
ice*, was no less busy than usual in  
ing itself indoors; and there was  
ally one fête among all the gala  
ys which was so pre-eminent a suc-  
and excited so much interest that it  
s a special chronicle. It had been  
d that the Duchess Sforza was to  
a children's fancy-dress ball in honor  
e little prince of Naples, the four-  
old son of Prince Humbert and  
ess Marguerite, and the future heir  
fore to the throne of Italy. But,  
rtunately, only three or four days  
e that fixed for the fête the old  
ess Torlonia, the aunt of the Duch-  
sforza, died, and it thus became im-  
ble for the latter lady to open her  
e for a ball. Think of the constern-  
ion, the wail that went up from all  
nurseries of the upper ten thousand  
e Roman patrician world! Think  
e lamentation of mammas over silks  
satins and brocades and velvets cut  
miniature "Marquise," "Brigand,"  
npadour," "Mediæval," "Pierrot"  
"Watteau" costumes in vain! But  
e was a good fairy, well known for  
indly sympathy with mortal sorrows,  
her the tears they cause trickle over  
l frills or tattered rags, and to this  
erful and benevolent being the Prin-  
Marguerite made gracious applica-

In other words, the princess asked  
y Paget, the wife of the English  
ster, to give the ball instead of the

Duchess Sforza. The time was short—  
three or four days only to make all the  
requisite preparations—but the good fairy  
waved her wand in the most energetic  
style. The day so anxiously looked for-  
ward to by all the curled darlings, from  
four years old to fourteen or thereabouts,  
came: the ball took place at the Villa  
Torlonia, at the Porta Pia, the residence  
of Sir Augustus Paget, the English min-  
ister; and it was a success of the most  
brilliant kind. The fête was wisely given  
from two to six, instead of at night; so  
that the little ones were not deprived of  
their due natural rest, and went away,  
when the delight was over, as bright and  
fresh as when it began. There is noth-  
ing in its way so pretty as a children's  
fancy-dress ball. The crowd of little  
flower-like faces, dressed with sunny  
smiles, the agile little limbs, the brilliant  
butterfly colors of the dresses, and the  
sweet, fresh ringing sound of their prate-  
tle and laughter, are all pleasant sights  
and sounds to world-worn eyes and ears.

Of course on the present occasion eti-  
quette demanded that the fête should not  
begin, though the little ones were in their  
places all ready, and as eager as dogs in  
leash for the dance, and the fiddlers had  
bow in hand, till the hero of the day, the  
little four-year-old prince, should arrive.  
I wondered how many of the little patri-  
cian elves before me comprehended why,  
when all was so evidently ready, there  
should be still an awful pause. But the  
Princess Marguerite did not keep them  
long waiting. She entered the ball-room  
accompanied by Lady Paget and her  
ladies-in-waiting, looking, as she always  
does, frail as a lily of the valley, but ex-  
tremely pretty and superlatively gracious  
and graceful in bearing and manner.  
She was dressed in black velvet trimmed  
with lilac, being still in slight mourning  
for the countess of Syracuse, the king's  
aunt, and wore a bonnet of the same  
material. But all eyes were on this oc-  
casion turned on the little hero of the  
fête. He is a bluff, bold-faced, florid,  
wide-eyed, thoroughly healthy-looking  
child, and wonderfully like his grand-  
father, the king—far more than he is like  
his own father, Prince Humbert. He was

dressed as a "chasseur" of the time of Louis Quatorze, in white gold-laced coat, mauve satin waistcoat, white breeches and jackboots. Jackboots on those four-year-old legs! Surely Puck must have been the shoemaker who supplied them. He had a little white wig in due style and form, a *couteau de chasse* and horn, all *en règle*. He did not enter the ball-room with his mother, having been already consigned to the care of his destined partner, the daughter of Sir Augustus Paget, an extremely pretty and graceful child ten years old, dressed as an "Undine" in white and silver bedecked with lilies. If utter absence of shyness and an air of entire fearlessness of any person or thing be a sign of innate royalty of nature, the little prince of Naples is "every inch a king." He marched in in those wonderful jackboots, casting a glance of somewhat surprised admiration at them occasionally, and now and then a little embarrassed by his *couteau de chasse*, but never in the least losing his perfect calmness and presence of mind. To see the grace, care, tact and total forgetfulness of self with which his fairy-like little partner performed her not very easy task of protecting, guiding, steering a four-year-old royal highness through the mazes of the dance and the crowd of the ball-room was as pretty and pleasant a sight as anybody could wish to see. Hardly less so was it to see the youthful hostess attending to her royal baby-guest at the supper which concluded the entertainment, a portion of the day's pleasures which he seemed very entirely to appreciate. "This is *very nice!*" he was heard saying to his partner as she sat by him at table, for he talks English perfectly—even more so than any other language, it is said; which may well be the case, for he has had an English nurse. It was said that he added, "Who is your cook?" But this, I suspect, would have been an effort too precocious for even royalty.

There have not been many balls during Carnival from which every one came away so entirely pleased and contented as they did from Lady Paget's children's *bal costumé*.

Pius IX. may almost say, in the words of the poet, slightly altered, "Bishops may fade and cardinals may die, but I run on for ever." The wonderful old man remains in excellent health, while the cardinals he has created are dying around him. Tarquini, the new Jesuit cardinal, died of a sudden illness a few weeks ago and two or three days ago another, His Eminence Cardinal Bernabo, died of gout in the stomach. But while younger men die, the Pope jokes. An Englishman went the other day, with a party of others, to be presented to him, and with very questionable taste chose to go arrayed in the showy uniform of a deputy lord lieutenant. The splendor of the dress, all scarlet and gold and velvet, is in any case somewhat ridiculously in contrast with the meaninglessness of the office which gives the right to wear it: for the lord lieutenant of a county may nominate as many deputy lieutenants as he pleases: the office carries with it neither duties nor emoluments. Any gentleman can, for the most part, get named by asking for it, and the position is very generally sought by persons going abroad, who, not being entitled to use any other uniform, think that the deputy lieutenant's smart dress may be convenient for wearing at foreign courts. Well, the Pope's attention was attracted by the splendor of the appearance of the gentleman in question, and he looked attentively at it, saying, after he had done so for a minute, "Very superb! The dress of the marines, I suppose." It might hardly have been supposed, perhaps, that His Holiness knew enough of English ways and things to admit of his poking fun at his visitor in such a fashion.

T. A. T.

#### THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI

WHEN, at the close of the Revolutionary War in 1783, the American army was disbanded on the banks of the Hudson, many of the officers united themselves into a society, the object of which, in their own words, was "to perpetuate as well the remembrance of this vast event [the establishment of independence] as the mutual friendships which

been formed under the pressure of common danger." The origin of the society has been ascribed to General Steuben and Captain Knox, but Knox is now known to have been the founder. Among his papers, now in the possession of his grandson, Admiral Henry Knox Thatcher, is one in the handwriting of Knox, endorsed "Rough draft of a society to be formed by the officers, and to be called The Society of the Cincinnati. West Point, 15 April, 1783." On the 16th, Jefferson writes in his diary, "16, 1788," Baron Steuben has been generally suspected of having first suggested the idea of the self-styled Order of the Cincinnati; but Mr. Adams tells me that in the year 1776 he had called at a dinner in New York to dine just at the moment when the British army was landing at Frog's Neck. Washington, Lee, and Parsons came to the same dinner. He got into conversation with them. They talked of ancient history, of Cincinnatus, who used to raise the Romans from the dust, of the present contest, and Knox, in the course of conversation, said he should wish for some ribbon to wear in his hat or in his button-hole to be transmitted to his descendants as a badge and a proof that he had died in defence of their liberties. He spoke of it in such precise terms as showed he had revolved it in his mind before. This was previous to Steuben's arrival in America.

The original plan included separate State societies, or branches, and a general or national society. All officers of the army who had served through the war, or who had been honorably discharged after six years' service, to be members of the society upon payment to its funds of one month's pay: the right of membership to descend to their eldest male branches, also to the male heirs of all officers who died in the service. The society was formed at a meeting of officers held at West Point on May 10, 1783, Baron Steuben presiding, and a committee, of which Knox was chairman, was appointed to draw up a report, which still exists in the handwriting of the secretary, Captain Shaw. The third paragraph is as

follows: "The officers of the American army, having generally been taken from the citizens of America, possess high veneration for the character of that illustrious Roman, Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, and being resolved to follow his example by returning to their citizenship, they think they may with propriety denominate themselves The Society of the Cincinnati." A gold medal, as the badge of the Order, was procured from Paris, from a design by Major l'Enfant. It is in the form of an eagle, with a shield of white enamel, on which is the figure of Cincinnatus being presented with a sword by senators, and the motto, "Omnia relinquit servare rempublicam," which was no doubt intended to signify, "He leaves all to save the republic." This was suspended by a deep-blue ribbon edged with white, denoting the union of France and America. Memberships and badges were sent to the generals and colonels in the French army who had served in America, and an auxiliary society of seventy-nine members was formed in France, most of them belonging to the nobility. The society was approved by the king of France, who permitted the members to appear at court with the new decoration; the only foreign order previously suffered to be worn in his service being the Golden Fleece. The Revolution in France put an end to the existence of this branch of the society, and many of its members perished by the guillotine. It was, however, about being revived just before the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon. Gustavus III. of Sweden forbade his subjects who had served in America to wear the insignia of the order, "as it had a republican tendency not suited to his government." It will be seen that objections of a very different character were made to it here and in France.

Branch societies were formed in the thirteen States, only six of which—Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and South Carolina—are still represented at the general meetings. The other seven societies have dissolved themselves or have died out. The Massachusetts branch, always the

largest, and originally consisting of three hundred and forty-three members, now numbers about eighty.

The association at once excited the hostility of the civilians who could have no place in its ranks, and of theorists who feared it might endanger social and political equality. A strong feeling was aroused against it both in Europe and America, and some of the officers themselves refused to join the society. Judge Burke of South Carolina published in October, 1783, an able pamphlet, in which he depicted the dangers to liberty lurking in this brotherly association: the governor also of that aristocratic State, in a speech to the Assembly, pointed out the perils which hung over them from this privileged order. The legislature of Massachusetts denounced it, and Rhode Island threatened its members with disfranchisement. John Adams thought that "the formation of this society was the first step taken to deface the beauty of our Temple of Liberty." Jay, Gerry and Jefferson were opposed to it—the last, whom some modern historians invest with superhuman wisdom, in a letter of remonstrance to Washington in 1786, ventures upon this prophecy: "Though the day may be at some distance, yet it will certainly come, when a simple fibre left of this institution will produce an hereditary aristocracy, which will change the form of our government from the best to the worst in the world." Even the clear-sighted Franklin saw these spectres in the distance, and in his humorous way attacked the society, using his well-known allusion to the predatory habits of the bald eagle, which had been adopted as its badge.

In France, Mirabeau and other revolutionists assailed the new "order of nobility." Mirabeau writes: "The institution of the Order of Cincinnatus is the creation of an actual patriciate and a military nobility: it is an institution which must shortly undermine the public weal, their liberty and their country, strip the middle and lower ranks of life of all influence and of all importance, consign them to the most palpable contempt, and reduce them to the completest nullity.

In less than a century this institution, which draws a line of separation between the descendants of the Cincinnati and their fellow-citizens, will have caused so great an inequality that the country, which now contains none but citizens perfectly equal in the eye of the constitution and of the law, will consist altogether of two classes of men, Patricians and Plebeians." This work, at Franklin's request, Mirabeau translated and published in London, and wrote of it, "It is of all I ever wrote, that with which I am least dissatisfied."

Concerning the outcry against the order, and the pamphlet of Judge Burke, who signed himself "Cassius," with the epigraph, "Blow ye the trumpet in Zion." Baron Steuben thus writes to Knox in 1783: "À ça, Monsieur le Cincinnatus! Your pernicious designs are then unveiled! You wish to introduce dukes and peers into our republic? No, my lord—no, Your Grace—that will not do: there is a Cassius more farsighted than this German baron, of whom you have made a catspaw to draw the chestnuts out of the fire. Cassius knows only a part of the secret. He makes me author and grand-master, thus whipping you over my shoulders. But listen! I will prove to Cassius that this dangerous plan had its birth in the brain of two Yankees—*i. e.*, Knox and Huntington; therefore, Blow ye the trumpet in Zion. We know very well these Bostonians and the people of the Holy Land, who beneath a Presbyterian and modest air conceal the most ambitious designs. Cassius does not know all the danger. When I shall tell him that the young marquis Henry Knox is already promised in marriage to a princess of Hyder Ali, and that the young countess of Huntington is to marry the hereditary prince of Sweden, that the king of Spain wishes to accept the place of treasurer of the order, then 'Blow ye the trumpet in Zion!'"

The first general meeting of the society was held in Philadelphia, in May, 1784. Washington was unanimously chosen president, General Gates vice-president, and General Knox secretary. Washington earnestly expressed himself

d to the hereditary part of the in-  
n, interference with politics, hon-  
members, and increase of funds  
onations, and declared his deter-  
on to vacate his place in the so-  
it could not be accommodated  
feeling and pleasure of the seve-  
tes. There is little doubt that he  
have been willing to sacrifice the  
to the public clamor but for its  
ble provisions and its relations to  
eign officers, who had already had  
ing abroad. The general senti-  
was in favor of concession, and the  
ution, so amended as to abolish  
editary principle and the power  
nitting honorary members, was  
d, thirteen States concurring, ex-  
New York, which was divided. A  
r letter to the State societies, urging  
concurrence in the proposed alter-  
was prepared; also the form of a  
ia. By this politic action, entire-  
etting any provision for the con-  
ce of the society beyond the lives  
founders, the storm was hushed;  
fter the adoption of the Federal  
tution warfare against it ceased.  
ngton continued its president until  
th, and at the second general meet-  
ld in 1787, it was resolved that the  
ions he had demanded could not  
de until they had been agreed to by  
State societies. This sanction not  
; been obtained, it was declared at  
neral meeting in 1800 that the in-  
on continued to rest on its original  
tion.

memorial volume of the Massa-  
ts branch, by the well-known an-  
y and historian, Francis S. Drake,  
en recently printed for distribution  
g the members. The first meeting  
s branch took place July 4, 1784,  
: "Bunch of Grapes" tavern in  
street. Mrs. Lobdell, the landlady,  
d to furnish the best dinner the  
t would afford for four shillings  
ead, lawful money. The society  
led its own wine, which cost them,  
e best Madeira, fourteen shillings  
per gallon, and two shillings the  
for claret; she, however, allowed  
stess one shilling a bottle for draw-

ing the corks, and three shillings for a  
double bowl of punch. Although the  
society at present does not meet at the  
"Bunch of Grapes," it is believed that  
the juice of that pleasant fruit is not  
altogether unknown at their annual din-  
ners. After 1789, Concert Hall and the  
Exchange Coffee-house were the places  
of meeting until 1846. From that time  
till 1860 the society met at the United  
States Hotel, and since at the Parker  
House in School street, where less than  
forty members usually collect. At the  
meeting in 1789 relief was for the first  
time granted to a distressed member, and  
the standing committee was empowered  
to use one-quarter of the interest of the  
funds for this purpose. The number of  
beneficiaries, which fifty years ago was  
ninety, is now reduced to about twenty-  
five, who receive annually over eighty  
dollars each. The present president of  
the Massachusetts society is Admiral  
Henry Knox Thatcher. The only hon-  
orary members ever admitted to this  
branch were William H. Prescott, Dr.  
John C. Warren and Daniel Webster,  
all of them descendants or representa-  
tives of Revolutionary officers.

Such is the modest history of this as-  
sociation, so much feared by the found-  
ers of the republic. It was well said by  
Alexander Johnston, in a sketch of the  
society published in the memoirs of the  
Historical Society of Pennsylvania, vol.  
vi.: "When General St. Clair and Col-  
onel Sargent, in 1789, gave the name of  
their society to the three log-houses at  
the confluence of the Licking and the  
Ohio, then called Losantiville, they did  
not imagine that they were enthroning  
a Queen of the West, and erecting a  
monument in honor of the Cincinnati  
which will probably last longer than the  
memory of all its members." S. C. C.

#### SALT HILL.

UP to 1845 one of the features of the  
London season, every third year—as at-  
tractive, to ladies at all events, as Ascot  
or Goodwood—was "Eton Montem."  
This was a curious ceremony, apparently  
coeval with the foundation of Eton Col-  
lege in 1440, consisting of a procession

of the scholars to a small tumulus close to the famous old postroad to Bath. On the way "tribute," termed "salt," was exacted from every one along the route and from the wealthier classes for miles around, and hence the tumulus gained the name of "Salt Hill." The procession of scholars partook of a military character. The boys of the lower forms walked two and two with white staves in their hands, whilst the fifth and sixth form boys, attired in every sort of uniform, acted as their officers, a lower boy smartly dressed attending each as aide-de-camp. The second boy of the school led the procession, attired in a military dress with a truncheon in his hand, and bore for the day the title of "marshal." Then followed the captain, supported by his chaplain, the head scholar of the fifth form, dressed in a suit of black, with a large bushy wig, the fashion of the higher clergy of a day gone by. A collegier—*i. e.*, boy on the foundation—and oppidan—*i. e.*, town-boy, or boy not on the foundation—were the two chief salt-bearers. The latter was usually a nobleman whose prestige and connections were likely to induce a liberal tribute of "salt." They were dressed like the old-fashioned "running footmen" of Queen Anne's day, and each carried a silk bag, in which was a small quantity of actual salt, to receive the contributions. The money thus collected, sometimes as much as eight hundred pounds, was given to the head boy on the foundation to assist in defraying his college expenses.

Research into the origin of this custom has not been successful in exactly discovering its origin, but it is supposed to have been derived from the custom prevalent at Salisbury and other places of electing a boy-bishop from the choristers attached to the cathedral. It was remembered, by persons not long dead, that it was a part of the ceremony at Montem for a boy in clerical garb, with a wig, to read prayers.

This time-honored and picturesque custom was brought to an end by Dr. Hawtrej, and on Whit-Tuesday, just thirty years ago, Salt Hill was for the last time the scene of these festivities,

which are fondly remembered by old Etonians.

The last Montem is further memorable from the fact that it is believed to have been the very first occasion of the application of the telegraph to police purposes. The following extracts from the telegraph-book kept at the Great Western Railway terminus, Paddington, London, are of interest as indicating the first intimation that thieves got of the electric constable being on duty: "ETON MONTM DAY, 28 June, 1844. The Commissioners of Police have issued orders that several officers of the detective force shall be stationed at Paddington to watch the movements of suspicious persons going by the down train, and give notice by the electric telegraph to the Slough station of the number of such suspected persons and dress, their names if known, also the carriages in which they are." Then come the following: "PADDINGTON, 10.20 A. M. Mail train just started. It contains three thieves, in first-class carriage." "SLOUGH, 10.48. Mail train arrived. Officers have cautioned thieves." "PADDINGTON, 10.50. Special left. Two thieves—Oliver Martin, Fiddler Dick." "SLOUGH, 11.16. Special arrived. Two thieves in custody. 'Lady lost bag with sovereigns. One, sworn to by lady, in Fiddler Dick's watch-fob.'" On the arrival of the train a policeman opened the door of the carriage which had been indicated by wire, and asked the passengers if they had missed anything. A search ensued, and a lady found her purse gone. "Fiddler Dick, you're wanted," was the immediate demand of the officer. The culprit at once surrendered, thunderstruck. Later in the day came the following: "SLOUGH, 11.51. Several of the suspected persons who came by the various down-trains are lurking about Slough, uttering bitter invectives against the telegraph. Not one of those cautioned has ventured to proceed to Montem." Thenceforward the light-fingered gentry found themselves compelled to abandon the railway for the old-fashioned high-road on all great public occasions.

Within six months this same telegraph from Slough did an even greater service.

On the 3d of January, 1845, a clergyman residing at Salt Hill, having heard that a murder had been committed there, and that the last person seen to leave the house was attired in the garb of a Quaker, proceeded to the Slough station, two miles distant, to advise the station-master. As he entered, the Quaker took his seat in a first-class carriage for London. The station-master, acting on the suggestion of the clergyman, put the carriage in motion, and a detective was waiting at Paddington station, London. The Quaker took his seat in an omnibus, into which the detective also mounted: the every movement of the murderer was watched, and the following day, when evidence sufficient to warrant an arrest was secured, he was apprehended, and eventually tried and executed. The telegraph up to this period was very little appreciated by the general public in England, being regarded more as a curiosity than anything else; but this event placed it before the world as a prominent instrument for the repression and punishment of crime, and at once drew universal attention to its vast capabilities.

#### A WARNING TO HUSBANDS.

MRS. MEEKINS was very ill, and in danger of death any day.

Mr. Peter Meekins, a nervous little man, knowing this full well, trembled visibly when the doctor made him head-nurse and said, as he took his leave for the night, "Mrs. Meekins's mother is unable to sit up to-night. She needs rest, and must have it. I must therefore trust everything to you, and I shall rely on your discretion and implicit obedience to my directions. Now listen well. Mrs. Meekins *must* sleep: it is a matter of life and death. She *must* sleep, mark that! Continue the powders every hour until they are exhausted, which will be at eleven or twelve o'clock. If at that time—*remember!*—she is not asleep, or if she is not perfectly comfortable, administer the opium freely. Don't be afraid of it. Give her thirty or forty drops—fifty won't hurt her: give her fifty, or even sixty drops. I don't care if you give her seventy: perhaps you had bet-

ter give her seventy, to make a sure thing of it. It will do her no harm if you give eighty drops. She *must* sleep. But of course if she is easy after the powders are exhausted, and seems in a fair way of going to sleep, you will withhold the opium. I shall rely on you, Meekins. You can carry in your mind precisely what I told you, can't you?"

"Ye-ye-yes, I think I can."

"*Think*, man! There's no thinking about it. It is a matter of life and death, I tell you, and everything depends on you. Once more: if she is not perfectly comfortable after the powders, give her the opium. Don't be afraid of it: she *must* sleep. But if she can get along without the opium, why so much the better: don't give it. If, however, you are forced to give it, don't be timid: let her have eighty drops if necessary. Good-night."

Away went the doctor, leaving poor Meekins to the darkened chamber, the powders, the opium, Mrs. Meekins, and "his own discretion." In his inmost soul Meekins wished that all the world knew what he knew—that he had no discretion, never had had any, and never expected to have any. "She *must* sleep," said Meekins: "I remember that; and I must not be afraid about the opium. I intend to do exactly what the doctor told me, and, if things don't go right, I shall not be to blame, at any rate."

He gave the powders until they were exhausted. Mrs. Meekins was not asleep, but she was comfortable: at least, she said she was. "Never mind," thought Meekins, "she'll go off presently." But she didn't go off: on the contrary, she turned toward him and began to talk—quite cheerfully, too.

This alarmed Meekins. "My dear," said he, "the doctor said you *must* sleep."

"I know he did, but I can't sleep, and I don't want to sleep."

This alarmed him still more. "My love," said he, "your precious life is at stake: the doctor said so. Now do, like a sweet, good girl, try once more."

Thus adjured, Mrs. Meekins made the effort faithfully, but to no purpose. The more she tried, the less she wanted to



sleep. At last, unable to repress her restlessness, she wheeled over suddenly and said, "Peter, I want to tell you something."

Peter, answering never a word, rose like a man and poured out what he counted tremblingly as eighty drops. She took it without a murmur.

"Compose yourself, my love, or the result will be fatal: the doctor told me so."

She composed herself: Peter petted her, rubbed her, and, becoming quite delighted at her long-continued silence and stillness, said to himself, "In a few minutes, now, she'll begin to breathe heavily, then still more heavily—what the doctors call 'stertorously.' But I'm not going to be alarmed—I know the effects of opium—and when once she is fairly asleep she will knock it off steadily till to-morrow evening, and then she will wake up well. Opium is a great thing—a great blessing."

His mental praise of the great soother was hardly ended before Mrs. Meekins turned violently over with her face to him, and said, or attempted to say, something in a halting, strangely altered voice: "I—I—I—I—a-a-a—"

Mr. Meekins's hands became cold as ice with fear, but, feigning tranquillity, he said, "Be calm, my love: you will soon sleep."

On the contrary, Mrs. Meekins's face assumed an expression of horror mingled with indignation utterly unlike anything her husband had ever seen before.

Again and again and again she attempted to say something: "I—I—I—I—a-a-a—"

It ended in that, and at each repetition poor Peter became more and more frightened. Finally she managed to articulate, "I—I—I—ca-ca—;" and the expression of horror on her face increased visibly.

Crazy with fright, which he fancied he concealed, Peter said in his sweetest, soothingest, baby-talkingest tones, "I know you can't talk, my own dearest dear, but just you keep quiet and you

will soon slumber sweetly and refreshingly;" and he began once more to pet her and pat her.

She motioned him indignantly away and as he drew off began to make rapid signs on her fingers. At this his hand fairly rose up. Then she began to make very slow and very emphatic signs. Aghast and idiotic with fear, Peter could only stare at her and mumble over his soothing admonitions about sleep. This was too much for Mrs. Meekins. Her rage at Peter overcoming her anxiety about herself, she burst out, "*I—ca-ca—can't talk! Leave the room!!*" pointing up stairs, where her mother slept.

Peter, bounding up like an antelope, awoke the good old lady with, "Madam, your daughter is dying. She is in convulsions now. I shall send at once for the doctor."

The doctor soon came. "Well?" he asked, as Meekins opened the front door for him.

"Convulsions have set in: all will soon be over," said Peter with medical confidence.

"Convulsions! What symptom of convulsions has she?"

"She can't talk." If Mrs. Meekins couldn't talk, Peter knew her end was nigh.

"How do you know she can't talk?"

"She told me so with her own lips."

"Told you so!" echoed the doctor. A brief struggle with his sense of politeness ended in thunder: "You infernal fool! to wake me up at this hour of the night to come and see a woman you have overdosed with opium! I've a good mind to take you straight to a lunatic asylum." "Told you she couldn't talk!" Bah!"

Mr. Peter Meekins took it like a lamb, glad to be abused if only his wife's life was saved. When he was called upon to give her opium again, he got somebody else to drop it, and discovered that, in place of "stertorous breathing," incessant talking was one of the effects of the beneficent but perplexing drug.

R. E.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

**Military Biography.** By Charles  
 Chesney, Colonel in the British  
 and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Royal  
 Army. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

There is a curious difference between the  
 view of a battle or a campaign which  
 presents to the ordinary reader and that bare  
 of facts which suffices for the pro-  
 fite or student. In the latter most  
 incidents that stir the imagination and  
 whose emotions are altogether excluded,  
 events take the form of mere factors in  
 the action. The essential features in such  
 cases are neither the pomp and circumstance  
 nor even, except in rare cases, indig-  
 nity or suffering, but simply the  
 nature and conduct of the movements on  
 the issue is considered as dependent.  
 The determination of these is not, however,  
 governed by either abstruse or unimpressive.  
 The leading principles of war, difficult in  
 practice, are simple enough in theory, and an  
 understanding of military operations may generally  
 be intelligible without the use of tech-  
 nical terms or a demand for special knowledge.  
 The application of these principles, and  
 the success or failure of a less decisive test of know-  
 ledge than in any other art, is the  
 difficulty in regard to important elements  
 of a plan must often be formed, the  
 nature of well-concerted combinations to  
 enough the negligence of subordinates  
 through the merest accidents, the necessity  
 of prompt decision in conjunctures where de-  
 cision seems almost equally imperative,  
 the weighty responsibility that attaches  
 to action and inaction. The greatest  
 danger under any circumstances which the tyro  
 is unable to detect: the one stumbles  
 over obstacles which the other sur-  
 passes in the daylight. It is not sufficient  
 to be, in criticising any operation of war,  
 to point out errors or hold up failures: it  
 is shown that these were not inevitable,  
 that in a compulsory choice between  
 two courses the one adopted did not  
 offer the best chances of success. This is a  
 condition on which it is sometimes impossible to  
 act; and which still oftener demands, in  
 addition to a comprehensive knowledge, a  
 practical familiarity with details. Hence it is

natural that soldiers should be impatient of  
 lay criticism, which yet the nature of war,  
 and its connection with the policy of states  
 and the safety of nations, so often invite and  
 in some degree justify. This is, of course,  
 especially the case during the progress of the  
 contest. After it is over, and when the pas-  
 sions awakened by it have subsided, the task  
 of criticism is willingly surrendered to those  
 whose interest in disputed points, being purely  
 or mainly scientific, remains as keen as ever.

Colonel Chesney writes for intelligent read-  
 ers of every class, and without aiming at pic-  
 torial effects gives a graphic force to his de-  
 scriptions by the lucidity of his statements and  
 of his style. His reputation as an authority  
 is firmly established, and as several of these  
 Essays relate to the American Civil War, the  
 book ought to attract as much attention on this  
 side of the Atlantic as on the other. The ob-  
 ject, however, of this particular portion of it  
 is to correct certain prejudices and misconcep-  
 tions still prevalent among the author's coun-  
 trymen. "The conditions of war on a grand  
 scale," he remarks, "were illustrated in  
 the full as much in the contest in America as in  
 those more recently waged on the Continent.  
 . . . The actual fighting was in fact more stub-  
 born, for no European forces have experienced  
 the amount of resistance in combat which  
 the North and South opposed to each other.  
 Neither was the frequently indecisive result  
 of the great battles fought in America any  
 proof that they formed exceptions to the ordi-  
 nary rules of military science. These actions  
 were so inconclusive, first from deficiency in  
 cavalry, and next because the beaten side would  
 not break up. . . . In order to pursue there  
 must be some one to run away, and, to the  
 credit of the Americans, the ordinary condi-  
 tions of European warfare in this respect were  
 usually absent from the great battles fought  
 across the Atlantic."

In the first two Essays, on *The Military  
 Life of General Grant* and *A Memoir of Gen-  
 eral Lee*, the author gives ungrudging praise  
 and deals out perhaps equal justice to both  
 these commanders, though the faultless strat-  
 egy of Lee elicits naturally the warmer admi-  
 ration. No direct comparison between them  
 is, however, instituted, nor, in view of the dif-

ference in their positions and in the nature of their respective tasks, would it be easy or profitable to attempt one. The review of the two most memorable campaigns against Richmond seems, on the other hand, at least to suggest a comparison between the two Union generals, one of whom failed while the other succeeded. The mere fact that McClellan failed does not, for reasons we have already noticed, demonstrate his inferiority in the eyes of a professional critic, who is, indeed, likely to take a lenient view of the mishaps of a commander who was undoubtedly thwarted and overruled by his government, whose faults were not direct breaches of military rules, and whose ability both in organizing an army and in handling troops secured him even in defeat the confidence of his soldiers. "There is no military reputation in the world," says Colonel Chesney, "which would not be increased by the manner in which that retreat to the James was conducted from the moment it began." On the other hand, every instinct of the scientific soldier rises in condemnation of those bloody and vain assaults at Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor—the latter "made along the whole line and without any reserve"—in which the rules of tactics seemed to be not merely violated, but set at defiance.

It does not, however, follow that the popular judgment on this matter is a mistaken one. Adherence to rules affords no sufficient criterion of a genius for war, nor is a tendency to underrate the enemy's strength or to make too light of obstacles the defect that augurs worst for the success of an offensive movement. Napoleon, as Colonel Chesney reminds us, was guilty on one occasion, at least, of the same fault as Grant, under circumstances that furnished still less palliation. Lack of audacity, on the other hand, has never been a characteristic of any really great commander. Boldness is, indeed, the very essence of offensive warfare, and the general who doubts his own ability to clutch the prize, or who fails to see it when within his grasp, will assuredly never gain the laurels of a conqueror. Colonel Chesney's comment on the battle of the Chickahominy, that "McClellan deserves sharp censure for not having sooner made up his mind, and still more for his failure to discover and use the absence of the Confederates in his front, where his advance in mass, according to General Magruder's officially expressed opinion, 'would have ensured his success and the occupation of the

works about Richmond, and consequently the city,'" is certainly not too strong a condemnation of that fatal lack of promptitude and vigor by which the most brilliant opportunity of the war was lost, and an invading army allowed to be outflanked and driven back by a far inferior force, without the least attempt being made against the adversary's weakest front. The tactics by which Lee intimidated and foiled McClellan, Pope and Hooker were never even tried against Grant, for the simple reason that his persistent aggressive movement neither left time for the attempt nor allowed the least hope that he would fall into the snare. After the single vain attempt in the Wilderness to arrest the onward march of the Union general he was destined to encounter, Lee abandoned all thought of offensive operations, and "for the rest of the campaign we shall find him," says our author, "steadily pursuing that defensive warfare which the great German writer Clausewitz points out for the natural course of the weaker party, and which here became especially necessary to him, as he discovered that his new antagonist was unsparing to a marked degree of the lives of his men." In a word, the spear was broken: the weaker party was at last brought to bay, and superiority of numbers and resources was no longer to be rendered null by a turning movement or a demonstration against the line of communication. Henceforth, as Colonel Chesney remarks, "the result could never be doubtful."

Of the remaining Essays, those on *Foiasac's Recollections of the Grand Army* and *Henry von Brandt, a German Soldier of the First Empire*, are the most entertaining; but being little more than judicious and lively resumés of the memoirs from which they are entitled, they do not call for detailed notice. The greater number, if not all, of the papers in the volume appeared originally in the *Edinburgh Review*; but their republication cannot but be satisfactory to the many readers who take an interest in the great events which they treat, and who will find in Colonel Chesney a trustworthy guide, sagacious in his judgments and candid in tone.

Holland House. By Princess Marie Liebigenstein. London: Macmillan & Co.

The name and fame of Holland House are part of the literary and social history of the last century, and for at least half of that time it was the acknowledged centre of liberal poli-

a great deal of interest was therefore y enough felt in the long-continued cement of a history of Holland House s Fox, and the marriage of that lady e Prince Lichtenstein in the summer gave rise to a renewed anxiety to see ord of all that had made her house and oteworthy. Her book, in two volumes, made its appearance late in 1873, with : of 1874, in two editions. The cheaper ich enough in illustrations to make it ractive; the dearer form is an *édition* , such as is hardly to be found on our elves. There are over one hundred ngs, a few on steel, a few lithographic iles of manuscripts, and the bulk of ood-cuts of more or less merit, giving f the house and its contents, portraits, e, bric-à-brac, and all sorts of head- l-pieces. Unfortunately, these adorn- only show more conspicuously the utter f literary skill of the author, and the mount of service that can be rendered incompetent writer by even the most helpers. It is a curious subject for on that while so much has been so id and written about Holland House by who were its guests, the noble owners iled entirely to gain any name or place roll of literary honor. The history of ise itself is of no great antiquity, and it deserves to be called one of the his- houses of England. The accident of n's marriage with one of its owners t a sort of place in the literary history en Anne's time, but his connection with use and the families of its successive unts was of the briefest and most unim- t kind. The connection of Charles Fox was one of blood rather than of ace, though his name served to attract s of his fame and visitors who sympa- with the school of politicians living nis reputation.

: story of Holland House, as it is told : Princess Lichtenstein, shows that it is, even for her, only something reflect- l transmitted. Even the jests told about nd House and its visitors are better rel in a score of other books, and those re given in these volumes are almost ut exception taken at second hand from compilations as Lord Russell's *Life of e*, Jesse's *George Selwyn* and Sydney 's *Memoirs*; and most of them are spoil- the telling. The description of the

dining-room, which had for years been the scene of contests of wit on the part of all the clever men and women of London society, is a mere dry catalogue of its furniture and ornaments, not enlivened by even the rude things the noble hostess said to her guests or their only too modest rejoinders. The clever people that went to Holland House seem to have kept their bright speeches for their own use in print, leaving nothing to be said of them unless it was duly copyrighted.

The gift of writing well is clearly not part of the dowry which Miss Fox took with her from Holland House, and her book is little more than the tribute of a very grateful daughter to the home of her affection. There are a dozen houses in London where better things are said in a single evening than are reported in these two volumes with their history of two centuries, and yet lovers of letters will look through them longingly, but in vain, for the traditions of Holland House.

Chapters on Animals. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

In the preface to this volume Mr. Hamerton says, "I wrote these chapters, describing what I had seen, rather than what other writers had recorded." This originality appears on every page, and is the charm of the book, which should be read by every lover of the horse and the dog, as well as those who take a general interest in the brute creation. The author thinks that almost all affection, except that of the dog for his master, is more or less calculating and imperfect: of this he remarks, "Heaven has accorded this affection in the uncritical canine attachment, to which there is but one exception—a good sporting dog has always an intense contempt for a bad sportsman," a trait of canine sagacity which has been often remarked. He adds some good words about the proper treatment of dogs, and protests strongly against the stupid mutilation of them by cutting their ears and tails; and says that this is best attacked by ridicule. Another kind of cruelty he mentions is giving dogs too much food and too little exercise, and this we think is very common, particularly in cities, where sporting dogs, such as pointers and setters—creatures whose organization demands constant activity—are often chained up in stables from one week's end to another. Then the dog is taken to the field fat and scant of breath, and with no more nose than his master, who prob-

ably blames the shortcomings of poor Don, for which he is himself responsible. As to cats, our author believes that their affections refer wholly to themselves, but their delicacy, refinement and tact make them the least disturbing of animals, and their presence is positively soothing to the student.

Mr. Hamerton thinks that the common idea of the affection of the horse for man is a mistake: he is not affectionate to mankind, but reserves his love for his own kind. The intercourse between man and horse is too small to allow the growth of a mutual attachment. "Their two lives are so entirely separated that there can hardly be any warm affection: if the horse loves any one, it is more likely to be the groom than the master, but the groom has often disagreeable manners, to which horses are extremely sensitive." He thinks, however, that if horses were, for generations, admitted to the society of their masters, as dogs are, an affection might spring up; and he adduces the oft-reported love between the Arab steed and his owner as confirming this view. It is also confirmed, we think, by the love often existing between the cavalry horse and his rider in war-time, when the two live and sleep and die together. Mr. Hamerton has so much to say about the vices of horses that one is reminded of the statements of Henry W. Herbert as to the superior docility and good temper of the American over the English horse.

There are chapters on cattle, pigs, asses, goats, wild-boars, wolves, foxes and birds, and a wonderful one describing the performances of certain learned dogs which seem almost incredible. The etchings are excellent. That of the wild-cat is an admirable bit of work, as are also those of the dead and dying horses on the battle-field, the lone wolf stealing through the snowy fields toward the quiet farm-house, and the ducks reposing by the water-side.

#### *Books Received.*

Astronomical and Meteorological Observations made during the year 1871 at the United States Naval Observatory, Rear-Admiral B. F. Sands, U. S. N., Superintendent. Published by authority of the Hon. Secretary of the Navy. Washington: Government Printing-Office.

John Manning's New York Press Dictionary and Advertising Hand-book for 1873-4. New York: John Manning.

The Deicides. Analysis of the Life and of the several phrases of the Church in their relation to Judaism. Cohen. Translated by Anna Maria G. Smith. Baltimore: Deutsch & Co.

Primitive Culture. Researches into the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Language, Art and Custom. By Edward B. Tylor, LL.D., F. R. S. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Singular Surnames. Collected by the late Edward D. Ingraham, Esq. Edited by William Duane. Philadelphia: John Caxton Bell & Son.

Buzz a Buzz; or, The Bees. Translated from the German of Wilhelm Busch. By Heskiah Watkins. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

How to Teach: A Manual of Methods. By Henry Kiddle, A. M. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.

Life and Works of Mrs. Anna Letitia Barbauld. By Grace A. Ellis. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Janet Darney: A Tale of Fisher-life in Chatham Bay. By Sarah Doudney. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

National Cottage Architecture. By E. C. Hussey. New York: George E. Woodward.

The Portable Atlas. By John Bartholomew, F. R. G. S. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Life of General G. D. Bayard. By Samuel J. Bayard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Philosophy of English Literature. By John Bascom. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Woman before the Law. By John Profitt, LL.B. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Thorpe Regis. By the author of "The Rose Garden." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Statistics of the World. Edited by A. J. Schem. New York: G. J. Moulton.

How to Make a Will. By Rev. J. B. Lee. New York: American Tract Society.

A Man of Honor. By Geary Airy Eggleston. New York: Orange Judd Co.

The Wetherell Affair. By J. W. DeForest. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Lessing's Laocöon. By Ellen Frothingham. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Record of a School. By A. Bronson Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Autobiography. By John Stuart Mill. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Waiting Hours. By Anna Shipton. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

Asked of God. By Anna Shipton. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

Langly Manor. By Mrs. C. J. Newby. Boston: Loring.

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

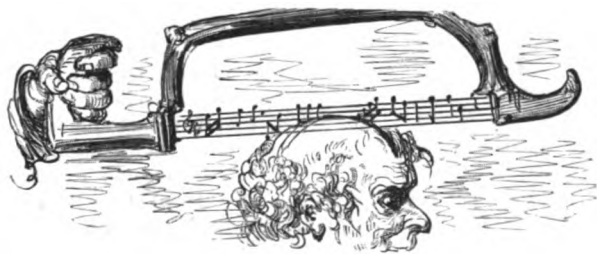
POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

JUNE, 1874.

## THE NEW HYPERION.

FROM PARIS TO MARLY BY WAY OF THE RHINE.

### XII.—CONFLICTS AT HEIDELBERG.



THE TORTURES OF BÉRANGER.

THAT prince in the Arabian tale who, on pulling aside his robe, revealed his lower half turned to black marble, was doubtless very happy when the enchantment came to be canceled and the warm red current began to steal through his flesh of sculpture. So was I in recovering the baron at Heidelberg. Hohenfels again, and again Heidelberg! My thoughts began to knit, my stone age at Marly buried itself in flowers and became a forgotten loss, a dead period. I declared that, after all, a stay-at-home was a mere petrification, and that I only found life again when I found my legs.

For me an effort was necessary in renewing the old times: you cannot force the fine corpulent heart-throbs of fifty

into the genteel waistcoat of nineteen. But for the baron no such transvasation was necessary: he became young, or he remained young, and fell into perspective with perfect ease. He was again my Hohenfels of the Carl Strasse, with the nature of a milky opal, always a little curdled and flawed. His long flaxen hair, flowing like the "curled clouds" on which an Ariel might ride, was hardly changed: Hohenfels' topknot, in fact, was of the colorless sort which eludes the approach of grayness, or conceals grayness when it comes; and I have often looked at the pale picture of his head, with its abundant fuzz and convolutions, and thought it the perfect image of his brain. My friend's long spine,

his bent shoulders, his lank, aimless, companionable legs, which I loved with all my soul, were but the preserved features of his adolescence, and immortally beautiful for me. They gave him, to my notion, a lovable affinity with the portraits of that fairy enchanter born to us out of the Dark Ages, that undying boy, that sole possessor in our busy time of



IL TROVATORE.

the gift of legend—poor Hans Andersen. The discord in our exquisite union, the alkaline drop in our cup, was of course Mr. Berkley.

We essayed, however, to practice the old duet. We sought together those nooks and corners of the splendid ruin known, as we fancied, to us alone. We no longer regretted that the superb schloss was red, not gray. Youth demands for its poems the hue of ashes, but with the approach of age comes a love for any spot of color where the eye may warm itself. We sought our ancient haunt, the summit of the Rent Tower, where the lindens wave like plumes from a cloven helmet, and where Paul Flemming used to admire the Tree of Life brought from America two hun-

dred years before, and standing like a kingly Louisiana slave in its iron bonds and fetters. Of all this beautiful devastation, Hohenfels was the voluntary bard and interpreter. "Sull' orrida torre" he perched, the troubadour. His ear had not forgotten its nicety: he could play as well as ever, and still preserved the remarkable gift of singing and smoking both at once.

The minstrel ought, perhaps, to have sung the War of the Palatinate; or Louis XIV., who undertook it to reclaim the dowry of his sister-in-law, wife of Philippe d'Orléans; or Marshal Lorges, whose name is only remembered, like that of the aspiring boy who fired the Ephesian dome, because he laid in ashes the castle of Heidelberg. We ought, perhaps, I say, to have sung these flames of Troy. But we interpreted Heidelberg in another manner. Among these tufted walls, crumbling into melancholy beauty beneath the touches of Time and History, nothing seemed to us half so pathetic as the ruin of ourselves. It was here we had met and sauntered, dreaming young men, committed to lives of scholarship or art. It must be pardoned to us that what we looked at was the pageant of our own boyhood, lying in vision for us, bathed in sun, through any and all of these rugged arches. For this sort of sentiment there is just one perfect expression; and we sang the "Grenier" of Béranger. We sang it through to its pensive close:

Quittons ce toit, où ma raison s'énivra:  
Oh, qu'ils sont loin, ces jours si regrettés!  
J'échangerais ce qu'il me reste à vivre  
Contre un des jours qu'ici Dieu m'a comptés.

At each of the five repetitions of that refrain which closes Béranger's stanzas with a heavy sigh—at each turn of the "qu'on est bien à vingt ans!"—I fancied I heard a voice like a file. At the fifth refrain the sound was no longer doubtful: Berkley, whose existence we had forgotten, and on whom Nature had conferred the ability to tie a cravat, but not the gift of melody, was assisting behind us with the chorus.

"I see you both adhere to the poet of the First Consul," he observed with his

agreeable smile, "though his con-  
Bonapartism makes him an un-  
ne exponent of feeling just now in  
ircles, and though his vaunt in the  
imate verse, that 'jamais les rois  
thiront la France,' sounds nothing  
an derisory when sung to-day by  
ine."

we were trying to capture another  
f kingdom," said Hohenfels. "You  
Berkley, that Tacitus describes  
rbarians by the Rhine as not only  
g themselves to warlike deeds, but  
ing their ills, with a song. We  
only endeavoring to hit upon the  
y, and with it, if you will allow me  
so, to enter the garret of Béranger."  
our talk was off the hinge, and we  
but converse on indifferent subjects  
dusk. We both love that placid  
f afterglow, that equipoise of day  
ight, which our language, with one  
most poetical suggestions, calls the  
ng. Berkley's endeavor to throw  
it upon Béranger had had the nat-  
ffect of fixing the minstrel firmly  
minds, and I supposed the baron  
yself were equally possessed with  
ul saturation of Béranger while we  
with Sylvester on politics or whey-  
y, when a star shot, Hohenfels made  
ng firework out of the sparks from  
oe, and hummed—

Encore une étoile qui file,  
Qui file, file, et disparaît!

ot as he began this couplet, a  
like Byron's "whetstone of the  
monotony in wire," began to "file,  
a unison, or rather in discord, with  
vn: it was Mr. Berkley, bent on  
sympathetic, and contributing his  
o the entertainment.

am reminded," the latter contin-  
of some rather interesting facts in  
istory of star-worship, of which a  
nt is plainly found in the tradition  
ome one dies when a meteor falls.  
g time before Zoroaster—"

on't go on with that, Sylvester,"  
he baron easily: "we had rather  
Béranger. You know he says he  
made a poet by a thunderstorm:  
orm made a swan out of the tailor's  
"

"All poets thrive on rain," I observed.  
"Burns was found by his biographer  
open-mouthed with enjoyment under a  
sort of waterspout, oblivious of the tor-  
rents that were filling out his galligas-  
kins."

"Your pleasantry about the tailor's  
goose, baron," said Mr. Berkley, "re-



THE DISCIPLE OF STRAUSS.

minds me of the little poem 'Les Oies'  
which Béranger's translator, Prout, puts  
on the same page with his version of  
'Shooting Stars.' Since you change  
your vein by means of a witticism, the  
satire of this little squib cannot be dis-  
agreeable. I will attempt a solo." And  
he chanted, with a measured smile:

I hate to sing your hackneyed birds:  
So, doves and swans, a truce!  
Your nests have been too often stirred:  
My hero shall be, in a word,  
A goose!

Can roasted nightingale a liver  
Fit for a pie produce?—  
Fat pies that on the Rhine's sweet river  
Fair Strasburg bakes. Pray, who's the giver?  
A goose!

He interrupted himself to observe that as  
both his hearers had just passed through  
Strasburg, where they had doubtless paid  
the civic goose the compliment of at least  
one indigestion, the poem would be ap-  
preciated. We looked at each other,  
and hoped to get quit of the music by  
the acceptance of this impeachment.  
But in an instant another verse of the  
canticle was fluttering laboriously through  
Berkley's nostrils:



An ortolan is good to eat,  
 A partridge is of use,  
 But they are scarce; whereas you meet  
 At Paris, ay, in every street,  
 A goose!

There were six or seven verses, and he faithfully gave us them all, remarking occasionally that he had hardly ever sung before any one, and that his goose song was therefore a very callow gosling. Berkley scientific was supportable, but Berkley humorous was more than we could bear. We abruptly rose and went down the mountain into the city. Dur-

ing the descent I contrived to say interrogatively to the baron, "Fine fellow Sylvester."

"Oh, a heart of gold!"

"And yet I got along with him admirably at Baden-Baden!"

"And yet I passed a capital time with him here until you came."

What did this *and yet* mean if Berkley was a fine fellow and a heart of gold? The fact is, like old friends as we were, we abused the laws of rhetoric in our talk and leaped to conclusions. We



THE GOSLINGS OF MELODY.

meant that Berkley was good, and even companionable in a strait, but no comrade for such a friendship and duality as ours. We both esteemed him, yet both would pay anything for an hour of freedom.

The baron thereupon had a bright idea: "Suggest to him to unstarch himself: invite him to a studenten-kneipe."

The stratagem was successful. The dissipations and, still worse, the philosophy, of a students' gathering were distasteful to our mediator between nations, who had knelt at the old crucifix of Baden-Baden. "My view may be a biased one," he said, "but it seems to me that, representing a country with a state religion, my place can hardly be among these disciples of Spinoza and Strauss."

So we went bird's-nesting like a pair of schoolboys, free and glad. We knew

well the old lane where the tavern was, and entering by a garden we had a view into the hall without interruption, more or less speaking: in reality, we could see nothing at the window where we had stationed ourselves, for the tobacco-smoke. The nearest head alone was recognizable, and to my surprise proved to be that of an acquaintance. It appertained to the hand that had thrown a shower of gold among the feasters of Allerheiligen—to my friend the student of pharmacy, as he had called himself, who tried to send me botanizing for chickweed. He sat in a circle of attentive listeners, who seemed to pay him a good deal of consideration, and it was easy to see that he was a bit of a hero among the students. Presently he turned his face from profile to full, and there it was the baron's turn to be surprised.

"Why, it is Fritz!" he exclaimed—

on, Flemming, of a man whom I know like a brother, the Lithuanian baron Von Ramm!" And he tapped the window.

The young man turned rather angrily, tottered slowly up to our casement, raised the guillotine sash, stared at us for a moment, said "Death to the traitors!" and let the glass fall with a noise. Then he retired into the

Hohenfels tapped again, and when it was the pharmacy-student looked around: my comrade had slipped out his card and held it against the small panes, where it was held like a picture. The student quickly recognized the name, and we had an entry of considerable distinction drawn by the collars through the window itself into the den.

It was a page of my youth brought before my eyes again: it seemed a renewed crowd of callow students, the same students, eternally young, exempt from change by some enchantment.

There were the Mossy-heads, the Pomatum Stallions, the Sons of Twilight. They were disregarding the laws of the Broad-Stone and uttering; they were screaming and singing; some were in long yellow and braided coats, gorgeous and some had white woolly heads, wore the schlafrock. It was a great joy, for there were Austrians, Saxons, Hessians, Hamburgers and Hamburgers present. They looked alike, and the national differences were seen not in their faces, but in the forms of the colossal pipes they carried. All men seemed to wear the narrow coats, those long, closely-buttoned, serious-looking garments: out of all proportion with the long pipes and the coats were the caps—the imperle caps, which, whatever wind may rest fixed like a nail on the ex-summmit of the head, thanks to the dexterity with which the German had manoeuvred his neck. On the wall was a chair, on the chair was the only known as Senior of a Landschaft, and on the Senior a great pair of boots. "Silentium!" cried this

functionary: "the chorus will recommence."

"I think a chorus is an odd sort of silentium," said Hohenfels; and the company began to sing a doggerel verse:

O Hans was Kost der Huat?  
Der Huat der hat ein Thaler Kost,  
Ein Thaler Kost,  
Ein Thaler Kost,  
Der Huat der hat ein Thaler Kost.  
Und vier and fünfzig Groot!

As each student had his allowance of beer and butterbrod before him, of which

he partook without minding the music, the words of this song were mostly uttered with the mouth full; nor did the consumption of butterbrod at all interfere with the smoking, for a German student will smoke and eat as easily as my friend the baron will smoke and sing.

We stayed late. Before leaving, Hohenfels said to his young acquaintance, "One thing is necessary to complete our joy in Heidelberg. How can we see a good duel?"

"How? Oh, anyhow," answered the Baron of the Golden Shower.

"But when will a duel take place, if you please?"

"When? Oh, any day."

"Duels are accommodating to tourists." With this remark Hohenfels relinquished a subject which he thought his friend seemed to surround with a certain obscurity. Conversing afterward among the students, however, he learned that a duel was really to happen in two days, and that Von Ramm was to be the hero. Hence his reticence. "It is with a young Fox from the University of Bonn, a foreigner. There will be several other



A FOX.

matches, but they will be simply trials of skill. Fritz has the only affair of moment, good luck to him! The other man insulted our college." He was proceeding to answer our questions as to the hour and the place, when the round face of the fat young student interposed and emitted the following decree:

"Death to the Philisters! These are secrets of the college. Profane ears

must not hear where the university defends its honor."

But we soon obtained an accurate direction from an old familiar acquaintance of mine. The ancient fire-tender and man of all work about the hotel was in reality none other than the postilion who had brought me into town at my first visit to Heidelberg: this worthy had a comrade, the wisest and best-informed



THE STUDENTS.

cab-driver in the dominion. The charioteer knew all about the honorable affairs of *die Herren Studenten*, and a duel with a baron in it was for him an open secret of his profession. At the appointed time we drove to the scene of action, where we found already two processions of carriages converging upon the spot from opposite directions. These were filled with students of the rival corps, their friends and their physicians: they carried almost enough lint, bandages and other surgical apparatus to dress the wounds of a regiment in action.

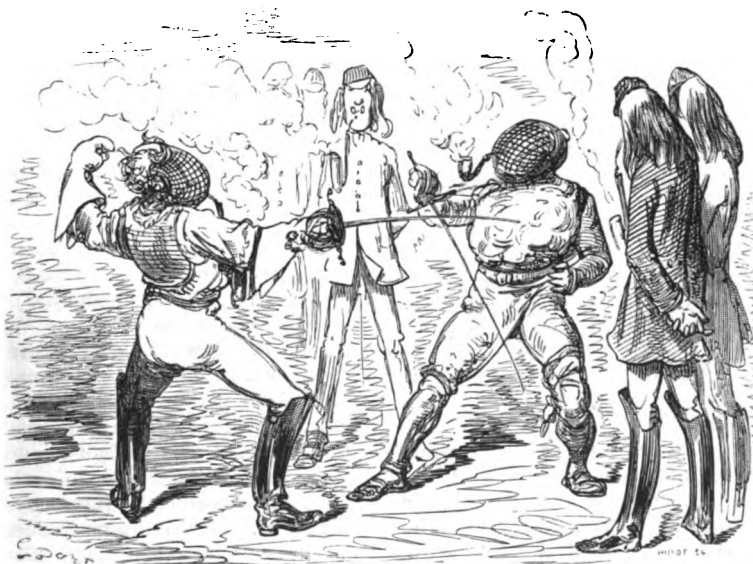
It was the baron's excursion rather

than mine: I have never comprehended the duello. Its logic, for us moderns appears to me incorrigibly faulty. In the Middle Ages it was different: the Heaven fought with the just man, as Heaven in Hebrew times presided over the drawing of lots. But now, in the nineteenth century, it is obvious that a good conscience does not give a man an experience of ten or a dozen years with small-swords. Technical skill may very probably lie with the side morally weakest. This mode of adjudication must therefore be rejected as spurious. I yielded, however, with a good grace.

and went off with Hohenfels to the seat of war.

Some botanical specimens on the route attracted me, and the baron, best natured of men, conspired with me in my myrtle-chasing. When we arrived the friendly matches were all over, and the serious affair between Von Ramm and the forger was under engagement. The latter, whose back was toward me, smoked a pipe that out-Germaned Germany in its length and model, and he was lost in

a pair of burlesque cavalry gloves from some theatre; his horseman's boots surprised me, for they were made of alligator's skin, and looked just fit to contain a bowie-knife or so; his pantaloons, too, were unlike anything Rhenish, for they were of a fine pin-striped jean, more familiar to the Mississippi than the Rhine. Except for a cuirass and fencing-mask he was unprotected. His adversary, however, whom it was difficult to recognize, was stuffed out into a state of de-



A PROFESSION WELL BOLSTERED.

fence that made him appear gigantic. The student-duels on the Rhine are literally a pillow-fight. This combatant had a mattress on his breast, wadding on his arms and cushions on his legs; for it is with wool pulled over his eyes, and, I doubt not, cotton in his ears, that the Renowner achieves his fame. A fine meerschaum issued from Von Ramm's wire-woven visor, like a lily from a flower-basket. A sufficiency of seconds and students, their tinsel locks lying on their shoulders like epaulettes, stood solemnly around and contemplated battle's magnificently stern array. These assistants are often so completely encased in leather and pads that they could be blown up

with gunpowder without much injury. It is their duty to stand by with a sword, intercept any unfair strokes, and stop the fight if their principal is wounded. The scars of a college duelist are generally seen on his left cheek, and I understood this fact when I observed the play of Von Ramm, who seemed to be continually trying to cut over the guard of his opponent's sword-arm. He was an expert and graceful fencer, a hundred times lighter in all his stuffings than his unencumbered foe. The latter played very singularly: he kept entirely on his defence, with little or no exhibition of swordsmanship, until the spectators became tired of the monotony of his

game. All were looking with interest at the expert motions of the brilliant Lithuanian, when finally, just as his second stepped out to announce that the fifteen minutes were up, the alligator-boots sprang forward, lunged at his neck, and delivered the point so strongly that the opposing sword only succeeded in beating it down



THE LINEN DUSTER.

a little toward the shoulder. Von Ramm staggered into the arms of his friends, where he bled quite profusely from a scrape over his collar-bone: seeing him so unexpectedly hurt, Hohenfels ran to his side. I prepared to re-enter our cab, very much disturbed and sickened, when the victor, who was examining the reddened point of his sword in an attitude of impartial interest, said, in a nasal inflection of my own language, "Guess I've euchred him with my little snickersnee!" The clumsy conqueror in alligator boots was then an American! I have never known a national victory to give me so little satisfaction. With a feeling of shame and self-condemnation I returned alone to the hotel. We had undertaken our escapade among the students for the purpose of avoiding the contact of a lower mind, as we fancied: we wished to get among German philosophy, romance and Bohemianism. The return, I felt, was the return of a

blackguard. I was frustrated. I felt therefore repentant and civil toward Berkley, whom I found at supper when I had removed the dust and issued from my chamber. It was at the public table: Hohenfels was still absent. By two movements of the head the English statesman and I expressed, on the one hand deprecation, on the other pardon and pity. A new-comer was sitting near, and to my great surprise this stranger nodded too, without, however, betraying the least intention of disturbing his hat, which was a small wide-awake set rather back from the forehead.

"I saw you at the little unpleasantness:" this explanation he kindly added to his salute. He proceeded: "It is difficult to recognize folks through a wire basket, but my memory for faces is good. I am something of an artist."

The nasal accent revealed the man with alligator's legs. One of those sanguinary brutes of the battle-field was doing me the honor to claim me as an acquaintance, and to share my supper red-handed. His present appearance, at least, was pacific: he had come out of his alligator skin, and he wore that garment which the American tourist flutters like a victorious flag all round the world, and which, made variously of gray, white or yellow, is known as the linen duster. He was drinking coffee out of a larger cup than is usual for that beverage at a European dinner, but of a size familiar on most breakfast-tables in the United States.

"You are noticing my cup: I carry it around. They make this cup at Dresden very largely for the American trade. I am something of an importer. I cannot enjoy my coffee out of one of these poppycock thimbles they give you at a table-d'hôte, and I must have my coffee just so: I'm something of an epicure."

I judged it necessary to say a word to Berkley: "This gentleman, who appears to be my compatriot, has just pinked his man in an affair with a person I have met before—a musical pilgrim at Achern, in fact, who joked with me on botanical subjects in the character of a student of pharmacy."

"No more of a pharmacy-student than my cane: I'm something of an apothecary. He said our Western colleges were only primary schools, which it was a State disgrace to charter as universities. He totally denied the merit of Ann Arbor, asserting he had never heard of it. A college where they pick up a new asteroid every fine night! I've been at Ann Arbor: I'm something of an astronomer. I never fought before, but on that I asked him out for a walk, and I just waited for his jugular."

"You showed great coolness, certainly," I said in a kinder tone. I found something chivalresque in this young stranger, who had never fought a duel, coolly engaging an old hand in defence of his country's educational advantages.

"Yes, I am probably cool. I simply waited for his jugular. I had to wait for nearly all the quarter of an hour, but when he gave it me. You see, gentlemen, for a raw swordsman to engage an older one is an interesting, not to say a difficult, problem in the correlation of forces. My plan, which has succeeded, was, to go through the fight without trying to make any thrusts, and confine my attention to parrying: I thus got an advantage of fifty per cent. over my man, whose intellect was divided between the two schemes of parry and thrust. The watchfulness demanded in this exercise is simply the equal allotment of neurotic power through the nerve-branches of the whole body and limbs; his is harder than what is called presence of mind, which is only the concentration of force in a single organ, the brain. Thus, having put eyes, as it were, all over my arms and legs, I felt perfectly calm and sure he couldn't touch me. I had decided beforehand on this game, and to uncover my sally-ports only at the last. I was kept aware of the exact passage of time by my second, who made a signal every four minutes: that was the fellow who rigged me out, some theatrical fool from Munich. After the third four minutes, knowing my adversary was tired and unprepared, I cut out as his second was stepping forward

to stop the fight. I had luck, and I reached his jugular or near it."

And calmly attentive to us, he poured down a draught of coffee.

"My order of sensations," he continued musingly, "was not dissimilar to what I have experienced at the Stock Exchange. There, too, we are obliged to combine ideas with rapidity, to be on continual guard, and to be ready with the nerve-force: I am something of a speculator."



FACTOTUM.

I looked anew at this surprising, unsurprising American. I made sure that he was from the West. His proportions were not quite harmonious: his legs and his duster were long and lean, but his trunk, hat and head were squat. It is generally said that the American race is approaching in physique the character of the native Indians, but it may be observed that if a certain class of my countrymen, led by temperament and predilection, are allying themselves with that branch of our barbarous population, there is a second class obviously assimilating with our other semi-civilized ingredient, the negro. Who has not seen, on American faces perfectly Saxon in their white-and-pink pigments, the negro's round nostril, blubber lips, curled eyelashes and depressed skull, together with the small, handsome, rudimentary ears, like the bruised ears you find on antique statues of Hercules? Our new acquaintance was of this type. His nose was fat, his lips large, his hair pale and bushy. There was something of the albino in his appearance.

As he sauntered out picking his teeth I called the man-of-all work. The old fellow came up, decorated with his trousseau of keys. I asked him familiarly if he knew my young countryman. "Is there anything peculiar about the habits or luggage of this Yankee?"



"Faith, sir, he took a little corner room in the garret, among the maids and kellners. He travels with nothing but a French horn, and a small bag which is all papered over with the labels of the express companies. One of the cards is marked New Orleans, Louisiana, ADAMS: the rest are distributed over

eyes with repeated washes of the emollient liquor. Sylvester went so far as to bathe in it. With him, too, I chose to visit the most coquettish and artificial part of the ruined castle, the Rittersaal of Otho-Henry: its mixed Renaissance style gave occasion for a hundred lectures to so good an antiquarian as Berk-



SERMONS IN STONES.

ley was, and I came away from his orations with an increased respect for bric-à-brac. On the lower part of its front are four statues—Hercules son of Jupiter, Samson the lieutenant of God, David the brave and prudent boy, and "Herzog Joshua, who killed thirty-one kings by the grace of the Lord." On the inside this tower offered a scene of lovely devastation: wild vines and flowers hung with insolent grace among the florid carved-work of the doors, through which used to pass high-stepping dames of the Palatinate in sables and feathers, but whose guests now are owls and crows, sometimes spotted or mantled with ermine of snow. Berkley, familiar with Heidelberg, was indeed the best of ciceroni. Visiting alone with him the Rent Tower—which under

Belgium and Germany, one of them reading Brussels, one Liverpool, and one Bonn. He is something of a Wandering Jew."

"That is quite enough," I said, ashamed to seem so inquisitive. "You understand your station, and have made good use of your eyes. Take this, and go off and drink your beer with my man Charles."

It was the custom of Sylvester Berkley to clamber up every morning to the Molkenkur, where he drenched himself liberally with whey. I once accompanied him and enjoyed the spectacle: the uncertain and testy character of the Berkleys was ameliorating sensibly under my

der the reminiscences of Hohensfels had seemed more of a *grenier* than ought else—I comprehended its majesty as symbolizing the power of Frederick I. the Victorious, who beat Frederick IV. and the German princes at Seckenheim. It was eighty feet high, its walls on one side twenty feet thick: this monstrous shell was crushed by Louis XIV. like a filbert, while at present, as if to keep the warlike deed of the French nut-cracker for a show, the rent portion is restrained from crumbling in the mighty talons of the trees. My diplomaté knew all these doughty Palatines like ancestors. After Frederick the Victorious, he elucidated

Ludwig V. and Frederick V.: their statues lean against the shadowy wall of what was built as the Great Tower. Frederick V., who married the granddaughter of Mary Queen of Scots, and died in exile, retains on his marble brow that crown of Bohemia which he accepted after its refusal by the powers of Austria, Saxony, Savoy and Denmark; but he has lost the two hands with which he grasped it. Ludwig V., whose figure stands near by, is not less gloomy: he seems to know that the Great Tower hangs in ruin behind him as he watches the ivy advance little by little over his stone face. The man of useful information had for each of these heroes a date and an anecdote: he gave a voice to all the petrified chiefs in defence before their

towers, from Charlemagne, who had lost his globe, to Otho of Hungary, who has but one leg, and Otho-Henry of the bric-à-brac tower, who has been bereft of his hand, and Frederick II., who is broken in half, and Frederick IV., who has dropped his sceptre, and Frederick the Victorious himself, among whose marble plumes the green leaves of ruin are playing. It is in such a spot and with such a guide that you learn how history may be better than legend. If I had had so wise a counselor here in my student days, I should perhaps have quoted less of Jean Paul and more of Clio. But at this period my Mentor was Hohenfels, then at his own cloudiest stage of development, who adored Goethe and insulted Tiedge, who knew the Niebelungen-Lied by heart, but could only ridicule the sketches, screech-owls, fallow-

deer and straddle-bug figures of worthy Charles de Graimberg, the artist who for thirty years collected here in his chambers a museum of prints and books and pictures illustrating Heidelberg. I have not yet heard Sylvester ridicule a work of art: if the specimen be of a grand



SATIRE IN STONE.

master, he respects it; if it be art of the *Décadence*, somewhat low, poor, improper and profane, he adores it, and moves heaven and earth that he may buy it—the true spirit of the connoisseur. As we stood in the Rittersaal, the spectacle of the rosy Renaissance nymphs and nereids evoked from him his very best effort, an eloquence superior to the Neues Schloss and a piety beyond the stone Calvary. For my poor part, replete and saturated with historic lore, I would not have exchanged the trumpet of Fame herself against the flaring silvery rim, bright with starch, of that all-encircling cravat.

I would only have given a world populated with Berkleys for my dream-ridden poet, my friend, my baron, the accomplice of my student-life.

Heidelberg Castle is comparatively un-



hurt in front. The symmetrical profile of its long façade, with gables and pinnacles, the repose of St. Udalrich's chapel and the be-ribboned smartness of Otho-Henry's palace, speak little of decay: it is like a fair mask lying in an Egyptian coffin, and concealing a terrible heap of bones and broken jewels, and tufts of dry hair and shreds of rich clothing.

And then, what a satire it is that all this stately masonry should be but the



"ONE FISH-BALL."

complicated envelope of the biggest drinking-cask in the world!

I prolonged my walks with Berkley to the Schwalbennest (Swallow's Nest), the square tower which leans so directly over the Neckar from the heights of its mountain at Neckarsteinach. The inexhaustible cravat of the philosopher was still pouring out useful information from its polished lip, and I was listening to the tale of Bigger the Scourge, whose soldiers closed up this tower and left him to die when the pope excommunicated him, when of a sudden I heard the notes of a French horn from the river below. I borrowed the field-glass which hung eternally from Berkley's shoulder by a leathern baldrick, and there in a little boat I saw our Yankee, who was drifting past us on the river and relieving his soul with the soldiers' march from *Faust*. I watched with amusement this versatile pattern of my country's civilization. In a moment he had thrown down his instrument and had rowed himself carefully into the current. This necessity fulfilled, his mind seemed to be at peace

again, and he flung himself flat on his back in the bows. Another instant, and a fresh wave of melody came up to us in our watch-tower: this time it was vocal, and the virtuoso was pouring out with the full power of his lungs to the Vosges Mountains that classic morsel known as "One Fish-Ball." Directly he had exhausted this sensation too, but his resources were not yet at an end; unfolding a cast-net which lay beneath the thwart, he flung it skillfully out into the broadest part of the stream; and I hope that the fishes of the Neckar, judiciously charmed by the noise of the horn and the song, made no delay in engaging their gills among the meshes of this energetic young sportsman. Berkley, in compliment to me, looked on at the vagaries of my countryman with a sad, forgiving politeness: I begged him to finish his story of Bigger the Scourge. It was now sunset, and when I looked again for the Yankee, he was vanishing like Hiawatha, high upon a sea of splendor, and teaching the echoes to repeat the adventures of Jeronimus Jobs, hero of that original epic the "Jobsiad." Ten minutes sufficed for my brilliant compatriot to prove that he was something of an oarsman, something of a fisherman, something of a vocalist, and something of a hornblower.

The linen duster was visible again at supper, twenty-four hours after our first meal with him. I sent him a mouthful of my Prince Metternich by the trusty Charles, and he grasped his hat and came over to touch glasses with Sylvester and myself.

"Your wine is not so bad, but in this confounded country I can get nothing but the superfluities—an intolerable deal of sack and not one ha'penn'orth of bread. At Bonn, and here, too, I had to dine without my crust."

"I have hardly noticed it," said I, "but here I believe it has always been so."

"I have seen the day when I would have given a dollar for a corn-cake or a bit of pone. They gave me at dinner with the soup a pretty cake, a sort of brioche. I just flung it at the man and asked for

Bread. Then he came up bringing a little biscuit stuck full of aniseed. Then I asked for bread again, and he brought me a turn-over full of plums and cherries, as if I had been Jack Horner, by Jingo! I stopped there, or he would have offered me every tart and pudding they turn out in the pastry-shops. I vow I don't like it: I am something of a Grahamite."

"It is just the same at our table," I said, applying myself to a kind of sausage or mince-meat which I was consuming, and which had prunes in it.

"The Repast without Bread," said Berkley, who saw the chance for an oration, "is an ancient tradition of the country, a legend enclosing the finest political rebuke ever made by the producing to the governing classes. The present observance, though, is probably an involuntary sequel to the old proverb."

"Oh! I thought likely," said the youth with a shrewd air, and indicating my sausage, "that they just didn't *give bread with one fish-ball.*"

"Frederick the Victorious," pursued Sylvester, disdaining the interruption, "after conquering the robber-knights at Seckenheim, treated them famously, and had them all to a feast. Everything was magnificent, but when the guests called for bread, there was none to be had. 'My lords,' said Frederick, 'those whose life's trade it is to trample the grain, burn the mills and plant the fields with corpses must not ask for bread: that boon of industry is for other mouths than ours.' And he resumed his courteous talk as if nothing had happened. It was a fine Corn-Law speech of the date of 1461."

"Perhaps so," I agreed; "but it is unfortunate that the lesson is not learned yet in the country, and must be enforced at the expense of strangers. By the by, a pretty girl that," I said, willing to adopt a slightly rakish tone with my young

guest, and winking indulgently as a handsome laundress made her escape past the dining-room windows, a kind of Briareus of surreptitious stockings tossing multitudinously from out of her apron.

"Pretty girl! you must be fond of a



THE CAST-NET.

pretty girl!" sneered the stony-hearted student, with his first exhibition of temper. "If all the pretty girls of Europe were under the river in that seine of mine, it would not be I who should draw them out."

I felt surprised, and perhaps rebuked. I assumed a rather grand manner: "Your name must be Saint Anthony! Apropos, may we know how to call the guest with whom the custom of the place lets us share our cup, but not our loaf?"

"No objection," said the Yankee with a business-like air; and he opened his pocket-book, from which a card fell beside my plate. "Catch it! Not that," he said, and extracted another. I read them both without particular intention. On one was printed "*John Kranich,*" on the other "*Jean Kraaniff.*" "Ah, now you have seen it," said the young man, in an easy, unembarrassed way, "and all the fat's in the fire. Well, we are a good way from New Orleans, and I may as well tell you all about it. You are a literary man, I judge, and perhaps you can help me to utilize my anagram."

"Your anagram?" I asked.

"The anagram of Jean Kraaniff, you observe, may be Jean K. Ffarina. I think that will do for New Orleans. I

am known there as a wine and spirits merchant. From bay rum to cologne water is no great step. My game is to ally myself with the Farina family, represent in Louisiana the whole perfumery



"YOU ARE THE MAN OF THE TWO CHICKENS!"

business of Cologne and Paris, and some day monopolize the Western States, South America and the Pacific Islands. How do you like the notion?"

"I am the last man to consult in a matter of trade," I replied: "your name seems to have a superfluous letter."

"Oh, that 'K' will do for anything: *kind* means a child, *Koeln* means Cologne, you see—or I can drop the *K*. That is not what troubles me. Unhappily, plenty of people have seen my old card, the one you first read, and it will be tough to ask them to believe, as I mean to do, that I am a genuine Farina, who arranged his letters into Kraaniff because he was poor. Worse luck! my expectations come from the other name, from Kranich. Yes, aunty's name is Kranich, and be hanged to her!"

"I beg your pardon," said I, a sudden thought striking me, "but I have long known a lady of that name, and—"

"Have you? It is not so difficult, for she has lived in every capital of Europe. Now it is Brussels; a while back it was Paris; *my* christening-cup she forwarded from Frankfort. My ridiculous old uncle

was somebody, my absurd old father was nobody, and so I was sent to exile with the grand duke of Mississippi. My poor uncle the banker was as crazy as a loon."

"I have seen him at a ball in a bed-gown."

"The ding-dong-deuce you have!" said the duelist, very slowly and mistrustfully.

"Frau Kranich was at Ems with him that season. He popped in to her ball and fainted, and the duke of Mississippi carried him to his chamber. But your aunt is a good soul. I cannot forget how she assisted me to the prettiest piece of work I have ever done. It was a bit of charity. Poor sweet little Francine! I hope she will make no bad investment of her dowry."

"Why, then," said the young man, rising and looking very black, "you infernal, oily, amorous old hypocrite! you are the man of the two chickens!"

People have different ways of meeting an outrage. I simply rose, conveyed my surprise and indignation in a look, and left the table and the room. Between a limb like this and a person of my age and phlegm no great insult was possible. The young man turned on his heel, grasped his hat again, and went to join his companion, a German who had served as second in his contest. It was a student of pinched and beery appearance, I remember, with fingers blazing with stones, ears hung with rings, and between them a round face bejeweled with gold eye-glasses.

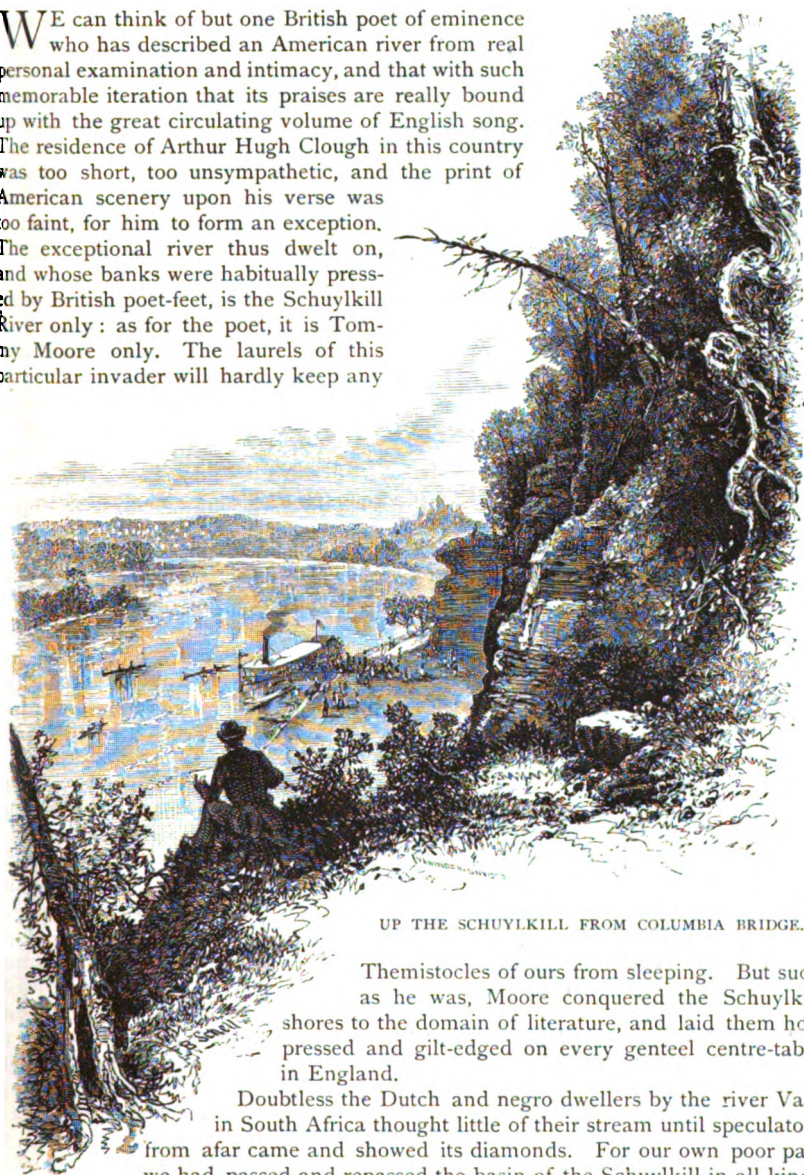
Berkley would probably have gone out with me, but at that moment Hohenfels came rambling in to supper, cheery and star-gazing as usual, the duelist Von Ramm interlaced with him like double cherries moulded on one stem. I had rather repulsed my old friend while in this companionship, and now felt no appetite for duelists. "You'll have but ill *bred* to your supper," I said hastily in the door; and leaving him this choice pun, for which the baron would soundly have trounced me had he understood it, I went out with a little gesture of avoidance. EDWARD STRAHAN.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## VIGNETTES FROM THE SCHUYLKILL VALLEY.

## TWO PAPERS.—I.

WE can think of but one British poet of eminence who has described an American river from real personal examination and intimacy, and that with such memorable iteration that its praises are really bound up with the great circulating volume of English song. The residence of Arthur Hugh Clough in this country was too short, too unsympathetic, and the print of American scenery upon his verse was too faint, for him to form an exception. The exceptional river thus dwelt on, and whose banks were habitually pressed by British poet-feet, is the Schuylkill River only: as for the poet, it is Tommy Moore only. The laurels of this particular invader will hardly keep any



UP THE SCHUYLKILL FROM COLUMBIA BRIDGE.

Themistocles of ours from sleeping. But such as he was, Moore conquered the Schuylkill shores to the domain of literature, and laid them hot-pressed and gilt-edged on every genteel centre-table in England.

Doubtless the Dutch and negro dwellers by the river Vaal in South Africa thought little of their stream until speculators from afar came and showed its diamonds. For our own poor part we had passed and repassed the basin of the Schuylkill in all kinds of diameters, and had always thought of it—may the muse of Romance forgive us!



—rather commercially than æsthetically, when one day a party of bright beings from another sphere—Bostonians in fact—removed the scales from our eyes. These visitors, very prudish in regard to

With us, too, it was holiday week, if we remember right, and the river was associated with liberty and recreation. There were maiden aunts in spectacles, like the maiden aunt in Tennyson's *Princess*;



WISSAHICKON CREEK.

landscape attractions, and very ready with a *don't-touch-me!* toward any novel sensation that should come forward and try to impress them without a proper introduction, capitulated at once to Schuylkill, which indeed laid itself out with all its fascinations in their behalf.

tall, smooth-haired, intensely grammatical girls from Cambridge; and a mild, intelligent old man like a philosopher, to bring all together their fresh and candid eyes into criticism of the prospect, which to them seemed a scene in the far South. We need not say how easily, under such influences, our week became a decameron. These hyperboreans from the Charles were never tired of praising the bowery perfection of Schuylkill beauty. Our decameron was passed—no matter how many Junes ago—in the very pride and pomp of early summer. The hilly shores were tufted with trees, every leaf of which, bursting with sap and crisp with rain and dew, danced in the sunshine and twirled its glossy side or its downy side out to be admired: most immaculate of rivers, the Schuylkill rolled its torrent of jewels between these dark-green banks—banks where the leaping blood of Nature seemed to throb everywhere with riot of life and strength. The air

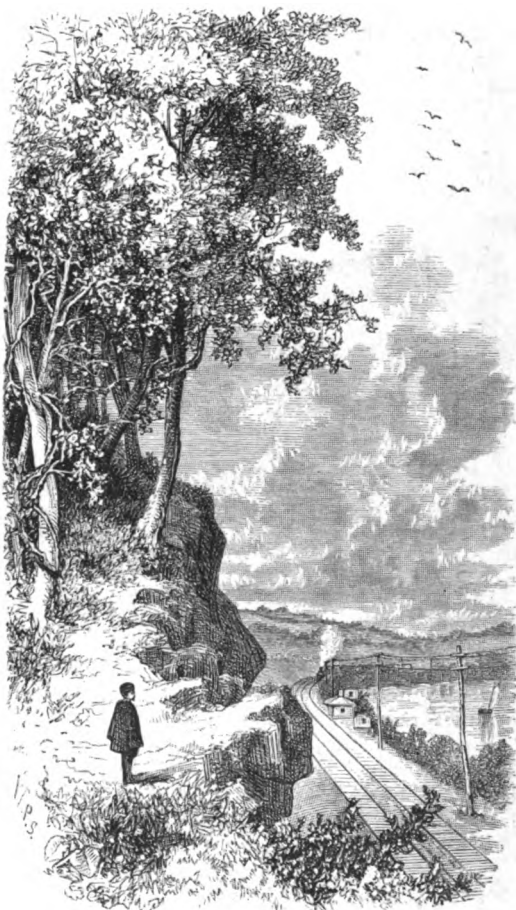
neither hot nor cold, but elastic with the cool crispness of morning, was respirable lusciousness: it was a delight to let it rattle through the linen draperies of summer-time. The bees hugged the flowers in the ladies' laps with their wiry legs. Everybody had bouquets

id fruits: it seemed a picture of the immortal "Ladies' Garden" in the masterpiece of Boccaccio, whose "variety of plants, and how elegantly disposed, it could be needless to mention, since there was nothing belonging to our climate which was not there in great abundance. In the middle of this garden, what seemed more delightful than anything else, was a meadow, the grass of a deep green, tangled with a thousand flowers and set round with trees: . . . in the centre of this meadow a fountain." The princess charm of Schuylkill Valley in June was observed to be its limpid breath—an air seemingly borne from blooming vineyards in Val d'Arno, and stimulating like wine. The company from Boston, used to the thinner, saltier breeze of the northerly coast, could not drink it eagerly enough. It was a treat to hear them praising this opulent atmosphere and this Italian river in that high-bred New England accent which was a sound of such distinction when heard amid the moreazy dialects of the South. And it was pleasant to find these fastidious blues, at Niagara afterward, comparing the various delights of all their journey, and actually selecting this green bank of Schuylkill as the "captain jewel of the carcanet." Memories of old days so passed have a self-prolonging virtue; and now, in passing the same hills petrified to marble in the snow, we find them retaining the fragrance of the remembered summer, and only seeming harsher as dried rose-leaves are harsher than a rose.

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The style of Thomas Moore, with every other word an adjective, is out of date at present. A sight of the Schuylkill does a great deal more for its reputation than all his epithets. There is

something touching, however, when you get over the verbiage, in Moore's confession of loneliness and homesickness as he dwelt by the "flowery banks:" he recites, in the principal poem dedicated

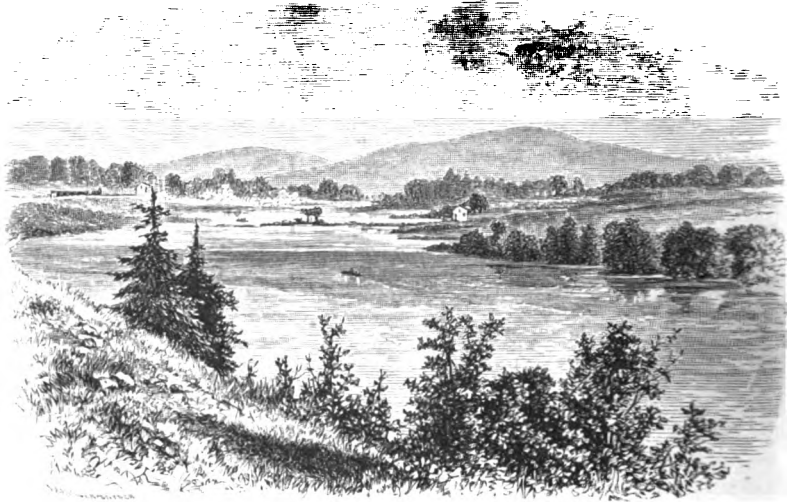


VALLEY FORGE.

to the river, his restless paces up and down the brink, feeling how far away dear London was, and the friends he loved there. Nothing reminded him of home, he says, until, coming to sing his own songs as he had sung them in many an English parlor, he found that fine American eyes would melt at his voice and his words as the eyes of London ladies had often melted before. No doubt this discovery of his uninterrupted

power was exquisitely grateful: no wonder he blessed the tear that showed him how "like eyes he had loved was *her* eloquent eye: like them did it soften and weep at his song." Another of his Schuylkill poems describes a perfect wilderness. The land around "Tom Moore's Cottage" was not cleared sixty-

seven years ago: he pictures the "lonely little wood," the hollow beech with the woodpecker hammering at it, the spring shadowed by the sumach, the wild-flower cradling the "voluptuous bee," the clump of elms completely hiding the house, which is only revealed by its curl of smoke: in a cottage like this he in-



SCHUYLKILL RIVER ABOVE POTTSTOWN.

timates he would like a residence and "a maid." Moore was generally displeased with what he saw of American democracy, which he thought showed "maturity in most of the vices," and a "strife between half-polished and half-barbarous life;" but he excepted from his strictures a little band of Philadelphia gentlemen, who, we suppose, were proficient in "the tear" and in paying attention to his songs; and he wrote to the Hon. W. R. Spencer—

Believe me, Spencer, while I winged the hours  
Where Schuylkill winds his way through banks of  
flowers,

Though few the days, the happy evenings few,  
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,  
That my charmed soul forgot the wish to roam,  
And rested there as in a dream of home.

Such are the principal passages in which Feramorz celebrates the Schuylkill. Every visitor to Fairmount Park knows the homely little one-and-a-half-story hut in which he lived, the authenticity of which has never been creditably assailed. In

his day, when the river was alive with fish, and the brawl of Schuylkill Falls, some two miles above, could be faintly heard in the moony nights, it must have been a pretty retreat for a prophet in search of a wilderness.

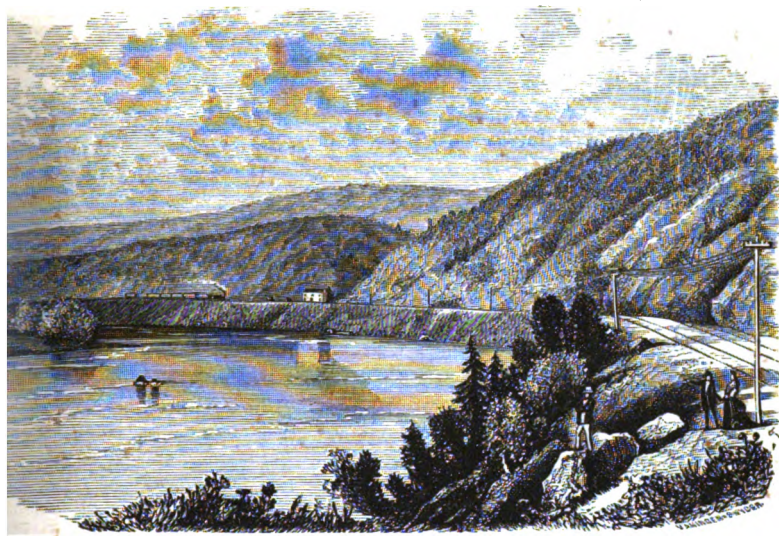
The incessant trains of the Reading Railroad sweep near the cottage many times a day. They command, here at the easterly end of their route, the often-described scenery of Fairmount Reservoir, the Park, and the Schuylkill threaded with quite a cat's-cradle of bridges. It is not every railroad that has the luck to have a great park for a *dépôt*. At Belmont Station one of the finest sweeps of the Park scenery is before the eye, while for foreground figures the heavy bronze groups of Pegasus and the Muses, originally intended for a Vienna theatre, stand on guard upon their twin pedestals. The river hereabout and hereabove is pent in by the brimming dam of the Waterworks, so as to look exactly like a



Into its broad, unruffled mirror the reflections of ancestral trees upon the old estates which come the modern pleasure-ground, of the gulches of the aquatic club-houses, the arbors and monuments of that riotous garden. Then—sharp satire our diversions and pleasures!— come the gardens of the

dead, the cemeteries, where they take their leisure too, and go to rest from their labors: the sinister beauty of Laurel Hill, bristling with white obelisks among its over-cultivated bowers, is a terrible successor to Fairmount, like a moral tacked on to a ballad.

The Falls of Schuylkill, which were brawling cataracts until 1816, when the



SCHUYLKILL RIVER BELOW READING.

of the river was raised by the oblation at the Waterworks below, give name to an old-fashioned village, reminiscent of many a hard-fought trot-natch, at the convenient distance of miles out from Philadelphia. Nonetheless funnily quaint and antiquering can be found in this country the absurd little Old Falls House, stately of the Middle Ages, broad now, that stands forth and stares at the railway-train as though with arms out: the richly-mossed and ancient one, too, that plants its gouty arches over the water, looks more like some Norman causeway over a Norman river like anything American. The village at the Falls is in fact an anachronism which basks upon the water, and sleeps. One fancies the squire as a kind of lazy King of the North: he must be ruddy, round,

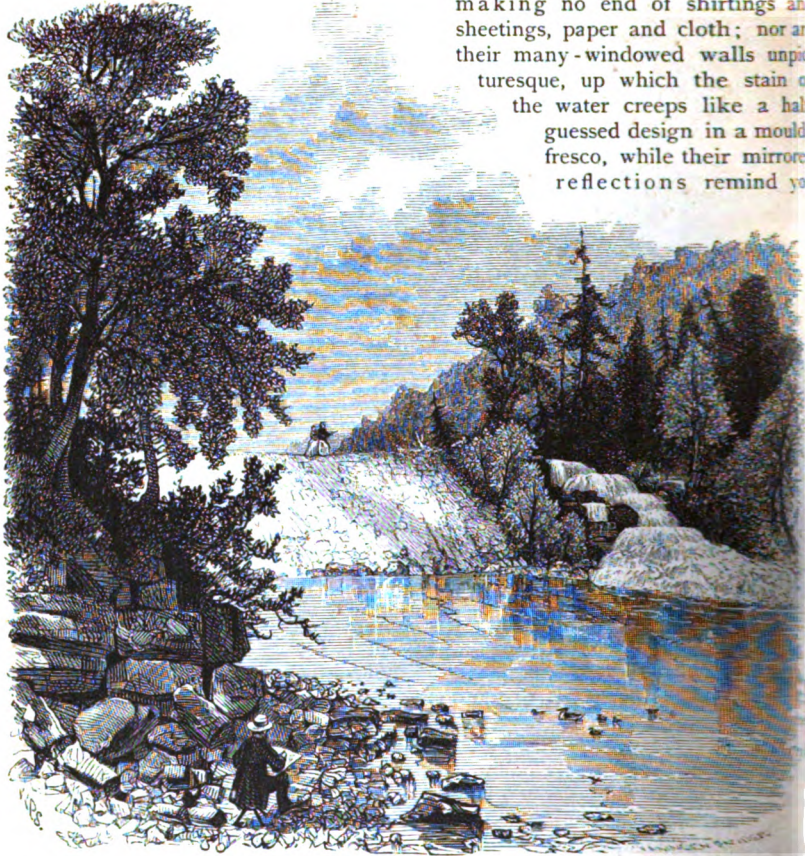
paunchy, white-headed and exempt from death, his municipal duties confined to talking horse-talk with that race of men who spend their lives in trotting out from the city in light sulkies and in eating huge meals of catfish and coffee in the half a dozen old taverns that stud the bank with their walls and their dooryard trees. At this point comes purling into the Schuylkill that true artist's rivulet, Wissahickon, cold from the hills. It is almost unspoiled by civilization, its steep banks are plumed with pines, and it expands, before losing itself in the larger current, into a bright broad stream, covered in summer with festal boating-parties, and musical with whole orchestras of laughing girls; then it curves gracefully under the High Bridge and blends with Schuylkill, happy to have reflected so much human happiness before it dies.

Townlets with the quaintest of names



—Pencoyd, Manayunk, Conshohocken  
—intervene between the Falls and the  
site of Penn's old Manor at Norriton.

These intrepid old settlements sit on the  
riverside like knitters in the sun, assiduously busy from morning till night, and making no end of shirtings and sheetings, paper and cloth; nor are their many-windowed walls unpicturesque, up which the stain of the water creeps like a half-guessed design in a mouldy fresco, while their mirrored reflections remind you



TUMBLING RUN.

vaguely of moated châteaux in France or damp convents in Venice.

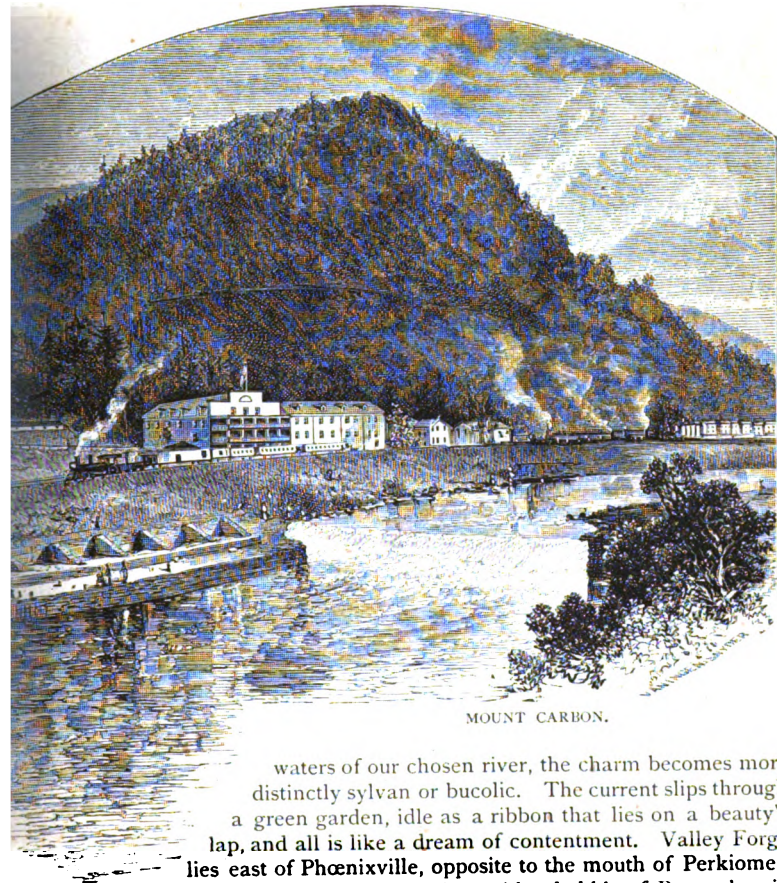
A grimy Vulcan, who rolls a great deal of iron, is the city occupying William Penn's demesne at Norriton, changed by modern usage to Norristown. The site is celebrated mostly for its industries, but there are beautiful views in the hills around; the soil from here back to Plymouth is enriched with statuary marble, breccia marbles and limestone; and the town, as centre to a very old and prosperous farming region, yields many a reminiscence and history. The county (Montgomery) has still a

German-speaking population in its northern part, descendants of families that have not budged for two hundred years. It is near here that Mrs. Gibbons, the historian of the Pennsylvania Germans, finds her most eastwardly settlement of strange and humble religionists. The Schwenckfelder community is settled some seven miles out of Norristown, where its members practice the mild tenets of their European founder. Here, in their ancient and treasured volumes, they keep the engraved portrait of their prophet, dignified in furred robes and patriarchal beard descending on his

t. Caspar Schwenckfeldt, a noble of Silesia, was born in 1490, and created a religion of quietism before Quakers, and a policy of non-resistance anterior to Fox: his followers furnished many emigrants to the Americas, and these strayed with their converts into Pennsylvania. The dwindling remnant of the sect, a sort of German-speaking Quakers, lead humble rural lives in this beautiful region, very existence as a church having before escaped the knowledge of

those who are curious in American religions.

A parallel branch of our railroad runs up the river on its northerly side, and ends here at Norristown: the Reading Railway proper travels up the south bank, only crossing the river at Phoenixville. The river-scenery becomes finer as we leave the thriving hamlets that extend westwardly, like a chaplet of beads, from Philadelphia, and form a part of its gigantic industries. As Nature begins to assert her sway over the more distant



MOUNT CARBON.

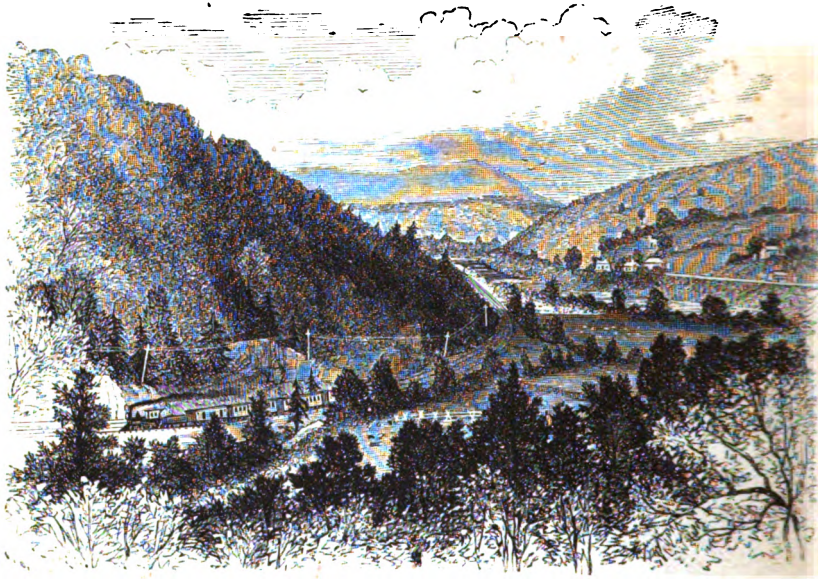
waters of our chosen river, the charm becomes more distinctly sylvan or bucolic. The current slips through a green garden, idle as a ribbon that lies on a beauty's lap, and all is like a dream of contentment. Valley Forge lies east of Phoenixville, opposite to the mouth of Perkiomen Creek, which runs into the river with a babble of Pennsylvania h, caught up the country among the Mennonites and Dunkers. The ideas spread abroad hereabouts, and exert themselves in the tillage of the soil, are that are older than the American Revolution: the local intellect, the plodding German mind, has hardly advanced for a century; yet there is no recollection of the landscape of those heroic times, and the buttercups laugh insolently where



Washington's famished heroes tracked the snows with their bare feet.

There is nothing so fine in American story, nothing so admirable in Washingtonian biography, as the episode of Valley Forge. The patriotism that endures is a finer thing than the patriotism that acts. The men who bore fam-

ine and pestilence here without mutiny were worthy of the general who was enduring, at the same place and time, the calumnies of the conspirators at Reading and the intrigues of Gates and Lee for his overthrow. Hereabouts, William Penn named some of the hills as Adam named the beasts, only with



GERMANTOWN VALLEY.

a more jocular intention. Having lost his way on one hill and recovered it on another, he named them Mount Pleasant and Mount Misery—names they retain to this day, and names applied by Washington, who never joked for his part.

We pass through Pottstown and Douglassville, and cross near their mouths the Manatawny and Monocacy Creeks. The river seems to grow more brilliant inch by inch. Finally, three great hills, Mount Penn, Mount Washington and Mount Neversink, converge together to make a handsome shelter for a town, and here the river, after twisting into several curves and loops, straightens out and introduces the city of Reading.

A city of modern ideas, and of the tastes and wants created by wealth, set in the midst of a rural population par-

ticularly marked with ignorance,—such is Reading, like Paley's famous watch throbbing with contrivance and energy in the midst of the common. Surrounded by all the dull calm of Pennsylvania. Germany, this centre of art and commerce is itself a focus of animation, with a social grade derived from the times when the first people of the country fled hither during the Revolutionary period, and held a republican court while the British menaced Philadelphia. It was laid out in 1748 by Thomas and Richard Penn, the Proprietaries. The world of mineral wealth which it now distributes was unknown to these town-planters, but they were not blind to its position as a commercial strategic point. When, half a century after the Revolution, the assignees of the Penn family attempted to collect the ground-rents which had

been originally reserved and afterward neglected, great was the dismay in Reading—stout resistance on the part of the citizens, threats of breaking up the local titles from the claimants, and desperate diplomacy from the city authorities, all resulting at last in compromise and peace. The imperiled patriots who sought an asylum in Reading while Washington was in his utmost extremity at the Forge (and who, indeed, quickly began plotting for his removal from command),—these ardent revolutionists found themselves in a place which had been bedecked by the loyal founders with every monarchic symbol: King street, Queen street; Prince street, Duke street, Earl street, were the signs painted on the very avenues where they walked to air their rebellious thoughts. These feudal names remained so late as 1833, when they were changed, "as more compatible with the republican simplicity of our present form of government."

The reform went to lengths less commendable, even to changing names of streets like that called after Hannah Callowhill, the second wife of William Penn: it exhausted itself, too, in reducing the streets to namelessness: it could not invent new cognomens. This is the constant confession of weakness made by civic authorities in America, who seem to be especially destitute of imagination: in a hundred places besides Reading, when called on for a similar suit of nomenclature, their invention gives out—they are unable to name the streets, and are obliged to number them.

There are the loveliest imaginable drives and excursions to be taken in the Reading vicinity. We would point out, as we pass along, the spots particularly attractive to the excursionist; but the

danger at Reading will be that he may cease to be an excursionist and become a fixture. This was the case, we recollect, with a young lady of fashion who passed through the place a year ago with her just-accepted affinity. The bridal tour included the stoppage for a day at Reading: in the afternoon a short drive was proposed, and in that drive the par-



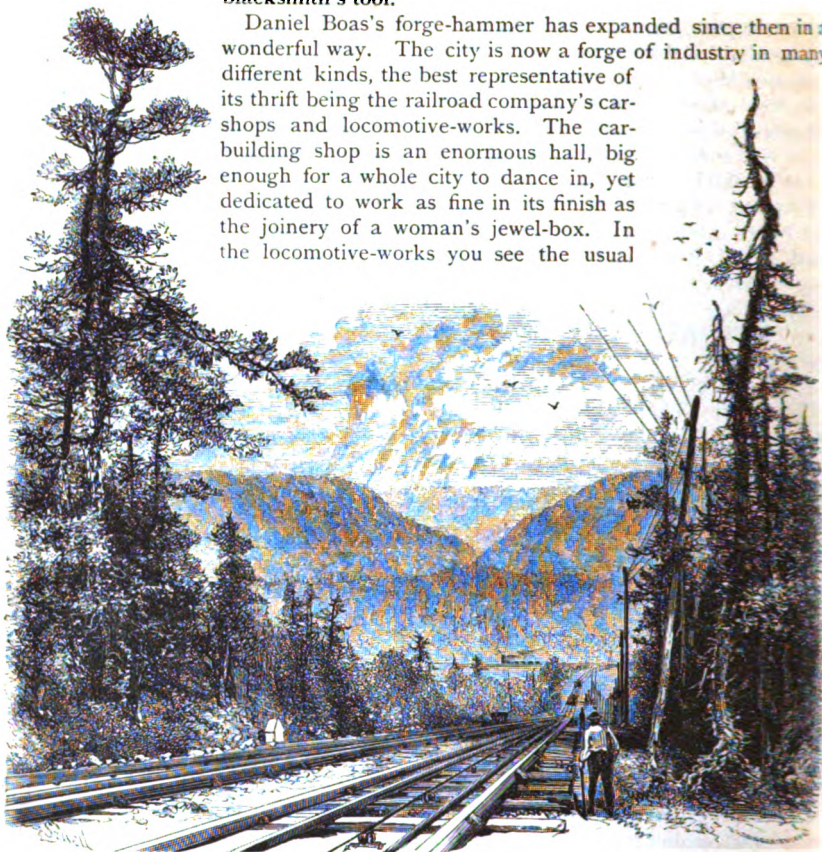
MINE HILL GAP.

ticular charm of the spot found time to do its work. The bride, fresh as she was from Paris and Switzerland, found boulevards to her liking in the city and heights to her taste on the mountains around it. Schuylkill River sang the epithalamium of that bridal, for the intended pause of a day was prolonged to many weeks. Such are the arts of this poet-river to retain those who once listen and linger.

Reading is laid out on the chessboard pattern of Philadelphia, recalling Quaker formalism in the rectangularity of every street-corner. The Friends settled it first, indeed, and worshiped here in a log cathedral so early as 1750. The early manners were practical and simple. One Daniel Boas was applied to for a plan on which to build his house: he got a forge-hammer and handed it to the architect. "Build my house in the shape

of this," he said to the surprised functionary; and the Forge-hammer House was put up, to surprise the neighbors and instruct posterity, exactly in the figure of a blacksmith's tool.

Daniel Boas's forge-hammer has expanded since then in a wonderful way. The city is now a forge of industry in many different kinds, the best representative of its thrift being the railroad company's car-shops and locomotive-works. The car-building shop is an enormous hall, big enough for a whole city to dance in, yet dedicated to work as fine in its finish as the joinery of a woman's jewel-box. In the locomotive-works you see the usual



LOWER GORDON PLANE.

scene of impressive activity and clamor, with the cylinders intended for mighty engines humbly submitting to be pared into shape in a lathe; with cavernous boilers opening their rusty bowels to the skill of the repairer; monstrous hammers falling like thunderbolts; and black dwarfs of machines, with iron bones and refined motions, able to pare steel into ribbons or to turn out a finished implement with one tap of a polished finger-nail. The Philadelphia and Reading railroad might be imagined as ending in this city, but the town of Reading is but the beginning of a career for it and its score of branches: from hence

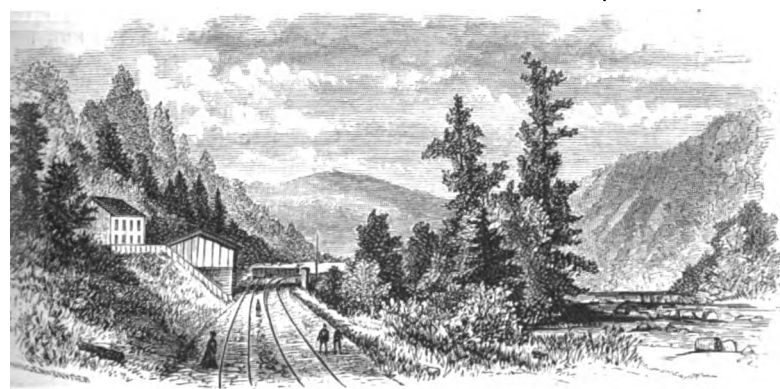
it sends out feelers—west, to the coal country; north, to the Lehigh River at Allentown; and southwardly, to the State capital. In the western suburb of Reading a very brilliant-looking terminus has been built to receive these branch roads. almost too ornamental for a railroad-dépôt, the building spreads over the ground in a triangle of curved galleries, looking like a summer theatre, and prettily carved and painted.

As we pass up the river from Reading the farm-lands begin gradually to struggle with the mountains, the latter getting a final victory, with, of course, an advantage in the way of picturesqueness.

ently the railway pierces Mount Kit-ny, and emerges at Port Clinton, a laid out in 1829. It is in the fork Schuylkill and Little Schuylkill streams which rise not far apart ng the coal-hills, and describe two t curves to meet at Port Clinton, e uniting their arms full of moun- s, like some bold Titanic marauder ht with *les pommes du voisin*. Port ton, provided with an antique-look- and wonderfully sketchable railway- on, and a nursery of young ever- ns in the foreground, looks up at the ops and down into the double river torpid canal, rather idly lamenting ay when railroads were not and the d was all in all. We are now com- ly in the toils of the mountains. n this confluence of the Schuylkills, y over to the opposite site of Cata- on the Susquehanna River, the try is rolled into mountain-chains e breakers on the sea-beach. The er-Gap of the Blue Mountain is just w us. Several of the spurs of the e show us their buttes, angular and rly profiled, with the river coiling beth them, in a dozen miles from Port ton. Then the giants of the Appa- ian ranks appear—the river is no er able to steal a passage across broken ends, but is turned sharply

down from between two parallel ridges—and the railroad likewise ceases to maintain its direct westward course, and begins to penetrate the long valleys with a series of branches, seeking for coal as the fibres of a root will seek for nourishment. This peculiar knot of streams, valleys and road-junctions, twisting together under the shadow of mighty hills, has its group of neighboring towns, likewise prone in the mountain-hollows—Palo Alto, Schuylkill Haven, Mount Carbon, and especially Pottsville.

We found Reading antique and memorable: the founding of it was a last effort of the old Quaker rule pushed out into the Indian wilderness. But 1824 came with its Argonauts; the woods were filled with seekers after that curious black stone which people said would burn; the California of '49 was anticipated in Pennsylvania; some pioneer laid out in the western part of the State the mushroom village which Dickens saw afterward and described as "Eden" in *Martin Chuzzlewit*; and here, at the head of the Schuylkill, in the mania of speculative fever, a city spurted into life out of the fire of John Putt's smelting-furnace. Two civilizations created the two not distant towns—that, the mission of Penn and the seventeenth-century; this, the mission of Mammon and the nine-



LORBERRY JUNCTION.

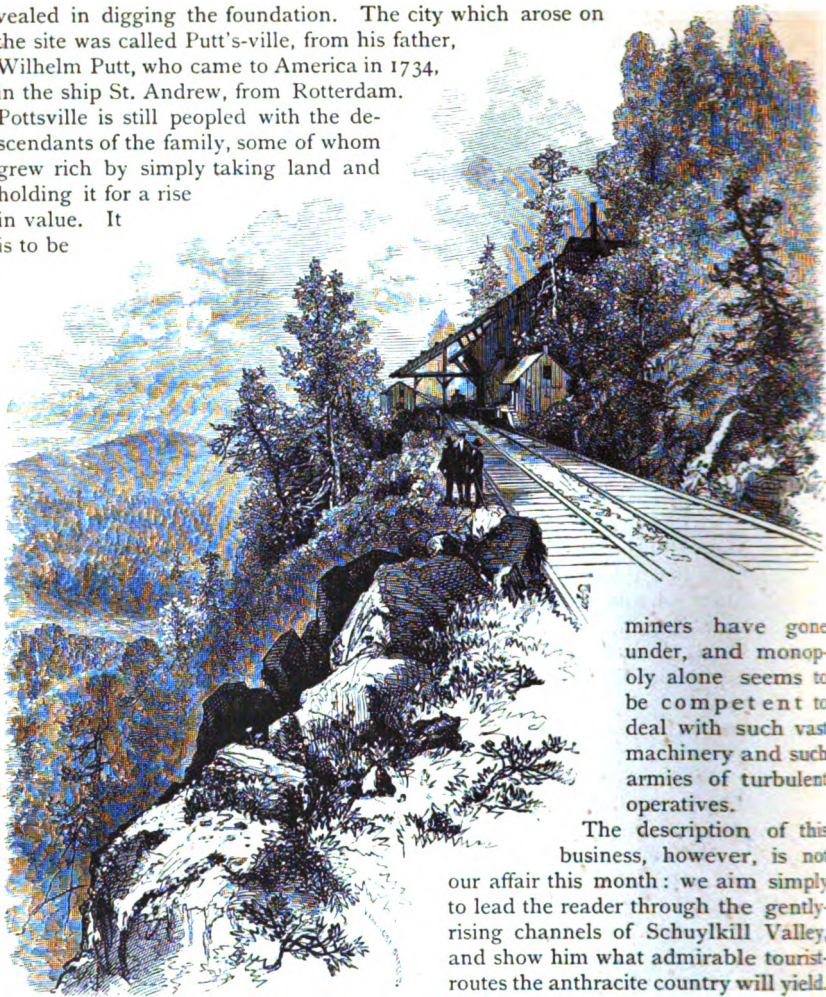
th. Poet Moore, telling how much "knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled," had very little to tell: the of a million chimneys were lying

latent in Schuylkill's mountain-cradle, but it brought him no such report.

John Putt (or Pott) built Greenwood Furnace in 1827, a coal-vein being re-



vealed in digging the foundation. The city which arose on the site was called Putt's-ville, from his father, Wilhelm Putt, who came to America in 1734, in the ship St. Andrew, from Rotterdam. Pottsville is still peopled with the descendants of the family, some of whom grew rich by simply taking land and holding it for a rise in value. It is to be



VIEW NEAR BROOKSIDE.

noted as a singular fact that individuals or private firms have not generally been successful in the business of coal-mining. The market is too uncertain, the strikes among the workmen too capricious and frequent, the various risks too damaging, to be averaged with success on a small scale. The bottom of the sea is not strewn so thickly with sunken argosies as these mountains with the wrecks of private fortunes. The individuals who have made money were those who sold land to speculators, but the small

miners have gone under, and monopoly alone seems to be competent to deal with such vast machinery and such armies of turbulent operatives.

The description of this business, however, is not our affair this month: we aim simply to lead the reader through the gently-rising channels of Schuylkill Valley, and show him what admirable tourist-routes the anthracite country will yield. The trade of a place like Pottsville is only suited to our present purpose when it is so old a story as to be a reminiscence. As Moore was too early in the field to be in anywise conscious of coal, let us hear the humorist Joseph C. Neal, who was present in the full hurly-burly of the mining excitement. Here are some of his sentences:

"In the memorable year to which I allude rumors of fortunes made at a blow, and competency secured by a turn of the fingers came whispering down the Schuylkill. Every speculator had his town laid out, and many of them had

scores of towns. They were, to be sure, located in the pathless forests, but the future Broadways and Pall Malls were marked upon the trees; and it was anticipated that the time was not far distant when the bears, deer and wild-cats would be obliged to give place, and take the gutter side of the belles and beaux

of the new cities. The other branch of our adventurers turned their attention to mining. To it they went, boring the mountains, swamping their money and themselves. The hills swarmed with them, they clustered like bees about a hive, but not a hope was realized. The justices did a fine business. Capiases,



SUSQUEHANNA RIVER NEAR HERNDON.

securities and bail-pieces became as familiar as your gaiter. The farce was over, and the farce of *The Devil to Pay* was the afterpiece. There was but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and Pottsville saw it taken."

The Pottsville of to-day, a town of great elegance, has not its guide-boards set up in an impenetrable forest. Everything shows wealth, ambition and those

exactng tastes that come in the train of satisfied ambition. The goods in the stores are choice and high-priced: each building erected is handsomer than the last. The streets, climbing actively up from the river, are sometimes picturesque, always gay and bright. Sharp Mountain drives its vast obtuse wedge into the sky behind the town. Henry Clay on a column, with a whole hill for a pedestal,

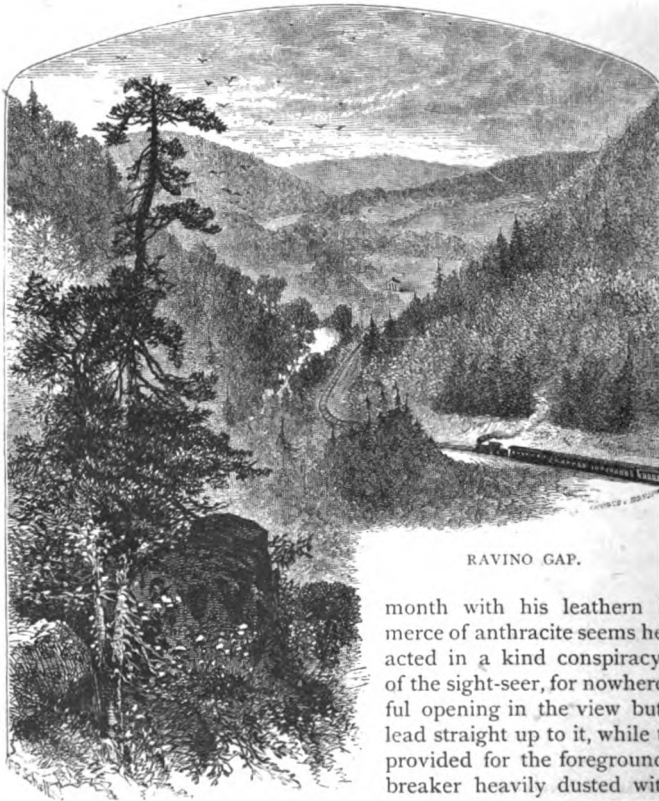


looks amiably over the comfortable population of old-line Whigs who roost and burrow in the fat offices and places of the town. Fine roads for driving wind back among the hills, with superb turns of view, with dusky villages of miners, and a breadth and choice of mining-scenery that makes the whole of this strange trade unwind before the visitor like a drama. There is a little theatre in the city, with a fair stage for the fortuitous concert-troupe or star. Hotel-life is at the level of the highest dreams of the commercial traveler. There is at least one preacher of conspicuous power, Dr. Smiley of the Second Presbyterian Church—a man with a true gift of extemporaneous eloquence, a sort of Whitefield with the hills for his amphitheatre. It is a strange surprise to find such a city, an edifice of refinement, culture and brightness, reposing on the shoulders of

the grimy miners, who are its true caryatides and supports.

Mount Carbon, a continuation of Pottsville, is celebrated only for its hotel, a house owned by the railroad company, and the scene of many a noble feast at which the corporation was the entertainer. There are rare wines in stock here, chosen by experts in such matters, and the kitchen is adorned by the genius of cooks worthy of Apicius's service: this house of call, the "Mansion," is large and handsome, making a good effect as it stands like a carving in alto relief against the green face of Sharp Mountain. Not far away are the hydraulics of Tumbling Run, where there is a pretty lake, with dams to feed the canal, the waste water escaping over the rocks in such a way as to form a fine cascade.

It is easily understood that the laying out of railway-levels among these intricate valleys must be a difficult feat of civil engineering. Let the tourist thank the engineer with all his soul, then, as he penetrates by his aid to ravines almost inaccessible by other means, and grasps in a day's idling a quantity of distant points that Natty Bumppo could hardly compass in a



RAVINO GAP.

month with his leathern legs. The commerce of anthracite seems hereabouts to have acted in a kind conspiracy with the desires of the sight-seer, for nowhere is there a graceful opening in the view but a road seems to lead straight up to it, while there is generally provided for the foreground a colossal coal-breaker heavily dusted with sooty powder.

presenting the general semblance of Cleopatra's needle hung with black velvet, and capital for throwing off the distance into aerial perspective.

We will leave the Schuylkill now, with the graceful image of Pottsville reflected in it, in order to give the artist's pencil a short excursion amongst the Appalachian valleys; reserving the privilege, however, of returning to Pottsville as a centre of movement or pivotal focus, and also that of taking up the river, if we shall so choose, and going backward with it quite to its fountain-head. Having enjoyed a long succession of river-scenes, let us turn to the panorama of the mountains as mining industry has opened it out to our approach. From Pottsville, then, we may take the locomotive over a quantity of short mining-roads which burrow away the coal-hills, or can command a series of feeders which go out from the same centre with a certain parallelism, like the prongs of a fork, to touch various coal-dépôts on the Susquehanna, such as Herndon (a small water-side town below Sunbury) and Dauphin. Westward lie Ashland, Shamokin and the bold opening of Ravino Gap. Near Ashland you are carried over the Upper and Lower Inclined Planes of Gordon, two uphill inclinations of the road occurring close together. The Schuylkill region employs four of these planes, similar in operation to that which has become so celebrated at Mauch Chunk in ascending Mount Pisgah. The sensation of being caught by the little "barney" engine which starts up behind you at the foot of the hill, and pushes you smartly up the rope, is quite odd and magical to a stranger. The Lower Gordon Plane, represented in the cut, carries you a distance of 4755 feet, in which distance you have risen 404 feet, and are 1206 feet above tide; the neighboring Upper Plane, somewhat shorter in length, takes you up to a still greater altitude, leaving you 1519 feet above tide; so that, although on the rail all the time, you have the height of a very respectable mountain beneath you. Bearing in a more southerly direction, an excursion may be taken that will unveil a variety

of wonders, both mechanical and natural. Leave Pottsville, take up its neighbor Mount Carbon and Mount Carbon's neighbor Schuylkill Haven, then double, and proceed by the Mine Hill road, a branch originally built independently, now absorbed by the Reading Company. You get the bold vase-like hollow and the swimming distances of Germantown Valley and Mine Hill Gap. At Cressona you remark the monumental buildings in stone put up by the Mine Hill road when it was an independent corporation. Lorberrry Junction commands a fine valley-view, but it is eclipsed by the neighbor view of Brookside, across Williams Valley. Here, while the disgoring mines pile up their dust-heaps all around you, and the dull mules clamber to the lofty breakers with their loads of coal, the eye commands a distance which is full of enchantment. The direction of the valley is so straight that you are sure you can see all the way down to the Susquehanna River at Harrisburg. Along the vista the inequalities of the parallel mountain-walls jut out one beyond the other, forming accents of fainter and fainter blue, in an interminable perspective, until everything faints in an horizon of blinding azure and silver. In the foreground, relieved in dark saliency against the dazzling vision, are the ears of a mule and the profile of a dust-heap, black as a coffin under a pall. It is a painter's opportunity, for toil and vision, the practical and the ideal, are most artfully blended.

In our next paper we shall have something to say about the vicissitudes of a miner's existence and of the coal-mining industry, on which depend the comfort and life of myriads each winter; and, having got the reader completely lost to the friendly light of day in the deepest recesses of a mine, it will be our business to get him out, and return him to his friends with some novelty of route, not, however, completely losing sight of the exquisite Schuylkill. The object in the present paper has been quite unconnected with the special commerce of the Reading road: we have undertaken a vague relaxation of mind and matter,

not the toil of mines and mattocks. We wished to demonstrate that, in its irresponsible aspect of a mere tourist's route, the valley of Schuylkill is full of historical interest and pictorial beauty.

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TO A WILD FLOWER.

**I**N the green solitudes  
Of the deep, shady woods  
Thy lot is kindly cast, and life to thee  
Is like a gust of rarest minstrelsy.

The winds of May and June  
Hum many a tender tune,  
Flowing above thy leafy hiding-place,  
Kissing, all thrilled with joy, thy modest face.

About thee float and gl  
Rare insects, hovering  
And round thee glance thin streams of delicate grass,  
Plashing their odors on the breeze they pass.

The sheen of brilliant  
Songs of  
The low, my  
Through every sun

O bloom! all joy is thine  
All loves around thee  
The thousand hearts of  
Her thousand voices praise thee.

O bloom of pure  
Flower of Love's ge  
For ever keep thy pe  
For ever send thy  
down the au.

I'll  
W  
At which some sunny hearts may sunnier grow,  
And frozen ones may gently slip their snow;

For I am loved like thee,  
Great joy doth compass me:  
My life is like a wind of May or June,  
Shot through with snatches of a charming tune.

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.



daisies he could find; then, ascending the sand-hill, approached her along the top.

"Saw ye ever sic gowans in yer life, my leddy?" he said, holding out his posy.

"Is that what you call them?" she returned.

"Ow ay, my leddy—daisies *ye* ca' them. I dinna ken but yours is the bonnier name o' the twa—gien it be what Mr. Graham tells me the auld poet Chaucer maks o' 't."

"What is that?"

"Ow, jist the een o' the day—the *day's eyes*, ye ken. They 're sma' een for sic a great face, but syne there's a lot o' them to mak up for that. They've begun to close a'ready, but the mair they close the bonnier they luik, wi' their bits o' screwed-up mooies (*little mouths*). But saw ye ever sic reid anes, or ony sic a size, my leddy?"

"I don't think I ever did. What is the reason they are so large and red?"

"I dinna ken. There canna be muckle nourishment in sic a thin soil, but there maun be something that agrees wi' them. It's the same a' roon' about here."

Lady Florimel sat looking at the daisies, and Malcolm stood a few yards off, watching for the first of the red sails, which must soon show themselves, creeping out on the ebb tide. Nor had he waited long before a boat appeared, then another and another—six huge oars, ponderous to toil withal, urging each from the shelter of the harbor out into the wide weltering plain. The fishing-boat of that time was not decked as now, and each, with every lift of its bows, revealed to their eyes a gaping hollow, ready, if a towering billow should break above it, to be filled with sudden death. One by one the whole fleet crept out, and ever as they gained the breeze, up went the red sails, and filled: aside leaned every boat from the wind, and went dancing away over the frolicking billows toward the sunset, its sails, deep-dyed in oak-bark, shining redder and redder in the growing redness of the sinking sun. Nor did Portlossie alone send out her boats, like huge sea-birds warring on the live treasures of the deep; from beyond

the headlands east and west, out they glided on slow red wing—from Scaurnose, from Sandend, from Clamrock, from the villages all along the coast—spreading as they came, each to its work apart through all the laborious night, to rejoin its fellows only as home drew them back in the clear gray morning, laden and slow with the harvest of the stars. But the night lay between, into which they were sailing over waters of heaven, green that for ever kept tossing up roses—a night whose curtain was a horizon built up of steady blue, but gorgeous with passing purple and crimson, and flashing with molten gold.

Malcolm was not one of those to whom the sea is but a pond for fish, and the sky a storehouse of wind and rain, sunshine and snow: he stood for a moment gazing, lost in pleasure. Then he turned to Lady Florimel: she had thrown her daisies on the sand, appeared to be deep in her book, and certainly caught nothing of the splendor before her, beyond the red light on her page.

"Saw ye ever a bonnier sicht, my leddy?" said Malcolm.

She looked up, and saw and gazed in silence. Her nature was full of poetic possibilities; and now a formless thought foreshadowed itself in a feeling she did not understand: why should such a sight as this make her feel sad? The vital connection between joy and effort had begun from afar to reveal itself with the question she now uttered.

"What is it all for?" she asked dreamily, her eyes gazing out on the calm ecstasy of color, which seemed to have broken the bonds of law, and ushered in a new chaos, fit matrix of new heavens and new earth.

"To catch herrin'," answered Malcolm, ignorant of the mood that prompted the question, and hence mistaking its purport.

But a falling doubt had troubled the waters of her soul, and through the ripple she could descry it settling into form. She was silent for a moment.

"I want to know," she resumed, "why it looks as if some great thing were going on. Why is all this pomp and show?"

ething ought to be at hand. All I is the catching of a few miserable

If it were the eve of a glorious e now, I could understand it—if e were the little English boats rush- to attack the Spanish Armada, for nce. But they are only gone to a fish! Or if they were setting out iscover the Isles of the West, the try beyond the sunset!—but this

canna answer ye a' at ance, my y," said Malcolm: "I maun tak time ink about it. But I ken brawly what ean."

en as he spoke he withdrew, and ending the mound, walked away be- l the bored craig, regardless now of far-lesening sails and the sinking

The notes of the twilight were iplying fast as he returned along the e-side of the dune, but Lady Florimel vanished from its crest. He ran to op: thence, in the dim of the twi-, he saw her slow-retreating form, atom-like, almost at the grated door eared tunnel, which, like that of a tomb, are ready to draw her in, and yield o more.

My leddy! my leddy!" he cried, ina ye bide for 't?"

e went bounding after her like a deer. heard him call, and stood holding oor half open.

t 's the battle o' Armageddon, my y," he cried, as he came within hear- istance.

The battle of what?" she exclaimed, ldered. "I really can't understand savage Scotch."

Foot, my leddy! the battle o' Ar- eddon's no ane o' the Scots battles; the battle atween the richt an' the ug, 'at ye read about i' the buik o' Revelations."

What on earth are you talking about?" ned Lady Florimel in dismay, be- ing to fear that her squire was losing enses.

't's jist what ye was sayin', my leddy: . pomp as yon bude to hing abune a ' battle some gait or ither."

What has the catching of fish to with a battle in the Revelations?"

said the girl, moving a little within the door.

"Weel, my leddy, gien I took in han' to set it furth to ye, I would hae to tell ye a' that Mr. Graham has been learnin' me sin' ever I can min'. He says 'at the whole economy o' natur is fashiont unco like that o' the kingdom o' haven: it's jist a gradation o' services, an' the highest en' o' ony animal is to contree- bute to the life o' ane higher than itsel'; sae that it's the gran' preevilege o' the fish we tak to be aten by human bein's, an' uphaud what's abune them."

"That's a poor consolation to the fish," said Lady Florimel.

"Hoo ken ye that, my leddy? Ye can tell nearhan' as little about the hert o' a herrin'—sic as it has—as the herrin' can tell about yer ain, whilk, I'm think- in', maun be o' the lairgest size."

"How should you know anything about my heart, pray?" she asked, with more amusement than offence.

"Jist by my ain," answered Malcolm.

Lady Florimel began to fear she must have allowed the fisher-lad more liberty than was proper, seeing he dared avow that he knew the heart of a lady of her position by his own. But indeed Malcolm was wrong, for in the scale of hearts Lady Florimel's was far below his. She stepped quite within the door, and was on the point of shutting it, but something about the youth restrained her, exciting at least her curiosity; his eyes glowed with a deep quiet light, and his face, even grand at the moment, had a greater influence upon her than she knew. Instead therefore of interposing the door between them, she only kept it poised, ready to fall to the moment the sanity of the youth should become a hair's- breadth more doubtful than she already considered it.

"It's a' pairt o' ae thing, my leddy," Malcolm resumed. "The herrin 's like the fowk 'at cairries the mate an' the pooder an' sic like for them 'at does the fechtin.' The hert o' the leevin' man's the place whaur the battle's foucht, ap' it's aye gaein' on an' on there atween God an' Sawtan; an' the fish they haud fowk up till 't—"

"Do you mean that the herrings help you to fight for God?" said Lady Florimel with a superior smile.

"Aither for God or for the deevil, my leddy—that depen's upo' the fowk themsel's. I say it hauds them up to fecht, an' the thing maun be fouchten oot. Fowk to fecht maun live, an' the herrin' hauds the life i' them, an' sae the catchin' o' the herrin' comes in to be a pairt o' the battle."

"Wouldn't it be more sensible to say that the battle is between the fishermen and the sea, for the sake of their wives and children?" suggested Lady Florimel supremely.

"Na, my leddy, it wadna be half sae sensible, for it wadna justifee the grandur that hings ower the fecht. The battle wi' the sea 's no sae muckle o' an affair. An', 'deed, gien it warna that the wives an' the verra weans hae themsel's to fecht i' the same battle o' guid an' ill, I dinna see the muckle differ there wad be atween them an' the fish, nor what for they sudna ate ane anither as the cratur's i' the watter du. But gien 't be the battle, I say, there can be no pomp o' sea or sky ower gran' for 't; an' it's a' weel waured (*expended*) gien it but haud the gude anes merry an' strong, an' up to their wark. For that, weel may the sun shine a celestial rosy reid, an' weel may the boatie row, an' weel may the stars luik doon, blinkin' an' luikin' again—ilk ane duin' its bonny pairt to mak a man a richt-hertit, guid-willed sodger!"

"And, pray, what may be your rank in this wonderful army?" asked Lady Florimel, with the air and tone of one humoring a lunatic.

"I'm naething but a raw recruit, my leddy; but gien I hed my chice, I wad be piper to my reg'ment."

"How do you mean?"

"I wad mak sangs. Dinna lauch at me, my leddy, for they're the best kin' o' weapon for the wark 'at I ken. But I'm no a makar (*poet*), an' maun content mysel' wi' duin' my wark as I fin' it."

"Then why," said Lady Florimel, with the conscious right of social superiority to administer good counsel—"why don't

you work harder, and get a better house and wear better clothes?"

Malcolm's mind was so full of far other and weightier things that the question bewildered him; but he grappled with the reference to his clothes.

"'Deed, my leddy," he returned, "ye may weel say that, seein' ye was never aboard a herrin'-boat! but gien ye ance saw the inside o' ane fu' o' fish, whaur a body gangs slidderin' aboot, maybe up to the middle o' 's leg in warnin' herrin' an' the neist meenute, maybe, weel to the skin wi' the splash o' a muckle jaw (*wave*), ye micht think the claes guid eneuch for the wark—though ill fit, I confess wi' shame, to come afore ye leddyship."

"I thought you only fished about close by the shore in a little boat; I didn't know you went with the rest of the fishermen: that's very dangerous work—isn't it?"

"No *ower* dangerous, my leddy. There's some gangs doon ilka sizzon, but it's a' i' the w'y o' your wark."

"Then how is it you're not gone fishing to-night?"

"She 's a new boat, an' there's another day's wark on her afore we win oot—Wadna ye like a row the nicht, my leddy?"

"No, certainly; it's much too late."

"It 'll be nane mirker nor 'tis; but I reckon ye're richt. I cam ower by just to see whether ye wadna like to gang wi' the boats a bit; but yer leddyship set me aff thinkin', an' that pat it oot o' my heid."

"It's too late now, anyhow. Come to-morrow evening, and I'll see if I can go with you."

"I canna, my leddy—that's the fast o' 't! I maun gang wi' Blue Peter the morn's nicht. It was my last chance I'm sorry to say."

"It's not of the slightest consequence." Lady Florimel returned; and, bidding him good-night, she shut and locked the door.

The same instant she vanished, for the tunnel was now quite dark. Malcolm turned with a sigh, and took his way slowly homeward along the top of the

dune. All was dim about him—dim in the heavens, where a thin veil of gray had gathered over the blue; dim on the ocean, where the stars swayed and swung, in faint flashes of dissolving radiance, cast loose like ribbons of seaweed; dim all along the shore, where the white of the breaking wavelet melted into the yellow sand; and dim in his own heart, where the manner and words of the lady had half hidden her starry reflex with a chilling mist.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### THE FEAST.

To the entertainment which the marquis and Lady Florimel had resolved to give, all classes and conditions in the neighborhood now began to receive invitations—shopkeepers, there called merchants, and all socially above them, individually, by notes, in the name of the marquis and Lady Florimel, but in the handwriting of Mrs. Crathie and her daughters; and the rest generally, by the sound of bagpipes and proclamation from the lips of Duncan MacPhail. To the satisfaction of Johnny Bykes, the exclusion of improper persons was left in the hands of the gatekeepers.

The thing had originated with the factor. The old popularity of the lords of the land had vanished utterly during the life of the marquis's brother, and Mr. Crathie, being wise in his generation, sought to initiate a revival of it by hinting the propriety of some general hospitality, a suggestion which the marquis was anything but loath to follow. For the present Lord Lossie, although as unready as most men to part with anything he cared for, could yet cast away magnificently, and had always greatly prized a reputation for liberality.

For the sake of the fishermen, the first Saturday after the commencement of the home-fishing was appointed. The few serious ones, mostly Methodists, objected on the ground of the proximity of the Sunday; but their attitude was, if possible, of still less consequence in the eyes of their neighbors that it was well

known they would in no case have accepted such an invitation.

The day dawned propitious. As early as five o'clock, Mr. Crathie was abroad, booted and spurred—now directing the workmen who were setting up tents and tables; now conferring with house-steward, butler or cook; now mounting his horse and galloping off to the home-farm or the distillery, or into the town to the Lossie Arms, where certain guests from a distance were to be accommodated, and whose landlady had undertaken the superintendence of certain of the victualing departments; for canny Mr. Crathie would not willingly have the meanest guest ask twice for anything he wanted—so invaluable did he consider a good word from the humblest quarter—and the best labors of the French cook, even had he revered instead of despising Scottish dishes, would have ill-sufficed for the satisfaction of appetites critically appreciative of hotch-potch, sheep's head, haggis and black puddings.

The neighboring nobility and landed gentlemen, the professional guests also, including the clergy, were to eat with the marquis in the great hall. On the grass near the house tents were erected for the burgesses of the burgh and the tenants of the marquis's farms. I would have said *on the lawn*, but there was no lawn proper about the place, the ground was so picturesquely broken—in parts with all but precipices—and so crowded with trees. Hence its aspect was specially unlike that of an English park and grounds. The whole was *Celtic* as distinguished in character from *Saxon*. For the lake-like lawn, for the wide sweeps of airy room in which expand the mighty boughs of solitary trees, for the filmy gray-blue distances, and the far-off segments of horizon, here were the tree-crowded grass, the close windings of the long glen of the burn, heavily overshadowed, and full of mystery and cover, but leading at last to the widest vantage of outlook—the wild heathery hill down which it drew its sharp furrow; while, in front of the house, beyond hidden river, and plane of tree-tops, and far-sunk shore with its dune and its bored crag and its



tortuous caves, lay the great sea, a pouting under lip, met by the thin, reposeful—shall I say sorrowful?—upper lip of the sky.

A bridge of stately span, level with the sweep in front, honorable embodiment of the savings of a certain notable countess, one end resting on the same rock with the house, their foundations almost in contact, led across the burn to more and more trees, their roots swathed in the finest grass, through which ran broad carriage drives and narrower footways, hard and smooth with yellow gravel. Here amongst the trees were set long tables for the fishermen, mechanics and farm-labourers. Here also was the place appointed for the piper.

As the hour drew near, the guests came trooping in at every entrance. By the sea-gate came the fisher-folk, many of the men in the blue jersey, the women mostly in short print gowns of large patterns—the married with huge, wide-frilled caps, and the unmarried with their hair gathered in silken nets: bonnets there were very few. Each group that entered had a joke or a jibe for Johnny Bykes, which he met in varying but always surly fashion—in that of utter silence in the case of Duncan and Malcolm, at which the former was indignant, the latter merry. By the town-gate came the people of Portlossie. By the new main entrance from the high road beyond the town, through lofty Greekish gates, came the lords and lairds, in yellow coaches, gigs and post-chaises. By another gate, far up the glen, came most of the country-folk, some walking, some riding, some driving, all merry and with the best intentions of enjoying themselves. As the common people approached the house, they were directed to their different tables by the sexton, for he knew everybody.

The marquis was early on the ground, going about amongst his guests, and showing a friendly off-hand courtesy which prejudiced every one in his favor. Lady Florimel soon joined him, and a certain frank way she inherited from her father, joined to the great beauty her mother had given her, straightway won all hearts. She spoke to Duncan with cordiality: the

moment he heard her voice, he pulled off his bonnet, put it under his arm, and responded with what I can find no better phrase to describe than—a profuse dignity. Malcolm she favored with a smile which swelled his heart with pride and devotion. The bold-faced countess next appeared: she took the marquis's other arm, and nodded to his guests condescendingly and often, but seemed, after every nod, to throw her head farther back than before. Then to haunt the goings of Lady Florimel came Lord Meikleham, receiving little encouragement, but eager after such crumbs as he could gather. Suddenly the great bell under the highest of the gilded vanes rang a loud peal, and the marquis having led his chief guests to the hall, as soon as he was seated the tables began to be served simultaneously.

At that where Malcolm sat with Duncan grace was grievously foiled by the latter, for, unaware of what was going on, he burst out, at the request of a wag-gish neighbor, with a tremendous blast, of which the company took advantage to commence operations at once, and presently the clatter of knives and forks and spoons was the sole sound to be heard in that division of the feast: across the valley, from the neighborhood of the house, came now and then a faint peal of laughter, for there they knew how to be merry while they ate; but here, the human element was in abeyance, for people who work hard seldom talk while they eat. From the end of an overhanging bough a squirrel looked at them for one brief moment, wondering perhaps that they should not prefer cracking a nut in private, and vanished; but the birds kept singing, and the scents of the flowers came floating up from the garden below, and the burn went on with its own noises and its own silences, drifting the froth of its last passion down toward the doors of the world.

In the hall, ancient jokes soon began to flutter their moulted wings, and musty compliments to offer themselves for the acceptance of the ladies, and meet with a reception varied by temperament and experience: what the bold-faced countess heard with a hybrid contortion, half

neer and half smile, would have made Lady Florimel stare out of big refusing eyes.

Those more immediately around the marquis were soon laughing over the story of the trick he had played the blind piper, and of the apology he had had to make in consequence; and perhaps something better than mere curiosity had to do with the wish of several of the guests to see the old man and his grandson. The marquis said the piper himself would take care they should not miss him, but he would send for the young fellow, who was equally fitted to amuse them, being quite as much of a character in his way as the other.

He spoke to the man behind his chair, and in a few minutes Malcolm made his appearance, following the messenger.

"Malcolm," said the marquis kindly, "I want you to keep your eyes open, and see that no mischief is done about the place."

"I dinna think there's ane o' oor ain fowk wad dee ony mischeef, my lord," answered Malcolm; "but whan ye keep open yett, ye canna be sure wha wins in, especially wi' sic a gowk as Johnny Bykes at ane o' them. No 'at he wad wrang yer lordship a hair, my lord!"

"At all events you'll be on the alert," said the marquis.

"I wull that, my lord. There's twa or three aboot a'ready 'at I dinna a'thegither like the leuks o'. They're no like country-fowk, an' they're no fisher-fowk. It's no far aff the time o' year whan the gypsies are i' the w'y o' payin' 's a veesit, an' they may ha' come in at the Binn yett (*gate*), whaur there's nane but an auld wife to haud them oot."

"Well, well," said the marquis, who had no fear about the behavior of his guests, and had only wanted a color for his request of Malcolm's presence. "In the mean time," he added, "we are rather short-handed here. Just give the butler a little assistance—will you?"

"Willin'ly my lord," answered Malcolm, forgetting altogether, in the prospect of being useful and within sight of Lady Florimel, that he had but half-finished his own dinner. The butler,

who had already had an opportunity of admiring his aptitude, was glad enough to have his help, and after this day used to declare that in a single week he could make him a better servant than any of the men who waited at table. It was indeed remarkable how, with such a limited acquaintance with the many modes of an artificial life, he was yet, by quickness of sympathetic insight, capable not only of divining its requirements, but of distinguishing, amid the multitude of appliances around, those fitted to their individual satisfaction.

It was desirable, however, that the sitting in the hall should not be prolonged, and after a few glasses of wine the marquis rose and went to make the round of the other tables. Taking them in order, he came last to those of the rustics, mechanics and fisher-folk. These had advanced considerably in their potations, and the fun was loud. His appearance was greeted with shouts, into which Duncan struck with a pæan from his pipes; but in the midst of the tumult, one of the oldest of the fisherman stood up, and in a voice accustomed to battle with windy uproars, called for silence. He then addressed their host.

"Ye'll jist mak 's prood by drinkin' a tum'ler wi' 's, yer lordship," he said. "It's no ilka day we hae the honor o' yer lordship's company."

"Or I of yours," returned the marquis with hearty courtesy. "I will do it with pleasure—or at least a glass: my head's not so well seasoned as some of yours."

"Gien yer lordship's hed hed as mony blasts o' nicht win', an' as mony jaups o' cauld sea-watter aboot its lugs as oors, it wad hae been fit to stan' as muckle o' the barley bree as the stievest o' the lot, I s' warran'."

"I hope so," returned Lord Lossie, who, having taken a seat at the end of the table, was now mixing a tumbler of toddy. As soon as he had filled his glass, he rose and drank to the fishermen of Portlossie, their wives and their sweethearts, wishing them a mighty conquest of herring, and plenty of children to keep up the breed and the war on the fish. His speech was received with hearty

cheers, during which he sauntered away to rejoin his friends.

Many toasts followed, one of which, "Damnation to the dog-fish!" gave opportunity to a wag, seated near the piper, to play upon the old man's well-known foible by adding, "an' Cawmill o' Glenlyon;" whereupon Duncan, who had by this time taken more whisky than was good for him, rose, and made a rambling speech, in which he returned thanks for the imprecation, adding thereto the hope that never might one of the brood accursed go down with honor to the grave.

The fishermen listened with respectful silence, indulging only in nods, winks and smiles for the interchange of amusement, until the utterance of the wish recorded, when, apparently carried away for a moment by his eloquence, they broke into loud applause. But from the midst of it, a low, gurgling laugh close by him reached Duncan's ear: excited though he was with strong drink and approbation, he shivered, sunk into his seat, and clutched at his pipes convulsively, as if they had been a weapon of defence.

"Malcolm! Malcolm, my son!" he muttered feebly, "tere is a voman will pe laughing! She is a paad voman: she makes me cold!"

Finding from the no-response that Malcolm had left his side, he sat motionless, drawn into himself, and struggling to suppress the curdling shiver. Some of the women gathered about him, but he assured them it was nothing more than a passing sickness.

Malcolm's attention had, a few minutes before, been drawn to two men of somewhat peculiar appearance, who, applauding louder than any, only pretended to drink, and occasionally interchanged glances of intelligence. It was one of these peculiar looks that first attracted his notice. He soon discovered that they had a comrade on the other side of the table, who apparently, like themselves, had little or no acquaintance with any one near him. He did not like either their countenances or their behavior, and resolved to watch them. In order therefore to be able to follow them when they

moved, as he felt certain they would before long, without attracting their attention he left the table and making a circuit took up his position behind a neighboring tree. Hence it came that he was not, at the moment of his need, by his grandfather's side, whither he had returned as soon as dinner was over in the hall.

Meantime it became necessary to check the drinking by the counter-attraction of the dance: Mr. Crathie gave orders that a chair should be mounted on a table for Duncan, and the young hinds and fishermen were soon dancing zealously with the girls of their company to his strathspeys and reels. The other divisions of the marquis's guests made merry to the sound of a small brass band, a harp and two violins.

When the rest forsook the toddy for the reel, the objects of Malcolm's suspicion remained at the table, not to drink, but to draw nearer to each other and confer. At length, when the dancers began to return in quest of liquor, they rose and went away loiteringly through the trees. As the twilight was now deepening, Malcolm found it difficult to keep them in sight, but for the same reason he was able the more quickly to glide after them from tree to tree. It was almost moon-rise, he said to himself, and if they meditated mischief, now was their best time.

Presently he heard the sound of running feet, and in a moment more spied the unmistakable form of the mad laird darting through the thickening dusk of the trees with gestures of wild horror. As he passed the spot where Malcolm stood, he cried out in a voice like a suppressed shriek, "It's my mither! It's my mither! I dinna ken whaur I come frae."

His sudden appearance and outcry so startled Malcolm that for a moment he forgot his watch, and when he looked again the men had vanished. Not having any clue to their intent, and knowing only that on such a night the house was nearly defenceless, he turned at once and made for it. As he approached the front, coming over the bridge, he fancied he saw a figure disappear through the entrance, and quickened his pace. Just as

he reached it, he heard a door bang, and supposing it to be that which shut off the second hall, whence rose the principal staircase, he followed this vaguest of hints, and bounded to the top of the stair. Entering the first passage he came to, he found it almost dark, with a half-open door at the end, through which shone a gleam from some window beyond: this light was plainly shut off for a moment, as if by some one passing the window. He hurried after—noiselessly, for the floor was thickly carpeted—and came to the foot of a winding stone stair. Afraid beyond all things of doing nothing, and driven by the formless conviction that if he stopped to deliberate he certainly should do nothing, he shot up the dark screw like an ascending bubble, passed the landing of the second floor without observing it, and arrived in the attic regions of the ancient pile, under low, irregular ceilings, here ascending in cones, there coming down in abrupt triangles, or sloping away to a hidden meeting with the floor in distant corners. His only light was the cold blue glimmer from here and there a storm-window or a skylight. As the conviction of failure grew on him, the *ghostly* feeling of the place began to invade him. All was vague, forsaken and hopeless as a dreary dream, with the superadded miserable sense of lonely sleep-walking. I suspect that the feeling we call *ghostly* is but the sense of abandonment in the lack of companion life; but be this as it may, Malcolm was glad enough to catch sight of a gleam as from a candle at the end of a long, low passage on which he had come after mazy wandering. Another similar passage crossed its end, somewhere in which must be the source of the light: he crept toward it, and, laying himself flat on the floor, peeped round the corner. His very heart stopped to listen: seven or eight yards from him, with a small lantern in her hand, stood a short female figure, which, the light falling for a moment on her soft evil countenance, he recognized as Mrs. Catanach's. Beside her stood a tall graceful figure, draped in black from head to foot. Mrs. Catanach was speaking in a low tone, and what Malcolm

was able to catch was evidently the close of a conversation.

"I'll do my best, ye may be sure, my leddy," she said. "There's something no canny about the cratur, an' doobtless ye was an ill-used wuman, an' ye're i' the richt. But it's a some fearsome ventur, an' may be luikit intill, ye ken. There I s' be yer scoug. Lippen to me, an' ye s' no repent it."

As she ended speaking, she turned to the door, and drew from it a key, evidently after a foiled attempt to unlock it therewith; for from a bunch she carried she now made choice of another, and was already fumbling with it in the key-hole, when Malcolm bethought himself that, whatever her further intent, he ought not to allow her to succeed in opening the door. He therefore rose slowly to his feet, and stepping softly out into the passage, sent his round blue bonnet spinning with such a certain aim that it flew right against her head. She gave a cry of terror, smothered by the sense of evil secresy, and dropped her lantern. It went out. Malcolm pattered with his hands on the floor, and began to howl frightfully. Her companion had already fled, and Mrs. Catanach picked up her lantern and followed. But her flight was soft-footed, and gave sign only in the sound of her garments and a clank or two of her keys.

Gifted with a good sense of relative position, Malcolm was able to find his way back to the hall without much difficulty, and met no one on the way. When he stepped into the open air a round moon was visible through the trees, and their shadows were lying across the sward. The merriment had grown louder, for a good deal of whisky having been drunk by men of all classes, hilarity had ousted restraint, and the separation of classes having broken a little, there were many stragglers from the higher to the lower divisions, whence the area of the more boisterous fun had considerably widened. Most of the ladies and gentlemen were dancing in the chequer of the trees and moonlight, but, a little removed from the rest, Lady Florimel was seated under a tree, with Lord

Meikleham by her side, probably her partner in the last dance. She was looking at the moon, which shone upon her from between two low branches, and there was a sparkle in her eyes and a luminousness upon her cheek which to Malcolm did not seem to come from the moon only. He passed on, with the first pang of jealousy in his heart, feeling now for the first time that the space between Lady Florimel and himself was indeed a gulf. But he cast the whole thing from him for the time with an inward scorn of his foolishness, and hurried on from group to group to find the marquis.

Meeting with no trace of him, and thinking he might be in the flower-garden, which a few rays of the moon now reached, he descended thither. But he searched it through with no better success, and at the farthest end was on the point of turning to leave it and look elsewhere, when he heard a moan of stifled agony on the other side of a high wall which here bounded the garden. Climbing up an espalier, he soon reached the top, and looking down on the other side, to his horror and rage espied the mad laird on the ground, and the very men of whom he had been in pursuit standing over him and brutally tormenting him, apparently in order to make him get up and go along with them. One was kicking him, another pulling his head this way and that by the hair, and the third punching and poking his hump, which last cruelty had probably drawn from him the cry Malcolm had heard.

Three might be too many for him: he descended swiftly, found some stones, and a stake from a bed of sweet-peas, then climbing up again, took such effectual aim at one of the villains that he fell without uttering a sound. Dropping at once from the wall, he rushed at the two with stick upheaved.

"Dinna be in sic a rage, man," cried the first, avoiding his blow: "we're aboot naething ayont the lawfu'. It's only the mad laird. We're takin' 'im to the asylum at Ebberdeen. By the order o' 's ain mither!"

At the word a choking scream came from the prostrate victim. Malcolm uttered a huge imprecation, and struck at the fellow again, who now met him in a way that showed it was noise more than wounds he had dreaded. Instantly the other came up, and also fell upon him with vigor. But his stick was too much for them, and at length one of them, crying out, "It's the blin' piper's bastard—I'll mark him yet!" took to his heels, and was followed by his companion.

More eager after rescue than punishment, Malcolm turned to the help of the laird, whom he found in utmost need of his ministrations—gagged, and with his hands tied mercilessly tight behind his back. His knife quickly released him, but the poor fellow was scarcely less helpless than before. He clung to Malcolm and moaned piteously, every moment glancing over his shoulder in terror of pursuit. His mouth hung open as if the gag were still tormenting him; now and then he would begin his usual lament and manage to say "I dinna ken;" but when he attempted the *whaur*, his jaw fell and hung as before. Malcolm sought to lead him away, but he held back, moaning dreadfully; then Malcolm would have him sit down where they were, but he caught his hand and pulled him away, stopping instantly, however, as if not knowing whither to turn from the fears on every side. At length the prostrate enemy began to move, when the laird, who had been unaware of his presence, gave a shriek and took to his heels. Anxious not to lose sight of him, Malcolm left the wounded man to take care of himself, and followed him up the steep side of the little valley.

They had not gone many steps from the top of the ascent, however, before the fugitive threw himself on the ground exhausted, and it was all Malcolm could do to get him to the town, where, unable to go a pace farther, he sank down on Mrs. Catanach's doorstep. A light was burning in the cottage, but Malcolm would seek shelter for him anywhere rather than with her, and, in terror of her quick

## CHAPTER XXV.

## THE NIGHT WATCH.

caught him up in his arms like a , and hurried away with him to Miss 's.

"h, sirs!" exclaimed Miss Horn, when pened the door—for Jean was among merry-makers—"wha 's this 'at 's kilt "

:'s the—laird—Mr. Stewart," return- Malcolm. "He 's no freely kilt, but han'."

fa! weel I wat! Come in an' set doon till we see," said Miss Horn, ng and leading the way up to her parlor.

ere Malcolm laid his burden on the and gave a brief account of the res-

ord preserve 's, Ma'colm!" cried Horn, as soon as he had ended his o which she had listened in silence ferce eyes and threatening nose : 't a mercy I wasna made like some or I couldna ha' bidden to see the fallow misguidet that gait! It 's a al mercy, Ma'colm MacPhail, to be wantin' ony sic thing as feelin's." e was leaving the room as she spoke return instantly with brandy. The swallowed some with an effort, and to revive.

h, sirs!" exclaimed Miss Horn, re- ng him now more narrowly—"but in an awfu' state o' dirt! I maun his face an' han's, an' pit him till 's Could ye help aff wi' 's claes, Ma- ? Though I haena ony feelin's, I t some eeric-like at the puir body's "

e last words were uttered in what udged a safe aside. As if she had his mother, she washed his face and s and dried them tenderly, the laird itting like a child. He spoke but word—when she took him by the to lead him to the room where her n used to sleep. "Father o' lichts!" id, and no more. Malcolm put him ed, where he lay perfectly still, ner awake or asleep they could not

then set out to go back to Lossie c, promising to return after he had his grandfather home and seen also safe in bed.

WHEN Malcolm returned, Jean had re- tired for the night, and again it was Miss Horn who admitted him and led him to her parlor. It was a low-ceiled room, with lean spider-legged furniture and dingy curtains. Everything in it was suggestive of a comfort slowly vanishing. An odor of withered rose-leaves pervaded the air. A Japanese cabinet stood in one corner, and on the mantelpiece a pair of Chinese fans with painted figures whose faces were embossed in silk, between which ticked an old French clock, whose supporters were a shepherd and shep- herdess in prettily painted china. Long faded as was everything in it, the room was yet very rich in the eyes of Malcolm, whose home was bare even in compar- ison with that of the poorest of the fisher- women: they had a passion for orna- menting their chimney-pieces with china ornaments, and their dressers with the most gorgeous crockery that their money could buy—a certain metallic orange be- ing the prevailing hue; while in Dun- can's cottage, where woman had never initiated the taste, there was not even a china poodle to represent the finished development of luxury in the combina- tion of the ugly and the useless.

Miss Horn had made a little fire in the old-fashioned grate, whose bars bellied out like a sail almost beyond the narrow chimney-shelf, and a tea-kettle was sing- ing on the hob, while a decanter, a sugar- basin, a nutmeg-grater and other needful things on a tray suggested negus, beyond which Miss Horn never went in the mat- ter of stimulants, asserting that, as she had no feelings, she never required any- thing stronger. She made Malcolm sit down at the opposite side of the fire, and mixing him a tumbler of her favorite drink, began to question him about the day, and how things had gone.

Miss Horn had the just repute of dis- cretion, for, gladly hearing all the news, she had the rare virtue of not repeating things to the prejudice of others without some *good* reason for so doing: Malcolm therefore, seated thus alone with her in the dead of the night, and bound to her

by the bond of a common well-doing, had no hesitation in unfolding to her all his adventures of the evening. She sat with her big hands in her lap, making no remark, not even an exclamation, while he went on with the tale of the garret; but her listening eyes grew—not larger—darker and fiercer as he spoke; the space between her nostrils and mouth widened visibly; the muscles knotted on the sides of her neck; and her nose curved more and more to the shape of a beak.

"There's some deevilry there!" she said at length after he had finished, breaking a silence of some moments, during which she had been staring into the fire. "Whaur twa ill women come thegither, there maun be the auld man himsel' atween them."

"I dinna doobt it," returned Malcolm. "An' ane o' them 's an ill wuman, sure eneuch; but I ken naething about the tither—only 'at she maun be a leddy, by the w'y the howdy-wife spak till her."

"The waur token, whan a leddy colloques wi' a wuman aneth her ain station, an' ane 'at has keppit (*caught in passing*) mony a secret in her day, an' by her callin' has had mair opportunity—no to say farther—than ither fowk o' duin' ill things! An gien ye dinna ken her, that's no rizzon 'at I sudna hae a groff guiss at her by the marks ye read aff o' her. I'll jist hae to tell ye a story sic as an auld wife like me seldom tells till a yoong man like yersel'."

"Yer ain bridle sall rule my tongue, mem," said Malcolm.

"I s' lippen to yer discretion," said Miss Horn, and straightway began: "Some years ago—an' I s' warran' it's weel ower twenty—that same wuman, Bawby Cat'nach—wha was nae hame-born wuman, nor had been lang about the toon—comin' as she did frae naebody kent whaur, 'cep maybe it was the markis 'at than was—preshumed to mak up to me i' the w'y o' frien'ly acquaintance—sic as a maiden leddy nicht hae wi' a howdy—an' no 'at she forgot her proaper behavior to ane like mysel'. But I cudna hae bidden (*endured*) the jaud, 'cep 'at I had rizzons for lattin' her jaw wag. She was cunnin', the auld vratch

—no that auld, maybe aboot forty—but I was ower mony for her. She had the design to win at something she thought I kent, an' sae, to enteece me to open my pock, she opent hers, an' tell me story efter story about this neebor an' that—a' o' them things 'at ouchtna to ha' been true, an' 'at she ouchtna to ha' loot pass her lips gien they war true, seein' she cam by the knowledge o' them as she said she did. But she gat nae thin' o' me—the fat-braint cat!—an' she hates me like the verra mischeef."

Miss Horn paused and took a sip of her negus.

"Ae day I came upon her sittin' by the ingle-neuk i' my ain kitchen, haudin' a close an' a laich confab wi' Jean. I had Jean than, an' hoo I hae keepit the hizzy, I hardly ken. I think it maun be that, haen' nae feelin's o' my ain, I hae ower muckle regaird to ither fowk's, an' sae I never likit to pit her awa' wi'oot doonricht provocation. But dinna ye lippen to Jean, Malcolm—na, na!—At that time, my cousin, Miss Grizel Cammell—my third cousin, she was—had come to bide wi' me—a bonny yoong thing as ye wad see, but in sair ill health, an' maybe she had her freits (*whins*), an' maybe no, but she cudna bide to see the wuman Cat'nach about the place. An' in verra trowth, she was to mysel' like ane o' thae ill-faured birds—I dinna min' upo' the name o' them—'at hings ower an army; for wharever there was onybody nae weel or onybody died, there was Bawby Cat'nach. I hae hard o' creepin' things 'at veesits fowk 'at 's do weel—an' Bawby was, an' is, ane sic like! Sae I was angert at seein' her colloquin' wi' Jean, an' I cried Jean to me to the door o' the kitchie. But wi' that up jumps Bawby, an' comin' efter her, says to me—says she, 'Eh, Miss Horn! there's terrible news: Ledy Lossie's deid!—she 's been three ooks deid!—'Weel,' says I, 'what's sae terrible about that?' For ye ken I never had ony feelin's, an' I cud see naething sae awfu' aboot a body deein' i' the ord'na' w'y o' natur like. 'We'll no miss her muckle doon here,' says I, 'for I never hard o' her bein' at the Hoose sin' ever

min'.'—'But that's no a', says she; I wad be laith to speyk about it i' anse (*passage*). Lat me up the stair e, an' I'll tell ye mair.' Weel, pairtly was ta'en by surprise like, an' pairtly that I was keerious to hear—ill 'at it her—what neist the wuman wad I did as I ouchtna, an' turned an' up the stair, an' loot her follow me. An she cam in, she pat tu the door e, an' her, an' turnt to me, an' said—says 'An' wha 's deid forbye, think ye?' hae hard o' naebody,' I answered. a but the laird o' Gersfell!' says 'I'm sorry to hear that, honest !' says i; for a'budy likit Mr. Stew- 'An' what think ye o' 't?' says wi' a runklin o' her broos, an' a o' her heid, an' a settin' o' her roon' es upo' the fat hips o' her. 'Think ?' says I: 'what sud I think o' 't, that it's the wull o' Providence?' that she leuch till she wabblet a' like cauld skink, an' says she— el, that's jist what it is no, an' that e tell ye, Miss Horn!' I glowert at maist frichtit into believin' she was witch fowk ca'd her. 'Wha's son 's hump-backit cratur,' says she, 'at es in i' the gig whiles wi' the groom- think ye?'—'Wha's but the puir 's 'at's deid?' says I. 'Deil a bit o' says she, 'an' I beg yer pardon for tionin' o' *him*,' says she. An' syne screwt up her mou', an' com closs ill me—for I wadna sit doon mysel', less wad I bid her, an' was sorry icht by this time 'at I had brought up the stair—an' says she, layin' her 'upo' my airm wi' a clap, as gien an' me was to be freen's upo' sic a t' foundation o' dirt as that!—says makin' a laich toot-moot o' 't—'He's d Lossie's!' says she, an' m'aks a face micht hae turnt a cat sick—only by l luck I had nae feelin's. 'An' no er 's my leddy deid nor *her* man fol- s her!' says she. 'An' what do ye e o' that?' says she. 'Ay, what do mak o' t.at?' says I till her again. '! what ken I?' says she, wi' anither euk; an' wi' that she leuch an' turn- awa', but turned back again or she

wan to the door, an' says she—'Maybe ye didna ken 'at she was brought to bed hersel' about a sax ooks ago?'—'Puir leddy!' said I, thinkin' mair o' her evil report nor o' the pains o' childbirth. 'Ay,' says she, wi' a deevilch kin' o' a laugh, like in spite o' hersel', 'for the bairn's deid, they tell me—as bonny a lad-bairn as ye wad see, jist ooncoamon! An' whaur div ye think she had her doon-lying'? Jist at Lossie Hoose.' Wi' that she was oot at the door wi' a swag o' her tail, 'an doon the stair to Jean again. I was jist at ane mair wi' anger at mysel' 'an scunner at her, an' was in twa min's to gang efter her an' turn her oot o' the hoose, her an' Jean thegither. I could hear her snicherin' till hersel' as she gaed doon the stair. My verra stamack turned at the poozhonous ted.

"I canna say what was true or what was fause i' the scandal o' her tale, nor what for she tuik the trouble to cairry 't to me, but it sune cam to be said 'at the yoong laird was but half-witted as weel's humpit, an' 'at his mither cudna bide him. An' certain it was 'at the puir wee chap cud as little bide his mither. Gien she cam near him ohn luikit for, they said, he wad gie a great skriech, and rin as fest as his wee weyver (*spider*) legs cud wag aneth the wecht o' 's humpie— an' whiles her efter him wi' onything she cud lay her han' upo', they said— but I kenna. Ony gait, the widow hersel' grew waur and waur i' the temper, an' I misdoobt me sair was gey hard upo' the puir wee objeck—fell cruel till 'im, they said—till at len'th, as a' body kens, he forhooit (*forsook*) the hoose a'thegither. An' puttin' this an' that thegither, for I hear a hantle said 'at I say na ower again, it seems to me 'at her first scunner at her puir misformt bairn, wha they say was humpit whan he was born, an' maist cost her life to get lowst o' him—her scunner at 'im 's been growin' an' growin', till it's grown to doon-richt hate."

"It's an awfu' thing 'at ye say, mem, an' I doobt it's ower true. But hoo *can* a mither hate her ain bairn?" said Malcolm.



"Deed it's no wonner ye sud speir, laddie! for it's weel kent 'at maist mithers, gien there be a shargar or a nat'ral or a crookit ane amo' their bairns, mak mair o' that ane nor o' a' the lave putten thegither—as gien they wad mak it up till 'im, for the fair play o' the warl'. But ye see in this case, he's aiblins (*perhaps*) the child o' sin—for a leear *may* tell an ill trowth—an' beirs the marks o' 't, ye see; sae to her he's jist her sin rinnin' about the warl' incarnat; an' that canna be pleasant to luik upo'."

"But excep' she war ashamed o' 't, she wadna tak it sae muckle to hert to be remin't o' 't."

"Mony ane's ashamed o' the consequences 'at's no ashamed o' the deed. Mony one cud du the sin ower again, 'at canna bide the sicht or even the word o' 't. I hae seen a body 'at wad steal a thing as sune's luik at it gang daft wi' rage at bein' ca'd a thief. An' maybe she wadna care gien 't warna for the oogliness o' 'im. Sae be he was a bonny sin, I'm thinkin' she wad bide him weel eneuch. But seein' he 's naither i' the image o' her 'at bore 'im nor him 'at got 'im, but beirs on 's back, for ever in her sicht, the sin 'at was the gettin' o' 'm, he's a hump to her, an' her hert 's aye howkin a grave for 'im to lay 'im oot o' sicht intill: she bore 'im, an' she wad beery 'im. An' I'm thinkin' she beirs the markis—gien sae it be sae—deid an' gane as he is—a grutch yet, for passin' sic an offspring upon her, an' syne no merryin' her efter an' a', an' the ro'd clear o' baith 'at stude atween them. It *was* said 'at the man 'at killt 'im in a twasum fecht (*duel*), sae mony a year efter, was a freen' o' hers."

"But *wad* fowk du sic awfu' ill things, mem—her a merried woman, an' him a merried man?"

"There's no sayin', laddie, what a hantle o' men and some women wad du. I hae muckle to be thankfu' for 'at I was sic as no man ever luikit twice at. I wasna weel-faured eneuch, though I had bonny hair, an' my mither aye said 'at her Maggy hed guid sense, whatever else she nicht or nicht not hae. But gien I cud hae gotten a guid man, sic-like's is

scarce, I cud hae lo'ed him weel eneuch. But that's naither here nor there, an' has naething to du wi' onybody ava. The pint I had to come till was this: the wuman ye saw haudin' a toot moot (*what must?*) wi' that Cat'nach wife was nae ither, I do believe, than Mistress Stewart, the puir laird's mither. An' I hae as little doobt that whan ye tuik 's pairt, ye broucht to noucht a plot o' the twasum (*two together*) against him. It bodes guid to naebody whan there's a conjung o' twa sic wanderin' stars o' blackness as yon twa."

"His ain mither!" exclaimed Malcolm brooding in horror over the frightful conjecture.

The door opened, and the mad laird came in. His eyes were staring wide but their look and that of his troubled visage showed that he was awake only in some frightful dream. "Father o' lichts!" he murmured once and again, but making wild gestures, as if warding off blows. Miss Horn took him gently by the hand. The moment he felt her touch, his face grew calm, and he submitted at once to be led back to bed.

"Ye may tak yer aith upo' 't, Ma'colm," she said when she returned, "she means naething but ill by that puir cratur; but you and me—we'll ding (*defeat*) her yet gien't be *His* wull. She wants a grip o' m for some ill rizzon or ither—to lock him up in a madhouse, maybe, as the villain said, or 'deed, maybe, to mak awa' wi' him a'thegither."

"But what guid wad that du her?" said Malcolm.

"It's ill to say, but she wad hae him oot o' her sicht, ony gait."

"She can hae but little sicht o' him as 'tis," objected Malcolm.

"Ay; but she aye kens he's whaur she doesna ken, puttin' her to shame, 'at about the coontry, wi' that hump o' his. Oot o' fowk's sicht wad be to her oot a'thegither."

A brief silence followed.

"Noo," said Malcolm, "we come to the qestion what the twa limmers could want wi' that door."

"Dear kens! It bude to be something wrang—that's a' 'at mortal can say; but

ye be sure o' that.—I hae hard tell,"  
 cent on reflectingly—"o' some room  
 er i' the hoose 'at there's a fearsome  
 about, an' 'at 's never opent on no  
 nt. I hae hard a' about it, but I  
 min' upo' 't noo, for I paid little  
 ion till 't at the time, an' it's mony  
 r sin' syne. But it wad be some  
 icht ploy o' their ain they wad be  
 it's little the likes o' them wad  
 siculd warld tales."

"ad ye hae me tell the markis?"  
 Malcolm.

a, I wad no; an' yet ye maun du 't.  
 ae no business to ken o' anything  
 g in a body's hoose an' no tell them  
 oye 'at he pat ye in chairge. But it  
 naething for the laird; for what  
 the markis for onything or ony-  
 but himsel'?"

e cares for 's daughter," said Mal-

w ay!—as sic fowk ca' carin'.  
 e's no a bla'guard i' the hail queen-  
 e wadna sell her till, sae be he was  
 auld enuch family, and had rowth  
 er. Haith! noo-a-days the last 'ill  
 first, an' a fish-cadger wi' siller 'ill  
 ontit a better bargain nor a lord  
 in' 't; only he maun hae a *heap* o'  
 cower the stink o' the fish."

"inna ye scorn the fish, mem," said  
 olm: "they're innocent cratur, an'  
 a smell waur nor they can help; an'  
 mair nor ye can say for ilka lord  
 me athort."

y, or cadger aither," rejoined Miss  
 t. "They're aft enuch jist sic like,  
 nain differ lyin' in what they're de-  
 wi'; an' 'deed whiles there's no dif-  
 here, or maist ony gait, maybe, but  
 set o' the shooters an' the wag o'  
 ongue."

an' what 'll we du wi' the laird?"  
 Malcolm.

Ve maun first see what we *can* du  
 im. I wad try to keep him mysel'—  
 is, gien he wad bide—but there's  
 jaud Jean! She's aye gabbin', an'  
 in', an' cognostin' wi' the enemy,  
 I canna lippen till her. I think it  
 be better ye sud tak chairge o' 'm  
 el', Ma'colm. I wad willin'ly beir  
 expense—for ye wadna be able to

luik efter him an' du sae weel at the  
 fishin', ye ken."

"Gien 't had been my ain line-fishin',  
 I could aye ha' taen him i' the boat wi'  
 me; but I dinna ken for the herrin'.  
 Blue Peter wadna object, but it's some  
 ouch wark, an' for a waikly body like  
 the laird to be oot a' nicht some nichts,  
 sic weather as we hae to encounter whiles,  
 micht be the deid o' 'im."

They came to no conclusion beyond  
 this, that each would think it over, and  
 Malcolm would call in the morning.  
 Ere then, however, the laird had dis-  
 missed the question for them. When  
 Miss Horn rose, after an all-but sleepless  
 night, she found that he had taken affairs  
 again into his own feeble hands, and  
 vanished.

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 CHAPTER XXVI.

## NOT AT CHURCH.

IT being well known that Joseph Mair's  
 cottage was one of the laird's resorts,  
 Malcolm, as soon as he learned his flight,  
 set out to inquire whether they knew any-  
 thing of him there.

Scaurnose was perched almost on the  
 point of the promontory, where the land  
 made its final slope, ending in a precip-  
 itous descent to the shore. Beneath lay  
 rocks of all sizes and of fantastic forms,  
 some fallen from the cape in tempests  
 perhaps, some softly separated from it  
 by the slow action of the winds and  
 waves of centuries. A few of them  
 formed, by their broken defence sea-  
 ward, the unsafe natural harbor which  
 was all the place enjoyed.

If ever there was a place of one color,  
 it was this village: everything was brown;  
 the grass near it was covered with brown  
 nets; at the doors were brown heaps of  
 oak-bark, which, after dyeing the nets,  
 was used for fuel; the cottages were  
 roofed with old brown thatch; and the  
 one street and the many *closes* were  
 dark brown with the peaty earth which,  
 well mixed with scattered bark, scantily  
 covered the surface of its huge founda-  
 tion-rock. There was no pavement, and  
 it was the less needed that the ways were

rarely used by wheels of any description. The village was but a roost, like the dwellings of the sea-birds which also haunted the rocks.

It was a gray morning with a gray sky and a gray sea; all was brown and gray, peaceful and rather sad. Brown-haired, gray-eyed Phemy Mair sat on the threshold, intently rubbing in her hands a small object like a moonstone. That she should be doing so on a Sunday would have shocked few in Scaurnose at that time, for the fisher-folk then made but small pretensions to religion; and for his part Joseph Mair could not believe that the Almighty would be offended "at seein' a bairn sittin' douce wi' her playocks, though the day *was His*."

"Weel, Phemy, ye're busy!" said Malcolm.

"Ay," answered the child, without looking up. The manner was not courteous, but her voice was gentle and sweet.

"What are ye doin' there?" he asked.

"Makin' a string o' beads, to weir at aunty's marriage."

"What are ye makin' them o'?" he went on.

"Haddicks' een."

"Are they a' haddicks'."

"Na, there's some cods' amo' them; but they're maistly haddicks'. I pikes them oot afore they're sautin, an' biles them; an' syne I polish them i' my han's till they're rale bonny."

"Can ye tell me onything about the mad laird, Phemy?" asked Malcolm, in his anxiety too abruptly.

"Ye can gang an' speir at my father: he's oot aboot," she answered, with a sort of marked coolness, which, added to the fact that she had never looked him in the face, made him more than suspect something behind.

"Div ye ken onything about him?" he therefore insisted.

"Maybe I div, an' maybe I divna," answered the child, with an expression of determined mystery.

"Ye'll tell me whaur ye *think* he is, Phemy?"

"Na, I winna."

"What for no?"

"Ow, jist for fear ye sud ken."

"But I'm a freen' till him."

"Ye may think ay, an' the laird may think no."

"Does he think *you* a freen', Phemy?" asked Malcolm, in the hope of coming at something by widening the sweep of the conversation.

"Ay, he *kens* I'm a freen'," she replied.

"An' do ye aye ken whaur he is?"

"Na, no aye. He gangs here an' he gangs there—jist as he likes. It's whar *naeboddy* kens whaur he is that I ken an' gang till him."

"Is he i' the hoose?"

"Na, he 's no i' the hoose."

"Whaur is he, than, Phemy?" said Malcolm coaxingly. "There's ill fowk about 'at's efter deein' him an ill turn."

"The mair need no to tell!" retorted Phemy.

"But I want to tak care o' 'im. Tell me whaur he is, like a guid lassie Phemy."

"I'm no sure. I may say I dinna ken."

"Ye say ye ken whan ither fowk dinna: noo naeboddy kens."

"Hoo ken ye that?"

"'Cause he's run awa'."

"Wha frae? His mither?"

"Na, na; frae Miss Horn."

"I ken naething about *her*; but gien naeboddy kens, I ken whaur he is weel enouch."

"Whaur than? Ye 'll be duin' him a guid turn to tell me."

"Whaur I winna tell, an' whaur ye nor nae ither body s' get him. An' ye needna speir, for it wadna be richt to tell; an' gien ye gang on speirin', ye an' me winna be lang freen's."

As she spoke, the child looked straight up into his face with wide-opened blue eyes, as truthful as the heavens, and Malcolm dared not press her, for it would have been to press her to do wrong.

"Ye wad tell yer father, wadna ye?" he said kindly.

"My father wadna speir. My father's a guid man."

"Weel, Phemy, though ye winna trust me, supposin' I was to trust *you*?"

"Ye can du that gien ye like."

"ye winna tell?"  
 "mak nae promises. It's no trust-gar me promise."  
 "eel, I wull trust ye.—Tell the laird and weel oot o' sicht for a while."  
 "e'll du that," said Phemy.  
 "n tell him gien onything befa' him, r' to Miss Horn, for Ma'colm Mac-may be oot wi' the boats.—Ye win- rget that?"  
 "m no lickly to forget it," answered y, apparently absorbed in boring a in a haddock's eye with a pin so as to act like a brace and bit.  
 "e'll no get yer string o' beads in for the weddin', Phemy," remarked olm, going on to talk from a desire ve the child a feeling of his friend- s.  
 "y will I—fine that," she rejoined. "Whan is 't to be?"  
 "w, neist Setterday. Ye'll be comin' ??"  
 "haena gotten a call."  
 "e 'll be gettin' ane."  
 "Div ye think they'll gie me ane?"  
 "As sune 's onybody.—Maybe by that 'll be able to gie ye some news o' laird."  
 "There's a guid lassie!"  
 "Na, na; I'm makin' nae promises," Phemy. Malcolm left her and went ind her father, who, although it was day, was already "oot about," as she said. He found him strolling in litation along the cliffs. They had a e talk together, but Joseph knew hing of the laird.  
 Malcolm took Lossie House on his r back, for he had not yet seen the rquis, to whom he must report his ventures of the night before. The ns of past reveling were plentifully ble as he approached the house. The rquis was not yet up, but Mrs. Cour- ce undertaking to send him word as on as his lordship was to be seen, he ew himself on the grass and waited, mind occupied with strange questions, rted by the Sunday coming after such Saturday—among the rest, how God uld permit a creature to be born so orted and helpless as the laird, and en permit him to be so abused in con-

sequence of his helplessness. The prob- lems of life were beginning to *bite*. Ev- erywhere things appeared uneven. He was not one to complain of mere external inequalities: if he *was* inclined to envy Lord Meikleham, it was not because of his social position: he was even now philosopher enough to know that the life of a fisherman was preferable to that of such a marquis as Lord Lossie—that the desirableness of a life is to be measured by the amount of interest and not by the amount of ease in it, for the more ease the more unrest. Neither was he inclined to complain of the gulf that yaw- ned so wide between him and Lady Florimel. The difficulty lay deeper: such a gulf existing, by a social law only less inexorable than a natural one, why should he feel the rent invading his individual being? in a word, though Malcolm put it in no such definite shape, Why should a fisher-lad find himself in danger of falling in love with the daughter of a marquis? Why should such a thing, seeing the very constitution of things rendered it an absurdity, be yet a possibility?

The church-bell began, rang on and ceased. The sound of the psalms came, softly mellowed, and sweetly harmonized, across the churchyard through the gray Sabbath air, and he found himself, for the first time, a stray sheep from the fold. The service must have been half through before a lackey, to whom Mrs. Courthope had committed the matter when she went to church, brought him the message that the marquis would see him.

"Well, MacPhail, what do you want with me?" said his lordship as he entered.

"It's my duty to acquaint yer lordship wi' certain proceedin's 'at took place last night," answered Malcolm.

"Go on," said the marquis.

Thereupon Malcolm began at the be- ginning, and told of the men he had watched, and how, in the fancy of fol- lowing them, he had found himself in the garret, and what he saw and did there.

"Did you recognize either of the wo- men?" asked Lord Lossie.

"Ane o' them, my lord," answered Malcolm. "It was Mistress Catanach, the howdie."

"What sort of a woman is she?"

"Some fowk canna bide her, my lord. I ken no ill to lay till her chairge, but I wadna lippen till her. My gran'father—an' he's blin', ye ken,—jist trimles when she comes near him."

The marquis smiled.

"What do you suppose she was about?" he asked.

"I ken no more than the bonnet I flang in her face, my lord; but it could hardly be guid she was efter. At ony rate, seein' yer lordship pat me in a mainer in chairge, I bude to haud her oot o' a closed room—an' her gaein' creepin' oobot yer lordship's hoose like a worm."

"Quite right. Will you pull the bell there for me?"

He told the man to send Mrs. Court-hope; but he said she had not yet come home from church.

"Could you take me to the room, MacPhail?" asked his lordship.

"I'll try, my lord," answered Malcolm.

As far as the proper quarter of the attics, he went straight as a pigeon; in that labyrinth he had to retrace his steps once or twice, but at length he stopped, and said confidently—

"This is the door, my lord."

"Are you sure?"

"As sure's death, my lord."

The marquis tried the door and found it immovable.

"You say she had the key?"

"No, my lord: I said she had keys, but whether she had *the* key, I doobt if she kent hersel'. It may ha' been ane o' the bundle yet to try."

"You're a sharp fellow," said the marquis. "I wish I had such a servant about me."

"I wad mak a some rouch one, I doobt," returned Malcolm laughing.

His lordship was of another mind, but pursued the subject no farther.

"I have a vague recollection," he said, "of some room in the house having an old story or legend connected with it. I must find out. I dare say Mrs. Court-

hope knows. Meantime you hold *your* tongue. We may get some amusement out of this."

"I wull, my lord, like a deid man an' beeryt."

"You can—can you?"

"I can, my lord."

"You are a rare one!" said the marquis.

Malcolm thought he was making game of him as heretofore, and held his peace.

"You can go home, now," said his lordship. "I will see to this affair."

"But jist be canny meddlin' wi' Mistress Catanach, my lord: she's no mowse."

"What! you're not afraid of an old woman?"

"Deil a bit, my lord!—that is, I'm no feart at a dogfish or a rottan, but I wad tak tent an' grip them the richt gait, for they hae teeth. Some fowk thinks Mistress Catanach has mair teeth nor she shaws."

"Well, if she's too much for me, I'll send for you," said the marquis good-humoredly.

"Ye canna get me sae easy, my lord: we're efter the herrin' noo."

"Well, well, we'll see."

"But I wantit to tell ye anither thing, my lord," said Malcolm, as he followed the marquis down the stairs.

"What is that?"

"I cam upo' anither plot—a mair serious ane, bein' against a man 'at can ill haud aff o' himsel', an' cud waur bide onything than yer lordship—the pair mad laird."

"Who's he?"

"Ilka body kens *him*, my lord! He's son to the ledy o' Kirkbyres."

"I remember *her*—an old flame of my brother's."

"I ken naething about that, my lord: but he's her son."

"What about him, then?"

They had now reached the hall, and seeing the marquis impatient, Malcolm confined himself to the principal facts.

"I don't think you had any business to interfere, MacPhail," said his lordship seriously. "His mother must know best."

na no sae sure o' that, my lord! To  
 eathing o' the illguideship, which  
 hae garred a minister sweer, it  
 e a cruelty naething short o' deev'-  
 o lock up a puir hairmless cratur  
 at, as innocent as he 's ill-shapit."  
 e's as God made him," said the  
 is.  
 e 's no as God *will* mak him," re-  
 l Malcolm.  
 hat do you mean by that?" asked  
 arquis.  
 stan's to rizzon, my lord," answer-  
 alcolm, "that what's ill-made maun  
 de ower again. There's a day com-  
 an a' 'at's wrang 'ill be set richt, ye  
 nd the crooked made straight,"  
 ested the marquis, laughing.  
 oobless, my lord. He'll be  
 chtit oot bonny that day," said  
 olm with absolute seriousness.  
 ah! You don't think God cares

about a misshapen lump of flesh like  
 that!" exclaimed his lordship with con-  
 tempt.

"As muckle's aboot yersel' or my led-  
 dy," said Malcolm. "Gien he didna, he  
 wadna be nae God ava' (*at all*)."

The marquis laughed again: he heard  
 the words with his ears, but his heart  
 was deaf to the thought they clothed;  
 hence he took Malcolm's earnestness for  
 irreverence, and it amused him.

"*You've* not got to set things richt,  
 anyhow," he said. "You mind your  
 own business."

"I'll try, my lord: it's the business o'  
 ilka man, whaur he can, to lowse the  
 weichty birns, an' lat the forfouchten  
 gang free.\*—Guid-day to ye, my lord."

So saying, the young fisherman turn-  
 ed, and left the marquis laughing in the  
 hall.

\* Isa. lviii. 6.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE period between 1814 and 1818  
 is one of the most obscure, though  
 is one of the busiest periods in the  
 ence of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.  
 biography, as given to the world by  
 friend Dr. Gillman and by his whilom  
 id Mr. Cottle, while full of the details  
 he first thirty and the last ten years  
 is life, suffers almost a hiatus from  
 forty-second to his forty-sixth year;  
 it was during this period that *Chris-*  
*ty*, written years before, was publish-  
 that his drama *Zapolya* was com-  
 ed and given to the world, that the  
 iderful *Lay Sermons* were produced,  
 that the *Biographia Literaria* was  
 ten and issued. Two years before  
 beginning of this era his drama of  
*Porphyrio* had been produced, by Lord  
 on's influence, at Drury Lane.

Some fresh light is shed not only on  
 literary labors, but on the conditions  
 his daily life, its miseries and vexa-

tions, during a part of this period, by  
 the hitherto unpublished letters which  
 are here presented to the reader. They  
 were written to the members of a pub-  
 lishing firm with which Coleridge had  
 intimate dealings, and relate directly to  
 the projects and engagements which led  
 to or grew out of the connection. They  
 are not, however, confined to business ar-  
 rangements, to literary perplexities and  
 pecuniary difficulties, but contain many  
 characteristic passages, throwing light on  
 the personality of the writer, and exhib-  
 iting both the subtlety of intellect for  
 which he was pre-eminently distinguish-  
 ed, and the fatal infirmity of purpose  
 which was partly constitutional, partly  
 the result of a pernicious habit.

Coleridge had now taken up his resi-  
 dence at the house of Mr. James Gill-  
 man, a surgeon who lived in the pleas-  
 ant London suburb of Highgate, with  
 the avowed object of withdrawing him-

self from the temptations of opium, and receiving the friendly and watchful care necessary to cure him of his terrible passion. His physician, in applying to Mr. Gillman to accept the poet as his guest, stated to him that "it is desirable that he should fix himself in the house of some medical gentleman, who will have the courage to refuse him any laudanum, and under whose assistance, should he be the worse for it, he may be relieved." On Mr. Gillman's compliance with the request, Coleridge addressed him a most touching letter, in which he says: "The stimulus of conversation suspends the terror that haunts my mind; but when I am alone, the horrors I have suffered from laudanum, the degradation, the blighted utility, almost overwhelm me." He found Mr. Gillman's house a cosily situated one, surrounded by trees and shrubbery, with windows affording a noble view of the vast metropolis, and ample comfort in every household arrangement; and in Mr. Gillman's family the most thoughtful attention, sympathy, and anxiety to wean him from the terrible habit to which he had so miserably yielded, and in which it is probable that he still at times surreptitiously indulged. Of this fact there seem to be some indications in the letters which follow. Some of these are undated, but all were written between July, 1816, and some time in 1818. The following is addressed to John Gale, the senior partner of his publishing-house:

"MONDAY, 8 July, 1816.

"J. Gillman's Esqr., Highgate.

"DEAR SIR, Under all the various weights, whether of my faults or my fortunes, which have of late years pressed so preventively on the mainspring of my powers, I have never forgotten the kindness and attentions which I received from yourself and Mr. C——, under circumstances both of body and mind very different from what, thank God, I at present enjoy. If I omitted this due acknowledgement, I should think myself less deserving of the fortunate state of convalescence, and tranquil yet active impulses, which, under Providence, I owe to the unrelaxed attentions, the professional skill,

and above all to the combined firmness and affectionateness of the medical friends whose housemate I have been for the last five months, and shall, I trust, continue to be indefinitely.

"From several causes my literary Reputation has been lately on the increase, and as two dramatic pieces of mine will be brought out at Drury Lane at or before Christmas, and as the *poems* of my maturer years, and my *literary life* (which *are* printed and have passed the revision of the first Critics of this country, and of those who exert most influence in the higher circles from that rank, and on the Public by their connection with the most important of our works of periodical criticism) will appear at the same time, I have every reason to hope that the disposition to enquire after my works will become still more extended. In consequence of this, I suppose, I have been spoken to by an eminent publisher concerning the republication of the 'Friend.' My answer was: First, that it was my intention never to republish: except under such alterations of form and arrangement, of omissions and additions, as would almost amount to the re-writing of it. To which I added, that a work which was never in any proper sense of the word *published* could scarcely be said to be republished. Secondly, that I felt myself morally obliged to make the first offer to Mr. — and you. I intend, 1. to have it printed in two pocket volumes, of the same size as the most common editions of the *Rambler*, etc. 2. to divide it into short *Essays*, somewhat, but not much longer than those of the *Rambler*. 3. to bring together all that relates to the same subject, under separate heads, each series forming a section; to omit altogether what could not be rounded and made complete without extending the work beyond a generally saleable size; and, on the other hand, to add whatever is requisite to round and complete each distinct section of what is retained. 4. to entitle the work, *The Friend*, or *Connected Essays on the importance of fundamental Principles, and the grounds of right Judgment, respecting Politics, Morality*

and Taste, illustrated by Fictions and exemplified by biographical Sketches.

"The Life and Principles of Sir A. Ball will be among the articles retained and concluded, and I shall do my best to popularize the whole, as far as is consistent or compatible with the nature of the work itself and the vital importance of its object. The work I can go to the Press with *immediately*; and the *conditions* under which I would accede to any reasonable proposals for the copyright of the work are these: First, I make over to the purchaser in the first instance the entire property of the *Friend*, as it at present exists, under the limitation that, *when* the new and improved work is published, the parts excluded I may make use of in any other works; that, as it will be of equal advantage to the purchaser and to my own reputation that every opportunity should be afforded of improving the work, especially in point of general Intelligibility, which can in no way be so safely effected as by submitting the Essays sheet by sheet to the revision of disinterested Judges, and as I have reason to hope that one gentleman in particular, whom I hold the man of the correctest taste and soundest literary judgment in the country\* will undertake this friendly office, I propose; Secondly, that a Time shall be agreed upon between me and the Purchaser for the publication of the work, such as will allow the printing to proceed at the rate of two sheets, or 32 pages of letterpress per week. For instance, suppose the work to consist of about 1000 pages (3 volumes of 300 to 400 each) to be put to the press by Monday morning, 15 July, 1816, it should be completed and delivered on the first of January 1816 (1817?), so as to permit it to be ready for general sale on or before the first of February. Thirdly, that one third of the Copyright Purchase shall be paid to the Author on the making over of the *Friend*, as it exists, by a Bill not exceeding four months—the remainder by a Bill of the same date on the delivery of the first sheet of the Manuscript—it being agreed on my part, that any delay of a month occasioned by

\* This was John Hookham Frere.

me shall subject me to a forfeiture of one third of the remainder, and a delay of two months to a forfeiture of the whole.

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

The following letter to Rev. T. Curtis is on the same subject, and is dated July 12, 1816:

"FRIDAY MORNING, 6 o'clock.

"DEAR SIR: The deep and solemn interest (rendered additionally lively by its personal bearings on you)—the solemn attractions and peculiar interest of the subjects that occupied the first and larger half of our yester-morning's conversation, almost disqualified me for the business part that came laggingly up in the rear; if indeed a man can be *dis*-qualified, who was never qualified. There are, however, one or two points, which it is necessary I should reconsider, previous to any final arrangement. First, (as a mere generality, which I have no other object in introducing at present, but that of preventing the appearance of inconsistency) as to the question what are *equitable* terms between an *individual* author and an *individual* publisher, my answer was grounded on the consideration stated in my chapter of Exhortation to youthful writers, that individuals *find* the customs of trade, do not *make*, and oftentimes cannot *alter* them. For in an abstract view of the subject, as Authorship and Booksellership, I have very different feelings, I scarce dare call them convictions, because it is probable that I may be mistaken in the facts. For instance, in the case of sharing the profits; suppose that Mr. Murray sold as many works of other publishers, as other publishers sold of his—that if the country booksellers received *two-thirds* of the total number of any given book published by Mr. Murray from Longman & Co., Gale & Fenner, etc., and one third from the original publisher, yet, if Mr. Murray was sending off at the same time a *number* of books published by Longman & Co. equal to the two thirds aforesaid, it comes to the same point. We will suppose the gross results of the money paid by the reading Public for any small poem to be £100, and that Mr. Cole-



ridge, the author, and Mr. Murray, or (to drop all real names, in a case where no *persons* are really meant) that Cadaver, the Poet, had disposed of the said Poem to Corvus, the Bookseller, on the plan of sharing the profits—would not the account stand something like this? Paper, printing, and all other expenses, £50; allowances for publishing to country booksellers, £05: 25 per cent. to Corvus himself as London publisher, £25; profits, £20. The three Irish halves, therefore, would be £10 to Cadaver, £10 to Corvus, and £25 to the latter for the trouble of halving it—in other words, as £10 to £35 would be the Poet's profits to the Publisher's. But I am writing merely *forma pauperis*—*seeking* for more accurate information, not reasoning on the supposition that I am already in possession of it.

"But now for my own scruples. There is, I am fully persuaded, no respectable publisher in London who if he thought well of a work as a saleable commodity, and considered the author as a man well known in the literary world, would hesitate in acceding to the proposal of printing an edition at his own risk, on the condition of sharing the net profits in addition to all his gains as publisher, bookseller, etc., especially as it often happens that there has been no risk of real loss to the publisher, even when there have been few net profits, or none at all. . . . I cannot see the advantage, or even meaning of any medium, or middle thing, between a full and ultimate transfer of copyright and the disposal of a single edition on the plan of setting the half of the net profits against a risk, where of actual loss there is known to be little probability. At least, I should find not a moment's hesitation on the part of more than one publisher. The half copyright, therefore, I seem to myself to give away without any consideration in return; for surely to give a half copyright of all my present and future works for the mere advance of £200, for which the absolute copyright of the Friend, and the immediate possession of my Life and Poems (Volumes 3—Edition 750), with the *pro tempore* copy-

right of the same till the £200 shall have been liquidated, are to be pledged, would be to borrow money at an eating Interest indeed. I must adhere, therefore, to my original resolve, namely, to sell my works outright, should my reputation become such as to justify a prudent publisher in offering me a liberal price, and if that cannot be done, or *till* that can be done, to dispose of them by one or more editions to any respectable publisher who entertains such a degree of confidence in the existing quantum and progressive growth of my literary reputation as would induce him to advance the money I want, in return for the preference secured to him as my one and only publisher in the future. But I hope to see you on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. G. beg that you will come with the intention of taking a family dinner at 4 o'clock.

"Your obliged, S. T. COLERIDGE."

Of the next two letters, the first, to Mr. Curtis, is undated, but was evidently written some time in 1816. Both afford an insight not only into Coleridge's literary perplexities, but also into his personal habits and traits:

"DEAR SIR. First, with regard to the Life and Opinions—The moment any thing occurs which is of more interest to the House, and which it is imagined that I can do, the language is, 'We must suspend it—it will be but a few days.' Instantly after this delay is spoken of criminally. But I trust that no pain that I feel constitutionally in refusing a request made to me will hereafter prevail against my resolve, never on any occasion to undertake any work that is to be finished within a given time. The remuneration for the last was more than I expected or wished; but from the constant effect of a twofold fear—first, lest it should not be done within the time appointed, and second, lest I should be chargeable with having slurred the work, as those who labor by the *piece* are supposed to be under the temptation of doing—the consequence was that I became bewildered, wrote and wrote, and destroyed and erased, till I scarcely knew whether I was on my head or my heels:

and then the first accident, a cold joined to a vexatious unexpected incident, laid me prostrate, and at the end my miserable account stands thus :

"In my favor—

Honorarium=           L. S. D.  
                                  X. Y. Z.

(put any sum you please from £10 to £50).

"Against me—

"1. The honorarium to be returned directly or by equivalent, in order to prevent its preying on my spirits, and in proof that it, however handsome the sum, was not my motive in undertaking the work.

"Secondly, the loss of all I should have done in the Interim, and the difficulties of which I had got over, and the skiff being under full sail at the time she brought to. Put this only at one column leaved of a newspaper a day, and this at two guineas per column.

"Thirdly The offence given to all parties, and the just complaints of the very persons whom I had been struggling to serve, and yet, N. B. *just* complaints notwithstanding.

"Fourthly, The interruption of my own works and your complaints.

"Fifthly, Misery, Sickness, Despondence, etc.

"Again and again I repeat, that I am not complaining of the complaints of others, but merely and exclusively attempting to explain the motives of my resolve never to make even a *conditional* promise for the future.

"The introductory pages wanting for the Life and Opinions I am now employed on, and if I can finish it before I go to bed I will. The remainder, should there be any, I will endeavor to finish in town to-morrow after eleven o'clock ; for from Seven to Eleven I shall be engaged in going to and having an interview with Mr. Southey. I think therefore, it would be better if you sent the boy on Thursday Morning, as, on second thoughts, I shall, if nothing unforeseen should make it impracticable, take the twelve o'clock stage and return to Highgate as soon as I have quitted Mr.

Southey. But should I have finished it by to-night, I will send off a porter with it before 9 o'clock to-morrow morning.

"Second, with regard to the Friend. It was only with regard to the first half of the three volumes that I engaged to give the copy in large masses. Of the latter half, in which great part is original matter, I never made any other engagement than this ; that before this was required, all my other business would be put out of hand and I would give the main portion of my time to it ; but I expressly stated that I could not furnish more than three sheets per week. I have now sent from eight to nine sheets ; one sheet more will conclude the political section, and the second Landing Place will conclude the second volume. You had better therefore adjust the printing accordingly. If I receive three sheets a week, I shall be able by the time the matter which you will have now in hand shall have been worked up, to send you the remainder of the volume. But I cannot after this undertake to supply you with more than at the average of three sheets per week.

"You are in the habit, dear Sir, of confidential communication with your excellent Brother, and in speaking to you I know that I am speaking to him. Should it be in my power to be serviceable, the wish is as strong as ever ; but I am convinced that, in any thing to be done out of hand, it would be incomparably more to both our comforts if for the future he would converse with me, take down from my mouth whatever suited his ideas (just as you did when the placards were in question), put them together himself, of which I know no man more capable, together with his own thoughts—and I know enough of myself to be convinced, that after a morning so spent together there would be less to do than would appear probable at a first view—nay, often less than there is to do after I have been toiling for a month. For such is my *nature*, i. e. that which (?) from complex causes, partly constitutional, partly inflicted or acquired *ab extra*—to my own unhappiness and detriment—that I can do nothing well by *effort*. Hence it

is, that I often converse better than I can compose; and hence too it is, that a collection of my letters written before my mind was so much oppressed would, in the opinion of all who have ever seen any number of them, be thrice the value of my set publications. Take as a specimen —'s Letters, which never received a single correction, or that letter addressed to myself as from a friend, at the close of the first volume of the Literary Life, which was written without taking my pen off the paper except to dip it in the inkstand. You will *feel* how much more ease and felicity there are in these, compared with the more elaborate pages of the Sermon, etc.

"In short, Life is too short, the pangs which self-dissatisfaction inflicts too poignant, and the commands of Christianity too positive, the first to allow *time* for quarrelling, the second to render it necessary (for who would scourge a *raw* back, ulcerating from within?) and the third to make it consistent. Find out the best, and turn it to the best purposes—the rest belongs to Regret and a brotherly Prayer.

"Yours with sincere respect,  
"S. T. COLERIDGE."

"22 SEPT. 1816.

"DEAR SIR. I concluded my *prefatory* sheet, or letter of generalities, by observing and regretting that motives of a personal nature *never* help or strengthen me in the performance of any attempt, but often disqualify me from doing anything. So excessive Thirst has been known to induce Hydrophobia. So the more anxiously and eagerly we strive to recollect a name, the less chance we have to remember it. The Nisus, or sensation of effort, stands between us and the thing sought for, consumes the attention, and, as long as it continues, eclipses its own object with its shadow. Knowing that no *medical* aid would much profit me, I have endeavored to prevent Mr. Gillman from knowing the extent of my late illness. From his wife I could not conceal it; and she would have convinced you, first, how earnest and unremitting my efforts were in the

*first* instance to have sent you the sermon by the time wished for; 2nd, how severe have been the sufferings inflicted by the over exertion of that *unfortunate night*, under the goad of a disqualifying anxiety; and 3rd, how, spite of pain, of fluttering nerves, and of depression bordering on despondency, in spite of the most severely annoying inquietudes from other quarters—in short, of a confluence of vexations—I have nevertheless gone on, day after day, from 9 in the morning to 4, and often till 5, in the afternoon, *doing my best and utmost*.

"Forgive me, dear Sir, if I venture to suggest, that to construe my promise with regard to the *time* of delivery of the Lay Sermon as absolute and unconditional was to forget the natures both of the Object and of the Agent. I have for so many years rejected from my mind every shallow and commonplace thought and phrase, that I have induced a kind of *barrenness* on my faculties, that would sadly thin the ranks of our trading authors, and make Quartos shrink up into pamphlets,—so that, even if I wished it ever so earnestly, it is not in my *power* to write by mere dint of memory and volition. Upon one point only can I blame myself: that in my eagerness to oblige you (you must *know*, Sir! that in *this* business I could have no *personal* motive), and in the first vivid sensation of the inrush of thoughts concerning the subject proposed, I too hastily believed that I could do it within the time, because I had formerly done as much or more within the same period, and thus (which was the source of all the after vexation) consented to its being advertised.

"The knowledge of this, the agitating reflection, It must be done at that time, the personal considerations arising from the recent agreement with you, all filled my mind with fear and restlessness, and the more I wrote the less I did. Had I not given way and let my thoughts lead on to a different subject, and had I not consented to have finished that first, I am convinced that I might have been working to this hour to no purpose, instead of having to procure a frank to

end off the first sheet of the Tract originally intended.

"But yet it would be difficult for me to comprehend, with my natural dispositions, how such an *accident* in a work undertaken with such motives, and attempted with such persevering industry, could have so discolored your mind toward me, but that, to a degree that even four months ago I never had suspected, I now find myself to have been the victim of the most malignant slander.

"The scheme of my labors is this;—having despatched the Lay Sermon addressed to the higher and middle classes, to give three, or at the utmost four days to the Sermon addressed to the Laboring classes, and, if I do not succeed, to give it up, and, at all events, to commence the next week with the matter which I have been forced by the blunder and false assurance of the printer to add to the 'Literary Life,' in order to render the volumes of something like the same size. I not only shall not, but I cannot think of or do anything till the three volumes complete are in Mr. Gale's House. I could reprint the 'Remorse,' having secured that power by a special article, in any collection of my poems that I might choose to make. This done, I shall go to work with the *Friend*, which I look forward to as to a spot of sunshine. N. B. Mr. Gillman made a mistake; it was not the Report on Education that I sent for, but that on the *Police*, which I must have somehow or other. Mr. G. returns in a week, and will take back to you the Report on Education uncut, and you would oblige me by immediately sending me the Report on the Police, together with the sheets of my Life and Poems, and such papers as Mr. Gillman's assistant will send to Messrs. Gale and Fenner's for me. I was about to have desired a copy of my Juvenile Poems; but I must first explain what weighs on my mind.

"When I delivered the remaining copies of the *Friend*, with the Stamps, etc., to your house, it was my known intention to have entered into a similar engagement with it as I have lately done. How binding I felt this on my

conscience, you have had proof. Excepting the fragment of the *Christabel* (and even this was a bargain made for me during my illness), I have had no concern with any publisher; and in recurring to my former plan I had to conquer not only the dissuasions of my friends, but my own satisfaction in the literary connections and highly polished manners of the various men of rank and consequence that I was sure to meet with at Murray's. But I had one answer—I should not be easy in my mind; and I have a high opinion of Mr. Gale and Curtis's *principles*; and I prefer forming a connection with a religious house. But I most distinctly remember that there was nothing like a sale or a bargain with respect to the copies of the *Friend*. In consideration of the preference I had given to the house, and in part from friendly feeling, £50 was lent to me, and, as an additional kindness, Mr. Gale and yourself offered to endeavor at the disposal of the remaining *Friends*, not as publishers, but in the way of friendship, at 18 shillings a volume. Had they not been disposed of, or in whatever the sale had fallen short of the £50, I was bound to repay, or, as was then taken for granted, to have deducted from the profits of my after labors. It was from you that I was twice informed that, by means of the stamps, etc., the balance was in my favor; and that whatever had been received by the house above the £50 was my own.

Secondly, for the other works I had asked £200 in ready money, and ultimately half the profits, deducting that two hundred pounds. The sum was brought down to £150, and to be spread over a space of six months. Well, I agreed. But, Sir, this money was no *loan*. It was the produce of a direct sale, for which I signed over to the house the whole copyright of the three volumes of my latest poems and of the *Friend*, till such time as it should be repaid. That the former volumes have been delayed, has been for the benefit of the house; the whole work *is* complete, and if it were thought proper to

publish the 2d and 3rd volumes in one, it might be published within a week.

"The work is yours, not mine, and in writing from 150 to 200 pages additional, in order to set right the blunder of my printer, I am, under circumstances of much pecuniary perplexity, working for nothing—that is, for the time being; when, by devoting that time to temporary matters, I might relieve myself. In the same time, nay, less, I could compile a small volume of specimens of Rabbinical Wisdom, for which Murray offered me 200 guineas. But, Sir, I never yet suffered five times that sum to weigh as a grain of sand against even a point of delicacy. To make my *Life and Poems* as respectable and saleable for Messrs. Gale and Fenner was a motive far stronger than a sum of money, even wanting it. Assuredly, dear Sir, it cannot be said that *two* large volumes, the latter containing all my poems that I acknowledge, and corrected with all the force of my maturest judgment, with the copyright of the *Friend*, are not worth £150 in the market—even if I were not to add the quantity necessary to make it 3 volumes. And yet I have even offered the 'Remorse,' which would settle the thing at once; and of this £150 I have received but £100.

"Judge then, Sir, what must have been my feelings, what my pain of surprise, when Mr. Gillman, on meeting me, said, 'Coleridge, have you not made some mistake? Are you sure, you have not misunderstood Mr. Curtis?' 'In what?' I replied. 'Why, I understood you to say that you had sold and signed over the copyrights of the "*Friend*" in its present state, and of your *Literary Life and Poems*, for £150, till such time as that £150 shall have been received by G. and F. from the sale-profits, and half the copyright afterwards, with a promise, binding on your honor at least, to publish whatever you may hereafter write through that house, as long as no breach of the contract appears on their parts.' *Well! and so I have.* 'Likewise that there was a balance in your favor on the score of the "*Friend*" from £25 to £30?' 'So Mr. Curtis assured me.' 'Then there

is a balance to you of £50 + £25 to £30?' 'Exactly so.' 'Nay, I cannot reconcile with all this what was said to me. As a friend, and as having called in your name and on your business, it would be weakness to spare your feelings as to what you must know some time or other. I have procured a "*Friend*" for you, but by having it put down on my own account. For Mr. Curtis plainly told me, that he could not desire or advise the house to put it down to yours!'

"Merciful heavens, Sir, what infamous calumnies must you have listened to concerning me? The affair between me and Messrs. Longman & Co. I explained to you, and waited only for the expected restoration of my health to have done what I told you it was my intention to do.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

"To MR. FENNER."

It would appear from the ensuing letter that Coleridge was the victim, or imagined himself to be the victim, of the designing trickery of dishonest men of business; and this was one of many troubles, financial, literary, physical and mental, which seemed to afflict him in these years. His letter bears no date, but the post-mark is February 28, 1817. It is addressed to Rev. T. Curtis:

"MY DEAR SIR: But for the enclosed letter from Mr. G—— I should have answered your very kind note in person this morning. But I had to write to him and to Mr. L——, the junction of whose name with that (I fear) bad man's affected me almost to strangling, and rendered me both in mind and body incapable of finishing the work in hand. But I shall, God permitting, wait on you to-morrow morning, with the remaining *Desideratum* for Mr. S. C. and £14 which I have borrowed in order to meet G——'s demand for his own person. I desired him to draw on you for the £14 due to him, but refused to acknowledge him as the agent of another, without any authority received by me from the latter! I never knew till lately that I owed either G—— or L—— this sum—it had never been communicated to me; but from L—— who was my schoolfellow, and who

sought me out at Bristol, I received many acts of kindness, not one of which was ever solicited by me, but all pressed upon me, and I cling to the belief, grievous as even that is, that G—— has—I can think of no more appropriate word—basely belied me to him. At all events, surely it can never be Law that a Printer, having been paid all his demands, should refuse to give up a work to the Proprietor, because he had discovered that the Author owed a sum of money to some one else? Every thing that the vindictive feelings of a low and sordid mind can realize I must expect from Mr. G——; from a man who, after having volunteered the printing, etc., of a work without any profits, at the bare prime cost to himself, and afterwards repeated this to me under his own hand, should then charge I know not what for paper which I myself had bargained for at 26 shillings the ream.

"I feel convinced that a great change is preparing for me—to the Grave, is the most probable. But neither in body, mind, or estate can I remain *such, where, and as* I am. The Almighty's visitations in this life are always *calls*. The cloud of griefs that have gathered of late thicker and gloomier around me, and the poisoned arrows of unprovoked malignity that have been shot thro' it—are these *urgencies* to some revolution—that I should be *entire, decisive*? Such, I know, is Mr. C——'s conviction. O what a dead palsy is Man unaided by Grace! The sacrifice of his will is demanded, and that not yielded, his very affections, his gratitude, will serve the same purposes as vices: if they cannot blind, they will entangle him!

"I feel your kindness deeply. If you are disengaged to-morrow, I shall have the advantage of passing any portion of it with you; if not, I will arrange for the next day or the day after.

"I remain, dear Sir, with unfeigned regard, your obliged

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

It would appear from the next letter, written soon afterward, that his present publishers had made a serious mistake

with reference to his drama of *Zapolya, a Christmas Tale*, the writing of which had occupied him during parts of the years 1813 and 1814, but which had not as yet been published:

"17 MARCH 1817.

"DEAR SIR. I could scarcely trust my eyes when I looked and looked again, and still saw it was a sheet of the ZAPOLYA! In order to prevent any further delay in the publication of the 'Biographia Literaria' and 'Sibylline Leaves,' I consented that the Zapolya should fill the gap—how reluctantly I myself best know. Accordingly, I waited on Mr. Murray, without whose consent it could not be done, and asked it on the express ground of my fear and dislike of having the Zapolya appear as a separate work. It *might* go down in a *collection*, I observed, but alone it would neither be profitable to him nor creditable to me. He gave his consent, on the strength of my opinion. When, however, as the result of the consultation at Highgate between us (yourself, to wit, and Mr. F., with me and Mr. Gillman), my German Letters were consigned to the purpose as in every respect more appropriate, Mr. F. *then* spoke of publishing the Zapolya as a separate Poem. I instantly interposed my veto. It was sufficient for me at that time to state that I could not do this without a fresh application to Mr. Murray, which application I could not make without giving the lie to the very grounds on which I had made the prayer. Again, for this purpose my friend put down the £50, in order that Zapolya might be reclaimed beyond dispute from any quarter. Since the conversation at Highgate, I have never heard one syllable said about the *publication* of it, or anything concerning it except as to the terms on which it originally came into Mr. Murray's possession.

"There must be some great mistake, which no doubt I shall hear when I see you. If I published the Zapolya *at all*, it should be with a dramatic essay prefixed, and two other tragedies, the 'Remorse,' greatly improved, as one. It is

late, and I will not detain the messenger further than to say, I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

"REV. T. CURTIS."

It would appear that Coleridge did, during his residence with Mr. Gillman, succeed, to a large degree, in restraining himself from the vice which had so long enfeebled his will and paralyzed his powers. Just before he went to Highgate it had been proposed by some of his friends that he should be placed in a private insane asylum: this was with his knowledge, and he seems to have acceded to the necessity, for he again and again declared that he considered the vice to proceed from "moral insanity." Happily, the care of Mr. Gillman and the influences of his household had the effect of diminishing, if they did not exterminate, the evil. Coleridge, always eager to confess, even to exaggeration, his frailty, opened mind and heart freely to his host, so that Mr. Gillman could from the start treat the poet, who was his patient, with something like medical precision. Mr. Gillman concluded that Coleridge's tendency to opium was "a necessity of disease," and his treatment seems to have been at least successful enough to enable Coleridge to perform more literary labor between 1814 and 1818 than in any other years of his life.

Among other projects of this period was the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, which was planned by his publishers in conjunction with Coleridge, was intended to be largely philosophical in character, and of which Coleridge was induced to undertake the chief management and editorship. He wrote a long prospectus, full of metaphysical and theological disquisition, and thus came into collision with other assisting minds, and, to his chagrin, much of the prospectus was stricken out. The following letters relate to the details of the *Encyclopædia* and his agreement with the publishers, which seems to have been afterward rescinded by mutual agreement:

"HIGHGATE.

"MY DEAR SIRS, In reply to your letter stating as follows, that from July

1, 1817, I am to furnish complete for the press and to superintend the same thro' the press (which latter I understand to mean correcting the proof sheets)—

"1. 4 sheets of introduction, as per plan, on or before July 21, 1817;

"2. 4 sheets of Grammar by August 1817, and moreover to prepare by this date the entire *outline* of 32 sheets on the same subject for the satisfaction of the proprietors;

"3. Six sheets of the English Lexicon on the scale of 3 vol. quarto of the Encyclopedia Metrop. for the whole Lexicon by October 1, 1817;

"4. And finally, that I am to give to the superintendence of the work one entire morning every fortnight, from 10 to 5, if required, and that I am to receive on the presentation of the complete copy of each the appropriate portion of £500 a year;

"I assent to the above, it being however understood that for the interest of the proprietors, and as the necessary means of making it possible for me to devote my whole time to the Encyclopedia, an arrangement shall be forthwith made between me and Mr. Fenner, that he shall advance me £300, at bills of two months, the first £100 Bill from 25th of June to 25th of August, the second from 25th August to 25th of Oct., the third from 25th Oct. to 25th of December; I making over to him in pledge all my share of the copyright of the Literary Life, in 2 vols., of the Sibylline Leaves, in one vol., and of the Friend (new edition), in 3 vols. And likewise I have no objection to make over the copyright of my Lay Sermons, till such time as the profits that would have accrued to me from all the works above mentioned shall have liquidated the £300, when matters are to recur to the former agreement.

"Concerning the *outline* mentioned in article the second I can have no objection to comply with the article; but Mr. Fenner and Mr. Curtis will perhaps see reason to postpone the delivery of such *outline* till Oct. 1, for their own interest; as in the nature of things it cannot but be greatly improved and more likely to be serviceable to the proprietors in case

f my death or other disablement during the time I am devoted to the Lexicon.

"I sign my name to the above, adding that I am with sincere regard, my dear Sirs, your obliged S. T. COLERIDGE.

"18 JUNE, 1817."

"DEAR SIR, It is only for my own satisfaction that I have endeavored to develop and open out the undoubting conviction I have of my conversation with you, (Mr. Curtis present) concerning the advance of the £300 being posterior to the second and final negative as to my residing at Camberwell. This my absolute declining of that plan was communicated to Mr. Curtis in the small withdrawing-room on the right hand of the shop, when Mr. Curtis came down to me from the parlor up stairs, where he had left Dr. Gregory. From that time to this the question as to my residence was never again brought into discussion. Expressions of *regret* have been used; but the point of residence was settled finally, and so understood. Long after this, and when the share I was to take in the work was settling in detail, reference was made by me to the advance, which by the way had been originally suggested by Mr. Curtis, who by this suggestion prevented my having declined any concern in the *Ency. Met.*, as I should have done otherwise; because I knew that *I could not*, as an honest man, immediately devote my whole mind and time to it, but must in some way or other first procure a sum sufficient to discharge all claims upon me; and *I should never, never* have, of myself, *thought of* proposing such a loan to you.

"The first reference made to it, after my agreement to take the part in the work now assigned to me, was in the earlier part of the conversation; and it was then that you asked me whether I did not include the Lay Sermons in the number of the works which were to be the redeemable pledge. The second reference was towards the close of this consultation, when Mr. Curtis proposed £400 instead of £500, which I resisted, and assigned as one of my reasons that with the latter sum I might hope by gradual

payments to accelerate the redemption of my literary property, so as to have liquidated the loan before I could hope to see this effected by my proportion of the profits from the sale of my works, but that with less than £500 a year this would be altogether impracticable. Now, my dear Sir! unless Mr. Curtis's or your recollections can enable you to show that this conversation took place *before* my first meeting with Dr. Gregory, it must have taken place *after* every thought of my leaving Highgate for Camberwell, for the present at least, had been finally negatived and put to rest. In short, I knew that without such an advance it was quite out of my power to have made such an engagement with you, and I had every reason on earth to take for granted that Mr. Curtis was under the same impression. So had been his language (for instance, 'we would not, we could not, make any arrangement by which we were to rely on you for any essential assistance, until we were assured that you had no other claims on your time and thoughts'). I knew, indeed, very well that you would have greatly preferred the plan of my residing at Camberwell; but, that having been put out of the question, the next best was taken, agreeing however with the plan first proposed to me in the main point, that equally with the former it was to occupy *my whole time, and to begin immediately*, allowing one month only for the hurrying out of the Friend and the two other works. In Mr. Curtis's last letter it is made even imperative on me that this engagement should give you a *right* to my whole time, which I did not in my reply think it worth while to notice as an extension of the agreement, because I was certain that it was impossible for me to fulfil what I had undertaken in less than my whole time; otherwise, I should certainly have said, 'If I deliver in the appointed number of sheets, well and ably executed, and give you my best assistance and advice one day every fortnight, what right has any one to enquire whether I read, walk, sleep, or write in the remainder?' But it would have been laughable; it was on the face of things



too evident that nothing less than my whole time, even mental time as well as almanac time, could suffice.

"The whole *cause* therefore of the advance remaining unaltered, there being the very same reason and the same necessity for it, I should, tho' no conversation had passed, have taken for granted that the effect was to remain the same—the object of the advance being exclusively the removal of the known obstacle to the practicability of my devoting my *whole time*, and that too immediately, to the work in contemplation. But clear and irresistible as my recollections are, I make no use of them as obligatory on *you*, nor should I, even tho' I were in possession of your hand and seal. It would be sufficient for me that you wished to decline the engagement, and saw reason to believe that you could derive the same advantages at a less price. For assuredly a work, to which from 60 to £80,000 capital may be directed, and a very large sum at all events put in hazard, is not a case in which any feeling of personal friendship can be allowed to have any influence. You have awful duties to yourself and your co-proprietors, and if you engage me, it must and can only (*morally speaking*) be, because you believe that the engagement will on the whole be the most advantageous to them of all that had past under your consideration. For this reason, no withdrawing on your part would interfere with the respect and regard with which I subscribe myself, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

"S. T. COLERIDGE.

"P. S. I hope that I think of the terms offered me with a due sense of their importance and what is called liberality relatively and proportionally to my fortunes and opportunities.

"If I have seemed resigned to the loss, or as Mr. C— said, 'took the missing of £500 a year in a very easy manner,' it is, first, because money does not act upon my mind as on men in general; 2nd, because the services to be performed and the moral responsibility incurred were exceedingly awful; and such things, too, act on my mind in a degree, if not in a kind, very different from what I have

observed them to act on the minds of men in general; and thirdly, perhaps from human frailty, because Mr. C. appeared to speak of the terms relatively to myself in a somewhat humiliating tone, not the less painful from his acquaintance with my circumstances and from the former colours of his language, that had occasioned me to make myself *transparent* to him.

"If the publication of the *Zapolya*, the net proceeds to be appropriated entire to the liquidation of the loan (or if time could be *spared* for the writing of any popular work, as on the facts of animal magnetism, the divining rod, etc., in France, Italy and Germany at present), could conciliate this difference, no profit shall be wanting on my part of a wish to replace everything on the former footing. And in the meantime I entreat you to make some allowance for the boson feeling which my vivid recollection of the *posteriority* of my conversations respecting the advance to the date of the first committee, and the *priority* of more than general professions, tho' certainly not positive promises, to the first mention of the *Encyc. Met.*, have spite of myself excited. But I am not now to learn for the first time, or to teach myself, that positiveness, or the sensation of being positive, is widely different from the sense of certainty."

"DEAR SIR, You left me in a state of uncertainty and consequent disquiet which you could not but be aware of; nay, you left on my mind the impression that you felt it strongly yourself, by your determination to proceed immediately to Mr. Fenner, instead of going straightway home, and the expectation you excited that I should see or at least hear from Mr. Fenner in the shortest possible time. If I had entered into engagements with a man who never professed to have other views than those of this world, I could have resigned myself more easily; but indeed, Sir! you have justified me in expecting from you a higher conduct or higher principles. On my part I have shown myself willing to do every thing, only not to deceive you. The £300 has

regarded from the beginning but the means of enabling me to pledge my whole devotion of my time to you. You were at least *equally* aware with myself that, with a load of anxiety on my mind, my time could not be my own in the first instance, and of course not capable of being pledged to another. Yet the Encyc. could be delayed for six months, I should entertain hopes of coming to it a free man. But, Sir! I *know* at the application of every moment of my time would be barely sufficient to the fulfilment of my engagements with you, in a manner that I could look back upon with a satisfied conscience.

"Even now, the difference might be reconciled, if the original plan, so strongly urged by Dr. Gregory, were adopted—*z.*, that of publishing the 4th or Miscellaneous and Lexicographical part after the others, adding the Gazetteer to the former three.

"If there has been any fundamental difference of opinion between us, it has subsisted in this point: that you did not appear to entertain the same deep convictions, as I did and do, respecting 1, the literary, 2, the mercantile, importance of the English Lexicon; 3, respecting its difficulty, and the quantum of natural talent and acquired variety of learning requisite for bearing out the promise so distinctly and emphatically given to the public in your prospectus.

"I wrote to Mr. Fenner soon after you quitted me, and stated that, so far from giving up the engagement with cool indifference, I was ready to do every thing in my power to remove the obstacle—for instance, the immediate publication of the *Zapolya*—a bitter pill to my critical feelings, I assure you, tho' perhaps the poem might be more suited to the general reader in proportion as it is less suited (in its present state) to myself; not to mention that with a few easy alterations I had the word of the Drury Lane committee that it should be brought out, prior to my having withdrawn it, after the conversation with you on your second visit at Highgate. I mentioned likewise my willingness to write any other work which Mr. Fenner should think likely of

an immediate sale (as for instance, the present state of the obscurer operations of animate and inanimate nature, in the facts of the divining rod, animal magnetism, etc., on the continent, with the reports given to the several governments by committees of naturalists)—any thing in short but that of incurring the guilt of pledging myself on so very important a scheme to exertions not in my power. If however (as I have, pardon me, some reason to believe) you have some other plan or person in your eye, with which or with whom you expect to carry on the work more successfully, why not explain the matter to me at once? I have been ever *transparent* to YOU in every, the minutest circumstance, because I regarded you not as a mere tradesman, but as a convinced Christian, in whose mind the least insincerity, the least deviation from childlike singleness of heart, would be dearly and madly purchased by mountains of worldly treasure. And I have repeatedly said that the awful responsibility which you incur, in every step taken by your advice relative to an undertaking of so great risk, would justify you in preferring another to me, provided it was your conviction that the success of the work was interested in the transfer, and that you were *perfectly* open and precluded all injurious hope or expectations. Whether I am intelligible to you or not I cannot at present anticipate, but I will at all events hazard the assurance that my disappointment does not half as much annoy me as the necessity of looking forward to the triumphant exultation of a prophecy fulfilled on the part of those who believe the profession of religious motives a *caveto* for all who have learnt human nature experimentally. Why, Sir! after all what has passed between us, do you thus keep me in suspense? The most explicit declaration of your conviction that the interests of the Encyclopedia require you to decline my services would not disturb the feeling with which I have ever subscribed myself yours sincerely,

"S. T. COLERIDGE.

"MONDAY AFTERNOON.

"REV. T. CURTIS."

The remaining letter is of interest chiefly as showing Coleridge's views on the subject of animal magnetism :

"HIGHGATE Dec. 1 1818.

"DEAR SIR. Sometime ago, I ventured to recommend an article on Animal Magnetism, *purely historical*, for the Encyclopedia Metropolitana. Since then the celebrated Professor Blumenbach, for so many years the zealous antagonist of Animal Magnetism, has openly recanted his opinion in three separate paragraphs of his great work on Physiology, which is a text book in all the hospitals and Medical Universities of Europe; and this too happens to be in the edition from which Dr. Elliotson has recently translated the work into English. Cuvier had previously published his testimony, viz. that the facts were as undeniable as they were difficult to be explained on the present theory. The great names of Hufeland, Meckel, Reil, Autenrieth, Soemerring, Scarpa, etc., etc., appear as attesters of the facts, and their independence of the imagination of the patients. To these must be added the reports delivered in the Courts of Berlin and Vienna by the several committees appointed severally by the Prussian and Austrian governments, and composed of the most eminent physicians, anatomists and naturalists of the Prussian and Austrian States. In this country, the rising opinion of our first rate medical men is, that the subject must sooner or later be submitted to a similar trial in this country, in order that so dangerous an implement (if it should prove to be a new physical agent akin to the galvanic electricity) may be taken out of the hands of the ignorant and designing, as hath already been done on the Continent by very severe Laws. Putting the truth or falsehood of the theory wholly out of the question, still it is altogether unique, and such as no history of the present age dare omit. Nay, it may be truly

said that it becomes more interesting more important, on the supposition of its falsehood than of its truth, from the great number and wide dispersion of celebrated individuals, of the highest rank in science, who have joined in attesting its truth; especially as the largest part of these great men were for a long time its open opponents, and all, with the single exception of Cuvier, its avowed disbelievers. Add to this that as an article of entertainment, and as throwing a new light on the oracles and mysteries of Greek, Roman, and Egyptian Paganism, it would not be easy to point out its rival. These are the grounds on which I rest my continued recommendation of such an article as well worthy the attention of the conductors of your great work. One other motive will not be without its weight in *your* mind. I have some grounds for believing that a work of this kind is in *contemplation* by persons from whose hands it ought, if possible, to be rescued by anticipation, as it will, I know, be a main object with them to use the facts in order to undermine the *divine* character of the Gospel history, and the superhuman powers of its great founder; a scheme which can be rendered plausible only by misstatements, exaggeration, and the confounding of testimonies,—those of fanatics and enthusiasts with the sober results of guarded experiment, given in by men of science and authority.

"I remain, Dear Sir,

"Yours Respectfully,

"S. T. COLERIDGE

"REV. T. CURTIS."

It is only necessary to add that the originals of these letters, and of a few others of minor importance belonging to the same correspondence, are now in my possession. Their genuineness is sufficiently established by the internal evidence both of matter and style.

GEORGE M. TOWLE

## DESHLER &amp; DESHLER;

OR, MY LIFE AS A BOOK-AGENT.

TWO PARTS.—II.

AS soon as I had taken my tea I went out to work. This time I went up the street among the residences, thinking that the shops and offices would be, in the main, deserted. But I found poor fishing: almost invariably I was told that the ladies were riding. The day had been intolerably warm, and everybody was out for a breath of fresh air. At last I found a lady who was not out riding. She was very pretty and very affable. She heard all I had to say about the book, looked at all the engravings, and asked numberless questions about this general and that engagement. Were all the pictures good likenesses of the generals, or hadn't I ever seen all the generals? Didn't I think this one perfectly horrid-looking, and that one perfectly splendid? La! was that the way a battle looked? had I ever seen a battle? and didn't I think it must be perfectly splendid? Did I have to work for a living? Wasn't it awful tiresome this warm weather? But of course I didn't mind it, I was so used to it: it would just kill her, etc. She looked at the styles of binding—cloth, sheep, calf and Turkey morocco. "La!" she said, "I never knew before that they made leather out of turkey-hide." Then she handed me back the subscription-book, with the remark that it must be a real nice history. Would she subscribe for it? I asked.

"Oh dear! no. I never read histories, they're so awful stupid. It's terrifically warm." She yawned, rang a bell and ordered her fan and an ice.

A second lady whom I found was more encouraging. She asked just as many questions, but they were not so irrelevant—said she wanted the history, and when I thought she had fully determined to subscribe for it referred me to her husband, giving me his office address, and explaining that once she and

her husband both bought the same picture: if she should subscribe for the history, he might do the same thing at his office.

"I have only five names on my list: you can see if your husband's is there." No, it wasn't there.

I supposed of course she was satisfied, and would enter her name.

"If I were to subscribe, he might not think to look at the list, and might put his name down too."

"But you can tell him when he comes in this evening that you have ordered the book, and of course he will not."

"Oh, you might go to his office and get his name before he comes in: book-agents are up to all sorts of tricks."

"I assure you, madam," I said smiling, "I could never do such a thing. If by any possibility such a mistake should occur in any family, I should certainly release one subscriber."

"Everybody can promise. You're a stranger to me, and the best way for you to do is to go to his office and let him sign for the book. Then, if it isn't good, he'll have nobody to blame but himself. Just take the car and go right down this street to No. 120, and you'll be sure to catch him. There's a car now."

I rushed out of the house to catch it. When I reached No. 120 I found the door locked and all the business streets deserted. I took the car back to Mr. Bennett's boarding-house. I went up to my attic-room. It was directly under the roof, and was stifling. I went to bed, though it was not yet dark, and tossed there all night without five minutes' sleep, as it seemed to me. I was up with the first gleam of the morning, unrefreshed and weary. I dressed and stole down stairs, for nobody was stirring. Unbolting the front door, I sat down on the steps. The twilight and hush of the

sleeping city were very impressive, and moved my spirit as its wild Babel never could. There came to me an intense realization of human weakness. Man can rear massive piles of masonry, he can make bold challenges and achieve splendid successes, but how soon is he wearied and worn! For hours these imposing streets which he has built pulsate with enterprise, passion and hope, the tide of life sweeps up in majestic strength, but God's law is over all. As surely as the tide of life rises, so surely it must ebb and drop back in the ocean of rest, while above, through the ages, watches the Eye that never slumbers.

This day proved one of considerable success. It was intensely warm, and the men kept to the shadow of their offices and shops, so that I had no trouble in securing interviews. "A woman who can work through this heat ought to be encouraged," was the sentiment expressed by more than one subscriber. On a certain door I encountered a dispiriting notice: "No insurance-agents or book-agents wanted here." I wondered if the poster of the card knew of something discreditable in the nature of the business of which I was ignorant. I might be forced to pursue a poor or shabby business—if, indeed, a woman can find any other—but I could never continue in any that was really wrong. I determined, if possible, to find out the nature of the objection to book-agents entertained by that bill-poster. I found the gentleman in: he was a broker.

"I am a book-agent," I said, "and I wish to ask you, in all courtesy, the nature of your objection to my business." He looked at me as if he wondered at me—my audacity or something else. "I am anxious to know, for I will not pursue any business that is intrinsically wrong. Will you tell me your objection?"

"It would be offensive to you."

"No, your objection must be to the business. You could have no objection to me if I came to contract for a thousand hogsheads of sugar. So pray tell me," I urged.

"Very well," he said. "Book-agents are peddlers, and peddlers are cheats.

Book-agents don't show their wares: they ask a man to buy in the dark."

"We show samples of everything that's to make up the book—printing, paper, engravings, bindings. When you sell coffee, what more do you show than a handful of berries?"

"But I warrant satisfaction to the buyer."

"And so does the publisher. In the obligation to which you subscribe it is stipulated that if the book does not prove as represented by the agent the subscriber is released from the obligation to take the book."

"Well, I don't want to be told what books I ought to buy. When I want a book I'll go to the book-store."

"If somebody didn't tell you in one way or another, you'd never know what books to buy. In the first place, you wouldn't know what was published, and of that which was published you wouldn't know what was good. Book-triers are as necessary as tea-triers."

"Well, I hate a peddler. If you want to sell books, why don't you open a book-store?"

"I haven't the capital."

"Well, go at something else—some indoor work. By Jove! I hate to see a woman pushing about among men for a living. By every woman there ought to stand a man."

"But you can't argue out of existence the women who have to push about among men for a living, neither can you talk men into places beside friendless women. Men don't want such women for wives. They want the nestling whose feathers have never been ruffled, the butterfly whose down is undisturbed."

"Well, I don't want any."

"And," I added, "there are a great many men who don't want any, and numberless women who prefer not to marry; so marriage is not, to every woman, the way out."

He went into the hall, and came back with the posted card which had attracted my attention, tore it in two and threw it into the waste-basket. "If all book-agents were like you, I'd put up a card inviting them to walk in," he said; and

ded, "I suppose to you the way  
s through a big subscription-list."  
far as I can at present see it does,"  
ered.

ell, I'm bound to help you out.  
over your subscription-book."  
ny next call I failed utterly. The  
nan interviewed was a cool, quiet  
ho replied to everything I had to  
shall not subscribe for the book."  
uldn't argue, he wouldn't state his  
ons; so I had no chance whatever.  
mend his course to people wish-  
get rid of book-agents and insu-  
solicitors.

ne next office I found a man mov-  
out in a petulant way, his face in  
l. My impulse was to leave the  
without making known my busi-  
out he spoke before I had time to  
I suppose you've got a book there  
ou want me to subscribe for?"  
s," I answered—"Greeley's *His-*  
*the Rebellion.*"

wouldn't subscribe for the angel  
l's history of the rebellion in  
r, or Satan's either," he said.

en you'd miss a good thing, doubt-  
e got enough to do to read up the  
r of my own affairs. Everything  
ne wrong to-day. Just look at that  
nd!"

as on the carpet, broken to frag-  
and in a pool of ink, and the car-  
s a pretty Brussels. The man got  
on his knees and was going at the  
th his pocket handkerchief.  
t me manage it," I said, arresting  
erations.

h blotting-paper, a basin of water  
an old towel I soon had almost  
trace of the accident removed.

said I wouldn't subscribe for your  
and I won't," the man said when  
I washed my hands and was pre-  
g to take my departure; "but I'll  
ou where you can get half a dozen  
ribers." He wrote a line to "Dear  
on," gave me the address, and said,  
d luck to you!"

ent to "dear Walton:" he was in  
graph office. "Of course I'll sub-  
," said "dear Walton." "Any-

thing in the world to accommodate the  
ladies and Jim Wheeler!"

Then he asked me to wait, and he'd  
telegraph to a friend in another part of  
the State: said friend had been high  
private in the army, and was sure to  
want "a history of the war in which he  
had fought, bled and died." Click, click,  
went the busy wires, "dear Walton"  
wearing a smile meanwhile that looked  
as if it might any moment explode into  
roaring laughter. In a few moments the  
answer to his despatch came back.

"Hurrah! he'll subscribe!" and then  
the smile did explode into laughter, and  
the smile of a fellow-operator likewise  
exploded. "You'll have to go to another  
part of the State to get the subscription,"  
said "dear Walton." "There's the high  
private, that handsome fellow with au-  
burn hair over there;" and he pointed  
to the other smiler across the room.  
"Take him the subscription-book." So  
I went over and secured the high pri-  
vate's subscription, which had been so-  
licitated by telegraph, the despatch having  
made a circuit of eight hundred miles to  
reach an operator in the same room.  
This incident put everybody in a good  
humor, and in a few minutes I had left  
the office with seven new names on my  
list.

I had now orders for fifteen copies of  
the history. It was advisable that I  
should as soon as possible deliver the  
books. I hadn't any money, I was a  
stranger to the publishers, yet I should  
need over a hundred dollars in ordering  
the fifteen copies. I went to the office  
of Deshler & Deshler: it was all I could  
do. Both gentlemen were in: I wished  
the younger had not been.

"Dr. Deshler, it seems hard that I  
must come for help to a stranger, but  
you have made it as easy as possible for  
me. I must send to the publishers for  
books. I am a stranger to them: of  
course I must command some cash. I  
shall need over a hundred dollars. Now,  
may I, for just once, have the books ex-  
pressed to you 'C. O. D.,' and delivered  
as you may direct, so that I can't run  
away with them? And will you lend  
me the hundred dollars for a few hours?"

for I can deliver the books and collect all the money in a half day, I think."

"Certainly! certainly!" said Dr. Deshler cordially. "We'll have the books delivered right here—there's plenty of room—and we'll save time by telegraphing the order."

He sat down at a table and wrote while I dictated. In due time the books arrived, and I entered zealously upon the work of delivering them. But not a single copy did I succeed in delivering at the first trial. I called at Mr. Perkins's office four times before finding him in. And this is an illustration of how the matter went. It took more than a week of hard work to deliver those fifteen copies. Later, I learned how to manage better. But during this week I was running in and out of Deshler & Deshler's office, every hour growing more and more nervous and embarrassed about the way in which matters dragged, and more solicitous to escape from my annoying position.

I had expected to clear the office of the books in a few hours, and to reimburse Dr. Deshler in the same time: instead, I had been using the office and the money for a week. In this flitting in and out I of course frequently met both the brothers—the younger oftener, for he was the office-physician: the older did the outside work. When I did find the elder brother, William Deshler, in the office, he made things very comfortable for me; inquired in an interested way how I was getting along; urged me earnestly to rest; cautioned me against overwork, etc. He would help me get out my books, and would "load me up," as he expressed it, following me to the door with words of sympathy and encouragement. The work was too hard for me—I was delicate, and needed somebody to look after me, he would say. Dr. Deshler, Jr., never said a word about the hard work, and he never helped me about it. He would invariably turn his back and look out of the window when I was "loading up" and starting off.

There were times when I felt very sharply that I was in some way a griev-

ance to this gentleman; yet occasionally he would open a conversation with me, and pursue it persistently and exhaustively, with evident enjoyment of some nature. I used to think it was the enjoyment of the explorer and discoverer, for I always came from one of these interviews with the consciousness that he had found out something about me. Try ever so hard, I couldn't keep myself hid.

Well, the books were at length delivered. I settled with Dr. Deshler, and had nearly fifty dollars in my purse. The first pinching necessity was met. I had scarcely found time before to think of Baby. Now my heart began to cry for her. My pretty bud was unfolding and I was not there to see it. She was developing so rapidly, I felt I could not be from her a day without missing some sweetness that could never come again. In maturity, years come between friends and they meet unaltered, but in a child each day brings some pretty change. The mother-yearning grew so intolerable that I conceived the design of bringing my baby to the city, though my judgment warned me that the country was safer for the summer. So, while I worked I was on the lookout for a boarding-place where my child could be cared for during my absence, and also for a place to store my books.

Twenty-nine new names were on my list, but my purse was getting low, and it had become necessary that I should, as soon as possible, get on another supply of books. It seemed that I should be forced again to ask help of Dr. Deshler. I hadn't been in his office since I had moved out the last of my books, and I hadn't seen either of the brothers since that time. Indeed, I had avoided their locality, lest I might seem to be seeking some favor of them. About this time I learned, through a servant at my boarding-house, that a gentleman had called and inquired if I was sick. The next morning I found myself sick—not alarmingly so, but there were some symptoms that gave me serious solicitude. It had been an ever-present dread that I might fall sick in that great strange

city. I dressed myself, and after a fruitless attempt to swallow some breakfast took a car to Dr. Deshler's office. The younger brother, Gilbert Deshler, was in. He started up in a confused way at seeing me, and shook hands with me. "You haven't been here for nine days," he said. "My brother has feared you were sick."

Then it was he who had called at my boarding-house, I thought. "I am sick now," I answered, "and I have come to you to cure me."

"Ah!" and he looked at me in an earnest way, "tell me what the matter is." I stated my symptoms. He inquired about my sleeping-room and the boarding-house fare. "Of course you're sick with such living and with this confounded work you're at. I've seen you start out into the noon heat with six or eight of those great books, and I've wished sometimes that you'd—you'd—Never mind. Wait here, and I'll step into a drug-store and get something for you."

He came back with a liquid mixture in a bottle, which he set on the table. I handed him a five-dollar bill: he pretended not to see it. I called his attention to it.

"I don't want any money," he said.

"I accept the prescription from you, Dr. Deshler," I said, "and thank you, but not the medicine."

"Then you sha'n't have it, that's all."

"Well, if I die my blood will be on your head!" I returned, laughing.

"You must think me a graceless fellow if you can't accept this trifling favor at my hands."

"I can and do accept it," I answered, extending my hand for the medicine. "And now I want you to do me another favor. Do you know a Mr. Henschman at 79 Sycamore street?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Because I'm negotiating for storing-room for my books in his office."

"You aren't going there," said the gentleman bluntly—"that is," he added quickly, "if you'll take my advice."

"Why?"

"Because I know the man to be a scamp: he'd steal your books if he

could. Besides, it will be an unnecessary expense for you. Why can't you make this office your head-quarters?"

"I and my books might be in the way of your patients."

"We've two consultation-rooms besides this: a box of books couldn't be in the way; and as for you, you're such an outrageous worker you're never here but a minute at a time."

"Your brother has not invited me to make this my head-quarters," I suggested.

"He likes to have you here."

"But you don't."

"What makes you think so?" he asked.

The entrance of Dr. Deshler, Sr., prevented my reply. "I'm delighted to see you," he cried in a cheery way that was most comforting. "I've thought several times of calling at Bennett's to inquire about you, but I've been driven to death."

Then it wasn't he who had called, after all.

"Well, how are you getting along with the *Conflict*? How many subscribers have you caught? Good!" he said when I had told him. "Oughtn't you to be sending for more books? Have them delivered right here, and I'll pay for them just as before," he added, so cordially that my last scruple disappeared.

I escaped the threatened sickness, losing but that one day from my work.

Dr. Gilbert Deshler called that evening to inquire about his patient, and ordered me to change my room at whatever cost. So I took one on the second floor, for which I was to pay twelve dollars a week.

I was in the midst of delivering my second installment of books when I one day went into Deshler & Deshler's, very tired. While resting I employed myself in writing a letter to Baby full of mother-talk: I was so afraid she would forget me. As I finished the letter I looked up, and my eyes met Gilbert Deshler's.

"What made you think I didn't like to have you here?" he asked abruptly.

"Because you always turn your back on me when I come in for books."

"I hate to see you at this wretched work," he said vehemently. "I can't



see an Irishwoman bowed under her bag of shavings without feeling ashamed of myself that I don't take it on my own back."

"Do you expect me to credit all this chivalrous talk?" I said laughing. "You sit there, and look out of the window, and smoke your cigar, without ever offering to help me, as your brother does."

"I can't help you," he answered. "I could never stand and pile those great books in your arms, and see you go into the street for men to stare at and wonder at. If I started to help you I'd get a wheelbarrow and deliver the books for you; and when I had done that you wouldn't be helped: your greatest need wouldn't be met."

"And what is that greatest need?"

"Such shelter, such hedging, as preserves to woman the delicacy that is her supreme charm."

I felt my face flush. Did he think that I had lost or was losing this delicacy? He seemed to understand the application I had made of his words, for he added hastily, "I do not say that it is impossible for a woman to preserve this delicacy in a public life that brings her into intercourse with strange coarse men, but I do say that it is thus endangered."

"And is it not as really imperiled in the kind of intercourse maintained between men and women in fashionable life? Think of the drawing-room flirtations, the dances, the familiarities of watering-places, the freedom and license that mark every kind of travel in this country! Publicity is not necessarily demoralizing to a woman, nor is a legitimate intercourse with strange rough men. Many a hospital-nurse is witness to this. A woman may meet in a business way the roughest men in this city and receive no harm. It is half-loves—if I may coin a word—familiarities without esteem, that break down womanly delicacy. However, I am not quarreling with your words. No one can despise this scramble for money more than I, or more cordially hate a life that dispels the idealized atmosphere through which man should regard woman, and woman man.

I thank God for the illusions of my existence. I don't want to know human nature. I never want the romance taken from my idea of man: I want to believe him a hero, a knight—strong, brave and noble."

"Yes, yes," the gentleman answered, "let's keep all the halos. Now, I don't believe in educating girls and boys together: it does away with the glories. If these glories are moonshine, then moonshine is better than sunlight. If I'm enjoying a village landscape, I want to eat the fool alive who comes reminding me that the peaceful cemetery in the picture is overgrown with mayweed—that the cottages are squalid and the children ragged."

"One would scarcely take this for a physician's talk. Doctors deal so much with the material, we scarcely expect to find the ideal in them," I said.

"It is because I deal with the material and know its nothingness that I try to believe in the glory elsewhere. Man is happy in worship."

He had come up to the table where I was sitting, and where my letter was lying ready for mailing, addressed, "Mrs. Caroline Shepherd. For my Baby." I saw him glance at the letter inadvertently, as it were, then he looked with arrested interest, and raised his eyes to my face in a quick surprised way. He saw that I knew he had read the address.

"Have you a baby?" and he regarded me with steadfast eyes. "Then you're a married woman?"

"What's the matter?" said Dr. Deshler, Sr., entering the office. "Why, Gû, you look as though you'd been struck by lightning." The gentleman appealed to looked flushed and confused.

"He's surprised to hear that I have a baby, as if there could be any other reason why I am here at this work."

Deshler & Deshler were both looking at me now, as though they meant to look me through.

"Is your husband dead?" asked the elder.

"He was killed in the war," I answered, coloring with alarm as they approached the grave of my secret.

"Then you have a pension," persisted the elder doctor.

I was ready to sink through the floor, and I was conscious of showing the embarrassment I felt. I did not reply.

"You're entitled to a pension," the speaker continued. "Have you ever applied for one?"

I had to answer him. "No," I said.

"Well, you must have a pension. I'll take you right up to my lawyer's now. Come along."

"No," I answered evasively, "I must go to work now: there's a subscriber near by that I want to catch."

"Never mind the subscriber. I have leisure now to see my lawyer: he's just overhead, and he's in now. It won't take but a few minutes for him to tell you what you'll have to do."

"I can't go now," I said, growing momentarily more embarrassed, and seizing my subscription-book I hurried from the office. Again I walked blindly along the street with the familiar hunted feeling. I wished that I needed never go back to Deshler & Deshler's office, but I had two hundred dollars' worth of books there. Perhaps that inquisitor might never think of the pension-matter again, or at least might never mention it.

But he did mention it again the following morning, and both the brothers were present.

"Well, shall we go for the pension this morning?" is what he said.

"I shall not apply for a pension, and I beg that you will not allude to the subject again." This was certainly not a speech to allay suspicion. I knew that both gentlemen were scanning my face, but I "loaded up" and went away, wondering what they were thinking and saying about me. "It's no matter what they think," I decided. "I'll work hard and make all the money I can here; then I'll go away with Baby into a retreat where I shall not bother people nor be bothered by them."

After this talk about the pension with the brother-doctors, when my burning cheek, evasive manner and faltering tongue warned them away from the forbidden ground, I perceived, even at our

next meeting, a change in the manner of the two gentlemen, and the change grew more evident as the days went by. The younger, who had ever been reticent with me, became still more reticent. He rarely looked at me, and more rarely spoke to me, though when he did it was gently. He never asked about my work, he never gave me a word of sympathy or encouragement. He seemed every day to be getting farther away from me. Dr. Deshler, Sr., on the contrary, drew nearer to me—each day drew nearer in spite of my effort to keep my distance. He inquired daily how I was getting along with my work, often looked over my subscription-list, telling me something about this man and warning me against that one. He frequently gave me a line to the head of some establishment that would lead, perhaps, to my securing ten or a dozen subscriptions. "Which way are you going this morning?" he would ask. "I've got a call off that way," he would probably add, "and I can take you right along in my buggy, and any books that you wish to deliver;" and thus he often lightened my way. As the acquaintance progressed he became communicative, telling me, at one time and another, considerable about himself and his brother. He acknowledged one day that he was a rich man—had always been rich: he practiced medicine because he liked an active life; his practice was worth twelve thousand dollars a year; his brother was a third partner; meant to give him a full partnership in January, and make him work more.

"Gil doesn't take as well with people as I do, but he's a better doctor. There's no half-knowledge with him: he knows things to the very bottom. He's the best anatomist I ever knew; there's a splendid surgeon in him; he has just the prudence and the pluck that a surgeon needs. But people don't know him, and they do know me, and so they run after me and let him sit in the office. But I mean to bring him out, and then I shall be laid on the shelf."

"That's my house," he said to me another day, as we passed a handsome residence with all those attractive surround-

ings that wealth and culture can procure. "I keep bachelor's hall there." These last words quickened my heart-beatings.

I had never known before whether or not he was married. "I'm looking for a housekeeper now: mine hasn't a single home-instinct. What kind of a housekeeper are you?"

"I'm no housekeeper at all," I answered, coloring, though trying hard not to. "I can't make bread, and bread-making stands at the head of the rudiments."

"Oh, the cook can make the bread. I mean, what kind of a home-maker are you? There are some women who make a man's home a rest, a very haven, while others, just as neat and orderly and provident, render his house more fatiguing than the tumultuous street. Which kind are you?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I'm not very quiescent, and I like to talk. I don't think I am very resting."

"The resting woman is not necessarily quiescent or silent. A dumb woman would be very fatiguing. The resting woman says and looks appreciation: she is suggestive — a picturesque talker, perhaps. She is— Well, I can't paint her portrait, but I recognize it whenever I see it. She isn't necessarily very wise or very learned or very handsome, but she is very refreshing. I think you are a resting woman. I like to hear you talk: I like to watch your movements. A man could no more tire of you than of a live book. I think you could make a home." He turned himself on the seat and looked in my face, and I looked in his. I don't know what he saw in my eyes. I was conscious that they were telling something of what was in my heart, but I didn't know then, and I don't know now, just what was in my heart.

"I am sure I don't know," I answered because I had to say something: "I never tried to make a home."

"What do you mean by that speech?" he demanded a little sharply. "You made a home for some happy man, though you may not have had a roof over your head. Many a gypsy-tent has doubtless been a true home."

"I must stop here," I said, glad and sorry to leave him.

This conversation was a bitter-sweet one to me: I wished it ended and wanted it continued. The past, with its brief joy and long heartache, was growing more and more misty, and the shadows were gathering about the man to whom was linked the supreme happiness and the supreme anguish of that past life. I was beginning to live in the present, not alone in my work—this engaged me—but something else was come into my life. The realities to me in that teeming city were Deshler & Deshler. The scores of other people whom I encountered were so many automatons grinding out bread and weaving clothing for Baby and me. Deshler & Deshler, I have said, were the only realities. They were both in my thoughts; and one was not pre-eminent. Yes, one was pre-eminent, and it was the reticent, inscrutable, evasive younger brother. He shut himself from me, and this kept him in my thoughts. Once I had snatched a view of his spirit—had seen that it was knightly, and then the trail was lost to me. I own I was greatly bewildered by the attitudes of the two brothers in regard to me—both very pronounced and in marked contrast. I cannot convey in words what I felt those attitudes to be. Were I a painter I think I could sketch a picture that would exactly tell the story, for, all appearances to the contrary, I felt—But what is the use of trying? I never can tell anybody what I felt. I never would have asked Gilbert Deshler to carry a book for me, but I knew that I could trust him to peril his life for mine, and that any other woman might so trust him. Yet I felt, more than ever, that I was a grievance to him.

So things came to be very uncomfortable and embarrassing for me at Deshler & Deshler's. I could not go freely in and out when one brother was turning his back on me, and the other seemed each day to be getting nearer. I cannot tell you how I knew this. Friendship, affection, love grow insensibly as a flower grows. You do not see the change from day to day, but when you think

back to the dry seed, and then turn to the swollen bud, you feel that soon there will be a blossom of some nature. I could not continue about that dear room, which had come to be a kind of home, a rest to me, after the words and looks I had received from William Deshler. Yet how I hated to go, to break the only tie I had in the great city! How my heart begged to stay!

One morning, however, when they were both in, I gathered courage and spoke: "I have engaged storing room for my books elsewhere." My voice was very shaky, and a baby could have wrung tears out of it with the least little squeeze. I was ashamed and so vexed at the betrayal of my feelings that I went on in a savage tone: "You gentleman have been very kind: I thank you." Then I forgot to be fierce, and said, "I can never forget your—" and then I broke down.

The younger Deshler picked up his hat and went out of the office without a word. The elder brother came up to me with hands outstretched. I suppose I put mine in his: I found them there. I was feeling so utterly lonely, so ineffably wretched, that I was ready to catch at a straw. His face was beaming, his eyes overflowing with passionate light. "Oh, I love you!" he cried, kissing my hands. "Come and make my home." He opened his arms.

I sat down in a chair beside a desk: "You don't mean what you say: I am a stranger to you."

"No," he answered eagerly, drawing a chair beside mine. "I know your story: I have guessed your secret. I hold you guiltless. You trampled on man's laws, it is true, but the laws of a nature which God implanted in you are above man's legislation, as the growth of the oak is above it. You are innocent, while I am guilty. You were a wife, though unbound by man's laws: I am bound by man's laws, yet I am no husband."

Now, Dr. Deshler, Sr., was no fool: he was a leading physician in a large city, yet those are the very words he spoke to me. In one of those flashes that come to women, and I suppose to men, I saw how it all was. I did not

rise up in indignant scorn and say to Dr. Deshler that he had wronged and insulted me. He had put together some suspicious, inexplicable things in the life of a strange woman, had misconstrued them, and made erroneous deductions. That was all.

I put my head down on the desk beside me. I was so disappointed in him! A friendship, or affection, or something—I know not precisely what the feeling was, but it was a warm and grateful interest in him—had received a blow. I grieved as for the dead. I lifted my head, but I could not look at him: I feared to find the face which had been generous and manly to me changed, with something ignoble in it.

"Dr. Deshler," I said, "you have misinterpreted the reserve and embarrassment with which I have received your inquiries in reference to my past life. You could not understand why I did not apply for a pension. I will tell you, painful as it may prove to me: My husband was in the rebel army, and was executed as a spy. That is all. I shall endeavor to forget everything but the many, many kindnesses you have done me. God bless you!"

Then I went out into the street, and walked on, block after block, going over this new unhappiness and relieving the old agony, my veil drawn to shut out the world, but too utterly wretched this time for tears. It was not simply my disappointment in William Deshler. Grievous as this was, I knew that something else had befallen me.

I made my way back to my little room, and sat down on the carpet with my arms and face on the solitary wooden chair. Now, again, my little shallop was drifting in mid-ocean. Not a sail could I signal, be the storm ever so pitiless.

This is how it all came about. Until seventeen years of age I had been reared at the South, and life had been so easy, so delicious, so dreamy, that I had never thought of slavery as a wrong. The relation of master and slave was as unquestioned, seemed as natural, as that of parent and child. I was sent to New England, where I spent two years at

school. There I received my first suggestion of the sin in slavery. There I took my first lessons in life's realities. There, indeed, I began to live: before I had been dreaming. I came to hate slavery as the most abominable lie that man ever invented. I returned to the South in the midst of the war, and married a man to whom I had been three years promised. He was with the rebel soldiers. I knew they were fighting for a lie: I pitied them as I pitied the blind, for I remembered how ignorant I had once been, and how ignorant I should have remained but for those two years in New Haven. I married a rebel, for I loved the man, and I could not let politics have anything to do with it. He believed so in his cause! He gave his all and his wife's all, even to his dear life, to prop a lie, and that made it so much the harder for me. The friends whom I had made in New England could never understand how if I hated slavery I could marry one who was fighting for it. They brought out in evidence against me the apologies I had made for my dear native land, and the words of love they had heard me speak for it when their denunciations would grow unbearable. They decided that I was two-faced, and so I lost those friends. I found my Southern friends so blinded, so intoxicated with their zeal, so bitter, so unfair to the North, that I could not always maintain a prudent silence. I had to speak for the North sometimes: surely the very stones would have cried out if I had held my peace. Then I was taunted as traitor, abolitionist, spy! When my husband met his untimely death he was exalted to martyrdom. Then more than ever unpardonable seemed my apostasy. And so I lost my Southern friends. I was crushed between the upper and nether millstones. We were all of us made penniless by the war. I remembered the busy, free North, where people dared to work. I ran the blockade. To my surprise and joy, I found almost immediately a teacher's place in a seminary, and I turned the key on my past life. But my secret was discovered and my place lost.

And now again my place was lost. Once more I was nobody to all the world except Baby; but, said my heart, I am all the world to her. My pretty bird! my sweet darling! God helping me, I will serve you to the death! I can make money for us at this work: I have demonstrated this. I have money in bank. We shall have comfort yet, my pretty one! If I can make three thousand dollars by this year's work, we can live on the interest, and perhaps I may find some womanly work that will not come between us, and which will add something for a rainy day.

"You must make three thousand dollars this year," I said to myself. "You must let no day pass over your head without getting three subscriptions: that will give you twelve dollars a day, and a margin for the time to be taken out in delivering the books. You must lay aside all feeling, and, as Mr. Perkins advised you, put on a hard face. You've got to stop crying. If people say hard things to you, remember that you will perhaps never meet them again in this world. You are never to be sick, and there are to be no rainy days in your life. But first you must get your baby."

I got up from the floor, washed my face with a will, brushed my hair neatly, put on my little black hat and veil, went down to the sitting-room and ran over the advertisements in the morning paper. I started straight out to answer one. And I was in luck. I found a place for Baby and myself together with a motherly widow-woman, who would undertake the care of Baby during the day. So I took the first train into the country to get her, and returned the same day in triumph with my treasure. It was a very humble house I had engaged. Our bed-room was small, but it was airy and neat: we ate at a little square table with a patched tablecloth. But how juicy and tender our little steaks were! how mealy the smoking potatoes! how white and sweet the homemade bread! and what fragrant amber coffee was poured from that bright little tin pot! And oh what sweetness it was to wake with my darling's sunny head on my bosom and her soft little

hands on my cheek! She had learned to talk in the weeks she had been from me, and that made me cry because I had not been there to catch her first word.

The next day I entered upon a line of such uncompromising work as few women have ever pursued. It was the middle of August, and the city was intolerably warm, for it was environed by hills. But I never stopped for the noon heat. I worked straight through it, eating my lunch in the street-car or on a pile of lumber or on church steps, wherever the dinner-hour might overtake me. I took my breakfast early, and went among the residences to catch the gentlemen before they could start for their offices and shops. And such expeditions seldom proved fruitless. I remember one morning a gentleman opening the front door, his eyes sleepy, his hair uncombed, in slippers, without coat or vest. He stood in the hall while I made known my business. I knew my ring had called him out of bed, and I expected he would resent it.

"You're an early bird," he said, "and you shall have your worm." I handed him a pencil, and he wrote his name in the subscription-book. I had a copy of the history with me: I delivered it on the spot, and received the cash. I one morning made twelve dollars before seven o'clock. And I worked late into the night. The gentlemen sitting on their porches and doorsteps made a hearing certain. In spite of all resolutions not to care what people thought and said, I found it like crucifixion to walk up a flight of steps in the face of gentlemen and fine ladies fresh from their baths and toilets, and I so dusty and worn. Then would come a reminder of the days when I had sat on some cool verandah, in attire dainty and chaste and picturesque, and watched some poor creature climb the steps as I had now to do. I could remember how all such creatures, all who worked, had seemed—God forgive me!—to belong to a race and a world with which I had nothing to do. How shadowy, how like a dream, all that now seemed!

After a few trials among the ladies I

ceased trying to accomplish anything with them. It was seldom I could get an interview with one. They were lying down, or canning fruit, or pickling, or riding, or had a dressmaker or a sick headache. And when I did secure an interview, the lady was no judge of books, or she had no money, or she never encouraged peddlers, or she'd ask her husband. Women showed me little sympathy—nothing like what men manifested. I do not think it was because the women had less kindness or were of less sympathetic natures; but the men knew what down-town life meant, knew what it was to be in the whirl of business, and they pitied the woman who was forced into it, as a soldier who knows the hardships of war would compassionate a woman in camp. The ladies were not unkind: they did not know.

Well, I did not lose a single day from my work—nay, not a single hour. No weather was ever so unkind that I did not face it. I have been out in storms when the streets were deserted, not a woman to be seen for the day perhaps, while occasionally, at intervals of hours, I encountered a solitary man, who stared at me as if wondering what the emergency could be to bring out a woman in such a storm. Indeed, I learned to welcome these stormy days as my harvest-seasons. The men kept to the shelter of their shops and offices, and I was sure to find them in, with leisure to give me a hearing, welcoming perhaps the diversion I created. One day, when there was a persistent soaking drizzle from dawn to bedtime, I obtained fourteen subscriptions and delivered eight copies of the history. My commission on that day's work was over sixty dollars, thirty-eight of which I carried home in my purse. But I hadn't a dry thread on me.

"Yes, I'll subscribe for the book because you're so plucky;" "I'll help you along if I never help another mortal while the world turns round;" "I'll give you a lift if it bursts me,"—such were some of the things that were said to me.

"I've seen you pass our store about a thousand times," said a young man in a wholesale establishment opposite the

room where I stored my books, "and we boys have wondered and wondered what in the world you're working so hard for." Baby and I knew for what.

And I went everywhere—to factories, and foundries, and mills, and lumber-yards, and pork-houses, and court-rooms, and dockyards. I have passed day after day without the sight of a woman's face in all my work. Indeed, I think no other woman's foot had ever trod some of the places I visited. And yet through it all would ring the words Gilbert Deshler had said about sheltering and hedging a woman's delicacy. I felt that the men who applauded my pluck and industry, and who called me brave, would have liked me better in a sheltered life—that while they said Bravo! they held as out of place the woman who was pushing her way among men. But I kept on, pushing as for my life, though I often walked the streets with eyes streaming behind my black veil, to be dried and cleared up as I turned on a venture into some strange door. I gave myself no quarter. Three subscriptions a day I pitilessly exacted. I seldom failed of four, and often ran up in the neighborhood of ten. It was very hard—too hard to be ever told—but I made money—for a woman, a great deal of money. I was in a work in which courage and industry won, and not sex. As September was approaching its close I found myself square with all the world, seven hundred and twenty dollars in the savings bank, and over two hundred dollars in books. At teaching it would have taken me about seven hundred and twenty years to lay up that amount. I was bound to make the three thousand by the year's end, provided Baby and I could keep well. The fear of Baby's falling ill while I was away from her was a ceaseless anxiety to me, for I was away all day, never going home to dinner. I knew Mrs. Allerton to be careful, but whose eyes can watch as a mother's? In particular, I feared the croup, to which Baby had all her life seemed disposed. I became especially nervous as the damp, chill autumn advanced. So I arranged that if she should ever be taken sick during my absence, a

boy next door should bring word to the room where I was receiving my books, and where all my letters were addressed. This office, which I made my business head-quarters, was down town, and I went in and out there every day.

October was now half gone, and I had not seen either of the Deshler brothers, or heard one word from them. Though I was so busy, I had moments of heart-ache and longing and dreaming. I had often a yearning to go by the office, and yet had my way led by it beyond escape. I know I should have hurried past it as by a haunted graveyard. There was one thing that gave me a start when I heard it, and frequently recurred to my mind: Mrs. Allerton showed me one day a letter advertised for me, but it was in a paper five weeks old. I had no correspondents except my publishers, and their letters were always delivered at my business-place. I inquired immediately at the post-office for the advertised letter, but of course did not get it. I thought often about this letter. I did not believe it was from my publishers, and nobody else that could have any interest in me knew I was in the city—nobody except the Deshlers.

Of course, from what I have said, you are prepared to hear that Baby did fall ill. One afternoon I went into my office for some books and found a note from Mrs. Allerton: "Baby seems very sick with something like croup. She ought to have a doctor. Let me know if I must send for one, or if you will bring one." The boy was waiting to take back my answer. I sat down and wrote a line to Dr. Gilbert Deshler, and sent the boy off with it while I took a car home.

I had scarcely got Baby in my arms before I knew that this was very different from any previous attack. She tried to say "Mamma," but could only whisper it. Her face was flushed, her breathing hard, and she coughed in a tight, struggling way. I was greatly alarmed, and, feeling the need of immediate help, I had just asked Mrs. Allerton to run for some physician in the neighborhood when a carriage stopped at the door and there

were swift steps on the stairs. Mrs. Allerton's rooms were on the second floor. I laid Baby on the bed, opened the door into the hall, and my eyes met Gilbert Deshler's.

"My baby!" I said: "you must not let her die."

He walked immediately to the bed, felt her pulse and put his ear down to hear her breathing. He did not show any anxiety in his face when he lifted it, neither did he speak any alarming words. He didn't say anything, but his silence was sufficiently alarming, for I felt that he would have said something reassuring if he could. I knew too, by the prompt, decided way in which he worked, that there was danger. And I worked with him as only a mother can whose love is the strongest thing about her.

When the doctor had applied his remedies, and I was dreading to see him leave, he sat down by the bed. "I will watch the child to-night," he said.

Shall I confess it? I wanted to put my arms about his neck: I longed to kiss the hand interposed to avert from me this threatened woe. So he and I watched together through the silent hours—I with a restful, grateful feeling that, poor and alone as I was in the world, I was to have all the help of science and skill which riches and friends could bring to any woman. There was supreme comfort in the thought, yet I never forgot that the contest was very unequal—Man against impassive Nature.

It was about two o'clock in the morning when I knew, from the way the doctor fought, that Baby was worse. I was hanging over her, aching with every breath she drew, and trembling with each lest she might never be able to draw another. I lifted her, thinking if she must die she should die in my arms. I sat down on a low chair, feeling that if she went I could not stay. Suddenly she threw up her little hands in a way that yet haunts my dreams. I thought I must die with the anguish in my darling's face: "Oh, doctor! help!"

He was kneeling beside us: "Keep quiet! don't be alarmed! Don't touch me," he answered in firm, calm tones.

I saw the gleam of a knife, and the next moment it was crimsoned with her blood. I don't know how I kept on living, I was so frightened, but Baby was immediately relieved. The doctor quietly wiped away the blood, adjusted a silver tube, watched till breakfast-time, and then went away. But he came again that morning, and again at six o'clock.

Of course Baby got well, though she was full two weeks about it. And how shall I ever tell about all the bliss that was crowded into those two weeks as we were coaxing back the bloom to her cheek and the radiance to her eyes? It was such happiness to tend Baby; to watch for Gilbert Deshler's coming; to see her go into his arms; to watch him lay her in his bosom and caress her with womanly tenderness; to hear his strong words with an undertone that puzzled and thrilled; to look into his eyes, that always made mine waver! Ah! it was all so sweet that I dreaded the day when the witchery must be broken. I almost trembled to see Baby getting well so fast. It seemed to me that I could never go back to my life of drudgery and toil: the burden seemed too heavy for me ever again to take it up. I didn't argue against the imprudence of giving my soul this feast. What if it must some day starve? Let it now, at least, take its fill of joy.

We hadn't much chance for private conversation during the doctor's visits, for Mrs. Allerton was generally running in and out. But he told me one day that he had written to me soon after I left Deshler & Deshler's, and that the letter came back to him from the Dead-letter Office, and he thought then that he had lost me.

"What was the letter about?" I asked.

"Oh, I wrote because I was conscience-stricken. I had been such a bear to you, and you our guest! I had just heard your story from my brother. I would have given a great deal then if I could have gone down on my knees to you, and I am bound yet to confess it—the infernal interpretation I had put upon things. You know the matter about the pension; and then there was this blessed



baby, and everything had such a strange look, so suspicious, that— Oh, perdition! I can't tell you what."

"You need not tell me—I know: I gathered it from your brother. The circumstances warranted all your suspicions. I was a stranger—there was no life-record, as with an acquaintance, that you were bound to respect. You were not to blame: I was simply unfortunate."

"I was bound to respect my intuitions and the magnetism of spirit and spirit."

Another day he told me that his brother was married—that his wife was a good woman and a handsome woman. "But they couldn't adjust themselves to each other, and they separated by mutual consent."

The dreaded day at length came. Dr. Deshler pronounced Baby entirely cured. I knew this already. There was not the shadow of an excuse for his coming again and for my shirking my drudgery. Yet I heard the doctor's decision with a stifled heart. This delicious intercourse must end. He kissed Baby good-bye. If he had been starting for Kamtchatka, I couldn't have felt more like death.

He shook hands with me. "I'm glad I've found you," he said. "Promise me that you won't go away without letting me know. I shall want you to settle my bill as soon as you think you can meet it."

This was a very strange, coarse speech, that came to me like a stab.

"I can pay it at any moment," I said hotly, throwing a haughty look at his impassive face.

"Are you sure?" he asked. "I shall demand a large fee."

"What is your bill?" I asked. "I will give you an order on the bank where I make my deposits."

I was conscious of having made a sounding speech, yet I trembled for my few hundreds that I had worked so hard for: the whole might go at one sweep.

He had performed a surgical operation, and I knew that city surgeons made large charges.

"But I'll pay his bill if I have to work all the rest of my life for it," I thought.

He sat down beside me, took out his pocket memorandum-book and a pencil: "Let me see: there's the operation and twenty-six visits. Well, you must give me that blessed baby: I saved her life, and I ought to have her. Then I shall want you to take care of her; so you must give me yourself. And you will: I've read my happiness in your sweet eyes—the sweetest eyes man ever kissed."

He had us both in his arms, Baby and me, kissing by turns her bright head and my lips and eyes. Baby crowed and cooed, and I—of course I cried.

"You bad doctor," I said when I could speak, "to scare me so! I thought you were going to take all my money and Baby's. Of course Baby's life is worth it a thousand times, and I could have paid it to anybody else and not been hurt, but it would have killed me to feel that you could be willing to spend it for your comfort. That money, somehow, seems to have my tears and my heart's blood in it."

"Poor little woman! And what are you ever going to do with it? There's no use good enough for it," said the doctor.

"Yes, I know a use for it. I mean to keep it on interest as a book-agents' fund," I said laughing. "I shall subscribe for every book that is brought along, if it's a good book: if not, I'll give the agent his forty per cent. There now! You see I know how one suffers."

"All book-agents are not like you. I saw the glories about you that first day you came into our office, and the halo is yet here."

He smoothed my hair and kissed it softly. SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

## A CALL ON A BONZE.

I HAD been one month in the city of Fukui, the capital of the daimio of Echizen, and in that time I had been the recipient of hospitalities from prince, officer and merchant, and of kindness, honor and attention from all classes. The title which all bestowed on me of *sensei* ("teacher" or "eldest born") was sufficient guarantee to these people that their hospitality and the little gifts with which they daily loaded my table were not ill bestowed. From having been, through excess of patriotism, haters of all foreigners, their ways and works, they had become as gentle as children and as kind as mothers to their friend whom they had brought from over sea and land to teach the strange sciences of the West. Even the Booddhist priests, who were very numerous in the city, were polite and hospitable to one whom they could not but regard with suspicion. One of them had even visited me to thank me for my offer to instruct a few of his pupils in Western science and language. I was teaching a class of students in the school established by the daimio for the benefit of the sons of his two-sworded retainers, and the prospect of having the wearers and representatives both of the sword and the gown before me daily was novel and agreeable. After arranging to send six of his most promising prospective bonzes, he pressed me to visit him, bowed his forehead to the floor, said his *sayonara*, thrust his fan in his girdle, gathered himself up and retired.

The next day six lads in priestly robes and brocade stoles, all with rice-fed faces, rosy cheeks and shaven heads, bashfully entered the school and listened to the strange sounds of the foreigner's voice, while their countenances beamed with wonder or intelligence as the meaning filtered through the interpreter's language. At the end of a few weeks I found that four of them were very bright lads, whose continuance in foreign studies would be beneficial, while the other two

might shine as lights in the study of Chinese, Sanscrit and Booddhistic lore, but not of Western wisdom. Having made known the fact to their guardian, his Reverence Kun, he professed himself satisfied, and again pressed me to visit him, naming the day and hour. I resolved to go.

On the appointed day I prepared to make my call upon the bonze with all dignity. A visitor on foot, in those days of Japan, was nobody; a visitor in a *norimon* (a Japanese palanquin) *might* be somebody; a visitor on horseback *must* be a born nabob, since none but the samurai or gentry of Japan were entitled to bestride that noble animal. It was in the days of feudal Japan, though in the year of our Lord 1871. We repaired to the daimio's stable to select our horses. Every feudal daimio and his clan kept a stud of horses, though none but samurai could ride them, and even they only on special occasions. We mounted in the presence of half a score of grooms or running footmen, clad in their usual summer uniform—a suit of bronze-colored cuticle. Those who were to run with our horses wore in addition blue cotton-cloth socks. All, however, had on a narrow white breech-cloth, while a few had their backs tattooed with bright blue-and-red dragons and war-heroes. One evidently carried his sweetheart on his back, for a female beauty of the ultra-Japanese type, with roundest nose, oblique eyes, smallest mouth and fairest skin, blushed and pouted on his left shoulder, and lifted her round arm to adjust her blossom-garnished hair on his right. When a human face is painted on a living human skin, the effect is peculiarly life-like.

The daimio's stable being at my service, after viewing the fifty or more horses belonging to the clan, each one named and numbered, I had chosen a horse having a good reputation for speed and kindness, and black enough to deserve

his name of "Ink-stone." My interpreter aspired to ride a hard-mouthed animal dubbed "Dragon-jaws." My guard, who appeared in all the glory of silk, swords, helmet and new sandals, mounted, to the admiration of all the grooms, the fiery, spiteful "Devil-head." All was ready, and we started off on our ten-mile ride. The Japanese ponies, fresh from feed and confinement, were full of spirit. No one was unseated, however, and we passed out of the castle circuit and through the gates into the city without accident.

Of my two companions, one was a samurai, Miyoshi by name, a retainer of the prince of Echizen. His ancestor had followed Iyeyasu, the great unifier of Japan, to those wars in which he reduced every fractious daimio to submission and brought lasting peace to the land. As a reward for his valor he was made an hereditary retainer or vassal to the house of Echizen, and was entitled to a perpetual pension of fifty koku (two hundred and fifty-six bushels) of rice per annum. His undegenerate scion was Miyoshi, my companion, who had been detailed by the prince's high officers to guard the foreigner to the priest's residence. Such a guard was one of honor rather than of necessity, since, although the day of the patriotic assassins called "foreigner-haters"—a sort of murderous Japanese Know-Nothing party—was not yet over, yet among the peaceful villagers and farmers no harm could possibly befall a quiet American citizen who, unlike certain highly-civilized foreigners in Japan, kept his boots, fists and temper under control. By night and day, for over a year, the only foreigner in the province, I lived and moved in this inland Japanese city, most of the time without guards or companions, yet was never injured or even insulted by any one, though usually followed in my daily walks by a crowd as large as hung round the first Japanese who in 1860 sallied out from the Continental to make purchases and acquaintances in Chestnut street.

Miyoshi ("thrice good" or "three times in luck") had been so named because he was the third male child of his parents.

Tall, muscular, finely-formed, ever flush of health and bubbling over with fun and good-humor, Miyoshi neither belied his name nor failed in duty or courtesy to the foreigner with whom he daily walked as guard and companion. During the many months of voluntary exile, in which I never saw a Caucasian face, Miyoshi was my trusty friend. He alternated his duties with three other *yak-unin* or clansmen, to the longest, lankest and leanest of whom I had given the name of Don Quixote, and who gave themselves the collective title of "Company G," which they had picked up while on a visit to Yokohama. To-day, Miyoshi wore the usual picturesque dress so becoming to the Japanese samurai, which, to the horror and grief of civilized people, they have in many cases doffed for frock-coats, tight boots and that "plug" hat which not only makes unmalignant natives of Nippon look like members of Captain Jack's band, but which demonstrates that the extremes of barbarism and civilization may easily meet. Miyoshi wore a hat (or rather helmet) of heavily-lacquered paper or thin wood, red within, black without and emblazoned with the gilt crest of the Echizen clan. It flashed in the sun like burnished metal, and was bound under and over the chin by two thickly padded fastenings of white. Like all the Japanese head-coverings, which are called "shades" or "roofs," the helmet in no wise fitted the skull, but simply rested upon it by two pads, between which, untouched, in splendor of shaven scalp and made into a rod by pomatum, lay the sacred top-knot. His dress consisted of the usual long cotton under-garment, and over this a graceful silk garment about the length of a frock-coat, open in front, having square flowing sleeves, and slit up behind so as to allow the polished scabbard of his long sword to project genteely behind. On each breast and on the back was his embroidered family crest. Around his waist and reaching to his ankles were the *hakama* or long loose trowsers made of stiff silk, which indicated the social grade of the samurai. (The lower classes of the peo-

ple were, at that time, prohibited, on pain of death, from wearing this garment except at funerals.) Projecting from his silken girdle were the traditional two swords, their handles gold-inlaid and covered with shark skin wound with silk. One, the long blade, was for enemies, and one, the dirk, to be sheathed in no body but his own. Both swords were cased in lacquered wooden scabbards. As I have known of a score of instances of genuine *hara-kiri* since I came to Japan, and as I have seen the loyal devotion of the Echizen clan to their lord proved, I doubt not that Miyoshi would have buried his dirk in his bowels in a moment if ordered so to do by his idolized prince.

My second companion was named Iwabuchi ("Rock-edge"). Although a samurai of lesser rank than Miyoshi, he was far better educated, and proved his equal right to belong to the samurai class, since the real meaning of that term is "military literati," arms and letters being almost exclusively their property. Iwabuchi served no prince, and was therefore a *ronin*\* or "wave-man." His history had been somewhat chequered. His father having been a writing-master in the province of a petty daimio near Yeddo, he had received an unusually good education for a citizen of a country in which calligraphy was the first necessity and the last accomplishment, and the writing and reading of the most difficult written language on earth were thought to be the end and aim of all instruction. Of delicate frame and with a face lighted by intellect, softened by meekness, and only prevented from being noble by a twinkle of slyness, Iwabuchi seemed the type of the Oriental man of letters. He had left his home in boyhood to taste the new civilization, to brush against the hairy foreigners in Yokohama, and to learn their language. He had mixed with the Briton, the Yankee, the Frenchman and the Russian.

\* Some writers on Japan have erroneously used the word *ronin* as synonymous with "rough" or "bully." The word means simply "wave" or "floating man," and is applied to any one leaving the service of his master. Some of the ronins I have met in Japan are perfect gentlemen, and as harmless as doves.

When found by the writer, who immediately made a note of him, he was a teacher in the English department of the Imperial College in Yeddo. In his merry moods he would occasionally astonish me, and recall a whole chapter of home-memories, by humming odd bits of tunes picked up from his American friends. I had scarcely been in Fukui a week before I heard some Japanese boys attempting to sing "Shoo Fly," which they evidently supposed to be the national hymn of America.

We rode out from the city over the "Happy Bridge," made of stone and wood, five hundred and ninety-four feet long, which crosses the "Winged-Foot" River, and soon emerged from the city limits into the world of blue and fleece above and of azure and verdure beneath. Broad leagues of young rice, like prairies, stretched away to the base of the hills. Out of the irrigated squares rose, like islands, spurs and knolls, on which darkened the deep green of the tea-plants above the tenderer hues of the sprouting rice. Afar off, in cool distance, clustered the solemn pines, stately cedars and feathery bamboos. Here and there rose the massive gable of a Buddhist temple or the sacred red portals which invited worshipers to some Shinto shrine in the deep recesses of the grove. Scattered about were the rude thatched dwellings of the villagers, occasionally relieved by the white fireproof storehouse of the well-to-do landowner. Crops of corn, sorghum, tobacco, cotton and indigo varied the scene. Beneath us the hoofs of our horses crushed the wild pink or way-side morning-glory, or "morning face," as the Japanese say. It was a lovely spring afternoon, and ever-beautiful Japan was in her robes of sun-glorified green, while the mountains seemed banked-up masses of heaven. Dotted the fields like animated white clouds, walked unharmed at the side of the laborer the spotless heron and the stately crane. Every draught of air was medicinal. Our horses shared the joy of their riders, and dashed on, caring naught for their burdens.

Japanese horses are surefooted except

on pebbles. A rolling stone may gather no moss, but it sometimes wins nobler spoil. Nearly all Japanese roads are more or less pebbly, and are flanked on either side by the irrigated rice-fields, in which the rich black mud is of the consistency of thickened milk. While dashing at full speed, Miyoshi's horse slipped on a loose stone and fell. Being behind him, the first thing I saw was the flash of his long sword, which had left its sheath and was flying before him into the mud, where it stuck, point upright. The next spectacle resembled a gigantic flying squirrel moving through the air, apparently with the object of self-impalement upon the upright sword. By a miracle, as it seemed, Miyoshi fell to one side of the naked weapon into the rice-ditch, thereby hopelessly flattening two dozen sprouts of rice, to the loss of the owner thereof, ruining his coat and silk trousers, put on so lovingly by Mrs. Miyoshi that very morning, demolishing his helmet, getting a mouthful of the muddy coagulum, and looking, when fished up, like an exaggerated sweet potato just grubbed up from Mother Earth.

We dismounted and scraped off our unfortunate knight, who, after an hour's stay in the inn of the nearest village, and being literally washed and ironed, was in tolerable good trim, and gave way to despondency no not for a moment. Indeed, in the height of his hilarity over a cup of saké (rice-beer), Miyoshi happened to be reminded of a little story of two deaf men, which he told with an evident expectation that it would provoke the hilarity of his hearers, as—under the circumstances—it did. Here it is: Two men who were stone-deaf, but not mutes, met in the street one day. *Post No. 1*: "Good-morning: are you going to buy beer?"—*Post No. 2*: "No, I am going to buy beer."—*Post No. 3*: "Oh, excuse me: I thought you were going to buy beer."

We mounted again, and rode through several villages, called "streets." As in Eastern France, there are in Japan no solitary houses, but all the farmers live clustered together in hamlets. The country-folk at this time were busy in thresh-

ing wheat by striking it in bundles over a gridiron-shaped frame like a table, into which flat bamboo bars, sharpened and set edgewise, were fastened. After the chaff has been fanned from the grain, either by letting it fall to the ground while a breeze is blowing, or by a machine nearly identical in structure and principle with our wheat-fan, the grain is spread out in the sun on mats laid in the street in front of the shanties. The natives do not make bread of it, however, but only such trifles as dumplings, vermicelli, etc. The Japanese have no word for bread, but use the Portuguese word "pan." For sponge-cake, of which they are very fond, and which they make very well, they use the word "castira," a corruption of *Castile*, the cake having been first made in Japan by the Spaniards.

The honji or ecclesiastical residence of the chief priest of the Nichiren sect in Echizen was a temple-like structure of the kind peculiar to Japan, and so well fitted for a country in which the chief concern is rather about subterranean "probabilities" than those in regard to the weather. The first duty of a good house in Japan is not so much to look beautiful as to keep on its legs. I have seen some poorly-built houses made giddy, reel and fall into a flatness that makes a flounder round by comparison. In a well-built Japanese house, however, one is as safe during an earthquake as on a Cunarder in an Atlantic gale. My clerical friend's house was evidently earthquake-proof. From one massive crest swept down on either side the heavy roof of black tiles, making two colossal gables on each side. To support this awful weight of tiles, the roof timbers are whole trunks of trees, so joined together as to rock easily in an earthquake. The uprights rest in sockets in boulders set in the earth, so that when an earthquake comes, the continuity of the shock is broken by the joints and not too tight transoms, while the inertia of the heavy roof preserves stability until the shock has passed. That the Japanese understand the science of earthquake-proof architecture is most evident, since scores of their pagodas, temples

owers have withstood the shocks  
 dreds of years. Any one knows  
 can balance a gold-headed cane  
 finger-tip, and move the base a  
 r more from the perpendicular  
 the heavy head scarcely changes  
 n. The supports of a Japanese  
 seem frail and the roof danger-  
 heavy, but the house is a gold-  
 d cane, and the earth the moving  
 . In the earthquakes which  
 in Yeddo about twice or oftener a  
 , the foreigner prefers to be in a  
 ese house.

host meets us in the soft-mat-  
 oom, with glistening skull freshly  
 n, and clad in new robes of finest  
 er-colored silk and gorgeous collar  
 ld-embroidered brocade, but hav-  
 are feet. The mutual salutations  
 me several minutes. An acolyte  
 s us cups of tea, then conversation  
 a hour or more ensues, during which  
 inner is served. Though in a priest's  
 abbot's dwelling, it was no anchor-  
 fare that was set before us. I would  
 nsinuate that all Japanese bonzes \*  
 us luxuriantly as his Reverence Kun,  
 doubt whether any class of men in  
 n will average heavier in the scales,  
 lustrate better the laws of gravity if  
 should happen to fall outside a  
 um. Fasting is, of course, often  
 ticed, and some of the young bonzes  
 as pale and spiritual as those among  
 own students of theology who culti-  
 dyspepsia as a means of grace. In-  
 l, there is a very pale and handsome,  
 e-eyed young bonze, who performs  
 part of warden to the tombs of the  
 uns at Uyeno in Yeddo, and acts  
 icerone to visitors, of whom one of  
 arty of young missionary ladies that  
 ted the tombs a short time ago naïve-  
 emarked, "What a splendid convert  
 would make!"

Whoever, in examining a map of a  
 anese city, notices the great number

The word "bonze" is a corruption of the Jap-  
 e word *bōdōsā* (long *o*, short *u*), which means a  
 ddhist priest or shaven-headed person. The term  
 sed to distinguish the Booddhist priests from the  
*ushū* or keepers of the Shintō (long *o*, never *u*)  
 nes. These latter wear their hair cut short, and  
 out queue, curls or pomatum.

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of red spaces indicative of temple prop-  
 erty and real estate owned by Booddhist  
 monasteries, may obtain an idea of the  
 enormous revenues arising from the rents  
 collected by the bonzes or their agents.  
 To see the immense number of priests  
 and nuns who are supported on these  
 endowments, and to compare the style  
 and quality of their dress and food with  
 that of the poor mite-payers, is to under-  
 stand why so many make voluntary  
 choice of the monastic life. The recent  
 trustworthy census of Japan gives the  
 number of Booddhist priests at 211,486,  
 which is scarcely more than half of the  
 number prior to the diminution of their  
 revenues.

It is perhaps too trite to be a witticism  
 that the shortest way to a man's heart is  
 over his palate. At any rate, his Re-  
 verence seemed to open his heart wider  
 as successive courses of soups, fish,  
 fruits, vegetables, rice, etc. disappeared  
 from view from the lacquered bowls on  
 the tiny tables. His priestly dignity  
 melted into friendly garrulity. He had  
 promised to answer any questions which  
 I, an inquisitive foreigner, should put to  
 him, but I had not even hoped to get the  
 story of his life as he gave it to me that  
 night. Something else helped the fluent  
 utterance of the human heart that lay  
 under those priestly robes. It was the  
 universal alcoholic beverage of Japan  
 called *saké*, which being brewed from  
 rice, and therefore really beer, looks so  
 much like sherry and so little like barley  
 beer, and holds such a high social and  
 sentimental place on festal occasions,  
 that the Japanese like to translate the  
 word *saké* by wine. The various brews  
 from the different provinces, named ac-  
 cording to color, quality, time of brew-  
 ing, etc., would fill a volume, but it is  
 very certain that his Reverence could  
 tolerate none but the best brew. To  
 me, the "Target-Centre," "Unrivalled,"  
 "Leaping Carp," etc., and most of the  
 other brands which are quaffed with  
 such reverential gusto by native saké-  
 bibbers, taste like a mixture of alcohol  
 and hot water, for the Japanese always  
 drink saké hot. My companion, Mi-  
 yoshi, who was a connoisseur, after every

successive smack of his rather lusty lips declared the drink to be "as smooth as velvet, and fit for the greatest daimio in the land." The three virtues of saké usually set forth on the signboards pendent before the door are, that "it keeps out the cold, appeases hunger, and wraps in sleep him that drinketh thereof." Of the first virtue there was no need, it being spring and the evening warm, and by reason of his having emptied many bowls of rice and choicer viands, the second could not be tested; but that the third existed in potency was evident. Miyoshi soon careened over like a stranded ship, and was peacefully beached on the shores of Dreamland. His Reverence, though he had drained full many of the tiny cups, was still sprightly, and the saké served only to oil the hinges of his speech. Iwabuchi, always abstemious, acted like a porous partition for the diffusion of gases, and the bonze, becoming communicative beyond even my curiosity, gave me the story of his life, which I must condense in very few words.

His Reverence was born in the province of Nagato. His father was one of the retainers of the prince of that province, and an influential householder of the clan. Having no children by his true wife during the first five years of his married life, he availed himself of the expedient so common in Japan—which is lawful and against which there is no social ban—of taking to himself a handmaid in hopes of having an heir. Accordingly, he chose for his concubine one of the beautiful and well-educated *gei-sha* (singing- and dancing-girls), such as are found in every city of the empire, and who, though of humble birth, are rather better educated than the daughters even of the higher classes. By this woman he had a son, who grew up as the prospective heir of his father's house and fortunes, and received the education befitting a samurai's son. Mother and child were happy together until the boy was seventeen years old, when blight and frost fell on their hopes. The true wife bore a male child.

By law and custom this child became the heir, but the Japanese Hagar and

Ishmael were not sent away. It was expected that the handmaid would remain with her lord, and her son act the part of younger brother to the heir. Such a position, however, in a country where the law of entail obtains, is not always pleasant, and in this case of disappointed ambition it was too galling to be endured. So the natural son, mortified at first, submitted to destiny and became a priest. Having shaved his head and hung up his queue as a votive offering in the temple, he left his native city of Shimonoseki, and walking on foot to Kioto, visiting and praying at all the celebrated shrines on the way, he arrived in the sacred city and entered one of the monasteries of the Nichiren sect in that great city of temples. Here he studied and waited on the priest for twelve years, and was then sent to Echizen, where, after five years of zealous service, he was chosen chief priest or bishop of the province, a post he had now held for three years.

"But did nothing ever tempt you to leave the priesthood?" I asked, wishing to get his own account of certain things rumored about him.

"Hai, saiyo de gozarimasu," said the bonze, laying his right ear down on his shoulder and meditating. "It will be just eighteen years this summer since the news came as quick as an earthquake that a fleet of black ships had arrived opposite Kanagawa, and that the 'hairy barbarians,' as we called them then, had landed on the soil of Japan. The excitement was great. Every one's liver burst, and all the priests were summoned to the temples to offer up prayers to the gods to sweep away the barbarians. My first ambition when a boy had been to be a soldier, and I wanted at once to take off my collar and robes, let my hair grow again, stick my swords in my belt, and go and kill the American commodore Perry. I thought if I could but kill him, and thus save my land from pollution and ensure my own salvation, I would gladly die. I borrowed two swords from the armorer who lives on Pure Water street, and sold my bedding, which was all the personal property I

possessed. I expected to hide the swords in my robes and beg my way to Yokohama. I was just about to start when the daimio's officer, hearing of my purpose, forbade me, and so I had time to cool off a little. Dr. Kasawara, the oldest and most skillful doctor in Fukui, who had been secretly studying the Dutch language for years, persuaded me to wait and see whether the barbarians were really bad men. In a month or so word came that Perry and his ships had been driven away."

"My friend has greatly changed, since to-day he entertains a hairy barbarian and a countryman of Commodore Perry. How came the change?"

"Well, Dr. Kasawara removed many of my prejudices, but I never entirely changed my opinions until I saw you; and I can only say that now I do not believe the foreigners came to Japan either to conquer the country or to corrupt or kill the people; nor are they at all like beasts in their manners, as I supposed; nor do they eat earth-worms or snakes, as I had heard, and as many of my parishioners really suppose. Indeed, our old proverb, 'Hearing is Paradise, seeing is Hell,' seems to be reversed in this case. I heard of devils and saw a man. Hontoni (truly), I do not know what the mothers of Fukui will frighten their babies with. They will have to fall back on the Tengu\* again. Forgive me for having been so stupid. Dozo o negaimasu" ("Please may it be your wish to do so").

The bonze had made a clean breast of it, and I did not press him further in regard to his first impressions of the foreigners—a point on which I have questioned so many Japanese. In friendly retaliation his Reverence questioned me concerning my first impressions of the Japanese. They were easily told, and doubtless they are the same as those of the crowds who saw the carriage-loads of shaven crowns proceeding up Walnut street in the summer of 1860. When further pressed to tell him what seemed strangest to a foreign eye in Fukui, I gave him the fullest inventory of won-

\* A long-nosed imp supposed to kidnap children.

ders and incongruities I could extemporize. They were: houses without chimneys; hills without cattle; fields without fences; the wearing of loose clothes by men, and of tight ones by women; children's heads shaved in all fanciful ways and men with top-knots; the great age of the civilization of Japan, yet so little accumulated wealth and so few durable edifices; the poverty of the people, invariably joined with gentleness and politeness; the strange mixture of skepticism and superstition; the rigid chastity of wives and the moral laxity of husbands; indecency on every side existing with great refinement and modesty; the indulgence of parents and the perfect obedience of children. I wondered at birds without song; so many flowers, so few perfumes; so many blossoms and so little fruit; so much saké, so few persons drunk; mutual kindness, yet so little regard for human life; such rigid discipline of grade and rank and caste, mingled with frequent instances of freedom, and even of familiarity; so much moral teaching, yet such disregard for truth; so many swords worn, yet so seldom used. All these in their order gave rise to many expressions of surprise, very many *naru hodos* and *so desu kas?* and kept Iwabuchi's ears and tongue busy until the great temple bell boomed out the hour of ten, when all good bonzes should be on their quilts.

Miyoshi awoke at this time, and the two samurai, taking their swords from the rack and thrusting them in their girdles, were ready. At the door the running footmen were holding our horses, and after many a "Please come again" and *sayonara* we were off on the moonlit road. It was toward midnight when we passed over Happy Bridge and entered the city gates. Riding past the long mirror of the moats and the transfigured towers and castle walls, we reached our place of parting for the night. When I was within my paper-walled room the great bell of the temple of Kuanon boomed out the hour of midnight, and the sweet quiver which the air so lovingly prolonged wooed me to dreams of home.

WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS.



## BOUNCE.

SHE was christened *Benedicta*. During the two months included between the day of her birth and the performance of the ceremony which made this name her own, little else was spoken of by the gossips of Twaddleton. In thus departing from the customs of those who preceded and surrounded her, the mother implied a tacit disapproval of their taste and opinions, and how could a chit of eighteen presume to know better than her grandmothers and great-grandmothers? How dared she attempt to overthrow the existing order of Twaddleton? and how could she expect her child to grow up sensible with such an outlandish name, when the grave respectability of those ordinary cognomens, Catherine, Prudence, Sarah and Martha, was scarcely sufficient to repress the giddiness of their young possessors? The innovation was absurd, it was wicked: no natural person could ever have thought of such a thing. It certainly should not have the sanction of Twaddleton. Thus, like all pioneers, Selina Terry had to suffer for her audacity.

It was indeed a singular name to appear in this out-of-the-way village, but who can tell whither the spirit of poesy will stray in its erratic course, or how it enters minds to kindle therein the fire at whose flickering the unpossessed shake grave heads and predict strange issues? Sometimes it leaves but a spark, that, emitting a glare of mock brilliancy, is then extinct for ever; sometimes it sets a beacon-light to guide those surrounded by darkness; sometimes an untamable flame that consumes the recipient; sometimes a faint glow that warms only near friends and the home-circle. However its advent, it had lighted for a moment the dim recesses of Selina's heart, and for that moment she rose above the narrow limits of herself, of her surroundings and of Twaddleton, and became—was it a prophet or poet, or was the idea but an impulse of mother-love?

The generosity of small towns in devoting their best energies to straighten and settle the affairs of their neighbors has been frequently admired. Miss Fische was a woman whom the world, by repeated hard lessons, had taught how to administer reproof. By a fitness of things seldom found in our disjointed personalities, she was possessed of a strong voice, a rapid utterance, indefatigable perseverance, an analytic mind and a robust constitution, with very little business of her own, and plenty of spare time to bestow on those who needed her ministrations. This chosen instrument spoke not only to the young mother, but also to the young minister of the village, telling the former that the child would grow up a reprobate, that she could see a snare of Satan in her irregular act and bold self-dependence; while to the latter she hinted that she should strongly suspect his doctrine if he did not refuse to baptize the little one by such a name.

But the remarks of Miss Fische do not particularly concern us, since Mrs. Terry, *née* Doubs—a young wife developed from a spoilt child—though very ill and scarcely able to speak, held her own. Perhaps it was from that very fact that she was able to do so, for Miss Fische had never been known to be routed in fair argument, but having no opposition to feed upon, and the lecture form of speech not having yet found its way to that locality, she had perforce to retire. And Selina clung to her purpose with the same sweet self-will that had always guided her during her short life in any unusually profitless pursuit.

The baptism took place in her own little parlor: the bowl that held the water was a family piece, regarded as a title to supergentry. It is pleasant to think that so slight an act as the purchase of a bit of china or a silver spoon may give us a claim to the remembrance of posterity. The slim minister was pale on

the occasion, but as that was his invariable habit, it might be referred to the chronic state of depletion in his salary, which afforded small opportunity for indulgence in blood-making food. John Terry stood by, big, good-humored and smiling, with an opinion on the name question quite coinciding with that of our great poet.

In time the gossip died out from pure surfeit, for at short intervals came, almost treading on each other's heels, a Percy, a Claude, a Manfred—the latter could happily be shortened into Fred—and two more whom the tired mother refused to name, for in these years life had become a sad reality to Selina: she now only exerted her will to protest, not desire.

The father had already acquired a habit of referring much to his little daughter, whose wonderful surname he had ingeniously changed into Bounce, as being more homelike and convenient, as well as suggestive of her fat figure and active spirit. When this difficulty presented itself he turned to her and asked, "What shall we call the babies, Bounce?"

She thought a little, as one should who suddenly has a responsibility thrust upon him; then said, "I think the boy should be Johnny, after you, papa; and the girl should be Lucy, because, you know, she had a little lamb in my primer."

Whether for this weighty reason or for lack of better, the children did receive these names, and Miss Fische was heard to remark that "Trouble does some people good: Selina Terry has finally come to her senses."

For trouble there had been—trouble that will sometimes settle down on a devoted family without evident cause or conscious mismanagement, as if evil stars had an influence, or the usually impartial Fates had a spell of megrim, and were venting their surplus ill-humor on the first mortal that happened under their eyes.

It was thus with John, only that irrepressibly cheerful man was not aware of it. When he married his salary seemed amply sufficient for two, but in five years

the two had increased to eight and the salary remained stationary. But John still worked on contentedly: when there was not much, he did with little, and though the whole village spoke of his misfortunes, he was too busy to pay that attention to them which many thought they deserved. In fact, John had but few opinions and fewer speculations, and having once made up his mind on a subject, he never took the necessary trouble to unmake it. Having thought himself fortunate when he married the girl he loved, he considered that a settled point, and blindly continued to think himself fortunate until the day of his death.

Mrs. Terry's mind was capable of a wider range, and her fine sensibilities discovered many inconveniences in the world which ruder people are not supposed to feel. Her discontent had been of a remittent kind even while still a girl, and as a wife circumstances had tended to aggravate the disorder. She had been a fair, blue-eyed beauty, such as Time's rough fingers sadly mar in touching; and she had many kittenish ways in her youth that caused much havoc among the hearts of men. One of her sources of regret was that she "might have done better." She often told John that he had dragged her down to his own level, but this bitter fact did not annoy him any more than his other misfortunes. The truth is, he did not know where his own level was, but, like a cork in water, he rose and fell according as new weights were added or old ones removed, and was ready to come to the surface whenever chance permitted. John was obtuse.

On some one suggesting to Mrs. Terry that, in regard to her husband, she had chosen for better and for worse, she replied decidedly that she had "never taken John for anything like as bad as he was—that she had been utterly deceived. Could a woman imagine that any man would stay in the same office on the same salary for five years?"

But it was not for five years only, but for ten and longer, that Terry still stayed, and Selina's little ways ended in resem-

bling the felines only in metaphoric scratching, spitting and miauing. How seldom their admirers realize the natural development of kittens!

With the perversity of things in general, little beings still continued to arrive at this house, which was already too small to hold them, and little souls came to the care and training of this uncared, untrained person. Whether it was from being in contact with this newly-created innocence, or whether peremptory duties compel a pliant nature into a finer mould, or whether continual appeals for help cause sympathy to grow and selfishness to fade, I cannot tell, but certainly some more than usually subtle influence formed the character of *Benedicta*.

From the day of her birth she had been a centre of confusion—calm from the very force of the whirlwind about her. At an age when children receive care she was called upon to care for others. It seemed as if her voice grew soft in hushing the wailing of infants, and her patience became more liberal as the demands upon it increased. What persuasive power it required to quiet the nervous storms of her mother! what gentle decision to control that army of boys! what clear sense to meet the perplexities of a household where two and two invariably had to be forced into making five!

Her education at the public school was intermingled with rocking the never-absent cradle and amusing the small Terrys. As she grew older and more capable of usefulness, book-lessons ceased altogether until later, when she took up the primer again as teacher for her brothers and sisters too young to walk to school. She was never popular among girls of her own age: they could not understand why she was always absent from the playground or why she never joined in their recreations. How could they suspect that time, which was to them so free a gift that they forgot to reckon it, was one of her privations?—that the very air she breathed was in the service of others? Since she could walk she had never had a moment of her own. Or stop! Now I think of it, when she

was about three years old she did indulge herself by stealing ~~off~~ a ditch near the house to make mud-cakes, but the arrival of a new baby put an end to that pastime. And games soon lost their charm for her from the too frequent use she had to make of them to beguile that interesting family at home. As to those imaginative imitations of work, such as building fire in the woods, cooking, washing dolls' clothes or play-dishes, that children delight in, Bounce had been behind the scenes and the illusion had vanished. Dolls and their owners she looked upon with a wondering surprise, as if to say, Strange that the girls should so delude themselves as to call such things babies! Indeed, the only pleasure she cared for, and one that she rarely enjoyed, was to find a quiet corner and sit down to rest.

During her school-days she made two friends in her own characteristic way, or, rather, circumstances happened to bring certain of her qualities under the eyes of two of her school-mates, and they loved her.

Fanny Phillips, a girl of her own age, had a fall from a high swing, cutting her head and hands severely: Bounce knew just how to bind up the wounds and soothe the frightened child. Afterward she took her home, repeating a wonderful story on the way to make her forget her hurt; and Fanny's warm heart ever remembered the incident. *Benedicta's* tenderness to any one in pain was a revelation not easily forgotten.

On another occasion, as she walked late to school—and this her numerous duties often obliged her to do—in passing through a fragment of woodland that lay in her way she came suddenly upon two boys. The larger one, a malicious, impudent, low-browed, heavy-limbed fellow, the plague of the village and the terror of the school, was punishing the smaller for some imaginary offence—making him hold out his hand that he might strike it with a ruler.

Without a moment's hesitation the girl stepped between them: there was neither fear, indignation nor bravado in her calm face as she gave the little boy

her hand and said, "Dry your eyes, Peter, and come to school: you will be late;" and as they moved on, seeing that he was too frightened to obey, and that his cheeks were tear-stained and soiled, she stooped and wiped them with her apron.

This gave the other time to recover his assurance. He joined them with an oath: "See here! will you let that freckle-nosed boy alone, I say?"

The little fellow pressed to her side for protection as she asked, "What do you want with him?"

"I've not finished him, that's all," he answered roughly. "Here, you Pete, hold out your hand."

"Will not mine do as well?" said Bounce serenely, at the same time offering it in such evident good faith that the young savage was puzzled. He paused a moment and looked at her. There she stood waiting, meeting his eyes clearly, just as if she had been asking the most simple question in the world, one little hard-worked hand extended toward him, the other giving confidence to the trembling Peter half hidden by her side. She was not thinking that he, Sam Boggs, was a brute, nor that his conduct was extraordinary, nor even that the little boy was much wronged, nor yet of herself. She was merely acting from the conviction that in the case it was the only thing to be done.

It was a sort of justice Sam Boggs could understand. His rights were not infringed upon, his conduct had not been assailed. He was in nowise daunted, but he was satisfied, and finally said, "You can go on. If you had been afraid or had preached, I would have struck you." Then the three proceeded amicably along the road together. After walking a few rods, Sam asked abruptly, "Why weren't you afraid?"

"I don't know," was the response after a moment's thought.

"Did you think I wouldn't hit you?"

"No, I thought you would."

"You know I am a very bad boy," he went on boasting. "It's a wonder you weren't afraid: people always are afraid of me."

"Are they?"

"Yes; you see I'm such a dreadful feller. Why, I once pisoned a dog with strike-nine." This with the tone of an Ajax recounting his exploits.

"It was a pity, wasn't it?"

"Well, mebby it was, but you see I am one of them sort of chaps that I don't care a bit when I does them things."

"But I am afraid the dog cared," said the girl meditatively. "I hope he did not suffer much."

"I don't know: I didn't think of the dog. It was to bother old Stack that I did it. I'm a terrible boy, I am: the whole town thinks I'm the baddest boy here. Why, I swear more than a man, I do; and I'm so strong I could do—I could do—*anything*; and I'm not afraid to do it, neither. Are you ever afraid?"

"I have not been yet—not that I remember," she answered simply.

"Well, now, I thought you goody people were always afraid of something or other; but if you ain't afraid of *me*, why you won't be of anything. If I was you, now," he continued persuasively, "I'd be just a little bad: it's awful fun, and I'll tell you no end of tricks if you want to know."

"I shouldn't like to kill a dog," she answered decidedly, but with no tone of reproach in her voice: she was speaking for herself, not for him.

"Well, not just that," said Sam deprecatingly, feeling for the first time in his life a dawning respect for public opinion, with Bounce for its representative. "But on your way home you might let down the bars in old Stack's pasture-field: it wouldn't hurt the cows to come out and have a holiday. The things must get tired being milked all the time, anyhow, and wouldn't it make old Stack mad? Gosh!"

To this inviting offer the girl shook her head, which so incensed Sam that, concentrating all the scorn he was master of into four words, he exclaimed emphatically, "You are too good!" Then, after casting this terrible slur, and giving it sufficient time to take effect, he at-

tempted to reason. "What's the use, now," he said remonstratively—"what's the use of not being afraid if you never do nothing wrong? You might as well be like that sniveling Pete in your hand." But their arrival at the school-house put an end to further eloquence from Sam.

However, Bounce had made an impression on the rough lad, and one refusal did not deter him from planning many of his amusements so that she could share them with him, feeling sure that she could not long resist their alluring influence. One day he overtook her as she was going home, and without preface accosted her thus: "Say! do you like apples?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Then," he continued, lowering his voice confidentially, "meet me here to-morrow afternoon. I know where we can steal a sight. I wouldn't ask a boy in school to join me, but you're such a plucky one!"

"I can't come out to-morrow."

"Yes you can. Sneak off through the back gate, and when they find you are gone let 'em call and call. It's fun to give 'em the slip; and won't that old mother o' yours be mad? Oh gosh!"

"I don't care to make her angry: there would be no fun in that."

"Well, now, what *would* be fun for you?"

At this abrupt question Bounce was perplexed: it was a subject she had never thought about. She could only reply, "I don't know."

Sam looked thoughtfully on the ground, encouraging his brain to unusual activity by kicking a hole in the brown path with his heel. His hands rested lymphatically in his hip-pockets, his lips wore a determined pucker and his forehead a frown: he was mustering up all his faculties to fathom the problem of Bounce's peculiar tastes. Suddenly, the tension relaxed: he withdrew his hands from their resting-place, took from his head the wisp of straw that did duty for a hat, ran his fingers through his bushy hair, as if to fling off the weight of thought, then shut one eye and gave a satisfied chuckle as he announced his success: "I have it

now! I bet a quarter you'll laugh when you see it—that is, if you can laugh. Can you?"

"Oh yes!" said Bounce, good-humoredly smiling.

"Just come along with me, then: it won't take you any longer to go home this way."

In a few minutes he brought her to a clearing in the woods from which the underbrush had been burnt, and where not even a blade of grass had yet grown. In the centre of the bare spot stood a large wooden rabbit-trap, to which he pointed triumphantly, saying, "What do you think of that 'ere trap, now?"

"I think it is too long," replied Bounce, critically regarding it.

"That's just it," said the boy, cutting a pigeon-wing in his delight, and laughing vociferously. "Did you ever see a longer trap in your life? Hold two dozen rabbits, wouldn't it? Nice big one, ain't it?" He jerked out these questions between the paroxysms, holding his aching sides and acting as if demented.

"But why did you make it that way?" asked Bounce, wondering at his grotesque movements: "you can't catch anything in it."

"Oh you! It isn't *my* trap: it's Bill Mason's."

"Why did he make it so large?"

"'Cause I told him to," said Sam with a consequential air. "I guess he thought I know'd."

"And you told him wrong?"

"Well, you know, every boy ketching rabbits makes rabbits skeerce," he remarked slyly.

"But this is no place for rabbits, anyway," said the girl, looking about her with the acute eyes of one who was country bred and born. "There is not a bush nor a bit of grass near; and, I declare, if there isn't a fox-hole! A rabbit won't come near a fox-hole, surely."

"That's just it!" and Sam slapped his knees and again exploded. "I told him to set it here. I'll tell you all about it," he continued, recovering his equanimity by clapping his hand over his capacious mouth, and holding it there until the laugh gurgled itself out of hearing like

a covered brook : "Last Saturday I was over at Mason's, an' says Bill to me, says he, 'Sam, how do you make your rabbit-traps?' Then says I, 'As I'm here I'll show you;' an' we went to the woodshed to choose the boards—purty thick ones, you see. An' says Bill, a-layin' it off on one of the boards with his hand, like, 'About how long shall I saw it?' An' then says I, 'Give it a good yard: they likes 'em to be roomy.' An' when he-measured it off, says he, 'That looks mighty long;' and I stands back to examine it out of one eye, very wise. Then says I, 'You might make it a *lee*-tle shorter, but not more nor an inch, else you'll spile the whole thing.' An' he says, 'The thing 'll be monstrous heavy.' I says, 'Heavy ain't the question: it's whether it 'll ketch much rabbits.' Then says Bill, 'So it is.'

"When the trap was about half made, he axes me, 'How will I get the rabbits out of it? My arm won't be long enough to reach 'em?' 'Oh,' says I, careless like, 'you don't take 'em with your hand. You must carry a bag with you, an' cover the mouth of the trap with it: behind here you make a little hole for the trapstick to go through. Now, when you come an' see the trap shut, an' you think you have an animile all safe, and no guessin' about it, you can just peep in there, an' if one is in you take a willow switch, put it through that 'ere hole, tickle the rabbit, an' in he goes to the bag straight, an' you can just pick him up and carry him home, easy like.' 'Fact?' says Bill. An' now the *narr* will bring his bag, an' if a rabbit should happen to get into the trap, while he is at the other end a-ticklin' it the critter 'll push by the bag an' off."

At this climax Sam Boggs could contain his laughter no longer, and once more he doubled himself up and gave vent to extravagant mirth. But soon noticing that Bounce was not joining in his merriment—that, on the contrary, she was looking at the trap with the most sober expression possible—he hastily straightened himself and remarked, "Well, now, I believe you don't think it's funny."

"Poor Bill will be so disappointed!" said Bounce in her soft voice.

"But the rabbit won't be," replied the wily Sam, quick to turn the situation of affairs in his favor. "I guess now rabbits don't like to be ketched, neither."

This bit of Machiavellism was beyond reproof, and Bounce could say nothing more, her tender heart being about equally divided between the rabbit and the boy. As for Sam, he was as much at a loss as ever to know how to amuse her.

Knowing they would not be refused, the villagers frequently called upon Benedicta for neighborly acts of good-will. She might not find time to attend the wedding, but she would spare a few moments to assist at the toilette of the bride or at the spreading of the feast; she might not join the dancers of an evening, but she would be the one whom the hostess would ask to decorate the room or to hang the lamps for the festival. In the course of time people forgot to ask her to take part in their gayeties, but in periods of distress she was always remembered, and mourners believed that somehow their dead rejoiced in her touch.

With the exception of Sam Boggs, who in his rough way did try to gratify her, it seemed never to dawn on any mind, her own not excepted, that Bounce herself might have, hidden away, capabilities for enjoyment, or that any other life than the one she was leading could be possible for her; although, had it been otherwise, it would scarcely have availed. I can imagine Mrs. Terry's reply to a proposition for Bounce to waste time at "those silly entertainments," and picture good-natured John rubbing his brow and saying, "I don't see how we can do without Bounce this evening: everything goes wrong when she is not here." Indifference and love equally condemned her to the same fate.

But in telling of Benedicta's life I must not forget her one ball. It was when she was about eighteen that a party was given by the rich banker's wife, Mrs. Phillips, to which Bounce was invited. Not after the usual form, but with Fanny's warm arms around her neck, and Fanny's glib tongue describing the delights

of quadrilles and the intricacies of the polka; for chattering Fanny thought that no place on earth could equal her own father's house on the night of such a festivity. She was one of the ablest little women in town in ministering to the happiness of others, while *Benedicta* excelled in ministering to their pain. And Joy that day, in the person of Fanny, took Pity captive in the person of Bounce, and would hear of no release; for when Joy said that it would be depriving her of a pleasure if Pity did not put on a smile and come, the latter, who had never refused sacrificing herself in any cause whatsoever, had to consent. The indefatigable Fanny fluttered in and out of the Terry house daily to see that her friend did not change her mind in the interval before the feast; and she was so bright and gay that Mrs. Terry was delighted with her, and took the occasion to give a private scolding to Bounce—as she was accustomed to do when unduly moved, either pleasurably or otherwise—telling her that she ought to be more like Miss Phillips, and not “mope” as she did. As if it was possible for the eldest child of that numerous family and the petted daughter of the wealthy Phillips to resemble each other!

So Bounce went to the party, and, owing to the mysterious charm that poets, snowflakes and moonlight have given to white of whatever fabric or style, she looked well. All the members of the house of Terry were gathered together to look at her apotheosis. At her exit two or three of the youngest set up an inhuman yell to accompany her, and the mother as a speedwell said querulously, “You are leaving me in all this muss, and the children to put to bed, and the house to red up, and you a-pleasuring!”

Then Bounce made a rush back from the door to take one child in her arms and quiet it, when her mother put her out of the house bodily, saying, “Yes, that's right—spoil your dress that your father has spent his hard-earned money for!” and Bounce so far thought of herself as to feel conscious of a dawning sense of wickedness in her departure from common habits.

It was as if some good little planet, after traveling for thousands of years around the universe with an untiring and unthinking haste, should suddenly stand still some fine day and see the universe traveling around it. There was her father, hat in hand, ready to escort her; and her mother, though she did scold, straightening her dress and smoothing her hair; and that unmanageable trio, Claude, Percy and Fred, awed into boundless respect. At the party also a new world opened upon her. To go and greet Mrs. Phillips, whom she had known all her life, as formally as if she was a stranger, was a pleasant novelty; to hear people making inquiries about the weather, the state of your health or other indifferent topics, instead of putting those homely, troublesome questions that require discussion and provoke contention, such as she was only too well accustomed to hear and answer; to see familiar faces lose their careworn lines and look pleased and happy from under new cap-frills or smart ribbons, or above stiff neckties or bare dimpling shoulders,—all this made Bounce think that parties are delightful affairs, which serve to make us acquainted with what is most lovely in every one—a sort of meeting together to celebrate the rites of thanksgiving and contentment.

Sam Boggs was there too. He had now become a respectable farmer on his paternal estate, and, in spite of the mischievous promise of his youth, was neither feared nor hated by his neighbors; in fact, rather the contrary. When the dancing commenced he made his way in an awkward manner to where Bounce was sitting, and speaking with his usual abruptness accosted her with, “Say! will you dance?”

“I don't know how.”

“You're afraid.”

“No, I am not.”

“Well, come on, then: I don't know how neither, but I ain't afraid. Suppose we do tramp on some feller's heels—make him mad, good fun. Gosh!”

“You must behave here,” remarked Bounce severely.

“Well, ain't I behaving? Tell you

," he went on, moved as of old to confidential with Bounce, "I've put a tight pair of boots to-night, and are hurting me awful. If that ain't venging, I would like to know what

f you sit down they won't hurt you much," said Bounce sympathizingly. "No, indeed," answered the still unted Sam. "I came here to have and I am going to dance."

ere Miss Fische bore down and inpted the conversation. This lady now reached an age which a well-arithmetic refuses to count, and al-a would kindly veil under the sign n unknown quantity. She was very of gatherings of this kind, but, con-to Benedicta's opinion, she thought promoted a knowledge of our neigh-shortcomings and defects. Prob-ly the two regarded them from differ-oints of view.

er greeting to Bounce was the ex-iation, "How on earth could you be ed from home?"

was not spared—I just came," was rthful reply.

ust like the girls!—they think of ing but themselves. I dare say now mother is fretting herself to death the children."

Do you think so? Perhaps I had er go home," said Benedicta ner-ily.

No, you can't do that now: you ild have thought of it before you e. There, they are going to sing—a and a man: it will be good singing. n a judge: I always know, when get up so spunky-like, that the sing-is going to be fine. They don't sit c in a corner, like you. I suppose is the first party you have ever been -you act as if it was. Do you sing? ver see you sing in church. You nt to. I consider idleness a great

Why don't you try to be useful?— h Sunday-school and make pin-ions for the poor; elevate your mind ve mere pleasure; join the Dorcas ety: it is well conducted—I am pres-t—and none but the worthy get help n me, I can tell you. I told you the

music would be good: don't they draw it along pleasantly?"

Fanny's bright face was just then seen peering about in search of some one: when she spied her friend she carried her off before she could give an opinion on the music.

"There is a gentleman who wants to be introduced to you," whispered Fanny as she drew her away. He asked me, 'Who is that young girl with a child's face?'—meaning you, my dear. I believe he meant it as a compliment. You have made a conquest, Bennie, and you must become acquainted with him. He is very nice too, but—" In the midst of this breathless prattle Bounce found herself standing before a tall gentleman, and heard Fanny's voice saying, "Mr. Macy, Miss Terry."

It was the first time in her life she had been addressed thus. She hardly recognized herself; and then he offered her his arm—another new experience. What was happening that she should receive so much consideration? She felt more like the little planet than ever. For the first few moments she was confused, but her old habit of thinking that what others expected from her must be the proper thing for her to do, was now of service; and as the gentleman seemed to expect that she would walk, and also talk, she did so. It appeared as if it was all a dream, as if reality had vanished, as if the charm she had felt from the beginning of the evening had deepened and settled. The two silver candlesticks on the mantelpiece seemed to represent untold wealth; the small band of Twaddleton performed the music of the spheres; the ball-room, with its primitive decorations of evergreens and tissue-paper flowers, was magnificent; and even Miss Fische, as seen through the glamour, became pleasant to look upon.

He spoke in tones so different from those about her, and behaved toward her in some way like—like— Well, she could only compare it to her own manner when she spoke to the little sick Daisy, her youngest sister. She did not dare look in his face, he was so tall above her, and besides, it was enjoyment



enough just to walk by his side, her hand on his arm, and listen to his voice, which sometimes, although she was so happy, made her feel like weeping.

After a few turns and squeaks and groans, the fiddles—in Twaddleton they were not called violins—struck the preliminary notes of a new quadrille.

"Will you dance?" asked Mr. Macy.

"Oh, I cannot."

"Yes, you can," answered the harmonious tenor. "I will hold your hand: you need not be afraid."

These were the very words she had often used to Daisy when the child hesitated about doing something that she was anxious for her to do. Bounce smiled at the recollection, and, reassured by the voice, replied, "I will try."

And so they danced, her hand receiving courage from his hand as they touched in the figures of the quadrille, her steps guided by the impulse given by that meeting, and her smiles blossoming into shy laughter under the enchantment of his regard. He was more successful in his efforts to please her than poor Sam Boggs had been.

After the dance they walked again, and in due time and in proper order all the usual accompaniments of a ball went on—mirth and noise and supper—but, as it were, at a great distance from them. Once, as they were leaning near a window, a spray of lilac heavy with bloom bent forward, and he broke a branch and placed it in her hair, and each hour of the happy night seemed more beautiful than the last to Benedicta, for he never left her side, and they talked to each other as if they had been friends who had met after long waiting.

And Ronald Macy, what did he think?

What would you think if, being a lover of flowers, you perceived in some unlooked-for place, some beaten track or dusty roadside, a rare sweet bud just opening, fresh, dewy, unperceived by the loiterers up and down the highway? You would pluck it.

Well, he did not. There are some men who are obliged to content themselves with looking at the flowers in other men's gardens, or with enjoying the sight of

wayside blossoms; and Ronald was one. He had no plot of his own wherein to remove an uprooted plant. Possession would have been cruelty. But he could admire it there where it stood in its loveliness; he could rest his eyes gazing on its beauty; he could refresh his heart by a glimpse of its innocence, and leave it no whit less perfect. This he did. To him also it was a white night.

Often yet, when he sees a low moon setting at the end of a dusky village street, and perceives the scent of lilacs on the air, he seems to feel again her light touch on his arm, and he looks down with a pathetic smile at the place where her hand had lain.

In her own little room, after taking off her white robe and unbraiding her hair, Benedicta sat down to think over the events of the evening. Perhaps the self-consciousness that was struggling into light might have been recognized by her then, but Daisy moaned and cried, she also having been disturbed by a dream. Benedicta forgot herself in soothing the child, and then they slept.

On the next day the willing hands again took up their tasks, and the chance for thought went by. Afterward she remembered that evening only as the time when the universe had become disordered and the world had done her homage in mistake. Thus her busy days passed by, one after the other, just as our idle ones pass, until finally came the last.

They say it was a fever that took her, but I have always thought it was an angel that was sent. It is true there was an epidemic in town that year, and while the people were in trouble Benedicta's compassionate heart suffered for all, and she scarcely ate or slept, that she might be with the mourners and nurse the sick. It was chiefly among the children that the fever ran; the house of Terry was much afflicted, but all were recovering; even the youngest, Daisy, when she suddenly failed and sank. During the seven days that she lay between life and death nothing but the cry of a child could wake her. There was a short interval of hope, but the physician said she had no hold on life: she could not seize and

grapple with it as others might. If it were possible to rouse her will to action, she might do well. But you see how it was. She had never desired anything for herself; she could not even wish to live; and so the life so little cared for, so slightly cherished, went out, and she was dead.

The full development of creatures that comes through self-knowledge and the

power of introspection never came to her in this world, but was reserved for one of the joys of her reward. When the voices of the seraphim salute her by name, a welcome, a blessing and a title in one, with exultant surprise she will see that she is like unto them; and one of the sweet delights of her heaven will be the first consciousness of her own soul's whiteness. ITA ANIOL PROKOP.

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TO LESLIE, SINGING.

MY soul is an enchanted boat  
 Upon the river of thy voice,  
 That evermore doth float and float;  
 And still it hath no other choice,  
 But followeth thy airy singing

Into the pale blue sky of noon,  
 Up to the gateways of the sun;  
 Or where, with ever-changing tune,  
 Beneath the boughs the streamlets run,  
 Their music echoed by thy singing;

Or where the glory of the night  
 Shines slow above the silent hills,  
 And with her cold and misty light  
 The world with ling'ring radiance fills,  
 Held breathless by thy wondrous singing.

Moonlight and music mingle there,  
 And down that bright enchanted stream,  
 Borne upon waves of golden air,  
 I glide into a happy dream,  
 Lost in the rapture of thy singing.

I slip from sorrow heavenly-sweet  
 Into an aching bliss again;  
 Nor know, so tenderly they meet,  
 Whether it most be joy or pain  
 That lends such magic to thy singing.

My soul is an enchanted boat,  
 And wills this ever for its choice—  
 Into the heaven of heavens to float  
 Upon the waves of thy dear voice,  
 And pass away to thy sweet singing.

KATE HILLARD.

## SOCIAL LIFE IN ROME AT THE PRESENT DAY.

THE most remarkable change in the social aspects of the Eternal City which has resulted from the new order of things in the political world is the separation of its society into two portions. It is not only the change which most strikes those who knew Rome under its old régime, but it is to those who are making their first acquaintance with continental society the most peculiar and novel feature in it. Certainly the state of things which now prevails in this respect in Rome cannot be supposed to be as strange to Italians as it would be to Americans or English. For the time has been when every city in the Peninsula was divided between two parties, whose feelings toward each other it would be a libel on the animal creation to liken to those of cats and dogs. The genius of one whose every word has the privilege of conferring deathless fame has made the quarrels and the hatreds of the Montagues and Capulets proverbial throughout the world. But every city in Italy was divided and torn by party spirit as fierce and unforgiving as that which divided Verona, and Rome had its Orsini and Colonnas, not to speak of the innumerable partisanships and jealousies which arose from the intrigues bred in the bosom of the Sacred College. More recently, however, the society at Rome was marked rather by a special unity. The men who were sighing and secretly plotting for the new order of things, which has come at last, were not "in society" at Rome at all. Society consisted exclusively of princes, cardinals and their hangers-on, and foreigners; and, save in the meetings where the foreign visitors made their own society for themselves, dreadfully dull that very select and dignified society used to be—dull beyond the power of Transalpine minds to conceive.

It was at the princely houses, for the most part, that these indescribably sad and festive throngs used to assemble.

I am speaking, it must be remembered, of the old days when Gregory XVI. was pope, when all social matters were very different at Rome from what they have been since or ever will be again—when, for example, the number of visitors from the United States was very small in comparison with what it is now. The English were also fewer; and I think I may pay both those nations the compliment of saying that if their members had thronged those vast and dreary drawing-rooms in such numbers as they are now seen in at Rome, it would have been impossible that the gatherings should have been so deadly dull. However, there was at least the advantage that everybody knew everybody; and though everybody had very little to say to anybody, bows and greetings were at least good-humored, and there were no sour looks—no *looking* of daggers, though more might occasionally have been used in the streets than was usual in other civilized communities. There were sure to be from half a dozen to half a score or so of cardinals, magnificent in their scarlet stockings and coats bound with scarlet edging. They generally used to gather together, and very frequently on a cold evening on the hearth-rug, looking like a covey of some sort of huge red-legged fowls. The present writer, then a youngster, well remembers how, his curiosity having been excited by such a group, he gradually edged himself into the immediate neighborhood of these specimens of a class of humanity then quite new to him, speculating much on the nature of the words of wisdom which must have been passing from such lips to such ears. Presently he was able to catch the following utterances enunciated with much deliberation, and in those pure and well-articulated accents which have made the "*lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*" famous: "*È molto male, sai, di mangiare troppo la sera.*" ("It is very bad, you know, to eat too much of an evening.")

The speaker was a tall, meagre old man with a retreating forehead and parrot-like beak, whose long nether limbs exhibited a magnificent expanse of scarlet stocking. Then there followed a chorus of assenting "Gias" and nods and grunts, which seemed to indicate that sundry of his hearers could testify to the truth of that profound dictum from the depths of their own sad experiences.

The drawing-room in which this occurred was that of one of the princely houses, and its mistress was one of the leaders of Roman fashion. It was a very long room, and all the ladies sat in rows against the walls. Every now and then one of the "porporati"—as their Eminences the members of the Sacred College are called, from the prevailing color of their dress—would march up to one of this long file of noble dames and address a few words to her. Whenever this happened not only the lady addressed, but all those in her immediate neighborhood, rose and remained standing as long as that gracious presence shone on her, whilst any layman who might have been speaking to her fell back.

These princely entertainments (?) of the good old times were conducted, *au resto*, in a very simple and unostentatious fashion. Of the vulgarities of wealth it must be owned one saw less in days when no class had any cause to fear the possibility of the class beneath it treading on its kibes, than may be witnessed in more progressive times. The only manifestations of wealth consisted in the grandeur of the locale, the superb show of diamonds on the heads and necks of the ladies, and the great number and gorgeous liveries of the servants. The rooms were not very profusely lighted, and the refreshments offered to the guests were of the simplest kind—a glass of lemonade, with possibly a biscuit, or the like. Nor was there ever the smallest attempt at amusement of any kind beyond the sparing exchange of a few words of the very flattest and most *banale* description conceivable. Most of the ladies present, the old not at all less than the young—all of them probably save a few who were understood to be going in

for a quite special and almost conventual degree of sanctity and perfection of life—had "cavalieri serventi," who were invited quite as a matter of course wherever the ladies they *served* were invited. But no mistake would be greater than to suppose that this circumstance derogated in any degree from the severe and almost austere proprieties of the assembly. The conduct of the "serving gentlemen" to their respective ladies would be that of a somewhat specially attentive husband who has been married a dozen years. As for any "scandal" or remark of any kind, the only possibility would have been that if any one of the *cavalieri* thus bound to service had been observed on any number of occasions to neglect his due "service," some grave word of disapprobation might have been whispered by the princess of This into the ear of the duchess of That, in much the same tone as the neglect of a husband might be censured in communities on the other side of the Alps.

Since the new order of things has fallen upon these scarlet priests and priest-descended princes and noble dames with the crushing sense of a world falling into ruin around them, there has been an end to such gatherings as have been described, and the state-rooms in the magnificent palaces have been shut up, or opened only to very much smaller and yet more select coteries of near friends meeting to groan together over the appalling cataclysm that has happened. Larger assemblies, however select and confined to approved members of their own party, would have the appearance of festivity and pleasure, which is held to be quite out of keeping with the present mournful condition of circumstances. When the Holy Father is in sorrow and in eclipse, how should his children join in revelry? Mournfulness and abstention from anything like gayety or amusement is therefore the mark of the highest "ton" and nicest attention to the "convenances" among the faithful adherents of the old order of things. It is considered *de mise* too, among the members of the great *papalini* houses, to affect an increased degree of sim-

plicity, and even of poverty, as marking the period of eclipse through which they are passing. We hear of a duchess being received by a princess with a "Cara Maria, how well that silk of yours looks since it was turned!" It is understood to be made manifest by such means as these how utterly and fatally prosperity, happiness, good order, and the very framework of society itself, have been smashed and overturned by Victor Emmanuel and his godless usurpation.

The effect produced by this condition of social aspects, as regards the foreign residents and visitors, is peculiar, and often to the observant bystander amusing enough. It is hardly in the nature of English or Americans to remain long in the vicinity of a contest without taking part in it on one side or the other; and of course individual opinions and temperaments predispose different people to opposite sides in a quarrel which involves all the most important issues, both in the sphere of politics and in that of religion, which can present themselves to a man's mind. But as a general rule it might be expected that the great majority of both Americans and English would find themselves more in sympathy with the new than with the old order of things in Rome. The great bulk of our people are Protestant; they are citizens of free communities; they cannot but think that the great change which Italy has succeeded in bringing about in her destinies and fortunes is for her own happiness and to the advantage of the world in general. And doubtless the majority, the large majority, of both Americans and English are anti-papal and well-wishers to the new order of things in Italy. But such is not universally the case. The causes which operate to produce a select body of papal sympathizers among the American and English visitors at Rome are twofold. In the first place, there are some Catholics, either such from their birth or "perverts," as it has become the fashion to call them in England, though we, not presuming to pronounce theological judgments, may be content to call them converts. Of this class of sympathizers with the pope

we will not consider the present court competent to make any further remark. Our attention shall be directed to those whose papal proclivities arise from the second of the two causes above alluded to. It is not altogether easy to make this cause and its operation, which are palpable and intelligible enough to dwellers in the Eternal City, quite equally intelligible to those who have never been so. Perhaps the shortest phrase which can be used to convey my meaning is to say that papal leanings are a specially "genteel" thing in Rome. There are various causes which tend to produce this result. In the first place, "distinction" is of course the aim of all the socially ambitious. But distinction achieved by personal excellence or eminence is not within the reach of us all. How, then, shall plain Mrs. Tomkins, with her three daughters, attain the social distinction for which her soul pants? She is more or less dimly conscious that none of them are specially beautiful or witty or endowed with that nameless quality of manner which has the gift to charm. Perhaps she is not even very rich. What shall Mrs. Tomkins and Miss Mary, Miss Margaret and Miss Lucy Tomkins do to "distinguish" themselves—to draw some hedging line around them which shall mark them as not mere common creatures of the "undistinguished" crowd? Mrs. Tomkins has already had her cards printed as "Madame Lespinasse Tomkynnes," and the young ladies write themselves respectively Miss Marie, Miss Marguerite and Miss Lucie Lespinasse Tomkynnes. (The "Lespinasse" is a brilliant invention of Miss Marie, who was at a Parisian school conducted by a lady of that name.) This judicious modification of orthography has done much, but not enough. The question still arises, What shall Mrs.—we beg her pardon, Madame—Tomkynnes do to show forth to all men that she and her daughters are not as other dowagers and daughters of dowagers are? Turn Catholic? It is decidedly *bon genre* at Rome. But that is a serious step. Some reminiscences of the sturdy Protestantism of the dear departed John Tomkins

oppose themselves to such a measure. Then, too, the thing cannot be without a certain amount of trou-nd inconvenience. Above all, it is necessary to the end in view. It will be the purpose equally well—indeed, me respects, better—to have a lean-ward Catholic doctrine with strong sympathies, and a fund of tender-ness for the “good old times,” when, as a matter of fact, Mrs. Tomkins was the joy of her husband’s life in London or New York, when, according to the views of life which now rule the family fancies, she was basking in the smiles of cardinals and bishops, and life at Rome was “Oh! how different, my dear, from what it is now!” So Mrs. Lespinasse Tomkynnes comes to be a “very high” (theologically speaking), talks about monsignori, and expects to have special and private in-tervention from the Vatican; and Miss Marguerite, Miss Marguerite and Miss Lucie carry silver crosses on their prayer-books as big as a bishop’s on their fair bosoms. That in some respects such a position as that assumed by the Tomkynnes family has even great advantages than those belonging to a converted Jew is as true as that a fish on the bank engages less of the fisherman’s attention than one which is swimming at the bait.

But there are, as has been said, other reasons why Romanizing proclivities are so useful an aid to social ambition in Rome. In the course, all the social *sommilés* in Rome when Rome belonged to the pope were intensely papal. In the days before the advent of the king of Italy and the new order of things the middle and professional classes were those which were hostile to the papal government. Almost all those of the Roman Upper Class who were not cardinals or bishops or prelates of one sort or another were either princes or otherwise titled nobles of families, while almost all of them have inherited and dated their wealth and greatness from some one of the popes. The representatives of these families are great and magnificent in tolerably accurate proportion to the degree in which they resemble their founder was grasping and

shameless in the prostitution of his office to the worldly aggrandizement of his family. To all these men, and to their families and friends and hangers-on, of course the new order of things and the deposition of the pope from his position as a sovereign prince are gall and worm-wood. The time will infallibly come when the legislation of the new kingdom of Italy will put an end to the social primacy of these noble families. The law which compels the division of the immense properties which have descended in unbroken masses from generation to generation for so many centuries will in the course of a few years destroy these great houses, or at least their predominance. This enforced division of property among all a man’s children at his death has been by far the hardest blow of all which the great Roman families have had to bear. It is the utter and inevitable destruction of all that was dearest to them. Meantime, while the glory yet remains to them, they are, as may be easily understood, violently and bitterly papal; and, as is always the case with a small and beaten party, while affecting exclusiveness they are well pleased to welcome within their pale sympathizers and adherents whom in the days of their prosperity they would not have cared to admit.

I once knew a little girl who, having been naughty, was sent to sit by herself in a back room, from whence she was presently heard, calling out at the top of her little voice to those who had exiled her, “You sha’n’t come into *my* parlor! I send you all out of *this* parlor!” Now, the adherents of the old régime at Rome conduct their social lives very much on the principle of this naughty little girl. Finding that their opinions and sympathies condemn them to isolation, they would fain persuade themselves and others that they are forbidding all the world outside their own circle from coming into *their* parlor. Yet they are all the time very much pleased by applications for admission to it, and very ready to welcome the applicants. The Mrs. Tomkynneses of the world therefore find that the affectation of papal sympathies ex-

pressed with sufficient warmth may entitle them to the much-coveted reward of being admitted to a social circle which is at the same time restricted and marked as a specialty, and which consists mainly of those who lately were, and would still fain consider themselves, the apex of the social pyramid.

The Tomkineses transformed into Tomkynneses and the Wigrams transformed into Fitzwygrammes are not called upon to make any sacrifice whatever to their convictions and opinions. For the outer world is by no means intolerant in the matter, at least so far as the foreign visitors and residents, with whom we are here chiefly concerned, have anything to say in the matter. None of the American or English Romans would in any degree reject Mrs. Tomkynnes or her daughters, especially if pretty, because of their papalistic *vellétés*. A smile perhaps, or a word of gentle quizzing, may mark their sense of the peculiarities of those ladies behind their backs. And if such occurred even before their faces, it would only be attributed by the objects of it to the natural jealousy excited by their own privileged position.

It is a position which affords endless opportunities for little social passages indicating that the occupiers of it belong to a sphere apart, a very select and exalted sphere, with the ways and manners of which the world around them is wholly unacquainted. Take, for example, a little scene sketched from the life as it occurred not many days after the "meet" at the tomb of Cæcilia Metella which was described lately in these pages.

The time is five o'clock in the afternoon: the scene is Mrs. Atkins's drawing-room on the third floor of a house in the Corso, on the best—*i. e.*, the left-hand—side of the way as you go toward the Piazza di Venezia. A long, steep and rather dark stair conducts to Mrs. Atkins's apartment. But nobody makes any objection to that in Rome. On a third floor you are farther out of the noise of the Corso and farther from any suspicion of *malaria*. Besides, first floors could not be found in favored situations for a quarter of those who

wish to spend their winter at Rome. Mrs. Atkins's apartment is pretty, nicely furnished, and filled with all those little elegances and knick-knacks that give a homelike look to a room; for she has passed many seasons in Rome—is, indeed, as the longer residents love to style themselves, an "old Roman." Mrs. Atkins is a sensible woman, and has not transmogrified herself into Atkynnes; and Marian and Nora Atkins are cleverish, well-educated girls, with more brains in each of their little brown heads than are located under all the abundant blond locks of all the Tomkynnes family. It is Mrs. Atkins's "day." Every dog has his day, the proverb tells us; and at Rome as much or very near it may be said of every lady. It is the day of the week on which visitors know that they will find her "at home," and will also find tea and cakes on the table and a knot of common acquaintances assembled. On the present occasion there are Mrs. Tomkynnes and her two younger daughters, besides the Rev. Athanasius Abbott, who is generally to be met wherever there is a possibility of getting speech of Marian Atkins. The pretty Marian is rather disposed to use him as a quizzing-block, while Lucie Tomkynnes decidedly sets her cap at him; and he, with the usual perversity of human nature, and despite what ought to be the attraction of common principles, very evidently prefers the gibes of Miss Marian to the blandishments of Miss Lucie. There are also present little Reginald Courtney Smith, good-natured, self-satisfied and vulgar as ever; an American artist, famous for knowing everybody and everything in Rome, and for being the prince of good fellows; old Miss Alderney, an English old maid of good family resident in Rome from a time when the "memory of men runneth not to the contrary"—one of those persons who, for some inexplicable reason, are permitted by society to do and say whatever they please with perfect social impunity; and one or two others. Miss Marie Tomkynnes has not accompanied her mother. She is less frequently seen in general society, and is

ely understood to be very much oc-  
ed by some still more vaguely-con-  
ed operations, the ultimate result of  
h is to be that the pope shall "enjoy  
own again."

Miss Nora Atkins is busy at the tea-  
: in a farther corner of the room,  
scheming to get rid of Courtney  
h, who hovers about her ready to  
y tea-cups and cream-jugs at her be-  
and torments her by his continual  
tion of "Miss Norar" in accents of  
purest Cockney tongue; while the  
frican artist tempts her to laugh, and  
rexes her, by gravely addressing her  
an exaggeration of a similar pro-  
ciation, of which imitation, happily,  
Smith remains wholly unconscious.  
r the fire Mrs. Atkins, Mrs. Tom-  
nes and Miss Alderney are sitting  
ther. And near the window are  
ian Atkins, the two Miss Tomkynnes  
the Rev. Athanasius Abbott.

Miss Marguerite Tomkynnes is en-  
ng to her friend Miss Atkins on the  
elic sweetness and other saintly vir-  
of the Principessa Clorinda Perevig-  
at whose house she and her mother  
been on the previous evening. None  
re other persons present, except Mr.  
anasius Abbott (and he but slightly),  
: the honor and glory of knowing  
of the members of that princely  
se; and Miss Tomkynnes feels keen-  
e triumph of knowing that fact, and  
eing able to discourse from her own  
erience of persons, things and places  
hich the mere outside world cannot  
strate.

"Was it a hop?" inquires jovial little  
rtney Smith, who has just brought a  
of tea to Miss Marguerite Tom-  
nes.

That young lady rewards him with an  
hilating glance, in which contempt  
astonishment struggle for the mas-  
s. Miss Lucie and the Rev. Athana-  
exchange glances.

The balls at the Palazzo Perevigini,  
h those who remember them know  
: among the most splendid in Rome,  
e not been given since the robber-  
ps of the usurper entered the walls  
Rome," says Miss Marguerite with

freezing dignity as soon as she is able  
to recover herself. "I thought," she  
adds with a withering sneer, "that every-  
body knew *that*, although there may be  
persons incapable of comprehending the  
lofty sentiments which force the prince  
and princess to feel that such doings  
would be inconsistent with either pro-  
priety or delicacy of feeling under pres-  
ent circumstances."

"But the receptions, I suppose, con-  
tinue in a quiet way?" asks Marian At-  
kins.

"Receptions? Well, the word seems  
perhaps to imply something of a more  
general and miscellaneous character  
than the very small gatherings at the  
Palazzo Perevigini. We are never  
above a dozen—more often not above  
half that number. Last night there was  
nobody but the prince and princess them-  
selves, the dear old cardinal and our-  
selves."

(N. B. Miss Marguerite is perfectly  
well aware that Miss Atkins has not the  
smallest idea *what* cardinal is intended,  
and expresses herself in these indefinite  
terms for the twofold purpose of indi-  
cating her own intimacy with the "dear"  
individual in scarlet stockings referred  
to, and of enjoying the sense of superi-  
ority afforded to her by her friend's igno-  
rance. Miss Marian, on the other hand,  
is equally well aware of the existence of  
these motives in the mind of Miss Tom-  
kynnes, and would not for the world  
gratify her by asking which member of  
the Sacred College graced the Perevig-  
gini salons on the occasion in question.)

After pausing a while in vain for the  
expected inquiry, Miss Marguerite re-  
sumes: "It is impossible to *imagine*, my  
dear, the charm of those little réunions  
—the absence of formality, the *abandon*,  
the simplicity. As for Clorinda—for the  
princess, I mean," continues Miss Mar-  
guerite, pretending to pull herself up ab-  
ruptly and to be confused at making such  
a slip outside of the pale of the select—  
"I cannot tell you what she is—her grace,  
her sweetness, her angelic patience, her  
refined intimacy of manner."

"Ah, yes. Well, I *can* tell you, my  
dears, what the Princess Perevigini is—



or was, rather," screams old Miss Alderney, who, with her usual sharpness of ear, has heard all that was passing from the other side of the room: "I know all about her. She was the daughter of the old Cavaliere Vacca, who had been the late pope's barber! His Holiness made him a cavaliere, and the Pereviggini man made the daughter a princess."

"The stupid old thing is confounding the late princess dowager with the present princess," says Miss Marguerite very much under her breath, for she does not wish to be again overheard. "There was, I am aware, some story of a misalliance. But that was not even the mother of the present princess. What should that spiteful old maid know about it? I assure you the Princess Clorinda is one of the most elegant women you ever saw."

"I should think, from your description, that the evenings at the Palazzo Pereviggini might be perhaps a little dull," says Miss Marian with a sly look at the artist, who has just stalked across the room from the tea-table to the window where the group of people are sitting.

"Dull! My dear girl, how little do you know of the ways of that sort of people! Dull! I never enjoy an evening anywhere else so much. There is such a refinement, such a— I hardly know how to make you understand what I mean."

"I can't say I do quite understand it," says Miss Marian, again exchanging glances with the young artist; "but what do you talk about—last night, now, for instance?"

"Oh, there are so many things! When people have subjects of common interest you know there can never be any lack of conversation. Then there is always news from the Vatican. To us it is a matter of the deepest interest to hear from day to day how the Holy Sufferer bears his martyrdom. And there is hardly a day that the cardinal has not been at the Vatican. He was telling us last night that there never was anything equal to the angelic resignation and patience with which that martyred prince

endures his sufferings. It is one of the most touching things I ever heard. And I have reason to know— I am hardly sure that I am at liberty to mention this—one hears so many things in the set we frequent that it would be the *blackest* treason to repeat—but I *think* I may say this much—and I am sure you won't repeat it—that the intention is that His Holiness shall be canonized after his death."

"Indeed! I shall be sure not to mention it," replies Miss Marian; "but tell me, is the prince brilliant in conversation? I must say he does not look like it."

"I was not aware, my dear, that you had any acquaintance with the Pereviggini," cries Miss Marguerite with the sharp and snappish accent of one who feels that his special and peculiar property is being invaded and encroached on.

"Nor have I, my dear Miss Tomkynnes, the least in the world. But I saw an old gentleman all alone in a carriage once on the Pincian, and was told that it was the Prince Pereviggini," returns Miss Marian.

"He is the most dignified of men! the most thorough gentleman! a prince, every inch of him!" exclaims Miss Marguerite with gushing enthusiasm.

"And that is not saying much for him, Miss Marg'et, for there's not so very many inches of him, all told," puts in Mr. Courtney Smith. "I saw the old boy once," he goes on, unheeding and unconscious of the look of horror and disgust on the Tomkynnes' faces—"I saw him down on his marrow-bones in the *Gee-soo* church—old fellow with a sugarloaf head and a snout like a weasel."

"Mr. Courtney Smith is more accurate in description than elegant in phrase," laughs Miss Alderney from the other side of the room.

"Vulgar wretches!" hisses Miss Marguerite in a fierce whisper. "It is generally supposed," she adds aloud with crushingly cold sarcasm, "by those who are accustomed to the society of such circles, that Prince Giulio Cesara Pereviggini is a complete specimen of the finished gentleman."

"Well, he does look pretty nearly finished, poor old fellow! and no mistake," returns the elegant Mr. Courtney Smith.

Miss Marguerite does not consent to give any answer to this speech save a superb toss of the head.

"As for the shape of his head and the shape of his nose, they are not his fault, poor old gentleman!" says Miss Marian Atkins, anxious in her own house to smooth matters between her guests; "and I declare, for my own part," she continues, with another shy glance at her friend the artist, "that as far as my own limited opportunities of observation have gone, the type of head and nose which Mr. Smith has so graphically described are very far from being unaristocratic."

"Of course, my dear. Nobody would suspect *you* of talking such vulgar nonsense," says Miss Marguerite, wholly unconscious of the satire lurking in her friend's little speech. "How I do wish that it could be managed for you to know the Pereviggini!" she adds in a grateful gush.

"Oh, thank you," replies Miss Marian, rather alarmed; "but it would be quite out of our line, you know. We are *d'un altro mondo*; and then, you know, though

I have no doubt your friends are very distinguished people and all that sort of thing, *tutti i gusti son' gusti*, and I am afraid that we should find the evenings at the Pereviggini palace just a little dull. We are worldlings, you know, my dear Miss Tomkynnes, and to introduce us to the princess would be a mere casting of pearls before swine."

"Oh, my dear, you must not say that. But to imagine that such society can be dull! Of course if you refuse to interest yourself in the important matters—in the hopes and fears, I may say, without, I hope, breaking confidences which are sacred—which occupy our thoughts—But why should you not feel an interest in them?" pleads Miss Marguerite, who has conceived the sudden idea of making a convert of her friend.

"I am afraid we are not the right sort for that kind of thing," says Miss Marian, rising to break off a conversation which is showing a tendency to become troublesome.

And here we may drop the curtain upon a little scene which may serve to illustrate one of the phases of social life in Rome as it exists at the present day.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

## THE PALACE OF TEARS.

RISE, rainbow-arched and cloud-embraced,  
 Pale palace of my dream,  
 Whose misty outline once I traced  
 Afar, by night's chill gleam,  
 And, by some spirit earthward strayed,  
 Whose home the moon enspheres,  
 Was drawn a shade through halls of shade,  
 Where glistened only tears.

The dripping dome like silver glowed;  
 The walls with briny pearls  
 Were crusted o'er; the floor I strode  
 With countless eddying whirls  
 Of diamond-water-drops spun round:  
 I moved a ghost, unheard—  
 Not freer from pursuit of sound  
 The shadow of a bird.

And moving on, an open court  
 Appeared, where tossed and caught  
 Their molten gems in sullen sport  
 Dark fountains, jewel-fraught :  
 I stooped—my lips recoiled in haste :  
 The Lethæan flow of years  
 Can never wash away that taste,  
 That bitter taste of tears.

As if by that one draught of dole,  
 My vision cleared, and lo !  
 The iron entered in my soul,  
 While in a wizard show  
 The weary, weary weeping train  
 Of mortal miseries,  
 The pilgrimage of human pain,  
 Defiled before my eyes.

And I, who grief had known in name  
 And sympathy in form,  
 Now trembled through my inmost frame,  
 A shaken reed in storm.  
 But, fascinated, in my fear  
 I saw each pallid face,  
 Where sorrow's burning, branding tear  
 Had left its ashen trace.

And, drawn resistless to the throng  
 By answering chords of pain,  
 I joined my minor to the song,  
 My trouble to the train ;  
 And still from hall to hall we trod,  
 And still our numbers swelled  
 The wild, weird labyrinth ; yet, O God,  
 Thy clue our fingers held.

At last a chapel door arched wide,  
 And, drawn by sense of sin,  
 Our restless-heaving human tide  
 Its weary wave rolled in,  
 And down the mighty aisle was lost,  
 Where light, through pillars hoar  
 And silver-edgèd shadows, crost  
 The consecrated floor.

A lambent light, a mystic moon,  
 Seemed brightening all the air :  
 'Twas like a dream in summer noon,  
 A peaceful dream and fair.  
 Our pain-wrought nerves relaxed to rest,  
 We sank upon the pave,  
 As lulled as children at the breast,  
 Or good men in the grave.

And kneeling in the tender gloom,  
 A Presence seemed to grow  
 From out the chancel's shadowing room,  
 All luminous as snow—  
 A Man, most human, most divine,  
 Whose wondrous eyes down shone,  
 Full, bright and searching, into mine,  
 Twin-stars in twilight grown.

O gaze of healing! balm-rayed eyes!  
 My heart was sweetly stirred,  
 Then nestled down with restful sighs,  
 As sinks to rest a bird:  
 Around me knelt a tearful throng  
 Of burdened brothers, yet  
 A subtle radiance, pure and strong,  
 Illumed their faces wet.

And still those Eyes, whose depths were clear  
 As heaven's pure ether, drew  
 Our hearts, as draws the moon's bright sphere  
 The ocean's surging blue;  
 Till yearning, grown within our gaze,  
 Looked out in thirsting pain,  
 When lo! those living Eyes o'erhaze,  
 And break in blessed rain.

He weeps! He weeps!—a cross fire-rayed  
 Flames near Him, and He leans  
 The sacred Head by man betrayed,  
 Upon it. Intervenes  
 'Twixt us and our deserved woe  
 That strong God-sorrow white—  
 High Heaven's melted mountain-snow—  
 Till self is washed from sight;

And broken-hearted for each tear  
 Our crimes have made Him shed,  
 Repentant love that casts out fear  
 Would fain abase its head  
 In dust, where those pure feet have been,  
 And hear in silver flow  
 The words, "Though scarlet is your sin,  
 Yet ye shall be as snow."

\* \* \* \*

O Love! whose palace-heights arise  
 Oft dim in mortal sight,  
 For ever blessed be the eyes  
 That catch their heavenly light.  
 Though sadly still, while Time rolls on  
 His sorrow-burdened years,  
 Hope sees, in fleeting rainbow-light,  
 Such vision through her tears.

LATIENNE.

## A MODERN CRESSIDA.

## CHAPTER XI.

THREE months had gone by since Geoffrey Marston parted with Edith Penrhyn, and he stood again on the steps of her house waiting to enter. He had been brave and cheerful, and played his part like a man through the hardships and labors of a scientific expedition in which he had borne a responsible and arduous part; he had not allowed himself to be diverted from the work he had undertaken by any thoughts of Edith; he had, indeed, scorned delights and lived laborious days; but deep in his heart burned a flame before her image which never flickered or waned. She was the one woman of the world to him, and as he stood before her closed door on this autumn evening every nerve was tense with expectation.

The door opened, and in reply to his quiet "Is Mrs. Penrhyn at home?" the answer came: "Mrs. Penrhyn is at a dinner-party, and will not be home till late, sir."

Marston stood motionless, and as if waiting for something more: he did not speak, but there was no mistaking his manner. It was a voiceless demand: the man instinctively added, "Will you give me your name, sir?"

"Mr. Marston."

"I thought it must be you, sir. Mrs. Penrhyn told me last week that if you came when she was out you were to wait till she came in, if you please."

"When will she be back?"

"About ten o'clock, I think, sir."

"I cannot wait," said Geoffrey hastily, "but I will come back at ten o'clock. Tell Mrs. Penrhyn this."

"Yes, sir, I will not forget," said the servant respectfully; and Marston turned away from the door, which closed behind him with an ominous clang. He could not wait quietly for the next two hours: he had calculated his powers to such a nicety that when this unexpected lengthening of his suspense came, he

had no steady strength with which to meet it. His restlessness and impatience would be lessened, he thought, if he were not alone; and with this idea he strode away toward the club of which he was a member, and where he could pass away these few hours, that were more intolerable in contemplation than weeks had often seemed to him. He found, as usual, a crowd of men talking, laughing and drinking—light, noise, bustle and distraction everywhere. He was greeted cordially by some, courteously by all, and plunged into a knot of smokers, who were chatting together, as the first refuge that offered from his own society. As he lay back in an arm-chair, half abstracted from the current of talk, and yet finding an amusement in watching the faces of the men about him and noting what they said, Thornton Raymond joined the group. As his eyes rested on Marston, he colored and started as if at some memory connected with him and suddenly called up, but in an instant had recovered himself, and shook hands heartily with Geoffrey, who was quite ready to meet him halfway. Marston could not but observe a change in Raymond's appearance since he had last marked his handsome face in the same club-room. He looked worn and haggard, and there was a dash of feverish excitement about his manner, like that of a man who was habitually under the influence of liquor. The talk went on, and Raymond, perceiving that Marston seemed rather in a silent mood, gradually made one with the two or three men of the party who were doing the talking for the others.

Marston fell back into his lounging, contemplative attitude, and smoked hard, trying to keep quiet, trying to be amused, and all the while wondering when the hour for which he was waiting would come.

By and by he rose, too nervous to sit still, and crossed the hall to the door—

way of an opposite room. He stopped there and leant against the door, while he watched some men playing cards at a table not far from him, and as he watched them he fell into another reverie. It had lasted about ten minutes when he was roused by hearing a voice say beside him, "I beg your pardon. I am almost a stranger here: can you tell me if that gentleman leaning with his elbows on the table over there is Mr. Raymond?"

Geoffrey looked across the hall and through the open door of the room he had just left, and which the stranger indicated by a gesture. "Yes," he said, "that is Mr. Raymond leaning on the table." As he spoke he looked curiously at his questioner. He saw a young man of about twenty-three, with a handsome open face—not distinguished-looking perhaps, but one that it was pleasant to look at. As Marston looked the young fellow grew white to his lips and half staggered. Geoffrey caught him by the arm, saying kindly, "You are ill: let me call Raymond for you."

Max—for it was he—recovered himself by a strong effort, and said, "Thank you, I am all right now: I've been subject to slight attacks of giddiness lately. I'll go across and speak to Mr. Raymond;" and, declining Marston's proffered arm, he walked quickly to the other room. Some sudden unaccountable impulse drew Geoffrey after him: he resisted it for the space of a minute, and then yielded to it. But in that minute the stranger had accosted Raymond, and something had passed between them which brought every man of the party to his feet; so that when Marston penetrated the circle about the two men the first words he heard were, "Clergyman or not, I won't let any man insult me with impunity." They were spoken by Thornton.

"I am not a clergyman, and never shall be. I stand on the same footing as yourself, and you owe me satisfaction for an insult."

"So you came to settle old scores? Well, you are right there, and I like you the better for having a good memory for such matters. But see here, Mr. Floyd

—and I say it openly—I'll never quarrel with any man for the sake of a heartless jade who is no better than she should be. I've sworn that, and never will; and if you'll accept my apology for my rudeness that night at dinner, I'll beg your pardon here before every man present, and drink your health afterward with them in a glass of champagne. I'll not balk you if you want to quarrel with me, be sure of that; but it must be about something better worth a man's blood than that worthless gypsy Edith Penrhyn. I'll never fight for her nor about her."

There was a silence of a few moments as Thornton ceased to speak. Max was so astonished by this sudden turn of affairs that he did not for a moment grasp the fact that he had received ample apology, and must accept it. He had come there with the fixed purpose of resenting Raymond's insolence, which had rankled in him ever since its infliction; and Thornton's contempt toward Edith and courtesy to himself, albeit of a coarse kind, effected a total revulsion of feeling within him. Geoffrey Marston was paralyzed: he stood listening still, but speechless and motionless, a little behind Max.

Max spoke frankly but awkwardly: "I accept your apology, Mr. Raymond. No gentleman could ask for more than you have said. I quite agree with you that the subject of our quarrel was a most unworthy one;" and he held out his hand to Raymond, who grasped it with a boisterous exclamation of "That's right! Come, gentlemen, we will drink Mr. Floyd's health in Roederer;" and in five minutes the whole party was drinking Maxwell Floyd's health in a series of bumpers, and following it up by toast after toast proposed by Thornton, who meant to get drunk himself, and rather enjoyed the prospect of companions in the indulgence.

Raymond did not hesitate to introduce Edith's name into his sallies: he had determined to be open and outspoken in his expressions of contempt for her, and he rarely missed a chance of saying a light or disrespectful word of her. She

was not the woman he had loved, but the woman who had made a fool of him, and he conceived he had ample cause for resentment, and owed her neither gallantry nor forbearance. Although a high-spirited and quick-tempered man, he would on no account have let Maxwell Floyd fix a quarrel upon him which should have Mrs. Penrhyn as its cause, however remote. He took a curious satisfaction in proclaiming to the world that Mrs. Penrhyn was in his eyes a woman who could claim no respect from men. The wound that most men hide studiously from all eyes seemed to heal best with him when exposed to all men's gaze. He knew that Edith would feel his contemptuous treatment of her name; he knew that he possessed the power to injure her; and he took his revenge as he best found it.

Max had broken loose from all moorings since he had been disillusionized by Edith; he had pushed aside the prospect of his profession as an irksome and distasteful future; and coming across some wild associates, the autumn had found him in New York, embarked in a career of dissipation which had for its motive and cause not the superabundant life of youth, so much as the restlessness of an embittered spirit. He had gained admittance to the — Club with the intention of meeting and quarreling with Raymond, and his first words to him had been of an unmistakable rudeness. But Thornton's apology had disarmed him, and the utter contempt with which he had spoken of Edith was grateful to Max, who longed for every one to trample her image under his feet. It never would have come to Max of his own prompting to introduce Mrs. Penrhyn's name into conversation with any disrespectful allusion, nor did he nourish any purpose of injuring her in the eyes of others, but he was easily led, and his youth and wounded vanity played directly into Raymond's hands.

Geoffrey Marston had remained standing alone when the others trooped off at Raymond's bidding. The words he had heard struck him dumb for the time, but as they kept on repeating themselves in

his brain with a damnable iteration, he began to be capable of thought and action once more. What did this fellow mean by the way in which he spoke of Edith? There was a positiveness, an assumption of authority, in Raymond's manner that spoke terribly to Marston. Had he had no reason to speak so he would never have dared to do it. But the matter must be sifted: he would find out, whatever torture it cost him, how much cause Edith Penrhyn had given any man to speak of her in a club-room as a woman too worthless to quarrel about. The resolution once taken, he lost no time in executing it, but, without giving himself time to recoil from the effort, walked into another room, where he was sure to find some lounger to tell him the truth. As he crossed the threshold the very man to serve his purpose came in sight—a comrade of Raymond's and "a man about town." "If this fellow's words mean more than the low insolence of a man stung by rejection of his suit," thought Marston, "I can soon find it out from Lorimer." Accordingly he linked his arm through Mr. Lorimer's, saying as he did so, "Can you spare me five minutes alone?"

"An hour if you want it, my dear fellow. What can I do for you?" replied Lorimer, who was a genial, kindly man, with plenty of idle time on his hands.

Marston led him into a small private room which happened to be empty, closed the door, and then, motioning him to be seated, said, "I want you to tell me what ground Mr. Raymond had for what he said about Mrs. Penrhyn to-night."

"Oh, well, I didn't hear what he said to-night, but I suppose it's what he says now-a-days whenever he gets a chance."

"I will tell you just what it was," said Geoffrey, very still and quiet: "he said that he would fight neither for nor about a worthless gypsy like Mrs. Penrhyn, and added other words, such as a man speaks only of a woman who has forfeited his respect."

"Marston," said Lorimer, looking at Geoffrey's face, which was set like death, and moving uneasily in his chair, "you

seem to care about it, and I don't want to give you pain, but—"

"Go on," said Geoffrey.

"Well, I fancy Raymond isn't far out in what he says of Mrs. Penrhyn. She's no end of a flirt, and not very circumspect, you know, about her relations to men. She and Thornton were very intimate, and now she has thrown him over—for another man, he says, a young divinity student up in the country. I don't mean to say that I think it very generous in Raymond to come down on her now, but he was dreadfully cut up by it, and he takes his revenge by boasting of his intimacy with her and sneering at her in every way: he never misses a chance."

"And you think that this man has the power to injure Mrs. Penrhyn's reputation, and that no one has the right to stop him?"

"I think any one who may choose to constitute himself Mrs. Penrhyn's champion has a perfect *right* to do so—the place is vacant, certainly," replied Lorimer coolly—"but I don't believe any one has the *power*, which is more to the point. People are always ready to believe evil rather than good, especially about a pretty and attractive woman; and besides, my dear Marston, Raymond has truth on his side, and half the men in New York know that he has, while the other half take their word for it."

"What do they know?" said Geoffrey hoarsely.

"Nothing, perhaps, that would be considered conclusive testimony in a court of justice, but enough to make them let Raymond have his say and not contradict him."

Geoffrey groaned aloud: "It is hopeless, then?"

"Quite so. You may kill Raymond if you like, Marston—and you look as if you would—but, believe me, it won't do Mrs. Penrhyn any good. When a woman once gives any man a right to speak disrespectfully of her, there's no use in trying to gag him."

"Thank you for telling me the truth, Lorimer," said Marston after a few moments of agitated silence. "I don't at-

tempt to disguise my feelings from you, but I will ask one more favor of you: speak to no one of this conversation."

"Not a word," said Lorimer, putting his hand kindly on Geoffrey's shoulder. "On my soul, Marston, I'm sorry. Hang it, man! women are all alike—not one of them good enough to give an honest heart like yours an ache."

Marston returned Lorimer's grip with a silent pressure, and turned away with an abrupt "Good-night."

## CHAPTER XII.

As Mrs. Penrhyn tripped up the steps of her own house that night the servant opened the door with the announcement, "Mr. Marston was here, madam, and said he would be back at ten o'clock."

"Very well: show him up to the library when he comes," was Edith's reply. As she entered the room the clock on the mantel struck ten. "He will not be very unpunctual," she thought with a slight smile of proud pleasure, and seated herself with a book which she picked up at random from the table, that she might have some apparent occupation when he entered.

Her feeling for Marston was a mixture of attraction and a sense of rebellion against his demand upon her. She felt that the love he gave her and asked in return was different both in kind and degree from the feeling she had given to and received from other men; and although it charmed her, she struggled against it. She was in twenty minds as to how she would receive him, and ended at the close of a five minutes' meditation with the intention of following the impulse that should be born of the moment of his entrance. Long did she sit there waiting that moment, but it did not come: the clock had struck midnight when she at last rose with an impatient gesture, and ringing the bell ordered the house to be shut up, and desired her maid's attendance. She was disappointed, annoyed and irritated. She could not imagine herself the subject of a caprice with any man, least of all with



Marston, and yet, think as she would, no other reason for his absence suggested itself.

The next day brought no explanation of Marston's failure to keep his engagement, nor the next. On the third evening Mrs. Penrhyn went to a small party: she had been half inclined to refuse the invitation, but on second thoughts decided to go, with a half-acknowledged hope of hearing something of the truant. She had settled in her own mind that she would forgive him on his return, but not without inflicting due penance. Never had Edith's beauty been more brilliant than on that evening and she shone the admitted queen of all the women present. After several hours spent in receiving the easy homage of the world, and skimming over the surface of people's minds and hearts as an accomplished skater does over thin ice, she turned to go. At the door she met Mr. Lorimer, and as she paused heard him say over his shoulder, to a man behind him, "The last time I saw Marston was on Tuesday evening at the club."

Here was her clue, and she seized it at once, saying to Lorimer, "Is that Mr. Geoffrey Marston, the scientific man, you mean? Then he has got back from South America?"

"Oh yes," said Lorimer, with a scrutinizing look at her, "he got back on Monday night. He was at the club on Tuesday about ten: I haven't laid my eyes on him since;" and then, "You might spare me ten minutes, Mrs. Penrhyn."

"Not possible, Mr. Lorimer," said Edith, moving on—"I am too sleepy."

At the foot of the stairs she brushed against a gentleman coming down. She looked up quickly, and met Maxwell Floyd's eyes fixed upon her. He looked so like and yet so unlike himself that she could scarcely help uttering an exclamation. He had colored when their eyes met, but did not attempt to speak to her, only bowed stiffly and stood aside for her to pass him. As she entered the dressing-room a lively conversation was going on between Mrs. Willis and Mrs. Chadwick, both women of society, both gossips and both bright creatures enough.

It was easy for Edith to overhear them as she was being cloaked, and what she heard was this:

"He is certainly handsome, and rather interesting."

"One cannot help being more excited about a backslider than a penitent."

"Is he very dissipated?"

"They say so—at least he is hand and glove with Raymond and all of that set, and that's a sort of certificate of profligacy, you know."

"Mr. Floyd won't be able to stand the pace at which these men live. Isn't there some story about his having studied for the ministry?"

"It may be so: if so, he is in a fair way to be a practical illustration of the saying, 'Les extrêmes se touchent.'"

Edith heard no more, but broke away from the maid who was wrapping her up, and hurried down stairs and into her carriage, pursued by the remembrance of Max's pale face and scornful mouth. Her sleep was not tranquil that night. For the first time a realization of what part she had played in the lives of these two men came over her fully and clearly, and it did not seem as easy to her to thrust it aside as it had done at Glenwood. Strive as she would against it, she could not but feel a shadow hung over her—a shadow of remorse.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

UNDER the first shock of the revelation Lorimer had made to him, Geoffrey Marston had rushed off to a small farmhouse a few hours from New York, where he had been accustomed to seek solitude. He felt that a struggle with himself must take place—a battle between every fixed belief, every inherited tradition, every ideal feeling of his nature concerning women on one side and his love for Edith Penrhyn on the other. It was true that he had seen, when he first knew her, that her creed and practice with regard to men were not those that he thought worthy of her, and he had uttered the earnest pleadings of his first letter under the sting of that conscious-

ness. But, although his ideal of her had been wounded by Edith as he had observed her, it was not a deadly wound: now it had been struck to the heart, and was writhing in its death-agony. Nothing could enable it to survive such a cruel blow, and henceforth Marston knew he must forswear the love of this woman, or be content to love her merely with passionate longing and tenderness, but without reverence or worship—as a woman indeed, but no longer as a divinity. It had always been Marston's most cherished faith—and this faith sprang from the most essential part of his nature—that a man who loved a woman should find in her that food for his ideal aspirations without which life were not worth living. In spite of Edith's shortcomings, she was so well adapted by nature to play the part of a goddess that he had been sure of her response to his demand if only he made it with sufficient energy and earnestness.

He was a proud man and an honorable one—not vain like Max nor arrogant like Raymond. How could he marry a woman whose reputation was the football of a set of men whose eyes he would like never to see raised when his wife swept by them? But he was a man of strong passions and deep feelings, and his love for Edith was the greatest passion and deepest feeling of his life.

It was a terrible and protracted struggle. A hundred times he resolved never to see her again, and then the wild longing just to breathe the air about her, polluted though it might be, made him recoil from his determination. At last, after a week of acute suffering, during which he was torn asunder by contending feelings, Marston sealed his own fate by succumbing to the violence of his passion; and, thrusting the past behind him with vigorous, impatient hands, he called upon all the force of will within him to help him to his end.

He was not a man of halfway measures, and when he had once consented to pay the price for the indulgence he craved, though it was no less than the silencing of the highest demands of his

soul, he determined to have no regretful bitterness mingled in his cup. Deliberately he surveyed his position and accepted it; and perhaps nothing could give a better proof of his power of will than that, after he had once placed his feeling for Edith on a lower ground than it had hitherto occupied, he looked at their future relations on the same level, and in estimating his chances of success with her did not omit the fact that few men of his standing would contemplate marriage with a woman whose reputation had been breathed upon. Indeed, no sooner had he ruthlessly severed his love into two parts and cast away the nobler one, than his feeling for Edith, deprived of the spiritual sentiment which had pervaded it, began to degenerate.

His hand did not tremble when he rang the bell at Mrs. Penrhyn's door, nor did his heart quicken its beatings; only, a flush was on his cheek and his eyes gleamed with fire and resolve. He was about to try his fate, but with a sense of security to which he had been hitherto a stranger. Yet, by one of those strange revenges that the whirligig of time brings about, while Marston's love had lost its ennobling element, the woman on whom he had bestowed it was, for the first time in her life, yearning for what she had put it out of his power to give—yearning so hungrily that to obtain it she would have made herself worthy of the crown she had formerly disdained with impatience.

The week that intervened between the evening when she looked for his return and been disappointed, and the one when he came back to rivet his life to hers if possible, had been passed by Edith in bitter retrospect and self-humiliation. In some one of the mysterious ways in which Love does his work she had grown to love Geoffrey Marston, and instinctively she loved him as he would be loved. In the might of this true, deep feeling she felt strong, and a new heart seemed to have been given to her, that she might give it to him. All her old restless thirst for excitement and homage seemed quenched, and no girl of eighteen could have loved more singly than did

she. With the egotism that formed the habit of her life, and which accompanies strong feelings in their early developments, Edith thought more of her own mistakes and errors as they affected herself than as they had injured others, and she found it easier to forget the wrong she had done to Max and Raymond than the fact that she had come far short of Marston's ideal of her. She felt sure, however, that Geoffrey would come to her, and when the servant announced him she rose to greet him with a very creditable self-command.

Marston, always unconventional, was less than ever capable of following the indirect paths of society toward his object, and he entered her presence without a thought other than the achievement of his purpose. For the first few moments neither spoke: he remained standing by the door, which he had closed behind him, and she could distinctly hear his repressed, long-drawn breaths. Such a wild desire to clasp her in his arms, to hold her close to his heart, that beat so strongly with love, not fear, swept over him that he had much ado to control it. He forgot the bitterness of the struggle he had passed through in the intoxication of her presence, and the words he had meant to say at meeting died upon his lips. He had meant to tell her very briefly that the old love was dead; that he no longer asked the hard things of her which he had foolishly dreamed she could give him; that now he was easier to content, and would grasp at no floating vision of perfection—would ask for nothing but herself, her beautiful exuberant self, to fill his heart and steep his senses in delight. For his soul—well, that might starve a little, but what matter? Had he said this to her even then, she might have reinstated her image in its old place in his heart: he might have found hope and courage to lead her onward and upward; for the germ that he had planted in her heart, however small, had been the germ of a noble feeling. But he said not one word of all that he had meant to say. Seeing his heaven before him, he forgot everything but its nearness, and with an impetuous burst of joy

and pent-up longing he told her only of his love. Kneeling at her feet, her hands clasped in his, he told her of his ardent love. With all the vehemence and earnestness of his nature he implored her to marry him, and Edith listened and yielded, and abandoned her future into his hands.

Their natures were strangely fitted to complete one another, and but for the perversity of circumstances, and that aggregate result of our actions which we are pleased to term "fatality," they might have made one another's perfect happiness. As it was, two beings so full of attraction for one another could not come together without at least glimpses of delight and flashes of ecstatic joy. Such moments were brief, but delightful. For that evening, at least, Edith and Geoffrey both forgot the irrevocable Past, but it towered over their unconscious heads, and threw a shadow as dark and deep as the grave over their common Future.

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

It would have been hard to say whether Edith or Geoffrey was most eager in putting aside all vestiges of the obnoxious Past. They never spoke to each other of the summer which had gone by while they were apart, except most superficially, and all their thoughts and actions seemed connected with a future which should be entirely uninfluenced by anything in their past lives. Edith, who was in love for the first time in her life, was impatient of everything that reminded her that she had not always been as she now was; and Marston shrank from the pain that came to him with every suggestion of the reality that he had willed to forget. But there was no understanding between them, no silent comprehension of one another's feelings; only on one side blind ignorance, on the other a closed door. They were both eager to go abroad and spend several years. Marston's scientific vent would find more scope in Europe, and Edith had an almost childish impatience to leave her old surroundings behind her. She felt as if once out of

sight they would be out of mind, and everything about her life as a woman of fashion was incongruous with her new-born temper of mind. Marston urged their marriage, and was feverishly impatient that it should take place. Meanwhile, they lived a very quiet life, both avoiding the world, and spending most of their time together in a sort of dreamy intoxication. When Geoffrey was under Edith's personal influence he forgot everything but his love for her, and no ill thoughts troubled him; but away from her he was conscious that but for his will, which barred the door against them, black memories would harbor in his heart.

Edith was happier than ever before. The dim dread which had possessed her lest Marston should exact from her a spiritual elevation which she was not prepared to give—lest he should be a teacher even more than a lover—soon disappeared when she found that he seemed to take her as she was, and find her most charming when most herself. None of the severe requirements that she had seen foreshadowed in his letter were ever made of her. Little did she know what a fall she had had in his estimation before he could regard her as an exquisite plaything, a creature made for his fancy and senses to revel in—no more.

So each unwittingly helped to compass the result they least desired. Marston thought that Edith's ready conformity to the tone he took was but a strong proof of the wisdom and justness of his decision; and Edith thought that he based his demands, as formerly, on his own desires, not, as he really did, on her apparent capacity to fulfill them. He had committed the fatal error of accepting her at her worst, as unalterable; and she had no means of knowing that he had endured mortal agony before relinquishing as hopeless the pursuit of what she would have striven, and not unsuccessfully, to give him. But as he alone had waked the nobler soul in Edith, so when he ceased to recognize its existence it again slumbered within her, the more heavily perhaps for its brief period of conscious existence.

They were married privately and quietly, with only half a dozen witnesses, and sailed the next day for Europe. As they lost sight of the shores of America, Edith, who was standing by Marston's side on the deck of the steamer, turned to him with a joyous look and said, "Oh, Geoffrey, are you not glad we are to begin our new life in a new world—that we have left it all behind us? We have no Past now, only a Future."

"How can that be?" said Marston, a sudden gloom overspreading his face. "That is a child's thought. It is our past, Edith, that makes our future."

"Don't look so solemn, love," whispered Edith, clinging to his arm. "You have not looked so grave since we were engaged."

Marston recovered himself, and answered gayly enough, but the cloud had begun to rise in their sky, although as yet no bigger than a man's hand.

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#### CHAPTER XV.

EXTRACTS from Geoffrey Marston's journal kept during the first three months after his marriage:

"ROME, January 4.

"I have wished a hundred times that I had not begun this record, and yet some irresistible power forces me to write in it, whether I will or no. It would have been wiser had I never begun it, but it was the habit of my life, and I never thought of breaking it off. It does me no good. As I turn over these pages I see written down things that I would have forgotten—momentary pangs, acute at the time, but ephemeral had I not registered them here.

"I was weaker than I thought myself that night at the farm—shall I ever forget it?—when I vowed within myself to put the past and its terrible memories away from me. I cannot do it: everything, even the veriest trifles, fills me with a sickening ache; every look, every word of my wife's suggests some accursed and fatal train of thought. She never smiles at me but I think, So she smiled at other men; and then I pursue

the fancy till I feel almost maddened. Only yesterday she asked me if we should invite Ashton, whom we had just met, to go with us on an excursion to-morrow, and when I said, 'I doubted his caring to go, but would ask him,' she said, 'Then let *me* ask if you think it doubtful: no man ever says *no* to *me*.' It was as if a snake had uncoiled at my feet. She must have felt the change in my manner, though I tried hard enough, God knows! to keep from showing my feeling. It was an innocent speech enough, but read by the light of the past it was—

"I know I have no right to be morbid about her, and that I shall make her life miserable if I cannot keep from this infernal retrospect; but I seem pursued by a Fate. All her references to her past life fill me with a desire to rush away, anywhere away from her, or else to take her to some utter solitude, where no outer world could penetrate, and there I might be happy.

"I avoid every one, and I am conscious that it would be more for Edith's happiness if I did not do so. I must battle with this feeling or it will overwhelm me. I *will* forget. I will trust her: she loves me, and I will do better.

"*January 20.* It is two weeks since I opened this book last, and I do so now to record my failure; for I have failed. Everything has conspired against me. Edith herself—poor child! I don't blame her—has unconsciously helped to make it impossible for me to succeed. I have striven hard too: every day it grows harder. How was it that I was so happy at first? I suppose I was blinded by passion. Yet I love her now as I loved her then—better even, for is she not mine now? Ah! there it is! A hundred times a day I ask myself, How can she belong to me more or otherwise than she has belonged to others? The mere fact of physical possession I count as little—as nothing—compared with the virginity of soul I crave in my wife. Madman that I was, to think that I could be satisfied, be anything but most miserable, without it in the woman to whom I gave my whole heart, for my whole heart and soul are hers! If it were not

so I might be happier than I am—might bear to live as we do. When I told her that first morning that I must have all and give all, and she listened to me, then I spoke the truth, though I knew that she could not realize my dreams. I was a madman to seek her again. Oh, Edith! I love you, I love you, and yet this life with you is torture. To lead it long is beyond my strength."

Two days later:

"How little you knew yourself, Geoffrey Marston, when you attempted to make your happiness without faith in the woman you loved—an arch without a keystone! Your thirty-three years had taught you little of your own nature and its requirements. You should have fled from her, knowing your faith gone. What good could your love do you then? And now you are doomed by your own act. But one way out of it, and that a dark and narrow one—the way of the grave. But why unpack your heart with words? why not bear it like a man? I should have despised this weakness in another man, but it is eating my heart out; and all the while I love her more, and she seems more beautiful, more charming to me. If I had only never known—never gone to the club that fatal night! I should still have believed her capable of being what I once thought she might be, and then I should have had the bliss of ignorance. But I know—I *know* that I can never have what I long for. Never can I look into her eyes and see mirrored back my own soul.

"Only to-day she said to me, 'Geoffrey, I never dreamed of such happiness;' and I forced myself to smile and caress her. I could not have spoken: everything was at war within me. How will all this end?"

The struggle partially revealed in the foregoing extracts had its cause in Marston's peculiar nature. Of all men, he was the last to accomplish the task he had set himself. Twice in his life he proved unequal to what was demanded of him—the first time when he yielded to Edith's attraction and sought her against his conviction of her unworthi-

ness to fill the place in his life which she must occupy; the second when, having grappled with this life, he found himself ready to give up the contest and fly. But the explanation of his failures is to be found rather in his want of self-comprehension than in his want of character. His will had always served his turn, and he had counted upon its doing so again. He had not known how deadly a wound he dealt his own soul when he determined to marry Edith. But not in quietness and silence would his higher nature submit to be crushed, and its struggle for life, its revolt against the determination which shut it out of its proper part in his relation to his wife, was what caused him such intense suffering.

To a man like Marston moral suffering is the keenest, and the very pain he endured blinded him to the fact that Edith was being, day by day, purified and elevated by her deep, true love for him. He could see nothing plainly, so clouded was his sight by self-torture and contending passions. Truly, his punishment was severe. His marriage had been his first disloyalty to the ruling spirit of his life, and it brought discord into his soul. At first, with a desperate recklessness, he had abandoned himself to the fascination of his wife's society, and for a time had felt no sting of memory. But honor and faith and purity had been too long the guiding-stars of Marston's life for him long to wander without their light: soon his misery began, and grew day by day. His moral logic was perfect and gave him no rest.

Perhaps the blow was really dealt and the mischief done when he first knew, or thought he knew, that Edith was not what he had dreamed; and if that were so, then it would not have availed him to turn away from her. The arrow once in the heart of the deer, the end is sure, though pride and courage may yet carry him many a step.

Something of this he dimly felt, and it was at the bottom of much of his recklessness at first, and his want of courage and hope now. But the end came sooner than one would have thought, after

all, even though it might be seen afar off. Such things never seem near or likely till they are upon us, and then they strike us.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

THREE more weeks went by—of such a strange life to those two! Edith was happy, for she was absorbed by loving: she had been loved before, but she now loved for the first time; and she was so rich in her own wealth that she missed nothing that Marston failed to give her. Then, too, it must be remembered that he loved her only too well—that his very pain was born of his love; and that she was too unused to the possession of a nature like his to be able to measure its outpourings and detect when they came short of the full measure. He made a strong effort, and a successful one, to conceal from her his unhappiness: it was the easier that his fits of despairing misery seized him when he was alone, and alone he passed through them, while when together the intoxication of her presence and her love was enough to make him forget everything but that she loved him and that she was his own.

But all this while Geoffrey Marston's heart was breaking under the terrible tension. So it came to pass that one morning in February he let Edith go alone on a party of pleasure with some friends, and stayed at home himself. He had said he would go, and he meant to go, but at the last moment a hunger to be alone came over him, and he made some excuse which answered its purpose. This longing for solitude had grown on him of late: he had got into a way of wandering alone over Rome, sometimes by day, sometimes by night; and Edith, whose tact was as perfect with him as it had ever been with any of the men she had known and did not love, took no notice of his strolls to check them, though they had begun to trouble her a little.

That morning, though he knew that so soon as she left the house his misery would begin, he longed for her to go, and to her dying day Edith never forgot the restless energy with which he expe-

dited her departure. At the door of her room she paused and said, "Say good-bye here, love, not down stairs."

He caught her in his arms and held her tight and close. He was her lover always, and never met or parted from her coldly, but this embrace was like the clutch with which a drowning man seizes his plank: she felt it to be so, and looked into his eyes tenderly and longingly, saying, "Let me stay at home too."

"No, no, no!" he said vehemently, "I would not have you." And so they parted.

He sat a while brooding, his head in his hands, then started up and went down stairs, meaning, so far as he meant anything definitely, to walk far and wide till he should have walked off his mood. As he passed through the hall of the hotel he heard voices in a little room which opened from it. They were American women who were in there. He knew that at a sound, and paused instinctively: as he did so he heard his own name. He stood still and listened.

"So Mrs. Marston is here?"

"Yes: George saw her name on the books. Shall you call on her?"

"I think not. Edith Penrhyn was very fascinating, but I don't care to have her acquaintance. Every one knows what a scandal there was about her and Mr. Raymond last year, and Heaven only knows how many more; besides, she has been married quite long enough to be ready to amuse herself with any one else, and George is rather susceptible, you know."

"You might indemnify yourself with Marston," returned the other speaker with a light laugh.

"No. They say he is infatuated about her; which must be true, otherwise he would have contented himself with becoming Raymond's successor and not have married her."

Here the voices grew nearer: the speakers were coming out, and Marston instinctively hurried from the hotel, that he might escape notice.

Two hours later he returned, went to his wife's room and wrote a letter, which he laid on her dressing-table. Then he

went to his own room, locked the door, sat down on the edge of the bed, took Edith's picture in his hand and fixed his eyes upon it, while with his other hand he put a pistol to his head and pulled the trigger. He fell backward with the picture clutched convulsively in his hand. Long before the door was reached by the frightened servants he was dead, and when they burst it open his body was lying on the bed at rest.

Edith found his letter before she was told of his death: they had judged it best, hoping that he would have broken his dreadful purpose to her in it. He had indeed done so, but she did not seem to grasp his meaning, and when she had finished it only rushed from the room to ask wildly where her husband was. She was told the truth as gently as might be, and bore it as such women do bear cruel blows—strangely well. But it had been better for her had Marston dealt with her as with himself. He had been her beacon-light to better things, her wings to soar, her sword to strike with. She was left without defence or help, and she became—much what she had been before she knew him. There was added to her life a terrible sense of emptiness and a desperate longing for the past, but also a bitterness that sprang from the depths of her soul. "I loved him," she thought, "and he did not love me enough to forgive me or trust me. And yet his was the best love I ever knew: it is none of it worth much."

Yet she read his letter every night of her life before she slept, and there were few nights when it was not blistered with tears. With that letter this story must end:

"EDITH: I cannot bear to live any longer, and, like a coward as I am, I am about to end my life. When you read this I shall be dead, yet read it to the end before you scream or cry. I think my heart is broken, and that is why I am so weak. You will never believe how I have fought against this despair that is driving me out of life.

"It is the discord within which I can-

not reconcile that makes life unbearable. I knew all, *all* about you, Edith, before I sought you last, and I loved you so much I thought I could take things as they were, so that I might have you with them. I was a madman to think it, for from the first moment I was miserable. You are not to blame, nor do I blame you. It is I who should have known myself better than to think I could trample my honor under foot and fling my ideals to the winds, and then throw myself into your arms and be happy and forget. Do not think it is to save myself pain that I die: it is because I should soon make you wretched. I should not long have strength to play the part I have played successfully since we were married, and bitterness, distrust and jealousy would come between us. I cannot bear it: I love you so entirely that to know you are not, cannot be, mine as I am yours, kills me; and so why not die quickly rather than slowly?

"I was never made to do this thing that I have tried to do, and the struggle has torn me in pieces. But you can never understand how it all was, because, though I love you perfectly, you do not love me in the same way, and our natures are different. If ever we meet again, and you are able to love me then as I love you now, I shall be satisfied, but otherwise pass me and do not turn your face on me.

"I feel happier at this moment than I have felt for months. Strange—is it not?—when I shall never kiss your lips again, and the pistol that is to end my life lies coldly in my hand! Yet is it true—as true as that I love you and am for ever yours,  
GEOFFREY."

Her tears fell upon it night after night, but they were barren and bitter, for she said, "It was of himself he thought."

FRANCIS ASHETON.

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## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

### LENTEN SUPPER AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

NOT a few old institutions have been got rid of in England in these latter days of irreverence and inquiry—John Doe and Richard Roe, for instance, and open voting, and the attached family servant, and cheap coals, and Mr. Gladstone's administration, and—so on. But the barrister still wears his wig all day long in the stuffy little courts off Westminster Hall, and the bluecoat boy of Christ's Hospital still goes about bare-headed at all seasons and in all weathers. Tradition does go for something in an old country, even now-a-days, but it is not tradition only that preserves the special dress of either barrister or bluecoat. In the former's case it is felt and admitted that the wig and gown and bands have a practical use, in taking the advocate out of his ordinary self, so to

speak, when in court, and helping toward the maintenance there of that gravity, punctilious courtesy and dignity in act and language that is so essential to the due conduct of judicial business. And as for the bluecoats, when it is urged that a thick, long-skirted, heels-reaching blue garment, bright yellow stockings and a button-shaped cap—that, from the sheer impossibility of getting anybody's head into it, is never worn—do not exactly make up an attractive or appropriate dress for a set of schoolboys of all ages from ten to eighteen, who, though collected together in the heart of a great city, have, at any rate, five acres of playgrounds and the natural boy-desire to use their limbs there,—when an appeal of this sort, I say, is made to the governors of the hospital, there is sense and reason in their reply that it is simply a



necessity to keep up the uncouth and distasteful clothing in order to preserve the charity—for such most thoroughly the education is—for the class who really need it, by frightening off the well-to-do folk of frugal minds who would otherwise struggle to appropriate for their sons the advantages of first-class schooling without school-bills.

All the great public schools of England have their own peculiar rites and ceremonies. Eton had, till thirty years ago—and would no doubt, but for railways and the crowds they bring together, have kept up to this day—that time-hallowed festival known as Montem. Westminster School performs its annual Latin play, and with every Lent come round at Christ's Hospital the Lenten Suppers.

One may live and die in London, no doubt, without ever seeing or hearing of these Lenten Suppers, but anybody who can get a card of admission to the ceremony, and fails to use it, will surely lose, to my thinking, something that he or she would not soon have forgotten. We, at any rate, are bent upon taking advantage of this white ticket that will give us a title to admittance to the governors' places this Thursday evening. I freely own that I never yet met the man, woman or child who didn't or wouldn't, as a rule, dislike eating a meal under the eyes of a crowd of staring on-lookers. I have known solitary diners at club and restaurant to cut short their dinners in despair, owing to the impossibility of getting rid of the worry of the stony glare of a parcel of attendant vacuous waiters. But no scruples on this score need make you hesitate to be present at a Lenten Supper in the hospital. In the first place, publicity is not "the rule," but very much the contrary, inasmuch as the institution is confined to the Thursdays in Lent, and half a dozen Thursdays are as many as can be conjured out of forty days; and moreover it so happens that the boys themselves are not unnaturally in favor of the observance, for these Thursday evenings are *the* occasions *par excellence* for the visits of relations and friends to the school, and for the accompanying flow of "tips."

It is half-past six P. M., and the gates leading into the front court of the hospital from Newgate street are just open: so, turning our backs upon the gloomy prison where the late famous Claimant, already forgotten by the newspapers and pigeon-shooters, sits unromantically picking oakum, we hurry with the stream of visitors to the appointed entrance-door, and, mounting a stone stairway, find ourselves at once in the great hall. First, to secure seats in that bank of benches which rises at the farther end, and then from that vantage-ground to survey the scene. The hall itself the average visitor, looking at its Perpendicular Gothic windows, its dusky wainscoted walls and heavy-timbered roof, is likely enough to ascribe to old Tudor days; and the antiquated picture that extends along at least a hundred feet of one wall may go to strengthen the conviction. But in point of fact the age of the building lies only in appearance and London grime, as it was erected less than half a century ago. But let that pass. From the raised dais at our feet four or five rows of narrow tables, now laid for the supper, extend right down the hall—which must be between three and four hundred feet long from end to end—to the screen below the organ-gallery. There is light in abundance from half a score of large gas-chandeliers, but nevertheless on each table stand, presumably for decorative purposes, two pairs of candlesticks profusely decked with flowers. A few minutes before seven o'clock the boys come filing in. They are marshaled in wards—*i. e.*, detachments of fifty or thereabouts who occupy a common dormitory—and each ward, under the presidency of its ward-matron, takes possession of a separate table. Punctually at seven the governors, each carrying a blue wand, and the head-masters, enter in solemn procession, and take their places in a long line upon the dais, and stand, as do the rest of us, expectant. Of what? The question is soon solved. One of the bigger boys appears in a pulpit that stands against the side-wall halfway down the hall, and in a clear, unflinching voice bids the assembly sing the Old

Hundredth psalm. Obediently the organ strikes up the well-known air, and the school-choir posted in the gallery leading, boys, masters and visitors give out the familiar words. Then the occupant of the pulpit reads a short lesson from the New Testament, and then all the boys fall on their knees while he reads a series of prayers, in which constituted authorities of many kinds, from the lord mayor down to the masters who have the teaching of "us poor children," are most amply remembered. They rise. Now, at last (one begins to think), the "poor children" will be allowed to attack the food and drink that they have been all this time looking at. But no, not just yet. First we must sing a hymn together, and listen to a lengthy grace from the boy-minister; and then, as all things have an end, the supper has a beginning. The moment the boys are seated the visitors are allowed to leave their places and flow at will into the aisles between the tables. Relations and friends are quickly at the side of their own particular boys, and many an acceptable half-crown changes hands and pockets. Meanwhile, those who haven't the distractions of table and tipping to attend to are at work upon the refreshment of their inner boydoms. It is a frugal meal enough, and the same this evening as others, barring the garlanded candlesticks. Each boy has just a bowl of milk, a substantial cubic parallelogram of bread, about as long and broad as this page, and at least an inch thick, and a good-sized pat of butter. One can hardly help noticing with some amusement the different ways in which the somewhat unmanageable hunk of bread is attacked. Most of the bigger boys—who are not very unlikely to have private extra stores of one kind or another elsewhere—first travel round the outside of their parallelograms, cutting off the crust, and so advance inward till appetite cries Hold! while others, and notably the little ones, who have no idea of leaving anything but the knife upon their plates, methodically work from the top, cutting out horizontal slices, and apportioning the butter-pat beforehand, that it may

last for the lubrication of the whole lump. So passes a twenty minutes' space, and then, each boy in his place bearing a hand, the fragments of bread and butter, the leavings of milk, the bowls and plates and knives, are quickly collected, the tablecloths are brushed and rolled up, and by the time the visitors have resumed their seats everything is in readiness for the after-supper portion of the programme to begin. Three sonorous slaps with a piece of wood upon a table, like those which prelude the curtain-rising at the Théâtre Français, and, silence obtained, the pulpit occupant gives out an anthem, which is executed very creditably by the choir. Then a solemn grace after meat, and last of all the bowing to the governors. A magistrate of the beadle-usher kind takes up position at the head of the table nearest to the chairman of the evening, and marshals the bowing procession in due form. The wards advance in turn. First one of the tiniest in stature comes forward *solus*, bearing in either hand one of the flower-decked candlesticks, and, stopping six feet off the chairman, makes him a low bow, in accomplishing which he comes within an ace of burning his hair in his own candles, and then trots off, followed closely by the ward-matron, and blowing out his lights as he retires. Next advances and bows the basket-bearer of the ward, generally a big boy, bearing in traditional fashion on his back a long wicker plate-basket; then a pair, one carrying on his right arm the knife-basket, the other, with ludicrous effect, hugging under his left the bolster-like roll of the ward's tablecloth; and then the unofficial members of the ward, two and two, each pair demurely bowing to the chairman and receiving an acknowledging-nod from him. Tramp, tramp, the long procession goes on till one's head swims with the repetition of candlestick-, basket- and cloth-bearers, and one begins to wonder how the chairman manages to keep on nodding all this time without mechanical assistance. There are no less than seven hundred and fifty bluecoats in the school, remember, and full seven hundred of them

are present in the body of the hall; so the good chairman's task is obviously no trifling one.

Meanwhile, musical influences have been at work to tone down the feelings of the assembly from the grave and reverent pitch of the prayers and anthems to the ordinary secular keynote. Observe the gentle stages by which we have been let down. First, a fugue on the organ; next, after an interval, an outburst, from a different part of the same gallery, of a band of wind-instruments (the performers all members of the school), but demurely breathing out a strictly classical composition; then another pause; and then, just as the indefatigable chairman is nodding to the last pair of candlesticks, the horns and trombones, recklessly brazen, break out into the merry jigginess of an Offenbach march. The spectators, who have been still and silent hitherto, find their feet and tongues under the influence of the comically incongruous melody, and 'mid a very babel of clattering the hall begins to empty. Gracious! what means this sudden storm of cheering, every bluecoat, without any (to strangers) apparent cause, all at once exercising his lungs in the heartiest of hurrahs? The head-master at our side soon descries the cause. An ex-Cistercian (so the boys delight to call themselves, in claim of their school occupying the site of what was once in early Tudor times a Grayfriars' monastery), who has lately won credit for his old school by carrying off at Oxford Dean Ireland's university scholarship, has chanced to be discovered in the crowd, and his former schoolfellows, with true scholarly warmth and heartiness, are determined to let him know their pride and pleasure in his success.

The hall is soon cleared, and outside in the dark stranger visitors are losing themselves hopelessly in the cloisters and quadrangles, imploringly begging to be pointed the way out, while the boys file quietly off to their various wards. They will be going to bed directly, but the head-master's offer to show us the interior of a ward is by no means to be refused; so, waiting a moment till he

has doffed his bands and cassock, we enter one of the red-brick dormitory blocks, and, mounting one floor, peer into one of the wards. A large room this, but closish quarters, one can't help thinking, for half a hundred boys. The beds, each covered with a dark-green coverlet, stand side by side down the whole length of the room against the side-walls, and two more rows of them back to back, run down the centre. At every bed-head hangs a spare gown-garment of the substantial all-covering blue cloth, and at every bed-foot stands a little wooden locker, not much more than twice the size of a Webster's dictionary, which is the sole and whole allowance of space that a boy has for all his other paraphernalia. But it must be borne in mind that not much luggage as wardrobe accommodation can be requisite where each boy is bound by the fundamental rules of the hospital to wear no other dress than his blue gown, knee-breeches, gamboge stockings and shoes three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and both at the school and away from it alike. The ward-matron has her room at one end of the ward, and there are a "Grecian" (Sixth-form boy) and three monitors, each distinguished by a silver medal dangling by a blue ribbon on his chest, to answer for each ward's discipline. The Grecians are very dignified and powerful personages. They have their Lenten Supper apart, unseen by the curious crowd, and each has his own little private study in a corner of the ward to which he is attached. Very many of them gain exhibitions and scholarships at the universities, and rise to eminence in after life. The present head-master of the hospital was himself a bluecoat, and (he told us) occupied, as Grecian, the tiny study opening out of the very ward we visited.

There has been talk many times of transplanting the hospital into the country; and there can be little doubt that, sentimental considerations apart, it would be well on many grounds that some such scheme should be carried out. The very heart of a great smoky, foggy city is obviously not quite the place for between

seven and eight hundred boys to work and play in. Indeed, matters have gone so far that only two years ago Parliament authorized an intended metropolitan railway (which, however, proved abortive) to run right through the hospital property and buy it up. Still, so far as looks and appetites can betoken health, the present generation of Cistercians do not suffer physically from their city position. I for one never wish to see a brighter, healthier, happier set of faces than on Thursday evening, the 19th of March, in the present year of grace, sat at the hall tables at Christ's Hospital's Lenten Supper.

W. D. R.

#### A LETTER FROM ROME.

ON the 23d of March all Italy, and Rome especially, was celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of Victor Emmanuel's accession to the throne. I do not mean to inflict on your readers any description of the gala doings which marked the occasion, for the programme of such fêtes in the cities of continental Europe is too well known for a new rehearsal of it to be worth the space it would occupy. The streets all aglow and picturesque with flags, the bands of music (very mediocre, though this is "the land of song") in every other *piazza*, the royal receptions, the deputations, the addresses, the hurrying to and fro in the street of splendid uniforms, the appearance at strange hours of swallow-tailed coats and white chokers, whose wearers' faces eloquently express all the usual misery of a day of general rejoicing, the banners carried through the streets, the illumination at night,—all this followed its usual well-known course, and was got through with not more than the usual amount of trouble and annoyance to quiet folks who wished to attend to their own affairs. But though the mode of expressing national rejoicing is always much the same, the thing intended to be expressed is not always the same. And it is worth recording that the ovation offered on this occasion by Italy to her king was not merely, in the stereotyped official phrase, "enthusiastic," but was really and truly a very heartfelt expres-

sion of the genuine feeling of the nation. Not only here in the capital, but in every city throughout the Peninsula, the people strove to make it such, and to render the expression of their meaning unmistakable. To understand rightly the genuine depth and warmth of this feeling, it is necessary to bear in mind the leading facts of Italy's wonderful history during the last twenty-five years, and to remember that amid the crowd of petty kings and princes who again and again deceived and disappointed the nation with lying promises and false oaths, Victor Emmanuel alone has religiously kept faith with the nation, and by virtue of the confidence so inspired has been able to lead it on to that consummation of national unity and independence so long sighed for, so long deemed a dream to be realized, if ever, only by a happier generation. All this and all the emotions such reflections were calculated to produce were in the hearts of the people as they thronged the way that led from the theatre, where there was a gala-night, to the Quirinal Palace on the king's return, and when they shouted on the Quirinal Hill while he was receiving the addresses of all classes of his subjects within. I said I would take up none of your space with details, but I must mention one, because it is so rich in *couleur locale*. The ladies of Rome subscribed to give the king a nosegay. A nosegay is a pretty offering always, and especially so to a monarch from his female subjects; but one would not have supposed that much subscription was necessary to accomplish it. Only the nosegay in question, composed entirely of violets, pansies and mignonette, was between six and seven feet high, and was borne into His Majesty's presence by six stout porters. It consisted of a base some three feet square, a stem, and then a vase of graceful shape, with an appropriate inscription, the whole composed entirely of the above-mentioned flowers. This, too, is a sort of "mosaic" for which Rome is famous. Pity it is somewhat less durable than the other kind, the eternity of which makes it a fitting product for the "Eternal City."

The number of windows from which on this occasion floated the Stars and Stripes indicated in a striking manner the fact that the American colony in Rome is becoming every year a larger and more important one. Another evidence of the same fact is beginning to attract very general attention here. The Americans will have the honor—no small matter in the eyes of the religious world—of building and possessing the first Protestant church ever established within the papal city. Of course the English residents have for very many years had a place of worship here; but it is merely a room, and not a very handsome one, and it is outside of the Porta del Popolo, the papal government having never permitted the Sacred City itself to be desecrated by the existence within its walls of an heretical place of worship. Now, of course, "nous avons changé tout cela," and the Americans have been the first to profit by the change. The building, situated in the very best part of the new quarter of the city, is just beginning to peer over the boarding which surrounds it. Some days ago I visited it in the pleasant company of the Rev. R. T. Nevin, the accomplished clergyman of the principal American congregation here, and I was, I own, fairly astonished at the magnificence—the word is not too strong a one—which will characterize the completed edifice. The ground was bought for something over twenty thousand dollars on the 12th of March, 1872. This sum was raised entirely among the Americans in Rome; the principal contributor, I believe, being Mr. W. H. Heriman. The work was begun on the 5th of November in the same year; and those who know the requirements of buildings in Rome in the way of sub-structures, who have seen the truly grandiose manner in which these requirements have been provided for at St. Paul's (that is the name of the new church), and who also are aware of the usual rate of progression accomplished in such matters in this take-it-easy city, will be of opinion that wonders have been done in the time. I have had some little Italian experience of such matters my-

self, and I am very sure that the activity, vigilance and solicitude of Mr. Nevin, under whose superintendence and management the whole work has been done, must have been arduous and incessant. Copying from the statements put forth to the public, I may say that forty-eight thousand dollars have been raised already for the building, and that eighteen thousand dollars more are yet needed to complete the work, as estimated. It is the hope of Mr. Nevin that by incessant devotion of his laborious care to the work, and by watchful superintendence, he will succeed in causing these estimates not to be exceeded. But looking to the extremely costly nature of the ornamentation and finishing which it is intended to bestow upon the building on the one hand, and to my own knowledge of the small trustworthiness of the estimates of Italian architects on the other, I cannot but believe that a considerable supplementary sum will be found necessary; and I do not doubt that it will be forthcoming without difficulty, for, as I have said, the number of visitors from the States who winter at Rome is annually on the increase, and they will assuredly all feel proud of such an evidence of American taste, liberality and enterprise. I do not say anything about piety, for very sincere worship may be offered up from very humble walls. But this church, surprising as the statement may seem, will be one of the most beautiful in this city of churches. And it will owe this distinction not, of course, to its size (though it will not be a small building, seating eight hundred commodiously—nave, one hundred and seventy feet in length, supported by six columns and seven arches on either side; tower, one hundred and forty feet in height), but to the charms of its proportions, the purity of its architectural style, and the richness and beauty of its ornamentation and finishing. The style is the Early Lombard Gothic. The exterior facing-material is travertine stone from Tivoli, the interior finishing of stone from Arles, and a very beautiful stone this is. The whole of the finishing of the interior, comprising a great amount of rich and

delicate carving in this stone, is to be in this pure and charming architectural style. The ground will furnish abundant space for the erection of an additional building to serve the purposes of lecture-room, library and apartment for the clergy, all which it is part of the present plan to erect, and which are to be connected with the church by means of an extremely graceful cloister. The *tout ensemble* will be charming, and creditable in no ordinary degree to all who have contributed to the realization of the project.

Mr. W. W. Story has just completed a new statue which the general voice here declares, with more unanimity than is often met with in such matters, to be the finest work he has yet produced. It is an Alkestis — or, as it is the modern fashion to write, and as Mr. Story writes on the base of his statue, Alkestis. The heroine is represented as moving forward slowly and doubtfully at the moment of her return to earth; and the idea of this half-bewildered, hesitating motion is so vividly impressed on the imagination of the beholder that it is difficult to persuade one's self that as the figure stands so it will continue to stand for ever. While the right hand gathers the folds of her drapery around her bosom, the left hand hangs listless by her side, and the amount of expression of doubt, hesitation and but half-recovered consciousness which that hand is made to express is simply wonderful. The drapery is evidently of some very soft material, the simple and elegant folds of which, descending to the naked feet, so as to reveal only a portion of them, are admirably managed. The face is beautiful of course. That is the most easily attained and the commonest merit of all. But there is a mysterious and almost weird expression in the wondering eyes and about the scarcely opened—and I had almost said quivering—lips, which tells the tale as it might well have been supposed impossible for marble to tell it. The statue has not yet been put into its eternal form. The tale I have imperfectly repeated to your readers was told to me by the clay. That first expression

of the artist's thought has within the last few days been destroyed, to give place to the plaster phase of the statue's existence. The putting it into marble will be at once proceeded with. T. A. T.

“WORTH MAKES THE (WO)MAN.”

To write of female dress in Paris without mentioning Worth would be to describe court life without speaking of the sovereign. Over the vast realm of the toilette he has for years ruled with a sway which, if often questioned and challenged, is nevertheless as secure as it is extensive. Between the dresses from his ateliers and those from the houses of other first-class Parisian dress-makers there exists as wide a difference as between the latter class of dresses and those of average American manufacture. Singularly gifted with taste for peculiar combinations of color and startling varieties of form, he acknowledges no supremacy of the mode of the day, but is a law unto himself, arranging tints and shapes to suit his own ideas; and the bewildering varieties of style which his show-rooms display can scarcely be imagined save by one who, as I have done, has seen fifty dresses shown in a single morning, no two of which were alike. It is said that Worth studies his effects of color from the vast book of Nature herself. The changing colors of the clouds, the contrasted tints in a bouquet, the shaded hues of a petal, all provide him with hints which he afterward utilizes in silk and satin and gauze, to the bewilderment of feminine brains and the depletion of masculine pockets.

The establishment of M. Worth is situated at No. 7 Rue de la Paix, a locality sufficiently indicated to the stranger by the rows of carriages that are usually stationed before the door. Three floors of the large building are appropriated to his use, one being taken up by show-rooms and fitting-rooms, while the others are devoted to work-rooms. One thousand employés find work in these vast ateliers, of whom sixty take their meals on the premises. The first suite of rooms that one sees on entering is plain and business-like, and but for the

rows of shelving on either side piled to the ceiling with silk and satin in the piece, and the number of well-dressed shop-girls who are moving about, it might, with its high desk and sober-looking clerks, be taken for the offices of some great financier or the ante-chambers of a bank. Here the more ordinary business of the establishment is transacted, here dressmakers seeking for patterns are received, and here too is to be found a small show-room where occasional specimens of the master's art are displayed. This is by no means a place where the ordinary shopper, intent on seeing and not on purchasing, can meet with any success. Unless the intention to buy is very clearly defined, the barred doors of the great wardrobes that contain these treasures of dress are kept closely shut, and only unclose at the "Open sesame" of a probable order.

Up stairs are to be found the show-rooms, hung with dark green reps and furnished with carved walnut and green plush, while immense mirrors meet the eye at every turn. At the very end of the suite is a small carpeted room, furnished with a green velvet sofa, a few chairs, a large wardrobe stretching across the whole of one end of the apartment, and a mirror reaching from floor to ceiling. This is the work-room of Worth himself. Hither he comes to plan his combinations and to arrange his trimmings. The skirts of dresses are usually decorated in this wise: One of the shop-girls puts on the skirt in its perfectly plain and unadorned state, and mounts a short step-ladder with a broad top which is placed in the centre of the room. M. Worth then proceeds to pin on and arrange the ruffles, laces, flounces, etc. of which the trimmings are to be composed, and in this way makes experiments and tries new effects and combinations. When the trimming is completed in accordance with his ideas, the young lady descends from her elevated post and the skirt is sent to the sewing-rooms to be finished off.

This renowned King of the Dress-makers and ruler of the world of dress is, as is well known, an Englishman. He

is of medium height, with dark eyes, moustache and hair, and a florid complexion, and is, I should say, about forty-five years old. His manners are simple, straightforward and pleasant, and entirely lack the forwardness and impertinence which would naturally, one might think, be induced by the coaxing, cajolery and familiarity with which he is constantly approached. The story is told of a celebrated foreign princess and leader of fashion that, being unable to pay her bills, she compounded the matter by giving Worth the *entree* of her salons and her opera-box, to the intense indignation of the dignitaries of the court of her native country, and she narrowly escaped social ostracism on her return home. It is also told of this same dashing *élégante* that, being anxious to make much display at comparatively little cost, she made an arrangement with Worth whereby she was to take dresses from his establishment, wear each of them once, and then return them to him to be sold to those ladies who were anxious to imitate the toilettes of the celebrated Madame de M——. As she was setting the fashion in those days, and her dresses were everywhere noted and copied, she had no difficulty in making the desired arrangement, paying a stipulated sum for the use for a single occasion of each garment.

The King of Dress is not himself indifferent to the charms of the toilette. His fingers blaze with rings—one a superb diamond solitaire, and another a large square antique gem set in fine diamonds. He is also very fond of building, and spends much time and great sums of money in altering, arranging and redecorating the splendid house which he possesses in the environs of Paris. He is a man of tireless activity: every department in his immense establishment is under his direct supervision, and it is almost impossible to obtain fifteen minutes' uninterrupted conversation with him, so continual are the calls upon him; for, as he rather impatiently remarks, his work-women cannot so much as put a sleeve in a polonaise without coming to ask him about it. He

not only plans and designs the dresses, but supervises the work-rooms and attends to all the purchases of material, besides being constantly summoned to attend to the wants of purchasers, who refuse to give their orders without having the benefit of M. Worth's judgment and supervision while making their selections. They are right, too, for he understands wonderfully well the shapes and colors best suited to different forms and complexions, though he has rather a perverse penchant for arraying blondes in certain bright shades of yellow.

"And what are the prices one is forced to pay to this sovereign of silks?" methinks I hear an impatient reader cry. It must be confessed they are rather startling. Style has to be paid for in Paris as well as silk and lace, and commands a relatively higher price, so that Worth's dresses range from forty to fifty dollars higher than toilettes of the same materials and for the same occasions purchased elsewhere. Exclusive of laces, the cost of which may be run up to any limit, his price for a silk walking or evening dress may be computed as being from two to three hundred dollars, according to the style of trimming, while a cashmere or silk grenadine costume may be obtained for about fifty dollars less. Even at these prices he is literally overwhelmed with orders, and his rooms swarm with eager clients, Americans and Russians being his best customers, though Paris furnishes him with no inconsiderable number. There are ladies in the United States who import all their dresses from Worth; and when one adds to the original cost of these garments exchange, price of gold and the sixty-per-cent. duty payable in gold, the probable cost of their wardrobes becomes rather startling to the imagination. Add to the cost of such toilettes the prices of the bonnets of Mesdames Ode and Virot, which range from twenty to thirty, and even forty, dollars a bonnet, and one will see that dress is an expensive item, even when the articles are purchased in the land of their creation.

And in truth there is no limit to the amount that a lady may spend on her

dress in Paris. As soon as lace is employed in trimming, the cost of a toilette may be run up to any sum one chooses to give for it, for instances have been known of a single lace flounce costing sixteen thousand dollars, and point d'Alençon at two and three hundred dollars a yard is by no means a scarce article or difficult to find. An extravagantly disposed female may, if she likes, get up a dress which will cost two or three thousand dollars without any difficulty. This is one extreme of the scale: the next division is to be found in those establishments which have a reputation only second to that of Worth, and where the prices are from two to three hundred francs less on each dress than are those of his renowned atelier. Dresses either for dinner, balls or promenading may be obtained at these houses for prices ranging from one hundred to one hundred and sixty dollars—this, of course, not including rich laces—while elegant and tasteful bonnets may be procured for sixteen, eighteen or twenty dollars. From this point downward the gradation is gradual till one reaches the Bon Marché and the Coin de Rue for dresses and the Passage du Saumon for bonnets.

Now comes the second question: On how little can a woman dress in Paris who can make neither her own dresses nor her own bonnets? She can buy very wearable undergarments for a mere trifle. Her linen handkerchiefs, marked with her initial in embroidery, will cost her thirty cents each, her two-button gloves eighty cents a pair, if kid. Her suit, in fine silky-looking, pale-colored mohair of the fashionable shades, neatly made and prettily and elaborately trimmed, will cost her fifteen dollars, and she can get a black silk costume for forty dollars, and a long black silk house-dress with trimmed front for thirty-five. A good silk underskirt, prettily trimmed, for wearing under polonaises, wash dresses, etc., can be had for twelve dollars; and very elaborately trimmed it will cost her fifteen. If she wants a *very* cheap suit for ordinary wear, she can get a thoroughly nice and reasonable one,



comprising an underskirt with two or three ruffles, and an overskirt and jacket plainly finished off round the edge, for from eight to ten dollars. Her bonnets will cost from five to seven dollars each. Boots are expensive, and not nearly so good or so handsome as they are in the United States. The smaller fineries, such as collars, ribbons, cravats, fans, etc., are proportionately reasonable; so that a woman who has three or four hundred dollars per annum to spend on her dress could really do a good deal with it in Paris, even allowing that she could do none of her own sewing. As for a lady who could make up her own dresses and bonnets, what marvels could she not achieve in a land where good silk can be bought as low as a dollar a yard, and two dollars and a half a yard represents a very handsome article, while worsted goods and mixed fabrics may be procured at from nineteen cents upward!

Parisian ladies do not set as much store by costliness of dress as do Americans, their chief aim being elegance of style, novelty, and, above all, perfect and irrefragable freshness; while our countrywomen seek more for richness of material. The reason for this is obvious: a new dress in Paris not only costs much less than it does with us, but is far easier to obtain. An order to one's dressmaker is all that is necessary for procuring a new toilette here, while at home the process is a troublesome one, involving selection of the material, the style in which it is to be made up, and, last and most troublesome search of all, a skilled dressmaker. It is the same with bonnets. A New York lady must perforce select her bonnets at the very beginning of the season, or else be content with articles of American manufacture, while a Parisienne can step round the corner and select twenty chapeaux in a morning, paying twelve and fifteen dollars for the articles for which her American sister must give forty or fifty. Durability and richness of material, therefore, are distinguishing peculiarities of the latter's toilettes, while freshness and variety characterize the dress of the former.

The prevailing modes of the day show

some tendency to a return toward that simplicity of style which has so long been absent from the fashion of our garments. Not that flounces, puffs, ribbons and fringes are banished, or even about to take their departure; but to-day, for the first time in many years, it is possible to wear a perfectly plain dress without looking odd or old-fashioned. Even Worth's show-rooms display dresses whose attractiveness consists in the quality of the silk of which they are composed, and not in the amount of frills and fussing with which they are loaded—rich, heavy brocades, with long plaited trains, the sleeves and train being formed of plain silk matching the color of the brocade, and not a particle of other trimming anywhere, as the edge of the corsage is simply finished with a cording of the silk. Such a dress would have been regarded as a dismal piece of antiquity five years ago. It may be that republican simplicity is creeping into the fashions of Paris, as well as into its institutions, but French fashions change *nearly* as rapidly as do French governments. L. H. H.

#### THE PARENTS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

THE following letter, which we are permitted to publish, though not written with this design, contains some particulars that may not be uninteresting to many readers of Mr. Forster's *Life of Dickens*:

17 RIVERS STREET, Bath, England.

MY DEAR —: I hasten to comply with your request that I should give you some information respecting the family of poor Charles Dickens. I became acquainted with his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. John Dickens, in 1850, and Mr. Charles Dickens having requested my husband's medical attendance upon old Mr. Dickens, who was rapidly failing in health, both the father and mother came to live with us in 34 Keppel street, London. Mr. Dickens died under our roof March 31, 1851. He was a kind-hearted man, but fearfully irascible. His fits of temper lasted, however, but a very short time, but whilst they did they were terrible. I remember on one occasion some private theatricals were given at the St.

James's Theatre, in which Charles Dickens took the principal character, and old Mr. Dickens was appointed bill-distributor for the evening. Charles had given strict orders that no one should be allowed behind the scenes. The elder Dickens, returning to the green-room, was surprised and indignant to see a man, as he thought, standing at the other end of the apartment. His blood boiled up in an instant, and he flew at him. His anger increased at seeing the figure advance toward him, and he rushed up to it and struck out with all his might—hitting a looking-glass with such violence that he had sore knuckles for some days afterward. The resemblance between old Mr. D. and Mr. Micawber was very slight. It consisted only in one or two peculiar traits, exaggerated in the description, and in the use of a pet phrase to the effect "that something was sure to turn up." The day previous to his death he seemed unusually well, and we none of us expected he would pass away so soon. He was first seriously taken ill whilst at dinner, and after he was put to bed I sent off immediately for Charles. He came as soon as possible. I was in the room when the old gentleman died. He expired about five o'clock in the morning, with little or no pain. Charles Dickens had been with him for hours, standing or sitting by the bedside, and holding his hand. He was much affected, and behaved throughout with great tenderness.

Mrs. Dickens was a little woman, who had been very nice-looking in her youth. She had very bright hazel eyes, and was as thoroughly good-natured, easy-going, companionable a body as one would wish to meet with. The likeness between her and Mrs. Nickleby is simply the exaggeration of some slight peculiarities. She possessed an extraordinary sense of the ludicrous, and her power of imitation was something quite astonishing. On entering a room she almost unconsciously took an inventory of its contents, and if anything happened to strike her as out of place or ridiculous, she would afterward describe it in the quaintest possible manner. In like manner

she noted the personal peculiarities of her friends and acquaintances. She had also a fine vein of pathos, and could bring tears to the eyes of her listeners when narrating some sad event. She was slightly lame, having injured one of her legs by falling through a trap-door whilst acting in some private theatricals at the Soho Theatre, London. I am of opinion that a great deal of Dickens's genius was inherited from his mother. He possessed from her a keen appreciation of the droll and of the pathetic, as also considerable dramatic talent. Mrs. Dickens has often sent my sisters and myself into uncontrollable fits of laughter by her funny sayings and inimitable mimicry. Charles was decidedly fond of her, and always treated her respectfully and kindly. In the hour of her sad bereavement his conduct was noble. I remember he took her in his arms, and they both wept bitterly together. He told her that she must rely upon him for the future. He immediately paid whatever his father owed, and relieved his mother's mind on that score. To my husband and myself he expressed himself in the warmest manner as grateful for what little kindness we had been able to show his parents. He sent my husband a magnificent silver snuff-box lined with gold, on which was engraved this inscription:

"TO ROBERT DAVEY,  
A poor token of gratitude and respect,  
in memory of my dear father.  
CHARLES DICKENS."

This heirloom is now in my eldest son's possession. It was accompanied by a beautiful and touching letter full of tenderness and terms of filial affection.

Mrs. Dickens was very fond of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles, and has often told me that she believed "there was not another woman in all England so well suited to her son." Her daughter Letitia, Mrs. Austin, was often at our house at this time. She was an admirable woman, and greatly beloved by all who knew her.

Charles Dickens called frequently in Keppel street, and sometimes stayed to dinner. He was not a very talkative man,

but could be extremely pleasant when he chose. Mrs. Dickens does not seem to have foreseen the future celebrity of her son in his childhood, but she remembered many little circumstances afterward which she was very fond of relating. Once, when Charles was a tiny boy, and the family were staying down at Chatham, the nurse had a great deal of trouble in inducing him to follow her when out for his daily walk. When they returned home, Mrs. Dickens said to her, "Well, how have the children behaved?" "Very nicely indeed, ma'am—all but Master Charley." "What has he done?" "Why, ma'am, he will persist in always going the same road every day." "Charley, Charley, how is this?" "Why, mamma," answered the urchin, "does not the Bible say we must walk in the same path all the days of our life?"

The little Dickens were all fond of private theatricals, and even as children they constructed a small play-house in which the drama was represented by puppets. Charles was the reader, and

his brothers moved the marionettes. Those early years were doubtless very sad, for I know the whole family was in very reduced circumstances; and to one so sensitive and imaginative as Charles deprivations and slights must have been indeed hard to bear. I am of opinion that the troubles he met with in his childhood, and the great success won by his genius in after times, made him anxious to have his home so ordered as in some degree to efface his early impressions; and I fear his father's ungovernable temper prevented his being as often received in his son's house as he might otherwise have been. But, whatever may be said to the contrary, his conduct toward both his father and mother struck me as admirable. Poor old Mrs. Dickens died in 1863. She had been for some time ailing. She sleeps by her husband in Highgate Cemetery. I saw little of her after her husband's death, as I left England two years later for the Continent, and only returned a year or so since.

E. DAVEY.

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## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Alide: An Episode of Goethe's Life. By Emma Lazarus. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co.

The same strong magic which drew the child Bettina through countless obstacles to the presence of the wonderful old man whom she had never seen, has worked on the ardent imagination of a young poetess of our own day; and the fond partisanship with which Goethe's view of his higher destiny and immunity from the trammels of ordinary obligation and responsibility is tacitly adopted by Miss Lazarus, betrays an indulgence of the same order as Frederika's and Lili's. No special sympathy with this subjection to the master-mind of modern times need color our views of the performance. There was great risk in taking for a theme a love-passage in the life of a renowned poet—one, too, which

had been faultlessly treated by himself in his autobiography—and so elaborating the characters and incidents as to swell the story to the dimensions of a book. Any amplifications supplied by pure invention, any elucidations based upon a theory inconsistent with the simple facts, above all, any ambitious attempt to penetrate deeply into Goethe's character or depict him in the broad full light which the realistic novelist casts upon his figures, would have jarred with the conceptions and offended the taste of a cultivated reader. Yet mistakes of this kind are too common not to render the avoidance of them a matter of just commendation; while the ingenuity and skill with which every hint and suggestion of the original has been worked out in consistent and not too ample detail, merit still warmer praise. Nor is the book inter-

esting merely as a successful piece of literary embroidery. In the character of the heroine Miss Lazarus had a legitimate field and fair scope for the exercise of her imaginative powers; and she has used this opportunity in a way to justify strong expectations in regard to any venture she may hereafter make on the broad seas of fiction under her own flag. The figure of Alide is not a copy, but the development of that of Frederika; and there is no doubt a large class of readers who will never open *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, or any other of Goethe's works, for whom this pathetic tale of a true-hearted, innocent girl, with its idyllic background of Alsatian life, will have a tender charm. It is a pity, therefore, that some slight defects have not been corrected. Miss Lazarus should not use the word "health" for "toast," and she should bear in mind Dr. Holmes's advice to all his country-people, not to say "how" for "what." The style not unfrequently has the air of a translation, and not a very fluent translation, from the German: the very first sentence is an example of this, and it prevails throughout. Perhaps it is intentional, and meant to lend local color to the subject, but it is a mistake. It would have been better, too, not to have tried to improve on the homeliness of the real German rural life. The description of the parsonage is very pretty, but more like that of an English than a Rhenish home: the characteristic primness of the latter is lacking. The graceful litter of the sitting-room, with its "charming disorder" of open harpsichord, scattered books, drawing-materials and embroidery, does not belong to a German interior, and the presents sent by Goethe to his village love never rose to the height of new books and rare engravings. But these are mere details. The human interest is keenly felt: there are power and truth in the analysis of the conflict which arises in each nature as the one perceives that he cannot sacrifice his future to his love—the other, that there is no future for her but in his love, and that it is drifting from her. It is a striking touch, too, toward the end, when the heart-stricken girl goes early to the cathedral to gather strength and calm, and sees another woman kneeling near the door in the abandonment of grief. One feels sorry that anything comes of this: it was more artistic as a mere incident, such as almost every memorable scene in our lives presents. It is a graver fault that while ad-

hering so closely to history in her narrative, Miss Lazarus should have introduced such an important apocryphal event as even an informal betrothal, which when known to the parents must, according to German custom, have been immediately followed by the usual family ceremony. Nor can we understand why she should have omitted the answer of the serene and resigned Frederika when urged in after years, although still young, to marry: "It was enough to have been beloved by Goethe." That reply makes her story the most touching of all the numerous similar "episodes" in Goethe's life. We are deeply moved by the grief of the bewitching Lili, but we know she is a mundane little lady, and are not surprised to hear that she has made a good match after all. Frederika's perpetual maidenhood gives a sacredness to her early love and sorrow, which are here enshrined anew in no unfitting niche.

England, Political and Social. By Auguste Laugel. Translated by Professor James Morgan Hart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It is easy to see that M. Laugel has studied England more closely, both from books and through personal observation, than the most intelligent and best-informed of his countrymen are in the habit of doing. He knows its history, he understands its institutions, he comprehends the causes of the struggles and oscillations amid which the government passes from one party to another, still retaining its blended character of conservatism and reform. He sees in the diversity of classes and of interests the affinities and mutual adaptations that give solidity to the mass and strength of purpose and unity of action to every national movement. He estimates truly the various elements of the English character and the forces that have acted upon it, merging and adjusting, yet hardening and preserving, its peculiarities. His book is consequently not only almost wholly free from blunders of detail, but it is still more remarkable for its freedom from the misconceptions and wild speculations and deductions into which a writer is sure to fall who examines the condition and manners of a foreign people through the medium of his own national prepossessions and ideas. In this respect the work contrasts favorably with Taine's *English Notes*, while destitute of the wit and rhetorical brilliancy that gives piquancy to the fantastic generalizations of

the latter. There is, in fact, little in it to betray its French origin, and one might suspect the author of belonging to that small political sect that sees in the English constitution a model which France has only to follow in order to attain to the equilibrium and acquire the stability which she so much needs. However this may be, the value and instructiveness of his exposition are distinctively for his own countrymen. For a well-informed American it contains nothing of mark. The very facility with which it passes scrutiny indicates its lack of novelty. The remarks on race contain a good deal which one sets resolutely aside. Such a sentence as the following, "Outliving the centuries, the Celtic element still crops out above heavy Saxon Teutonism: we seem to see a touch of it in English *humor*, the universal fondness for gaming and betting, this grain of folly amid so much wisdom," might stimulate contradiction of the theory expressed in it, were it not that the mistaken use of the term puts argument out of the question. But in general what M. Laugel has to say on these points is only what all determined theorizers on the subject are constantly putting forth. What there is of certainty in it passes current without much emphasis or comment. For the corrective we must turn to Emerson's *English Traits*, and take note of the "limitations of the formidable doctrine of race . . . which threaten to undermine it, as not sufficiently based."

*The Circuit-Rider: A Tale of the Heroic Age.* By Edward Eggleston. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

The "heroic age" depicted in this book is not that of Greece or Rome, but of Southern Ohio and adjacent regions, where social life at the beginning of this century exhibited "sharp contrasts of corn-shuckings and camp-meetings, of wild revels followed by wild revivals," "a *mélange* of picturesque simplicity, grotesque humor and savage ferocity, of abandoned wickedness and austere piety," that "can hardly seem real to those who know the country now." In such a picture it is not the hunter or the pioneer who becomes the central figure, but the circuit-rider, or traveling Methodist preacher, representing, as he does, the element of civilization which is in time to overmaster and transform the wild minds and lawless habits here brought together in anarchical confusion. His task is that of the missionary monk of the Dark

Ages; and if, like his prototype, he is distinguished rather by a fervent zeal and uncompromising devotion than by intellectual power or mental culture, his sympathies with his hearers are all the keener, his comprehension of them more instinctive, and his influence over their minds and hearts more direct and irresistible. Such a state of society, it will be conceded, affords ample material for graphic and striking delineation. The peasant life of the Schwarzwald and the Vosges, which Auerbach and Erckmann-Chatrion have constrained the world to become familiar with, must be reckoned far less rich in incident and far tamer in coloring. Unfortunately, this comparison makes only too palpable the lack of imagination which has prevented Mr. Eggleston from giving to his pictures the vividness and harmony essential to that strong impression and sense of reality which is the main object of the novelist's art. We do not doubt that the principal scenes have a foundation of fact, that, in the author's own words, "whatever is incredible in this story is true," or that local manner and dialect have been faithfully presented. But this is, after all, a mere superficial truthfulness — giving us, at the most, peculiarities of circumstance, not revealing any of the subtle workings of human nature as thus acted on. The characters in the book are not individualized by any delicate distinctions; their thoughts and emotions are not probed; their lives run in parallel or divergent lines, without the complications or the conflicts that bring hidden qualities and impulses into play. Perhaps we ought simply to accept the book without demur as a series of sketches of a kind of life now all but extinct, making due acknowledgment of a certain vivacity and "scratchy" vigor sufficient to sustain the interest. The author seems to us, however, to have aimed at something higher than this, or rather to have mistaken this for the proper aim of one "worthy," in his own language, "to be called a novelist."

#### *Books Received.*

- The Education of American Girls: A Series of Essays.* By Anna C. Brockett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- A Tour through the Pyrenees.* By H. A. Taine. Translated by J. Safford Fiske. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- Antoine, the Italian Boy.* By an Ex-consul. Boston: Henry Hoyt.











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