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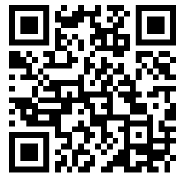

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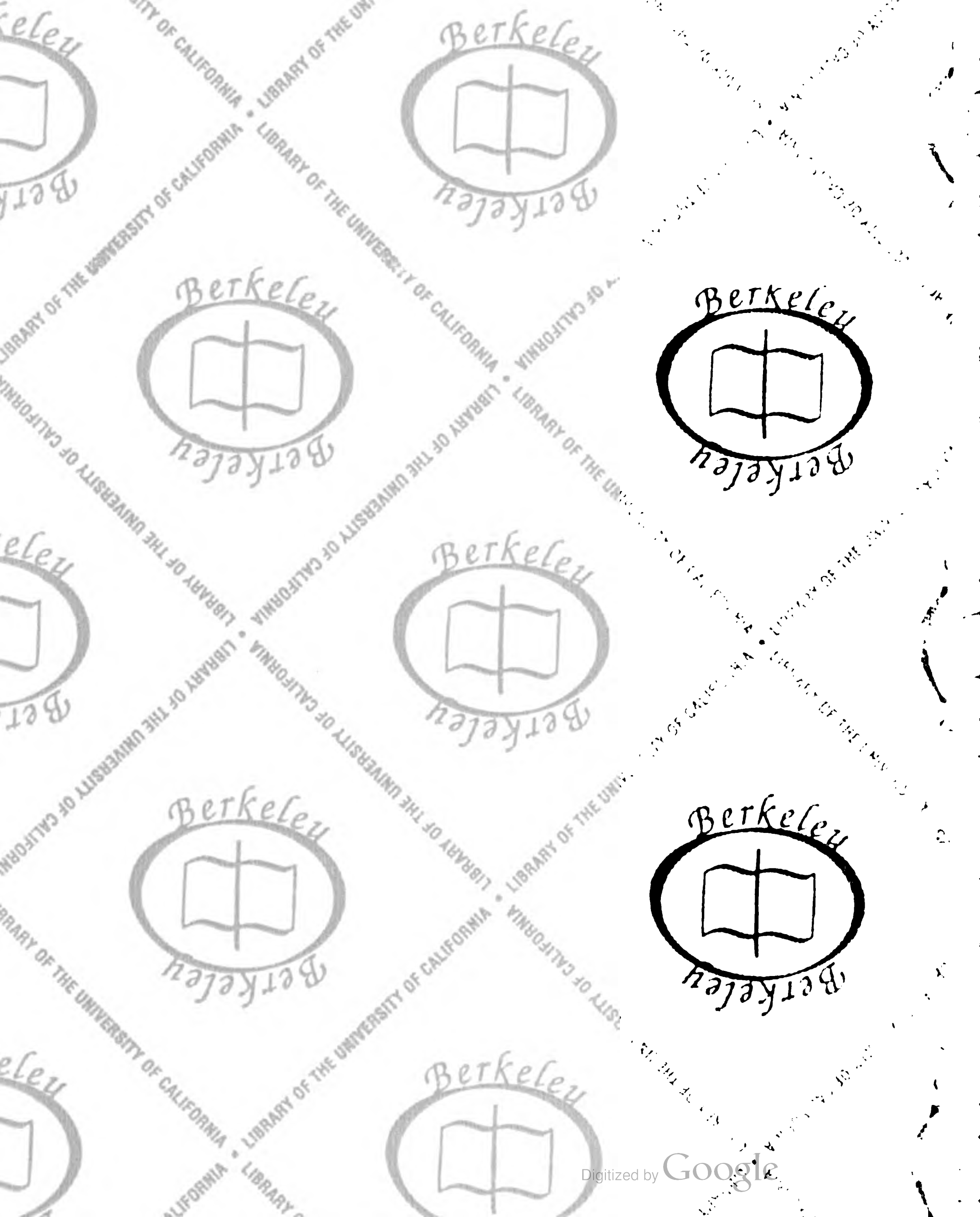
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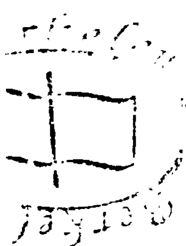
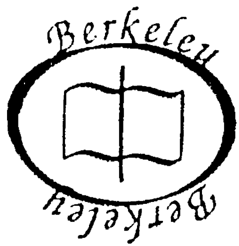
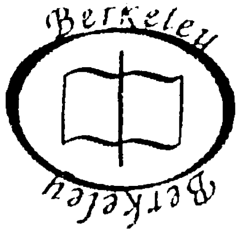
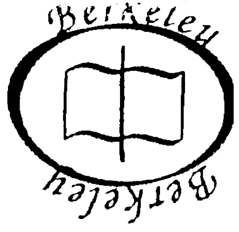
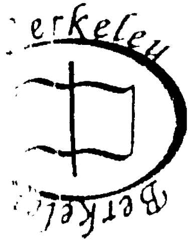
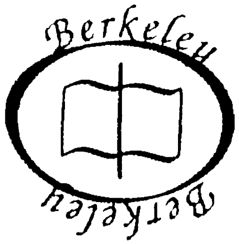
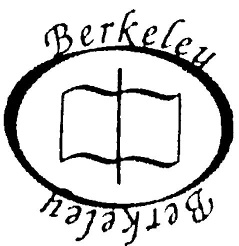
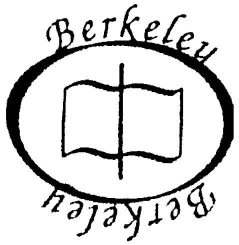

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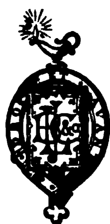

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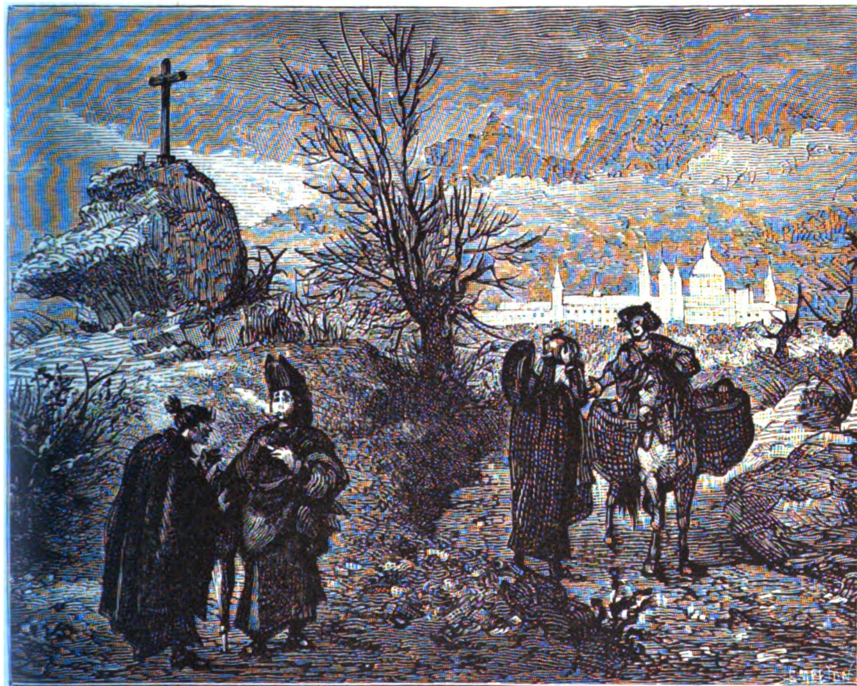
JANUARY, 1877.

PICTURES FROM SPAIN.

TWO PAPERS.—I.



THE ESCORIAL.

BEFORE entering Spain, stop at Biarritz in France and look about you. If it is the bathing season when you arrive, sit down upon the sands near the sleepy surf and watch the gayly-robed bathers as they come and go, singing merry songs and gesticulating madly. You will have come from Bayonne,

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which is hardly interesting in itself in ordinary times. It is only important now because it is on the high-road to Biarritz, the most fashionable of French watering-places. It is true that it gave the bayonet its name, and that it exports good wines; it has a magnificent promenade down by the sea, and a consulate or two, with consuls who are perpetually absent on fishing excursions; but it is only moon to sun, compared with Biarritz. When there is trouble in the Spanish mountain-country, Bayonne is filled with refugees — dark, asthmatic-looking men in huge cloaks — men who smoke cigarettes and drink sugared water all day at the cafés, and who generally have no money with which to pay their bills. All the inns have both Spanish and French signs; the diligences which climb the hilly route to Biarritz are drawn by hardy little mules imported from beyond the Pyrenees; and the drivers speak the dulcet dialect of old Spain more readily than the staccato language of France. The old men love to tell strangers tales of 1814, and to point out the ground fought over by Soult and Wellington. In the hotels you will encounter Spanish habits — slovenliness in the service, viands cooked in rancid oil, and strong black wines, traitorous to Anglo-Saxon brains.

Eugénie made Biarritz what it is. The emperor Napoleon would never have thought of going so far south to build a royal residence; but the Spanish-born empress made her "*Todos*," as she liked to call him, do very much as she pleased, and the result was a palace by the sea. In the prosperous days of the Empire distinguished company thronged at Biarritz: the ambitious Bismarck lifted the burden of his care while he loitered there; the venerable Thiers dipped his white head in the whiter salt spray; the imperial court graciously bestowed its smiles there now and then; and Spanish grandees were innumerable. To-day fashion still makes its rendezvous on the high cliffs and the pleasant stretches of upland with their superb outlook over the waves; but Bismarck and Thiers, Napoleon and Eugénie, come no more.

Out of Biarritz to Bayonne the road winds over high hills, among avenues of noble poplars, which throw friendly shadows to protect you from the glaring sun. Suddenly, *O gioja!* the beauty of the romantic coast of the Bay of Biscay bursts upon the view. In mid-October all the villas that dot the hills and peer from the luxuriant foliage are filled with visitors. In the broad avenues of the central town you will meet Americans, English, Russians, and even Turks, all intent upon pleasure. On the beach hundreds of lithe Spanish and French women are disporting in the water, rushing out occasionally to roll cigarettes under their umbrellas after the wetting. The Spanish men, who hardly cease smoking even when they are asleep, go in bathing with their cigars in their mouths, and consider it an art never to let the highest wave cover their heads. A favorite amusement is to drive a train of mules loaded with screaming and cringing ladies into the most furious part of the surf, and to see how long the beauties can prevent themselves from being washed off by the incoming crests. Nowhere is the bathing really dangerous, and the beach extends for miles along the base of the steep cliffs. On the diligences, which arrive every quarter of an hour all day from Bayonne and San Sebastian, are hosts of merry travelers, singing and rallying the pedestrians: the private carriages are wonderful in style and variety. The railroad does not disturb the tranquil seclusion of the place. Toward evening a charming silence pervades the town, only to be broken later by the rumble of the diligences or the conversation of the couples engaged in flirtation as they walk along the perfumed avenues. Under the awnings of the green-latticed cafés sit dark-eyed beauties listening to the liquid accents of the Spanish peddler who has trudged from Burgos or Valladolid to sell glaring blankets, long knives with beautifully-carved handles, and scent-bottles from Tangiers. At last the moon peers up over cliff and thicket; a cool breeze blows inland; the semi-tropical trees hide the green, delicately-veined insides

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of their leaves, not to turn them until the morrow's dew invites; the peasants gather in groups and sing soft melodies in *patois* to guitar music; a band at the countess's ball mingles its notes with the sea's innumerous sounds; and the various echoes seem to merge in and enhance the majesty of

—the solemn roar
Of the ocean's surf returning.

AN ESTUDIANTINA.

From Biarritz to San Sebastian is but an hour's ride on the rattling diligence, yet in that single hour the traveler feels that he has in some unaccountable manner left Europe behind him. The architecture has changed; the costumes of the people by the wayside are different; manners, speech, gestures, are no longer the same. The grave and earnest Basque, ignorant but conscientious and virtuous,

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salutes one with solemn courtesy as he passes. Here and there one touches upon a wayside relic of the abortive campaign of Don Carlos. A priest saunters slowly by, smoking a cigarette and lazily swinging his umbrella. Glaring white walls, low, coarse and generally out of repair, are capped by immense sloping roofs. The fields have a neglected look, except where a Basque farmer has been busy. He suffers but little negligence or unthrift about him.

San Sebastian is a delightful little city, coquettish, fresh, flooded with brilliant sunlight, set down at the base of lofty mountains whose summits shine like blocks of crystal. It extends from the pretty bay of La Concha, at the mouth of which is the island of Santa Clara, to the mouth of the Urremea River, which ripples gently and melodiously among green and sloping hills. Seaward, from the promontory of Bilbao even to Biarritz, one sees the waves lapping crags and masses of stone whose yellow and reddish colors contrast strangely with the white foam dashing now and then over their summits. The traveler goes to San Sebastian to remain one or two days: the enchantment, which he would be quite at a loss to give any definite reason for, gains upon him; and he finds himself still there, or at some point on the neighboring coast, at the end of a fortnight. If from time to time he wearies of the jocund life of the town, he has only to penetrate the mountains half a mile away. There he finds valleys full of shade and mystery; deep gorges through which bridle-paths wind in perplexing fashion; pinnacles from which he can look up to mightier pinnacles beyond. Priests, smugglers, muleteers, peasant-girls in red and yellow petticoats, graciously salute the wanderer with grave bows and curtseys. If one stops at a wayside inn, he is treated with the utmost honesty and consideration: he may leave his purse on the table where he took his supper, and the landlord will restore it to him—something that cannot be said of hosts in many other portions of Spain.

The railway route from San Sebastian to Madrid runs through one of the most picturesque and impressive countries in the universe. The scenery is of the wildest description: the road traverses yawning valleys, runs along the edges of precipices, plunges into sombre and deserted plains, winds through passes cut out of the solid rock, and pierces the very hearts of the mountains sixty-nine times before the environs of Madrid are reached. All the way to Burgos the express train, which moves as slowly as an "accommodation" in the United States, affords one a panorama of wildness and primitive life or of positive desolation. The villages are far apart: it is a relief to come upon one after a toilsome journey across one of the most forbidding landscapes in Europe. At the stations where the trains pause motley crowds gather and beg, and when the engine starts again ragged children run along the roadside while they can keep up, crying, "O gentle señor! for the love of God! for the love of Christ! one little coin! O señor! O señora! O señorita! one little coin!" If they see that begging is useless, they fall back with grieved and sullen faces. Sometimes the railway's slender line winds beside an embankment which allows the traveler a glance up one of the tremendous defiles, at the end of which blue ranges of mountains seem to melt gently into bluer sky: through the defiles generally winds a wide strip of road, fringed with fantastic foliage and enlivened by a string of mules carrying merchandise to the nearest town, and driven by bare-legged peasants. The "posadas" and "haciendas" which ambitiously offer rest and refreshment are of the dirtiest, and bring to mind a country stable in America rather than a rustic inn. The window-sills outside are stained with slops thrown carelessly from them; the walls are hung with tobacco-stalks and flax drying; and the pig reigns supreme in the front door. Some of the mountain-sides which are cultivated are so steep that the unoffending donkey that draws the primitive plough has to brace his feet and slide down the furrow, dragging the shouting peasant after him. Agricultural imple-

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ments are of the simplest character. A plough is in some districts a straight piece of wood, a beam sharpened at one end, and fastened to the rude harness by a clumsy contrivance. Donkeys and dwarf yellow oxen do all the draught-work: one rarely sees a horse outside any large town.

In the express trains one meets with dark-haired, dark-visaged gentlemen

A SUPPER WITH BRIGANDS.

who draw their hats down over their eyes and puff cigarette smoke continually through their nostrils, who converse little, and who only unbend from their haughty demeanor when some beautiful girl, with her lace mantilla draping her fine neck and shoulders, enters the carriage. But in the slow trains one gets even more knowledge of the Spanish populace than he is desirous of acquir-

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ing. The Spaniard when he travels appears to fancy that he has an inalienable right to take with him in the same car in which he rides all his household goods and farm produce. A stout farmer, clad in a blouse, a pair of white corduroys, leathern sandals and a broad hat with little tassels around its edges, clambers into a compartment already overcrowded. He hands his nearest neighbor a cage of chickens, deposits a small bag of flour in a young girl's lap, pulls his growling dog in after him, sets a basket of eggs on an old woman's gouty toes, scrambles into a fraction of a seat, smiles, makes a hundred apologies, and lights a cigarette. Two or three muleteers, clad in long striped cloaks, perfume the car with garlic. A soldier, with his gun slung over his back, pokes the muzzle of the dangerous weapon into his neighbor's eye occasionally. Every one interlards his or her conversation with interjections, and often with oaths shocking to ears polite. If the journey is long, some clever fellow pulls a guitar out of a bag, thrums its strings, hums a ballad in which the others join, laughing and puffing smoke between the refrains, and now and then keeping time by clapping their hands and stamping with their feet.

At a railway station, at Miranda or Burgos, when the train stops to allow the passengers to refresh themselves, no one hurries at all. Suppose twenty minutes to be the time allowed: every one seats himself solemnly at the long table in the dining-room and slowly eats and moderately drinks, smoking between the courses. As the twenty minutes' period approaches its end the guard rings a bell loudly and calls the *señores* to the train. A few persons look around languidly, as if astonished at an unusual noise, but they do not bestir themselves. On the contrary, they settle into their chairs and address themselves to the dessert. When the train is five minutes behind time the guard rings again, with no better success. After he has rung a third time, and, stalking majestically up and down the platform of the station, has begun to feign closing the doors of the carriages, the travelers rise slowly, wrap their cloaks around them with great care, arranging each fold as if they were about to be presented to the king, and, lighting fresh cigarettes, stroll to the train. They stand talking at the doors until the guard pushes them into the compartments, when they glare out at him as if he were guilty of a great discourtesy.

Passing Burgos, he who does not care to stop in the old town and note the wonders of its streets and the discomforts of its beds, can see from the railway, by day, the spires of its marvelous cathedral. He will wonder at the incomparable richness of the façade, at the walls, on every square inch of which are the marks of the chisels of the grand sculptors of the thirteenth century, and he cannot help moralizing on the curious taste which placed this Gothic wonder in an arid and dreary country, where it rains without benefiting the soil, and where a cold wind chills the very marrow. Beyond Burgos the road leads through a vast desert. The shepherds, shrouded in their coarse cloaks, shiver as they watch their flocks in their efforts to worry a scanty pasturage out of the rocky fields.

Sometimes a train is invaded by a rollicking *estudiantina* on its way back to the university at Salamanca after a vacation of wandering through villages and towns and many a rough adventure. The students whose parents are poor organize musical excursions yearly. A dozen of them form a little orchestra, playing upon guitars, flutes, violins and *panderillos*, and clad in the curious costume which they wear in the university—a long black robe descending almost to the feet, and a three-cornered hat, with spoon and fork stuck in one of the folds of this last-mentioned article of clothing — they enter some village at nightfall and boldly serenade the damsels listening from behind the blinds upon the balconies. If they arrive half famished at an inn in the mountains, they order the best dinner that is to be had; devour it gayly; then, when the moment of reckoning comes, they take their instruments from their bags and offer to pay in music. The host curses the *estudiantina*, but, while

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grumbling, yet accepts this form of payment. At night they climb upon the balconies and serenade the ladies so boldly that they occasionally encounter rough receptions from husbands or lovers. When their vacations are over they fly to the nearest railroad, and re-enter Salamanca and the university walls as gravely as if they had been at prayer ever since the close of the last term.

THE PROCESSION OF GIANTS.

As one approaches the environs of Madrid he is struck with the sinister and desolate character of the country. He sees pine forests, huge rocks which overhang narrow paths along mountain-sides; caves in which brigands hide; little torrents which leap over precipices close by the railway. Here are plains filled with rocks which have been shaken into the strangest forms by volcanic ac-

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tion. The high crags shut out the sunlight from this plain.

Shortly before arriving at the Escorial the route passes Las Navas, one of the vilest and most dangerous little places in Spain. The houses are of one story, built of coarse stone, rudely carved: black swine wander freely in and out of them. Here the people are grossly ignorant: dozens could say with truth that they have never visited Madrid—that they know nothing of politics; and as for reading and writing, they are not even acquainted with any one who possesses those extraordinary accomplishments. At Las Navas girls, dark-brown as Arabs, offer the traveler fresh milk in little clay pots such as one sees in Algerian towns; a hunter strolls up with a wolf slung over his shoulder, and proposes to sell it; a hare may be had for ten cents. Life is not difficult in this region, yet the people live miserably. A blight seems to overhang the whole country round about. As I wandered through this plain and toward the frowning Escorial one dark October day, I could not help fancying that a curse had fallen on the locality where Philip II. lived and prayed and sinned against God, when he fancied himself zealously serving him.

This impression of blight and curse is heightened as one proceeds across the rocky and uninviting country between the main line of rail to Madrid and the monastery of the Escorial. Leaving the comfortable first-class carriages of the express train to plod across the waste is not very agreeable, but one is well repaid by the sights within the monastic walls. Shepherds, beggars and priests are the only persons one encounters: the shepherds are dirty and ragged, and handle their crooks very much as if they would like to knock one on the head with them. They answer questions civilly enough, nevertheless, and point out the cross perched on a high rock which marks the spot where Philip II.'s dreadful orders were carried out—where wretches were hanged almost daily. Beneath the loose bits of rock the curious tourist may sometimes find pieces of whitened cords which crumble as he endeavors to pick them up. The shepherds handle these ghastly souvenirs of a horrible past as if they still had the taint of heresy upon them.

A winding road between high rocks clothed in brown moss leads one to a ruined square in which a dismantled church rears its forlorn front. A few steps up a steep hill beside a thick wall bring one to a point whence he can see the Escorial, with its immense dome and the four gloomy towers rising at the four angles. Philip II. built this colossal edifice in the middle of the sixteenth century to replace the church of San Lorenzo, which was knocked over by cannon-balls during the siege of San Quentin. The cynical imagination of the over-religious architects of the period could devise no better form for this monster monastic palace than that of the grid-iron upon which the unhappy Lawrence suffered martyrdom. The four towers are supposed to represent the feet and the royal apartments the handle of the frying instrument. Gloomy and unimpressive gardens stretch away on all sides to stone walls which border greenish ponds and lakelets. The entrance to the edifice is wonderfully impressive. A monumental gate leads into the "Court of the Kings," and brings one face to face with a gigantic portico of severe simplicity. At the summits of Doric columns are six mighty caryatids representing the six kings of Judea, supporting a triangular capital of immense size. Out of a block of granite a broad staircase is cut. The church, decorated with Luca Giordano's daring frescoes, reminds one of the many curious freaks of which artists were guilty during the decadence of the Italian school. Luca's tranquil colors and strongly-accented designs show clearly the struggles of a great artist to rise above the follies and failings of his epoch. The rich reliquaries; the delicately-chiseled coffers in which repose the bones of saints; the massive altar built of jasper and marble and surrounded with gilded bronze; statues of Charles V., Philip II., queens and infantas, kneeling with clasped hands and upturned eyes; the stalls in precious

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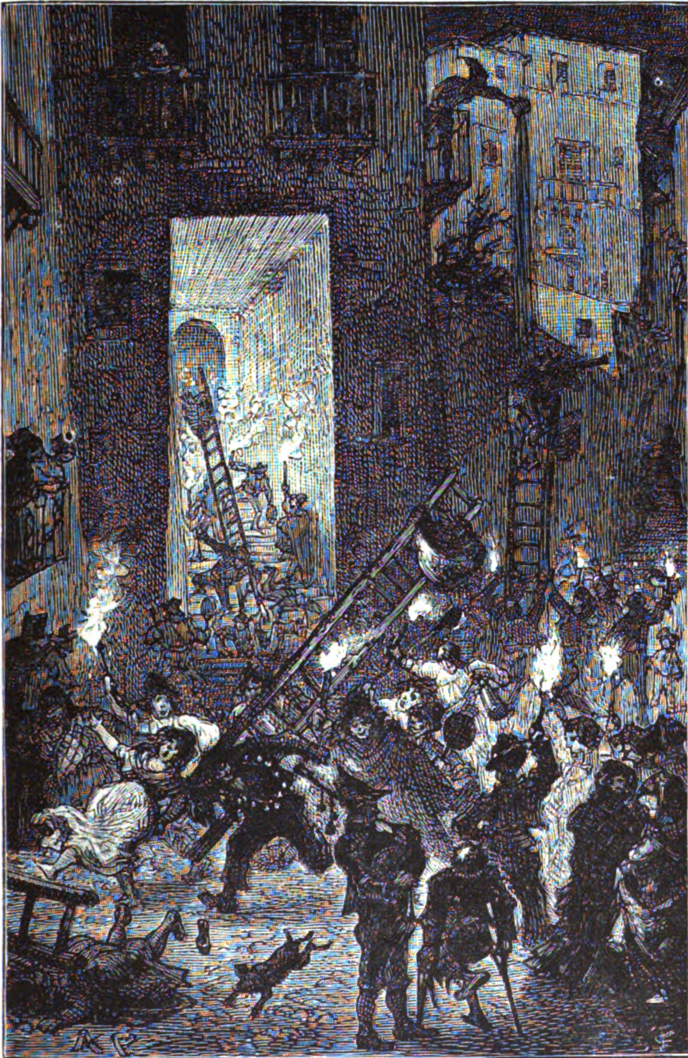
woods; the missals filled with Gothic vignettes; the heavily- and coarsely-decorated ceilings,—produce an effect of cold and confused magnificence. In a small chapel in the rear the eye is consoled by Benvenuto Cellini's incomparable sculpture in white marble of Christ upon the cross. In the sacristy are many admirable paintings—Grecos and Coellos which chill the imagination, but lead one



THE KINGS.

to admire the artists. The painting by Claudio Coello, representing the procession which received the holy Host sent to Philip by the emperor of Germany, is astonishingly rich in color: the hard, imperious faces of the Catholic dignitaries surrounding the king strike one unpleasantly: the visitor recoils from them.

Wandering through a labyrinth of cold and gloomy corridors, one at last reaches

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a little staircase by which he may climb to the dome of the Escorial and look over the vast plain. Far away, out of an indistinct mass of buildings, rise the roofs of the royal palace in Madrid. To the left one sees a dense forest, with a few straggling hamlets on its edge; and at the base of the monastic palace's thick and frowning walls nestles a little village, whose precipitous streets are horribly paved with cobble-stones set on end. A few wretched trees struggle for existence in a small market-place. At a stone fountain's basin a bevy of laughing girls are filling water-jars, and some dejected-looking donkeys are greedily drinking and cynically whisking their tails.

The Pantheon of the kings, the great vault of the Escorial, where lie the mortal remains of the mighty Charles, of Philips II., III. and IV., of Charles II. and Charles III., of the queens Isabella, Anne, Margaret, and Elizabeth de Bourbon, is an unwholesome cellar, from which one is glad to escape into the open air. Even the sublime and pathetic figure of Christ which surmounts one of the altars seems to bring no ray of tender hope, no blessed consciousness of immortality, into this royal charnel-house. It is impressive and repulsive at once to look from the present into the past, as one does in peering into the sarcophagus of one of the greatest of emperors. One may see under the glass lid which seals the coffin of Charles V. the body of the royal dead man only partially covered by its shroud. The face is still in an almost perfect state of preservation: one nostril and one of the eyebrows have crumbled because of contact with the air, but the profile is still distinguishable, and fragments of the reddish beard yet cling to the chin. Perhaps it is not wrong to feel annoyed, while in this tomb of the sovereigns, that one cannot also thus freely contemplate all that is left of Philip II., the terrible. But he is securely shut in in a black marble sarcophagus denoted only by a plain plate bearing his name. One is curious to know whether the calm of death gave any sweetness to the imperious and unforgiving face of the monk and tyrant who scourged Europe in the bitterness of his malicious zeal. Ascending to his private apartments, which are left much as they were when he passed into the silences beyond, one almost fears to encounter his spectre walking through the narrow chambers or seated in the niche which permitted him to hear mass without entering the chapel, muttering his prayers and nursing his gouty limb as he supports it upon a velvet cushion. One can fancy him seated before his little wooden table brooding over the papers which contain secrets of the state —a blond tyrant, with grayish-blue eyes; with a thick, protruding under lip; with lean and bony cheeks, covered with livid skin; with small ears, which catch the slightest sound; with his cruel chin concealed beneath a symmetrical beard. Or one seems to see him musing in his quaint old chair, whose back is studded with copper nails riveted into leathern bands; to watch him as his hands wander over the bosom of his velvet doublet, feeling for the chaplet which so rarely quits his person. This terrible mocking spectre of Philip the tyrant, Philip the monster, seems to pursue the hapless visitor as he roams through the museum, to which an uncivil monk grudgingly admits him, looking at the paintings by Ribera, Giordano, Bosch and Tintoret, and does not quit him until he has gained the open air and left the village and monastery of the Escorial far behind him.

The Spaniards, who are so very fond of killing people, pay but small attention to the disgusting condition into which many of their cemeteries fall through neglect and the poverty so general in great numbers of the small villages. In some of the northern sections of Spain the most horrible spectacles may often be witnessed. The common ditches in which the poor are hastily interred are so lightly covered that the effluvium from them is nauseating to the last degree. The dead who have left behind them some little wealth are cemented into tombs constructed in immensely thick walls: in most provinces the bodies of the rich are

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placed in a horizontal position in these curious cells, and inscriptions upon marble or stone tablets indicate the rank and importance of the deceased. Once a year, on All Saints' Day, the cemeteries are visited by crowds bearing flowers and garlands, which are strewn upon the walls, and here and there upon the trenches in which repose the unhonored remains of the poor. In the evening

A GYPSY CAMP.

servants in livery stand before the walls in which the representatives of noble families are entombed, and hold torches which cast a weird light over the burial-place. In Madrid the "common ditches" are covered with a black cloth, upon which the rich carelessly throw a little of the money they so scrupulously withheld from the unfortunates during their lifetime. One corner of these cemeteries always remains dark and unvisited amid the general illumination: it is that in

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which those who have suffered upon the scaffold are buried. A funeral among the poorer classes is a very unceremonious affair: the priest and the mourners often smoke their cigarettes as they proceed to the cemetery. Nothing can be more repulsive in the eyes of the more decorous Northern nations than the spectacle of the funeral procession of a little child in some of the Spanish towns. The diminutive coffin is covered with flowers and gaudy decorations, and a host of chattering children surround the bier of the little one, laughing and disputing places with each other. The face of the corpse is always exposed, so that every passer-by in the streets can make his comment upon it.

In numerous provinces the insane are allowed to wander about the streets and public squares, and Spanish law does not always require that even those who are dangerously crazy shall be shut up in asylums. A few years since I encountered a madman, crowned with straw and armed with a formidable club, in a street in Saragossa. This irresponsible person fancied himself marshaling an army, and motioned to all who approached to give him a wide berth, that his soldiers might pass. I kept prudently out of reach of his stick, but ragged children ran after him, teasing him and mocking at the unhappy man, who sometimes foamed at the mouth with rage. Two French travelers were once promenading in the little village of Las Rosas, when they were alarmed by a frightful noise behind a low wall. Peering over the mass of stones into a small yard, they saw a miserable man afflicted with the worst symptoms of hydrophobia. His lips were white with foam, and he snarled at them and showed his teeth. While they were planning a retreat the alcalde of the village appeared, accompanied by a group of armed peasants. Three or four stout fellows lassoed the madman, dragged him into a ruined cottage near by, and, at the order of the alcalde, shot him, leaving the body unburied where it fell. The alcalde, questioned by the travelers, informed them that "the rage was frequent" among the people over whose destinies he presided: and the reason which he gave for it was as remarkable as revolting. He said that the homeless dogs in the neighborhood often disinterred the corpses of the poor in the cemetery, and, feeding upon them, straightway became mad, and ran to communicate their madness to the living people whom they encountered. When asked why he did not keep the cemetery in repair, so that such things could not happen, he answered, "No funds."

The stories of brigandage in Spain have doubtless been greatly exaggerated, but there are still brigands enough in the country to make a journey in the mountain-districts somewhat unsafe and adventurous. Now and then bandits upset and rob a diligence, and within the past few years several railway trains have been sacked by daring fellows, who have generally escaped capture. In the vicinity of Toledo, ancient and romantic city filled with architectural wonders, brigands have many fastnesses into which the soldiery never succeed in penetrating. The proprietors of the lands upon which these bandits take refuge dare not inform against them: assassination would surely be the result. In this singular region of ravines and precipices among the rocky cliffs, or the plains through which the Tagus winds amid olive-groves or past mighty oaks whose broad shade is never visited by the sun, the brigand makes his home: from it he sallies forth when anxious for adventure; to it he returns unmolested. Sometimes a joyous band arrives, flushed with success and wine, at the house of a well-to-do farmer but a short distance from the city. The brigands post their sentinels at his doors, compel him to serve them meat and drink, and to carouse with them until dawn, when they steal back to their haunts among the hills, where wolves prowl along their track, where vipers hide in the recesses of the rocks, and where the hoarse cry of the crows echoes from the tops of the tallest trees.

Once in a while a brigand is taken by strategy. One evening five members of the civil guard who had been sent in quest of a famous leader of banditti en-

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tered a little hostelry near Toledo, and sat down to rest. They unbuckled their sword-belts, laid sabre and carbine aside, dined judiciously and drank injudiciously. After they had reached their second score of cigarettes the identical man they sought dropped in. He saluted them gravely, noticed their condition, covered them with his cocked rifle, sat down and ordered supper. It was served, the

A MARRIAGE IN SPAIN.

host obeying under compulsion. A stout priest happening to enter, the bandit invited him to sup with him, intimating that should he refuse there would be one priest less in Spain. The holy man accepted, ate and drank freely, mingling in his conversation much pious advice to the brigand. When supper was over the robber, emboldened by wine, called up one of the civil guards and demanded

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his boots. "They are newer than mine," he said, "and I want them." The trembling guard, overcome with fear and liquor, approached. The bandit, thinking the priest a harmless fellow, turned his back upon him as he stooped to look at the guard's boots. No sooner had he done this than the priest sprang upon him like a tiger, threw him down, seized his rifle, broke the ruffian's leg with a well-directed shot; then, rousing up the guards, had the bandit bound upon a mule's back and taken to Toledo to suffer justice. The priest was an ex-dragoon, and had seen brigands many times before.

At Toledo the Goths, the Moors, the Jews and the Spaniards successively erected curious and fantastic buildings, sumptuous palaces, sombre monasteries in brick and wood, profusely decorated; but Nature built in more grotesque fashion than any of them. Under the brilliant moonlight of a Southern evening the old town seems like a vision from some enchanted land inhabited by fairies or sorcerers. The Tagus roars through granite passes beside ruined Arabic arches, or ripples over dull-colored sands in the town. The huge ramparts and gates built by Wamba are dwarfed by the mighty ranges of the Guadalupe which rise serene and magnificent in the distance. On the seven-peaked rock which forms the foundation for all the quaint buildings narrow streets stretch hither and thither in seemingly inextricable confusion. The dwellings seem each to be jealous of the other: a tall house appears determined to crowd a little one into the neighboring abyss; a church has grappled with a warehouse, and is apparently urging the priority of its claim to the narrow site. The careful observer, wandering at his will from avenue to avenue, is amazed at the riches which he sees displayed on every hand. Door-posts, columns, gates, ceilings, floors, roofs, chimneys are loaded with ornamentation of the most varied kind. The cathedral is lined with paintings representing the persecution of the Catholics by the Moors. In the sacristy, Giordano, Goya and Greco have exhausted the resources of their art upon the ceiling. After contemplating the dazzling treasures in the vaults of this celebrated church, it is painful to come out again into the open air and to note the squalor and ignorance among the inhabitants of the poorer class. Virgins decorated with thousands of pearls and diamonds, saints in solid silver and in superbly-decorated precious woods, objects of art whose market value would be hundreds of thousands of dollars, are hidden away from the gaze of the masses, and are only at rare intervals unveiled to the prying eyes of the stranger.

This unique city of Toledo is famous for the religious processions which are still a prominent feature of Spanish out-door life, and which may also still be seen in all their pristine glory at Seville and Malaga. Many of the most touching stories of Holy Scripture are represented by persons employed especially for the purpose, and the populace enjoys the odd spectacle in a decorous and reverent manner. In the first days of Holy Week, Toledo and Seville are crowded with visitors from all parts of Spain and France. In some of the Spanish cities the rôles to be sustained in the procession are adjudged to those who will agree to fill them for the least money. In Seville and Malaga he who represents the Saviour in the procession to the crucifixion is often paid as much as two thousand reals (about four hundred dollars); and he richly earns it, for he has to undergo a severe flagellation from the beginning to the end of the route. In Toledo the procession of Los Nazarenos (the Nazarenes) is the first spectacle in Holy Week. At the head of the line march a number of stout fellows clad in black velvet costumes of the time of Philip IV., wearing on their heads pointed hoods, and making dolorous music with trumpets and muffled drums. Behind them are ranged in regular order the groups of the Passion; and in curious contrast to these are men-at-arms in the armor of Charles V.'s day. Each group is preceded by a master of ceremonies, resplendent in evening dress partially concealed under a light and loosely-fitting cloak.

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These gentlemen wear on their breasts silver medals of the order of Charity, and carry in their right hands long staffs surmounted by little crosses. Behind the "Passion" comes a rabble of penitents, whose faces are concealed by immense hoods, and who stagger under the weight of a cross to which is nailed a tawdrily-bedizened figure of Christ. Priests and acolytes follow; the fume of incense from swinging censers loads the air; the sound of solemn song drifts up to the balconies from which dark-eyed maidens peer at the throngs. In the public squares tall, robust men, with gayly-colored handkerchiefs bound about their heads, and with long cloaks draped gracefully around their forms, stand motionless as the line passes them. Old women prostrate themselves and kiss the ground upon which one end of the cross is from time to time suffered to rest; urchins tumble and shout on the pavements; and the powerful sunlight penetrates into every nook and corner, giving the only gayety possible to a scene which always calls up remembrance of the ferocious and bigoted Spain of the days of the Inquisition.

The procession of the giants in Barcelona is one of the most remarkable sights in Spain. It is a masquerade which inevitably mystifies the stranger, but throws the native population into paroxysms of delight. A dozen enormously tall figures, representing legendary men and women dressed in ancient costumes, promenade the streets, easily looking into the third-story windows. They are figures artfully constructed so that they can be borne upon the heads of stout fellows, who now and then set down their burdens and emerge from the draperies to breathe. Around these giants dance dozens of bronzed-faced men dressed as women, and behind them march troops of children intended to represent angels. The child at the head of this angelic host is usually the son or the daughter of one of the richest merchants of the city: the dainty little body has wings made of tulle fastened upon card-board: sometimes a bevy of children, ranged about a placid and beautiful woman, are intended to represent angels grouped around the Madonna. In their wake follow long rows of pupils of religious societies; the officials of the city, carrying wax tapers in their hands; and finally, escorted by military bands and surrounded by priests and soldiers, the throne of one of the earliest of canonized Catalanian kings—a golden chair richly chased, encrusted with jewels and heaped with flowers — is triumphantly borne before the eyes of the praying thousands.

The rabble of Madrid occasionally indulges at Christmas-tide in rather serious practical joking which is dignified with the name of "The Kings." A crowd of low fellows, playing upon discordant horns and thumping drums, surround the first simple fellow who happens to pass, and throw about his neck a mule collar to which dozens of bells are attached. They then command him to carry a tall ladder, to the top of which is fastened a basket. He is informed that he must assist at the ceremony of the search for the three kings who came from the East to visit the manger in which once lay the "heaven-born Child." This always occurs at night, and the victim, dazzled by the glare of the torches and alarmed at the imperative manner in which he is addressed, obeys all the commands given him. After he has borne the ladder through many streets amid the jeers of the crowd, he is ordered to mount it and to look for the kings. He climbs the ladder: no sooner is he at the top than those supporting it allow it to fall down, and he gets a broken head or limb as the reward of his credulity.

Troops of wandering gypsies swarm in Spain. In the vicinity of Grenada, Malaga, Valencia, Barcelona and Seville their camps are frequently pitched, and the vagabonds worry the peasantry of the neighborhoods into giving them employment. Full well the farmers know that unless the king of a gypsy band is supplied with the needful rations for his tribe he will steal them, and they prefer to make work for the company. The "king" is usually a robust fellow, tall and stately: his olive-colored features are grave as those of the haughtiest

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hidalgo; his royal garments consist of a soiled suit of white linen, and as a sceptre he wields a long whip, useful when he employs his elegant leisure in the classical pursuit of mule-shearing. On his splay feet he wears a pair of straw sandals; a sombrero covers his closely-clipped hair; a rose-colored shirt with a huge collar clothes his breast. He has a passion for jewelry, and wears immense

THE BROKEN GUITAR.

rings upon his fingers and hoops of gold in his ears. In his girdle are two or three long knives from Albacete, and the shears with which he clips the restive mules. The queen, his wife, is a savage-looking woman of ungainly form, with long skinny hands, black piercing eyes, which she persistently rolls in the most mysterious and oracular fashion: her robe is of many colors, and is also gen-

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erously adorned with grease from the cooking-pot. Around her neck she wears a variety of talismans and charms, which she can be induced to part with only when the maidens of the towns near by put gold pieces into her claw and beseech her for safeguards against evil or for tokens with which to gain the love of the caballeros whom they fancy. In every camp one finds a saucy brood of naked children, who indulge in the most astonishing bodily contortions as a stranger approaches, in the hope of extorting a few small coins, for the possession of which they fight desperately among themselves. The gypsies are hospitable: the humblest beggar may share their shelter and food. They sell baskets and necklaces, and pillage only when they cannot get enough to eat by chaffering and fortune-telling and tinkering. Sometimes they stain their hands with human blood: a corpse is found by the wayside, but the camp is gone next day, and justice does not pursue the king and his tribe very far.

The fervor and intensity of Southern passion in Spain finds one of its most admirable expressions in the serenade. There are few Spanish villages in which the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet* is not nightly repeated. The lover begins the acquaintance with a few notes upon his guitar beneath his loved one's window. If the fair one be not obdurate, he has won her heart by the tenth serenade. Often two rivals arrive at the same time beneath the window of a belle: then there is a tragedy unless one ignobly flees. Sometimes a young man is encouraged many times in his serenading before the adored one vouchsafes him a word. In Seville, some years since, a youth who had been encouraged by one of the fairest of the Andalusian maidens arrived under her balcony, and began, as he had often begun before, a love-ditty. He looked up: no light burned in her window; the street lamp only, flickering faintly at the house-corner, threw a feeble gleam upon the image of the Virgin in a niche of the wall. As he was wondering at his lack of success the great oaken door of the mansion creaked on its hinges, and a priest came out. "Go away, my son," he said gently: "the good girl within is dead; she died but a few moments ago." The Andalusian broke his guitar, knelt for a moment before the image of the Virgin, then rushed away into the darkness, and the next morning a boatman drew his corpse out of the Guadalquivir.

EDWARD KING.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

I.—OCTOBER MORNING.

O EXQUISITE auroral hour,
  Flushed by the sudden sun!
Through the autumnal haze a shower
  Of leaves drops one by one.

Slowly they come: the eye perceives,
  With lazy, following view,
The oak tree's copper-colored leaves,
  The maple's blood-red hue.

The last, the rustiest of all,
From the despoilèd branches fall;
  Yet winter is not with us now.

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A blond light bathes the landscape sere,
And through the rosy atmosphere
There seems to fall a golden snow.

II.—IGNIS-FATUUS.

Through stormy night, beneath a dolorous sky,
The peasant, from sad vigils wending home,
Near the wet road oft sees the tricksy gnome,
The ignis-fatuus, steadfast as an eye.
If he advance, his pride o'ermastering fear,
The light retreats, and seems twixt leaf and leaf,
A beacon-flame afar upon a reef,
Twisted and tortured by the sea-winds drear.
But if the coward flee and look askance,
Close, close beside the infernal light doth dance:
Its piercing evil eye is not withdrawn.
O old desire! why still pursu'st thou me,
Since thou didst fly when I gave chase to thee?
Oh, when shalt thou be quenched? when comes the dawn?

EMMA LAZARUS.

OUR FLOOR OF FIRE.

TWO PAPERS.—I.

IN the blazing chimneys of a blast-furnace at night we have a very striking spectacle, familiar as it is. By day, the incandescent gases that form the waving red flag of the iron-master are less visible, but great volumes of smoke float abroad over a blackened country, where many forms of vegetation are blighted, grass is smothered and the trunks of trees don a dingy cloak. It is an artificial volcano on a small scale, with several craters, an attendant desert corresponding to that which surrounds Hecla, and a steady accumulation on the soil of the products of combustion. We approach the cupola amid the deafening clank of trip-hammers and whir of fly-wheels in no feeble mimicry of the groans of the Titans under Ossa or Enceladus under Etna. The heat grows more and more oppressive as we draw toward the centre of activity. Presently, an opening is formed, and a white-hot torrent of slag, or lava, pours slowly forth. This cools so rapidly that the gases imprisoned within its substance have not time to escape. They thus give the hardened mass, generally, a cellular or porous structure and a comparatively low specific gravity. On the surface a crust forms immediately, and you may soon walk upon it without prejudice to your shoes, as the Vesuvian tourists traverse the still-moving lava and light their way with torches improvised by thrusting their walking-sticks into the crevices. Altogether, the rehearsal of the phenomena of an eruption is, as far as it goes, exact. It would be more so were a mound of earth and rock heaped up around the furnace and its vent, while unlimited fuel continued to be supplied at the buried base. Dump into the chimney a quantity of material like that which surrounds it, add some barrels of water, and hurry out of the way. A violent ejection of lava in a vertical direction will take the place of the sluggish lateral flow we have witnessed. Cooled still more quickly by its more rapid passage through the atmosphere, it becomes more porous and lighter. It may resem-

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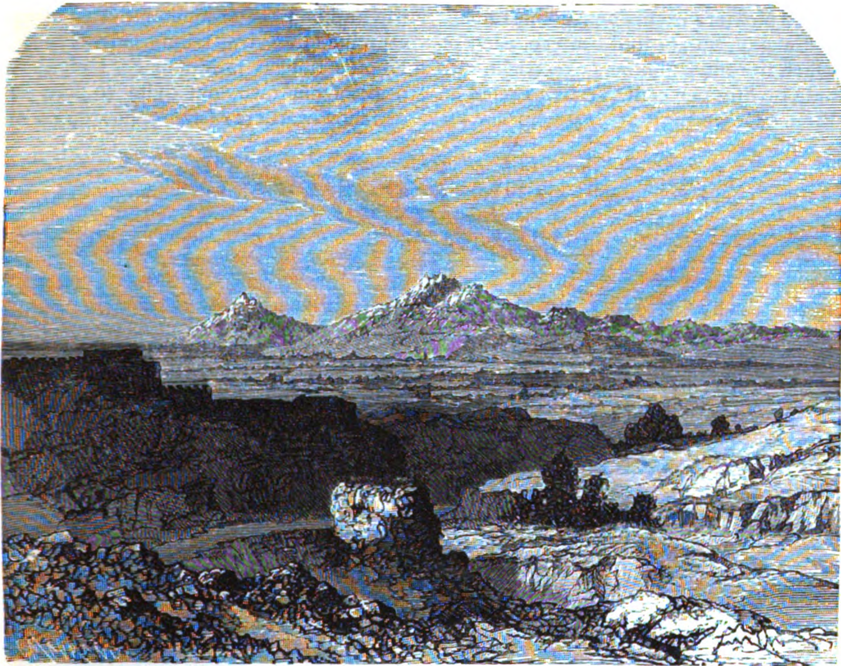

ARARAT.

ble pumice. But there can be no such variety of mineral forms as that yielded by volcanoes. Lime, iron and clay, as a rule, comprise the contents of the furnace, with but a trifle of the characteristic element of sulphur, with which smelters of iron have as little to do as possible. The subterranean laboratory is infinite in its resources, and they appear in all the combinations heat can produce. The crystalline marble of the statuary, the granite of the builder, the gold-bearing quartz that enriches states, and the gem that glitters on the brow of beauty are but a few of the fruits of the same alembic. The lava itself varies greatly in the density of its structure, as, to a less extent, does its relative of the iron-furnace. Its gradations in this respect lie between basalt, or the almost equally hard paving-stones of Pompeii, and the delicate floating fibres scattered by Mauna Loa over the island at its base, and termed by the natives the hair of their ancient goddess Pelé. The latter substance is the result of a current of cold air passing sharply across the surface of an outpour of lava, and has been recently reproduced artificially at the great iron-works of Essen. It resembles spun glass, and may, like it, be used as a textile. Pumice, which is lighter than water, and in great eruptions has been known to cover square miles of sea, is a more familiar form.

Man has naturally been always curious about the chimneys of his spherical dwelling-place. He is fond of observing them from below, and, when he can, from above. Vesuvius is one of the stock shows of Italy, like the Apollo and the Coliseum. Two generations ago "its blaze" was "a usual sight to gaping tourists from its hackneyed height." It is still more so now, the telegraph enabling lovers of the marvelous to stay at home till the last moment, and traverse Europe between the last preliminary throe and the actual outbreak. After the construction of a few more railways on the west coast of South America we shall, on our side of the Atlantic, be able to

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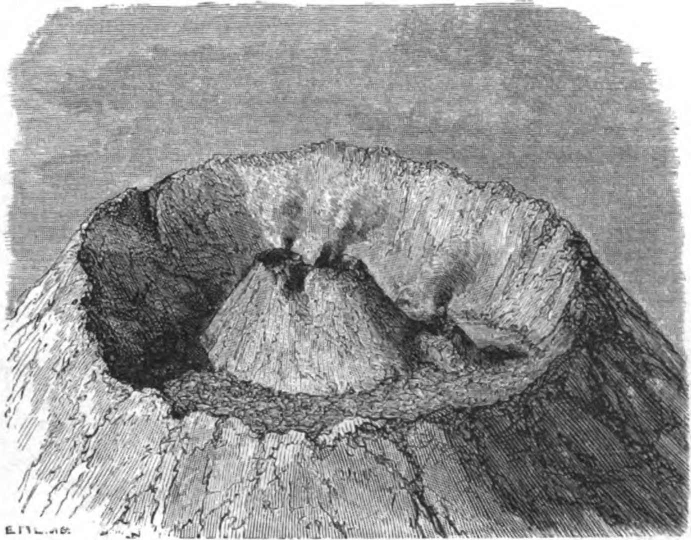
make pleasure excursions at short notice to Sangay, Sorata and Antuco, each of which in round numbers exceeds in altitude by fifty per cent. Vesuvius piled on Etna. Or we may at once shorten the trip and encourage home industry in the eruptive line by taking Mr. Proctor Knott's railway to Mount St. Helen's, a peak of our own, not quite so lofty as its fellow-warders of the opposite end of



CRATER OF VESUVIUS IN 1845.

the Cordilleras, but nearly up to the united inches of the two European cracks.

A course of inquiry which began with the establishment of the first volcanic observatory by Empedocles, and has been pursued in our day by such men as Spallanzani, De Buch and Humboldt, could not fail to have notable results. Let us glance at some of them, and at some of the labors through which they were attained.

Dissection—in the case of so active a subject as a volcano really vivisection—was the first thing in hand. The frame of the giant, his head and arteries coursed by fire, the nervous fluids that made the expansion and contraction of his granite muscles felt across a continent, his chevelure of flame and smoke that darkened kingdoms, and his eructations of ashes and melted rock that buried cities, were to be probed and analyzed. The task was one eminently calculated to bring out the heroism of science and add to its martyrology. More than one explorer has paid for his ardor with his life, and others have lived to show how savants can behave under fire — and above it. Dismissing the story of Empedocles and his fireproof sandal, we may cite the recent destruction of Count Vidua among the volcanoes of Celebes.

Free from those dangers, seated in a region where the fire-mountain and the mastodon seem equally extinct, let us take a less perilous peep into these fiery secrets of the under-world. We have the advantage over the jackdaw studying the hole in the millstone, in that our view is not met by utter darkness. We climb, for example, with Spallanzani and his successors to the top of Stromboli. A third of the way down the mountain-side, opposite to that by which we ascended, we see the bowl of white-hot broth that has been full and bubbling without the slightest intermission for at least twenty-three centuries. At intervals more or less regular it boils over with a splutter that shakes the earth and sends

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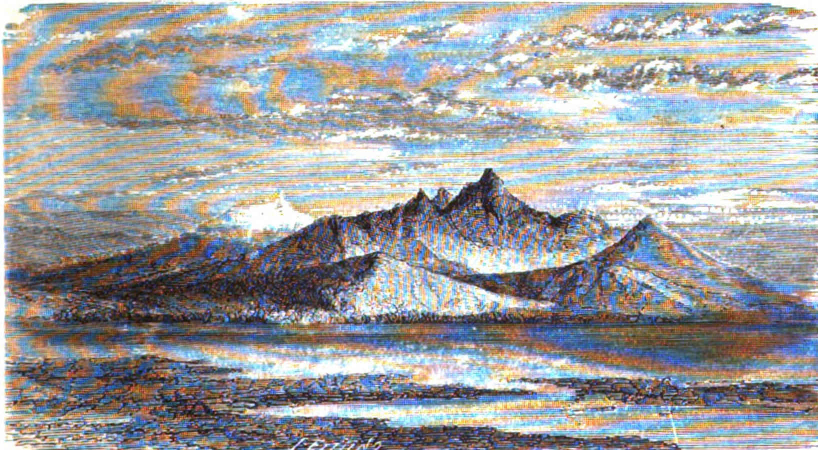
a spray of incandescent rocks into the sea, which grumbles the while like a blacksmith's water-barrel when he cools a bar of iron from the anvil. Or, turning our backs on this very moderate specimen of a volcanic vent, we step to the Sandwich Islands and skirt the six square miles of molten lava at Kilauea, the lower and secondary crater of Mauna Loa. It would melt down two Strombolis, and the five hundred feet through which it rises and falls would scarce be so increased, by the throwing of them into the basin, as to cause the overflow which has long been looked for in vain. Vaster still, though not at present occupied by lava, is the cavity of Dasar in Java. Standing on its brim, three hundred feet high, one can scarcely perceive a horseman in the middle, and to traverse its utterly barren expanse, deep with cinders, is a fatiguing march. There are, moreover, craters within craters, like a cup and saucer, the cup reversed and a hole in its bottom. This is a common form, the interior cone being composed of the later ejections, and changing shape and dimensions with the fluctuations in the activity of the volcano. Etna and Vesuvius vary their profile in a course of years by the growth and decrease of this mound. It sometimes rises several



SUMMIT OF PICHINCHA.

hundred feet above the level of the wall of the main crater, and its disappearance correspondingly reduces the apparent height of the mountain. At Pichincha, where the scale is grander, Humboldt saw, twelve or fifteen hundred feet beneath him, what he describes as the "summits of several mountains." They stood in a circular trough three miles in diameter, the bottom of which went down, he had no doubt, to the level of the city of Quito. His feet pressed eternal snow.

The size of the crater does not bear any fixed relation to that of the volcano to which it belongs. The diameter of the summit-basin of Volcano, one of the Lipari Islands, which has the honor of having contributed the generic name, is, for instance, three thousand feet, the mountain rising but twelve hundred feet above the sea; while Etna, with an elevation of nearly eleven thousand feet, has a crater but half as large. Etna, in turn, excels in this feature the Peak of Teneriffe, which is fourteen hundred feet higher, and has emitted from its narrow mouth the substance of the whole island upon which in one sense it stands and which in another it composes.

Some mountains have a plurality of craters. Colima, in Mexico, projects smoke and lava simultaneously from two; the volcano of the Isle de Bourbon has three, erected upon cones of consid-

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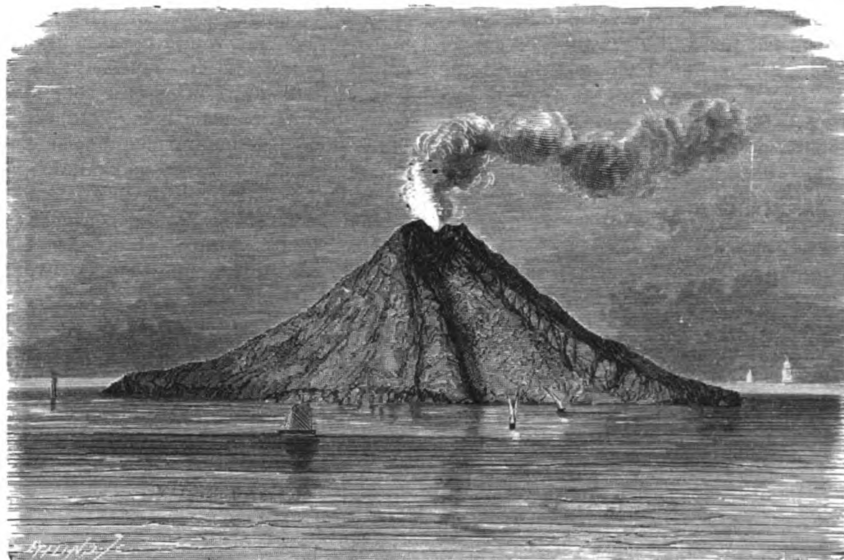
erable magnitude; and the Gunung Salam of Java is provided with six.

Again, not only do mountains which possess craters, or even a relay of them, frequently neglect to use them in their moments of frenzy, and branch off, like some human spouters, into side-issues, but there are volcanoes devoid of terminal craters altogether. Among those is Antisana, nineteen thousand feet high. Nor can Ararat be said to possess one. This famous hill, 17,210 feet above the sea and 14,000 above the surrounding plain, only took its place in the ranks of active volcanoes in 1840, after a silence running back beyond the event which gives it celebrity. The eruption of that year is unfortunately less minutely chronicled than the voyage of the ark, but it appears to have proceeded from an opening in the flank of the mountain. An internal accumulation of water from the snows which perpetually whiten the inaccessible summit is supposed to have been brought in contact with the subterranean fires. The superficial drainage is very imperfect, only two springs showing themselves. The neighborhood has always been subject to earthquakes, and there are traces of volcanic action at some unknown period of the past.



STROMBOLI.

As water is so important an agent in the production of volcanic throes, it is looked to by those who have an immediate and fearful interest in the matter to give warning of an approaching convulsion. The wells, they say, sink and the springs disappear, as the departure of the savages from the vicinity of the settlements used to betoken to our frontiersmen an Indian war. The element, so powerful as a friend and an enemy, begins its attack by drawing in its pickets. The time for preparation may be a few hours or it may be some days, but when the wells change level it has come. So it was at Naples in 1779, 1806 and 1822. At the same time, the sign is not infallible, nor does it always manifest itself when an eruption is at hand. A cause for the frequent occurrence of the phenomenon is easy to suggest. The expulsion of an enormous volume of matter, solid or gaseous, must produce a vacuum, and any surface fluid within reach will be absorbed to fill it. An infusion of the water with clay, scoriæ or other matter by the direct action of the expulsive force.

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changing its color to white, red or black, admits of as ready an explanation. When such portents are followed closely by a preliminary growl from the awakening monster, the crisis cannot be far off. The movements of the imprisoned gases which thus make themselves felt may or m ιy not be attended by marked tremors of the surface. Generally, they are comparatively slight, and are confined to the immediate neighborhood. Of the exceptions we shall speak farther on. The sound is said to be distinct from those which attend the actual eruption, as the indistinct and muffled mutterings of a gagged mouth are different from the ex-

WALLS OF THE CRATER OF KILAUEA.

pressions which follow the removal of the obstruction. In the language of Etna, when well at work, a sharp and clear clangor is sometimes detected that goes to account for the ancient myth of Vulcan's having there located his smithy. The reverberation, among the *dura ilia* of the mountain, of loosened rocks and blasts of vapor jostling each other in the rush for the outlet, suggests volition.

The sympathy of ocean is sometimes as early in showing itself. Earthquakes are commonly accompanied by an agitation of the sea, but it sometimes occurs at the moment of an eruption. This happened at the destruction of Hercula-

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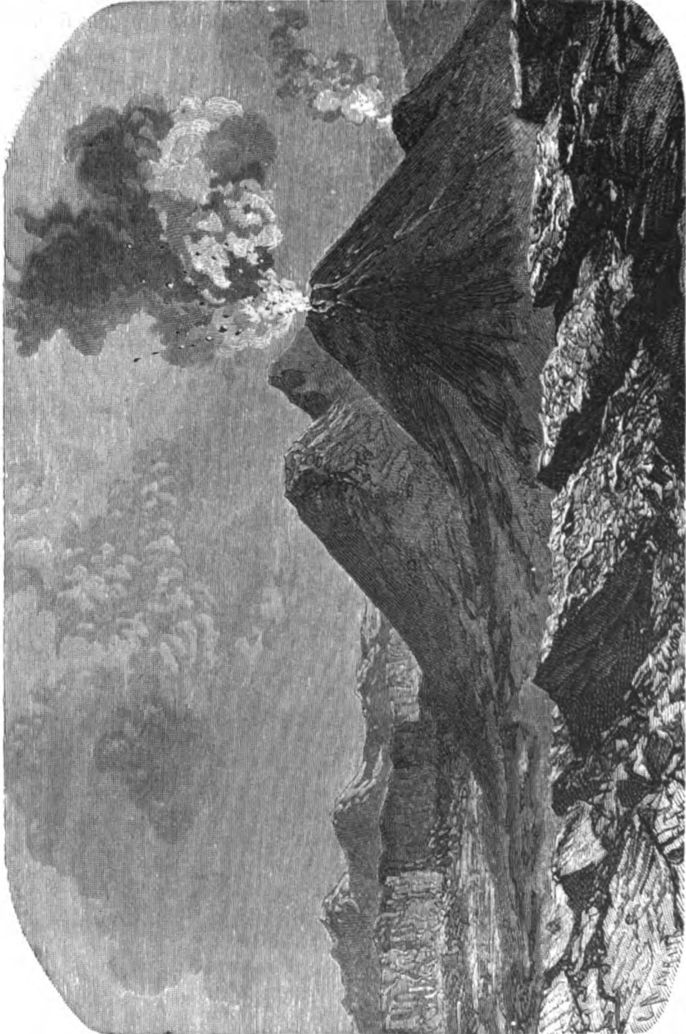
neum, and at the outbreak of the same mountain in 1775. A few hours before the latter eruption, with no perceptible movement of the land the waves fled from the Neapolitan coast so suddenly and so far that the inhabitants thought the bottom of the sea had fallen through at some remote point.

The revival of a volcano rising beyond the limit of perpetual snow is marked by a thaw which often spreads devastation over the subjacent slopes and plain. Iceland, Kamtschatka and the Andes are especially subject to this disaster. In 1742, Bouguer and Condamine were quietly measuring an arc of the meridian under the shadow of Cotopaxi when the summit-snow melted and swept away six hundred houses and eight hundred human beings. Sixty-one years later the same proud and shapely cone grew restive under a scorching cross-examination at the hands of Humboldt. For fifteen years it had been still and silent, smoke-


MOUNT BOURBON.

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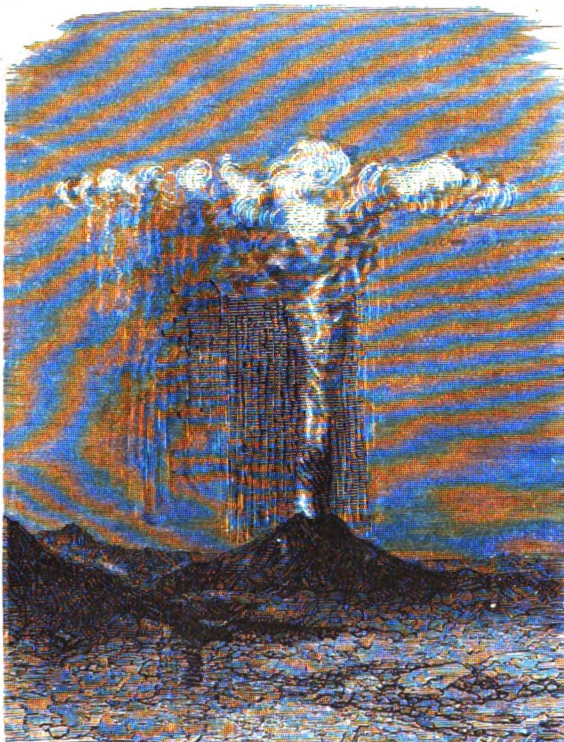
less, white and beautiful. At sunrise one morning the mass of glittering snow, spotless the evening before, had disappeared, and in its place stood a stern black mass of rock. Tolima, on the Isthmus of Panama, had for a century after its discovery by Europeans manifested no symptoms of restlessness. Its white cap had never been doffed to the heralds of civilization. They expected such an event as little as "a thaw in Zembla." March 12, 1595, its head was abruptly bared, and it paid its new lords an unwelcome homage in the shape of fire and water.

The dwellers in volcanic lands do not always wait for any of these warnings. Observation and experience seem to have provided them with a special sense they cannot define, and not possessed by strangers. In 1835, for example, Vesuvius gave forth none of the recognized notes of danger, yet those who had spent their lives at its base were conscious of an approaching crisis. The air, they said, was heavy and oppressive—very calm, though not warmer than usual. May this sensation, frequently noted on like occasions elsewhere, be due to a discharge of carbonic acid gas, rolling down the sides of the mountain, and mingling with the atmosphere before it separates and sinks?

This gas, combined with sulphurous and hydrochloric gas, and with steam, exists abundantly in the vertical jet of smoke and cinders thrown out at the moment of eruption — Pliny's "pine tree." This column, the vanguard of the Plutonic invasion, is driven through the before unbroken crust of the crater with immense force. Comparatively light as it is, it rises to a height of hundreds, and even thousands, of yards before dispersing horizontally. Far above it rise the more solid matters of ejection, especially the hollow globes of incandescent and viscous



SMOKE-COLUMN.

lava, which, as they cool, derive a spherical form from rotation. A sheaf of these balls of fire was seen one hundred and eighty miles at sea when the eruption of Kotlugaia occurred in 1860—an angle implying an elevation of twenty-four thousand feet, or nearly five miles. They were heard to burst at a distance of a hundred miles. We can have no difficulty in realizing this when we consider the tremendous force with which expulsion is effected. The pressure at the crater of Etna is estimated at three hundred atmospheres, and at that of Antisana fifteen hundred, or twenty-one thousand pounds, to the square inch! The utmost working power of a locomotive or other high-pressure engine does

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not exceed one hundred and forty pounds to the inch.

The column of smoke by day becomes, like that of Moses, one of fire by night. This is due to the reflection from the molten lava which boils beneath and is hurled aloft in fragments. Lightning is also produced, visible by day, when a high electrical tension is reached; and thunder from above mingles with that below. The emission of actual flame from the crater has been a disputed point.

LAVA-JET, MAUNA LOA.

Spallanzani, Gay-Lussac, Poulett-Scrope, Brongniart and Waltershausen, after observation during long periods of volcanoes in every part of the world, united in declaring that they never detected it. They denied the presence of hydrogen or other inflammable gas. Bunzen and Fouque, however, detected hydrogen in eruptions on the islands of Iceland, Santorin and Lanzerote. Sir H. Davy, Élie de Beaumont and Pilla avow that they distinctly saw flames issue from Vesuvius and Etna; and the later observations of Abich seem to establish the existence of flame. It is, however, not conspicuous enough to be notable among the luminous effects of eruptions. Practically, as applied to volcanoes, the word remains a *façon de parler*.

The eight yards of ashes and rapilli enveloping Pompeii cease to surprise in face of more modern illustrations of the mass of these substances sometimes ejected. That thrown out by Hecla in 1766 covered a breadth of a hundred and fifty miles. The cinders from Timboro, half a century later, were carried nearly nine hundred miles. Instances of this kind, in which the actual depth of the deposit at any one point was inconsiderable, are numerous and familiar. More in point is the thickness—four hundred feet—of the layer of ashes spread by Sangay upon the surface of the adjacent country.

The cinders, when they fall, are rarely dry, although incandescent at the time of discharge. They absorb water from the volumes of steam which pass out simultaneously. We have here an explanation of the casts of the human form found at Pompeii and perpetuated by means of plaster. The victims were enveloped in a paste which hardened ere decomposition set in, and attained, under pressure, a consistency capable of resisting the force of the gases resulting from that process.

In chemical composition volcanic ashes vary. Vauquelin's analysis of some from Etna shows, in large proportion, silica, sulphate of lime, sulphuret of iron and alumina; and, in smaller, magnesia, carbon, copper and sulphur. Volcanic soils are, as a rule, noted for their fertility. Gypsum and potash abound in them. The latter is a chief ingredient in granite, which is lava cooled under pressure.

All grades of projectiles are used by the subterranean artillery. The sand and rapilli discharged with the ashes correspond to drop-shot. The bombs, already mentioned, are of dimensions as various as those employed by military engineers. They are alleged to differ in size according to the elevation of the mountains from which they are fired. A howitzer like Stromboli carries shells of

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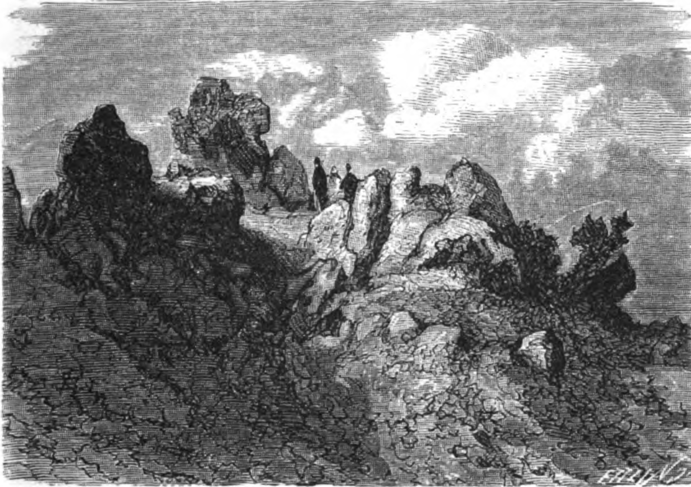
a few inches in diameter, while such Rodman monsters as Cotopaxi bombard heaven and earth with hollow shot of two or three yards calibre. They leave the crater with about the same velocity imparted by gunpowder—from twelve to fifteen hundred feet per second.

Most of the ejected solids fall back into the crater, where they are remelted and again ejected, keeping up this alternation of liquid and solid, of repose and movement, as long as the eruption lasts. The lava which rejects and receives them varies much in fluidity. In some cases stones cast upon its white-hot surface give back a ring as if from a hard substance, and in others they are instantly swallowed up and liquefied. A fluctuation of consistency between that of water and that of thick gas-tar of course gives



LAVA-FIELD, HECLA.

rise to marked differences in the speed of the escaping torrent when it overflows, and in its aspect when cooled. The velocity of the stream, sometimes barely perceptible to the eye, and again—as at Mauna Loa in 1840—reaching the rate of nine miles an hour, is checked by the refrigeration of the surface, which encloses the glowing mass in an elastic sac. When this crust is so strained as to give way, the jet results in knobs and stalagmites of botyroidal form, as in the examples we engrave from Hecla and Hawaii. A more common appearance is that of scoriæ or scales formed by the contraction of the surface in cooling, like those from heated iron. On Etna, in 1820, a stream of lava which had commenced its exit more than a year before was still in motion at the rate of a yard an hour. It resembled a mass of cinders which rolled upon each other with a metallic rattle. The enclosed core of lava glowed at night with a dull red, and quantities of steam escaped constantly from the crevices. A similar degree of viscosity has left, at Mauna Loa, indurated bubbles or mamelon-shaped hills a hundred feet high, and at Bourbon the pasty slag is slowly ejected in ropy coils like those of a cable.

Experiments made by Ste. Claire Deville indicate seven hundred degrees of heat in lava outside of the crater. The rapid cooling of the surface aids in retaining the internal heat; so that we cease to be surprised at its continuing to be perceptible, in large masses, for half a century, the crust varying little, if at all, in temperature from the surrounding soil. This fact seems to militate against the theory that the tropical climate which fossil forms indicate to have prevailed in the high latitudes during

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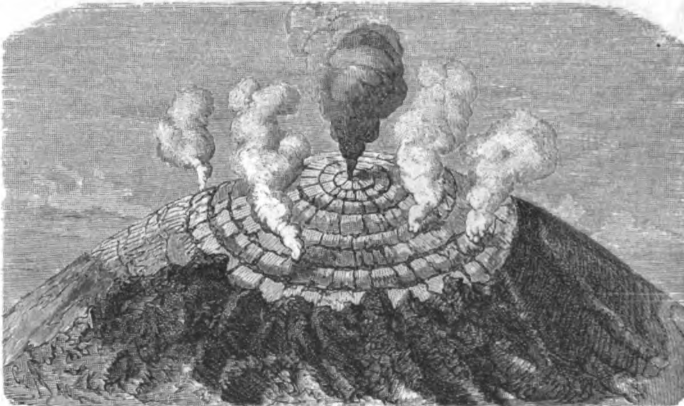
some of the geologic epochs was due to the interior heat of the globe. A crust but a few inches thick enables us to walk and breathe comfortably over lava as hot as melted iron; and the spherical, and, so to speak, finished, form already assumed by the earth at the periods in question prove that its shell must have attained a very considerable thickness, perhaps closely approaching that which it now possesses. No good evidence exists, we believe, that volcanic activity has much decreased since the first appearance of animal life. The giant ferns and club-mosses of the northern coal-measures grew and died as tranquilly as their miniature descendants, and the sedimentary strata in which their remains are imbedded prove ages of rarely and but locally broken repose over the breadth of continents. For a solution of this question we must look up, and not down—to the movements of the heavenly bodies, and not to the central fire of our planet. Oscillations of the earth's axis relatively to the ecliptic will probably furnish it.

A curious fact has been noted in connection with the formation of lava. Many of the minerals composing it give no evidence of having undergone complete fusion. Crystals of augite are expelled by Stromboli; and in the lavas of other volcanoes occur other crystalline substances easily fusible, and yet unchanged by their



LAVA-BED, MOUNT BOURBON.

incandescent matrix. The large crystals of feldspar found in porphyritic granite, with the sharp mechanical separation of the other constituents of that rock, are additional illustrations. Dolomieu undertakes to explain this by supposing that the volcanic heat insinuates itself between the molecules of crystals like water among the particles of the salts which it dissolves, the one like the other leaving the original forms intact when it disappears. The same philosopher takes sulphur to be the flux that imparts fluidity to granite. Others maintain that sulphur is by no means an invariable component, and that another flux must be sought. This they conceive to be found in water, abundant in all lava when erupted, escaping in the shape of steam when it cools freely in the open air, and absorbed by crystallization when the cooling occurs quickly or under pressure. The most remarkable and conspicuous effect in the latter case is the formation of basalt. Of this rock we shall have more to say in noticing pre-historic volcanoes, for it is so rarely associated with recent eruptions that its igneous origin was, down to the present century, warmly disputed. It exists, however, at the base of Etna, and in excavations made through the lavas upon its side. A prismatic formation of the same character is found in the crater of Vulcano. The prisms, usually hexagonal, but exhibiting many other polygons, are erected perpendicu-

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ISLANDS OF THE CYCLOPS.

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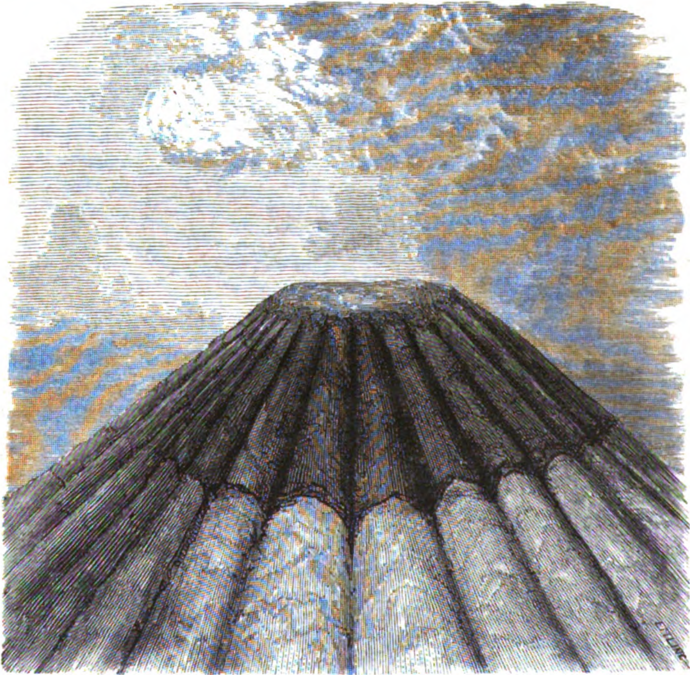
larly to the plane of refrigeration. They are therefore inclined at every angle. They are, according to the thickness of the bed, of all lengths, from an inch to nearly four hundred feet. The two illustrations (pp. 37 and 39) we present, taken from the harbor of Catania, display the columns in every position.

We must here refer to some odd results of the contrast between the internal and the superficial temperature of lava. Trees which lie in its way are often only carbonized on the outside, instead of being at once overthrown and reduced to ashes. The sap protects the wood, produces a hard and comparatively cool film on the invading liquid, and so far saves the tree. This repellent power of steam is not difficult for any one to apprehend who ever ran a rifle-ball in a damp mould and had the lead driven into his eye. Much dryer subjects than green trees have overcome the volcanic ardor. The traveler is shown at Catania the arcade formed



THE GUNUNG SUMBING.

in 1669, two centuries ago, by a current from Etna which overtopped, without prostrating or destroying, the city wall.

Even in the prevailing character of their volcanic ejections the Old and New Worlds differ. Lava, the chief product in the former, is comparatively rare in the latter; while eruptions of mud, little known in Europe, are frequent among the Cordilleras. These are not to be confounded with the turbid floods sent down by the melting of snows under a sudden access of heat from the interior. They are veritable outpours of clay and water, mixed often with fish caught up from the subterranean retreats where they spawn. Cotopaxi, Sangay, Tunguragua and Carguairazo are in the habit of scattering fish and mud in highly objectionable quantities—so profuse as in more than one instance to have caused pestilence from the effluvium. The far East shares this distinction with America. The Japanese volcano Miyiyama in 1793 is said to have buried fifty thousand of the inhabitants under a torrent of water, rocks

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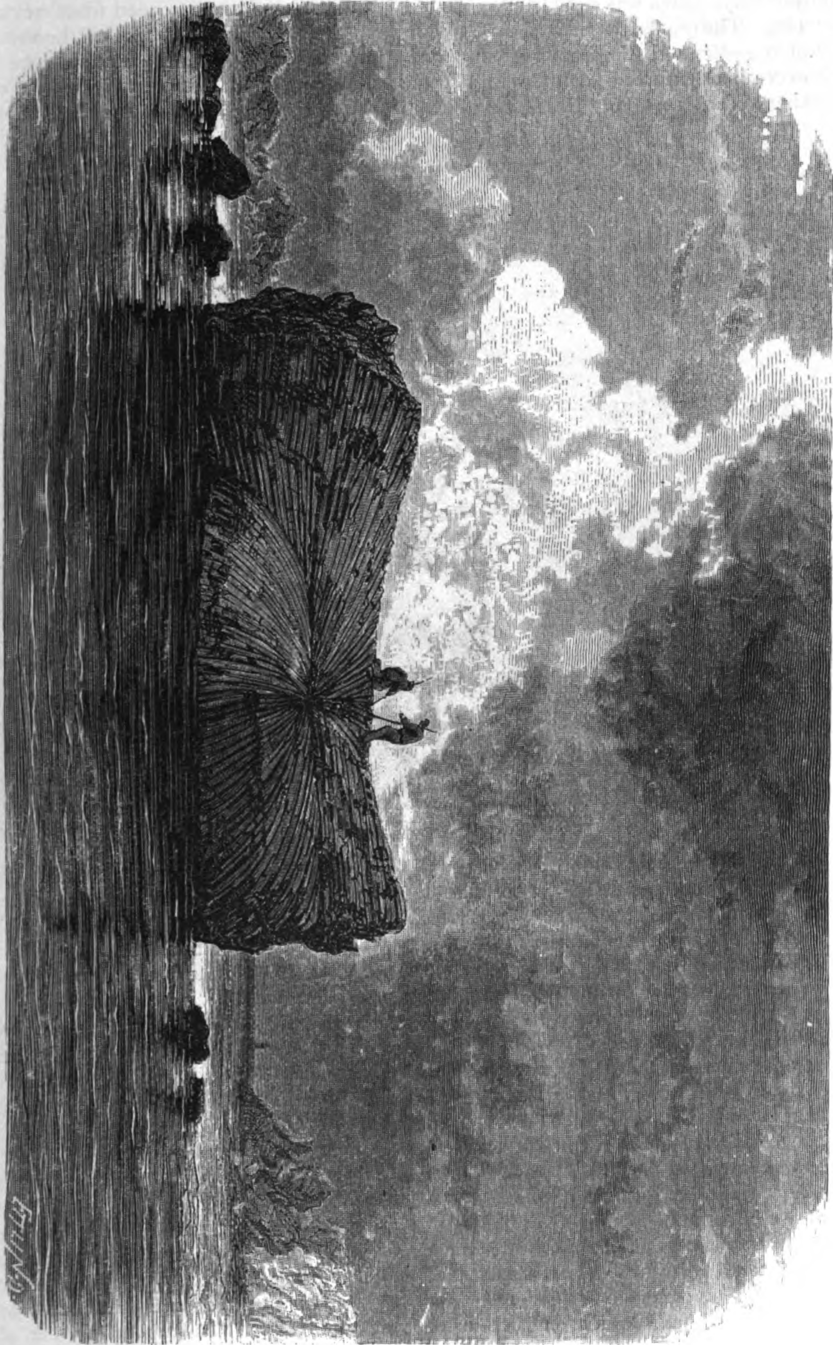

BASALTIC FORMATION, TREZZA.

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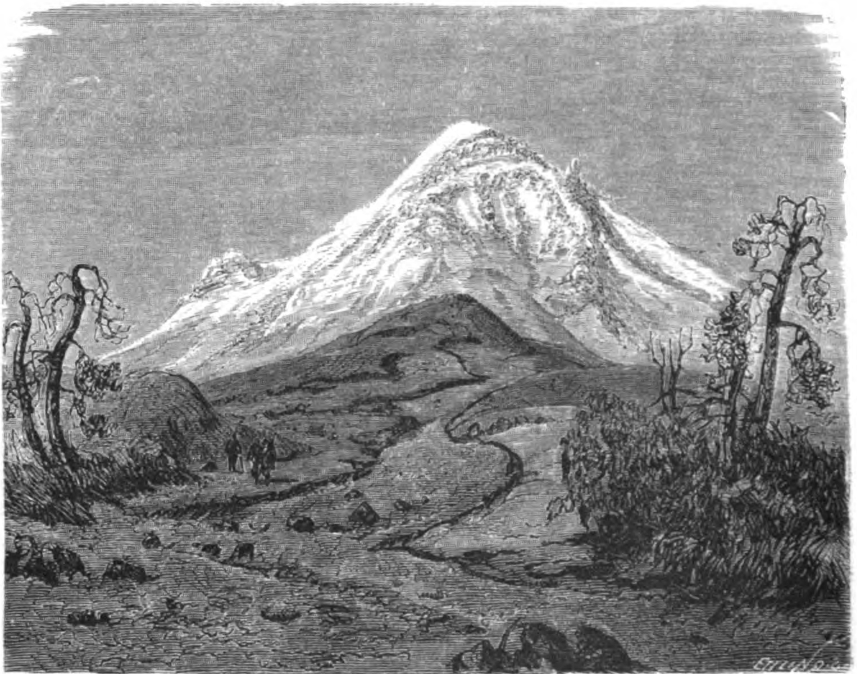
and clay. Java was similarly ravaged in 1822. The regularly-grooved cone of one of the volcanoes, the Sumbing, shows an exceptional effect of such flows upon the shape of their source. Emissions of clay, like those of lava, proceed from crevices on the slope or at the base of the mountain, as well as from the crater. The infrequency of an outpour of lava from the summits of the volcanoes of the Cordil-



POPOCATEPETL.

leras is due to their immense height, and the consequent weight of the column of melted matter. The surface-water, for the same reason, has farther to sink before reaching fire, and is apt to be expelled in company with the earth, cinders and other comparatively light materials through which it passes.

Volcanoes, like all other classes of natural objects, have their individual characters. Let us glance at some of these idiosyncrasies—themes of contemplative inquiry to us, but obtrusive enough to those who have direct practical experience of them.

Chili is exceptionally rich—if such a term can be applied to so unpleasant a kind of wealth—in volcanoes. Her limits include the loftiest in the world. Aconcagua and Tupungato rise to the heights respectively of 23,100 and 22,000 feet. The former rears its central cone in the midst of twelve others, the baker's dozen playing together with perfect unanimity, and not by turns, as usually happens with neighboring vents. Antuco, of nearly the same height, has been more thoroughly explored, owing to its greater accessibility. Far exceeding Cotopaxi, and still more Teneriffe, in elevation, it joins them in the exceptional sharpness of its apex among the volcanoes of the globe. It rises by three stages or stories. The lowest is composed of the prevailing rocks of the Andes, and swells from the foot-hills of the coast with a comparatively moderate slope, which increases to a grade of fifteen or twenty degrees on the main cone. The upper portion of this, for twelve hundred feet, is white

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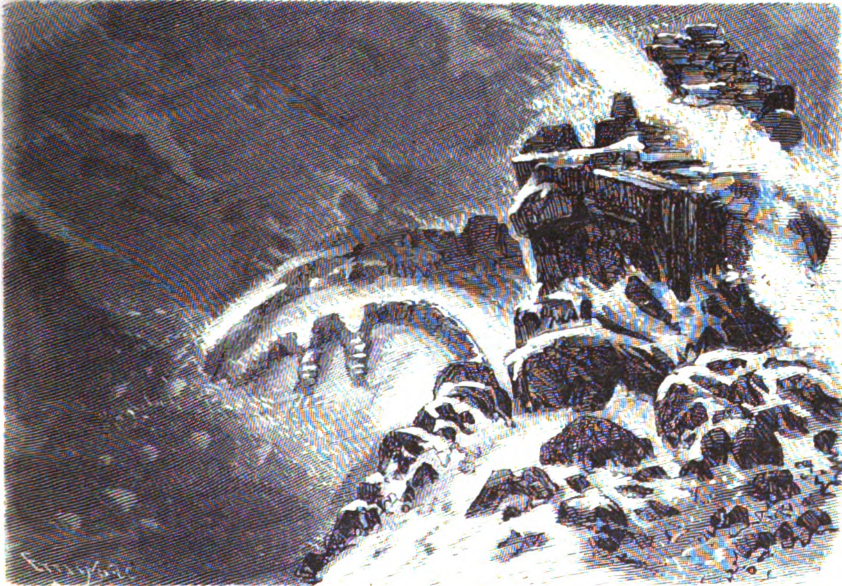
with perpetual snow, and is terminated by a circular platform or ledge around the base of the smaller cone, which ascends with the still sharper inclination of thirty to thirty-five degrees, thus giving a beautifully-curved profile to the whole mountain. The crater is elliptical in form, not more than two hundred yards in its longest dimension. It never sends out lava, that substance finding egress from crevices a long way below, but is in the habit of projecting heavy stones to a height so great that they have been known to fall among passing caravans twelve leagues off. Such is the statement of M. Pöppig, based upon local accounts. A steady column of smoke rises from two thousand to three thousand feet above the summit. White steam blends sometimes with the smoke, and, rising to a vast height, separates itself and floats off in a broad cloud. Before this has been absorbed by the atmosphere or the distance, another and another will take shape and follow in its wake, all visible at once. Slowly they drift together and coalesce, and a raincloud gladdens the green valleys far below.

Antuco has the additional trait of winding up each of its actual eruptions with a jet of cold water. This, the explorer was convinced, came from the crater, but whether it entered from the snows or from a fathomless lake which adorns the western side of the mountain and bears its name, remained a question.

A phenomenon wholly peculiar to the Chilian volcanoes has been noted by a number of scientific voyagers. This is



THE FRIAR'S PEAK.

a glow, like broad flashes of lightning, which in the nights of summer crowns the summits and brightens the whole sky. It is neither preceded nor followed by storms, and its electric nature is doubted. Perhaps the extreme rarefaction of the atmosphere at a height so far above the other volcanoes of the globe permits the inflamed gases to traverse a wider space before extinction, and to be more distinctly visible. The Peruvian craters, however, nearly as high, differ only in being nearer the equator and in a warmer zone. Whatever the as yet unascertained cause, the spectacle lends a rare charm to the Chilian nights.

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Beautiful names are a heritage of Cisatlantic volcanoes. However mischievous in other respects may have been the amalgamation of Castilian and Indian, it has certainly produced a musical nomenclature. The long penultimate vowel makes a chant of each name, and of none more than Popóca-tépetl, that word so barbarized by our school-boys young and old. The reader will recall the versicles of John Quincy Adams, one of the men "whose foible was omniscience," in paraphrase of Horace's "Integer vitæ," etc.:

> In bog and quagmire, deep and dank,
> His foot shall never settle:
> He mounts the summit of Mont Blanc,
> Or Popocatepetl!

This mountain, and its mate of almost identical stature, of eighteen thousand feet—Orizaba—are our next-door volcanic neighbors, and were once for some months American territory. Very quiet neighbors of their kind they are, too; only a little smoke placing them on the active list. They are interesting as showing nearly their whole height above the plain which borders the Gulf, and presenting to the eye in a single picture all the vegetable zones. Orizaba offers the interior wall of its crater invitingly to the spectator at Vera Cruz, but rarely indeed is the challenge accepted. The circumference of the abyss is about five miles, in a long ellipse, which declines with the southern slope of the mountain, and is literally a conic section. The outline of Popocatepetl is equally striking, being broken, above the snow-line, by a rock called the Pico del Fraile, answering as a landmark to the Grands Mulets of Mont Blanc. The crater, nearly a thousand feet deep and four thousand by five thousand in horizontal extent, is actually inhabited, the exhausted giant having yielded his crest to the yoke of commerce.

ORIZABA.

> Halfway down
> Hangs one who gathers *sulphur*. Dreadful trade!

That irreducible flux, most volatile yet most persistent of elements, is gathered from beds and efflorescence. Sulphurous vapor constantly exudes from many crevices. The nearly perpendicular walls de-

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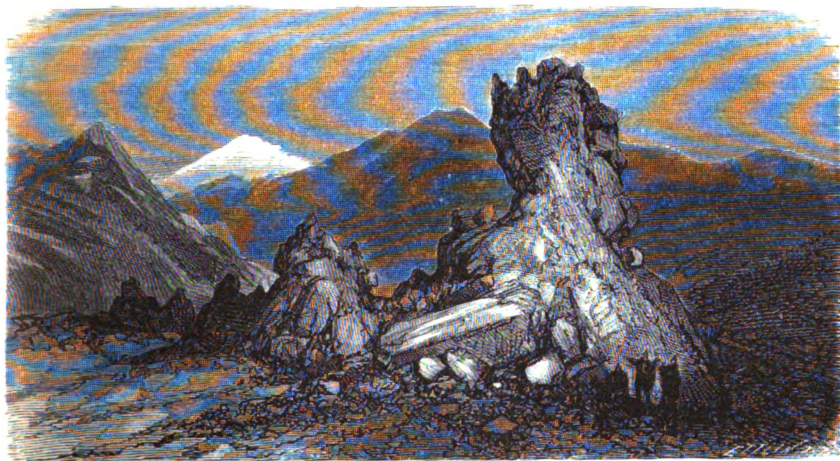
rive from it a prevailing tint of yellowish-white, yet they are remarkable for strata of porphyritic lava with crystals of feldspar. Hand in hand with science and commerce, history climbs this dreary height. Cortés drew from the white



HECLA.

peak, looked up to by the Aztecs for unknown centuries with superstitious reverence, the means of their enslavement. It is a moot-point still whether the sulphur he used for replenishing his ammunition-boxes was drawn from openings on the mountain-side or from the crater; but as it is known that his followers astonished the Indians by ascending Orizaba, the presumption is that they reached also the summit of its mate.

Hecla, if placed by the side of one of the Mexican mountains just mentioned, would hardly play the part of a cinder-bank, its height being under five thousand feet. Yet it is the boss of a lava-shield that covers the bosom of the North Atlantic for a space of forty thousand square miles. The whole island may be pronounced one volcano. Among its matters of eruption figures common salt, derived either from the deposits of rock-salt frequently associated with volcanic regions, or, as some think, directly from the sea. The force which brought the island into being devoted itself with steadiness and perseverance to its desolation until, in 1763, the work seemed tolerably complete. Hecla then rested for eighty years. In 1845 it suddenly revived, and the vault of lava which formed its top fell in with a fearful crash. The other chimneys of this roof of Hades meanwhile were not idle. The lava from Skaptar-Jökul in 1783 flowed in opposite directions till it formed a continuous line of ninety miles—the distance between New York and Philadelphia—with a depth of from one hundred to six hundred feet. Lava in beds comparable in extent to this is familiar in other regions of eruption. In Iceland the climate adds at once lightning and ice to the machinery of destruction. Twelve ponies and a man were killed by a single flash from Kablegia-Jökul. The glaciers are projected both in fragments and in melted torrents. Summer snows, hail large and thick enough to destroy the smaller animals, and rains of tropical volume, if not wholly superinduced by volcanic action, at least accompany and are aggravated by it. They do not prevail elsewhere in that latitude.

The simile "kindling fire through ice like Hecla's flame" loses its point when we recall the buried deposits of ice found on Etna and many other volcanoes. An overlay of loose and porous rocks—bad conductors of heat as volcanic rocks gen-

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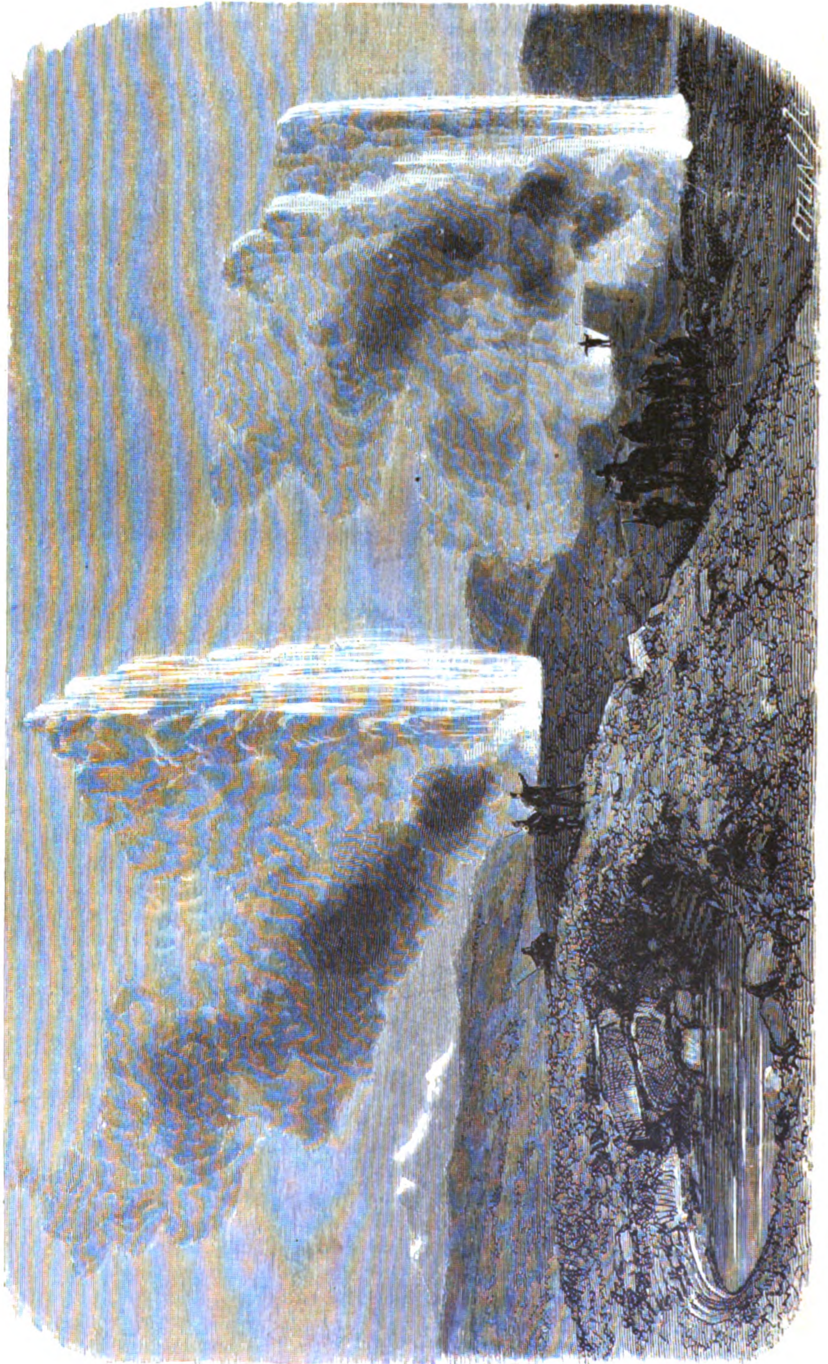

OLD GEYSER, GREAT GEYSER AND STROCKR.

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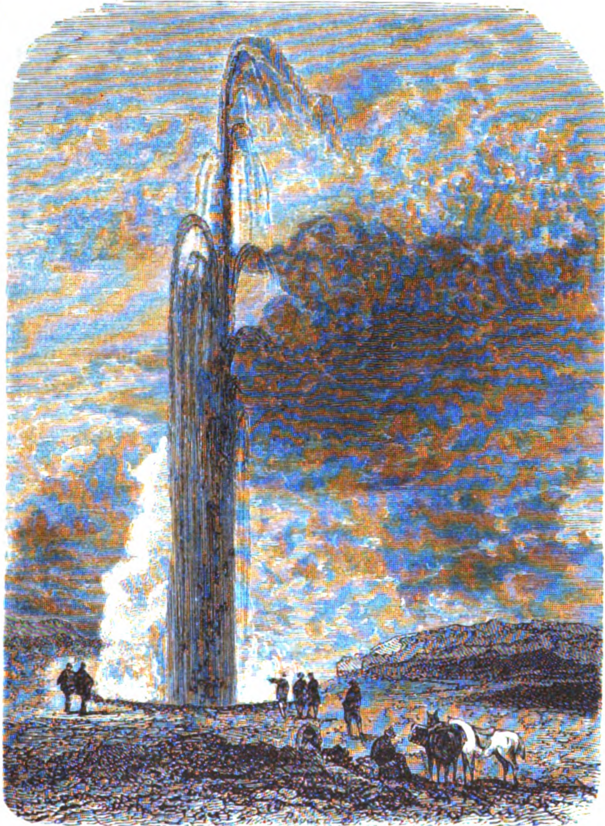
erally are—produces these natural, or unnatural, refrigerators. We have already had occasion to note the singular alternation of alliance and antagonism between fire and water, resulting in the most violent repulsion and the most intimate combination. Nowhere is the association more striking or multiform than in Iceland. There, the two elements have separate sets of craters. The Geysers have ceased to be unique since the discovery of fountains resembling them in California, in New Zealand and on the head-waters of the Missouri, but for magnitude and beauty they remain unrivaled. In their structure and methods of action we see something regular, finished and artistic. They rank with the symmetrical crystal, the calyx of a flower and the perfect level of the sea among the workmanlike, as opposed to the accidental and amorphous, shapes of creation. The funnel of a volcano, when inactive, cannot be probed by the eye. Heaps of scoriæ or indurated lava conceal the opening, and we can only speculate as to whether it is capped with a vaulted coverlid or corked with a long core that penetrates to the internal fires. At the Great Geyser, on the contrary, you stand upon a regularly-formed mound some eighty feet across and of slight elevation. At your feet opens a circular basin of half that diameter and eight or ten feet deep, coated with silicious concretions like moss encrusted with silver. In the centre of this cavity you see, when the perfectly-transparent water is at rest, a cylindrical canal, ten feet across at its mouth and gradually narrowing as its enameled tube sinks out of sight. The water, when in repose, fills the basin to the brim, and the fiercest and loftiest jets cause but little of it to flow down the sides of the mound. These explosions are preceded by sounds like distant cannon. Large bubbles rise to the surface, which grows convex, and the boiling column shoots to a height of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet.



THE STROCKR.

The Strockr (Churn) has formed no mound, but rises from a slight depression in the plain. Its water, of a yellowish tint though perfectly clear, sometimes sinks twenty or thirty feet below the orifice. This is five feet in diameter. The tube, perfectly round, dwindles as it descends. Its jets attain even a greater

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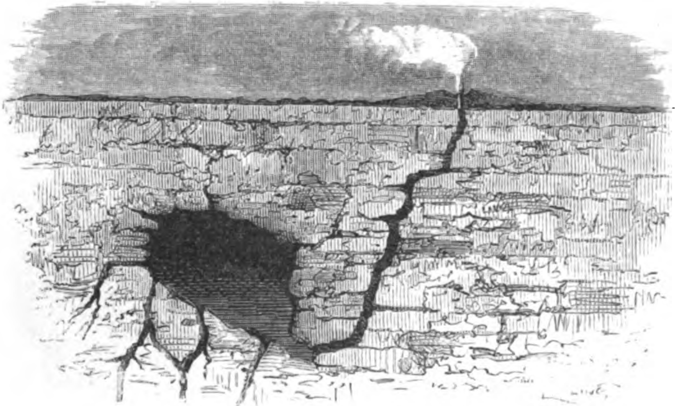
height than those of its neighbor, and are longer sustained. Henderson reports having seen one rise for three-quarters of an hour continuously to an elevation at some moments of two hundred feet. Ohlsen saw the column maintained at a fourth less than that height for a period more than twice as long.

These spasms occur, like those of the Great Geyser, at measured intervals. Tourists have learned, however, that they need not wait upon the good pleasure of the Strockr. A contribution of stones is speedily responded to by an outbreak. The ebullition constantly going on at the bottom becomes feebler



FORMATION OF A GEYSER.

and more feeble till all is silent. The elastic reservoir of steam which supplies the motive-power momentarily recedes before the lowered temperature, as the gauge of an engine flies back when the furnace-door is opened and fuel thrown in. Soon the recoil comes. Ebullition is again heard, faintly at first, but growing louder, until at the end of a few minutes the water is seen to rise to the mouth and spring seven or eight feet above it. The column, solid as a tree-trunk, gains by successive leaps its normal elevation of over a hundred feet, only a few drops falling without the margin, so that the aggressive inquirer may stand close by, fearless of the vengeance of the irritated giant. Retaliation is related to have befallen an innocent horse. The animal slipped into the Churn, and was returned in a few minutes thoroughly cooked.

The Strockr is modern, having been an inconsiderable hot spring eighty years ago, when the third and oldest of the stormy trinity, the Old Geyser, was silenced. A convulsion of the soil swept off thirty or forty feet of the low hill on which it rose. The canals which fed the fountain were thus brought to light. The Geyser of history dwindled to a couple of basins, the larger perhaps fifteen feet across. The water stands at the same level in both. At the bottom two channels are seen to pass into a sort of cave, clouds of steam from which reveal the boiler that fed the ancient fountain.

An idea of the Geyser apparatus may be gathered from the accompanying cut. The jets are due to a reciprocation of pressure between water and steam in an underground reservoir. Heat is supplied by volcanic fires far above the boiling-point. When the steam reaches a sufficient pressure, its expansion drives out the water; the weight of which, in returning at a reduced temperature, combines with the lowered heat to compress the steam until it can muster strength for a new effort. Water in the liquid and water in the vaporized state have by turns the mastery. The vertical pipes are never empty, so that the pressure of the water is constant, and the steam can gain only temporary and partial relief.

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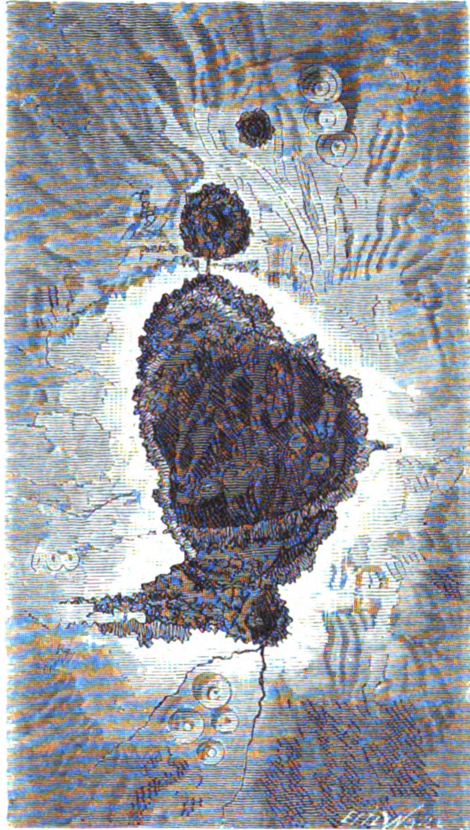
A number of other hot springs are scattered over the plain or basin of six square miles in which the Geysers are found. They keep the air full of steam, but their surface never rises into jets. At Rotomohama, in New Zealand, a similar depression is occupied by a hot lake, the edges fringed with boiling fountains and the terraces above seamed with boiling cascades. In the production of these jets the siphon would appear to play a more prominent part than in Iceland.

In the crevices which exhale hydrogen, carbonic acid gas, sulphuric vapors, naphtha, and mud impregnated with different salts we have other secondary forms of volcanic action. These often occur at points remote from living craters, and farther inland than we usually see the latter. Inflammable gas emerges at Barigazzo, Pietramala and other points in Central Italy; near Grenoble in France, six hundred miles from any active volcano; in Persia and in China, as well as in the volcanic region of Central America. The fires of Bakou, kept alive by the Parsees for some thousands of years, supply a familiar example. Equally well known are the springs of naphtha—not to be confounded with the petroleum-wells of Pennsylvania and Virginia—existing in the same region and in one or two of the West India Islands. The salsas or mud-springs of Java and the Apennines emit a strong bituminous odor. Neither of these localities possesses coal, so that the fossil vegetable or animal matter which furnishes the bitumen has not yet been traced. It is probably disseminated through strata of bituminous limestone, of which the Seyssel mastic, used for asphaltum pavements, is an example.

The solfataras, illustrated by that of Pozzuoli near Naples, have a closer connection with existing volcanoes. They represent an earlier stage on the road to extinction marked out by the other classes of foci we have just named. That of Pozzuoli, like everything else on the shores of the marvelous bay, has been exhaustively studied. Geologists are a



TERMINAL CRATER OF MAUNA LOA.

unit in pronouncing it a half-dead volcano. The monster's rocky ribs have almost ceased to heave, his bronchial tubes are clogged, and his parting sighs are dense with sulphur. The sympathizing sages who watch his last moments detect from year to year his failing strength. But he is very likely to outlive them. The process of dissolution with so vast a body is slow. It may be preceded by intervals of coma covering four or five centuries, and the vital fires may then again flicker up into convulsions. The Titans measure their threescore and ten not by years, but by æons, and their dying hours by ages.

EDWARD C. BRUCE.

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LOVE IN IDLENESS.

CHAPTER XXI.

THIS was the final evening of the Merediths' stay in Saintford, and Frank Layton was to give a small dinner-party, succeeded by a general reception and ball. Thus, when Maurice descended from his room at six o'clock, he found that the house was decorated with flowers and that the ladies wore their diamonds. "You are all very magnificent," said he. "I had quite forgotten it was a party-night.—Luigi, will you go to my room and bring me a pair of gloves?"

"That is Maurice to the life, Mrs. Meredith," remarked Rosamond. "I may tell him every day for two weeks that I wish him to remember a certain engagement: then finally am rewarded when the time arrives by the discovery that he is shut up for the night in some odious committee-room."

"Rosamond dear," returned Maurice blandly, "under the circumstances I really think it ought to be proper for you to have two husbands, one of whom should have nothing to do save to remember dinner-parties and receptions, and make himself generally agreeable."

"What have you been doing all day, Maurice?—Mrs. Meredith—will you believe it?—this is actually the first time I have seen him since yesterday."

"That is not my fault, Rosamond, for I came down at one o'clock for the express purpose of asking you to drive with me, and you had gone out yachting with Violet and Wilmot."

"I have a letter from papa," said Rosamond, "and you may as well read it yourself, for it is filled with messages for you."

Maurice eagerly seized the letter, and advancing down the long flower-decked parlors, met his brother entering. He was in full evening-dress, with a tuberose in his button-hole, and was drawing on his gloves; but although there was nothing picturesque or disheveled about him, but quite the reverse, Maurice stared at him in dismay, for he perceived something unusual and chilling in his appearance.

"How are you, Frank?" said he, arresting him. "What have you been doing all day?"

"I have been in my room," returned the other. "To tell the truth, I am not quite well."

"I should think not," exclaimed Maurice earnestly. "What is it? You look wretchedly." He put his arm within his brother's and led him into the study.

Frank closed the door quietly behind them as they entered. "I am ashamed that I am such a boy as to carry a signal of distress at my masthead," he remarked coolly, with a faint smile flickering across his face. "Since you have found me out, I may as well tell you at once that Miss Clairmont has accepted Clifford."

"What infernal nonsense, Frank! Who dared say such a thing?"

"'Tis no hearsay," rejoined Frank, with entire calmness. "I went to call on her at noon, and walked in without ringing, as I am in the habit of doing when I hear voices inside. Jack was—Never mind. It is their secret, but there was no mistaking the position of affairs. It seems to me a hurried courtship, yet she liked him from the first. Not once since he came with me from Newport has her manner been what it was before. I think it highly improbable that so sudden an engagement should be announced at present, but I can only be thankful that accident has given me the key to the problem which was torturing me."

Maurice groaned heavily as if in mortal pain, and sinking into a chair leaned his elbows on the table and buried his face in his hands.

"At three o'clock," continued Frank in the same cold, trained voice, "Clifford came to my room and asked if he could take my chestnut to ride to Bridgeford—

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the other horses were all in use. He explained that he wanted to get Miss Clairmont a bouquet. I told him of course to ride Max, but that he could find no such flowers as Powers could pick for him and arrange under his direction. 'Thank you, old fellow!' said he laughing oddly, 'but under the circumstances I should prefer to-day not to present your flowers to Miss Clairmont, for in so many other ways I am indebted to my enemy for aid and comfort, I am shamefaced at accepting any further favors.' I assure you there was no mistaking either his words or his flushed, excited manner."

Maurice had kept silence, but he looked up now: the veins in his forehead were knotted and swollen, and he showed signs of some powerful emotion.

Frank smoothed out the broad high brow with a touch as gentle as a woman's. "Dear Maurice," said he, "I love you for taking my misfortune so to heart, but you must not. I find myself stronger than I had thought: the first horror of it is over, and now, 'being gone, I am a man again.'"

Still, Maurice did not speak. Luigi came to the door and announced the arrival of guests, and, making a supreme effort, he wrenched himself from his chair and stood up. "Go into the parlor, Frank," he said in his usual voice. "I must read this letter, but will follow you in three minutes."

Frank walked away slowly, while Maurice mechanically opened the sheet and read the four pages without mentally taking in a single word written there.

Rosamond came in to look for him before he had finished. "I was not certain," she exclaimed, laughing, "but that you had forgotten all about the dinner again. Everybody has come, and all are down except Jack. What a man he is for being behindhand! Papa always says he was born just half an hour too late ever to amount to anything."

Maurice burst out laughing. "I think not," said he—"I think not."

"What are you laughing at?" demanded Rosamond, unaware that she had said anything droll. "I wish you could have seen Frank greet Miss Clairmont. What manners he has! Charles Lamb would have written an essay about them."

They were entering the parlors, and Maurice left Miss Clifford and went about speaking to the guests. Felise was sitting in the bay-window on the crimson sofa, and the rich color threw out the white and azure of her dress in such vivid contrast that he seemed to see nothing else, and his eyes felt dazzled as he walked the length of the rooms toward her. He only bowed before her in his grandest manner—he was too furiously angry with her to speak—and in return for her uplifted, deprecating glance he gave her a look which made her spirit quail within her: then took his stand by one of the pillars and watched her closely. Jack entered almost at the same moment that Maurice walked away, and sat down beside her with his most successful air, and the deep blush and downcast eyes which greeted him were quite enough to vindicate Frank's theory, unless one knew that the aching heart of this little girl was wildly questioning sense and memory to discover the meaning of the angry gleam in Maurice's eyes. Frank had himself arranged the seats of the guests at table, and Jack carried off Felise with a great flourish.

Dinners at the cottage were always judiciously ordered and exquisitely served, and no one could find any fault to-night in either *menu* or service; but still something was lacking, and almost every one was conscious of the tedium of the long courses. Frank was never a great talker, but usually he had the art of putting his guests at their best and promoting conversation: to-night he exerted himself more than usual, but his manner was grave and chilling. As for Maurice, he spoke not a word unless he was pointedly addressed, but looked straight before him, as completely indifferent as if he had been a painted portrait. It happened that in Secretary Clifford's letter there had been some items of political news displeasing to his party, and Rosamond remarked to some one that Mr. Layton was quite put out about the nominations: accordingly, no one wondered at his gloom, and he was allowed to gaze

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undisturbed into the pyramid of flowers which formed the central table-ornament.

But a band was playing in the hall and covered the silences with music, and most of the party gossiped and prattled, buzzing airy flirtation and gay talk around the table. Jack Clifford was in the highest spirits, although there could be no sensible reason for such elation, as the real truth of the situation was that he was a young man violently in love with a charming girl who was indifferent to him. Still, although to-morrow he expected to be the most wretched of men, there was meanwhile a present which seemed to him half like success, since this buoyant-hearted young gentleman saw plainly that the two Laytons at least believed him to be engaged to Miss Clairmont. Frank might carry off all the honors to-morrow, but he could at least make a glorious parade of them to-night; so he forgot the immaterial fact of his sore defeat, and wholly exasperated every man at table by his wit and good-humor.

When the ladies left the table both Maurice and Clifford sprang up to open the door for them. Jack returned to his seat, but the other, with a nod toward Frank, left the room by another door and entered the study, where he threw himself into a large arm-chair. The room was not lighted, for it was never open to company, and night had come in and covered it with a darkness and gloom which at first seemed to Maurice a pleasant repose to his fatigued spirit. For a time he remained immovable: his mood was both bitter and hopeless, and it was a comfort to be free to look his anger in the face. But suddenly some thought smote him, and he sprang up aroused for action. Frank's little King Charles, Ton-Ton, had crept into his lap. Maurice thrust his hand into an inner pocket and drew out a little pearl-colored glove — who knows with what wild folly kissed and cherished?— and held it out to the spaniel. "Go find her, Ton-Ton," said he—"go find her."

The dog sniffed the glove, then barked to be let into the passage. Maurice opened the door and followed him down the hall—not toward the drawing-room, but into a little alcove-parlor under the staircase. It was generally used by Luigi as his retiring-room, but to-night had been fitted up as a boudoir and hung with rose-colored chintzes and lighted by globe lights, now burning dimly. Maurice had tested the spaniel's sagacity before, and followed him unhesitatingly into this pretty out-of-the-way nook.. Ton-Ton was right: Miss Clairmont had chosen this place for her retirement until the ball opened.

She looked up at Maurice timidly as he entered, then bending down caressed the dog, without finding courage to utter a single word. He looked at her steadfastly, and she was by far too beautiful to-night to be regarded coldly. "Child! child!" said he, "why have you done this thing?"

She lifted her face with a frightened air. "Violet went up stairs to direct her packing," she returned with an air of deprecation, "and I pretended to go with her, but came here instead; for indeed, Mr. Layton, I feel miserably tired."

He waved his hand imperiously, then sat down close beside her and spoke in the lowest voice close to her ear. His face worked with strong emotion: "Did I give you up for this? Did I go through that terrible struggle for this? I thought I was sacrificing my own longing for you that you might have a better fate than I could give you. You cost me a terrible price, but for Frank's sake I was able to pay it. Now you throw his happiness away. I could hate you for it!"

She had turned to a deathly paleness, and stared at him dumbly with distended eyes.

"How dared you?" he asked, looking at her with a face which grew every moment sterner and more rigid. "Did you wish to punish me? Have you thought it so cruel that I lingered in your neighborhood that you wished to torture me thus? Do you believe that I would have remained here a moment after that morning unless I had been bound by the presence of another to spend this weary interval in Saintford? Had I had my own will, I should have gone long since far, far away, where I might have found

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some chance of forgetting every scrap, every shred, of my memories of you."

"I cannot understand you," she faltered.

"You have accepted Clifford," returned Maurice with a glance of anger and scorn.

"Oh no," she returned hurriedly: "how could you believe it? I could not think of such a folly."

"Thank God! thank God!" cried Maurice, falling on his knees and clasping his arms about her. "Darling child, I loved you so—loved you so, it killed me to think you had given yourself to anybody else."

He had strained Felise to his breast, and her face was hidden from him. He leaned his head over her, and his lips touched her curls again and again. Great shivers ran through him and tears started to his eyes. If he felt happiness in this mad avowal, it was an agony of happiness. "I don't need to have you tell me you love me, child," he murmured. "Ah, how my arms ached to clasp you that morning! Oh, Felise, what have I not suffered these two weeks! You don't know—your little innocent heart could not guess—what imperishable feelings you put into my heart. I could not rest. Time and time again I have written all through the night to keep you out of my mind. But now we will be happy—we will be happy: come what may, we will be happy—won't we, dear?"

She moved uneasily within his arms.

"What is it, my darling?"

"Oh, Mr. Layton, this is so wrong! Oh, let me go."

He unfastened his strong clasp upon her, and she withdrew hastily from him, but their eyes met and could not part.

"You love me," said he with a smile that thrilled her. "You need not deny it—you love me! There is but one heaven on earth for you, and that is in my arms." The blood surged to her face and her eyes drooped. "Look up at me again," he added, and she obeyed him. His face glowed with ardor and pleasure: there was such entire command in his glance that until he spoke again she experienced the bliss of joyful irresponsibility: she did not analyze this state of semi-conscious, languid happiness, but no magic potion could have made her more completely the slave of his will. "You are mine," said he again, but very gravely now. "You are mine. But close your eyes, Felise: they rob me of my senses," he added with a trace of struggle in his voice. "Will you let me kiss you? Think before you answer, child; for, remember, once let me kiss you and I shall give you no power to recede. I dare not kiss you, then let you go again. Decide our destiny once for all, for once my lips on yours, you shall be my wife, though it costs us both our salvation."

Her color faded. "You are engaged to marry another woman," she murmured with a convulsive effort. "We can be nothing to each other—never—never—never!"

He restrained himself only by a violent effort. She little knew what a reckless, desperate soul looked at her hungrily from his gleaming eyes. Primitive and lawless instincts almost controlled him, let him govern himself with a strong hand as he might. "Let me tell you exactly how we stand," he answered her in a voice full of pain he could not control. "It does seem to me that man was never bound as I am bound, but at one word from you I am ready to break my bonds and be free. Frank loves you tenderly, but that is not all: the worst is that he has confided to me his sacredest innermost feelings regarding you, I listening all the time to him with this traitor's heart. To betray him, to win you away from him, would be the deed of a dastard. But if you loved me, dear— I told him—it was last night I told him—that he was sure to win you at last—that I hoped to see you his wife. What those words cost me! You see, child," he went on in an agitated whisper, bending close over the form he dared not touch, "I loved you from the very first, but I told myself it was but reading a charming page, but listening to an exquisite tune, until I found out that you loved me as well." She shuddered and moved away from him. "Until then," he pursued ve-

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hemently, "I had not once thought of wronging Frank; but that knowledge woke up the demon within me. I could give up the woman I loved, but oh—my God!—how could I resign the woman who loved me?"

He was silent for a moment, then continued: "Besides Frank, there is Rosamond. She is worthy of any man's worship, but we were not made for each other. To renounce her would be to renounce my public life. But that is nothing, less than nothing, to me now. Have we not our own lives to live? Let us lose the world: it can but give us the chance to love each other the more. I cannot, like Frank, offer you a fortune. In truth, I am a poor man, for I have resigned my profession: my political prospects will be hazarded, for my most powerful friends will be estranged, and I must go to work anew. But I am certain you will not feel unhappy in bearing for a time comparative poverty and obscurity with me. Do not be afraid of any trouble and confusion for yourself in engaging yourself to me. You shall know nothing of any annoyance. Just put your hand in mine, give me your lips once, and we will part for one month. Then I will return to claim you. There is my hand, Felise, waiting for yours."

She clenched her hands together in her lap: her face was buried among the sofa-pillows.

"Are you afraid of poverty with me?" he asked.

"No, no."

"I could make you so happy! You know little of the heart and soul in me which love for you has aroused. When I am once unshackled you will begin to have some idea of the Maurice Layton who loves you. I could make your life pass like a dream of enchantment, Felise."

"Do not tempt me," she cried despairingly: "do not dare to tempt me!"

"God forbid that I should tempt you! Have I tempted you? Ask your heart if I am not losing my own cause because I want to do nothing, to compel you to nothing, which your own reason does not approve. I will let you take no step blindly, else you could have refused me nothing, Felise. But now that I have set all the circumstances of my position before you, I ask you to think of me. You can bless me—reflect how your love can bless me. I am lonely, bitterly lonely, without you. I love no one else in the wide world; so I give you all my world for a plaything to throw away. Come to me—make me a new heaven and a new earth."

She sat up, but her face was so covered with tears that she was blind. The pure, girlish face, so true and tender, yet so suffering, stabbed him with remorse. His soul was an utter chaos: honor, truth, duty, all seemed to him fantastical restraints of weak, cold natures, for he was so smitten by this tragic passion of desire that there was but one Right for him in the world—to snatch to his own heart this precious flower of love. He was contemptuous of the risks he ran in gaining it: not to have this girl's love would precipitate him into the misery of a lifelong routine of every-day disappointments, with darker climaxes of deadly pain when remembering what he had almost gained, then lost. He tried to take her hand, but she repulsed him.

"You are torturing me," said he hoarsely.

She clasped her hands as children clasp them in prayer at their mother's knee, and shaking away her tears she looked into his face with the touching faith and dependence of a little child.

"I could not help loving you," she whispered, unable to command an audible voice, "but I can help ruining your life and—others' lives."

"You will ruin my life only by not giving yourself to me. Say once, 'I love you, Maurice—I will be your wife.'"

"No, Mr. Layton: I shall not say it."

"You confess you love me. Does the man you love deserve this treatment of you?"

"No," she answered timidly, fearful of arousing either his anger or his tenderness. "I have been very foolish, very wrong. You may blame me for all."

"Blame you, child! What do you

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wish me to do?" He looked at her with an ironical smile.

"Act as if you had never seen me," she answered, shrinking from his gaze and speaking in a hopeless voice.

"Ah, how easy! You have the tutored mind of a woman, not the wild, fiery heart of a man. Act as if I had never seen you, Felise! Knowing you has cost me dear: ah, it has cost me all I once regarded with satisfaction—my self-respect, my love of my work, my conviction of what I must make my life. You have put into my experience imperishable desires which glow at fierce red heat, yet you bid me dismiss these raging wolves and go back unscarred to my old tranquillity of mind!"

He turned sharply on his heel and paced the room, moved by sudden wrath against her. She knew little of his struggle, or she must have felt a crueler pang, a deeper dismay. He was torn by strong passions, yet at the same time his mood verged on cynicism, and produced this discord of rage with his tenderness. This was, then, the way a woman loved—lure a man to the point of forgetting every landmark of duty and honor, then entrench herself safe within pious proprieties and bid him forget his longing for her!—draw away his heart and put a thorn in its place, but tell him to feel contented and happy! But when he turned and looked at her again his mood softened: his love made him at once too tender and too hard. "Don't condemn me to loneliness," he said recklessly, "or, worse still, to a careless marriage, unsanctified by one sacred hope. Forget conventional ideas for a moment: what you and I must do is to seize upon realities. Look me in the face." She obeyed him. "Don't you want to make me happy?" he asked with tenderness.

"Oh," cried poor Felise, stricken with bitter sorrow, "if it were only right I should so love to make you happy!"

He took her hands in his and crushed them to his heart. "Then love me," said he in an agonized voice—"love me, love me! Be my wife."

She drew them away from him slowly. "If you really love me," she murmured, trembling from head to foot, "you will do what I ask you."

He nodded impatiently.

"Control yourself and me. You are a strong man, while I—oh, I am so miserably weak! It seems to me my heart will break. I cannot consent to what you ask. I appeal to your honor and generosity not to urge me any further."

The band, which had been for a while silent, now began to play again. Maurice had started abruptly at her words and turned away: then he came back and threw himself on his knees before her. Her words and manner had moved his better self. "I love you," he said fervently, "and you love me, and I can think of nothing else. I know but one wish—to have you for my wife. Everything besides seems too remote for me to care for it."

Their full glances met. It was a solemn moment. She was so very young: life without this love seemed so horribly desolate. It was hard to put away this happiness of which her longing heart had caught a glimpse. "We will do our duty," she said with a sob.

"Duty? Duty, Felise, tells me to see you no more."

She rose as pale as death. "It will not always be so hard," said she with angel tenderness toward the man whose misery showed so plainly in his face. "I have heard that time does everything: perhaps you will forget me."

"Perhaps so, child—when I am dead. I am not sure if even a wild love like mine goes into the grave. But, by Heaven! things between us are not ending in this way."

"Hush: sit down. Ah, do not let any one see— I think Mr. Clifford is looking for me."

And it was indeed Clifford who peeped in at the doorway with a fresh rose in his buttonhole. "Ah, Miss Clairmont," he cried, "they said you were up stairs, but my instinct led me safely to your feet. Do you hear that divine waltz of Strauss, and does it remind you of a promise?"

Felise rose. "I remember," she said in almost her ordinary manner, "that I was to dance the first Strauss waltz with

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you." She turned to Maurice with a little timid questioning look.

He too had risen, and now stood beside her.

"Oh, don't mind Maurice," remarked Clifford, offering his arm. "I dare say he has been boring you abominably: let him go read his blue-books."

CHAPTER XXII.

It was an hour later when Maurice entered the parlors. When Felise left him he had gone blindly out of doors and stood silently and fixedly among the shadows like a man in too much pain either of body or mind to know where he was. A pair of lovers penetrated his retreat at last, and he mechanically retraced his steps to the house. Rosamond met him in the hall and took his arm. "You are cold," she said to him with tender concern. "You have been out in the dew and damp, and are chilled through."

Yet the only sign of the struggle through which he had passed was a loss of color in his face, the swollen veins about his temples and two haggard lines around his firmly-cut lips. He answered Rosamond with a peculiar deference which pleased her, but which might have borne a painful significance if she had guessed the self-condemnation which inspired it, and they went arm in arm into the crowd of people that filled the parlors. Rosamond thrilled anew with the pride of being thus first with Maurice. She had never felt more happy and secure in his affections than to-night.

It was a gay party: in fact, no pains had been spared by either host or guests to have this final festivity of the summer a brilliant affair. Plenty of lights illumined the scene, and long mirrors gave back the fair festal picture of beautiful women in gala-dress. To Maurice there was as much reality in the scene as if he were looking at a flight of painted air-bubbles, half asleep the while. When he was addressed he replied in a courteous manner, and found no lack of words: once he was thrown by mere chance and against his will into proximity with Felise, and when Rosamond spoke to her and drew him into the conversation, he even discovered that he could discuss ordinary subjects with her under Miss Clifford's auspices.

Mrs. Meredith stood at the head of the rooms, where she had received her nephew's guests, and was enjoying herself thoroughly, for something constantly occurred to impress her well-trained English eyes and ears with a sense of the drollness of Americans and their manners, until one middle-aged gentleman, hat in hand and with a deprecating glance of inquiry over the rim of his eye-glasses, remarked to her, "I have been in England. It is a fine country."

"Yes?" returned Mrs. Meredith.

"But the damp atmosphere and perpetual fogs are detestable."

"Ah!"

"I admire your government. The queen is a cipher, but you have excellent statesmen."

"Indeed!"

"Nothing but their adroit state-craft could have saved the aristocracy so long; but it is doomed. It is already rotten to the core, and tolerated merely because as a whole the nation is conservative if wisely governed, and prefers to wait patiently for reform rather than to precipitate a revolution. There is no longer any working principle among the nobility on account of their birth: they hold their own only by dint of good, steady, arduous work like common men."

"How well you understand us!" said Mrs. Meredith in a sarcastic voice.

He smiled: "Americans, madam, understand all nationalities, all governments, on the principle that the greater must include the less."

Mrs. Meredith fanned herself violently, but not thinking of the best thing to say, rebuffed the next comer instead, an aspiring young man who considered everything English strictly good form.

"Aw, Mrs. Meredith," said he, stretching his legs and looking at them admiringly—"Aw! you are very gay in the season—aw! quite bewildering festivities, and all that sort of thing."

"I do not go out a great deal."

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"Aw! I was there last year, you know. Awfully jolly times everywhere! How fond you are of racing in England!"

Mrs. Meredith drew her small figure to its fullest height. "Sir," she returned freezingly, "you mistake: I am not fond of racing in England."

"Come, come, Aunt Agnes!" said Maurice, going up to her as the young man retired, "don't extinguish people in that way. Go and amuse yourself. You have done enough in receiving them: don't make them the victims of your wrath."

"Oh, I am civil enough. The people are mostly dreadful, but I will do my duty by them, as Frank asked me to."

Violet was quiet to-night. Leslie Wilmot had left Saintford for New York this very evening, for he was to sail the following morning at ten o'clock. Their parting had been assured enough: in six weeks' time Violet was to become his wife, and he had been eager to get home and conclude his arrangements, that he might be ready to receive her. Morton had been waiting for days impatiently for the departure of his rival, and to-night felt that the time had finally come to learn what feelings for him lurked beneath the imperious glances and chilling smiles which Violet had yielded him of late. He had hung about her for an hour before he finally went up and addressed her. She spoke very little in answer to his remarks, but twice an almost imperceptible smile played about her lips, then died away into a look which was almost repellent; but her large dark eyes were fixed upon him with interest.

"To-morrow morning I bid you good-bye," she said to him finally. "Years may pass before we meet again."

He started violently. "That must not be," he exclaimed vehemently, although under his breath. "I want to speak to you. Come out — the night is lovely — come out for half an hour: there is so much to be settled before you go away to-morrow."

She smiled again with a mysterious air, rose and walked beside him, not touching his arm, but following him through the parlors, across the hall, over the piazza and down the steps to the terrace. She was richly dressed, but her silken skirts trailed carelessly across grass and gravel until they reached the summer-house. They had frequently been there before, and Morton felt that for her to consent to come with him to-night was the happiest augury for all his hopes.

The night was serene, but not over warm. Myriads of stars shone brilliantly, but there was no moon, and the dusk seemed almost oppressive here. In other parts of the ground hung Chinese lanterns: this spot was quite unbrightened, and seemed silent and deserted — the more so that occasionally a strain of music, louder than the rest, would come to their ears fraught with wild and melancholy inspiration, then sink away again into utter silence.

"The summer is over, Violet," said Morton. "Do you remember what you once promised me here when these weeks should have passed?"

"No," she answered in a clear voice, "I remember nothing. What did I promise?"

"When I told you the sole condition on which I dared remain in Saintford, you listened and yet bade me stay. Afterward — here, Violet — The memory of it belongs to my life-blood: surely you have not forgotten."

"Mr. Morton," she said in a sarcastic voice, "I have no memory for anything which took place before your proposal of marriage to Miss Clairmont."

"I have long since explained that piece of folly to you," he answered impatiently. "I was angry, maddened, desperate, at that time. Don't continue to blame me for what was, after all, the highest tribute I could pay to your power over me. I plunged into that love-affair as I might have plunged into the ocean, to drown the care which pursued me."

"I remember a pretty simile of Shakespeare's," retorted Violet, laughing, "about love as deep and boundless as the sea. But I am not so deluded as to accept a suicide of that particular degree as any especial tribute to my power over you. If she had accepted you, what then? A happy drowning, indeed!"

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"She would never have accepted me," struck in Morton with anger. "Oh, Violet, it is cruel of you to question my love for you after these twelve years. Just for one moment let your mind revert to those old times at the Grange, when you used to steal out to me in the garden at night and give me your warm, sweet kisses. You loved me then: I loved you — not so well as I do now, but I loved you better than I did my life."

"I remember those evenings," said she in a cruel voice. "The emotion of those days seems far off and vague — like something, in fact, that took place before the Deluge: still, I remember it all. Many times since I have paused in the garden or the shrubberies and said to myself, 'This was the place where Harry told me so-and-so.' You remember the seat in the summer-house, and the railing where we leaned and you carved my name? Once after an absence of a year or two, when I went back and found the woodwork all freshened and restored, I felt absolutely pathetic over such desecration. I often sicken with weariness at the narrowness of my mental estate, yet give me, at least, the credit of making the most of the poor little shreds and patches of feeling, hope and romance gathered in my early youth."

"Your tone hurts me, Violet."

"I am a profoundly-experienced woman: don't expect me to talk like the school-girl I was once."

"Were you glad to meet me again this summer?" he demanded.

"Yes, I was glad. I had so often heard of you: I had often told myself that I should like to revive my recollections of my old friend, my tutor."

"Your lover—did you not call me your lover when you remembered me?"

"You have no idea of women's tenacity of remembrance when you ask that. Why not be candid? This is the last talk we shall have in all our lives. I have consoled myself at times for the disappointments, the humiliations, of my life by the thought that once I was young enough, good enough, true enough, to love and be wildly loved. At that time I used to tell you every thought of my heart, and there was not one to blush at. And what a heart I had! The magic and beauty of the world had taken possession of me. I loved God; I wanted to be worthy of heaven; my heart sang psalms as I looked up to the stars when they shone pure and bright, just as they shine to-night. I used to tell you everything, and you too felt the charm of purity and faith and hope. Although we were so young, we were very serious. Perhaps youth always has holier dreams than maturity. When I think of the castles we used to build—"

He caught her hand. "They may all come true now," said he warmly. "Let us go back to the old hearts, the old wishes, the old loves. I am a trifle wiser: I do not think I am worse, or, if that early faith is a little clouded, in loving you, in living beside you, I could regain it all."

Violet raised her head. Her pale face, earnest and agitated, was clear before him now even in the dusky, mysterious gloom of the arbor. She left her hands in his and looked at him steadfastly. "How little you know me!" she exclaimed in a curious tone. "Do you remember," she went on in a low hurried voice, "the evening before we went to Saratoga?"

"I remember it well. I dined with you, and after you had gone into the parlor something occurred—just a few words from your cousin—to disgust me with myself. I have never blamed him: under the same circumstances I should have spoken as he did. The state of mind which I endured until I saw you again was the key to whatever was mysterious in my conduct."

She did not seem to listen to him. "That night," she went on the moment he paused, "all my wishes were to see you. Something seemed shattered within me: I longed to be assured of a love tender and true which I could at once accept and lean on to the end. In my thoughts that night, and indeed until I met you on my return, I had settled my whole future. After all—so I told myself—no one could love me like you.

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Perhaps, too, I felt the meaning of that old couplet—

> Nous revenons, nous revenons toujours
> À nos premiers amours.

I thought of you kindly enough at that time, Harry. I was ready to say good-bye to my past life—to give up my family. I even planned the existence two people could lead who loved each other, and found the world well lost for love. Indeed, my fancies for those few days had all the delirium of young, inexperienced, absurdly-hopeful hearts. I felt such a longing for rest—for something settled beyond any caprice of my own to change or unfix! But why too clearly expose my own weakness to the man who, even in the hours when I was thinking of him, was offering his love to another?"

She had continued to look him fixedly in the face, with her hands clasped in his, until her final words, when she rose, suddenly flinging his hands from her with a gesture of contemptuous scorn.

His heart for a few moments had been full of intense and almost unexpected happiness: his misgivings had vanished. At this sudden reverse he could not refrain from uttering a cry.

"I should expect that from you," she said—"a nerveless, inarticulate moan like a woman's. You do not deserve to be a man, weak, cowardly as you are. At the first word from Maurice you gave me up. Had you loved me, you would have dared him or any other to claim one iota of power to separate you from me. No, not a word," she went on vehemently, still standing apart from him. "I have listened to enough of your pleadings, your extenuations, your confessions, these past weeks. I had thought you in the past a man on whom I could rely—stronger, harder, more absolute in serene and steadfast will, than myself. I had been almost untrue to a heart that was at least single and unchangeable in its devotion to me. I was punished as I deserved. At another woman's first smile you left me. The moment you made that shameful confession you settled my fate in life for me."

He had recovered from his first humiliation, and had advanced toward her, and now looked her steadily in the face. "Perhaps," said he slowly, "I am weak. I have wondered of late about my state of mind: perhaps it is that I am weak. Certain it is that you have made me what I am. Tell me, if you will, what is your fate in life to be?"

"I am to marry Leslie Wilmot before the end of October," she replied calmly.

"An excellent marriage!" remarked Morton. "After that announcement anything that I could say would be in bad taste. I will no longer cause you to stigmatize as weakness any cries from my heart. Let us go in. All my words, it seems, were too tardy: you might have been dancing all this time. Let us go in."

In truth, her keen words, supplemented by her announcement of her speedy marriage, had not so deeply wounded Morton, after all, but that he could reassert his pride and his self-control.

The looks they exchanged were strange.

"After all," Violet exclaimed involuntarily, "you have not loved me, then?"

Morton shuddered. "Yes," said he with some effort, "I have loved you. I have not yet thought of that. It only occurs to me that I have long subsisted on illusions. Twelve years is a long time to waste on one thought, and that the hope of winning a woman."

"Good-bye!" observed Violet after a moment's pause. "I dare say we shall meet again. Nothing is finished until we die, and most lives are mere kaleidoscopes where the same characters are endlessly reproduced under new combinations. Good-bye!"

Morton bowed in silence, and stood watching her as she walked down the garden-path toward the house, her tall slender figure sharply defined against the lights that illuminated terrace and lawn.

When she vanished he raised his hands above his head. "O Heaven!" he cried with a weary air, then swung his arms and rubbed his forehead as if half paralyzed by a heavy sleep from which he could not arouse himself. "Let me go back," said he to himself after a time:

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"let me see if I have an interest in life." And he too left the summer-house and took the path which Violet had lately trodden.

He met Maurice on the terrace. "Oh, Morton," exclaimed the latter, "I wished to speak to you. You remember a certain conversation when I addressed you with more freedom than is my wont. I ask your pardon for assuming to dictate to you: it must have seemed that I pretended to regard both your motives and actions from a height you had not attained to."

"I never questioned your authority, Mr. Layton," Morton returned in a dull, stupefied manner. "I was, I presume, acting the part of a fool. I really do not remember."

"What I wished to gain was your forgiveness," said Maurice with a short laugh. "My words have often returned upon my mind of late. What right had I to judge others severely?"

"Oh, I forgive you willingly enough," rejoined Morton. "You too are leaving Saintford to-morrow?"

"Yes, I take Miss Clifford back to Newport. And what becomes of you? Shall you stay on here?"

"I don't know," answered Morton, and passed on, but in another moment some one else asked him the same question. It was Mrs. Dury, the mother of the little girl whom he had taken a strong fancy to of late. "Are you going to leave Saintford, Mr. Morton?" she asked him as he passed her.

"Not yet," he replied, and paused by her side. It was as well to talk to her as to another, he told himself; and Violet Meredith saw him come in and attach himself to the widow with a half-mocking smile on her face.

Frank Layton had not spoken to Felise since her first arrival before dinner, but he had looked at her frequently, and again and again she had caught his deep, attentive, inquiring look. His love was too tender to allow of his regrets being those only of the disappointment of a wild, impetuous, impotent longing. He told himself again and again that if she were happy he could bear his own troubles; but she did not seem to him happy to-night. Even when she was dancing he observed her increasing pallor, the lustreless look of her eyes, the fixed, immobile expression of her lips; and when the evening was but half over he went up to her. "Are you not too tired to dance any more?" he asked her. "You have as yet paid me no attention. Come and sit down in a corner with me."

He met her eyes, and smiled reassuringly into her face. His heart throbbed with pity and with love for her.

"I am very tired," she confessed, and her eyes drooped, but not until he had caught sight of sudden tears.

Her mood was quite enigmatical to him. He looked about for Clifford, and saw him talking to his cousin Rosamond. "Would you like to have Clifford come?" Frank asked with the kindest voice: "I won't keep him away."

"Oh," cried Felise, "I do not care. I am so very tired. If you don't mind, Mr. Layton, will you take me somewhere and sit down and talk to me a little while?"

He led her into the library and sat down by her side, but he did not talk much. Now and then he alluded to the journey on which they were to set out on the morrow. To be sure, these three weeks of pleasant travel, looked forward to so long, seemed now to Frank a needless cruelty of fate — one of those ironic experiences which come to us all when the object of our ceaseless desire is granted under conditions which make it hateful. Yet, while he sat by her he was telling himself—no matter what words he was uttering—that, after all, he was learning something of Felise that Jack with all his good-fortune was not to know: he must comfort himself, then, with the wisdom which comes from pain and loss — the high belief in the goodness and sweetness of this little girl, which was to be his sole possession in her.

She looked up and saw his strong, clear gaze upon her. "Oh, you are so good to me!" she exclaimed with a half sob, and raised his hand and kissed it.

"I want to be good to you, dear child," said he, "and it is generous in you to pity

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me. But there is Jack: I will resign my place to him. Poor fellow! he has got a long, lonely journey before him."

"A long, lonely journey!" cried Clifford, overhearing Frank's words as he started up suddenly from the side of Miss Clairmont. "Where to, my good fellow?"

"To the White Mountains, I suppose," rejoined Frank. "It seems a pity, since we are breaking up, that we must all go different ways. But I dare say you will overtake us at Lake George."

The partings came next morning. Maurice had not slept, but had watched the last stars fade out of the paling sky, and seen the rose-blushed horizon in the west answer the first streaks of gold in the east. His parting words to Felise were, "And shall I then see you no more?"

She looked up at him and answered calmly, "After a time."

"One would think," observed Miss Clifford, "that there was really something particular about this parting, when you know, Maurice, that I have invited Miss Clairmont to spend Christmas at Oaklands."

"But these breakings-up are painful," said Jack: "we shall never all come together again, and have the same happy times over. Some of us will be married, some will be suffering from the very sweetness of these same joyous days in Saintford: all of us will be older, and that means that instead of accepting the present we shall be embittering our hearts with recollections of the past."

Jack was a little sorrowful to-day, and his dejection caused him to yield more meekly than was his wont to the claims of general society upon him. He even suffered himself to be made useful by Mrs. Meredith, who encumbered him with all her light luggage, which consisted of a variety of wraps of every degree of thickness to suit the caprice of a mercury supposed capable of ranging between zero and summer-heat, a campstool, a cushion, half a dozen novels, all the magazines and an opera-glass. "In fact," Jack whispered to Felise, "I have all the miseries of a married man to endure, without any of the alleviations of the position."

Luigi and a maid were also in attendance, but they were heavily burdened with dressing-cases, leather bags and traveling-rugs. In truth, Frank Layton in setting out did not expect much from his journey except an opportunity to perfect himself in certain traits which are supposed to have been invented that torture here may be rewarded by bliss hereafter. He had had no conversation with his brother since their talk before dinner on the day previous. Maurice had not been quite strong enough to correct his brother's error. "After all," he said to himself at the sight of Frank's pale face, "he might bear a few more hours of discomfort now, since the promised land is before him."

The evening in New York passed heavily enough to the travelers: the ladies found excuses for seeking their rooms at an early hour, and Frank and Clifford were left to amuse themselves as best they might until bedtime.

"Let's go out," said Jack: "no one can sleep to-night, it is so infernally hot;" and they left the hotel, and walking along the upper side of Union Square, turned presently into Broadway. The thoroughfare was almost deserted, and a late moon was shining faintly in the east: now and then the voice of a street-singer broke the silence, but otherwise the great city was in outward repose.

Frank was smoking, and Jack, perhaps requiring consolation to-night, was also puffing away at a cigar. Neither of them spoke for a time.

"How dull we are!" remarked Jack.

"Silence is not dull necessarily: silence under the stars and with music in our ears is most brilliant. That air is Rossini's. I sometimes believe that no one else has put such lovely pure thoughts into sound. Who is your favorite composer, Jack?"

"I haven't an idea so long as he is an Italian. I have small fondness for German music."

"It is melody you like, then—not harmony. I love both German and Italian music, but I try to do battle for neither, for I will not be a partisan, and love one at the other's expense. It is difficult,

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almost impossible, to make empirical rules for perception in art, but at times it seems to me that art is merely an outlet for our instincts. As a child nothing exalted and inspired me like church music: we had an organ at home, and I used to grope after certain chords which filled me with a sort of ecstatic terror to hear, and I looked about me fearfully, thinking that they must bring the angels down. Then as a youth, until I was long past your age, I was hungry for a certain overflowing of passionate individual feeling in music, such as Rossini, Bellini and Verdi seemed to me masters of; but now, if I desire to be soothed, I demand something wider in its sympathies, and love that sea of infinite harmonies where all humanity can enter, and of which Mozart and Beethoven are creators."

"I wish," said Jack with a comic gesture of despair--"I wish I could make some æsthetic or critical remarks in return. But the truth is, that although I regard the art as divine, I can think of nothing to say about it to-night, for my mind is on lesser things. I want to tell you something that may possibly interest you."

Frank cursed his mishap in being abroad with Clifford and a victim to his confidence: he had been talking for the sole purpose of taking up the time and preventing personal remarks. "It can't be," he groaned mentally, "that this ineffable coxcomb is to pour his raptures into my ears!" But aloud he said, blandly, "Excuse me for boring you, and let me hear your story at once; but allow me to say that I think I can predict it beforehand."

"Can you, indeed?" laughed Clifford. "Let us go in here and get some claret-and-soda." And entering a restaurant they took their places in a quiet corner. "So you really think you can predict what I am going to tell you? You fancy, Frank, that I have the honor to be engaged to Miss Clairmont?"

"I have no doubt of it," returned Frank, very gravely, but without wincing.

"It is not the case," said Jack, dropping his eyes. "I could not resist the pleasure of being envied by you for a few hours, but the truth is that she cares nothing for me, and that I am at present enduring a heartache without any chance of visiting a similar one on her."

Frank found it more difficult to bear his joy in silence than his pain, but he merely nodded and said nothing. "I know," pursued Jack, "that I have taken a weight off your soul. While you went on talking like a book, I had a great mind to let you proceed on your journey without setting you right in your calculations, just to see how long you would believe in my good luck; but, on my word, I felt sorry for the ladies under your charge, and knowing what it has been that has prevented you from making yourself in the least degree pleasant for the past twenty-four hours, I have sacrificed myself for everybody's good. Be assured of one thing, old fellow!—it is not my fault if I do not deserve your jealousy."

"I have not the slightest doubt of that. Were I not so confoundedly happy at discovering my stupid mistake, I have it in my heart to pity you for being so much less well off than I gave you credit for being. Not but what I wondered at her choice, though!"

"Confound your impudence!" exclaimed Jack. "On my word, I long to fight a duel with you. I wonder," he continued sentimentally, for he was still of the age when emotions were interesting phenomena to him—"I wonder how long these regrets will haunt me? I am afraid she is not one of those whom men forget easily, for there is something about her tones, about her little French tricks of manner, that keep me awake at night. She is like a jasmine flower in my memory." He met Frank's eyes, where there lurked a glimmer of amusement. "Look here!" pursued Jack in a different tone, "you must be quiet: subdue that triumph in your mien. I dare say that by a week from now you will be in my plight."

"Very likely," remarked that quiet gentleman, who did not care to discuss his chances.

"The women must look to their hearts for the next six months," went on Jack,

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"for a thousand victories will but half atone for this defeat. After all, where is the use of marrying? Wherever I go I always have a good time, and here and there about the world are dear little hearts throbbing kindly for me under the laces. I have had a good many loves: I have enjoyed a playtime with them, and parted from them without regret. I love pretty, wicked, little glancing feet, soft white hands, wet, red lips with kisses on them. Flirting with a pretty woman is like a bee's sipping honey from a flower: I get the sweetness—what do I care for the flower? And if one cannot get the sweetness, a kiss refrained from is dearer to the heart than a kiss bestowed: nothing so perfect as unrealized bliss."

Frank took out his watch. "Quarter to twelve!" said he. "How much more claret-and-soda are you going to drink, Clifford? You will drown your pretty sentiments."

"Sentiments!" retorted Jack with disdain. "Much you know about my feelings!"

"Are you so hard hit, then?"

"I am not altogether the feather-headed fool you think me," said Clifford, and buried his face in his hands. It was a rather awkward position for Frank, who could not, as men are constituted, feel either sympathetic or consolatory just then, but he placed his hand on Jack's shoulder, and took it kindly when it was shaken off. The young fellow put his weakness behind him presently, and the two rose, paid their reckoning and passed out.

"I wish," observed Jack, his good spirits reasserting themselves, "that I could talk about Rossini, etc. Oh, shouldn't I love to bore you!"

After that the two were excellent company all the way back to the hotel.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Now that Felise had left Saintford behind her, one resolution governed her heart and mind, and taught her not to venture to exaggerate the sweetness and worth of those vanished summer days. She said to herself very often, "Mr. Layton has gone back to his old life, which is better for him than anything I could have given him in its place. I have done harm enough: let me undo it if I can." For his love—for that supreme emotion he had from her first meeting with him aroused in her heart, which might have imparted a sublime meaning to the faintest stirring of her soul's needs, exalting commonplace existence into rapture—she must have made him pay too heavy a price to allow their mutual happiness to become, even to themselves, an unmixed good. She was capable of some self-sacrifice, and had turned her back upon what seemed to her longing spirit heaven, to tread a dark, chilly road alone. Yet what matter, she thought, if she suffered, since he could go on nobly performing his life's work, faithful to the high demands he was on all sides pledged to fulfill? Not even the highest love is love's justification if gained at any expense of honor, truth, right and a lofty strength which results only from courage, obedience and self-control.

Felise loved Maurice too dearly not to reject any sullied bliss for him. She told herself now-a-days, too, that she was to marry Frank. She had not said it yet in words to him, nor answered his imperious questionings; but he had not forgotten the pressure of her timid lips upon his hand. He knew that she was half ill, that she needed a long interval of rest; and her wants were sacred to him because they were her wants. He did not ask why she was so weary, nor whence that brooding melancholy came that looked at him from her eyes.

But one night, when she was with him on Lake George watching the sunlight vanish from the hills and the shades creep over the dreaming forests, she suddenly granted an end to all his long torturing doubts, his enigmatical dilemmas. He had put his hand over hers as it lay on the edge of the boat. What he had said was nothing but what she had long known. He did not expect an answer then, yet while he looked at her, her hand beneath his stirred gently and

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turned upward for him to clasp it. For a moment he did not even then believe in his own happiness, and gazed wonderingly into her suddenly downcast face. Each of them heard distinctly the late note of a bird break abruptly into song from the thickets on the bank: then their glances met with the tremulous joy of two children who have strayed far away, yet at last come upon each other in the wilderness. Frank understood all his rapture then, but who shall tell just how he began to understand it?

They drifted about in the rapidly-increasing dusk until the moon came up, and it was not until Felise shivered and begged him to find her shawl that he realized how late it had grown. What a pleasant thing it was to be engaged! he told himself as with a demure silence between them he rowed back to the shore. A wonderful experience, indeed! How full of indefinable pleasures!—momentary meetings of finger-tips; half glances; unfinished phrases more eloquent than rounded periods; timid efforts to make it seem easy and natural to endure an entirely new state of affairs; one's Christian name spoken softly with rising blushes; wondering, beautiful smiles at his ecstasy of gratitude; exquisite shyness after a long sweet caress, which reminded him of his boyhood when he had once tamed a fawn—so timid a creature that the wind in the trees, the flicker of light and shadow in the wood, frightened it, and when at times, with cunning devices, he would entice his pet to him and put his arm about it, he was conscious of a sort of cruelty, for its heart beat painfully—with the same startled throbs as this dear heart just now upon his breast—and its large, pathetic eyes were full of terror.

When Frank led Felise back to the house and into the presence of his aunt and cousin, although they greeted the young girl warmly as Frank's future wife, they betrayed little surprise—they had expected it so long, they affirmed: they had been so certain of this result that it was a little like the last chapter in a novel, which, although essential to the coherence of the story, is at best a trifle tedious, since one has predicted it all along.

"Although, Frank," observed Violet, "sometimes you have looked miserable enough. You have had plenty of adversity to make the gods watch your struggles with some admiration."

"How have I looked when I was miserable—under the Clifford régime, for instance?" asked Frank.

"As if you had on a pair of tight boots," returned Violet.

"By the by, Felise," said Frank, crossing over and sitting down beside her, "I must telegraph to Jack."

"Telegraph to Mr. Clifford? What for?"

"Oh, I promised to let him hear our news: besides, I am impatient to be congratulated. In fact, I cannot realize but that the whole world has experienced a sort of joyful earthquake to-night, and that my friends will all understand it."

In fact, Frank was happy enough. Although he was not over-young, this new world of thought and sensation had renewed for him something better than the happiness of youth: fewer of his powers were latent than at twenty-five, and perfected happiness was on a basis of wider insight and fuller conditions. As for Felise, she felt very humble, very grateful to Frank, and very glad to be at rest, for she did feel perfectly at rest. She had dreaded at first to yield herself to this lover whom she knew to be, even though so infinitely tender, as strong and masterful in asserting his rights over her future as he was gentle in claiming them. It had been pain and terror to grant him that first caress, but that was over now: a woman's fate is fixed not by the love she gives, but by the love she accepts. When he had once taken her in his arms and kissed her, she realized absolutely that a great gulf divided her from her past—that she must not once look back. It was better so. She wished in her foolish girlish heart—and whispered to Frank too—that he were not so rich, not so capable of opening a dazzling vista of prosperity and brightness before her—that fate had granted her the inestimable boon of making some sacrifices in order

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to deserve the priceless blessing of a love like his. Frank had found no fault with her romantic wishes, but was a trifle wiser than the tremulous, wet-eyed, flushed little girl who clung to him so timidly and humbly.

"Tell me, Felise," demanded Mrs. Meredith, "are you going to be a good wife to Frank?" She had been watching the young girl as her nephew leaned down toward her over the back of her chair.

Felise started at the question, and looked at her lover, who laughed slightly, with the air of a man who had long since mastered the subject. "I will try," returned Felise gravely.

"Frank deserves a good wife," remarked Mrs. Meredith, with a scrutinizing glance at the young rose-flushed face.

"I think," answered Felise, putting her hands to her face, "that nobody in all the wide, wide world knows how good he is as well as I do. I will study how to deserve him."

Frank patted her bent head, and observed gayly that he wanted her to grow no better, since in that case he must sit up o' nights studying how to qualify himself for her; and then he asked for his letters, which ought to have come in while he was on the lake. "None from Maurice?" said he, looking over the mail which Luigi brought him. "What ails the fellow? He has not written since we broke up at Saintford. But here is an envelope in Morton's handwriting: aren't you a little curious to hear what he is doing without you, Violet?"

"Making love to Mrs. Dury," predicted Violet; and Frank, reading his letter, shouted with laughter at the accuracy of her prophecy. The letter covered but a half page, which, after perusal, he passed to Felise. "Great news!" said he: "Morton is engaged, and I think, so far as unexpectedness is concerned, his announcement dwarfs mine into insignificance."

"You surely do not mean—"

"That Harry Morton is engaged to Mrs. Dury? I do." Frank laughed again, then grew serious: "Poor fellow! But I am glad he has done it. She honestly liked him from the outset, and her little girl is an angel. And I fancy he needed an angel of consolation, Violet."

"He seems," returned Miss Meredith, with a dulled voice and a haughty look, "to have rested his claims of salvation on loving much and—many."

"His hopes were extravagant," returned Frank, "and we may pity him for an equal extravagance of disappointment. He is caught at the rebound, and in every rebound there is a large proportion of the original impulse.—I wonder, Felise, if he will stay in Saintford, so that we may have his happiness before our eyes?"

"It is all very droll," remarked Mrs. Meredith. "But one thing is certain: he will take life in a different way now from what he used to do. He will find it a pleasant sort of place to eat, sleep and lounge in. He will write no more poetry, and I doubt too if he will publish any more novels."

CHAPTER XXIV.

One evening late in September, Miss Clifford entered the drawing-room dressed for dinner, and found her engaged husband, Maurice Layton, whom she had supposed to be in the study with her father, pacing restlessly to and fro with a haggard face. He put a chair for her before the open fire, then resumed his walk, staring abstractedly from each window as he neared it, as if he expected to catch a glimpse of something lost in the thickening twilight, or was weary of the slow-dropping rain which blurred what still remained of the darkened landscape.

"What is the matter?" demanded Rosamond. "Maurice, you make me nervous. Pray come and sit down."

He approached and took a seat beside her, gazing moodily into the leaping flames of the wood-fire.

"There!" exclaimed Rosamond, "the same old way! You behave horribly of late. What can be the matter with you?"

"My dear Rosamond, I am a rough-

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hewn man. I have the manners of a bear."

"Nonsense, Maurice! I am only anxious about your health."

"Dear friend, my health is perfect: I was never better in all my life."

"But you seem so gloomy, so preoccupied!"

Maurice sprang up with a gesture of impatience. "When we are married," said he with a short laugh, laying both hands on Miss Clifford's shoulders—"when we are married I shall allow you absolute freedom, and reserve but one privilege for myself; and that is that I may grin like a clown, sigh like Hamlet or frown like Jove without your making any comments upon my personal eccentricities. I am sorry I do not please you."

Rosamond leaned her cheek upon his hand with a mute caress, which was with her an unwonted demonstration of fondness. "But, dear Maurice," she returned softly, "you don't seem happy. I want you to feel satisfied with your life. What fails you? It appears to me that you have everything a man's heart can desire. Tell me what you were thinking about when I came into the room." And she looked up into his face with a smiling but keen glance.

He answered her smile, yet his heart was bitter. As he paced those long rooms his mind had been alive with memories, and, despite all his trained self-control, stirred with feverish regrets, unequaled both in sweetness and in pain, for that last cup of promise in which had sparkled for him all the rapture of youth. He had remembered the summer days in Saintford, and then, his present staring him in the face in dull contrast, he had realized afresh how irremediable was his loss—how in resigning Felise he had given up all his youth. Sometimes since they had parted, only four weeks before, he had remembered her without this imperious but impotent passion of regret. To-night her voice seemed to have addressed him once more from across the river which separated them so widely, and those last faint tones of renunciation had smote afresh all the chords of his heart, making his sorrow almost too painful and crushing to be borne.

"I was thinking," he said calmly, answering Rosamond's question, "of many things. I have had a letter from Frank: he is again in Saintford. I can tell you plenty of news. Aunt Agnes and Violet sailed last Saturday for Liverpool: the wedding is fixed for the twentieth of October."

"But I knew all that before."

"One never knows anything for certain where Violet Meredith is concerned, but in this case it does seem probable that affairs will develop favorably, and that in three weeks' time she will become Mrs. Leslie Wilmot. There is another piece of gossip, which, read between the lines, makes it belong properly to the announcement concerning my cousin, rather than a spontaneous and self-existing fact by itself."

"And what is that?"

"Morton is to marry Mrs. Dury."

"How very odd!"

"Odd? Not at all. If you draw a pendulum as far as you can to the right, when it swings back it will go the same distance to the left. Violet had so completely upset the poor fellow, I should have been surprised only at hearing that he had without a struggle subsided into an ignoble existence. Still, looked at with certain of the summer reminiscences fresh in my mind, his engagement is, as Aunt Agnes would say, 'very droll.'"

"But then an engagement is always rather ridiculous," observed Rosamond comfortably. "I really cannot see that it is any more ridiculous for Mr. Morton to be engaged to the widow than for—"

"You to be engaged to me, for instance," struck in Maurice. "You know very well I regard our position as very ridiculous, and advise you to end it as soon as possible. But I have not yet exhausted my budget." He looked into her face and smiled. "Frank is engaged to Miss Clairmont," said he in a low voice. "Is not that good news?"

Rosamond flushed ever so slightly. "When did it happen?" she asked with some visible constraint in her manner.

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"Two weeks ago," Maurice returned with a tranquil smile and an easy air. "They kept their news until Felise was at home again."

Rosamond's face had cleared, and she put her hand in Maurice's. "I am glad to hear it," she said kindly. "You have been anxious that Frank should be happy: I congratulate you sincerely."

He was silent a moment, and when he spoke again had mastered a certain weakness. Disappointments had not, after all, unnerved his spirit: perhaps in measuring himself against the demands of life he had gained something in the place of that which he had lost. With noble minds loss means retrieval.

"Frank writes me unrestrainedly," he observed at length. "If a man were ever more happy than he is at present, he never came within my experience. His is no useless love, which must burn itself out or seek fresh excitements with an ever-hungry heart: his life is not broken up into meaningless fragments; his powers have been latent, but have been developing nevertheless. I fancy this fortunate marriage will find them their long-waited opportunity."

Rosamond had not followed Maurice's rambling speech: her mind had suddenly become calm. Let us not conceal the truth. Without any positive knowledge, the thought of Felise had caused her some suffering, but as Frank's wife the young girl was quite disarmed.

Maurice sighed a little now and then through the evening, but did not let disquietude again lay hold of him.

ELLEN W. OLNEY.

PHIDIAS AND HIS PREDECESSORS.

THE long unbroken chain of artistic tradition comes to us from the Greeks, but Greek art itself was derivative. Nobody pretends that Hellenic sculpture sprang from the ground, with nothing for its basis but direct imitation of Nature. To trace the chain of influence is a pleasant and profitable task, which covers by far the greater number of systems of art known to us; yet there are periods of production, of which we have the remains, which, so far as we can see, were positive, and not derivative; which reached a degree of excellence simply from the instinct of man to copy the forms he sees; which flickered and went out without having the luck to fire a train; which, in fine, never had the honor of teaching the Greeks anything (for that, so far as we can judge, was what the early discoveries were meant for). There are a few developments of art up and down in the primeval world which correspond with those of our own soil—the poetic bas-reliefs of Central America and the spirited potteries of Peru. American native art flashed in the pan and went out: it never influenced a later and more intellectual school—the fine possibilities included in it have never been developed. Other important systems have waited for thousands of years before enjoying that influence and leverage on a more enlightened period which is the right of primitive genius, and have then become fecundating. Such are the decorative theories of China and Japan. For long ages they bloomed in their strange perfection for themselves alone: the old Egyptians, and perhaps the Romans, and the Italians of Marco Polo's time, and then the Dutch, and then the English, looked at them, but were in no sense fructified by them, until in our own era their pollen falls upon a Western flower prepared for it, and we find the most vital influence generated by the art of Japan in the art of Europe.

Far back in the heaviest fog of time

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the cave-dwellers struck out motives of decoration which etchers of our own day regard with amused approval. In that unknowable period, whenever it was—when the games of chance at our European watering-places were games between mammoths and men for the survival of the fittest—the ladies of the lake, watching on their ladder-like scaffolds for their mates to come home on rafts or in canoes from fishing, beguiled the time by sketching on ivory plates or horn tablets the animals of the epoch—the giant bog-elk that swam across the arm of the lake at sunset, or the elephant, with tusks like the letter J and long sweeping fur, that trampled down the bulrushes in coming to drink by the cabin-side; or the cave-dweller, in the refuge which he had bought from the bear at the price of the latter's life, amused his noble ennui by carving on his weapons sketches of his horses or his reindeer-team. The outlines that have come down to us are admirable. The Rosa Bonheur of the Stone Age drew her animals in spirited action, turning their heads to gaze intently behind them, or lifting the leg to chase a fly—all with a vivacity and promptness that would scarcely disgrace her successor. You think this is mere exaggeration? Then you have not seen the works of these primitive engravers. Landseer's first sketches for his Highland deer are hardly essentially better than those made when the reindeer browsed in the South of Europe. But the animalist of the Stone Age stretched his bones beside the bones he had etched so cunningly, and some new wave of population supervened, and his academy perished without fruits.

It is beside the purpose of this paper to trace the rise of Scandinavian and Gothic art, whose progress cannot be satisfactorily studied, because its relics are not continuous nor illustrated by a literature, but which, without ever entirely dying, prowled through the Northern wildwood, alongside the dazzling development of Greek beauty; and which, when Greece was conquered, presently rushed into life in the form of gigantic cathedrals that are usually unfinished yet. But when we come to consider the grand cloudy empires of the past that are so dear to us through considerations of literature—Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Media, Phœnicia, India—we see an inventive faculty pointing straight to a result, and this result is Greece. The creative spirit of these nations spent itself in strange experiment on every side of æsthetic perfection. Egypt was too rigid that Greece might be graceful; Persia too reticent that Greece might be expressive; India too confused that Greece might be orderly; Assyria too energetic that Greece might be calm; Anatolia too effeminate that Greece might be virile. The intellect of each of the ancient empires impinged upon that of Greece, and, after bearing the heat and burden of experiment, finally flowed into Hellenic perfection. It was the privilege of Greece to trade with all nations, and to eat the perfect fruit in her own market. She was placed between Africa and Asia. The art of Africa obtained impressiveness by an excess of simplicity and mass, discarding a hundred truths of Nature to express a broad result, and weighing upon the earth with the corpulent majesty of its Memnons and temples. On the other side, the art of Asia was confused with the effort to express a greater number of symbols than art can carry, and the result was bombast, flutter, confusion and overrich expression. Greece, with her exquisite sense, adopted the majesty of Egypt without its heaviness, and the luxury of Asia without its extravagance, and in this condition of mind with a few beats of her wing arrived at Nature and surprised its secret.

By far the most direct of these influences was Egypt's. But modern research here develops a very curious fact. It was from the decline of plastic genius in Egypt that Greece worked up, not from its day of flashing originality. The Egyptian art known to Greece was hieratic art—a condition of measured symbolism from which the artist's lively curiosity about Nature was excluded. The deities which the shaven priests

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of Egypt displayed to those who sought their mysteries were rigid hagiological expressions, literary in their nature rather than artistic. Were these serene, grave figures, so all-sufficient in their symbolism, the development of an inferior previous art or the drying up of a better one? Within a few years we have learned that the latter was the case. Whole clusters of centuries before a race of Egyptian portraitists had appeared, whose patrons were the early kings, queens, grandees and clergy. They had struck out an art which was to know no rival until the immediate predecessors of Phidias. It was daring, analytic, individual. The specimens I have seen from the museum at Boulak are worthy of Dürer and Holbein, and differ enormously from the more commonly-accepted type of Egyptian likenesses. I refer, of course, to the portrait-figures from the ancient dynasty, excavated within a few years by Mr. Auguste Mariette for the khedive. They are believed to surpass in antiquity any relics heretofore found, and their inscriptions tend to confirm the most extravagant of all the claimants for the antiquity of Egypt, the ancient historian-priest Manetho. Statue after statue is shown, dug up from between the Pyramids and Sakkarah, all considerably earlier in date than the Hebrew Abraham, and constituting for us the first authentic portrait-gallery. I shall not soon forget my surprise in examining, in the collection of M. Mariette, the statues in limestone of King Chefren, of Prince Ra-hotep, of Noum-hotep, of Ra-nefer, of Ra-our (which means *chief of the household*), and especially the wooden statuettes of commanders of the same period. The eyes of these figures were sometimes so ingeniously yet daringly contrived that nothing but actual inspection would prove how true and vivid was their pictorial effect, how safe an artistic experiment, and how well adapted to look lifelike in the gloom of an Egyptian palace. The eyelashes, of dark bronze, resembled Eastern eyes painted with black cosmetic. Inside these the cornea was of opaque white quartz, in which the iris was represented by rock-crystal placed in front of a sparkling gem of many facets. This elaborate device was in perfect keeping with the close realism of the flesh, the features and the hair: beside it the staring enamel eyes of the Pompeii bronzes at Naples would seem but puerile, clumsy and vulgar. The obvious fidelity of the faces; the difference in temperament and proportion among the statues themselves; the half-satiric truth to Nature in representing some lazy, lymphatic African at once with thick, flabby pectorals and spare and wiry legs; the anatomic sincerity of those legs, and the marking of knee-pan and muscle in greater perfection than on any Assyrian carving,—these characteristics gave the strangest idea of human advancement six thousand years ago, at the time the second pyramid was building. But this vivacious school of art apparently sank completely out of sight, and fecundated nothing. It perished without an heir, as the art of the Aztecs has done. The hieratic art which succeeded it in Egypt was another matter, and this was what taught the Greeks. Realistic portraiture retired out of the ken of the world, so far as appears, for about three thousand six hundred years —a long eclipse. Then it reappeared among the court-artists of Philip the Macedonian—a fresh avatar.

There was then an early period of Egyptian art when the sculptors were stimulated by a patronage like that of Lorenzo de' Medici: exerting their freshest individuality, they recorded Nature as they saw it. But another order of things follows when a priesthood chooses to avail itself of the fine arts, first patronizing them, and then controlling them for the benefit of the Church. The clergy of Egypt soon became its embodied intellect, and architecture, sculpture, painting and literature were all put into strait-jackets. There resulted a national art admirably expressive of a grand religious mythology, but almost completely separated from the pursuit of pure æsthetics. Whenever the Church clasps art in this close embrace, it is a death-embrace for art. When the monastery absorbs Fra An-

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gelico, it makes him paint on his knees, but the picture is lacking in the essentials of art: it may express a moral rapture that is a better thing than any art, but the grammar, the rhetoric, of painting is not there. Egypt taught the lesson the first of all the nations, but it has been often repeated since. Our own time sees this process going on in its perfection in the altar-pieces prepared for the Russian faith: the Italy of the Eastern Church is at Mount Athos, where there are twenty monasteries of painting monks. The outlines and proportions of every figure are predetermined. "The artist," says Mr. Didron, who describes Mount Athos, "is as subservient to tradition as the animal is to instinct: he makes a figure in the same way that the swallow makes a nest or the bee a cell." Théophile Gautier saw this Byzantine style of painting in the convent of Troitza, near Moscow. The monk who was depicting the Madonna elaborated as carefully the portions which were to be concealed by the metallic plating as the rest. "He reminded me," says Gautier, "of Saint Luke painting the Madonna."

The sculptors and painters of Egypt were in such a docile state during all the historic period of their country. And this introduces the subject of Greek art's relations with religion, which are of great interest. The Greek was possessed by an overmastering sense of the decorous appearance of things, which, without making him skeptical or indocile, made it simply impossible for him to violate his innate conviction. When an Assyrian god was to be represented as a fish with legs and hands, an Assyrian artist was on hand obediently to do it; when a Persian deity was to be endowed with four extravagant wings, an artist was ready to delineate it, as we find on many a seal; when an Egyptian stork's neck was to be mounted on human shoulders, the sculptor did it, dissimulating the discrepancy as well as he could in an enormous wig. Greek mythology yielded plenty of opportunities for this sort of deformity, but Greek art never appeared aware of the invitation: it passed lightly and innocently over all such demands, a spirit unconscious of artistic sin. It made, indeed, the Centaur and the Sphinx—beings hardly revolting in an age not intensely enamored of palæontological dissection—but make anything ungraceful it could not. The early Catholic painters were less emancipated. Even Michael Angelo's *Last Judgment* contains thoughts and associations from which Phidias would have recoiled in pure artistic incapability.

The most interesting query in this connection is, Did the grand period of Greek art represent its religious convictions accurately in its works?

In the time of Pisistratus, when art in Greece was in its rudimentary state, the poems of Homer were collected and disseminated among the people, whose ideas of literature were principally religious, derived from the moral writings of Hesiod and the intense seriousness of the early lyric poets. It is curious how promptly the Homeric books, with their childlike and partial code of morals—more fit for the chieftains' camps where they were originally sung than for the vulgar—were adopted as a religious history. A volume full of gods, a story so overpoweringly brilliant, must, it was thought, be in the nature of a Bible, and for many a long year after the Roman conquest of Greece it was still regarded as such. But meanwhile all the educated people of the country were being taught a higher morality at the celebrated "mysteries." We do not know as much about these mysteries as we should like, but one of the most certain items of their instruction was the doctrine of future retribution and a happy immortality, doubtless ranging from delight to delight in the progress of the metempsychosis. Toward the Periclean period began the extraordinarily free investigations into moral subjects of Anaxagoras and Socrates: some of the select wisdom of the new school leaked out in the streets, and Socrates' death was the consequence. The secrets of the mysteries were partly conveyed to the people by the odes of Pindar and the tragedies of Æschylus. Now, are we to believe that the superb ivory Minerva, clothed in gold, which Phidias dedicated in the Parthenon, and

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which was the glory of Athens for ages, was an expression of that same skepticism which led Socrates to his death? The novel philosophy of the day was much addicted to sublimating matter, so as to confound it with spirit, and considering thought as "the purest and most subtile of *substances*"—an infinite ether burdened with the laws, influences and messages which kept up the movement of the universe. Now, thought made substance was what Phidias had to represent in the statue of Minerva. We must observe that, according to the text of Anaxagoras, the teachings of that philosopher had been heard by Phidias in the palace of Pericles. Close by the Parthenon was the old Palladium in the Erechtheum, the image that had fallen from heaven, and whose ungainly figure was dear to the popular heart. Pious artists had imitated it for every home and every traveler. Phidias, in the maturity of his skill, in the vast intellectual expansion that came with his ripe age (for he was old and bald when he placed his portrait on the shield of his completed figure), suddenly broke loose from every tradition, gave full sway to his art-sense, and established a new ideal of intellectual beauty. We know that the people did not like the innovation—that they menaced the artist with all those small objections by which the mob beat around the main burden of their thoughts: they set on his workman Menon to accuse him of stealing the gold from the robe of the statue, and they raved about the impiety of introducing Pericles' likeness and his own. The real trouble was the novel type—a work of beauty instead of a work of religion had been made. Phidias's statue was not a figure of Minerva, but of philosophy. The audacity was as great as when Raphael set the wide bright eyes and round cheeks of the Fornarina in the canvas of the Madonna San Sisto. A recent ingenious book, Mr. Mahaffy's *Social Life in Greece*, gives support to this theory by speaking of "a small set of advanced thinkers, such as Pericles, Anaxagoras, Damon, and probably Phidias, who led in politics, in art and in literature, but were obliged to conceal their advanced thinking in religion, and could not lead their contemporaries here also. They were probably indifferent on this point, and thought, as many skeptics do, that faith was a good thing for the crowd."

Phidias is said to have been driven from Athens on the completion of the temple and its statue, and to have retired to Olympia, there constructing the famous Jupiter in the same precious materials of gold and ivory. In the next century, Apelles, painting his goddesses as portraits of Campaspe and Phryne, emancipated himself with still more effrontery from the good old pieties of the Greeks. But if Phidias was initiated in the theories of a philosophical and skeptical élite, if Apelles was initiated in the mysteries of Eleusis, shall we deny a similar freemasonry to another great artist, whose name rang through Greece in the lifetime of Phidias as sublimely as his own? Polygnotus, somewhat older than Phidias, was a friend of Cymon, the rival whom Pericles displaced, and probably learned in a still wealthier and more aristocratic circle the inquiring philosophy of the time. No figure of the past is more interesting than that of Polygnotus, a thinker and a man of ideas, who, thoroughly comprehending the primitive policy that the people's books are the storied walls of the churches, occupied himself with strewing through the porticoes and temples of the land his sublime conceptions of history and morals. A bluestocking of the day became enamored of him—Elpinice, the brilliant sister of Cymon himself: this unscrupulous, strong-minded beauty, who held a court of wit and intellect before Aspasia's, allowed Polygnotus to paint her portrait on the grand portico of Athens in the character of Laodice, that daughter of Priam who threw herself from a tower when Troy was taken. (This portrait, by the bye, was executed ages before the German critics will allow portraiture to have been practiced in Greece.) Elpinice remained behind in Athens to compare her blooming likeness with the relics of her faded beauty, to mourn the banishment of her brother Cymon, and to annoy the successful Apelles with an incessant

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storm of epigrams and satires, to which he replied, as he best could on the spur of the moment, with ungallant allusions to her dilapidation and gray hairs. At Athens, too, was kept that fine subject by Polygnotus, *Achilles discovered by Ulysses at Skyros*, of which we may possibly have a copy in the well-known Naples picture, outlined in all the works on Pompeii. An exquisite composition, worthy of the finest bas-relief, shows Achilles darting to seize the sword which Ulysses has concealed among the peddler's wares intended for the maidens. Lycomedes, surrounded by guards, sits under a portico, and Deidamia, engaged in trying on the ornaments brought by the sly Ulysses, flies in amazement at the public discovery of Achilles' sex.

This subject, accessible to all, may give a more living interest to the person of the presumed originator, whose more elaborate works are now to be considered. Withdrawing from Athens at the overthrow of his patron Cymon, Polygnotus retired to Delphos, and after having depicted on many a wall the noblest legends of Homer, he there essayed a page more philosophic, more profound than all—the descent of Ulysses into Hades to consult Tiresias. In this there was a voluntary, determined didactic intention. When we think of the pilgrims at Delphos, fresh from the dreaded utterances of the oracle, repairing to the resting-saloon of the Lesche and there encountering this terrible page, we can compare the lesson to nothing but Orcagna's *Triumph of Death* in the Campo Santo at Pisa. It was morality instructing the people through pictures. Pausanias, the tape-line and notebook traveler of the time of Marcus Aurelius, occupies seven books in describing these frescoes of the Lesche, beginning at one end and plodding through the catalogue of figures as their names were written beside them. He has hardly anything to say about the principal personage, Ulysses, or about Tiresias, but we gather that the living intruder was kneeling among the ghosts on the borders of Acheron, amid the black rams destined for the sacrifice, and that Tiresias was approaching him. But all along the wall were depicted the miserable ghosts, such as Homer describes them —the brave Hector clasping his knee, Thersites, Ajax stained with sea-foam, and Achilles near Patroclus. A touch of live satire occurred in the representation of Ocnus, engaged in weaving a rope of grass which his she-ass devoured as fast as it progressed, in allusion to the extravagant wife who eats up her husband's fortune as quickly as it accrues. But this melancholy jest, intended for the populace and placed on the borders of Acheron, did not enliven a series so full of weariness and discouragement. The whole composition taught that lesson of utter frustration which accompanies death in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. From it all the spectators gathered the sense of that miserable speech of the Homeric hero, who declares that he had rather be the meanest laborer on earth than the king of the shades below. Now, suppose the painter Polygnotus to be as far in the advance-guard of the age as his successors Phidias and Apelles, since his opportunities were scarcely inferior—suppose him fully acquainted with the lessons of the mysteries, and convinced in private that the souls of the good shall go on progressing through a glorious series of changes and rewards — how strange and striking that he should represent futurity, in the ignorant Homeric style, as a scene of frustration, emptiness and gloom! Was this intellectual artist, this self-constituted moralist, playing fast and loose with the multitude, and flinging them the coarse food of popular morality which his own palate perhaps rejected? Was he treating them as cavalierly as Phidias did when he flung them art and skepticism, or Apelles when he showed them the likeness of the nearest beauty as a goddess? The fact seems to be that the artistic soul that is strong enough to lead its age always dwells in a state of independence, where art only is law, and all creeds are subordinate. Raphael and Phidias both obeyed a classical ideal within them, rather than the religions they respectively served with the furniture demanded. Long after Phidias made Minerva a form of beau-

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ty, the awkward archaic Pallas, with her absurd owl, continued to be stamped on the Athenian coins and to be adored in the hearts of the people. Long after Socrates died for free-thinking, Xenophon put speeches of the old piety into the mouths of his characters; Demosthenes and Æschines filled their orations with the popular morality, for lawyers always address the average sense of a jury; the vases for tombs were still enwreathed with the beloved, rigid, archaic figures. Nay, so precipitate had been the burst of artistic glory under Phidias that his predecessors of the old school lived on into the dazzling world of his successors, and even Agelidas, who had formed Polycletus, Phidias and Myron, survived, it is said, to carve new statues of the old rigid formalism after Phidias's death.

Have we anything left by the actual hand of Phidias? It is most unlikely, for he seldom wrought in marble. The grand head of Jupiter found at Otrocoli, and deposited in the Vatican Rotunda, of which the casts are so abundant, is probably a reminiscence of the tremendous Jupiter of Olympia, which is said to have nodded in recognition of the work. The head is an illustration of that passage in Homer in which Olympus is said to have shaken when the king of gods bent his brows and stirred his shadowy hair: the text is a most poetical rendering of the physical phenomena of the firmament, of which Phidias perfectly knew that Jupiter was the impersonation. In the golden tresses of his deity he meant ambitiously to make the most imaginative representation of the thundercloud of which his art was capable; but when his admirers asked him for the origin of his novel conception of Jupiter, he simply replied that he had been reading the verses of Homer.

A fragment of the head of Minerva from the pediment of the Parthenon, now in the British Museum, may possibly be from the very hand of Phidias. The grammarian-poet Tzetzes of Constantinople recites in the twelfth century that Phidias and his disciple Alcamenes had each made a statue of Pallas for the pediment. The works were exhibited in competition. That of Alcamenes, more delicate and finished, was preferred by the people, who indignantly rejected the figure by Phidias: he had given his goddess dilated eyes, a strongly-marked mouth and open nostrils, because he had calculated for the effects of perspective. But when elevated to its destination, at the height of forty-five feet, the work of Alcamenes appeared mean and unemphatic, whereas that of Phidias, raised to the projected situation, appeared in all its beauty. This story gives to the broken forehead of the British Museum the possible interest of an autograph. Included beneath it are the hollow eye-sockets which were filled with shining lambent gems, in proper harmony with the marble. The chryselephantine statue within the temple had also eyes of precious stones; and the Egyptian prototype from Sakkarah proves how effective this treatment may be in the hands of an artist.

But the figures from the pediment and the friezes must have partaken also of the originality, the unapproached invention, of Phidias. The proof of this seems to be, that when the same pupils who had executed this work a little afterward left their master and labored upon the friezes of the Phigalian temple, the exquisite sense of dignity and repose was lost, and we see traces of extravagance and disorderly imagination. Of Phidias's pupils, from whose hands came the astonishing works known as the Elgin Marbles, we know the names of Alcamenes, Critias, Nestocles, Agoracritus his beloved, and the traitor-workman Menon who tried to ruin him. The marbles, after having been brought to England by Lord Elgin, were finally purchased by the government in 1816. An opposition was made in Parliament by a dilettante named Payne Knight, who fixed a low valuation on the relics, and declared that they were mostly Roman works set up by Hadrian in restoring Athenian architecture. This opinion he borrowed from a Frenchman, Jacques Carrey, a pupil of Le Brun, who accompanied the marquis de Nointel to Greece two hundred years ago, and published drawings of the statues under the

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title of works of the Hadrian period. But the painter Haydon, who saw the works in 1808 on their arrival, and went half mad with admiration, combated Mr. Knight in the newspapers, and deserves a part of the credit of securing them to the British nation. The king of Bavaria, at that time creating the great Medicean period of art-patronage in Munich, had the money in bank in London to buy them as soon as the English government refused.

The passionate enthusiasm of Haydon is charming. When Wilkie called to take him to inspect Lord Elgin's marbles, Haydon had no idea of what he was going to see, nor how the sight would reward him. At the first glance he saw in these Greek marbles that combination of Nature and Idea he had in vain sought among existing antiques. "The first thing I fixed my eyes on," he writes, "was the wrist of a figure in one of the female groups, in which was visible the radius and the ulna. I was astonished, for I had never seen them hinted at in any female wrist in the antique. I darted my eye to the elbow, and saw the outer condyle visibly affecting the shape, as in Nature. I saw that the arm was in repose, and the soft parts in relaxation, as in Nature. My heart beat! If I had seen nothing else, I had seen enough to keep me to Nature for the rest of my life. But when I turned to the Theseus, and saw that every form was altered by action or repose; when I saw the two sides of his back varied—one side, stretched from the shoulder-blade, being pulled forward, and the other side, compressed from the shoulder-blade, being pushed close to the spine, as he rested on his elbow—and when I turned to the Ilyssus and to the fighting Metope and saw the most heroic style of art combined with all the essential detail of actual life, the thing was done at once and for ever." He walked hurriedly home, and, looking at his figure of Dentatus with disgust, "dashed out the abominable mass!" Then, with the leave of Lord Elgin, Haydon put himself again at school, and for three months spent his days, from morn to midnight, drawing, alone, from these marbles. Ten years later he wrote to Olenin, president of the St. Petersburg Academy, to whom he sent casts, as he had sent drawings to Goethe: "In the Neptune's breast you will observe a most astonishing instance of the union of a simple fact of Nature with the highest abstracted form. Under the left armpit you will see a wrinkle of skin, which must be so in consequence of the arm being down; and thus the space to contain the same quantity of skin not being so great as when the arm is up, the skin of course *must* wrinkle. In the other arm, which is elevated, the space from the side to the arm being greater, the skin of course *must* be stretched, and there is no wrinkle. In the fragment of the negro's chest which I sent you, under the left armpit you will see the wrinkle of skin. It is for this reason I cast the negro, because in the movement of his body he developed the principles of the Elgin Marbles. On the sides of the ribs of the same fragment you will also find the veins marked, which Winckelmann and other theorists have ever considered as incompatible with the form of a divinity. . . . Now, sir, you will find none of these effects of action or repose on the skin of the Apollo, or on any other antique figure that we have hitherto admired." To W. Hamilton, Lord Elgin's secretary, Canova said, referring to the Elgin Marbles: "Oh that I were a young man and had to begin again! I should work on totally different principles from what I have done, and form, I hope, an entirely new school."

In the large figures from the Parthenon we have decidedly the greatest boon that art has conferred on mankind. They not only gratify our observation of truth in the most refined particular, but they exceed the utmost perfection that our imagination, untrained by them, could conceive. As they train our imagination, they consolidate our belief in beauty, convincing us that perfection is not a myth, and feeding us with the substance of things hoped for. They are the only flawless works of human genius. In the standard of perfection they raise, nothing else satisfies: the great artists pur-

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chase their humanity with imperfections: Shakespeare is too effusive, Homer tends to occasional stagnation, Dante has the learned folly of the Schoolmen: *these* objects have Homer's spontaneous nobility, Shakespeare's energy and the meditative sharpness of Dante and Milton. The Theseus looks upon the world like a setting sun. The Ilyssus has the flexibility and self-possession of Shakespeare's Mercutio, the silken elegance of Watteau's gentlemen. The Fates have a divine fatigue like the overweighted intelligence of the nineteenth century, modifying the dewy freshness of Homer's Nausicaa. These figures resume the art of all periods. They have the antique simplicity, just ready to merge into the savory, colored quality of the Renaissance in Venice. And they have our own time's one poor contribution to art, the way of putting a story, the anecdote with its relish: the Ilyssus would actually comprehend one of the sly, intriguing, speaking figures of Hogarth.

They hint to the sculptor how to make his figures sit, listen and recline, with the general large movement carried into all the extremities at one cast of the body. But they are full of instruction to painters too. Phidias before being a sculptor was a painter, and his life's long effort was to marry the effects of color to statuary. In directing the harmonies of these figures he aimed for a rich, fully-nourished pictorial impasto, and he obtained it by throwing his figures in doubles, or by building out their planes with drapery, or by the rocks and seats which support them: he thus made them pictures as well as statues. They all avoid the *geometrical-theorem* look which strikes us a little when we come upon a row of antique statues after having the eye filled with clothed groups in paintings: these deities, by their draperies and accompaniments, are shaded, toned off, with the most ingenious impastos, broad where breadth is best, patterned and cut up where incident is best. As fixed upon the tympanum, with its broad stones and only nine joints, they made pictorial saliencies, learned half-tints and vital radiations of lines. What the Laocoön rather fails in, a united grouping of principal forms with subordinate forms, the double and even single colossi of the Parthenon hit to perfection. To find again even an inkling of their success we must come to Michael Angelo's Pietà and bas-reliefs, where the draperies shade off the figures in the same *painting* manner, or to moderns like Carpeaux, who have made the chiaroscuro of bas-reliefs a specialty.

Stand before the two Fates. The elbow of one figure leans upon the lap of the other in a place that would be wrong without the massive support of the lap-drapery. Yet the lines from the elbow could not spring happily an inch to the right or an inch to the left. The drapery saves the composition, as in a painting. And what drapery! All other antique drapery seems like paper in comparison. Looking at these women, we think a fully-draped figure the finest thing possible in plastic art, as in looking at the Ilyssus we are sure the finest thing is the living silk of human skin. The shoulders of the reclining Fate are bent toward each other in front, causing the beautiful indentation at the base of the throat and down the chest. The chlamys is hitched on one shoulder and unhitched from the other: where it is hitched, it spreads over the bosom in a radiation of the loveliest, sharpest, most piquant lines in the world. The shape and firmness of the underlying flesh are defined to perfection: you feel that this bosom is soft, and that the knees of the other figure are hard. The general arrangement of the drapery has an inventive, varied, intense grace that strikes a drapery-painter with a sort of awe. If a woman should move about in the breeze in flying drapery for a whole day, and be instantaneously photographed every minute, she would hardly furnish all these motives of folds, each one seemingly probable, each one defining and decorating the form, and all together making the most graceful cast of folds that it ever entered the mind of artist to conceive.

Stand before Theseus. The paw of the lion skin falls conspicuously just under the head, and gives emphasis to it:

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this is the trick of repetition, with a principal form and a minor, which Turner employed *ad nauseam*. The principal folds of the hide continue the under line of the thigh, making a graceful cradle, which supports and frames the whole figure: the same line also embraces the side, giving additional breadth to the profound chest, so appropriate in a son of Neptune, supposing the figure to be a Theseus. I observe that in an entertaining book on the *Age of Pericles* Mr. Watkyss Lloyd christens this figure a Bacchus, and the river-god Cephisus. There is an objection to calling it a Bacchus, though the attitude is perfectly the antique one of Bacchus fondling the panther. But it is against every tradition to make a Bacchus so clean-muscled and athletic as this: whether of an early or late period, he is rather androgynous in type. The vigorous hollowing of the abdomen, to expel a deep breath, is massive and serious in its impression: the hero seems to breathe in a momentous way, like a cavern whose stony ribs are passed and repassed twice a day by the tide.

But the Ilyssus, or Cephisus, what words can describe him? He is the music of running water. All his sweet substance, his flesh made of divine ambrosia, is flowing over his skeleton in ripples of fluid life. The hip and knee and thigh-bone are ready to break through the eddies of melting flesh. Yet this flesh is strong, but, as in the movement of water, the strength is that of impulse, not of substance. The abdomen forms a delicate festoon as he leans, and the skin of his breast drags up to the shoulder like a pulled drapery. His body rolls forward in the most delicious abandonment of control: his veins feel the primitive champagne of the bubbling spring. Perhaps he leans his head forward to look over, Narcissus-like. The perfection of flesh-painting which Rubens arrived at, the tension of warm, wrinkling, pitted, palpitating skin with which Puget filmed his marble over, are invented for them in this old stone, which they never saw.

Finally, as if to point the boon with all the foils of contrast, fate gives us another antique in the same attitude, the so-called *Dying Gladiator*, where the skin is unnaturally thickened by the habits of a barbarian who never was clothed, and falls over the tough muscles of this ignorant pachyderm like a suit of leather. From the gladiator, sullen, tragical, with his reticent skin that hides his pain and will hardly bleed, up to the river-god, in whom the same posture is chased over and over with a ripple and quiver of bounding flesh, is the difference between the trampled mire and the plumed fountain.

Beside these masterpieces even the *Torso Belvedere*, with its knobby and veinless legs, seems melodramatic and bombastic. The Theseus is more like a god, but he does not lack veins, which start in a vigorous branching from within his lifted elbow. The *Niobe* is comparatively archaic, and lacks the nourishing, teeming Venetian quality of the Parthenon Fates, and all the throng of Venuses, Apollos and Mercuries are touched everywhere with the plain signature of inferiority.

E. S.

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NATURE ABHORS A VACUUM.

THERE is no reason why we should not give the name of St. Jerome to an island city upon our south-western-most seaboard, but we mention St. Jerome at all merely because Commodore Grandheur lived there: let that be distinctly understood. Island and city lay so level with the ocean that when you stepped ashore from the steamship you almost expected the ground to dip under your weight. However long you lived there, you always felt as if you were aboard of but a larger sort of craft than that which brought you thither—a craft as much driven of the incessant winds as it was washed by the unceasing seas. Certainly, Commodore Grandheur felt so—in this sense at least, that he trod the streets of St. Jerome as if they were but the quarter-deck of a man-of-war under his command. Next to Commodore Grandheur, the thing which struck you most in the island was its vividness. It may have been due in part to the singular transparency of the atmosphere, but there was an intensity in the light such as you had never known before; and not merely in the brilliant day: like a bride, the night was still more beautiful by very reason of a veiling which softened but could not subdue. There was something more than tropical vividness in the sevenfold colors into which light broke itself there. Nothing could be of so deep a blue as the sea, and yet it dashed itself on the instant into a still more intense white when it struck the sands, themselves like drifted snow. The sky had its own decided distinction of azure, changing at sunrise or sunset into such creations of crimson and gold, or, at the coming on of a storm, into such a quality of blackness, as you never knew before. So it was of everything. The venetian blinds of the houses, as well as the verdure of grass and shrubbery, were of a green which rested your eyes as green had never before done. You had not supposed before that lemons and oranges were quite so yellow—oleanders, hydrangeas and pomegranates so red. But the people were the most striking examples of this. An amazing variety there was of them, yet every one seemed to have a marked personality of his or her own: it was impossible for them to circulate through your hands like well-worn coin, as people do elsewhere. It would be, for instance, a something past the power of your memory to forget Commodore Grandheur, however long and hard it might try to do so. No, sir! Nor could you forget Miss Aurelia Jones. To these two we will try to confine ourselves.

Commodore Grandheur rose early one morning in a strangely restless frame of mind. He was a retired officer of the navy, a bachelor and rich, and lived in one of the handsomest as well as largest mansions in St. Jerome, as near the sea as possible. Although the commodore occupied but one of the smallest rooms, the house was furnished handsomely from top to bottom. This morning, after shaving and dressing and breakfasting with rigorous reference to the clock, the old naval officer locked himself into his study, as was also his invariable rule, for exactly one hour of reading the Scriptures and prayer. That accomplished, he stood for some time looking at his well-stocked library. On retiring from the navy, and when furnishing his house abundantly in every other respect, he had obtained also as complete a supply of books as any man could desire, Dr. Burrows, his former pastor, aiding him therein; and it had been his full purpose to find in reading a large part of his new and long looked-for happiness; yet, somehow, he had hardly ever opened a book, the very quantity of the supply seeming to dismay his appetite. On this occasion, as so often before, he turned away from his library, and tried to amuse himself in a weary way for a while with a very large and handsome globe, revolving it this way and that, his compasses in hand,

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for the purpose of getting, for the thousandth time, certain distances thereupon. But this also was wearisome, and he made a visit to his room devoted to curiosities. It was a collection which would have enraptured almost any stranger, but the trouble was that its owner was familiar with it to a measure of disgust. It was almost with loathing that he glanced over the seashells and marine monsters of all varieties, stuffed or in jars. The models of his favorite ships, too, he had studied so very often. What did he care for the weapons and dresses, the feathers and pipes, there displayed from many an island of savages? No engineer could have desired a handsomer assortment of model torpedoes, to say nothing of certain improvements in cannon and capstans of the commodore's own devising; yet these merely aroused in him afresh the old anger at the stupidity of the War Department in refusing to adopt certain suggestions which even a fool could have seen would revolutionize matters. There was one case particularly dear to him, and he turned to it as a last resort; but there was not a particle of pleasure for him to-day in the gingerbread decorations and orders therein displayed, and which Congress had allowed him to accept from certain foreign potentates, great and small. There was not a spark of satisfaction even in the medals granted him by Congress for heroic deeds; they might have been hard-tack, instead of gold and silver, so dry and innutritious to-day were their disks to his hunger. And the gallant old soul *was* hungry this morning—restlessly, desperately, almost despairingly hungry—for something, he knew not what. His parlors were absolutely offensive to him when he threw open all the blinds and took a good survey of carpets and mirrors, marbles and pictures. The commodore was the leading man, by a good deal, of the church he attended—the superintendent, decidedly so, of the Sunday-school. Now, except when he had the Sun lay-school teachers to tea, what did he want with all that furniture? and when he did have the teachers to tea, some one of them was so certain to differ with him—Miss Aurelia Jones in particular—that it always destroyed for the hour his very ownership in the house. There was nothing left but to take a round of the garden and lawn, but he could make nothing on earth of it all but trees and grass. His blooded cows might get good out of it, but he could not. Twice a year he turned his Sunday-school loose upon his grounds, with plenty of dinner and swings thrown in, but the rapturous children were not here to-day, and they were as indispensable to his enjoyment of his property as spoons and knives and forks are to a feast. His acres were the envy of the city, but had they been painted as a landscape upon the bottom of his tobacco-box, they would have afforded him as much pleasure, and as little.

There was but one last resort—his observatory on the top of his house.

"If I was sick," the commodore said to himself as he climbed up stairs, "I could take salts; but I never was quite so well in my life. If there was anything I could eat or drink or wear that I wanted now! but I can't imagine anything, to save my life. One cannot compel his Sunday-school to meet except on Sunday. So far as people are concerned, what good is there in talking to them in the streets or in their houses? Either they have nothing worth hearing to say, or they are eternally airing some absurd ideas of their own. That Miss Aurelia Jones, for instance. I can see her this moment with her black eyes and her ringlets. She knows that she is the only woman living that ventures to differ with me. She has nothing else on earth to do, and half the pleasure of Sunday-school to her is in disputing and defying. It is as necessary to a woman of her temperament as mustard is to beef. Well, what is there to see here?" and having reached his observatory, after getting over the perspiring and panting inevitable with a man of his portly build and irascible nature, the commodore proceeded, quadrant in hand, to take his exact bearings. He had done it very, very often before; and, as his house had not sailed anywhere since he

was there last, the process and result were too easy and too certain to do him any good. Then he leveled his glass, and slowly swept the city and island and sea round and round, yet that wide field did not yield him a grain of harvest. As he snapped the slides of his glass to, he thought of going and getting out his charts down there in his study and sailing over again his whole series of voyages. "But I've gone over it so often," he said, "that I can do it as well up here, and without the charts, and I don't want to."

The old man had never been so miserable in his life. Moreover, he knew well enough that as he got older and older it would be worse. One would hardly have recognized him as he stood there on the summit of his house and his wealth and all, the world having nothing more to give him than he already possessed. The world? the universe for that matter; for in Scripture and church and prayer he had ranged over and gathered to himself all that lay outside the world too. Even Mr. Nogens, the silentest man in St. Jerome, would have at least exclaimed aloud had he seen the commodore. His hands had fallen to his sides, his head upon his bosom, his gallant old moustache drooped, his bronzed face was almost ghastly, the portly figure seemed wilted and shriveled into sudden and extreme age. It was by an effort that he at last roused himself to say one word, but he said it without any special interest: "Becalmed!"

Nothing in the world to say, to think, to do, to feel. Nowhere to go, nothing even to look forward to. He went down to his study, and opened, unconscious that he did so, his big Bible at the lesson for the Sunday-school. The first verse, as he sat at his table, called to mind a preposterous opinion Miss Aurelia Jones had advanced in relation thereto at their last teachers' meeting. But as he meditated a wholly different train of thought seemed slowly to enter his mind. Very slowly, but very steadily, his head rose as he sat in reflective attitude, the color came back to his face, the stiffness to his white moustache, the light to his eyes, the portliness to his body. As if some great tide had turned from its lowest ebb and was lifting him by its irresistible flood, the commodore seemed, as he sat, to rise and freshen and brighten, until at last the incoming ocean fairly lifted him to his feet. He stood erect, looking into the air as if from his quarter-deck over wide seas, his gaze steadily concentrating itself as if upon the vessel of an enemy bearing down upon him. At last it was as if the foe had climbed up his bulwarks and were bearding him upon his very post as commander. He looked with rising wrath as if into the eyes of an insolent invader, and with clenching hand, as if in reply to a demand for surrender, he said aloud, "No, madam, never!"

But the incoming flood of the future had not reached its high-water mark, if the confusion of metaphor may be allowed as yet. He stood for some time as if unable to resist finally. Then, as he still reflected, he slowly let his right hand be lifted by the advancing tide high over his head, to bring it down suddenly with clenched fist upon the Bible, and a singularly violent exclamation: "Bearings, at last!"

In an hour's time the commodore came out of his front door dressed as for church. The servants looked up with amazement as he passed out and down the steps of his verandah and crunched his determined way along the shell-walk and out of the gate, his cane tightly grasped, his head unusually erect, the gravest resolve in his eyes.

Depend upon it, this atmosphere of ours conveys from person to person things more than touch or sound, light or smell. And the things it, or the ether in it, conveys also from mind to mind are powerful in proportion as they are subtle. That very morning Miss Aurelia Jones had awakened in a frame of feeling unlike that of the commodore merely in this, that it was one of yet more profound discontent. Strange to say, she was as much more dissatisfied in proportion as she was richer than the other. The fact that her grounds and house were larger and finer and better kept but increased so much

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more the almost loathing which—but by no means for the first time—they awoke in her this magnetic morning. "I must be getting bilious," she said to herself at the very hour the commodore was wandering disconsolately about in the wilderness of his museum. "There is no more sewing to be done. It is no use to sweep and scour and dust when I've seen to it that every room and chair and curtain and pane of glass is as clean as work can make it. Unless I want to leave nothing of my silver, there is no object in having that rubbed any more. If Bob has left a weed in the garden, I couldn't find it this morning. The whole place has just been painted. There is nothing but nonsense in having the walls papered over again the same month. There's no church until next Sunday. The sewing society and the parochial school, teachers' meeting and prayer meeting, won't come before their time. Oh, bother!"

Miss Aurelia had already looked over all her jewels that very morning as she sat in bed unwilling to rise. It was impossible for any woman to give more than two hours to brushing her hair, especially when she had given the same length of time to putting it up the night before. Miss Aurelia tried the pier-glass in the parlor once more. Hair, eyes, the effect of poising her spirited and handsome head this way and that, the adjustment and readjustment of ribbon and frill, of necklace and breastpin, cannot be gone over, even by a woman with nothing else to do, more than a thousand times in one morning without weariness.

"There's no place to drive to," she lamented to herself as she continued to survey herself in the glass. "There is not a soul but is owing me a call. All yesterday I was shopping until I am sick of the very sight of silk and lace. I do believe my Christian character is suffering seriously from the way I go to those jewelry stores. I do wish somebody would call, or die, or do something! What a stupid world it is!" and the disconsolate lady wandered aimlessly about over her house. Once she called in two of her negro-women, and, seating herself flat on the floor of a spare chamber, made them bring and range her Saratoga trunks in a circle around her, with the view of surrounding herself with a chaos of dresses, purely for the purpose of putting them all back again. But she merely locked them all up again after unlocking them. "Carry every one of the trunks back," she said to the women. "I do believe you look so discontented because you know I was going to give you dresses, as I always do. The more you have the more you don't care for anything, ungrateful creatures! Hold your tongues! What you need, both of you, is to be field-hands again, with a sharp overseer at your heels, with nothing but hard work and pork and grits."

Then their mistress made up her mind. Going down into her little library, she seated herself at a special secretary, unlocked the outer doors thereof, and held the keys in hand as she ran her eyes over the range of drawers revealed inside. All her past life lay waiting the unlocking in those drawers—a drawer for each separate period. Letters, read and reread, were in them; locks of hair; fragments of ribbon understood by none other in the world; miniatures and daguerreotypes; lots of jewelry not worth sixpence to look at; bunches of withered flowers, and the like. Her face had grown hard and pale as she sat, the key in her hand, hovering about, undecided which of the receptacles to unlock. Suddenly she let her hand fall. "No, I can't do it!" she communed with herself. "I have exhausted all my emotions long ago. They do me no good unless to make me cry, and I'm too tired to cry. No, no: it is the only place left me, and I will go there." Locking the secretary, she went wearily up stairs again into a little room opening into her bed-chamber. There was nothing in it beyond a chair, a table with a Bible on it, and a cushion on which to kneel — nothing else, unless it was a small picture on the wall, apparently the likeness of some young man who could never have been regarded by his friends as handsome. And yet the poor lady, as if from force of habit, fastened a weary look upon it as she sunk into the seat and opened the book upon the table beside

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her. She read, or tried to read, for some time, then knelt, but rose again very soon, as if her praying was in vain.

"It is too dreadful," she said to herself as she sat down, almost fretfully, again; "but there doesn't seem to be anything here for me, either. There is nothing to ask for that I know. It is like trying"—she shuddered as she thought it—"to gossip with—with—God! I don't suppose people even in heaven are allowed to do that. God forgive my irreverence! The Bible seems to say that they are busy as they can be all the time in heaven also. One must have an appetite before one can relish even the bread of life; and to have a real appetite one must be hard at work. I'm hunting all the time for work, but there is so little to do! I wish it was time for calling in the people to prayers down stairs. If some beggar would only come! It would be a round sum to him if any agent was to happen in for any society. If one only knew of a scalded child, or of a woman whose husband beat her! I would give fifty dollars for a blind old woman to read to—yes, or a hundred for a poor girl that would let me teach her to read or to make wax flowers. And it is getting worse and worse with me every day. I wish somebody would swindle me out of all my money, or set fire to the house, or charge me with stealing something in the stores. I enjoyed the revival as long as it lasted, but God saw how worn-out we all were, even when we were most anxious to go on. Oh me!"

For a long time Miss Aurelia sat in her chair, her head upon her bosom, thinking, thinking, thinking! But it could not have been wholesome thought. Once she rose and stood looking, another Mariana in her moated grange, out of the window. She might as well have been looking at a stone wall, for anything she saw of interest. All that she did note was her carriage and horses waiting, according to her orders, at the gate, and she commanded them away as if it were an importunate tramp. Then, after walking hither and thither like a caged lynx, she sank into a seat. As she sat, her hands clenched, her eyes grew dry and bright, her face hard and white and cold. At last she rose, shut her Bible with a slam, left the little room, as if finding it much too small to hold her, and walked up and down her chamber with rapid steps and flaming glances. Her Sunday-school class would not have known her. She raised her hands to wring them, winding the fingers of the one in the other, and when they fell to her side they were clenched. The curls upon either side of her face suddenly seemed frivolous in connection with the violence of her aspect: it was like ringlets adown the cheeks of Bellona. And terrible words broke from her lips—invective, reproach, scorn, despair—the very suppression of her speech adding to its intensity and bitterness. "And to think," she said in a fierce whisper, "that the wickedest wretch living is not as miserable as I am! And yet I have tried so hard to be good and to do good all my life!"

As she walked, like a tigress now, from one end of her room to the other, her eyes caught sight of her face in a looking-glass, and she stopped as if her dress had caught on a nail, terrified at her appearance. An instant more and she had fallen on the floor in an agony of repentance, and crying, pleading for pardon, weeping as it were her soul away. Then, utterly exhausted, she rose at last, bathed her face long and carefully, and arranged her hair. The next moment she sank once more on her knees in her little room, very calm and quiet. "Whatever is Thy will, O Heaven!" was all she said.

As she rose the front gate opened and shut. Very languidly she looked out of her window. When she saw who it was, there was first an exclamation of anger, then her face relaxed into a smile: the next moment she was laughing with sincerity and girl-like sense of the fun of it all. "Very well," she replied when one of her women announced a visitor. "Tell Commodore Grandheur please to take a seat: I will be down in a few minutes." But her visitor had to wait. Never had Miss Aurelia Jones made a more elaborate toilet; and when at last

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she did go down, her face was the brightest and most beautiful thing about her. It would be wrong to liken so thoroughly excellent a woman to such a barren and burned-out asteroid as the moon, although Miss Aurelia had undoubtedly had her volcanic experiences as well as that orb: certainly, however, the moon itself did not wax and wane through greater variations of light and shadow than did this estimable lady.

To the commodore her curls had never seemed so natural, her eyes so bright in their beady blackness, her face more effusive with the cordial welcome which gave such warmth to her hand as she held it out on entering.

"I am so glad you called this beautiful day, sir," she began at once. "I wanted," with a charming smile, "to say how wrong I was as to that cubit measure we were discussing."

"Excuse me, Miss Aurelia," the visitor hastened to say: "that is one reason I called. I insisted, you remember, that a cubit is eighteen inches. On reflection, I am inclined to think you were right as to its being twenty-one inches instead. I have gone accurately over the chart of the tabernacle. It is absurd, when I come to think of it, that the house of worship for the millions led out by Moses was only forty-five by fifteen feet. Your cubit is undoubtedly the correct measure, and even that leaves the tabernacle extremely small."

"It is very kind of you to think so, commodore," the lady hastened, almost impatiently, to say, "but Calmet and Cruden and Clarke and—and every respectable commentator adopt your idea of the cubit—eighteen inches, sir, eighteen. And I wanted to say how ashamed I am that I was so impulsive and heated when we discussed it. People who are in the wrong always are vexed, you know."

"In that case I certainly was the one in error," the commodore said with energy. "I am always too positive, madam. The habit was formed on shipboard, where I had to be peremptory, as you are aware. I have never differed with you, Miss Jones, that I had not reason to regret it afterward."

"Please don't allude to it, commodore," the lady interrupted.

Now, Miss Jones had been painfully careful all her life hitherto not to give that gentleman his title. She refrained from doing so because she knew that he decidedly preferred to be so called. By styling him *sir*, instead, as a rule—by speaking to and of him in moments of serious difference as *Mr*. Grandheur even—she had intended him distinctly to understand that whoever else in St. Jerome was afraid of him, she was not. In no way could she have hauled down her flag to-day more entirely, and at the same time with more womanly grace, than in thus giving him, and as a matter of course, his rightful title. The absolute sweetness to her visitor of such a sugar-plum was simply ridiculous, but in some respects the gallant old soul was the tiniest of babes.

"And while we are upon the subject, commodore," she continued in her eager way, "I want to acknowledge my error in regard to the talents."

"Not at all, madam," the other said, bringing his gold-headed cane down with quite a thump on the carpet as he sat with it between his knees. "It was *I* who was mistaken. A silver talent could never have been sixteen hundred and ten dollars, as I asserted, any more than a talent of gold was merely twenty-seven thousand three hundred and seventy-five dollars. You were right, madam—right!"

"Oh no, commodore—no, no. You know," the lady said, sweetly referring to a mite of a memorandum-book in her porte-monnaie, "that I said a talent of silver amounted to two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. Absurd! that would make a talent of gold no less than thirty-six thousand dollars. I am heartily ashamed of taking such ground. That would make the temple of Solomon cost between eight and nine hundred millions of dollars. How absurd! My position was positively wicked. Mr. Fanthorp is an infidel—a scoffer at least—and he seized upon my estimate as proof final that the Bible is false. You cannot tell, commodore, how sincerely I regret it,"

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Miss Aurelia Jones said softly and with lowered eyes. "Please let me say one thing more, and then we will never allude to the subject again: ever since the special interest in our church began I have wanted to say it. We have often differed—very often, I fear—and the influence of this was bad upon the Sunday-school children, to say nothing of the teachers. I blame myself severely. But— No, let me say it all, please," she added as the commodore made an effort to interrupt her. "One moment. You know me well. I am, I fear, of an ardent and impulsive nature, far too much so—especially because I am so self-willed. It is my misfortune to be my own mistress, and— Oh, you know—"

The visitor understood very well that she referred to the wealth possessed by her, and which, as everybody agreed, did somewhat spoil Miss Aurelia, as, alas! whom does it not spoil? In all that she said, however, the lady remained a lady. No man knew that better than did her guest. He had but to presume upon anything said by her, and those lowered eyes would be lifted with a flash which would have riven the commodore, stout as he was. Herein lay the advantage with these two, that they knew each other: from long and close association each knew the other perfectly well. Too long had they labored together in the same church for this not to be the case. All along they had quarreled because each was so determined, as well as independent each of the other. But of late they had come to know that, in fact, each was, instead, unspeakably dependent upon the other —a conclusion which gave a converging direction to the determinations steadily forming in the bosoms of both. Since the fact must be stated briefly, it has to be stated coarsely. As thus: The gentleman had come to know that his lonely life was intolerable already, and that it would become more so with every fleeting day. This being so, the commodore knew of no other lady in the world so well qualified, on the whole, to relieve his otherwise desperate estate. Possibly the same reflection, only reversed, was true on the part of the lady toward the gentleman, except that his opinions had been slowly forming, while hers had come, as a woman's best resolves always do, in the fateful instant she had seen him enter her front gate that morning.

On the part of the gentleman there was, under all his concessions to the lady, the steady resolve that, as captain of the ship, he must and would rule in the event of marriage. On the side of the lady there was almost an eagerness to be ruled in the present case, that feeling being the sudden solvent in this surrender of herself—a surrender which was a welcome rest after years of terrible inward strife against circumstances, and in the last hour reaction from the violence into which that strife with the seemingly inevitable had culminated at the very moment its solution was approaching her house in the boots of the commodore.

One thing surprised as well as delighted them both, and that was the degree in which they felt themselves entirely at home, each with the other. The spirits of the gentleman rose higher and higher as he felt himself advancing to conquest; for a love of rule had grown with his growth, exactly as a passion for drink or for gambling would have done in the case of some of the rest of us. Not a syllable had as yet been ventured by him in that direction, and yet the lady faced and accepted the inevitable. Yes, and her increasing happiness showed itself in the deepening quietness of her manner — a quietness which explained itself to her as she sat. Amazing to say, all her surrender was, she well knew, but the path toward such a supremacy in the end over this grand old foe of hers as she had never dreamed of before. She almost pitied him, knowing how unconsciously he was passing into her hands, to be as completely ruled as ever a husband is in this world — a world from the primeval constitution of which, and by some astounding oversight, the salique law has been wholly omitted.

"There is another thing, commodore," the lady said at last, and after a good

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deal of quiet conversation — "a matter in which you were right. I allude to it with reluctance: your original opposition, I mean, to our pastor, Mr. Venable. You know how delighted *I* was. I overrate everybody, exactly as I did the cubits and the talents: it is my impulsive nature. I am afraid I made myself too active, I am so enthusiastic, you know."

"Pardon me, madam—not at all. It but illustrates," the other hastened to say, greatly struck by it, and as if he had never thought of it before, "how much your excellent judgment was superior to my own. As you will recall, I had taken my stand in opposition before I knew him, and I would therefore have disliked him whatever he had proved to be. It was sheer prejudice in me—prejudice! It has been my business in life, madam, to know my subordinates, in order to wield them in cases of sudden emergency. I am compelled to know them thoroughly, and I have come to know Mr. Venable. You must pardon me," her visitor said with dignity, "if I do most heartily appeal to your first impression of the gentleman, venturing to differ from you now as I do from myself then; but I do very highly prize our young pastor. He is young — possibly too young for St. Jerome — but he has all the elements of sterling manhood. I speak so warmly because I confess, as I have come to know him, it has touched me to the soul to see how profound is his dissatisfaction with himself. A man, Miss Jones, may — please do not misunderstand me—may throw himself—I speak with all reverence—too prostrate even at the feet of God! In a certain sense, I mean."

"Did you ever think of Daniel?" the lady said. "I mean when he had his vision of God beside the river. He fell flat on his face, but his visitor would not speak to him while in that attitude, and made him arise. And when Daniel got up, but remained upon his hands and knees, the command was, 'Stand upon thy feet,' before God would confer with him. I do like a man," the lady added with energy, "to *be* a man—to be humble, but to be a *man!*"

The commodore flushed with pleasure as he exclaimed, "I heartily agree with you, Miss Aurelia. And I thank you for your admirable illustration from Scripture. When I was going with my fleet into a storm or into a battle, I first asked aid of Heaven. I asked it importunately, I hope, but, having done so, I handled my ships myself. In a certain sense I stood upon my quarter-deck in God's place. Look at poor old Father Fethero, madam. The whole tendency of our times is to lower and weaken the standard of, say, the ministry. A man must be a captain of his ship, whatever the craft be, if he is to bring it into harbor. I agree with you most heartily;" and the commodore sat up in his chair more erect than before, a gallant old soul as you could wish to see — sat up strong and commanding at one instant: the next, shifting his cane from hand to hand as he sat, his large figurehead of a face grew pale, and then purple. In vain he attempted to put on the port of a commander as he goes into action, and at conscious disadvantage he began: "Ahem! Miss Aurelia Jones, I wished—"

"Oh, by the bye — pardon me, commodore," the lady said hastily, but with perfect ease, because entirely mistress of the situation, and rising as she spoke— "there are some improvements I have planned upon my place. I am always mistaking. Please oblige me with your excellent judgment;" and, so saying, the lady led her visitor, nothing loath, out of her parlor and into her grounds. No mortal knows how it came to an issue while they walked; only this is certain, the conversation resulted in an engagement, and that, in an amazingly short time, in marriage. It was a sensation from which St. Jerome has never recovered to this hour. But nobody doubts that they are happy; yet never was husband so absolutely ruled as is the commodore, and ruled by his wife so very thoroughly that he never dreams, even while always obeying, that it is so.

WILLIAM M. BAKER.

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THE YOUNG MAN WHO WENT WEST.

A CALIFORNIAN EPOPŒIA.

IN many American families is to be found an anomalous and perplexing being. This exceptional object wears a human form, and is little distinguished, physically, from other individuals of the species. It is apt, however, to be possessed of enormous hands and feet, which are always in its way, and to turn darkly, brightly, beautifully red upon the slightest provocation. Beyond these slight bodily characteristics it is almost impossible to classify it, so self-contradictory are its manifestations, so unfathomable its springs of action. Let the philosophic student pause before attempting to follow the course of the countless maggots that run riot through the brain of this extraordinary creature. As well might he undertake to separate and catalogue the sprawling myriads that frisk and wriggle in a drop of sour paste under the microscope.

Scarcely has the blushing awkwardness hinted at above caused it to be labeled "modest," "retiring," "self-distrustful," when the same specimen is perceived to be bombastic, vainglorious and infinitely contemptuous of all wisdom except its own. Like Sir Robert Walpole, this homunculus seems to find the idea of his own greatness always sufficient to occupy his mind; still, such is his benevolent attitude toward the crudities and mistakes of a less-favored generation that he will cheerfully contradict his father and mother on any subject whatever, and tackle the most abstruse problems of life and mind without a misgiving. Yet his views change color like chameleons, and form like amœbæ, till one would say that, with some of the latter, his fancies always take the shape of the thing they touched last. He reminds one generally of that early condition of the earth when she was a *photosphere*, the amount of light and heat which she herself emitted being at that time so great that an inhabitant of her surface would have been utterly unaware of the existence of the sun. But, like the hot young earth, this teeming brain has love and room for larger creatures than are likely to find place in it after it has cooled and hardened. Monsters of thought and purpose, brilliant in color and of strange and stately shape, roam over its unwasted fields.

As our friend, however, presents a perennially-perplexing problem to the natural guardians of our race, it is fortunate for their chance of success with the present incumbent that the phenomenon is not a new one. "All his successors gone before him have done it, and all his ancestors that come after him may," as the astute Slender remarks. His state is transitional, like that of the chrysalis or the tadpole-time in frogs. Adam probably escaped it, for obvious reasons; but David was undoubtedly in the midst of it when he was reproached for leaving those few sheep in the wilderness to go down and see the battle; and Samson never seems to have got over it at all, but to have remained a great blundering hobbledehoy all his life long. Telemachus was in the very blossom and prime of this period when he patronized his mother and "ordered her round," saying—

> Withdraw, O queen! into thy bower: direct
> Thy household tasks, the distaff and the web. The bow
> Belongs to men, and most to me; for here,
> Within these walls, the authority is *mine!*

Do you not think you see him "swellin' wisibly" as he dismisses the old lady with a magnificent wave of the hand, and caresses his budding moustache before going down to annihilate the suitors? Who does not regard with indulgence, mingled with amusement and dashed by terror, this beautiful young Telemachus?

But Grandpa fights shy of him, and draws in his gouty toes with an inward groan whenever the young lord of the

manor approaches, knowing that nothing—and particularly nothing ancient—is safe from his all-pervasive bumptiousness. His affections and antipathies are alike explosive. Does the unknown operator touch the knob of antagonism, nothing will satisfy the youth but to crush all opponents between the upper and the nether millstone. Does a philanthropic star preside, he would seize the object of his compassion by the nape of the neck and bump him into the paths of peace. In short, the subject of this admiring sketch combines so wonderfully the attributes of the monkey and the angel that the staunchest Calvinist and the most advanced Darwinian might claim him in alternate half hours as the primitive man.

Well, friends, I have outlined Young America from a grand-paternal point of view—not in cruelty, not in wrath, but simply because that aspect gave him the most points in common with certain distinguished prototypes of his whom we shall meet farther on. Youth and Age have always looked thus at each other since time began. The boy pores over the tapestry his fathers wove, and, unless far enough removed for the magic effects of distance, the pictures delight him not: he thinks them dull in subject and sad in color. He seizes the shuttle in his glowing hands, and quickly throws upon the canvas bright images of beauty, love and conflict, weaving in lavishly the golden thread of his own dreams, totally unconscious, happy fellow! that these too will fade amid the smoke and dust of daily life, and that to the jaded eyes of age his giants are already windmills, his shield of proof a pasteboard sham.

As with men, so with nations. The new race slips into the honors and possessions of the old with as little compunction as elephants felt in displacing mastodons; while, on the other hand, the usurping power need expect no mercy if he venture prematurely into the primordial jungle. No doubt Egypt hated those impertinent parvenu Greeks that came pouring into her ports about 660 B. C., and ended by filliping the noses of her sacred cats and crocodiles. People without a mummy to their names venturing to question the Egyptian descent from the spawn of the Great River, and even pretending that there were countries where infrequent and transitory rains supplied crops as splendid as the voluntary and perennial gifts of Father Nile!

It was at this time, I fancy, that the nose of the Sphinx was broken, and that she must have perceived her *cheval de bataille*, her poser, her one respectable but dull old riddle, to be no more of a conundrum to the world at large than that exasperating fraud of Samson's, "Out of the eater came forth meat," etc.; the tame endurance of which by the Philistines always seemed to me to betoken an extremely bucolic temperament. Probably, however, this last owed its apparent success to the exceeding personal strength of the propounder, and his ability to "mash" any one who should object to his preposterous proposition.

But to return. Greece had her turn to be surprised when Rome deftly inserted her imperial knife between the Hellenic joints and swallowed her whole, even to the gold of her statues and the fame of her philosophers. The repast proving agreeable, we have all read how this champion eater proceeded to bolt about a dozen other states, the dominions of some of them surpassing those of little Greece as much in proportion as the fossil oyster-shells of California do their degenerate successors of the present day. But too many public dinners will tell upon the strongest constitution; and Rome finally squatted upon her Seven Hills a great goggle-eyed heap of helplessness, like Mark Twain's frog after the dose of shot. Doctor Dog was very near, however, by that time, and after his advent in the shape of Goths, Gauls and so on, the process of bloodletting went on famously. The barbarian attendant at first guarded his patient with exemplary fidelity, but after a while he became dissatisfied with his own graceful and airy costume of tattoo, and contracted a habit of slipping into the palace and enveloping his brawny limbs in

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the imperial purple, after obligingly forestalling any objection on the part of Porphyrogenitus by killing him as if he had been a mosquito. This obstreperous young heir to the Cæsars, after getting himself educated at the expense of the Romans, showed an extraordinary aptitude for founding kingdoms, and quickly overran Europe with just that sweet vivacity of spirits and that utter indifference to the rights of other people which are so pleasingly manifested by American children at the present day. But even young barbarians (let us take comfort in reflecting) grow old and staid in time, and the torments of the first ten Christian centuries have subsided into the blue-moulded, hard-shelled, boiled-down fogies of the Europe of to-day. So even our own *enfant terrible* may grow conservative and well-behaved if he live long enough.

As may be supposed, however, we have not been raking up dead centuries merely for the privilege of sneezing over their forgotten dust; but just as the most impersonal and yearningly benevolent newspaper article now-a-days always leads us to look for Radway's Ready Relief or Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup in the near background, so we trust that the astute reader has already caught glimpses of the "Coming Man" behind these dim and venerable shades.

What we wish, then, to suggest is that perhaps young communities as well as young men have their *vealy* period in the eyes of older nations, and are no more conscious of the effect they thus produce than the traveler is that he is himself the original of the monstrous spectre which affrights his gaze from the mist-covered face of the Brocken. For instance, the faults which have been indicated as belonging to youth as such became magnified a thousand-fold when projected upon the enormous disk of the New World, and then thrown back to Europe as an image of the nation whose bone and sinew she had herself provided. England, especially, felt for several generations that, like Frankenstein, she had created a monster which she could neither endure nor get rid of. But if we are disposed to complain of having as a people played this part, we must remember that the noblest children of Nature are usually thus disproportioned in their youth. The natty, pretty sprig of fifteen is not apt to develop into the stately, powerful man of thirty: for such a one the best promise is a boy that looks like a Newfoundland puppy, all paws and ears. However this may be, no one can read the criticisms made upon our affairs and ourselves by the English press before our late war without perceiving that Great Britain habitually regarded the United States with almost ludicrous disfavor. She received our overtures of friendship very much as a prim maiden aunt would the incursions into her preserves of a roaring, tearing nephew fresh from a district school. She could not ignore us, but she would gladly have surrounded us with a wall, shutting us up as the bees do any obnoxious substance that gets into the hive. We were to her a seething mass of incongruous elements, calling itself a republic, but really a sort of political witches' caldron, in which "scale of dragon, tooth of wolf," largely predominated over the other ingredients.

Our literature was nothing, could be nothing. Listen to Kit North when he says (*Noctes*, vol. iii. p. 320), "I am willing to stake Napoleon's table-talk at St. Helena against all the existing written wisdom of the United States." Irving and Willis, and such other of our writers as visited England in the early days, were patronized by the literati there very much as we praise a child's drawing: "Very nice indeed, really artistic—*for Johnny*;" or like the supposed criticism of lady-literature in *Aurora Leigh*:

> We congratulate
> The country that produces in these times
> Such women, competent to—*spell!*

When they speak of us commercially and socially, we are irresistibly reminded of that affectionate parishioner who said of his pastor that he had but one fault: he *would* swear when he was drunk.

I know that it is customary to ascribe the British Yankeephobia to bitterness remaining from the American Revolution. But that alone will not explain

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such violent and persistent dislike. England has had other successful antagonists, toward whom she shows no such rancor; and her political economists have long since decided that the loss of her American colonies has been many times made up to her in the extended commerce and multiplied markets of the United States. No: we were to her exactly the great, ugly, ill-mannered boy we first described —too big to whip, too immature to trust; past the innocence of childhood, not yet grown into the self-respect of manhood, enormously egotistical and overbearing, utterly devoid of grace and tact. And she detested us, and, like Grandpapa aforesaid, felt that we bored her and trod on her toes incessantly.

The inference which we draw from all this history is this: The tendency to depreciation and faint praise on the part of old communities toward young ones is not the result of pure malice, or even of conscious injustice. It is the fulfillment of a natural law, by which the ancient, the established and the finished looks askance at the new, the experimental and the crude. It has been remarked for centuries that the heir to the throne is always to be found, more or less openly, in the ranks of the opposition; but if he were not, the power which he is destined to supplant would believe him to be so. And Prince Hal, in his turn, will always try on the crown before Henry IV. is dead if he have the chance, and does not always plead as sweetly in excuse as Shakespeare would have us believe. So England, having sown her own wild oats about a thousand years previously, found it hard to endure the boyish pranks and Falstaffian companions of her lively offshoot, still more his assumption of the crown before her very face. It was hard, honored parent—was it not?—to find that the *brains* of Thiodolf, Alfred and Brian had crossed the ocean together with their youthful vigor, and that consequently your prospect of governing them longer with nursery bugaboos was about equal to the chance of putting salt on the tail of an uncommonly lively electric eel. It is destiny, madam, that the green end of the moral and intellectual timber of this age should lie in American hands; and you know what that means.

Whenever an individual or a nation sees something which he wants and has the power to take, it is always destiny that he should have it. It is therefore your best way in this case to pretend that you are perfectly willing, and, like an astute dowager as you are, congratulate the new heir on his accession to the property, getting what glory you can out of being the mother of so much splendor. We all remember "Mary, the mother of Washington." Outside of such tremendous maternity, she seems to have been merely an exceedingly plain, strong-minded, stiff-necked old lady. Per contra: "Please, ma'am, I'm the mother of the young man who is to be hanged to-morrow," observed a woman with a certain air of bridling supremacy to a prison-visitor in one of our Eastern cities. England, then, though she would probably gladly see us hanged, may as well accept the opposite situation gracefully. New England claims already to share the throne of English literature, though her tone and bearing, we may admit, savor more of pedagogic authority than of royalty. As the cat-princess invariably forgot her changed state at the sight of a mouse, so the Bostonian sceptre raps the knuckles of any naughty literary vagrant with all the vigor of the ferule from which it has blossomed. Indeed, to the perception of the more free-and-easy West, Boston seems to be always telling her children to "Go and be somethingological directly!" Even her poetry seems somewhat *intentional*, as if it came to us labeled "Produced according to the rules of the institution, and warranted correct in grammar and spelling." Then we are apt also to be sensible of a heavy moral swaying to and fro over our devoted heads, like a large lady about to sit down on an unperceived baby in the rocking-chair. Perhaps the Puritan mind *sets* too soon for the complete success of delicate and reverential work in art. The sculptor has begun to evolve an angel from the moistened clay, when, lo! the unplastic and refractory matrix reverts to

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its original stone, and leaves the fair traits of his seraphic fancy struggling with hints of the grim features of "Hew-Agag-in-pieces-before-the-Lord" or "Praise-God-Barebones."

Reader, pause and take breath, for we are about to unmask the battery to which we flatter ourselves we have led you up so cleverly; or, in other words, our favorite figurant, who has been waiting his turn behind the scenes in full view from the proscenium-boxes, is about to leap upon the stage. England we will assume to be nearly "played out;" Boston has had a short run, but, we trust, is about to be withdrawn to make room for fresh novelties, and *California*, that unparalleled star, that young man who has followed Mr. Greeley's advice to the very jumping-off place, is about to come out in his great part of the Heir of Time in the play of *Who shall be Greatest?*

Having now introduced our hero with the customary genealogy, going back nearly to Chaos, we shall go on, as managers do in placards which precede the star, to tell all about him—his age, his height, his weight, the shape of his nose, his birth-, christening- and vaccination-days, thrilling anecdotes of his infancy, of his education, of his début — taking care at some point in his history to introduce whatever we may have been able to gather to the discredit of his rivals. Following this benevolent course, which we have perceived to be eminently successful and popular, we shall begin by throwing down the gauntlet in his behalf to several highly respectable elder members of the national family.

We assert, then, boldly, that there seems to us to be apparent in this new West an intellectual freedom and *plasticity*, so to speak, which we miss in the colder and more serious East. We are young, to be sure — and youth, as we have shown, is a crime never to be condoned by those who have grown old in spite of themselves—so we must be content for a while to be credited with producing all the unbaked literary dough of the nation. But if our bread be fresh and sweet, if it show itself capable of ministering to the brain- and heart-hunger of the American people, it will get itself baked, never fear. We know that the idea that any future can equal the past is preposterous to those half-Januses who can only look backward; but as the California of to-day would herself have seemed the dream of a lunatic to the observer of a century ago, we shall brave similar suspicions by suggesting indications of intellectual superiority apparent even in the present incomplete and effervescent condition of our society.

First, we consider the extraordinary freedom from boundaries in which an educated inhabitant of this State finds himself to-day as auguring well for literature. We are not speaking now of legal or ecclesiastical fences. Men and nations have overleaped such before now, only to find that a thousand barriers of Nature and education, habit and affection, held them tighter than before. The Pilgrims braved death by hunger and cold for the sake of free thought, and then performed their salaams for generations before every whipping-post in the gift of John Calvin. Many of them, having by an unparalleled hurdle-leap escaped from their first enclosure, landed within those ring-fences of Giant Despair commonly called Transcendentalism and Radicalism. Which tyranny is the sharper is known only to the unhappy pilgrim who has tried them all.

Now, from all these entangling alliances of tradition, of Church, of State, of hereditary predisposition even, the Californian, as such, is remarkably free. Twice sorted from among the ablest youth of the nation—once because none other could wear the heavy armor of the pioneer, and again by the survival of the fittest only—he is no more held by the harness of his father and grandfather than Adam was. In crossing the Rocky Mountains he has somehow lost the blinders of custom, and gazes at his new surroundings with wide free eyes. The religious proclivities of his neighbors are so indifferent to him that whether a Puritan conventicle, a Chinese joss-house or a Jewish synagogue shall occupy the most conspicuous position in his streets is simply a question of the taste and

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means of their respective projectors. In science he starts where other men leave off, taking as the nutriment of his first quarter-century the strong meat of Spencer, Mill and Darwin, and becoming heir to the present exquisite perfection of the mechanic arts, with no lost time or struggle of his own.

Now, are not these the very conditions from which a brilliant and original literature might be expected to arise? We believe that it will so arise. The wealth which this country so abundantly produces will become gradually diffused among the possessors of taste and education, and the leisure and freedom from pecuniary anxiety thus accruing will give opportunity for study and ambition for fame. Why should not California, which resembles the Athenian state in so many conditions of climate and circumstance, resemble her also in fullness of time by evolving an era of brilliant and efficient intelligence?

This leads us to wonder that this portion of America has not been more often and more thoroughly compared with Greece. To our apprehension, San Francisco resembles the "City of the violet crown" much more closely than any of the modern aspirants to her name. And if the whole recent school of philosophy be not astray, climate, soil and scenery are the framers, if not the creators, of national genius. The maritime centre of a long line of coast, on the same parallel of latitude with ancient Athens, like her the seat of a commerce coextensive with the known world, inhabited by a people essentially restless, inquisitive, liberal and laughter-loving — grasping with one hand the snow of lofty mountains, with the other taking hold of the oranges, figs and bananas of semi-tropical valleys—why should not the same delicious surroundings originate brains as nimble, words as full of subtle flame? The bay tree and the silkworm, the olive and the vine, are ours as well as hers. The bees of Hybla and Hymettus murmur for ever through the gardens of the poets, but their honey was not sweeter than the orange-scented product of Los Angeles and San Diego. Would the gods but dwell with us once more, any one of a dozen of our peaks would serve for Mount Olympus, while Parnassus is neither loftier nor lovelier than Mount San Bernardino. Wherever there is a natural difference, it is in our favor. The hot mephitic breezes of the Mediterranean bear languor and disease in their train, while the winds from the Pacific form the salvation of our health and the inspiration of our labors. The natural objects that kindled the imagination of the classic poets loom so large through the mist of ages that we are apt to lose sight of their actual proportions as compared with similar features of our own scenery. Homer talks of "firs that reached the clouds," but really there was not a tree in all Greece beside which one of our great sequoias would not have looked like Glumdalclitch peering down at little Gulliver. We have hundreds of trunks whose material (split up into dwellings) would have housed all the heroes of the *Iliad*, their heirs, executors and assigns. The Vale of Tempe, their Yosemite, is no more to be compared to ours than a kitchen cellar-way to Jacob's ladder, angel-sprinkled, with its top among the stars. Fancy Homer describing that! How he would have piled up epithets, Ossa on Pelion— !

> Jewels five words long,
> That on the stretched forefinger of all Time
> Sparkle for ever.

In vain. I think I see him now, rubbing his ancient nose, biting the end of his stylus, and finally in desperation tearing that long white hair on which so much of his success as a harper depended. And yet—and yet, how such irreverent nonsense dies upon our lips as we conjure up that majestic shade in presence of the "great, still wonder of our happier day"! God's greatest poet and his grandest prospect—the most inspiring sight and the most potent seer. "An eagle clangs an eagle to the sphere," and the eyrie is lost to weaker eyes below.

The poet, however, does not do all. We are often so beguiled by our own imaginations that the *name* of a scene where a celebrated event took place comes to mean the event itself, whereas its original signification may be rather

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disagreeable than otherwise, or at least commonplace. There is *Thermopylæ*. What a grand roll that has! It sounds like the story of Leonidas and all his Spartans in one word. Yet it only means "hot gates," and was so called from the warm sulphur springs which filled the defile at whose entrance stood the famous pass. Now, we do not wish to seem flippant, but if the sulphur inspired either the hero or his reporters, cannot California supply more disgusting sources of inspiration to the acre than any country of her size in the world? We think she can.

Like the Greeks, we are an essentially maritime people. The constant intercourse with other nations which sharpened the faculties of Herodotus and Pericles is ours to an extent that no ancient nation ever knew. Why, they offered solemn thanks to the gods if they made a safe journey to the other side of the peninsula, while our circumstances are so much improved that we hardly ever think it necessary to offer thanks for anything. In other respects, too, the Athenian customs were very different from ours. For instance, an officer who appropriated, or even wasted, the public money was condemned to death, and there was a large pit in the city lined with spikes which was supposed to exert a good influence in this direction. There are several favorable openings for such a pit in the vicinity of our business-centres; and as for their influence, we can but try.

But, outside of parallels, is there not evidently another pillar to be set before the royal progress of Intellect shall be complete? China, India, Egypt, Greece, Rome, England, New England,—the stations have moved steadily westward, but the circuit is not yet finished, nor will be till the Muse, like the sun whose course she follows, shall again dip her saffron robe in the ocean on whose shores she had her birth. Then shall her hands strike together the long-dissevered poles of thought, and an electric flash brighter than ever shot from cloud or star illumine the scene of her evening glory. Here, upon the Pacific slope, with California as a centre, we believe it perfectly reasonable to anticipate a new period, sooner or later, of creative energy for English literature—a fresh incarnation of that power whose every avatar renders man better able to sustain the uncertainties and disappointments of this sublunary sphere.

This is a fast time. The ages are getting telescoped, and it will soon be difficult to tell where one ends and another begins. At all events, we hereby enter the Golden State as a new competitor for the wild-olive wreath, and dare the world to show his equal in the true conditions of such high emprise. As befits a standard-bearer in this practical age, he has not won his first garlands by stringing rhymes, iambic or dactylic. Hitherto he has been making history and character. Roman sublimity, says De Quincey, must not be sought in Roman poetry, but in Roman actions. In these who shall say that the young State has not shown itself a very Hercules? Have not the serpents of anarchy and crime been throttled while the baby was still in its cradle? And how was Curtius nobler than James King of William, who threw himself into the vortex of crime and lawlessness that threatened to overwhelm the country in 1856, and sealed his fidelity to principle with his life? The almost melodramatic vengeance taken upon his murderer was the harsh and stern beginning—but it *was* the beginning—of a brighter and a better day. And now the labors of foundation are over. The pedestal is cemented by the blood of noble men, and the community which they helped to establish may reasonably look forward to a long career of peace and plenty, glory and honor. The image is cast in enduring iron, brass and silver, and the head of gold is surely to be added.

Of our relative place in the world of letters at the present moment it is very hard to judge. The civilized world is now an epicure in reading—sated with variety, its taste cloyed with sweets and dulled with incessant condiments. Never was it so difficult to make a mark in literature. Every new aspirant has not only to pull against a continent, but against a world. As with Thor in the Northern

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mythology, the other end of the horn he is drinking from dips into the sea, the cat he tries to lift is the earth, and lusty is he if, like that doughty hero, he succeeds in making even a small impression upon their immensities. The world, as a reader, now anticipates almost every possible twist of the pen in poetry or prose, clamors for originality, and still demands that every fresh turn of the old kaleidoscope shall reveal something brilliant as well as new. It seems as if every possible combination of idea, and even of expression, had been used over and over again, and yet here is that insatiable Oliver, the public, still crying for more, till it is no wonder if he gets a good deal of thin gruel, not to say brimstone and treacle, in place of more nutritious food.

Writing has its fashions as well as dress. "Fine writing" is out now everywhere—as much so as Grandma's poke-bonnet and leg-of-mutton sleeves; and with striped stockings and pull-backs comes a lively and colloquial style of expression, disdaining classicality and doting on the vernacular. The matter of literature is also somewhat changed. A large proportion even of the best writers shun delineations of the higher emotions or of delicate shades of character, and prefer to describe unfamiliar aspects of Nature as travelers, or dramatic incidents and peculiar people moulded by phases of experience foreign to their readers. To this end they climb mountains and swim rivers, descend into craters and penetrate pathless deserts, with a devotion which would have entitled them to saintly honors in old times and for old purposes. Now, however, the reading community does not stop to canonize even martyrdom suffered in its service. To it a living dog is better than a dead lion. The ripple closes quickly over a Loring murdered by cruel savages or a Livingstone languishing amid deadly sands, and with the naïve ingratitude of a child the spoilt public turns away to welcome some newer sensation. Of efforts in these directions California can boast her full share, and every English-speaking people now knows her miners and her desperadoes, her Miggleses and her Poker Flats, as well as she does herself. A little better, because a certain high-colored light is added to these pictures in transferring them to paper which makes them more dramatic, but less faithful.

We have not yet produced an epic (thank Heaven!), though we do not know what is in store for us; but if we *should* have one, it will undoubtedly be the biggest, showiest, most expensive epic ever produced anywhere. At least, our productions thus far always possess these characteristics. The truth is, that the enormous resources of wealth and brains so constantly in process of development here are rather disturbing to the sober senses of the heir-presumptive. Everywhere that he puts in his thumb he extracts a large fat plum, till the constant refrain of "What a great boy am I!" becomes rather monotonous to the world at large. But this amusing disposition to take credit to himself for being extremely fortunate is not peculiar to Jack Horner: it is a characteristic of *youngness* generally. It belongs to the experimental stage of existence. Jack is so pleased to find himself possessed of seemingly boundless powers that every new accomplishment of his strong supple fingers, every new caper by his handsome straight legs, is a fresh delight to him. So, being inexperienced, he naturally concludes that nobody ever was or could be so able or so successful as he. He would like to build the largest hotels, banks and theatres in the world, whether they pay or not: he wants the most extensive city and the most stupendous business, the most stunning fortunes in the shortest possible time; and if there *is* a failure, he prefers that it should be for millions. "None of your peanut enterprises for him!" In short, he is at present the apotheosis of Spread Eagle, and, we verily believe, would regard it as an insult if he were told that even his fleas could be surpassed in size, ferocity or numbers by those of any other locality. Without flattery, we do not believe that they could.

But as Jack gets older and more accustomed to be rich, he will learn that

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the biggest things are not always the best; that the desire of surpassing and bullying your neighbors by superior magnificence is but a parvenu instinct, after all; and that people always believe more in those virtues and graces which they perceive for themselves than in those which are, so to speak, rammed down their throats.

But our hero, after all reasonable deductions, is a lovely fellow, and is so fine that he is worth a good deal of snubbing from those who would fain see him perfect. He is improving every day. As for Mother Nature, she dotes on him, and her government, like that of many other parents, might be defined as unlimited indulgence tempered by earthquakes. Jack, however, to do him justice, "does not scare worth a cent," to use his own vernacular. He looks the earthquake, physical or moral, straight in the face, braces himself till it is over, picks himself up if he is thrown down, repairs damages and goes to work again as if nothing had happened. In fact, if ever there was a fellow who "could the darkening universe defy," it is this same tough young customer; and one sometimes wonders whether he will not be disposed to treat the *dies iræ* itself with gentle contempt as being inferior in dust, noise and a general pleasing excitement to some he has seen in San Francisco.

But the youth has other moods, when he is earnest and patient, far-sighted and wise—when we all look up to him with reverence and love to boast ourselves his comrades. He is chivalrous to women and tender to little children. With all his waywardness in some directions, he has never swerved from the old flag nor the principles which it represents; and no one of its stars is more sure to hold its place in the azure field and shine gloriously in the American sky than California, the Hesperus of the national firmament.

C. S. KIRKLAND.

EVENING SONG.

LOOK off, dear Love, across the sallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea:
How long they kiss, in sight of all the lands!
Ah longer, longer, we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra Night drinks all. 'Tis done!
Love, lay thy hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart;
Glimmer, ye waves, round else-unlighted sands;
O Night! divorce our sun and sky apart—
Never our lips, our hands.

SIDNEY LANIER.

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THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM."

CHAPTER XVII
A DIFFERENCE.

NOTWITHSTANDING his keenness of judgment and sobriety in action, Malcolm had yet a certain love for effect—a delight, that is, in the show of concentrated results—which, as I believe I have elsewhere remarked, belongs especially to the Celtic nature, and is one form in which the poetic element vaguely embodies itself. Hence arose the temptation to try on Blue Peter the effect of a literally theatrical surprise. He knew well the prejudices of the greater portion of the Scots people against every possible form of artistic, most of all dramatic, representation. He knew, therefore, also, that Peter would never be persuaded to go with him to the theatre: to invite him would be like asking him to call upon Beelzebub; but as this feeling was cherished in utter ignorance of its object, he judged he would be doing him no wrong if he made experiment how the thing itself would affect the heart and judgment of the unsophisticated fisherman.

Finding that *The Tempest* was still the play represented, he contrived, as they walked together, so to direct their course that they should be near Drury Lane toward the hour of commencement. He did not want to take him in much before the time: he would not give him scope for thought, doubt, suspicion, discovery.

When they came in front of the theatre, people were crowding in and carriages setting down their occupants. Blue Peter gave a glance at the building. "This'll be ane o' the Lon'on kirks, I'm thinkin'?" he said. "It's a muckle place; an' there maun be a heap o' guid fowk in Lon'on, for as ill's it's ca'd, to see sae mony, an' i' their cairritches, comin' to the kirk—on a Setterday nicht tu! It maun be some kin' o' a prayer-meetin', I'm thinkin'."

Malcolm said nothing, but led the way to the pit-entrance.

"That's no an ill w'y o' getherin' the baubees," said Peter, seeing how the incomers paid their money. "I hae h'ard o' the plate bein' robbit in a muckle toon afore noo."

When at length they were seated, and he had time to glance reverently around him, he was a little staggered at sight of the decorations, and the thought crossed his mind of the pictures and statues he had heard of in Catholic churches; but he remembered Westminster Abbey, its windows and monuments, and returned to his belief that he was, if in an Episcopal, yet in a Protestant church. But he could not help the thought that the galleries were a little too gaudily painted, while the high pews in them astonished him. Peter's nature, however, was one of those calm, slow ones, which, when occupied by an idea or a belief, are by no means ready to doubt its correctness, and are even ingenious in reducing all apparent contradictions to theoretic harmony with it; whence it came that to him all this was only part of the church furniture according to the taste and magnificence of London. He sat quite tranquil, therefore, until the curtain rose, revealing the ship's company in all the confusion of the wildest of sea-storms.

Malcolm watched him narrowly. But Peter was first so taken by surprise, and then so carried away with the interest of what he saw, that thinking had ceased in him utterly, and imagination lay passive as a mirror to the representation. Nor did the sudden change from the first to the second scene rouse him, for before his thinking machinery could be set in motion the delight of the new show had again caught him in its meshes. For to him, as it had been to Malcolm, it was the shore at Portlossie, while the cave that opened behind was the Baillie's Barn, where his friends the fishers might at that moment, if it were a fine night, be holding one of their prayer-meetings.

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The mood lasted all through the talk of Prospero and Miranda, but when Ariel entered there came a snap, and the spell was broken. With a look in which doubt wrestled with horror, Blue Peter turned to Malcolm, and whispered with bated breath, "I'm jaloosin—it canna be!—it's no a playhoose, this?" Malcolm merely nodded, but from the nod Peter understood that *he* had had no discovery to make as to the character of the place they were in. "Eh!" he groaned, overcome with dismay. Then rising suddenly, "Guid-nicht to ye, my lord," he said with indignation, and rudely forced his way from the crowded house.

Malcolm followed in his wake, but said nothing till they were in the street. Then, forgetting utterly his resolves concerning English in the distress of having given his friend ground to complain of his conduct toward him, he laid his hand on Blue Peter's arm and stopped him in the middle of the narrow street. "I but thoucht, Peter," he said, "to get ye to see wi' yer ain een an' hear wi' yer ain ears afore ye passed jeedgment; but ye're jist like the lave."

"An' what for sudna I be jist like the lave?" returned Peter fiercely.

"'Cause it's no fair to set doon a' thing for wrang 'at ye hae been i' the w'y o' hearin' abus't by them 'at kens as little aboot them as yersel'. I cam here mysel', ohn kent whaur I was gaein', the ither nicht, for the first time i' my life; but I wasna fleyt like you, 'cause I kent frae the buik a' 'at was comin'. I hae h'ard in a kirk in ae ten meenutes jist a sicht o' what maun hae been saer displeasin' to the he'rt o' the Maister o' 's a'; but that nicht I saw nae ill an' h'ard nae ill, but was well peyed back upo' them 'at did it an' said it afore the business was ower; an' that's mair nor ye'll see i' the streets o' Portlossie ilka day. The playhoose is whaur ye gang to see what comes o' things 'at ye canna follow oot in ordinar' life."

Whether Malcolm after a year's theatre-going would have said precisely the same is hardly doubtful. He spoke of the ideal theatre to which Shakespeare is true, and in regard to that he spoke rightly.

"Ye decoy't me intill the hoose o' ineequity!" was Peter's indignant reply; "an' it 's no what ye ever gae me cause to expec' o' ye, sae 'at I micht hae ta'en tent o' ye."

"I thoucht nae ill o' 't," returned Malcolm.

"Weel, *I div*," retorted Peter.

"Then perhaps you are wrong," said Malcolm, "for charity thinketh no evil. You wouldn't stay to see the thing out."

"There ye are at yer English again; an' misguggliln' Scriptur' wi' 't; an' a' this upo' Setterday nicht—maist the Sawbath day! Weel, I hae aye h'ard 'at Lon'on was an awfu' place, but I little thoucht the verra air o' 't wad sae sune turn an honest laad like Ma'colm MacPhail intill a scoffer. But maybe it's the markis o' 'im, an' no the muckle toon 'at's made the differ. Ony gait, I'm thinkin' it'll be aboot time for me to be gauin' hame."

Malcolm was vexed with himself, and both disappointed and troubled at the change which had come over his friend and threatened to destroy the life-long relation between them: his feelings therefore held him silent.

Peter concluded that *the marquis* was displeased, and it clenched his resolve to go. "What w'y am I to win hame, my lord?" he said, when they had walked some distance without one word spoken.

"By the Aberdeen smack," returned Malcolm: "she sails on Tuesday. I will see you on board. You must take young Davy with you, for I wouldn't have him here after you are gone. There will be nothing for him to do."

"Ye're unco ready to pairt wi' 's, noo 'at ye hae nae mair use for 's," said Peter.

"No sae ready as ye seem to pairt wi' yer charity," said Malcolm, now angry too.

"Ye see, Annie 'ill be thinkin' lang," said Peter, softening a little.

No more angry words passed between them, but neither did any thoroughly cordial ones, and they parted at the stairs in mutual, though, with such men, it could not be more than superficial, estrangement.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

LORD LIFTORE.

THE chief cause of Malcolm's anxiety had been, and perhaps still was, Lord Liftore. In his ignorance of Mr. Lenorme there might lie equal cause with him, but he knew such evil of the other that his whole nature revolted against the thought of his marrying his sister. At Lossie he had made himself agreeable to her, and now, if not actually living in the same house, he was there at all hours of the day.

It took nothing from his anxiety to see that his lordship was greatly improved. Not only had the lanky youth passed into a well-formed man, but in countenance, whether as regarded expression, complexion or feature, he was not merely a handsomer, but looked in every way a healthier and better, man. Whether it was from some reviving sense of duty, or that, in his attachment to Florimel, he had begun to cherish a desire of being worthy of her, I cannot tell, but he looked altogether more of a man than the time that had elapsed would have given ground to expect, even had he then seemed on the mend, and indeed promised to become a really fine-looking fellow. His features were far more regular if less *informed* than those of the painter, and his carriage prouder if less graceful and energetic. His admiration of, and consequent attachment to, Florimel had been growing ever since his visit to Lossie House the preceding summer, and if he had said nothing quite definite, it was only because his aunt represented the impolicy of declaring himself just yet: she was too young. She judged thus, attributing her evident indifference to an incapacity as yet for falling in love. Hence, beyond paying her all sorts of attentions and what compliments he was capable of constructing, Lord Liftore had not gone far toward making himself understood—at least, not until just before Malcolm's arrival, when his behavior had certainly grown warmer and more confidential.

All the time she had been under his aunt's care he had had abundant opportunity for recommending himself, and he had made use of the privilege. For one thing, credibly assured that he looked well in the saddle, he had constantly encouraged Florimel's love of riding and desire to become a thorough horsewoman, and they had ridden a good deal together in the neighborhood of Edinburgh. This practice they continued as much as possible after they came to London early in the spring, but the weather of late had not been favorable, and Florimel had been very little out with him.

For a long time Lady Bellair had had her mind set on a match between the daughter of her old friend the marquis of Lossie and her nephew, and it was with this in view that, when invited to Lossie House, she had begged leave to bring Lord Meikleham with her. The young man was from the first sufficiently taken with the beautiful girl to satisfy his aunt, and would even then have shown greater fervor in his attentions had he not met Lizzy Findlay at the wedding of Joseph Mair's sister, and found her more than pleasing. I will not say that from the first he purposed wrong to her—he was too inexperienced in the ways of evil for that—but even when he saw plainly enough to what their mutual attraction was tending, he gave himself no trouble to resist it, and through the whole unhappy affair had not had one smallest struggle with himself for the girl's sake. To himself he was all in all as yet, and such was his opinion of his own precious being that, had he thought about it, he would have considered the honor of *his* attentions far more than sufficient to make up to any girl in such a position for whatever mishap his acquaintance might bring upon her. What was the grief and mortification of parents to put in the balance against his condescension? What the shame and humiliation of the girl herself compared to the honor of having been shone upon for a period, however brief, by his enamored countenance? Must not even the sorrow attendant upon her loss be rendered more than endurable, be radiantly consoled, by the memory that she had held such a demigod in her arms? When he left her at last with many promises, not one of

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which he ever had the intention of fulfilling, he did purpose sending her a present. But at that time he was poor—dependent, indeed, for his pocket-money upon his aunt—and up to this hour he had never since his departure from Lossie House taken the least notice of her either by gift or letter. He had taken care also that it should not be in her power to write to him; and now he did not even know that he was a father. Once or twice the possibility of such being the case occurred to him, and he thought with himself that if he were, and it should come to be talked of, it might, in respect of his present hopes, be awkward and disagreeable; for, although such a predicament was nowise unusual, in this instance the circumstances were. More than one of his bachelor friends had a small family even, but then it was in the regular way of an open and understood secret: the fox had his nest in some pleasant nook, adroitly masked, where lay his vixen and her brood: one day he would abandon them for ever, and with such gathered store of experience set up for a respectable family man. A few tears, a neat legal arrangement, and all would be as it had never been, only that the blood of the Montmorencies or Cliffords would meander unclaimed in this or that obscure channel, beautifying the race and rousing England to noble deeds. But in his case it would be unpleasant—a little—that every one of his future tenantry should know the relation in which he stood to a woman of the fisher-people. He did not fear any resentment: not that he would have cared a straw for it on such trifling grounds, but people in their low condition never thought anything of such slips on the part of their women, especially where a great man was concerned. What he did fear was that the immediate relations of the woman—that was how he spoke of Lizzy to himself—might presume upon the honor he had done them. Lizzy, however, was a good girl, and had promised to keep the matter secret until she heard from him, whatever might be the consequences; and surely there was fascination enough in the holding of a secret with such as he to enable her to keep her promise. She must be perfectly aware, however appearances might be against him, that he was not one to fail in appreciation of her conduct, however easy and natural all that he required of her might be. He would requite her royally when he was lord of Lossie. Meantime, although it was even now in his power to make her rich amends, he would prudently leave things as they were, and not run the risk that must lie in opening communications.

And so the young earl held his head high, looked as innocent as may be desirable for a gentleman, had many a fair clean hand laid in his, and many a maiden waist yielded to his arm, while "the woman" flitted about half an alien amongst her own, with his child wound in her old shawl of Lossie tartan—wandering not seldom in the gloaming when her little one slept, along the top of the dune, with the wind blowing keen upon her from the regions of eternal ice, sometimes the snow settling softly on her hair, sometimes the hailstones nestling in its meshes; the skies growing blacker about her, and the sea stormier, while hope retreated so far into the heavenly regions that hope and Heaven both were lost to her view. Thus, alas! the things in which he was superior to her, most of all that he was a gentleman, while she was but a peasant girl—the things whose witchery drew her to his will—he made the means of casting her down from the place of her excellency into the mire of shame and loss. The only love worthy of the name ever and always uplifts.

Of the people belonging to the upper town of Portlossie—which raised itself high above the sea-town in other respects besides the topical—there were none who did not make poor Lizzy feel they were aware of her disgrace, and but one man who made her feel it by being kinder than before. That man, strange to say, was the factor. With all his faults, he had some chivalry, and he showed it to the fisher-girl. Nor did he alter his manner to her because of the rudeness with which her mother had taken Malcolm's part.

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It was a sore proof to Mr. Crathie that his discharged servant was in favor with the marchioness when the order came from Mr. Soutar to send up Kelpie. She had written to himself when she wanted her own horse: now she sent for this brute through her lawyer: it was plain that Malcolm had been speaking against him, and he was the more embittered therefore against his friends.

Since his departure he had been twice on the point of poisoning the mare. It was with difficulty he found two men to take her to Aberdeen. There they had an arduous job to get her on board and secure her. But it had been done, and all the Monday night Malcolm was waiting her arrival at the wharf—alone, for after what had passed between them he would not ask Peter to go with him, and besides he was no use with horses. At length, in the gray of a gurly dawn, the smack came alongside. They had had a rough passage, and the mare was considerably subdued by sickness, so that there was less difficulty in getting her ashore, and she paced for a little while in tolerable quietness. But with every step on dry land the evil spirit in her awoke, and soon Malcolm had to dismount and lead her. The morning was little advanced, and few vehicles were about, otherwise he could hardly have got her home uninjured, notwithstanding the sugar with which he had filled a pocket. Before he reached the mews he was very near wishing he had never seen her. But when he led her into the stable he was a little encouraged, as well as surprised, to find that she had not forgotten Florimel's horse. They had always been a little friendly, and now they greeted with an affectionate neigh; after which, with the help of all she could devour, the demoness was quieter.

CHAPTER XIX.

KELPIE IN LONDON.

BEFORE noon Lord Liftore came round to the mews: his riding-horses were there. Malcolm was not at the moment in the stable.

"What animal is that?" he asked of his own groom, catching sight of Kelpie in her loose box.

"One just come up from Scotland for Lady Lossie, my lord," answered the man.

"She looks a clipper. Lead her out, and let me see her."

"She's not sound in the temper, my lord, the groom that brought her says. He told me on no account to go near her till she got used to the sight of me."

"Oh, you are afraid, are you?" said his lordship, whose breeding had not taught him courtesy to his inferiors.

At the word the man walked into her box. As he did so he looked well out for her hoofs, but his circumspection was in vain: in a moment she had wheeled, jammed him against the wall, and taken his shoulder in her teeth. He gave a yell of pain. His lordship caught up a stable-broom and attacked the mare with it over the door, but it flew from his hand to the other end of the stable, and the partition began to go after it. But she still kept her hold of the man. Happily, however, Malcolm was not far off, and hearing the noise rushed in. He was just in time to save the groom's life. Clearing the stall partition and seizing the mare by the nose with a mighty grasp, he inserted a fore finger behind her tusk—for she was one of the few mares tusked like a horse—and soon compelled her to open her mouth. The groom staggered and would have fallen, so cruelly had she mauled him, but Malcolm's voice roused him: "For God's sake gang oot, as lang's there's twa limbs o' ye stickin' thegither."

The poor fellow just managed to open the door, and fell senseless on the stones. Lord Liftore called for help, and they carried him into the saddle-room, while one ran for the nearest surgeon.

Meantime, Malcolm was putting a muzzle on Kelpie, which he believed she understood as a punishment; and while he was thus occupied his lordship came from the saddle-room and approached the box. "Who are you?" he said. "I think I have seen you before."

"I was servant to the late marquis of

Lossie, my lord, and now I am groom to her ladyship."

"What a fury you've brought up with you! She'll never do for London."

"I told the man not to go near her, my lord."

"What's the use of her if no one can go near her?"

"I can, my lord."

"By Jove! she's a splendid creature to look at, but I don't know what you can do with her here, my man. She's fit to go double with Satan himself."

"She'll do for me to ride after my lady well enough. If only I had room to exercise her a bit!"

"Take her into the park early in the morning and gallop her round. Only mind she don't break your neck. What can have made Lady Lossie send for such a devil as that?"

Malcolm held his peace.

"I'll try her myself some morning," said his lordship, who thought himself a better hoiseman than he was.

"I wouldn't advise you, my lord."

"Who the devil asked your advice?"

"Ten to one she'll kill you, my lord."

"That's my lookout," said Liftore, and went into the house.

As soon as he had done with Kelpie, Malcolm dressed himself in his new livery and went to tell his mistress of her arrival. She sent him orders to bring the mare round in half an hour. He went back to her, took off her muzzle, fed her, and while she ate her corn put on the spurs he had prepared expressly for her use—a spike without a rowel, rather blunt, but sharp indeed when sharply used—like those of the Gauchos of the Pampas. Then he saddled her and rode her round. Having had her fit of temper, she was, to all appearance, going to be fairly good for the rest of the day, and looked splendid. She was a large mare, nearly thoroughbred, with more bone than usual for her breeding, which she carried triumphantly — an animal most men would have been pleased to possess and proud to ride. Florimel came to the door to see her, accompanied by Liftore, and was so delighted with the very sight of her that she sent at once to the stables for her own horse, that she might ride out attended by Malcolm. His lordship also ordered his horse.

They went straight to Rotten Row for a little gallop, and Kelpie was behaving very well for her.

"What *did* you have two such savages, horse and groom both, up from Scotland for, Florimel?" asked his lordship as they cantered gently along the Row, Kelpie coming sideways after them, as if she would fain alter the pairing of her legs.

Florimel turned and cast an admiring glance on the two. "Do you know I am rather proud of them," she said.

"He's a clumsy fellow, the groom; and for the mare, she's downright wicked," said Liftore.

"At least neither is a hypocrite," returned Florimel, with Malcolm's account of his quarrel with the factor in her mind. "The mare is just as wicked as she looks, and the man as good. Believe me, my lord, that man you call a savage never told a lie in his life!" As she spoke she looked him hard in the face, with her father in her eyes.

Liftore could not return the look with equal steadiness. It seemed for the moment to be inquiring too curiously. "I know what you mean," he said. "You don't believe my professions." As he spoke he edged his horse close up to hers. "But," he went on, "if I know that I speak the truth when I swear that I love every breath of wind that has but touched your dress as it passed, that I would die gladly for one loving touch of your hand, why should you not let me ease my heart by saying so? Florimel, my life has been a different thing from the moment I saw you first. It has grown precious to me since I saw that it might be— Confound the fellow! what's he about now with his horse-devil?"

For at that moment his lordship's horse, a high-bred but timid animal, sprang away from the side of Florimel's, and there stood Kelpie on her hind legs, pawing the air between him and his lady, and Florimel, whose old confidence in Malcolm was now more than revived, was laughing merrily at the discomfiture

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of his attempt at love-making. Her behavior and his own frustration put him in such a rage that, wheeling quickly round, he struck Kelpie, just as she dropped on all fours, a great cut with his whip across the haunches. She plunged and kicked violently, came within an inch of breaking his horse's leg, and flew across the rail into the park. Nothing could have suited Malcolm better. He did not punish her as he would have done had she been to blame, for he was always just to lower as well as higher animals, but he took her a great round at racing speed, while his mistress and her companion looked on, and every one in the Row stopped and stared. Finally, he hopped her over the rail again, and brought her up dripping and foaming to his mistress. Florimel's eyes were flashing, and Liftore looked still angry.

"Dinna du that again, my lord," said Malcolm. "Ye're no my maister; an' gien ye war, ye wad hae no richt to brak my neck."

"No fear of that. That's not how your neck will be broken, my man," said his lordship with an attempted laugh; for, though he was all the angrier that he was ashamed of what he had done, he dared not further wrong the servant before his mistress.

A policeman came up and laid his hand on Kelpie's bridle.

"Take care what you're about," said Malcolm: "the mare's not safe. There's my mistress, the marchioness of Lossie."

The man saw an ugly look in Kelpie's eye, withdrew his hand and turned to Florimel.

"My groom is not to blame," said she. "Lord Liftore struck his mare, and she became ungovernable."

The man gave a look at Liftore, seemed to take his likeness, touched his hat and withdrew.

"You'd better ride the jade home," said Liftore.

Malcolm only looked at his mistress. She moved on and he followed.

He was not so innocent in the affair as he had seemed. The expression of Liftore's face as he drew nearer to Florimel was to him so hateful that he interfered in a very literal fashion: Kelpie had been doing no more than he made her until the earl struck her.

"Let us ride to Richmond to-morrow," said Florimel, "and have a good gallop in the park. Did you ever see a finer sight than that animal on the grass?"

"The fellow's too heavy for her," said Liftore: "I should very much like to try her myself."

Florimel pulled up and turned to Malcolm. "MacPhail," she said, "have that mare of yours ready whenever Lord Liftore chooses to ride her."

"I beg your pardon, my lady," returned Malcolm, "but would your ladyship make a condition with my lord that he shall not mount her anywhere on the stones."

"By Jove!" said Liftore scornfully, "you fancy yourself the only man that can ride."

"It's nothing to me, my lord, if you break your neck, but I am bound to tell you I do *not* think your lordship will sit my mare. Stoat can't, and I can only because I know her as well as my own palm."

The young earl made no answer, and they rode on, Malcolm nearer than his lordship liked.

"I can't think, Florimel," he said, "why you should want that fellow about you again. He is not only very awkward, but insolent as well."

"I should call it straightforward," returned Florimel.

"My dear Lady Lossie! See how close he is riding to us now."

"He is anxious, I dare say, as to your lordship's behavior. He is like some dogs that are a little too careful of their mistresses—touchy as to how they are addressed: not a bad fault in dog, or groom either. He saved my life once, and he was a great favorite with my father: I won't hear anything against him."

"But for your own sake—just consider: what will people say if you show any preference for a man like that?" said Liftore, who had already become jealous of the man who in his heart he feared could ride better than himself.

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"My lord!" exclaimed Florimel, with a mingling of surprise and indignation in her voice, and, suddenly quickening her pace, dropped him behind.

Malcolm was after her so instantly that it brought him abreast of Liftore. "Keep your own place," said his lordship with stern rebuke.

"I keep my place to my mistress," returned Malcolm.

Liftore looked at him as if he would strike him. But he thought better of it apparently, and rode after Florimel.

CHAPTER XX.

BLUE PETER.

By the time he had put up Kelpie, Malcolm found that his only chance of seeing Blue Peter before he left London lay in going direct to the wharf. On his road he reflected on what had just passed, and was not altogether pleased with himself. He had nearly lost his temper with Liftore; and if he should act in any way unbefitting the position he had assumed, from the duties of which he was in no degree exonerated by the fact that he had assumed it for a purpose, it would not only be a failure in himself, but an impediment perhaps insurmountable in the path of his service. To attract attention was almost to ensure frustration. When he reached the wharf, he found they had nearly got her freight on board the smack. Blue Peter stood on the forecastle. He went to him and explained how it was that he had been unable to join him sooner.

"I didna ken ye," said Blue Peter, "in sic play-actor kin' o' claes."

"Nobody in London would look at me twice now. But you remember how we were stared at when first we came," said Malcolm.

"Ow, ay!" returned Peter with almost a groan. "There's a sair cheenge past upo' you, but I'm gauin' hame to the auld w'y o' things. The herrin' 'ill be aye to the fore, I'm thinkin'; an' gien we getna a harbor we'll get a h'aven."

Judging it better to take no notice of this pretty strong expression of distrust and disappointment, Malcolm led him aside, and putting a few sovereigns in his hand, said, "Here, Peter, that will take you home."

"It's ower muckle—a heap ower muckle. I'll tak naething frae ye but what'll pay my w'y."

"But what is such a trifle between friends?"

"There *was* a time, Ma'colm, whan what was mine was yours, an' what was yours was mine, but that time's gane."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Peter; but still I owe you as much as that for bare wages."

"There was no word o' wauges whan ye said, Peter, come to Lon'on wi' me. Davie there—he maun hae his wauges."

"Weel," said Malcolm, thinking it better to give way, "I'm no abune bein' obleeged to ye, Peter. I maun bide my time, I see, for ye winna lippen till me. Eh, man! your faith 's sune at the wa'."

"Faith! what faith?" returned Peter, almost fiercely. "We're tauld to put no faith in man; an' gien I bena come to that yet freely, I'm nearer till't nor ever I was afore."

"Weel, Peter, a' 'at I can say is, I ken my ain hert, an' ye dinna ken't."

"Daur ye tell me!" cried Peter. "Disna the Scriptur' itsel' say the hert o' man is deceitfu' an' despratly wickit: who can know it?"

"Peter," said Malcolm—and he spoke very gently, for he understood that love and not hate was at the root of his friend's anger and injustice—"gien ye winna lippen to me, there's naething for't but I maun lippen to you. Gang hame to yer wife an' gi'e her my compliments, an' tell her a' 'at's past atween you an' me, as near, word for word, as ye can tell the same; an' say till her I pray her to judge atween you an' me, an' to mak the best o' me to ye 'at she can, for I wad ill thole to loss yer freenship, Peter."

The same moment came the command for all but passengers to go ashore. The men grasped each other's hand, looked each other in the eyes with something of mutual reproach, and parted—Blue Peter down the river to Scaurnose and Annie,

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Malcolm to the yacht lying still in the Upper Pool.

He saw it taken properly in charge, and arranged for having it towed up the river and anchored in the Chelsea Reach.

When Blue Peter found himself once more safe out at sea, with twelve hundred yards of canvas spread above him in one mighty wing betwixt boom and gaff, and the wind blowing half a gale, the weather inside him began to change a little. He began to see that he had not been behaving altogether as a friend ought. It was not that he saw reason for being better satisfied with Malcolm or his conduct, but reason for being worse satisfied with himself; and the consequence was that he grew still angrier with Malcolm, and the wrong he had done him seemed more and more an unpardonable one.

When he was at length seated on the top of the coach running betwixt Aberdeen and Fochabers, which would set him down as near Scaurnose as coach could go, he began to be doubtful how Annie, formally retained on Malcolm's side by the message he had to give her, would judge in the question between them; for what did she know of theatres and such places? And the doubt strengthened as he neared home. The consequence was that he felt in no haste to execute Malcolm's commission; and hence, the delights of greeting over, Annie was the first to open her bag of troubles: Mr. Crathie had given them notice to quit at Midsummer.

"Jist what I micht hae expeckit!" cried Blue Peter, starting up. "Woe be to the man 'at puts his trust in princes! I luikit till *him* to save the fisher-fowk, an' no to the Lord, an' the tooer o' Siloam 's fa'en upo' my heid:—what does he, the first thing, but turn his ain auld freens oot o' the sma' beild they had, that his father nor his gran'father, 'at was naither o' them God-fearin' men, wad never hae put their han' till! Eh, wuman! but my hert's sair 'ithin me. To think o' Ma'colm MacPhail turnin' his back upo' them 'at's been freens wi' 'im sin' ever he was a wee loonie, rinnin' aboot in coaties!"

"Hoot, man! what's gotten intill yer heid?" returned his wife. "It's no Ma'colm: it's the ill-wully factor. Bide ye till he comes till 's ain, an' Maister Crathie 'ill hae to lauch o' the wrang side o' 's mou'."

But thereupon Peter began his tale of how he had fared in London, and in the excitement of keenly-anticipated evil, and with his recollection of events wrapped in the mist of a displeasure which had deepened during his journey, he so clothed the facts of Malcolm's conduct in the garments of his own feelings that the mind of Annie Mair also became speedily possessed with the fancy that their friend's good-fortune had upset his moral equilibrium, and that he had not only behaved to her husband with pride and arrogance, breaking all the ancient bonds of friendship between them, but had tried to seduce him from the ways of righteousness by inveigling him into a playhouse, where marvels of wickedness were going on at the very time. She wept a few bitter tears of disappointment, dried them hastily, lifted her head high, and proceeded to set her affairs in order as if death were at the door.

For indeed it was to them as a death to leave Scaurnose. True, Annie came from inland, and was not of the fisher race, but this part of the coast she had known from childhood, and in this cottage all her married years had been spent, while banishment of the sort involved banishment from every place they knew, for all the neighborhood was equally under the power of the factor. And, poor as their accommodation here was, they had plenty of open air and land-room; whereas if they should be compelled to go to any of the larger ports, it would be to circumstances greatly inferior and a neighborhood in all probability very undesirable for their children.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. GRAHAM.

WHEN Malcolm at length reached his lodging, he found there a letter from Miss Horn, containing the much-desired information as to where the schoolmaster

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was to be found in the London wilderness. It was now getting rather late, and the dusk of a spring night had begun to gather, but little more than the breadth of the Regent's Park lay between him and his best friend—his only one in London—and he set out immediately for Camden Town.

The relation between him and his late schoolmaster was indeed of the strongest and closest. Long before Malcolm was born, and ever since, had Alexander Graham loved Malcolm's mother, but not until within the last few months had he learned that Malcolm was the son of Griselda Campbell. The discovery was to the schoolmaster like the bursting out of a known flower on an unknown plant. He knew then, not why he had loved the boy—for he loved every one of his pupils more or less—but why he had loved him with such a peculiar tone of affection.

It was a lovely evening. There had been rain in the afternoon as Malcolm walked home from the Pool, but before the sun set it had cleared up, and as he went through the park toward the dingy suburb the first heralds of the returning youth of the year met him from all sides in the guise of odors—not yet those of flowers, but the more ethereal if less sweet scents of buds and grass and ever pure earth moistened with the waters of heaven. And, to his surprise, he found that his sojourn in a great city, although as yet so brief, had already made the open earth with its corn and grass more dear to him and wonderful. But when he left the park, and crossed the Hampstead road into a dreary region of dwellings crowded and commonplace as the thoughts of a worshiper of Mammon, houses upon houses, here and there shepherded by a tall spire, it was hard to believe that the spring was indeed *coming slowly up this way.*

After not a few inquiries he found himself at a stationer's shop, a poor little place, and learned that Mr. Graham lodged over it, and was then at home. He was shown up into a shabby room, with an iron bedstead, a chest of drawers daubed with sickly paint, a table with a stained red cover, a few bookshelves in a recess over the washstand, and two chairs seated with hair-cloth. On one of these, by the side of a small fire in a neglected grate, sat the schoolmaster reading his Plato. On the table beside him lay his Greek New Testament and an old edition of George Herbert. He looked up as the door opened, and, notwithstanding his strange dress, recognizing at once his friend and pupil, rose hastily, and welcomed him with hand and eyes and countenance, but without word spoken. For a few moments the two stood silent, holding each the other's hand and gazing each in the other's eyes, then sat down still speechless, one on each side of the fire.

They looked at each other and smiled, and again a minute passed. Then the schoolmaster rose, rang the bell, and when it was answered by a rather careworn young woman, requested her to bring tea.

"I'm sorry I cannot give you cakes or fresh butter, my lord," he said with a smile; and they were the first words spoken. "The former are not to be had, and the latter is beyond my means. But what I have will content one who is able to count that abundance which many would count privation."

He spoke in the choice word-measured phrase and stately speech which Wordsworth says "grave livers do in Scotland use," but under it all rang a tone of humor, as if he knew the form of his utterance too important for the subject-matter of it, and would gently amuse with it both his visitor and himself.

He was a man of middle height, but so thin that notwithstanding a slight stoop in the shoulders he looked rather tall—much on the young side of fifty, but apparently a good way on the other, partly from the little hair he had being gray. He had sandy-colored whiskers and a shaven chin. Except his large, sweetly-closed mouth and rather long upper lip, there was nothing very notable in his features. At ordinary moments, indeed, there was nothing in his appearance other than insignificant to the ordinary observer. His eyes were of a pale quiet

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blue, but when he smiled they sparkled and throbbed with light. He wore the same old black tail-coat he had worn last in his school at Portlossie, but the white neckcloth he had always been seen in there had given place to a black one: that was the sole change in the aspect of the man.

About Portlosssie he had been greatly respected, notwithstanding the rumor that he was a "stickit minister"—that is, one who had failed in the attempt to preach —and when the presbytery dismissed him on the charge of heresy, there had been many tears on the part of his pupils and much childish defiance of his unenviable successor.

Few words passed between the two men until they had had their tea, and then followed a long talk, Malcolm first explaining his present position, and then answering many questions of the master as to how things had gone since he left. Next followed anxious questions on Malcolm's side as to how his friend found himself in the prison of London.

"I do miss the air, and the laverocks (*skylarks*), and the gowans," he confessed, "but I have them all in my mind; and at my age a man ought to be able to satisfy himself with the idea of a thing in his soul. Of outer things that have contributed to his inward growth the memory alone may then well be enough. The sights which, when I lie down to sleep, rise before that inward eye Wordsworth calls the bliss of solitude have upon me the power almost of a spiritual vision, so purely radiant are they of that which dwells in them, the divine thought which is their substance, their *hypostasis*. My boy, I doubt if you can yet tell what it is to know the presence of the living God in and about you."

"I houp I hae a bit notion o' 't, sir," said Malcolm.

"But believe me that, in any case, however much a man may have of it, he may have it endlessly more. Since I left the cottage where I hoped to end my days under the shadow of the house of your ancestors, since I came into this region of bricks and smoke and the crowded tokens too plain of want and care, I have found a reality in the things I had been trying to teach you at Portlossie such as I had before imagined only in my best moments. And more still: I am now far better able to understand how it must have been with our Lord when He was trying to teach the men and women in Palestine to have faith in God. Depend upon it, we get our best use of life in learning by the facts of its ebb and flow to understand the Son of man. And again, when we understand Him, then only do we understand our life and ourselves. Never can we know the majesty of the will of God concerning us except by understanding Jesus and the work the Father gave Him to do. Now, nothing is of a more heavenly delight than to enter into a dusky room in the house of your Friend, and there, with a blow of the heavenly rod, draw light from the dark wall—open a window, a fountain of the eternal light, and let in the truth which is the life of the world. Joyously would a man spend his life—right joyously, even if the road led to the gallows—in showing the grandest he sees—the splendent purities of the divine region, the mountain-top up to which the voice of God is ever calling His children. Yes, I can understand even how a man might live, like the good hermits of old, in triumphant meditation upon such all-satisfying truths, and let the waves of the world's time wash by him in unheeded flow until his cell changed to his tomb and his spirit soared free. But to spend your time in giving little lessons when you have great ones to give; in teaching the multiplication-table the morning after you made at midnight a grand discovery upon the very summits of the moonlit mountain-range of the mathematics; in enforcing the old law, *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself*, when you know in your own heart that not a soul can ever learn to keep it without first learning to fulfill an infinitely greater one—*to love his neighbor even as Christ hath loved him*—then indeed one may well grow disheartened, and feel as if he were not in the place prepared for, and at the work required of, him. But it is just then that he must go back to school himself,

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and learn not only the patience of God, who keeps the whole dull obstinate world alive while generation after generation is born and vanishes—and of the mighty multitude only one here and there rises up from the fetters of humanity into the freedom of the sons of God—and yet goes on teaching the whole, and bringing every man who will but turn his ear a little toward the Voice that calls him nearer and nearer to the second birth—of sonship and liberty;—not only this divine patience must he learn, but the divine insight as well, which in every form spies the reflex of the truth it cannot contain, and in every lowliest lesson sees the highest drawn nearer and the soul growing alive unto God."

CHAPTER XXII.

RICHMOND PARK.

THE next day at noon, mounted on Kelpie, Malcolm was in attendance upon his mistress, who was eager after a gallop in Richmond Park. Lord Liftore, who had intended to accompany her, had not made his appearance yet, but Florimel did not seem the less desirous of setting out at the time she had appointed Malcolm. The fact was, that she had said one o'clock to Liftore, intending twelve, that she might get away without him. Kelpie seemed on her good behavior, and they started quietly enough. By the time they got out of the park upon the Kensington road, however, the evil spirit had begun to wake in her. But even when she was quietest she was nothing to be trusted, and about London, Malcolm found he dared never let his thoughts go, or take his attention quite off her ears. They got to Kew bridge in safety, nevertheless, though whether they were to get safely across was doubtful all the time they were upon it, for again and again she seemed on the very point of clearing the stone balustrade but for the terrible bit and chain without which Malcolm never dared ride her. Still, whatever her caracoles or escapades, they caused Florimel nothing but amusement, for her confidence in Malcolm — that he could do whatever he believed he could—was unbounded. They got through Richmond with some trouble, but hardly were they well into the park when Lord Liftore, followed by his groom, came suddenly up behind them at such a rate as quite destroyed the small stock of equanimity Kelpie had to go upon. She bolted.

Florimel was a good rider, and knew herself quite mistress of her horse; and if she now followed, it was at her own will, and with a design: she wanted to make the horses behind her bolt also if she could. His lordship came flying after her, and his groom after him, but she kept increasing her pace until they were all at full stretch, thundering over the grass, upon which Malcolm had at once turned Kelpie, giving her little rein and plenty of spur. Gradually, Florimel slackened speed, and at last pulled up suddenly. Liftore and his groom went past her like the wind. She turned at right angles and galloped back to the road. There, on a gaunt thoroughbred, with a furnace of old life in him yet, sat Lenorme, whom she had already passed and signaled to remain thereabout. They drew alongside of each other, but they did not shake hands: they only looked each in the other's eyes, and for a few moments neither spoke. The three riders were now far away over the park, and still Kelpie held on and the other horses after her.

"I little expected *such* a pleasure," said Lenorme.

"I meant to give it you, though," said Florimel with a merry laugh.—"Bravo, Kelpie! take them with you," she cried, looking after the still retreating horsemen.—"I have got a familiar since I saw you last, Raoul," she went on. "See if I don't get some good for us out of him. We'll move gently along the road here, and by the time Liftore's horse is spent we shall be ready for a good gallop. I want to tell you all about it. I did not mean Liftore to be here when I sent you word, but he has been too much for me."

Lenorme replied with a look of gratitude, and as they walked their horses along she told him all concerning Malcolm and Kelpie.

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"Liftore hates him already," she said, "and I can hardly wonder; but *you* must not, for you will find him useful. He is one I can depend upon. You should have seen the look Liftore gave him when he told him he could not sit his mare! It would have been worth gold to you."

Lenorme winced a little.

"He thinks no end of his riding," Florimel continued; "but if it were not so improper to have secrets with another gentleman, I would tell you that he rides —just pretty well."

Lenorme's great brow gloomed over his eyes like the Eiger in a mist, but he said nothing yet.

"He wants to ride Kelpie, and I have told my groom to let him have her. Perhaps she'll break his neck."

Lenorme smiled grimly.

"You wouldn't mind, would you, Raoul?" added Florimel, with a roguish look.

"Would you mind telling me, Florimel, what you mean by the impropriety of having secrets with another gentleman? Am *I* the other gentleman?"

"Why, of course. You know Liftore imagines he has only to name the day."

"And you allow an idiot like that to cherish such a degrading idea of you?"

"Why, Raoul! what does it matter what a fool like him thinks?"

"If you don't mind it, I do. I feel it an insult to me that he should dare think of you like that."

"I don't know. I suppose I shall have to marry him some day."

"Lady Lossie, do you want to make me hate you?"

"Don't be foolish, Raoul. It won't be to-morrow nor the next day. *Freuet euch des Lebens!*"

"Oh, Florimel! what *is* to come of this? Do you want to break my heart? I hate to talk rubbish. You won't kill me: you will only ruin my work, and possibly drive me mad."

Florimel drew close to his side, laid her hand on his arm and looked in his face with a witching entreaty. "We have the present, Raoul," she said.

"So has the butterfly," answered Lenorme; "but I had rather be the caterpillar with a future. Why don't you put a stop to the man's lovemaking? He can't love you or any woman. He does not know what love means. It makes me ill to hear him when he thinks he is paying you irresistible compliments. They are so silly! so mawkish! Good Heavens, Florimel! can you imagine that smile every day and always? Like the rest of his class, he seems to think himself perfectly justified in making fools of women. *I* want to help you to grow as beautiful as God meant you to be when he thought of you first. I want you to be my embodied vision of life, that I may for ever worship at your feet—live in you, die with you: such bliss, even were there nothing beyond, would be enough for the heart of a God to bestow."

"Stop, stop, Raoul! I'm not worthy of such love," said Florimel, again laying her hand on his arm. "I do wish for your sake I had been born a village girl."

"If you had been, then I might have wished for your sake that I had been born a marquis. As it is, I would rather be a painter than any nobleman in Europe; that is, with you to love me. Your love is my patent of nobility. But I may glorify what you love, and tell you that I can confer something on you also—what none of your noble admirers can. God forgive me! you will make me hate them all."

"Raoul, this won't do at all," said Florimel with the authority that should belong only to the one in the right. And indeed for the moment she felt the dignity of restraining a too impetuous passion. "You will spoil everything. I dare not come to your studio if you are going to behave like this. It would be very wrong of me. And if I am never to come and see you, I shall die: I know I shall."

The girl was so full of the delight of the secret love between them that she cared only to live in the present as if there were no future beyond: Lenorme wanted to make that future like, but better than, the present. The word "marriage" put Florimel in a rage. She thought herself superior to Lenorme,

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because he, in the dread of losing her, would have her marry him at once, while she was more than content with the bliss of seeing him now and then. Often and often her foolish talk stung him with bitter pain—worst of all when it compelled him to doubt whether there was that in her to be loved as he was capable of loving. Yet always the conviction that there was a deep root of nobleness in her nature again got uppermost; and, had it not been so, I fear he would nevertheless have continued to prove her irresistible as often as she chose to exercise upon him the full might of her witcheries. At one moment she would reveal herself in such a sudden rush of tenderness as seemed possible only to one ready to become his altogether and for ever: the next she would start away as if she had never meant anything, and talk as if not a thought were in her mind beyond the cultivation of a pleasant acquaintance doomed to pass with the season, if not with the final touches to her portrait. Or she would fall to singing some song he had taught her, more likely a certain one he had written in a passionate mood of bitter tenderness with the hope of stinging her love to some show of deeper life, but would, while she sang, look with merry defiance in his face, as if she adopted in seriousness what he had written in loving and sorrowful satire.

They rode in silence for some hundred yards. At length he spoke, replying to her last asseveration. "Then what *can* you gain, child—" he said.

"Will you dare to call *me* child?—a marchioness in my own right!" she cried, playfully threatening him with uplifted whip, in the handle of which the little jewels sparkled.

"What, then, can you gain, my lady marchioness," he resumed, with soft seriousness and a sad smile, "by marrying one of your own rank? I should lay new honor and consideration at your feet. I am young: I have done fairly well already. But I have done nothing to what I could do now if only my heart lay safe in the port of peace. You know where alone that is for me, my—lady marchioness. And you know, too, that the names of great painters go down with honor from generation to generation, when my Lord This or my Lord That is remembered only as a label to the picture that makes the painter famous. I am not a great painter yet, but I will be one if you will be good to me. And men shall say, when they look on your portrait in ages to come, No wonder he was such a painter when he had such a woman to paint!"

He spoke the words with a certain tone of dignified playfulness.

"When shall the woman sit to you again, painter?" said Florimel—sole reply to his rhapsody.

The painter thought a little. Then he said, "I don't like that tire-woman of yours. She has two evil eyes—one for each of us. I have again and again caught their expression when they were upon us and she thought none were upon her: I can see without lifting my head when I am painting, and my art has made me quick at catching expressions, and, I hope, at interpreting them."

"I don't altogether like her myself," said Florimel. "Of late I am not so sure of her as I used to be. But what can I do? I must have somebody with me, you know. A thought strikes me. Yes, I won't say now what it is lest I should disappoint my—painter; but—yes—you shall see what I will dare for you, faithless man!"

She set off at a canter, turned on to the grass and rode to meet Liftore, whom she saw in the distance returning, followed by the two grooms. "Come on, Raoul!" she cried, looking back: "I must account for you. He sees I have not been alone."

Lenorme joined her, and they rode along side by side.

The earl and the painter knew each other: as they drew near the painter lifted his hat and the earl nodded.

"You owe Mr. Lenorme some acknowledgment, my lord, for taking charge of me after your sudden desertion," said Florimel. "Why did you gallop off in such a mad fashion?"

"I am sorry," began Liftore, a little embarrassed.

"Oh, don't trouble yourself to apolo-

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gize," said Florimel. "I have always understood that great horsemen find a horse more interesting than a lady. It is a mark of their breed, I am told."

She knew that Liftore would not be ready to confess he could not hold his hack.

"If it hadn't been for Mr. Lenorme," she added, "I should have been left without a squire, subject to any whim of my four-footed servant here."

As she spoke she patted the neck of her horse. The earl, on his side, had been looking the painter's horse up and down with a would-be humorous expression of criticism. "I beg your pardon, marchioness," he replied; "but you pulled up so quickly that we shot past you. I thought you were close behind, and preferred following.—Seen his best days, eh, Lenorme?" he concluded, willing to change the subject.

"I fancy he doesn't think so," returned the painter. "I bought him out of a butterman's cart three months ago. He's been coming to himself ever since. Look at his eye, my lord."

"Are you knowing in horses, then?"

"I can't say I am, beyond knowing how to treat them something like human beings."

"That's no ill," said Malcolm to himself. He was just near enough, on the pawing and foaming Kelpie, to catch what was passing. "The fallow 'ill du. He's worth a score o' sic yerls as yon."

"Ha! ha!" said his lordship: "I don't know about that. He's not the best of tempers, I can see. But look at that demon of Lady Lossie's—that black mare there! I wish you could teach her some of your humanity.—By the way, Florimel, I think now we *are* upon the grass"—he said it loftily, as if submitting to injustice—"I will presume to mount the reprobate."

The gallop had communicated itself to Liftore's blood, and, besides, he thought after such a run Kelpie would be less extravagant in her behavior.

"She is at your service," said Florimel.

He dismounted, his groom rode up, he threw him the reins and called Malcolm. "Bring your mare here, my man," he said.

Malcolm rode her up halfway, and dismounted. "If your lordship is going to ride her," he said, "will you please get on her here. I would rather not take her nearer the other horses."

"Well, you know her better than I do. You and I must ride about the same length, I think."

So saying, his lordship carelessly measured the stirrup-leather against his arm and took the reins.

"Stand well forward, my lord. Don't mind turning your back to her head. I'll look after her teeth: you mind her hind hoof," said Malcolm, with her head in one hand and the stirrup in the other.

Kelpie stood rigid as a rock, and the earl swung himself up cleverly enough. But hardly was he in the saddle, and Malcolm had just let her go, when she plunged and lashed out: then, having failed to unseat her rider, stood straight up on her hind legs.

"Give her her head, my lord," cried Malcolm.

She stood swaying in the air, Liftore's now frightened face half hid in her mane and his spurs stuck in her flanks.

"Come off her, my lord, for God's sake! Off with you!" cried Malcolm as he leaped at her head. "She'll be on her back in a moment."

Liftore only clung the harder. Malcolm caught her head just in time: she was already falling backward.

"Let all go, my lord. Throw yourself off."

He swung her toward him with all his strength, and just as his lordship fell off behind her she fell sideways to Malcolm and clear of Liftore.

As Malcolm was on the side away from the little group, and their own horses were excited, those who had looked breathless on at the struggle could not tell how he had managed it, but when they expected to see the groom writhing under the weight of the demoness, there he was with his knee upon her head while Liftore was gathering himself up from the ground, only just beyond the reach of her iron-shod hoofs.

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"Thank God," said Florimel, "there is no harm done!—Well, have you had enough of her yet, Liftore?"

"Pretty nearly, I think," said his lordship, with an attempt at a laugh as he walked rather feebly and foolishly toward his horse. He mounted with some difficulty and looked very pale.

"I hope you're not much hurt," said Florimel kindly as she moved alongside of him.

"Not in the least—only disgraced," he answered almost angrily. "The brute's a perfect Satan. You *must* part with her. With such a horse and such a groom you'll get yourself talked of all over London. I believe the fellow himself was at the bottom of it. You really *must* sell her."

"I would, my lord, if *you* were my groom," answered Florimel, whom his accusation of Malcolm had filled with angry contempt; and she moved away toward the still prostrate mare.

Malcolm was quietly seated on her head. She had ceased sprawling, and lay nearly motionless, but for the heaving of her sides with her huge inhalations. She knew from experience that struggling was useless.

"I beg your pardon, my lady," said Malcolm. "but I daren't get up."

"How long do you mean to sit there, then?" she asked.

"If your ladyship wouldn't mind riding home without me, I would give her a good half hour of it. I always do when she throws herself over like that.—I've got my Epictetus?" he asked himself, feeling in his coat-pocket."

"Do as you please," answered his mistress. "Let me see you when you get home. I should like to know you are safe."

"Thank you, my lady: there's little fear of that," said Malcolm.

Florimel returned to the gentlemen, and they rode homeward. On the way she said suddenly to the earl, "Can you tell me, Liftore, who Epictetus was?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered his lordship. "One of the old fellows."

She turned to Lenorme. Happily, the Christian heathen was not altogether unknown to the painter.

"May I inquire why your ladyship asks?" he said when he had told all he could at the moment recollect.

"Because," she answered, "I left my groom sitting on his horse's head reading Epictetus."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Liftore. "Ha! ha! ha! In the original, I suppose!"

"I don't doubt it," said Florimel.

In about two hours Malcolm reported himself. Lord Liftore had gone home, they told him. The painter-fellow, as Wallis called him, had stayed to lunch, but was now gone also, and Lady Lossie was alone in the drawing-room.

She sent for him. "I am glad to see you safe, MacPhail," she said. "It is clear your Kelpie—don't be alarmed: I am not going to make you part with her—but it is clear she won't always do for you to attend me upon. Suppose now I wanted to dismount and make a call or go into a shop?"

"There is a sort of friendship between your Abbot and her, my lady: she would stand all the better if I had him to hold."

"Well, but how would you put me up again?"

"I never thought of that, my lady. Of course I daren't let you come near Kelpie."

"Could you trust yourself to buy another horse to ride after me about town?"

"No, my lady, not without a ten days' trial. If lies stuck like London mud, there's many a horse would never be seen again. But there's Mr. Lenorme. If he would go with me, I fancy between us we could do pretty well."

"Ah! a good idea!" returned his mistress. "But what makes you think of him?" she added, willing enough to talk about him.

"The look of the gentleman and his horse together, and what I heard him say," answered Malcolm.

"What did you hear him say?"

"That he knew he had to treat horses something like human beings. I've often fancied, within the last few months, that God does with some people something like as I do with Kelpie."

"I know nothing about theology."

"I don't fancy you do, my lady, but

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this concerns biography rather than theology. No one could tell what I meant except he had watched his own history and that of people he knew."

"And horses too?"

"It's hard to get at their insides, my lady, but I suspect it must be so. I'll ask Mr. Graham."

"What Mr. Graham?"

"The schoolmaster of Portlossie."

"Is he in London, then?"

"Yes, my lady. He believed too much to please the presbytery, and they turned him out."

"I should like to see him. He was very attentive to my father on his death-bed."

"Your ladyship will never know till you are dead yourself what Mr. Graham did for my lord."

"What do you mean? What could he do for him?"

"He helped him through sore trouble of mind, my lady."

Florimel was silent for a little, then repeated, "I should like to see him. I ought to pay him some attention. Couldn't I make them give him his school again?"

"I don't know about that, my lady, but I am sure he would not take it against the will of the presbytery."

"I should like to do something for him. Ask him to call."

"If your ladyship lays your commands upon me," answered Malcolm: "otherwise I would rather not."

"Why so, pray?"

"Because except he can be of any use to you he will not come."

"But I want to be of use to him."

"How, if I may ask, my lady?"

"That I can't exactly say on the spur of the moment. I must know the man first, especially if you are right in supposing he would not enjoy a victory over the presbytery. *I* should. He wouldn't take money, I fear."

"Except it came of love or work, he would put it from him as he would brush the dust from his coat."

"I could introduce him to good society. That is no small privilege to one of his station."

"He has more of that and better than your ladyship could give him. He holds company with Socrates and Saint Paul, and greater still."

"But they're not like living people."

"Very like them, my lady; only far better company in general. But Mr. Graham would leave Plato himself—yes, or Saint Paul either, though he were sitting beside him in the flesh—to go and help any old washerwoman that wanted him."

"Then I want him."

"No, my lady, you don't want him."

"How dare you say so?"

"If you did you would go to him."

Florimel's eyes flashed and her pretty lip curled. She turned to her writing-table, annoyed with herself that she could not find a fitting word wherewith to rebuke his presumption—rudeness, was it not?—and a feeling of angry shame arose in her that she, the marchioness of Lossie, had not dignity enough to prevent her own groom from treating her like a child. But he was far too valuable to quarrel with. She sat down and wrote a note. "There," she said, "take that note to Mr. Lenorme. I have asked him to help you in the choice of a horse."

"What price would you be willing to go to, my lady?"

"I leave that to Mr. Lenorme's judgment—and your own," she added.

"Thank you, my lady," said Malcolm, and was leaving the room when Florimel called him back.

"Next time you see Mr. Graham," she said, "give him my compliments, and ask him if I can be of any service to him."

"I'll do that, my lady: I am sure he will take it very kindly."

Florimel made no answer, and Malcolm went to find the painter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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LETTERS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

BY LADY BARKER.

MARITZBURG, September 1, 1876.

I HAVE had many pleasant cups of tea in my life, indoors and out of doors, but never a pleasanter cup than the one I had the other day in a wagon, or, to speak more exactly, by the side of a wagon—a wagon, too, upon which one looked with the deepest respect, for it had just come down from a long journey up the country, where it had been trekking these four months past—trekking night and day right up to the territory of the Ama-Swazies, through the Thorn country, over hundreds of miles of these endless billowy hills, rolling in wearying monotony day after day; but—and this "but" made up for every other shortcoming—amid hunting-grounds happier than often fall to the lot of even the South African explorer. And there were the spoils of the little campaign spread out before us. The first result, however, which struck me was the splendid health of the travelers. Sunburned indeed they were, especially the fair young English girl-face which had smiled good-bye to me from the depths of a sun-bonnet last April. But who would not risk a few shades of tan to have gone through such a novel and delightful journey? I never saw two people look so well in all my life as this adventurous couple, and it was with one voice they declared they had enjoyed every moment of the time. And what a pleasant time it must have been, rewarded as they were—and deserved to be—by splendid sport! On the fore part of the wagon lay a goodly pile of skins and quantities of magnificent horns, from the ponderous pair on the shaggy buffalo-skulls down to taper points which might have belonged to a fairy buck, so slender, so polished, so inexpressibly graceful, were they. But the trophy of trophies was the skin of a lion, which had been shot in the earliest morning light some twenty yards from the hunter's tent. It was a splendid skin, and the curved claws are to be made into a necklace and earrings for the sportsman's wife, who indeed deserves them for bearing her share of the dangers and discomforts of the expedition so cheerfully and bravely. It was very difficult to elicit the least hint of what the discomforts were, or might have been, until at last my eager questions raked out an admission that a week of wet weather (the only one, by the way, in all the four months) was tedious when cooped up under the tilt of the wagon, or that some of the places up and down which the lumbering, unwieldy conveyance had crept were fearful to look at and dangerous to travel, necessitating a lashing together of the wheels by iron chains, as well as the use of the ordinary heavy brake. Yet there had been no upset, no casualty, no serious trouble of any sort; and I think what these English travelers were more impressed with than anything else was the honesty of the Kafirs. The wagon with its stores of food and wine, of comforts and conveniences of all sorts, had been left absolutely alone by the side of a track crossed and recrossed every hour by Kafirs, and twenty miles short of the place whither the tent had been carried for greater facilities of getting at the big game. The oxen were twenty miles off in another direction, under no one's care in particular; the wagon stood absolutely alone; and yet when the moment of reassembling came every bullock was forthcoming, and nothing whatever of any description was missing from the unguarded wagon. The great attraction to the Kafirs along the line of travel had been the empty tins of preserved milk or jam: with tops and bottoms knocked out they made the most resplendent bangles, and became a violent fashion up among the Thorns.

Nor was that grand lion's skin the only one. There were quagga skins, wolf skins, buck skins of half a dozen differ-

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ent species, eland skins, buffalo skins, lynx and wild-cat skins enough to start a furrier's shop, and all in excellent preservation, having been tightly pegged out and thoroughly dried. The horns—or rather the skulls—were still a little high, and needed to be heaped well to leeward before we settled down to tea, camping on kegs and boxes and whatever we could find. I was made proud and happy by being accommodated with a seat on the lion skin; and exactly opposite to me, tranquilly grazing on the young grass, was the identical donkey which had attracted the king of animals to the spot where his fate awaited him. Although camped in the very heart of the lion country, the hunter had neither seen nor heard anything of his big game until this donkey chanced to be added to the stud, and then the lions came roaring round, half a dozen at a time. A huge fire had to be kept up night and day, and close to this the unhappy ass was tethered, for his life would not have been worth much otherwise; and he seems to have been thoroughly alive to the perils of his situation. Lions can resist anything except ass-flesh, it appears; but it is so entirely their favorite delicacy that they forget their cunning, and become absolutely reckless in pursuit of it. When at the last extremity of terror, the poor donkey used to lift up his discordant voice, and so keep the prowling foe at bay for a while, though it invariably had the double effect of attracting all the lions within earshot. And so it was that in the early dawn the hunter, hearing the lion's growls coming nearer and nearer, and the poor donkey's brays more and more frequent, stole out, rifle in hand, just in time to get a steady shot at the splendid brute only fifteen yards away, who was hungrily eyeing the miserable ass on the other side of the blazing fire. In spite of all legends to the contrary, a lion never attacks a man first, and this lion turned and moved away directly he saw the sportsman's leveled rifle. Only one shot was fired, for the dull thud of the bullet told that it had struck the lion, and nothing upon earth is so dangerous as a wounded lion. The huge beast walked slowly away, and when the full daylight had come the sportsman and a few Kafirs followed up the blood-flecked trail for a quarter of a mile, or less, to find the lion lying down as if asleep, with his head resting on his folded fore paw, quite dead. I don't think I ever understood the *weight* of a lion until I was told that it took two strong Kafirs to lift one of its ponderous fore feet a few inches even from the ground, and it was almost more than ten men could manage to drag it along the ground by ropes back to the tent. Twenty men could scarcely have carried it, the size and weight of the muscle are so enormous. The Kafirs prize the fat of the lion very highly, and the headman of the expedition had claimed this as his perquisite, melting it down into gourds and selling it in infinitesimal portions as an unguent. I don't know what the market-price up country was, but whilst we were laughing and chatting over our tea I saw the crafty Kafir scooping out the tiniest bits of lion's fat in return for a shilling. One of my Kafirs asked leave to go down and buy some. "What for, Jack?" I asked. "Not for me, ma' —*for my brudder:* make him brave, ma'—able for plenty fight, ma'." I am certain, however, that this was a ruse, and that Jack felt his own need of the courage-giving ointment.

Talking of Jack, reminds me of a visit I had the other day from a detachment of his friends and relatives. They did not come to see Jack: they came to see me, and very amusing visitors they were. First of all, there was a bride, who brought me a young hen as a present. She was attended by two or three scraggy girls of about fifteen, draped only in short mantles of coarse cloth. The bride herself was exceedingly smart, and had one of the prettiest faces imaginable. Her regular features, oval outline, dazzling teeth and charming expression were not a bit disfigured by her jet-black skin. Her hair was drawn straight up from her head like a tiara, stained red and ornamented with a profusion of bones and skewers, feathers, etc., stuck coquettishly over one ear, and a band of bead embroidery, studded with brass-headed nails, being worn

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like a fillet where the hair grew low on the forehead. She had a kilt—or series of aprons, rather—of lynx skins, a sort of bodice of calf skin, and over her shoulders, arranged with ineffable grace, a gay table-cover. Then there were strings of beads on her pretty, shapely throat and arms, and a bright scarlet ribbon tied tight round each ankle. All the rest of the party seemed immensely proud of this young person, and were very anxious to put her forward in every way. Indeed, all the others, mostly hard-working, hard-featured matrons, prematurely aged, took no more active part than the chorus of a Greek play, always excepting the old induna or headman of the village, who came as escort and in charge of the whole party. He was a most garrulous and amusing individual, full of reminiscences and anecdotes of his fighting days. He was rather more frank than most warriors who

> Shoulder their crutch and show how fields are won,

for the usual end of his battle-stories was the naïve confession, "And then I thought I should be killed, and so I ran away." He and I used up a great many interpreters in the course of the visit, for he wearied every one out, and nothing made him so angry as any attempt to condense his conversation in translating it to me. But he was great fun—polite, as became an old soldier, full of compliments and assurances that "now, the happiest day of his life having come, he desired to live no longer, but was ready for death." The visit took place on the shady side of the verandah, and thither I brought my large musical-box and set it down on the ground to play. Never was there such a success. In a moment they were all down on their knees before it, listening with rapt delight, the old man telling them the music was caused by very little people inside the box, who were obliged to do exactly as I bade them. They were all in a perfect ecstasy of delight for ever so long, retreating rapidly, however, to a distance whenever I wound it up. The old induna took snuff copiously all the time, and made me affectionate speeches, which resulted in the gift of an old great-coat, which he assured me he never should live to wear out, because he was quite in a hurry to die and go to the white man's land, now that he had seen me. We hunted up all manner of queer odds and ends for presents, and made everybody happy in turn. As a final ceremony, I took them through the house: tiny as it is, it filled them with amazement and delight. My long looking-glass was at once a terror and a pleasure to them, for they rather feared bewitchment; but I held up the baby to see himself in it, and then they were pacified, saying, "The chieftainess never would go and bewitch that nice little chieftain." As usual, the pictures were what they most thoroughly enjoyed. Landseer's prints of wild cattle elicited low cries of recognition and surprise: "Zipi in korno!" ("Behold the cows!") My own favorite print of the three little foxes was much admired, but pronounced to be "lill catties." The bride was anxious to know why I kept the beds of the establishment on the floor and allowed people to walk over them. She did not consider that a good arrangement evidently; nor could she understand how matting could be of any use except to sleep on. At last it became time for "scoff," and they all retired to partake of that dainty, the old induna having begged leave to kiss my hands, which he did very gallantly, assuring me he had never been so happy before in all his life, and that he could quite believe now what I had told him about the great white queen over the sea being just as careful for and fond of her black children as of her white ones. I made a great point of this in my conversations with him, and showed them all Her Majesty's picture, to which they cried "Moochlie!" ("Nice!"), and gave the royal salute. I must say I delight in these little glimpses of Kafir character; I find in those whom I come across, like my visitors of last week, so much simple dignity with shrewd common sense. Their minds, too, seem peculiarly adapted to receive and profit by anything like culture and civilization, and there certainly is a better foundation on which to build up both these

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things than in any other black race with which I am acquainted.

SEPTEMBER 15.

Such an expedition as we have just made! It reminded me exactly of the dear old New Zealand days, only that I should have been sure to have had a better horse to ride in New Zealand than here. I have a very poor opinion of most of the animals here: anything like a tolerable horse is rare and expensive, and the ordinary run of steeds is ugly to look at, ill-groomed and ill-favored, besides not being up to much work. Upon this occasion I was mounted on a coarsely-put-together chestnut, who was broken in to carry a lady a few evenings ago whilst I was getting ready for my ride. However, beyond being a little fidgety and difficult to mount, owing to lurking distrust of my habit, he has no objection to carry me. But he is as rough as a cart-horse in his paces, and the way he stops short in his canter or trot, flinging all his legs about anywhere, is enough to jolt one's spine out of the crown of one's head. As for his mouth, it might as well be a stone wall, and he requires to be ridden tightly on the curb to keep him from tripping. When you add to these peculiarities a tendency to shy at every tuft of grass, and a habit of hanging the entire weight of his head on your bridle-hand as soon as he gets the least bit jaded, it must be admitted that it would be easy to find a pleasanter horse for a long, hurried journey. Still, on the principle of all's well that ends well, I ought not to be so severe on my steed, for the expedition ended well, and was really rather a severe tax on man and beast. This is the way we came to take it:

Ever since I arrived, now nearly a year ago, I have been hearing of a certain "bush" or forest some forty-five or fifty miles away, which is always named when I break into lamentations over the utter treelessness of Natal. Latterly, I have had even a stronger craving than usual to see something more than a small plantation of blue gums, infantine oaks and baby firs, making a dot here and there amid the eternal undulation of the low hills around. "Seven-Mile Bush" has daily grown more attractive to my thoughts, and at last we accepted one of many kind and hospitable invitations thither, and I induced F—— to promise that he would forego the dear delight of riding down to his barn-like office for a couple of days, and come with Mr. C—— and me to the "bush." This was a great concession on his part; and I may state here that he never ceased pining for his papers and his arm-chair from the moment we started until we came back.

It was necessary to make a very early start indeed, and the stars were still shining when we set off, though the first sunbeams were creeping brightly and swiftly over the high eastern hills. It was a fresh morning, in spite of the occasional puff of dust-laden air, which seemed to warn us every now and then that there was such a thing as a hot wind to be considered, and also that there had not been a drop of rain for these last five months. The whole country seems ground to powder, and the almost daily hot winds keep this powder incessantly moving about; so it is not exactly pleasant for traveling. We picked up our Kafir guide as we rode through the town, and made the best of our way at once across the flats between this and Edendale, which we left on our right, climbing slowly and tediously up a high hill above it; then down again and up again, constantly crossing clear, cold, bright rivulets—a welcome moment to horse and rider, for already our lips are feeling swollen and baked; across stony reefs and ridges cropping out from bare hillsides; past many a snug Kafir kraal clinging like the beehives of a giant to the side of a steep pitch, with the long red wagon-track stretching out as though for ever and ever before us. The sun is hot, very hot, but we have left it behind us in the valleys below, and we sweep along wherever there is a foothold for the horses, with a light and pleasant air blowing in our faces. Still, it is with feelings of profound content that at the end of a twenty-mile stage we see "Taylor's," a roadside shanty, looking like a child's toy set down on the vast flat

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around, but uncommonly comfortable and snug inside, with mealie-gardens and forage-patches around, and more accommodation than one would have believed possible beneath its low, thatched eaves from the first bird's-eye glance. The horses are made luxuriously comfortable directly in a roomy, cool shed, and we sit down to an impromptu breakfast in the cleanest of all inn-parlors. I have no doubt it would have been a very comprehensive and well-arranged meal, but the worst of it was it never had a chance of being taken as a whole. Whatever edible the nice, tidy landlady put down on her snowy cloth vanished like a conjuring trick before she had time to bring the proper thing to go with it. We ate our breakfast backward and forward, and all sorts of ways, beginning with jam, sardines, and mustard, varied by eggs, and ending with rashers of bacon. As for the tea, we had drunk up all the milk and eaten the sugar by the time the pot arrived. The only thing which at all daunted us was some freshly-made boers' bread, of the color of a sponge, the consistency of clay and the weight of pig iron. We were quite respectful to that bread, and only ventured to break off little crusts here and there and eat it guardedly, for it was a fearful condiment. Still, we managed to eat an enormous breakfast in spite of it, and so did the horses; and we all started in highest condition and spirits a little before two o'clock, having had more than a couple of hours' rest. After riding hard for some time, galloping over every yard of anything approaching to broken ground, we ventured to begin to question our guide—who kept up with us in an amazing manner, considering the prominence of his little rough pony's ribs—as to the remaining distance between us and "Seven-Mile Bush." Imagine our horror when he crooked his hand at right angles to his wrist, and made slowly and distinctly five separate dips with it, pointing to the horizon as he did so! Now, the alarming part was, that there were five distinct and ever-rising ranges of hills before us, the range which made a hard ridge against the dazzling sky being of a deep and misty purple, so distant was it. We had been assured at Taylor's that only twenty-five miles more lay between us and the "bush," and those mountains must be *now* at least thirty miles off. But the guide only grins and nods his head, and kicks with his bare heels against his pony's pronounced ribs, and we hasten on once more. On our right hand, but some distance off, rises the dark crest of the Swartzkopf Mountain, and beneath its shadow, extending over many thousand acres of splendid pasture-ground, is what is known as the Swartzkopf Location, a vast tract of country reserved—or rather appropriated—to the use of a large tribe of Kafirs. They dwell here in peace and plenty, and, until the other day, in prosperity too. But a couple of years ago lung-sickness broke out and decimated their herds, reducing the tribe to the very verge of starvation and misery. However, they battled manfully with the scourge, but it gave them a distrust of cattle, and they took every opportunity of exchanging oxen for horses, of which they now own a great number. What we should have called in New Zealand "mobs" of them were to be seen peacefully pasturing themselves on the slopes around us, and in almost every nook and hollow nestled a Kafir kraal. Here and there were large irregular patches of brown on the fast greening hillsides, and these straggling patches, rarely if ever fenced, were the mealie-gardens belonging to the kraals.

By four of the clock we have made such good way that we can afford immediately after crossing Eland's River, a beautiful stream, to "off saddle" and sit down and rest by its cool banks for a quarter of an hour. Then, tightening up our girths, we push off once more. It has been up hill the whole way, just excepting the sudden sharp descent into a deep valley on the farther side of each range; but the increasing freshness—nay, sharpness—of the air proved to us how steadily we had been climbing up to a high level ever since we had passed through Edendale. From this point of the journey the whole scenic character of the country became widely different

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from anything I have hitherto seen in Natal. For the first time I began to understand what a wealth of beauty lies hidden away among her hills and valleys, and that the whole country is not made up of undulating downs, fertile flats and distant purple hills. At the top of the very first ridge up which we climbed after crossing Eland's River a perfectly new and enchanting landscape opened out before us, and it gained in majesty and beauty with every succeeding mile of our journey. Ah! how can I make you see it in all its grandeur of form and glory of color? The ground is broken up abruptly into magnificent masses—cliffs, terraces and rocky crags. The hills expand into abrupt mountain-ranges, serrated in bold relief against the loveliest sky blazing with coming sunset splendors. Every cleft—or *kloof*, as it is called here—is filled with fragments of the giant forest which until quite lately must have clothed these rugged mountain-sides. Distant hill-slopes, still bare with wintry leanness, catch some slanting sun-rays on their scanty covering of queer, reddish grass, and straightway glow like sheets of amethyst and topaz, and behind them lie transparent deep-blue shadows of which no pigment ever spread on mortal palette could give the exquisite delicacy and depth. Under our horses' feet the turf might be off the Sussex downs, so close and firm and delicious is it—the very thing for sheep, of which we only see a score here and there. "Why are there not more sheep?" I ask indignantly, with my old squatter instincts coming back in full force upon me. Mr. C—— translates my question to the Kafir guide, who grins and kicks his pony's ribs and says, "No can keep ship here. Plenty Kafir dog: eat up all ships two, tree day." "Yes, that is exactly the reason," Mr. C—— says, "but I wanted you to hear it from himself." And ever after this, I, remembering the dearness and scarcity of mutton in Maritzburg, and seeing all this splendid feed growing for nothing, look with an eye of extreme disfavor and animosity on all the gaunt, lean curs I see prowling about the kraals. Almost every Kafir we meet has half a dozen of these poaching-looking brutes at his heels, and it exasperates me to hear that there *is* a dog law or ordinance, or something of that sort, "only it has not come into operation yet." I wish it would come into operation to-morrow, and so does every farmer in the country, I should think. Yes, in spite of this fairest of fair scenes—and in all my gypsy life I have never seen anything much more beautiful—I feel quite cross and put out to think of imaginary fat sheep being harried by these useless, hideous dogs.

But the horses are beginning to go a little wearily, and gladly pause to wet their muzzles and cool their hoofs in every brook we cross. I am free to confess that I am getting very tired, for nothing is so wearying as a sudden, hurried journey like this, and I am also excessively hungry and thirsty. The sun dips down quite suddenly behind a splendid confusion of clouds and mountain-tops, lights up the whole sky for a short while with translucent masses of crimson and amber, which fade swiftly away into strangest, tenderest tints of primrose and pale green, and then a flood of clear cold moonlight breaks over all and bathes everything in a differing but equally beautiful radiance. Three ridges have now been climbed, and the pertinacious guide only dips his hand twice more in answer to my peevish questions about the distance. Nay, he promises in wonderful Dutch and Kafir phraseology to show me the "baas's" house (whither we are bound) from the very next ridge. But what a climb it is! and what a panorama do we look down upon from the topmost crag before commencing the steep descent, this time through a bit of dense forest! It is all as distinct as day, and yet there is that soft, ineffable veil of mystery and silence which moonlight wraps up everything in. We look over immense tree-tops, over plains which seem endless beneath the film of evening mist creeping over them, to where the broad Umkomanzi rushes and roars amid great boulders and rocks, leaping every here and there over a crag down to a lower level of its wide and rocky

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bed. In places the fine river widens out into a mere, and then it sleeps tranquilly enough in the moonlight, making great patches of shimmering silver amid the profound shadows cast by hill and forest. Beyond, again, are mountains, always mountains, and one more day's journey like this would take us into Adam Kop's Land. As we look at it all now, it does indeed seem "a sleepy world of dreams;" but in another moment the panorama is shut out, for we are amid the intense darkness of the forest-path, stepping carefully down what resembles a stone ladder placed at an angle of 45°. Of course I am frightened, and of course my fright shows itself in crossness and in incoherent reproaches. I feel as if I were slipping down on my horse's neck; and so I am, I believe. But nobody will "take me off," which is what I earnestly entreat. Both my gentlemen retain unruffled good-humor, and adjure me "not to think about it," coupled with assurances of perfect safety. I hear, however, a great deal of slipping and sliding and rolling of displaced rocks even after these consoling announcements of safety, and orders are given to each weary steed to "hold up;" which orders are not at all reassuring. Somebody told me somewhere—it seems months ago, but it must have been early in the afternoon—that this particular and dreadful hill was only three-quarters of a mile from the "baas's;" so you may imagine my mingled rage and disappointment at hearing that it was still rather more than three miles off. And three miles at this stage of the journey is equal to thirteen at an earlier date. It is wonderful how well the horses hold out. This last bit of the road is almost flat, winding round the gentlest undulation possible, and it is as much as I can do to hold the chestnut, who has caught sight evidently of twinkling lights there under the lee of that great wooded cliff. No sound can ever be so delightful to a wearied and belated traveler as the bark of half a dozen dogs, and no greeting more grateful than their rough caresses, half menace and half play. But there is a much warmer and more cordial welcome waiting for us behind the *sako bono* of the dogs, and I find myself staggering about as if the water I have been drinking so freely all day had been something much stronger. On my feet at last in such a pretty sitting-room! Pictures, books, papers, all sorts of comforts and conveniences, and, sight of joy! a tea-table all ready, even to the tea-pot, which had been brought in when the dogs announced us. If I had even sixpence for every cup of tea I drank that evening, I should be a rich woman to the end of my days. As for the milk, deliciously fresh from the cow, it was only to be equaled by the cream; and you must have lived all these months in Natal before you can appreciate as we did the butter, which looked and tasted like butter, instead of the pale, salt, vapid compound, as much lard as anything else, for which we pay three shillings and sixpence a pound in Maritzburg, and which has been costing six shillings in Port Elizabeth all this winter.

It is always a marvel to me, arriving at night at these out-of-the-way places, which seem the very Ultima Thule of the habitable globe, *how* the furniture, the glass and china, the pictures and ornaments and books, get there. How has anybody energy to think of transporting all these perishable articles over that road? Think of their jolting in a bullock-wagon down that hill! One fancies if one lived here it must needs be a Robinson-Crusoe existence; instead of which it is as comfortable as possible; and if one did not remember the distance and the road and the country, one might be in England, except for the Kafir boys, barefooted and white-garmented, something like choristers, who are gliding about with incessant relays of food for us famished ones. The sweet little golden-haired children, rosy and fresh as the bough of apple-blossoms they are playing with, the pretty châtelaine in her fresh toilette, — all might have been taken up in a beneficent fairy's thumb and transported, a moment ago, from the heart of civilization to this its farthest extremity. As for sleep, you must slumber in just such a bed if you want

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to know what a good night's rest is, and then wake up as we did, with all memories of the long, wearying day's journey clean blotted out of one's mind, and nothing in it but eagerness not to lose a moment of the lovely fresh and cool day before us. Even the sailing clouds are beautiful, and the shadows they cast over the steep mountains, the broad rivers and the long dark belt of forest are more beautiful still. Of course, the "bush" is the great novelty to us who have not seen a tree larger than a dozen years' growth could make it since we landed; and it is especially beautiful just now, for although, like all native forests, it is almost entirely evergreen (there is a more scientific word than that, isn't there?), still, there are patches and tufts of fresh green coming out in delicate spring tints, which show vividly against the sombre mass of foliage. But oh, I wish they had not such names! Handed down to us from our Dutch predecessors, they must surely have got changed in some incomprehensible fashion, for what rhyme or reason, what sense or satire, is there in such a name as "cannibal stink-wood"?—applied, too, to a graceful, handsome tree, whose bark gives out an aromatic though pungent perfume. Is it not a libel? For a tree with a particularly beautifully-veined wood, of a deep amber color, they could think of no more poetical or suggestive name than simply "yellow-wood:" a tree whose wood is of a rich veined brown, which goes, too, beautifully with the yellow-wood in furniture, is merely called "iron-wood," because it chances to be hard; and so forth.

Before going to the "bush," however, we consider ourselves bound to go and look at the great saw-mill down by the Umkomanzi, where all these trees are divided and subdivided, cut into lengths of twenty feet, sawn into planks, half a dozen at a time, and otherwise changed from forest kings to plain, humdrum piles and slabs and posts for bridges, roof-trees, walls, and what not. There is the machinery at work, with just one ripple, as it were, of the rushing river turned aside by a little sluice, to drive the great wheel round and set all the mysterious pistons and levers moving up and down in their calm, monotonous strength, doing all sorts of miraculous things in the most methodical, commonplace manner. I was much struck by the physiognomy of the only two white men employed about this mill. There were some assistant Kafirs of course, but these two in their widely-different ways were at once repellent and interesting. One of them was, I think, the biggest man I ever saw. To say that he looked like a tall tree himself among his fellows is to give you, after all, the best idea of his enormous height and powerful build. He moved huge logs about with scarcely an effort, and it was entirely for his enormous physical strength that our host kept him in his place. I did not need to be told he was one of the most persistent and consistent bad characters imaginable, for a single glance at his evil countenance was enough to suggest that he could hardly be a very satisfactory member of society. He had only one eye, and about as hang-dog, sullen, lowering a countenance as one would see out of the hulks. His "mate" was a civil, tidy, wizen-looking, elderly man, who might have appeared almost respectable by the side of the bigger villain if his shaking hand and bleared, restless eyes had not told *his* story plainly enough. Still, if he could only be kept out of temptation the old man might be trusted; but our host confessed that he did not half like retaining the services of the other, and yet did not know where to find any one who would or could do his work so easily and admirably. It is almost impossible to get any men to come and live up here, so far away from their fellow-creatures and from everything except their work; so one has to put up with a thousand drawbacks in the service one is able to procure. I was glad when we turned our backs upon that villainous-looking giant and strolled beneath a perfect sun and sky and balmy air toward the lowest kloof or cleft where the great "bush" ran down between two steep spurs. The grass of the downs over which we walked had all the elasticity of tread of turf

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to our feet, but they ended abruptly in a sort of terrace, under which ran a noisy, chattering brooklet in a vast hurry to reach the Umkomanzi over yonder. It is easy to scramble down among the tangle of ferns and reeds and across the boulders which this long dry winter has left bare, and so strike one of the Bushmen's paths without difficulty, and get into the heart of the forest before we allow ourselves to sit down and look around us. How wonderfully poetical and beautiful it all is!—the tall, stately trees around us, with their smooth magnificent boles shooting up straight as a willow wand for sixty feet and more before putting forth their crown of lofty branches, the more diminutive undergrowth of gracefulest shrubs and plumy tufts of fern and lovely wild flowers—violets, clematis, wood-anemones and hepaticas—showing here and there a modest gleam of color. But indeed the very mosses and lichens at our feet are a week's study, and so are the details of the delicate green tracery creeping close to the ground. The trees, the actual great forest trees, are our delight, however, and we never weary of calling to each other to "come and look at this one," extemporizing measuring-lines from the endless green withies which hang in loops and festoons from the higher branches. Thirty feet round five feet from the ground is not an uncommon measurement, and it is half sad, half amusing to see how in an hour or so we too begin to look upon everything as timber, to call the most splendid trees "blocks" (the woodman's word), and to speculate and give opinions as to the best way of "falling" the beautiful stems. Up above our heads the foliage seems all interlaced and woven together by a perfect network of these monkey ropes—a stout and sturdy species of *liane*, really—such as I have seen swinging from West India forest trees. Here they are actually used as a sort of trapeze by the troops of baboons which live in these great woods, coming down in small armies when the mealies are ripe, and carrying off literally armsful of cobs. The Kafirs dread the baboons more than anything else, and there is a regular organized system of warfare between them, in which the baboons by no means get the worst. I heard a sickening story of how only last season the Kafirs of a kraal close by, infuriated by their losses, managed to catch an old baboon, leader of his troop, and skinned him and let him go again into the woods. It is too horrible to think of such cruelty, and it seemed a blot upon the lovely idyllic scene around us. All the wild animals with which the bush was teeming until a very few years ago are gradually being driven farther and farther back into the highest part, which has not yet been touched by axe or hatchet. There are still many kinds of buck, however—we saw three splendid specimens grazing just outside—besides other game. It must—not so long ago, either—have been the quiet forest home of many a wild creature, for there are pits now to be seen, one of which we came across with sharp stakes at the bottom, dug to trap elephants, whose bones lie there to this day. Tigers also have been seen, and panthers and leopards, but they grow scarcer every year. The aboriginal inhabitants of the border country beyond, the little Bushmen—the lowest type of human creatures—used to come down and hunt in great numbers here in this very spot where we are sitting, and traces of their ingenious methods of snaring their prey are to be seen in many places.

As I sat there, with the tinkle of the water in my ears, sole break in the "charmèd silence" around, I could not make up my mind which was the most enchanting, to look up or down—up to where the tenderest tint of cobalt blue showed through the flicker of green leaves nearly a hundred feet above us, and where a sudden terror among the birds drove them in bright-plumaged flight from bough to bough; or down on the ground among the delicious brown leaves and wonderful minutiæ of diminutive tendril and flower. Here and there were fallen crimson and yellow leaves, riveting the eye for a moment by their vivid glow, or the young fronds of a rare

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fern over yonder are pushing up their curled horns of pale green. A month hence it will be all carpeted with wild flowers, and the heaths will be spires of tiny bells. There is also a coarse but sweet grass, growing luxuriantly, on which the cattle love to feed when all the herbage outside is parched and burned to the very root.

As I read over what I have written, I am filled with a deep disgust to perceive how impossible it has been for me to catch even the faintest reflection of the charm of that forest-glade—how its subtle beauty is not, by any poor words of mine, to be transferred to paper—how its stillness and its life, its grandeur and its delicate prettinesses, the aroma of the freshly-cut logs, the chirrup of the cicalas, the twitter of the birds, all, all escape me. Yet I shall have failed indeed if I have not been able to convey to you that it was a delicious hour, and that I enjoyed every moment of it. I am only a woman, so I was content to sit there plaiting a crown of ferns, and thinking how I should tell you all about it some day, perhaps. My companions conversed together, and their talk was entirely about killing something—"sport" they called it—how best they could get a shot at those graceful bucks over yonder; what a pity the close season had begun; what partridges there were; when the wild-ducks would come down to that large mere shining in the distance; whether there were any wild-pigeons; how far into the unexplored bush one must penetrate to get a shot at a panther; and so forth. It seemed a desecration to talk of taking life on such a heavenly morning, and I was glad when it all ended in a project of a fishing-excursion after a late luncheon.

As we found we should be obliged to start early to-morrow morning, I decided to stay at home and rest this afternoon; and I did not regret my resolution, for it was very pleasant by the fire, and our beautiful morning turned into a raw, cold drizzle. But, as the people about here say, it has really forgotten how to rain, and it is more like a Scotch mist than anything else. Whatever it may be called, it blots out mountain and forest and river, and causes the fishing-excursion to turn into the dismalest failure. Next morning, too, when we start after breakfast, we are all glad of our waterproofs (what *should* I do without my ulster?), and the ground is as slippery as though it had been soaped. Our farewells are made, and we declare that we have no need of our Kafir guide again, though I confess to misgivings as to how we are to find our road through so thick a mist. It has also been decided, for the sake of the horses, to take them only as far as Taylor's to-night, and so break the journey. But the question is, Shall we ever find Taylor's? for it is a little off the track, and we cannot see five yards to our right hand or our left. We are obliged to go very slowly, and there are places, steep up and down hill, where in spite of precaution and picking out grass or stones to go over, our horses' feet fly from under them, and we each in our turn come down on the damp red clay in an awkward sprawl. However, we do not disgrace ourselves by tumbling off, and my poor habit fares the worst, for the chestnut always seems to pick himself up, in some odd way, by its help; and the process is not beneficial to it. Eland's River is crossed early in the afternoon, and then, slippery or not, we are forced to push on, for it seems as though it intended to be pitchy dark by four o'clock, and the mist turns into a thick, fine rain. At last, about half-past four, we hear on our left the joyful sound of barking dogs and crowing cocks, and the horses of their own accord show a simultaneous desire to turn off the track, to which, with its guiding wagon-wheels, we have so persistently clung. If it be *not* Taylor's—if it turns out that these sounds come only from a Kafir kraal—then indeed I don't know what we shall do, for we can never find the track again. It is an anxious moment, and Taylor's is so small and so low that we are as likely as not to ride right over it; but no, there is a wagon, and behind the wagon, and not much higher, is a thatched roof, and under that thatched roof are warmth and food and shelter and a warm, cordial

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welcome: all of which good things we are enjoying in five minutes' time. As for the horses, they are rubbed down and put to stand in a warm shed, with bedding up to their knees and a perfect orgie of mealies and green forage before them in boxes. Let us hope they enjoyed the contrast between indoors and out of doors as much as we did. At all events, they were freshness itself next morning, when we made another start—not quite so early, for only the lesser half of our long journey lay before us, and the flood of sunshine made it worth while to wait a little and let the soapy clay tracks have a chance to get dry.

It was exquisitely fresh and balmy about nine o'clock, when, after a capital breakfast, we did start at last, and the well-washed hills had actually put on quite a spring-green tint since we passed them a couple of days ago from yesterday's long looked-for, much-wanted rain. I went through many anxieties, however, on that return journey, because my two companions, who were in the most tearing, school-boy spirits, insisted on leaving the road with its guiding marks of wagon-wheels, as well as every landmark to which I fondly clung, and taking me across country, over hill and dale, through swampy hollows and over rocky goat-paths, until I was quite bewildered and thoroughly incredulous as to where we should emerge. It is true that the dark crest of Swartzkopf lay steadily to our left, just where it should be, but I invariably protested we were all wrong when I had any leisure or breath to do anything but "hold on with my eyelids" up and down hill. At last we climbed up our last hill-face, and there, below us, literally smiling in the sunshine, lay the pretty little mission settlement of Edendale. We were exactly where we wanted, topographically speaking, to be, but between us and Edendale the mountain dropped sheer down, as it seemed to me, and naught but a goat-path was there. "Of course we are going to get off and lead our horses down," I fondly hope. No such thing! I can't very well get off by myself, for the precipice is so sheer that I should certainly drop down a hundred feet or so. F—— steadily declines to "take me off," and begins to slip and slither down the track on horseback. I feel my saddle getting into all sorts of odd positions, and I believe I am seated on my horse's ears, although I lean back until I can nearly touch his tail. It is really horrible. I get more and more cross every moment, and scold F—— and reproach Mr. C—— furiously all the way down, without eliciting the smallest sign of remorse from either. But it is very difficult to remain cross when once we have reached the foot of that cruel descent, for it is all inexpressibly lovely and calm and prosperous that beautiful spring morning. Everybody seems busy, and yet good-humored. The little black children grinned and saluted on their way to school; the elders cried "Sako bono, inkosa!" as they looked up from their basket-plaiting or their wagon-making; the mill-wheel turned merrily with a busy clatter inexpressibly cool and charming; the numerous fowls and ducks cackled and quacked as they scuttled from under our horses' feet. We rode down the main street, with its neat row of unburnt brick houses on either hand, across a little river, and so, under avenues of syringas whose heavy perfume filled the delicious air, out into the open country once more. It is nearly a dead level between this and Maritzburg, and the road is in good order after the long winter drought; so we make the best of our way, and hardly draw rein until we are under the lee of the hill on which Fort Napier stands. Here is a villainous bit of road, a perfect study of ingenuity as to cross-drains, holes and pitfalls generally; so the horses take breath once more for an easy canter down the quiet straight streets of the sleepy little Dutch town. Our cottage lies beyond it and across the river, but it is still early, hardly noon in fact, when we pull up at our own stable-door, and the horses seem every whit as fresh and in as good condition as when we started, yet they have gone close upon one hundred miles from first to last,

> Over hill, over dale,
> Through brush, through brier.

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SEPTEMBER 25.

I declare I have not said anything about the weather for a long time. I cannot finish more appropriately than by one of my little meteorological reports. The skies are trying to remember how to rain; we have every now and then a cold, gray day—a day which is my particular delight, it is so like an English one; then rain more or less heavy, and an attempt at a thunderstorm. The intervening days are brightly glaring and exceedingly hot. Everything is bursting hurriedly and luxuriantly into bloom; my scraggy rose-bushes are thickly covered with buds, which blow into splendid roses after every shower; the young oaks are a mass of tender, luxuriant green, and even the unpoetical blue gums try hard to assume a fresh spring tint; the fruit trees look like large bouquets of pink blossom, and the laquot trees afford good sport for G—— in climbing and stone-throwing. On the veldt the lilies are pushing up their green sheaths and brilliant cups through the still hard ground, the black hill-slopes are turning a vivid green, and the weeds are springing up in millions all over my field-like flower-beds. Spring is always lovely everywhere, but nowhere lovelier than in "fair Natal."

UNQUIET GRAVES.

WHATEVER may be said in favor of cremation as a method of disposing of the dead, it is certain that the great body of antiquaries, students of history, students of mental science and hero-worshipers of all classes will oppose the artificial chemical dissolution of the bodies of distinguished people. The antiquary would have at least the skulls of the great religiously preserved. Probably nearly all people sympathize with this desire. Who among us would not make a pilgrimage to see the skull of Milton or Shakespeare, or any of the immortal dead? The skull, indeed, of all parts of the body, is that most worthy of preservation. It is not only solid and enduring, wonderful in its outlines and mouldings, but, more than any other portion, it is an index of the character. The most ordinary student of comparative anatomy would tell you whether a given skull had belonged to a savage or a philosopher, while some could tell with almost unerring certainty whether it were that of a fine or coarse, a cultivated or an uncultivated, nature.

The history of the skeletons of distinguished people, so far at least as it has been written, is full of romantic interest. Abélard's remains were first buried in the monstery of St. Marcel, where he died. At the request of Héloise they were removed to the Paraclete convent, where she died, and placed beside hers. There they lay side by side for three centuries, when they were separated and deposited on different sides of the chapel, to calm the scruples of delicacy which agitated the soul of the lady abbess. After a century of separation they were again united in the same tomb. When this convent was transformed into a manufactory, the tomb of Abélard and Héloise was removed to the church of Nogent, on the Seine, about three miles distant. These most unfortunate lovers, who were not permitted to rest even in their graves, were next moved to an old cloister in Paris, and from there to Père la Chaise, where they now lie. This tomb, the shrine of all sentimental lovers, is in the form of a couch, on which, under a canopy supported by four pillars, recline the full-length figures, somewhat stiff and conventional, but said to be good likenesses. Casts were made of the skulls of Abélard and Héloise in the early part

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of this century, under the direction of the archæologist, M. Lenoir, who wrote a *Mémoire sur la Sépulture d'Héloise et d'Abélard*. Of Héloise he says: "The inspection of the bones of her body, which we have examined with care, has convinced us that she was, like Abélard, of large stature and finely proportioned." The bones of Abélard he found "strong and large." He testifies especially that the skull of Héloise was finely moulded and proportioned.

The body of Raphael was buried in the church of the Pantheon at Rome in a spot chosen by himself, and near the body of Maria di Bibbiena, his betrothed; though why he chose that spot is a mystery, since he seems to have had no inclination for marriage with that lady. He died on the anniversary of his birth, in 1520. Three hundred years later the exact place of his interment was not known, and a certain skull, long preserved and exhibited in the Academy of St. Luke, was by tradition called the skull of Raphael; but the tradition was so hotly disputed by the antiquaries of Rome that permission was finally obtained in 1833 to search in the Pantheon for the remains of the great artist. Excavations were commenced under the shrine of the Madonna del Sasso, but nothing was found there but a confusion of bones washed out of place by the inundations of the Tiber. The remains of Raphael were finally discovered in a wonderful state of preservation in the pedestal sustaining the statue of the Madonna. The skull was small, exquisite in form, and "the teeth were complete and of a pearly whiteness." A cast was made of the skull and of the right hand, and the skeleton was exhibited publicly in a glass case for several days. Multitudes of people—artists, antiquaries, curiosity-seekers—flocked from all parts to look at it, and to be present at the grand funeral ceremonies ordered for its second interment. The remains were placed in a wooden coffin, and this enclosed in a marble sarcophagus, the gift of Pope Gregory XVI.

The body of Christopher Columbus was first placed in a parochial church in Valladolid, with the irons in which he had been sent home to Spain by Bobadilla. His natural son, Fernando, who wrote a life of his father, says that he always kept these irons in his cabinet, and requested that they should be buried with him. In 1513 his remains were transferred to Seville, where he had died in poverty and obscurity. In 1536 they were carried to Hispaniola, now Hayti, and deposited in a church in San Domingo. In 1795, when this island was ceded to France, they were carried in state by the Spaniards to Havana and deposited in the cathedral.

The remains of Hernando Cortés, the conqueror of Mexico, have also had an eventful history. He died in a village near Seville, and was first buried in the family vault in the chapel of a monastery in that city. Fifteen years after, by the order of his son, his remains were transported to Tezcuco in Mexico, and buried by the side of those of his mother and daughter in the monastery of St. Francis. In 1629 these remains were again removed. This time they were carried to the city of Mexico, and buried with great military and religious pomp in the church also named St. Francis. After more than a century and a half, in 1794, they were again disturbed, and with still greater pomp and ceremony were deposited in a tomb in the chapel of the Hospital of Jesus, in the same city. The bones were still in the same wooden coffin, enclosed in one of lead, in which they had originally come from Seville. The leaden casket was now placed in one of "crystal, with its crossbars and plates of silver, and the remains were shrouded in a winding-sheet of cambric embroidered with gold, with a fringe of black lace four inches deep." The tomb displayed the family arms, and was surmounted by a bust of the Conqueror executed in bronze. And still, after all this care to preserve the remains of Cortés, there is to-day much doubt and uncertainty as to where they are to be found. In 1823 a patriotic mob in the city of Mexico, "in their zeal to commemorate the era of the national independence and their detestation of the 'old Span-

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iards,' prepared to break open the tomb which held the ashes of Cortés and to scatter them to the winds." The authorities declined to interfere; and it is reported that the friends of the family entered the vault by night and secretly removed the relics, and that they are at Palermo in Sicily. Fifty years ago Humboldt remarked: "We may traverse Spanish America from Buenos Ayres to Monterey, and in no quarter shall we find a national monument which the public gratitude has raised to Christopher Columbus or Hernando Cortés."

In Grose's *Antiquarian Repertory*, vol. iii., there is an account of a monumental slab to Mary Queen of Scots, formerly to be seen in the church of St. Andrew at Antwerp; and accompanying the description of the slab is the statement that the head of the unfortunate queen was carried away by her devoted attendants, Lady Barbara Mowbray and Elizabeth Curle, and buried there. A writer in *Notes and Queries*, vol. v. p. 517, admits the account of the slab, which he says still exists, and gives the Latin inscription upon it; but he considers the story of the head "too apocryphal for belief." That the head of the queen was preserved some time before being buried appears from the fact of a portrait of it, made after decapitation, now in the possession of the heirs of Sir Walter Scott, and to be seen in the library at Abbotsford: at least it was there in 1865. It bore marks of her famous beauty, though it had a ghastly, frightened look, and the nose was decidedly *retroussé*.

As Christian burial was generally, or always, denied to those who perished on the scaffold, of course it is reasonable to suppose that friends would always make efforts to become possessed of their bodies and bury them decently. In the town of Salle, in Norfolk, England, there is a tradition that the remains of Anne Boleyn were removed from the Tower of London and buried at midnight with religious rites in Salle church. Burnet, Hume, Lingard and other historians say that her body was thrown into a common elm chest that had been made to hold arrows, and was buried in the chapel of the Tower before twelve o'clock. In Crispin's account of Anne Boleyn's execution, written only fourteen days after her death, occurs the following: "Her ladies immediately took up her head and the body. They seemed to be without souls, they were so languid and extremely weak; but fearing that their mistress might be handled unworthily by inhuman men, they forced themselves to do this duty: and, though almost dead, at last carried off her dead body wrapped in a white covering." Where in the Tower that elmwood arrow-chest was buried the most sagacious antiquary cannot now determine, but many years ago in the cellar of the Tower there was found the body of a person of small stature without a head. This was supposed to be the remains of Anne Boleyn, and was shortly after buried in the same place.

The bodies of Voltaire and Rousseau have also a history. Voltaire's was first buried in the abbey of Scellières. In 1791 the National Assembly decreed that it should be honored by being placed in the Panthéon at Paris, and shortly after the order was executed, and was the occasion of a national fête. The heart of Voltaire was first deposited at Ferney, then at the Château de Villette. In 1864 the inheritors of this château, not caring for this strange relic, or perhaps not knowing what to do with it, gave it to the Imperial Library, where it still remains. Rousseau died at the beautiful country-seat of Madame de Girardin at Ermenonville, and was buried on a little island in the middle of the lake in the park. Sixteen years after, in 1794, his body was transferred to the Panthéon, where his tomb and also that of Voltaire are now shown to visitors; but it is commonly reported at Paris, though on what authority I am unable to say, that both these tombs were rifled of their relics after the Restoration.

There are several skulls, in the possession of curiosity-lovers, attributed to distinguished persons. Those of Milton and Cromwell are said to be in the possession of private individuals in England. "L. W.," in *Notes and Queries*

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(vol. v. p. 381), thus replies to a query by "G. P.:" "In answer to G. P., I beg to inform him that the skull of Cromwell is in the possession of W. A. Wilkinson, Esq., of Beckenham, Kent, at whose house a relation of mine saw it. I have no doubt that Mr. Wilkinson would feel pleasure in stating the arguments on which the genuineness of the interesting relic is based." Cromwell died in the exercise of sovereign power, and was, according to his biographer Banks and other reliable authorities, embalmed and buried among the kings in Westminster Abbey "with a royal pomp." It is also well known that at the Restoration the body—at least supposed to be Cromwell's—was taken from Westminster and suspended upon Tyburn gallows. Other bodies of regicides were suspended for a day at the same time, then taken down and buried under the gallows. The head of the "arch-rebel," however, was reserved for a different fate, if we may credit a manuscript in the British Museum dated "April 21, 1813." It is quoted by another contributor to *Notes and Queries* ("Z. Z.," xii. p. 75). By this manuscript it appears that the head of Cromwell was fixed upon a spike and mounted at the top of Westminster Hall, "where it remained till the Great Tempest at the beginning of the eighteenth century, which blew it down, and it disappeared, having probably been picked up by some passenger." This head, according to the same authority, has long been the property of a certain family, has been frequently transferred to its different branches by legacy, and is regarded as a relic of great value. "The proofs of its authenticity," says the manuscript, "are as follows: it has evidently been embalmed, and it is not probable that any other head in this island has, after being embalmed, been spiked and stuck up as that of a traitor. The iron spike that passes through it is worn in the part above the crown of the head almost as thin as a bodkin, by having been subjected to the variations of the weather; but the part within the skull, which is protected by its situation, is not much corroded; the woodwork, part of which remains, is so much wormeaten that it cannot be touched without crumbling; the countenance has been compared by Mr. Flaxman, the statuary, with a plaster cast of Oliver's face taken after his death, of which there are several in London, and he declares the features are perfectly similar." But, despite this and other testimony, there are many who believe that the skull in question, which once ornamented the English House of Parliament, was not that of Cromwell—that Cromwell's body was really carried at night to the field of Naseby, the scene of the military triumph which "mainly contributed to his subsequent advancement," and there secretly buried. Those curious to know how valid are the arguments supporting this theory should read the *Historical Gleanings on the Memorable Field of Naseby*, by Henry Lockinge, M.A., late curate of Naseby (London, 1830). This work is exceedingly rare, but sometimes comes to light in the old bookstores of London and other places.

Charlemagne was buried in a church which he himself founded at Aix-la-Chapelle. In the year 997 the emperor Otho III., yielding to a strange curiosity, visited the remains of the august monarch in his tomb. He found him seated in a marble chair, a crown upon his head, a sceptre in his hand and the imperial mantle upon his shoulders. All these emblems of power had greatly suffered by time, and the end of the nose was lacking. Otho had this replaced by means of a piece of gold artistically wrought, and it is said that he pared the nails of the great Charlemagne with his own hands, knelt before him, and then retired, ordering the doors to be sealed up securely. Two centuries later, in 1165, Frederick Barbarossa rifled the tomb of its various treasures, and, it is said, dragged the embalmed emperor from his sitting position and made him stand before him; or rather attempted to do so, for in the effort the body cracked and fell in pieces. Under pretext of canonization Barbarossa dispersed these human relics right and left. The Sainte-Chapelle kept a portion—some of the bones and the

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skull, besides the great Roman chair of white marble in which the mummied Charlemagne had sat for three hundred and fifty-one years. To-day, on the payment of five francs, the tourist is permitted to enter the tomb, examine all the riches it encloses, and even to hold in his hand the powerful cranium of the great emperor of the West.

MARIE HOWLAND.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE HÔTEL DROUOT.

ON the Boulevard Montmartre, on the opposite side from the Rue de Richelieu, and one block below the Rue Lepelletier, extends the Rue Drouot. It is a short, busy street, given up almost entirely to commerce, and until within a few years it enjoyed a certain importance as being the street on which looked the back buildings of the Opéra, and on which its ticket-offices were situated. To-day even the ground where the old opera-house stood has disappeared beneath masses of costly edifices. But a little farther on stands, dingy, curious, inconvenient and attractive, the great auction-mart of Paris, the Hôtel des Ventes, or the Hôtel Drouot, as it is indiscriminately called. It is a large, dilapidated-looking building of the well-known cream-tinted Caen stone which holds so large a place in the architecture of Paris, sullied and defaced by the smoke and storms of some twenty-four years. The walls, as high up as an arm can reach, are papered with blue, pink, yellow and orange placards, announcing sales of wines, pictures, old clothes, furniture, machinery —anything, in fact, that one might wish to get rid of or to buy. We push open the spring-door and find ourselves in a spacious corridor, on either side of which are large rooms devoted to the sale of the commoner classes of merchandise. Here are sold the cane-bottomed chairs, the pine tables, the iron bedsteads, the dirty bedding that have come from poverty's lowest depths; the furniture of defunct boarding-houses and third-class hotels; the spoils of petty shopkeepers that have come to grief. Midway in this corridor a wide staircase leads down to a sort of exterior court, roofed in and open only on one side, where certain bulky articles, such as theatre-scenes, planks, sewing-machines, etc., are disposed of, and also the commoner articles of furniture when the inner rooms become overcrowded. This lower floor is anything but pleasant to visit. An odor compounded of close air, soiled and damp garments, ill-smelling humanity and all the various effluviæ of poverty reigns there permanently. It is the haunt of the lowest class of second-hand dealers—witch-like old women in waterproofs, brutal-looking and unshaven men in blue blouses, coarse and vulgar harridans with red visages and bonnets planted well back on unkempt masses of hair. Yet this dingy hall contains the real tragedy of the Hôtel Drouot, the last planks that emerge from total financial shipwreck, the relics of suicide, of despair, of utter and hopeless want and misery. With singular irony, the frequenters of this gallery have baptized it by the name of one of the best-known of the prisons of Paris: they call it Mazas. Yet even in these precincts articles worth purchasing may often be met with. Rare plants and shrubs, curious fowls, pet animals, and occasionally desirable pieces of furniture, are to be found in Mazas. It was in one of the smallest rooms of this gallery that the miserable relics of the glorious past of Frederick Lemaître were disposed of—the remnants of his stage wardrobe, the tattered finery of Don Cæsar de Bazan, the crushed hat and creaking

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snuffbox of Robert Macaire, the dagger of Othello, the bell of the Chiffonier de Paris, nay even the old tragedian's false teeth and worn dressing-gown. The prices obtained on that occasion were painfully small. The bust in clay of the actor, estimated at one hundred dollars, sold for ten, the wardrobe for twenty-two dollars, the false teeth for six, the dagger of Othello for two dollars and sixty cents. Not one of the actors of Paris was present.

To see the real splendors and curiosities of the Hôtel Drouot we must ascend to the first floor. There, as below, we find ourselves in a long corridor, with rooms opening out of it on either side; but the articles exposed for sale, the buyers, and, above all, the atmosphere, are widely different. If we happen to come there on the exhibition-day of some noted gallery or collection of curiosities, we may elbow members of the best society of Paris—nobles, bankers, journalists, authors, artists, elegant ladies and celebrated collectors. At the extreme end of this gallery are two large rooms, which may be thrown into one by the simple process of removing a partition, and which, lighted from above, are especially favorable for the display of works of art. These are the *salons d'élite* of the Hôtel Drouot. Here are exhibited the picture-galleries of defunct millionaires, the costly curiosities amassed by wealthy artists, the spoils of bankrupt collectors and amateurs of china and bric-à-brac. Here was displayed last season the noble collection of pictures of the late M. Schneider and the wonderful Spanish arms, armor, porcelain and tapestries belonging to the lamented Fortuny. Such collections are usually on view for three days before the sale—two for the holders of admission-tickets, and one for the general public. The admission-tickets are to be obtained of the *commissaire-priseur*, or appraiser, who has made out the catalogue. In these rooms also were set forth the goods and chattels of the notorious Mrs. Blackford when she was compelled to depart from Paris by decree of the police, leaving behind her, as might have been expected, innumerable unpaid debts. On that occasion the crowd was so great that a second door was opened, the spectators being forced to enter at one door and pass out by the other.

In the other rooms of this upper hall take place the sales of fine furniture, tapestries, bronzes, rich wardrobes, etc. These sales are largely frequented by the better class of second-hand dealers, some of whom are no more elegant in dress and demeanor than their downstairs competitors, while others assume the gait and bearing of fashionable individuals. One young man, with dark moustache and gentlemanly bearing, always correctly and carefully dressed, is conspicuous at the more important sales. A wealthy old Jew dealer in the Rue La Fayette is one of the characters of the place. He is very tall, wears a broad-brimmed hat and carries a thick stick, and he always bids for any coveted article in a pugnacious and arbitrary manner, as though he wished to quarrel with all his competitors. Whenever his anxiety to secure an article has forced him to pay an exorbitant price, he sticks out his mouth and retires into the background in a passion, where he sulks till the next bidding is well under way, when he emerges to repeat the process. His shop on the Rue La Fayette is a veritable museum, as he never purchases any but rare and costly articles. There is also a little old woman in black who is present at almost every sale of importance, and who invariably goes to sleep, waking up every now and then to fire off a bid in a sharp, short tone that reminds one of the explosion of a pocket-pistol.

The arrangements for the display of goods and for the accommodation of purchasers at the Hôtel Drouot are far from being in accordance with the extent of its transactions and clientèle. The auctioneer's desk is placed well forward at one end of the room. Behind it and on either side, if the sale be one including furniture, a vast structure composed of chairs, sofas, cabinets, etc. is erected, towering wellnigh to the ceiling. Curtains and tapestry are hung against

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the walls, clocks, candelabra and china are set forth at every available point, and locked glass cases are provided to contain silver-ware, jewelry, rare furs and fine laces. A long movable table divides the public from this portion of the room, and on this table each article to be sold, from an ivory toy up to an ebony cabinet, is placed for inspection previous to being put up. Before this table are placed three rows of small wooden chairs, which are generally monopolized by the second-hand dealers—who are on the best possible terms with the auctioneer—too often to the exclusion of the general public. The sales, unless of unusual extent and importance, begin at two o'clock, and by four or five the bidding is at its highest and competition is the most spirited. There is no strict adherence to the regular order of the catalogue, the auctioneer often reserving certain lots for the arrival of some well-known client, or putting them up at once at the request of some impatient buyer. It takes three functionaries to officiate at the most ordinary sales—namely, the auctioneer, the cashier and the salesman—and this force is increased on occasion to five or six. At important sales there are men called "pushers," who circulate through the crowd, start the bids and punctuate the process of purchasing with such exclamations as, "How beautiful!" "A real work of art!" "It is going for nothing!" "A shameful sacrifice!" etc., etc. The bidding is always prefaced by a statement of the value and condition of the article presented, terminating with the phrase, "Il y a marchand" at such and such a price; which does not mean, as might be imagined, that a purchaser stands ready to take it at that price, but merely that such is the value put upon it by the appraiser. Usually, the thing finds a real "marchand" at a sum far below the original statement, for the salesman begins to fall at once in his demand, "Eh bien, messieurs—deux cents francs veut—on?—cent-cinquante?—cent francs—cinquante francs veut—on?" At last somebody makes a bid, the sale is started, and the article is soon disposed of.

Very curious to witness are the sales of jewelry and silver-ware "sous contrôle"—that is to say, when they have not paid duty. A government appraiser, with magnifying-glass in hand, presides over the sale, and estimates the value and future duty to be paid on each article as it is put up. Sometimes the silver-ware is purchased as old metal merely, and then the agent breaks each piece as it is sold, snapping ladles over his knee, nipping forks and spoons with a pair of iron pincers and then breaking them in two, and crushing teapots, sugar-bowls, etc. with a ponderous hammer. These sales "sous contrôle" are not popular, and it is rather amusing to hear the groan that runs through the crowd when the announcement is made that the articles are to be sold under such rules.

The Hôtel Drouot, as an institution, is far from being a perfect one. It is a gigantic monopoly, controlled by some six or eight *commissaires-priseurs*, each of whom has his own specialty. The costs of selling are enormous, ranging from 10 to 30 per cent., according to the nature of the objects. The buyer also must pay 5 per cent. additional on the amount of his bids, and if he fails to take away his purchase immediately, he is charged storage for every hour that it remains under the roof of the Hôtel Drouot. So vast and important are its transactions that they furnish the sole matter of a weekly newspaper, *Le Moniteur des Ventes*. Under the French law, if any person dies without leaving a will, every article he possessed must be sold at auction. The property of bankrupts and of fugitives who have left unpaid debts must be disposed of in the same manner. *Ces dames* contribute largely to the more splendid of its sales. Always in debt, living from hand to mouth, the magnificent queen of the demi-monde of yesterday may see the costly furniture of her splendid apartment on the Avenue Friedland or the Boulevard Haussmann, her laces and cashmeres, her pictures and bronzes, dispersed to-morrow beneath the hammer of the auctioneer. These "sales after death" and "sales after departure" are always absolute

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and bonâ fide, and wonderful bargains are often to be obtained at them. Certain articles of value, however, *never* go cheap. Thus, a Barbedienne bronze always brings its full value. Pictures, unless forming part of a famous collection, are very uncertain: thus, I know of a lucky gentleman who bought six drawings by Corot for the ridiculous sum of one dollar and sixty cents apiece, and that in face of the fact that the authenticity of the drawings was guaranteed by the presiding expert. Paintings by unknown artists generally sell for something less than half the value of the frame, and even pictures by good second-class artists may often be purchased at extremely low prices. In respect to furniture, household goods, etc., many things may be picked up at wonderfully low rates, but certain articles always command their full value. Among these last are fenders and fire-irons, which always sell well and create a brisk competition. China and glass go very cheap, as do also clocks, unless they possess some peculiar artistic value. Certain artistic wares, such as Sèvres china, antique buhlwork, mediæval wood-carvings and furniture, etc., always bring their full value. Books too, unless they are worthless trash, always bring within a few francs of the price at which fresh copies of the same works may be procured at the publisher's. But the Hôtel Drouot is not the great book-mart of Paris. For auction-sales of fine libraries and rare and splendid works one must frequent the Maison Silvestre, in the Rue des Bons Enfants.

To those who are well acquainted with the ins and outs and peculiarities of the Hôtel Drouot it speedily becomes the most fascinating of lounging-places. It is a museum whose curiosities are continually being changed, and whose charm is increased by your knowledge that you may possibly become the possessor of some of its treasures. It is a lottery where there may be drawn some astounding prizes, and where there are no blank tickets. The rough hands of its porters have touched more wondrous art-treasures than imagination can depict. Through these dingy halls there passes unceasingly a crowd of marvels. If you go one day, and leave disgusted because the sales are all of pots and pans and commonplace frippery, the next you may chance upon some wonderful curiosity or fine work of art—a peerless Hobbema, a Henri II. miniature, a Louis XIV. sideboard, real Gobelin tapestries, hangings of Cordova leather, services of Sèvres or Dresden china, antique German or Venetian glass-ware. For the ordinary purchaser, who is fitting up an apartment, here are the beautiful brass-inlaid furniture of the Louis XVI. period and the Empire, Louis XV. bureaus that look as though they might have been stolen from the pictures of Vibert or of Brogniet, and all manner of choice modern furniture at prices far below what are demanded in the shops. As for knickknacks, curious Chinese toys, odd bits of china, quaint little bronzes and clay figures, their name is Legion, and they generally sell at very low rates. Were it not for the crowd, and the smell, and the foul air, and the cramped dimensions of the rooms, the Hôtel Drouot would be only too bewitching. L. H. H.

BIG GEORGE, AND HIS HOME.

Italy is now one and indivisible. But this political fact does not and cannot alter the disposition of Nature, which has made her north, her centre, her south, her eastern and her western coasts all as different from each other as can well be imagined. No two cities in Europe can be less like each other than Turin and Naples, than Venice and Syracuse. This diversity is due in part to the physical conformation of the country. The Alps and the Apennine back-bone, with their multitudinous spurs and subordinate ranges, divide the land into a vast variety of natural enclosures, which might almost suggest to the imagination the cells of cloisonné-work. This is one great reason why the wanderings of the enterprising and curious traveler are continually rewarded by the discovery, it may almost be called, of new regions, which, if not absolutely such to the geographer, are so to all intents and purposes to the guidebook-led tourist, who is usually a "slave of the rail."

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Let any one who wishes to vary a little the prescribed route in which English and American travelers follow each other, nose to tail, like sheep going through a gap in a hedge, take the rail from Venice to Treviso. Already, after traversing so short a distance, in what a different world he will find himself!—different in so many respects, and yet with a variety of clinging marks of similarity which will not allow the visitor, and still less the inhabitant, to forget that the winged lion's paw extended thus far, and that all these hills and dales and plains were governed by the mysterious and awful "Ten" who sat in the chambers of the ducal palace in seagirt Venice. These differences and similarities — the former mainly due to Nature's operations, the second to those of man—offer themselves to your observation at every step as you walk through the streets of the little town. To them you may add a similarity in dissimilarity which is partly the work of Nature and partly that of man—the physical type of the population. They are Venetians, but Venetians with a difference. You no longer see that refined and somewhat aristocratic cast of feature, which, reminding you in the older men of the well-known physiognomy of Pantaloon, the especially Venetian mask in the old comedy, is the commonest type to be met with in Venice, even among the lower classes of the inhabitants. Yet the type is Venetian—Venetian dashed with a touch of that somewhat more sturdy and larger-boned style of face and figure which is due to agricultural pursuits and surroundings and the nearer vicinity of mountain-air. In the style of the buildings a somewhat analogous similarity and differentiation may be observed. The notions of what a dwelling should be, and of the mode in which the construction of it should be set about, are those of Venice, pursued with infinitely smaller means of carrying them into execution. The forms are there: the wealth of ornamentation is wanting. The abundance of running water which traverses the little town in the different streams of the Cagnano (now called the Botteniga) and the Sile adds something to the Venetian air of the place. But the necessary presence of horses and carts and carriages has of course brought with it a very different arrangement of the city.

The two streams above mentioned join at Treviso, and formerly produced at the spot of their juncture so bad and deep a marsh that it was long deemed impossible to erect a bridge there, on account of the difficulty of finding a stable foundation. At length, however, improving science overcame the difficulty, and a bridge of brick, which still remains, was erected and long known as the "Ponte Impossibile." This was before the year 1318, for in that year a wandering Florentine exile, passing by Treviso in the course of his sad and weary peregrinations, was so struck by the accomplishment of the feat in question that when it occurred to him in after years to mention that city in verses which are immortal he spoke of the place as "Dove Sile e Cagnan s'accompagna;" and since the centenary which Italy celebrated in memory of her greatest poet, the Trevisans, to whom that line of the *Divina Commedia* is the most interesting in the whole poem, have called their bridge the *Ponte di Dante.*

Under the paternal rule of Venice, down to the epoch of the Napoleonic wars, the social life of Treviso would furnish an excellent typical example of the sleepy existence of a provincial town. Living, thanks to the scarcity and badness of the means of communication, was wonderfully cheap. In money reduced to the value of the present day, wheat, at the beginning of the last century, was worth four francs the hundred litres, while the same quantity of Indian corn fetched only three. Wine cost a franc and a half the hundred litres, and meat about five cents a pound. In the midst of this abundance the manner of living was simple in the extreme, so that, looking at the community as a whole, very little work was needed to enable it to live. A striking proof, and at the same time a result, of this is seen in the almost incredible fact that in this small place there were thirty-nine churches, besides ten monas-

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teries and eight convents. What did the people do all day when such large numbers of them were exempted from the necessity of work of any kind—when the manners were so simple and the means of amusement so scanty? It would seem that they had recourse to pursuits that more or less accurately deserved the appellation of "intellectual." There were no less than six "learned" academies in the little town, with the strange names that seem to have been the fashion of that time in all parts of Italy. There were the *Solleciti* ("the Anxious Ones"), the *Perseveranti* ("the Persevering Ones"), the *Aggiustati* ("the Fitted Ones"), the *Cospiranti* ("the Conspiring Ones:" the Ten in the ducal palace at Venice were doubtless very well satisfied respecting the nature of their conspiracies), the *Infaticabili* ("the Indefatigable Ones"), and the *Ingenui* (the "Ingenuous Ones"). Can anybody imagine what the members of these societies occupied themselves with? Not, assuredly, with any subjects which could give the smallest degree of umbrage to the very cautious, timorous and suspicious rulers. None but the "safest" of literature was permitted by the sleepy old Lion at the head of the Adriatic, who seemed to have folded his wings for good and all. They used to write sonnets, these Indefatigables and Conspirators, and the rest of them—sonnets and madrigals upon every conceivable subject and occasion. Did a young priest say his first mass? A deluge of sonnets immortalized the occasion. Was an infant born? A salvo of sonnets; more sonnets when he cut his first tooth; an avalanche when he made his first communion. Marriages and deaths were of course godsends to the whole of the "academicians" of the six academies. And all these innumerable sonnets were printed and placarded over the walls of the city. The style in vogue was the pastoral and idyllic: every man was Philemon or Tityrus or Menalcas, and every woman Phillis or Daphne. Everybody went to bed, or at least to his own home, at sundown, and on the rare occasions when necessity caused a belated citizen to be out after dark he stuck a candle in the foremost peak of the three-cornered hat that was then the mode, as a beacon to warn other wayfarers not to run over him in the lampless obscurity. Arcadian times! And it was upon such a community, so occupied, that the French Revolution suddenly burst like a bombshell. The French invaders, writes a local historian, "appeared as demons unchained from hell, rather than mere human enemies." And when the peace of Campo Formio placed these districts temporarily under the sway of Austria, the change was welcomed by a veritable explosion of academical poetry from all the academicians, who had crept into their shells at the first approach of the detested Frenchmen. It was not long before the crowd of periwigged poetasters were once again consigned to the tender mercies of French rule, which, terrible everywhere, perhaps showed itself nowhere under more detestable colors than in the Venetian provinces.

Some miles to the westward of Treviso lies a very quaint little town which is well worth a visit. The Trevisan nags are a very good little breed, and a pair of them, easily hired in the town, will carry you to Castelfranco in a couple of hours. The name is significant of a course of things common enough in the history of the innumerable Italian mediæval republics. Little Treviso was at war with its neighbor, little Vicenza. Of course it was! After long struggles the Trevisans were for the nonce victorious, and in order to secure their frontier against the reprisals of the Vicentines they built a miniature town, surrounded it with high brick walls having a tower at each of the four angles, and to secure a population for it enacted that the inhabitants should enjoy various immunities and be free from taxation for a given time. Hence the place was called Castel*franco*. And there the little baby-house sort of town still stands in its circuit of red brick walls, appearing to have at the present day very little *raison d'être* of any sort—save, indeed, that its red walls have become in part ruinous and magnificently covered with ivy, and are in this condition more at-

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tractive to wandering artists than they could, one would think, ever have been deterrent to the Vicentine foemen. But there is another motive for making the rarely-made journey to this out-of-the-way spot. Among the Trevisan borderers who formed the small community there was born, while Venice and her arts were yet in their prime, a boy who grew and grew in the pure fine mountain-air till the townsmen nicknamed him "Big George." Italianize the sobriquet, and you will remember, I have no doubt, to have heard of him—Giorgione. There he grew, and as his eye scanned the outline of the Friuli hills from the ramparts of his native town, and marked with the insight which is the gift of but a few the characteristics and the beauty of the human faces around him, he learned the secret of reproducing them. Of all the great painters, the works of Giorgione are probably the rarest: he could have produced but comparatively few pictures. But the principal church of his native place possesses one of his finest works, the pride and glory of the little town. The composition is a very simple one, merely the Madonna on a raised seat, with the Divine Child on her knees, and below two figures—that to the left of the spectator, Saint Liberale in a complete suit of plate armor—a portrait, as tradition says, of the painter; that to the right, Saint Francis in the habit of his order. Behind the Virgin is a delicious bit of landscape, the distant sea, a line of blue mountains, with a few trees. Not much to make a picture that has riveted the eyes and elevated the hearts of so many generations of gazers! Not much! But, though the pose of the Virgin has somewhat of the old Byzantine rigidity, which the traditional rules of the older schools prescribed as a *sine qua non* for the representations of the Mother of God, the majesty and exquisite grace of the figure are indescribably beautiful and touching. The atmospheric qualities of the picture are truly wonderful. The spectator feels as if he were suddenly transported out of the huge, damp, cavernous church into the open air under a brilliant and limpid sky. It is a really wonderful picture, which not one in twenty thousand of those who go to Italy to look at pictures ever sees or hears of.

Poor remote little Castelfranco can give the wanderer a dinner in its primitive hostelrie before he starts on his return to Treviso and Venice. "Si, signore," said the cook with a flourish of the long knife in his hand, and an air that implied that his resources were equal to the most unlimited and Lucullian demands—"Una minestra! lesso! caccia! frutti!" We stipulated for the addition of some vegetables, and expressed ourselves perfectly contented with the *menu*. The *minestra* (soup) proved to be not a liquid preparation, but, according to the old Italian fashion, a huge dish of macaroni, with fragments of stewed meat in it. Then came the *lesso* (*i. e.* "the boiled"), consisting of an amorphous piece of beef—not bad of its kind—and on the same dish a fowl which had been put into the pot without the smallest attempt to alter the form as to legs and neck in which the death-struggle had left it. It offended, however, no sense save that of the eye, and was duly eaten. But then came a confession made by the waiter with deprecating looks and bated breath. There was a company of well-to-do country folks, with a huge corpulent priest at their head, who were dining at a table at the farther end of the same enormous long room, which extended the whole depth of the house, and—they had eaten up all the *caccia* (the game)! That was a blow! But the fact that the "game" had consisted only of tomtits or some such small deer was a consolation: The party in question had sat down to their dinner about an hour before us (the priest having placed himself at the table for some preliminary refection twenty minutes before the others), and we left them still hard at it.

T. A. T.

A NIGHT AT THE NAUTCH.

ORIENTAL theatres and opera-houses demand no admission-fee, but whenever an exhibition of any sort is to be got up, unless it be at the palaces of the very wealthy, the community generally defray all expenses. For some days beforehand

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little squads of actors, masked and in costume, go round the town singing quaint melodies, performing queer antics, and collecting the necessary funds for the entertainments to follow, which are kept up as long as a dollar is left in the treasury.

Happening to be at Singapore during the celebration of one of the Moorish and Malayan festivals, I was invited to be present with a party of friends. After some imposing religious rites, of which we heretics could hope to get only a glimpse from outside the portals of the mosque, there was a grand procession arranged for the afternoon, and the affair was to wind up with a splendid nautch at night. The nautch was to me the real attraction, for I had been told that the Malays were by far the most musical people of Southern Asia, and, taking it for granted that on such an occasion their best talent would be displayed, I promised myself a rare musical banquet. The Malayan language, with its sonorous tones and sweet, liquid melody, seems admirably adapted to song, and I had frequently heard from boatmen and *dhobis* little airs and ditties that were full of plaintive sweetness. Furthermore, there was in our own household a female servant, a youthful, bright-eyed Malayan damsel, with a voice that would have made the fortune of a prima donna, to whose vivacious performances I listened every day with a delight that gave me strong faith in the musical powers of her people.

The procession was one of the most unique I have ever witnessed, even in the East. First and foremost, mounted on a splendid Arabian steed black as ebony and fiery as graceful, rode a stalwart figure personating His Satanic Majesty, who, with his perfect horsemanship and gorgeous attire gleaming with gems, seemed a chieftain rather to be admired than feared. Following close on the heels of their leader came a brace of Tritons astride an enormous sea-monster, and playing with rare skill on conch-shells of huge dimensions. Next in order followed a car shaped like a nautilus - shell, furnished with silken hangings and cushions dainty and luxurious, on which reclined a pair of mermaids clad in robes that looked like a mass of sea foam, and crowned with chaplets of lustrous emeralds arranged in the form of ivy-leaves. On their necks were strings of gleaming pearls, and in their hands they held small, queer-shaped harps made of many-tinted corals; from which, as the sounds from the Tritons' conchs ceased, there issued sweet plaintive music that seemed to come from a distance, accompanied by a witching song from the beautiful mermaids themselves. After the mermaid-car came a squad of sea-nymphs, plying the oars of a boat that was borne aloft on the shoulders of eight sturdy coolies. The nymphs were lovely, effeminate-looking creatures, robed in silken garments, radiant with jewels and crowned with flowers. A Moorish myth is connected with this boat. A noted rajah of some remote period was, by a series of misfortunes, reduced to penury, and as a last resort turned fisherman for a living. Each night on retiring he set a snare for fish, but when he went in the morning to examine it, he found only bones and scales, and these in such quantities as to show that a great many fish had been taken, though all had in some mysterious way disappeared. By diligent watching he ascertained the cause: a *hautu*, or spectre, came regularly and devoured the fish as fast as they were snared. What could the poor rajah do? One man's strength against a hautu was nothing, and he had no son to join hands with his sire in the contest, while all his servants and followers had deserted their master in his misfortunes. He had nothing left but ten fair young daughters, whose presence made him only the more wretched that he was unable to provide for them as formerly. So day and night he wept in their presence, till at last these loving daughters resolved to sacrifice themselves for their sire. Without telling him of their plan, they obtained a boat, in the bottom of which they made ten large holes stopped by easy-moving pegs. Then they decked themselves as brides crowned with flowers, and, seated at midnight in their boat, they rowed out to the fishing-ground. The hautu, busy at his feast, was startled by the sound of

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sweet music, and saw with wonder and admiration the ten lovely damsels approaching. Little persuasion was needed to induce the hautu to enter the boat, which he had no sooner done than each maiden unstopped the hole nearest her: the boat filled instantly, and all were drowned. The rajah was relieved of his enemy, but he wept for his ten noble-hearted daughters, and he commemorated their brave sacrifice by an annual tableau like that shown in the procession.

After the boat followed a motley mixture of angels and demons, dragons, serpents, birds and alligators—things canny and uncanny from earth, air and sea—with, apparently, not a human being among them. The disguises were perfect, and the costumes not only brilliant and fanciful, but for the most part admirably adapted to the characters, and a fitting exponent of the old Moorish splendor, combined with the Malayan love of the mystic and marvelous. A company of twenty who brought up the rear of the long procession was the most ludicrous of all. They were painted in black and yellow, with false ears and tail attached, their masks were the faces of tigers, and their entire costume only silken *sarongs* painted like their bodies. The resemblance to the ferocious beasts they personated was quite sufficient to occasion emotions more startling than pleasing at finding one's self in such close proximity to a score of full-grown tigers. They performed on all fours—leaping, crouching and prowling—each being secured by a strong chain, and his motions guided by a monster half man, half fish. The latter, unlike the fabled "men of the sea," had the fishy half above and the human portion below.

Altogether, the long procession must have numbered three or four hundred actors, and at least six thousand spectators who moved on with the company, besides the multitudes collected at every eligible point along the route. Our company had obtained places on a balcony from which the terminus of the route was plainly visible, and we saw the gay crowd halt at last in front of a temple hundreds of feet high, and of architecture so gorgeously beautiful as to elicit bursts of admiration from even an Oriental crowd. This magnificent structure was composed only of paper over a framework of split bamboo; but so elaborate was the workmanship, and so profuse the decorations in gold and precious stones, that the building had cost, I was told, not less than forty thousand dollars. The capacious pile consisted of five distinct, pagoda-shaped mosques, with minarets and turrets innumerable, all profusely decorated and brilliantly illuminated. The central building was seven stories high, and each of the others five, each story finished with gilded pillars and exquisitely-carved cornices. It was a few minutes before sunset when the procession drew up in front of the temple. The lofty turrets seemed to pierce the fleecy clouds and the soft, warm skies beyond, while the last rays of golden sunlight were flooding every speck of tinsel, every gleaming gem, with their glory, to be reflected in turn upon the ferns and flowers, palms and plumed verdures of the brilliant tropic scenery. "There is no twilight within the courts of the sun;" and the day's sudden death was all that was needed to reveal the full splendor of the grandly-illumined structure before us. From every window, each arched with the loveliest of tropic flowers, and displaying a profusion of many-colored flags and gleaming transparencies, shone forth the light of a cluster of wax tapers. The spicy perfume of these myriads of tiny candles floated away on the still night-air, filling it with their scented aroma; but their fire presently consumed the fairy structure, reducing it in a few minutes to a heap of ashes. This was only a part of the regular programme, but was made to appear the result of an accident, and a crowd of terrified-looking men and women rushed from doors and windows, shrieking wildly, tearing their hair, and exhibiting all the approved signs of Oriental terror and dismay. Suddenly, one personating an angel, with floating yellow hair, a rainbow crown and garments of silvery whiteness, waved a light wand

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over the smouldering ruins, swung aloft a censer filled with burning incense, and then, with lute in hand, sang a song of wonderful sweetness. In a twinkling, as the fumes of incense were dispersed, there appeared before our astonished eyes a very substantial-looking mosque, of real bricks and mortar, in lieu of the paper one just demolished by fire. The paper structure had been placed at a safe distance in front of the real mosque, which was protected from any possibility of harm by a barricade of wet boughs—easily torn away in the darkness and confusion without betraying the *ruse*.

The conclusion of the song was a call to prayer, and the angel, who was really the officiating priest, led the chosen ones into the "holy of holies," whither of course we and the vast body of infidels around us might not follow. But the few concluding rites were soon over, and then followed the nautch, or opera, that was to be the final triumph of this remarkable festival.

An immense pavilion received the crowd, that consisted not only of Moors and Malays, but also of Hindoos, Parsees, Armenians, Chinese, Indo-Portuguese and a sprinkling of Europeans. The walls of the spacious enclosure were all draped in muslin and beautifully adorned with flower-wreaths and arches, and the pavilion was brilliantly illuminated by lamps with oiled-silk shades fancifully painted in blending tints. At one end was a raised dais, on which, beneath a canopy of crimson silk studded with golden stars, sat a company of *bayadères*, or dancing-girls. These girls were all pretty, and their dresses picturesque and graceful, exhibiting somewhat charily the fascinating charms of budding womanhood. Silken trousers, falling just below the knee, were elaborately embroidered in gold, and were gathered in full folds around the waist by a jeweled girdle. A dainty bodice of almost transparent silk veiled but partially the perfect bust and well-rounded arms, and the ample folds of the thin muslin sarong of pure white were suffered to fall around the person as a mantle, while one end, being passed under the left arm across the braided hair at the back of the head, was afterward gathered coquettishly to the side of the face like a veil. The dainty feet, with rings on every toe, were disposed in the prettiest of Arab sandals and laced across the instep by silken cords. Silver bangles, graven in quaint cabalistic designs, kept in place the tiny silver bells that rang at every movement of the practiced feet, and coronets of costly diamonds gleamed from the ebon black hair. On neck, arms and hands, in nose and ears, everywhere indeed, were displayed such a profusion of ornaments as would have seemed to render impossible the swiftness and grace of motion shown by the danseuses; but these Oriental women are used to being thus trammeled, and their fondness for display renders them willing burden-bearers.

At the first sound of the cymbals the bayadères rose, and, coming forward hand in hand, bent their heads low before the audience in one long graceful salaam. Then, with castanets in hand, they floated, sometimes singly, but oftener in groups, through the countless gyrations of the stately Moorish dance and the mazy windings of the voluptuous Malayan *menari*, till their heads must have been dizzy and their flying feet weary with the ceaseless motion of more than half an hour ere they paused once for breath. Their long gauzy drapery, disarranged by the rapid motion, floated for a moment, wing-like, upon the air, till gathered in by graceful arms as the lithe forms glided off once more to the music of cymbal, lute and castanet. In their last dance there was a visible falling back at each gyration, till suddenly bayadères, dais and all vanished from our sight by the falling of a silken curtain, before which immediately appeared a full band of musicians. Drums, tambourines, lutes, cymbals and triangles, all bore a part, and for another full hour we were very pleasantly entertained, but with instrumental music only.

Then the orchestra was cleared, and as the heavy curtain rose once more there stood before us a band of ten lovely maidens, robed in white and crowned

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with flowers, who, it appeared, had resolved to devote themselves in celibacy and seclusion to the study of religion. A grove of palms, through which meandered a tiny spring, was alike their temple and their abode, and wild fruits and roots their only food. Guarded by benign spirits, their youthful charms faded not, wild beasts were not suffered to molest them, and beautiful palm trees shielded them alike from storms and sunshine. Even their garments neither wore out nor became soiled by use, but, on the contrary, grew more lustrous and beautiful year by year, as the spirits of the young maidens became purified from the corruptions of earth. Their happiness also was greater, and their mutual affection increased, so that their hearts became knit together in the closest bonds of sisterly love. Instead of wearying of their lonely retreat, they more and more delighted in the society of each other and their seclusion from the world. They believed themselves already in Paradise, and cherished no desire for any other. But at length one of the little band was borne away by the same heavenly beings who had guarded the sisters in their secluded grove, and then the survivors tasted of sorrow's cup for the first time. Presently another followed the first, and after a while another, and so on from time to time; and as these translations always took place during the night, without token or warning, the survivors never knew when they were to be bereaved, but awoke from sweet dreams of love and happiness to weep over the vacant place of another dear one, until at last but one remained. Sad and lonely, she sat on the banks of the little stream bemoaning her sad destiny, until, in utter terror and dismay at living alone in the wilderness, she resolved on self-destruction. But at this crisis a whole company of bright *tawadàhs* (angels) appeared before her, and in a chariot of fire bore her away to join her companions in Paradise. She vanished with a song of triumph on her lips, and was seen no more.

Simple as was the plot, the perfect acting, so full of pathos and so true to life, and yet more the wonderful and varied sweetness of the singing, produced an effect such as no words can describe. The dreamy sweetness of their matin and vesper songs as together the maidens sat beneath their palmy temple; the glorious song of the celestial messenger wooing away the one called, and unheard by all save herself; the wild cry of surprise and grief wailed forth by the nine on awaking the morning after the removal of the first; the tender words of consolation breathed in the song of the celestial visitant as he conveyed to the mourning sisters the tidings of the happy destiny of their lost friend; and most of all the wail of terror and despair uttered by the last, as, casting her chaplet on the ground, crushing the fair flowers beneath her feet, she tore her beautiful hair in agony,—all proved to us that the musical powers of the Malays have not been overrated. F. R. F.

A SHEET OF "CHAM."

THE French caricaturists have their slap at the Centennial. Here is one: Background of the cut, a crowd pressing wildly into the gates: foreground, a bourgeois couple turning away: "An absurd thing that American centenary, my love. Let's wait for the next one."

Like previous rulers, the six or eight hundred lawmakers of the republic take their turn in the pillory of squibs. One of them is walking out with his wife when a fierce dog dashes out. "Heavens!" cries the lady: "that dog is going to bite you! Show him your deputy's badge."

In Paris, as here, the distribution of school-prizes is an annual bore. "No prize for my boy?" demands an indignant mother from the board: "then pay me the cost of having his hair dressed." —"Charles, my son," inquires another fond parent at the presentation, "what is it the speaker is saying in Latin?" —"He's praising me, and telling you to give me ten francs as soon as we go out." Another budding Gaul does not manifest the expected delight over his prize. "You don't seem satisfied with your book?" asks the chairman. "We—e—ll, sir, you couldn't change it for a cricket-bat,

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could you?" An interchange of embraces between pupil and teacher is part of the ceremony in extraordinary cases. "My child," inquires a fearfully homely preceptor, "why do you shut your eyes?"—"Because I couldn't embrace you without."—"A prize in history, eh?" chuckles the porter's wife to the charwoman as a happy mother passes up the stairway with her crowned and book-bearing boy: "he takes after his mother then, for she makes a history for everybody in the block."

Wagner, we need not observe, is to the Parisians both a stumbling-block and a foolishness. Like many other people, they can't understand him, and, unlike other people, they would not if they could. A sketch represents "Richard Wagner borne home in triumph"—to Charenton (the madhouse). Another places him at a music-stand covered with "Musique de l'Avenir," from which he turns in surprise and indignation as the bloused inventor of the cricket, the latest Parisian furor in the way of noise, rushes off with both hands to his ears.

This same cricket afflicts every one and every place. Two intimates meet in the street. One exclaims hastily, "Excuse me, before saying good-morning! You haven't a cricket about you?"—"I was just about asking you the same question."

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Sermons preached before the University of Oxford and on various occasions. By J. B. Mozley, D. D., Regius Professor of Divinity, Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church. Second edition. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The thing that most strikes us in these sermons—partly, we fear, because of its extreme rarity in productions of the same class—is their literary excellence. The greater number of them were preached at Oxford, before the University and in the cathedral, to audiences, consequently, quite as critically disposed in regard to language and logic as that of any Scotch conventicle may have been on the point of sound doctrine or of orthodox long-windedness. They are not oratorical, nor are they in any strict or technical sense argumentative discourses: they neither make any strong appeals to the feelings, nor do they demand any close and searching study, such as might be required for the full comprehension of some elaborate exposition embracing many deductions and subtle distinctions. Save in two instances—that on the Roman Council and one directed at the Comtist philosophy—there is nothing controversial in their tone; and with equally few exceptions—those on the Atonement and the Ascension—they deal with no distinctive dogmas either of the English Church or of Christian theology. Nor, on the other hand, can they be classed with what usually go by the name of "practical" discourses: they are singularly free from exhortations and warnings, and almost as deficient in direct counsel or encouragement. They are not, in short, intended to elucidate particular passages of Scripture nor to suit any special stage of religious experience: the text is in no case analyzed or commented on, and the "application" is not sprung upon us at the close or pressed home with vigor and emphasis. It must not, however, be inferred from this negative description that these discourses are not properly sermons, but moral essays or academical lectures, or that they betray any coldness of feeling or laxity of belief. On the contrary, they are informed throughout with a deeply religious spirit, and evidently proceed from a mind firm in its convictions, ardent in its hopes, and habituated to consider all subjects in that aspect which it has learned to regard as the most important. Their apparent object is, not to clear up this or that difficulty or to enforce this or that lesson, but to foster the habit of spiritual thought and stimulate those perceptive faculties by which the highest truths

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can alone be apprehended. Thus, in the sermon on Nature, the feelings of passionate admiration and awe inspired by grand and beautiful scenery are resolved into the instinctive recognition of a Divine Mind—a profounder feeling than any conviction produced by the evidence of design. "There is this remarkable difference between useful contrivance and beauty as evidence of an intelligent Cause, that contrivance has a complete end and account of itself without any reference to the understanding of man. True, it is an object, and a very stimulating object, of the understanding, but it does not require that use of it in order to account for it: even if no single one of all those sentient beings who profit by the contrivance of Nature *understand* it, still they profit by it all the same; this is a sufficient account of it; it is enough if it works; and it is not necessary for its use that it should be seen. But it is essential to the very sense and meaning of beauty that it should be seen; and inasmuch as it is visible to reason alone, we have thus in the very structure of Nature a recognition of reason and a distinct address to reason; wholly unaccountable unless there is a higher reason or mind to which to make it. . . . It must be remarked that the whole of what any scene of earth or sky is materially is stamped upon the retina of the brute, just as it is upon the man's; and that the brute sees all the same objects which are beautiful to man, only without their beauty; which aspect is inherent in man and part of his reason. He possesses the key to the sight; and that which makes the appearance what it is resides in him, and is an inner light or splendor reflected from his reason upon the surface of the universal frame of things. The type of beauty, then, on which the universe is framed, being essentially a relative thing, the very existence of which requires reason to see it, the existence of beauty, unless we account for the correspondence of the two by chance, is an express acknowledgment of a rational mind which cannot proceed except *from* mind." In a sermon on War, Dr. Mozley takes the position that "War and civil force are branches of one common stock, however wide in their mode of demonstration. Civil government with its sword is a kind of war with man; war, with its settlement of questions, is a kind of government of man." Do we not find, in fact, that those who deny that war is ever justifiable are generally doubtful as to the rightful basis of civil government—their principle in the one case, as in the other, being that of passive submission and non-resistance, instead of willing obedience and co-operation? But we have no space to discuss any of the interesting questions which the author has raised. If he has not treated them exhaustively, what he says is always relevant, and often full of suggestiveness to the receptive mind. These sermons may not be calculated to arouse a torpid conscience or to guide the steps of a perplexed inquirer; but, with the qualities most attractive to a cultivated taste, they have a large measure of that vivifying power which, without acting directly on the emotions, keeps the higher nature exercised and watchful.

Books Received.

Condensed Classics. Vol. I.—Ivanhoe: A Romance. By Sir Walter Scott. Condensed by Rossiter Johnson. Vol. II.—Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. Condensed by Rossiter Johnson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Merchant's Wife; or, He Blundered: A Political Romance of our Own Day, and other Miscellanies. By "A Looker-on Here in Vienna." Boston: Printed for the Author.

A Practical Treatise on the Teeth of Wheels; with the Theory and the Use of Robinson's Odontograph. By S. W. Robinson. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

The Spur of Monmouth; or, Washington in Arms. By an Ex-Pension Agent. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Eighteen Presidents and Contemporaneous Rulers. By W. A. Taylor. (Fourth Edition.) Pittsburg: Published by the Author.

Congressional Directory: compiled for the Use of Congress. By Ben. Perley Poore. Washington: Government Printing-office.

The Theory and Calculation of Continuous Bridges. By Mansfield Merriman, Ph. D. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

The Widow Seymour: A Story for Youth and Age. By William E. S. Baker. Philadelphia: J. A. Wagenseller.

The American Iron Trade in 1876. By James M. Swank. Philadelphia: The American Iron and Steel Association.

The Ultimate Generalization: An Effort in the Philosophy of Science New York: Charles P. Somerby.

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The Fallen, and Other Poems. By James B. Kenyon. Utica: Curtiss & Childs.

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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

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POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

FEBRUARY, 1877.

PICTURES FROM SPAIN.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

WOMEN AS BULL-FIGHTERS.

WHEN the citizen of Madrid has no mantle, he wraps himself in his pride as a cloak, and it keeps him warm. You sing to him in vain of the charms of Paris and of Venice: he listens haughtily, but no feeling of envy arises in his mind. He rambles in the Buen Retiro, firmly convinced that it is the finest gar-

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den in the world; the beauties promenading in the Prado are to him the only types of womanhood worth considering for an instant; and his thin lips are wreathed with supercilious smiles as he asks the stranger to mention a museum fit to be compared with that of his much-adored Spanish capital. He loves Madrid, "even its stains and faults," as Montaigne did the gay and wicked Lutetia of his time; the dirtiest corner is for him invested with poetic charm; the piercing blasts from the mountains, sweeping down with deadly force across the arid plain upon which an injudicious monarch placed the chief of Spanish cities, are more welcome to him than the balmy breezes of Seville or Malaga. Not London nor Paris cockneys are more unreasoning in their blind attachment to all the pleasant and unpleasant features of their native towns.

I entered the Puerta del Sol in Madrid one afternoon during the spasmodic revolution of 1869. The great oval place, surrounded with high, gloomy-looking dwellings, shops and hotels, was filled with a variegated assemblage of people of the middle and lower classes; and every individual who could read was hastily buying papers and scanning their contents. In a few days eighteen or twenty mushroom journals had sprung into existence, and their columns were filled with the most exaggerated of political jargon. Old women, barefooted and bareheaded, stalked to and fro, screaming forth the merits of the *Equality*, the *Discussion*, the *Combat*. In their wake followed ragged urchins, urging the claims of the *Impartial*, the *Diary of the People*, the *Epoch* and the *Correspondence*. Curious to hold in my hand one of the smallest and newest of the journals, I beckoned to a crone to follow me to a neighboring café, selected my paper and searched my pockets for the appropriate coin with which to pay. But I found no small change: the venerable vender had none, refused my proffered gold-piece, demanded her paper back, and overwhelmed me with expletives and objurgations. A tall, grave Spaniard seated near me arose, touched his hat courteously, produced from his pocket the proper money, paid the woman, handed me the paper, which she had already taken from me, and when I desired to pay him held up his hands in sign of protestation; then he resumed his seat, and straightway ignored my existence.

In the Puerta the water-peddler, the *aquador* of sonorous voice, incessantly passed and repassed, carrying his tin filled with cooling drink. From time to time he was stopped by thirsty pedestrians, who drank freely and much. If the Spaniards consumed as much wine as water, Spain would be covered with inebriate asylums rather than monasteries and cathedrals. Catalonians, clad in round antique hose fastened at the waist by violet-colored girdles, in stiff doublets and straw sandals, discussed politics in animated fashion. Murcian mountaineers, grave as Arabs, whom they resemble, were grouped at street entrances. Peripatetic merchants from Alicante offered cloths from Alcoy and lemons and dates. These wandering commercial men were dressed in linen trousers with red silk sashes at the waist, black velvet vests ornamented with white metal buttons, and mantles of the broadest and most contradictory colors. Around their heads colored handkerchiefs were bound. Salamancans, Sevilians, Majorcans, Manchegos with their girdles filled with long knives, hastened by, rolling out their words and accompanying them with long, sweeping gestures. A blind beggar played the guitar and sold lottery-tickets alternately. As the twilight deepened into dusk, the night-watchmen began their rounds and announced the hour in quavering voices. In most of the Spanish towns these watchmen, called *serenos*, are armed with a mediæval pike and a lantern. They carry the keys of the doors opening into the courtyards of the houses on their round, and let the tardy lodgers in.

The gravity, excessive sobriety and dignity of the thousands of people assembled in the great cafés in the vicinity of the Puerta del Sol are striking. Be-

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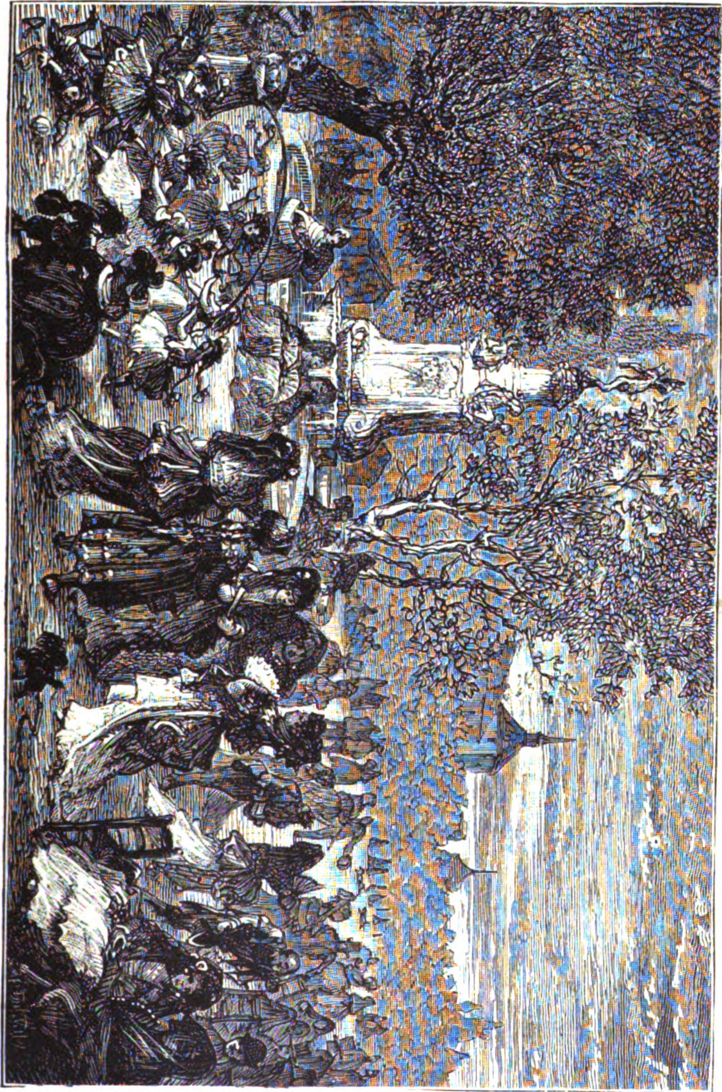
fore nearly every lounger stands a glass of sugared water: he consumes this with the same satisfaction which the German or the Englishman finds in his beer. The talk is not loud: people rise and depart as quietly as from a church. They husband their gayety for the festivals of their saints, and their energy for the ferocity



THE PRADO AT MADRID.

of their revolutions. Only the street-merchants bawl.

The country round Madrid is so arid and desolate that one is agreeably disappointed to find the city filled with beautiful gardens, some of which have no rivals in Southern Europe. In the Prado, which is to Madrid what the Champs Elysées are to Paris, all the grades of Spanish society are amply rep-

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resented every pleasant evening. The beautiful promenade, with its double row of noble trees, has but few architectural embelishments. One of the richest art-museums of Europe lies hidden behind sombre and prosaic walls; the fountains of Neptune and of Cybele are handsome, but not remarkable; and the obelisk of red granite known as the monument of the "Second of May" is a sorrowful souvenir of the French occupation. Under the trees are hosts of little counters made of decorated wood, whence agile waiters dispense cooling drinks to the thousands seated at the long rows of little tables. The Madrid public is thirsty both summer and winter. Toward sunset long lines of carriages freighted with the grace and beauty of the capital appear on two driveways, between which pedestrians stroll smoking the inevitable cigarette and taking off their hats with grave courtesy as ladies pass. Young officers mounted on horseback canter slowly past the panorama of loveliness and fashion. Any of these horsemen can make a cigarette, twisting, filling and lighting it, with one hand while he holds his bridle-rein securely with the other. In the midmost alley of the Prado old men talking of finance or of their dinners, politicians, soldiers, and nursemaids surrounded by children, are generally to be found. In a third alley young ladies of the middle class, accompanied by their mammas or their waiting-maids, or severe and cynical-looking duennas, are surrounded by adorers, who sit beside them and gossip while the night grows old. From beneath the fine lace mantillas, and from behind deftly-managed fans, flash the most magnetic of glances. The manners of these beauties and their courtiers are usually frank, although environed with much etiquette, and the joyous, careless laughter of the damsels sounds like the ringing of silver bells. In spring or summer evenings the Castellanas or the Recoletos, favorite resorts for those who drive in carriages, are redolent of the perfume of geraniums, lilacs and laurel-roses: soft and warm breezes fill the orange sky. A kind of glamour is thrown over even the sterile landscape which stretches away beyond the obelisk. Side by side with the thousand evidences of wealth and luxury to be found in the Prado stalks the gaunt and wan figure of Misery, holding up its bony hands for the coins that rarely come.

The Retiro is a great garden-park which the people of Madrid call their Versailles. It is delicious: the perfumed thickets, the gently-sloping lawns, the luxuriant bowers, enchant the senses. From the high portico of one of the pavilions there is a sweeping outlook over the desolate plain through which the railway winds to Saragossa, and in the midst of which rises one huge bluff crowned with fortifications and batteries which constitute one of the most important defences of the capital. The lakes and fountains are of mediocre interest. Queen Isabella showed a marked fondness for this garden, and spent many an evening there, with questionable adorers at her feet.

San Isidro is the patron saint of Madrid, and the people enter upon a gala epoch, which is sometimes prolonged for a fortnight from the fifteenth of May, when the saint's festival begins. San Isidro, it appears, was a poor servant who was so exceedingly pious that he at last worked miracles. He began his holy career by praying about three-fourths of the time, and while he was thus engaged his work was done by invisible hands. One day his wicked master caught Isidro praying in a little dilapidated chapel in a field, and began beating him. After he had broken several stout sticks over the peasant's back, he began to feel thirsty, and commanded Isidro to bring him a glass of water. Isidro struck the ground with his spade, and a cooling spring began to flow there, and has never ceased flowing. At another time a baby fell into a deep well, and Isidro rescued it by commanding the water to rise and deliver up the drowning infant. Naturally enough, Isidro had a very pious wife, who also worked miracles, and a church stands not far from the place where she was wont to spread her mantle on the Manzanares River and

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pass over dry shod to a shrine where she liked to worship.

Madrid could not well refrain from celebrating the festival of a saint so well connected and so amply provided with all the leading virtues; and the population gives itself up to unrestrained joy until the epoch has passed. On the morning of May fifteenth hundreds of carriages, laden with merry excursion-

EVENING AMUSEMENT IN A MADRID HOUSE.

ists, clatter out of the Puerta del Sol down Toledo street, and away across the Toledo bridge to the immense plain where a fair is held. The beggars run after them and shriek for alms in the name of San Isidro. But every one who has any money is too earnestly bent upon losing it at play or in eating and drinking to give much thought to charity. At night the militia and the civil guard

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bring back to Madrid a long procession of the offenders arrested during the day — thieves, would-be assassins, actual murderers, too boisterous revelers and cheats—all tied together with ropes in a melancholy procession, and throw them into jail, where they doubtless spend the dark hours supplicating San Isidro. Perhaps they curse him: such things have been known to happen. Once, upon a San Isidro's day, the clouds sent down torrents of rain. The merchants at the fair, exasperated at this, rushed to the Toledo bridge, upon which stands the statue of the saint, and gave it a good stoning. But the rain did not cease until the next day. Other saints sometimes receive similar treatment in Spain. There is no epithet too vile to bestow upon San Antonio if he allows a horse to die after he has eaten grain blessed by the priest, no matter how hopeless the animal's malady may be.

Few Americans witness the Spanish Carnival, but that of Madrid is far more picturesque and interesting than are those of Venice and Rome. The masquerading is bolder, has but few restraints, and is indulged in by all classes. Men, women and children wear the most absurd costumes and play the most fantastic tricks. The streets are filled with groups of dancing peasants and with carriages in which the young ladies and gentlemen of the nobility are so artfully disguised that they cannot recognize each other. "Cytherea's postman," clad in a costume fabricated entirely with postage-stamps of all countries, made his appearance one year upon the Madrid streets in Carnival-time distributing perfumed billets. Toward the close of this frisky season an absurd ceremonial, called "The Burial of the Sardine," usually occurs. A venerable donkey draws a creaking bier above which a dead sardine is hung. A crowd of maskers, dancing, shouting, singing, follow the bier to a place chosen for burial, where the little fish is interred with much mock pomp, after which his mourners dance for hours above his grave. I have never discovered the origin of this custom.

In the houses of the people of the middle class during the whole Carnival season reveling and dancing are the only occupations. Sometimes, in passing by an open door, one may see a group eagerly watching the dancing of a young girl mounted upon a huge table. As her lithe figure sways to and fro beneath the image of the Virgin which looks serenely down from a dusty niche in the wall, the excited people shout, clap their hands and beat each other upon the backs in pure joy. Now and then two young men rush into deadly combat in front of the very table on which the girl is dancing, each angry with the other because he has dared to compliment the maiden freely.

The barbarity which even the kindliest critic cannot fail to discover in the Spanish character receives its most extraordinary illustration in the bull-fights in which women do battle with the beasts. After the season of the principal bull-fights is over, a second series is inaugurated in Madrid, and in this stout young Amazons take the places of the hardy brutes who usually play the matadors. These heroines bind up their abundant hair with long ribbons, and around their bodies wear a wicker bottomless barrel, which protects them against the more furious assaults of the tormented animals. These women, when dancing before the bulls and inciting them to combat, look more like turtles walking on their hind legs than human beings. They are frequently thrown high in air, and now and then come crashing in their osier barrel down upon the spectators. The animals chosen for this minor series of combats are ordinarily young, and their human tormentors avoid killing them if possible. The rings are frequently invaded by crowds of amateurs who are provided with long flexible poles, by the aid of which they leap over the backs of the maddened bulls that rush at them. A few years since children were introduced in the rings in combats with bull calves, in which the poor little misguided human creatures were sometimes crippled for life by the calves, whose play was too rough for them.

One day, when a Spaniard had no

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money, he heard that a bull-fight was to take place in the afternoon in one of the rings at Madrid. He went to a dentist and sold two of his beautiful front teeth for the *peseta* which he must pay for admission. This will serve to illustrate the madness of desire among the populace for these spectacles. The *toreadors* who risk themselves to please the people are acclaimed in the most affectionate man-

CATCHING WILD BULLS FOR THE RING.

ner on the streets. As one of them stands in the centre of an arena, with the eyes of ten thousand people glaring down upon him, with ten thousand faces distorted with the rage for blood around him, he fancies himself a hero. He turns gracefully, poses, gesticulates, salutes ladies in the balconies, kisses his hands to his especial friends. Before the contest begins, an usher, clad in a

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black costume of the Middle Ages, arrives mounted on a superb Andalusian horse, caracoles about the ring, and finally, pausing before the box of the governor, takes off his hat with dainty flourish and asks that the keys of the enclosure in which the bulls are kept be handed to him. Then ensues a procession of *espados*, of *banderillos*, of *cacheteros* and of *picadores*. These various tormentors are clad in elegant garments which exhibit the admirable suppleness of their muscular forms. The picadores are armed with pikes and are mounted upon horses. At a given signal the usher retires, the gates are opened and the bull bounds into the ring. He shakes his noble head, flourishes his broad horns and rushes at the horses. The picadores push him back with their pikes, but the poor horses are often fearfully gored. The foreign spectator gazing at one of these barbarous fights finds himself instinctively wishing that the bull may kill a man each time he charges, and that the unoffending horses may escape injury. But not so with the Spanish public. It roars with joy when a horse is disemboweled. It beats upon the railings with frenzy when a picador and his steed are thrown into the air. It menaces, foams at the lips, imprecates, insults when either man or beast shows any faltering or cowardice. The women's eyes gleam with delight when the battle is bloody and disastrous to both sides. The bull pauses confounded as he sees red, blue, green, yellow cloths shaken at him from all sides; the banderillos fill his shoulders and neck with iron harpoons and flaming darts, which excite the beast to the wildest transports of rage: he bellows, he moans, he hurls himself to the ground, he rises again, and he sees before him, kneeling upon one knee with a cape wound about one hand and a sword in the other, the impassible figure of the toreador, who is intent upon killing him. He plunges upon this new enemy: the man steps aside with the quickness of thought and wounds the passing bull with his sharp sword. This manœuvre is repeated many times. At last the governor announces his permission to kill the bull. Then the man with the sword stands firm, and awaits the animal as he makes a new sally: the keen weapon flashes between the horns and is driven into the nape, and the beast falls as if struck by lightning. The populace shriek and applaud: the Anglo-Saxon spectator goes away sick at heart, and anxious to see a wild bull suddenly rush into the street and fatally gore a dozen men and women, thus avenging the barbaric and useless slaughter of his kind.

We are told that the bull-fighters are extremely pious, and that they pray before shrines for hours before entering the arena. This mode of preparation is taking unfair advantage of the bull.

Once in a Madrid ring a bull was matched against a lion, a tiger and a score of ferocious dogs. The lion began the assault. He sprang for the bull, but received such a shock from the creature's mighty head that he rolled on the sand. Second effort, the same lack of success. The lion then sat down on his haunches, looking very much ashamed of himself. The tiger and the dogs retreated into corners, and contented themselves with growling. They were left in the ring at night. The next morning the animals were found in the same position, and the bull remained master of the situation until he was released.

At another time a formidable bull was matched against a colossal elephant. The bull made but one attack: the elephant threw him thirty feet, then rushed upon him and stamped him to death. The spectators were frightened, and hundreds fled from their seats into the open air.

Herds of wild bulls roam over the plains and mountains in the vicinity of Madrid, and every week a dozen or twenty stout victims are brought down to the capital and trained for the sacrifice. The adventurous fellows who secure these ferocious animals for the delectation of the populace are called *ganaderos*. Once in a while one or two of them are brought back to Madrid with their limbs and heads broken, either by some assault of the bulls or by blows from clubs in the hands of enraged villagers, who object

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to having the animals driven through the limits of their hamlets. The ganadero, mounted on his beautiful Andalusian steed and dressed in hose of leather and doublet profusely garnished with triple rows of metal buttons, is an imposing and curious figure. He has at his tongue's end many a story of hairbreadth escapes from whole herds of bulls. In the Guadarrama range of mountains these

THE PASSION-PLAY.

ganaderos acquire, as shepherds and 'bullwhackers" from earliest boyhood, the peculiar training necessary for their dangerous career.

At Valencia, as at Barcelona and Toledo, religious mystery-plays and processions form one of the chief amusements of the populace. In the principal theatre of Valencia *The Passion of Christ* is annually performed: the spectacle is re-

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peated nightly for a fortnight in years when the old city of the Cid is not disturbed by riot or revolution. For hours before the play is to begin the square in front of the theatre is crowded with people from the neighboring mountains. The mountaineers, with their blankets on their backs, their arms naked to their shoulders, their girdles filled with knives and their long rifles strapped upon their backs, quarrel with each other for places nearest the entrance. The women cook the supper for their families over little fires built in the streets: hundreds of persons bring rude mattresses with them and sleep in the open air after the performance is finished.

The *Passion* combines reverential treatment of sacred subjects and commonplace dramatic effects in the most peculiar manner. The curtain rises on a scene loaded with Arabic decorations. Magdalene is disclosed combing her long tresses, looking at herself in a silver mirror and soliloquizing upon her affection for the Saviour. Suddenly Judas enters, and tells her of his love for her: she repulses him in the most ignominious fashion. Judas, furious, leaves her, crying out that he will have revenge. At this point a few of the naïve spectators generally warn Judas to beware or they will inflict summary punishment upon him. The scene changes. The Saviour is seen bidding His mother adieu. Mary is overcome by a presentiment of doom, and urges Him to remain with her. But the curtain at the back of the stage opens, and discloses a purgatory filled with choristers representing the spirits of the condemned bewailing their sad fate. "Mother, these souls suffer unutterable anguish," are the words of the Saviour: "I must deliver them."

All the phases of the divine passion succeed in regular order, and are often portrayed with rough realistic vigor. The "flagellation" is sometimes so alarmingly real in appearance that the mountaineers in the audience menace with death those who ply the scourges. So serious and reverent are the lookers-on that they refuse to be startled from their equanimity even when they see Saint John at the wings with a slouch hat on to protect his head from draughts of air, or when they are told that Magdalene rolls cigarettes behind the scenes and chats with the dancing-girls. Occasionally, the most monstrous absurdities occur upon the stage. In the tableau of the "resurrection" one evening the figure of the risen Redeemer, as it passed through the air, toppled over and hung head downward until the person filling the rôle was nearly suffocated. This *Passion* had such an excitable effect upon the populace that the bishops of Barcelona and Madrid forbade its representation in their cities. Old women often spat upon the ground to express their rage when Judas appeared upon the scene, and if the poor wretch's identity were recognized on the street any evening of the performance, he ran the risk of being torn in pieces.

The lower orders of Valencia are terrible in the expression of their malice, frightfully persistent in their vengeances. They are also heroic and noble in the willingness with which they will sacrifice themselves for their ideals. I have seen the streets and public squares of Valencia bathed in the blood of her common people who had rushed madly to the fray because there were indications that the Republic was to be taken away from them. They have been at last awed into temporary inaction by superior numbers, but some day they will rise again. They nourish the bitterest hatred for all the machinery of personal and centralized government, and for those who control its movements. The people of Barcelona are identical in sentiment with those of Valencia. A few years since they organized a savage pursuit of a woman who was suspected of furnishing information to the secret political police, and mobbed her through the streets until she was covered with bruises and blood. The wretched woman was compelled to take to the housetops to save her life.

On the festal day of San Vicente, patron of Valencia, the tradesmen form long processions in his honor, and the young people of the upper ranks erect platforms

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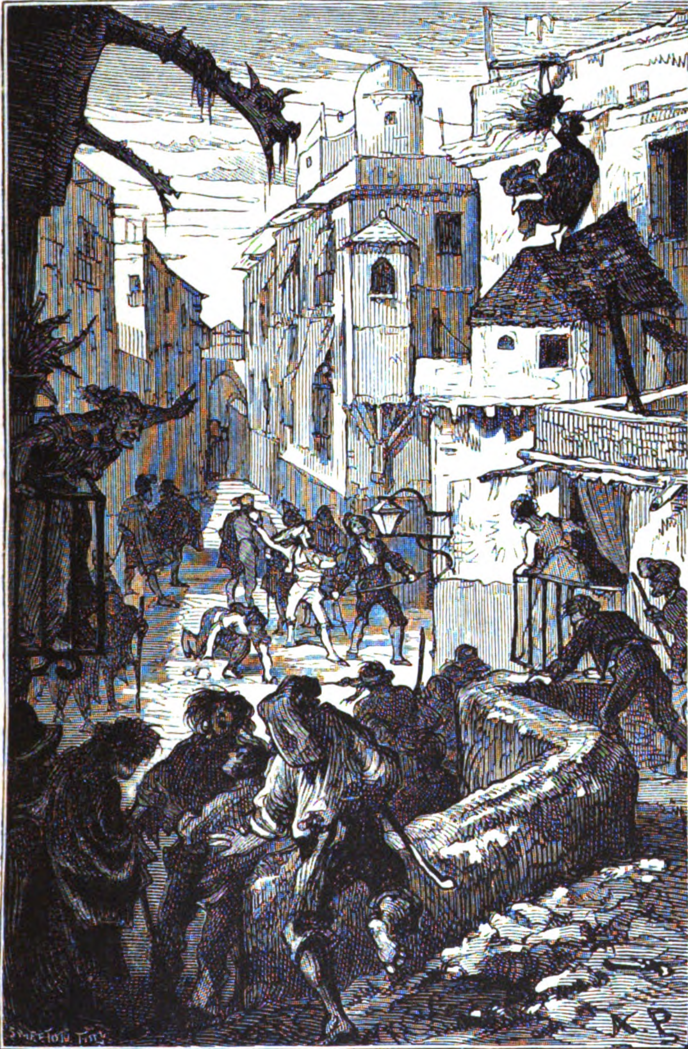
in the open air upon which tableaux showing the principal events in the life of the holy man are given. Every hundredth year witnesses one of the grandest festivals of the Roman Catholic Church in San Vicente's honor. All the marvels of the ecclesiastical treasury are exhibited in the narrow Valencian streets. Twelve stout fellows carry the cross, which they are strictly enjoined not to



A BARCELONIAN MOB PURSUING A WOMAN.

set down. If, overcome with fatigue, they disobey this injunction, they are heavily fined, and the cross belongs thenceforth to the church upon whose parish soil it falls. Gigantic figures of Saint Christopher bearing the child Jesus upon his shoulder, of Methuselah, and of numerous other saints fill the ranks of this pageant.

In Estremadura and in various neigh-

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boring provinces the mystery-plays are conducted by the priests in the open air, and often last for entire days. But the coming generation will probably know them no more.

An execution in Spain is preceded by many ceremonies which must be peculiarly agonizing to the criminal; yet it must be admitted that the garrote is, on the whole, far more humane than the hangman's rope. The condemned criminal is rarely subjected upon the scaffold to those awful and barbarous delays, to the bungling preparations for slaughter, which frequently characterize the execution of the supreme penalty of the law in America. The Spanish executioner turns a screw with one movement of his powerful hand, and all is over. But the poor wretch is compelled to pass through three days of penitence before he mounts the scaffold. In a gloomy vault, surrounded with the emblems of the Catholic faith, he remains with a priest beside him, reciting the customary prayers, to which he is compelled to respond. Sometimes the criminal gives way under the frightful mental torture, and is obliged to take to his bed, from which he is dragged at the appointed hour to the place of punishment. On the morning of an execution the commissioners of the Society of Charity of the locality in which the crime has been committed prepare the victim for his last journey. If a woman is to be executed, a curious spectacle is presented—that of the ladies of the nobility with their own hands preparing the criminal for the executioner's hands. The charitable societies also agree to care for and to give a certain amount of education to the children of the father or mother executed for a capital crime. When the prisoner is ready to set out for the scaffold, he is presented to his executioner. This functionary kisses his hands, bids him a formal adieu and begs him not to harbor any malice against him. The criminal is then placed upon a mule with his hands tied together, and a little rustic cross is held where he can see it. At the head of the sombre procession march priests singing requiems and holding up crucifixes; the charitable societies come next; and behind them appears the instrument of execution in the midst of a detachment of cavalry. It is a platform a little less than six feet high, accessible by a small staircase. From its middle rises a tall post to which is attached an iron collar, which by the turn of an enormous vise can be brought suddenly together so as to crush the neck and to break the spinal column. The criminal seats himself upon a stool in front of the post: the executioner adjusts the collar, and before the assembled people have time to note the expression upon the face of the doomed one the vise has done its work: the head leans slightly forward. The priests continue their chants while the crowd disperses. The body remains exposed upon the scaffold until sundown, when it is placed in an open coffin, upon each end of which are painted skulls and crossbones, and is carried to the hospital, whither it is generally escorted by a rabble of old women muttering prayers and flourishing candles of yellow wax in their skinny hands.

If the sovereign passes by the scaffold just as the execution is about to take place, one of the members of the Society of Charity kneels before him, presents him the cross and begs for the pardon of the criminal. It is never refused. But Spanish monarchs of the present day take pains not to walk abroad when an execution is to occur in the capital.

There is an instance upon record of a lack of skill on the part of a Spanish executioner which is very remarkable. It occurred in January, 1873. The garroting machine to which a notorious criminal had been attached was new and the vise refused to do its office. After the first effort the criminal shook his head mournfully, and turned to look at the executioner. A loud shout of mingled horror and exultation rose from the assemblage in front of the scaffold. But the executioner coolly took a knife, whittled the post, and arranged the collar for some minutes, settled it anew upon the criminal's neck, and the second trial succeeded. The people were greatly ex-

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cited, and announced their belief that the culprit should have been pardoned after the first unsuccessful trial.

The proud province of Aragon is one of the most attractive and peculiar sections of Spain. Obstinacy and self-will are marked characteristics of the people: it is said of an Aragonese that if he should take a fancy to batter down a wall with his head, he would keep at his work un-

AFTER AN EXECUTION IN SPAIN.

til he had made a breach or broken his skull. The bravery of the men is world-famed. The passions are quick in Aragon, as well as unreasoning and imperious. Assassinations are numerous. When affairs at Madrid in 1869 did not progress to the liking of the Aragonese, a band of bravos sallied out from Saragossa with the avowed determination of cutting the throats of all the government

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officials in the capital. Happily, these too enthusiastic revolutionists were dispersed by superior forces before they had gone far.

Saragossa, with its splendid souvenirs of constitutional liberty, is to-day a feeble and apparently unresisting captive in the hands of a boyish Bourbon. When it was the capital of the kingdom of Aragon the people ruled their kings and were jealous of oppression. To-day, the gaudily-uniformed officers from the Alfonsist court fill the barracks and stalk proudly through the narrow streets, and the people never say them nay. The town is old, decrepit, seems weary of the world and anxious to be dissolved into ruins. Perhaps it has a glorious future, but at present there are no indications of it. Here and there are a few hints of modernism, such as a noble square, or a public school, or a fine warehouse. But these few innovations are forgotten as soon as one plunges into the labyrinth of small and dark streets, where overhanging roofs seem whispering to each other. Antonio, smoking his cigarette on his balcony, may tumble the ashes into the dinner-plate of his neighbor tranquilly eating under his awning across the way. The shops, save a few in one wide street, are very primitive in their character, and some are Oriental in their destitution of modern furniture. Many of the houses are so old that they are propped up with large beams, and threaten, even with such support, to fall ere long. The cathedral of Our Lady of the Pillar, one of the most celebrated Catholic shrines in the world, has recently shown signs of crumbling, and many devotees nearly died of fear when it threatened to fall during the heavy cannonading in the revolution of 1869. All the inhabitants who believe in the priesthood believe also that the cathedral was founded only forty years after the beginning of our Christian era. The old legend is preserved in the following words: "And Jesus said, My dearly beloved mother, I wish you to go to Saragossa and order Saint James (Santiago) to erect a temple in your honor, where you shall be invoked for all time to come." Saint James is supposed to have accomplished his divinely-imposed duty before making his famous pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and the church has grown to mammoth proportions from the little chapel and the pillar on which the Virgin's figure was raised so many centuries ago. The dark-eyed women, as well as all the lame and dirty old beggars of Saragossa, daily kiss the little fragment, said to be the only remnant of the old pillar, now fixed in the cathedral wall.

Near the church, and also in the immediate vicinity of one of the ancient picturesque gates of the city, a terrible fight took place in the revolution eight years ago. A curé who had, strangely enough, been suspected of sympathy with the republicans for some time, threw open his house to them when the struggle with the government troops came on, and from his windows they kept up a dreadfully oppressive fire upon the soldiers. The regulars, withdrawing a little toward the bank of the adjacent stream, placed two cannon in range and blew to pieces both the priest's house and its occupants. Before they had succeeded in this, however, they lost several comrades and their commanding general. The blood of the latter still reddened the stones when I visited the place in October, 1869. The Aragonese were wonderfully brave on this occasion. Six men, with no arms but long knives, kept at bay thirty soldiers for many hours at the entrance of one of the little streets. An Aragonese who should come out unwounded from such a battle would be a coward in the estimation of all others of his race.

The village-folk in Aragon are rough, but honest and reasonably hospitable. They are fond of festivals, of the dance, of feasting and of primitive processions. At the country fairs men and women climb greased poles in pursuit of the booty secured at the tops, and laugh uproariously when an incautious victim loses his or her grip and tumbles headlong to the ground. A vein of savage cruelty underlies all their sports.

After a journey through Spain, and some experiences of the degradation and

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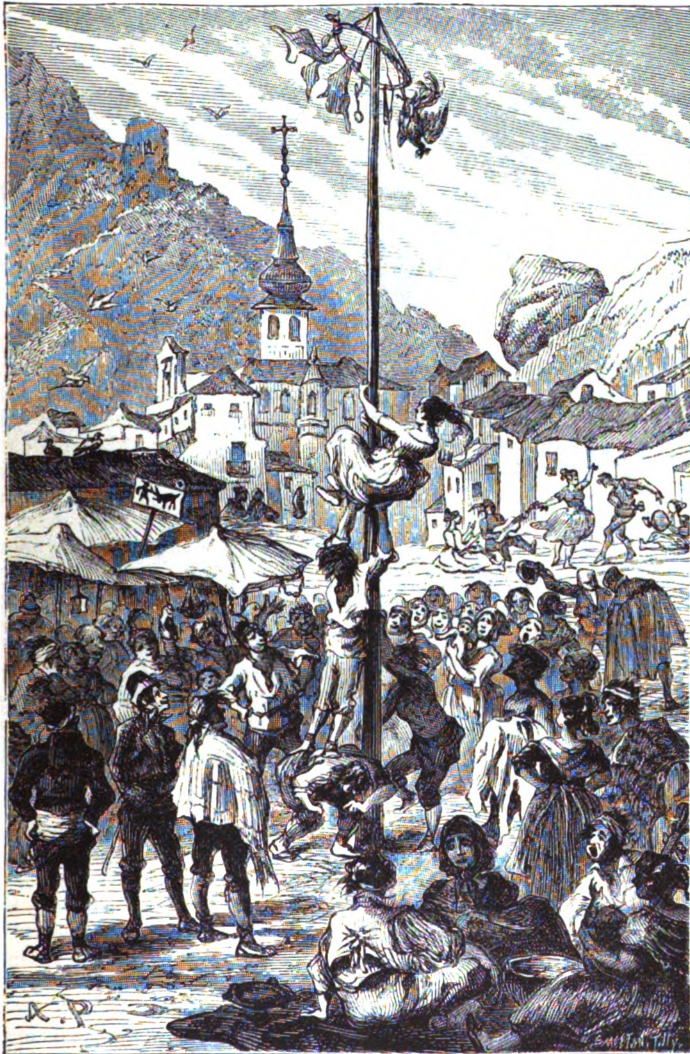
ignorance of many of her people, one is almost tempted to despair of her regeneration. But it will come: the Republic, so sighed for, so fought for, and



A VILLAGE FESTIVAL IN ARAGON.

so bravely died for by thousands, will be finally established. The darkness of the centuries of intolerance, of oppression, of lawlessness, will be forgotten in presence of the light of a new and glorious dawn.

EDWARD KING.

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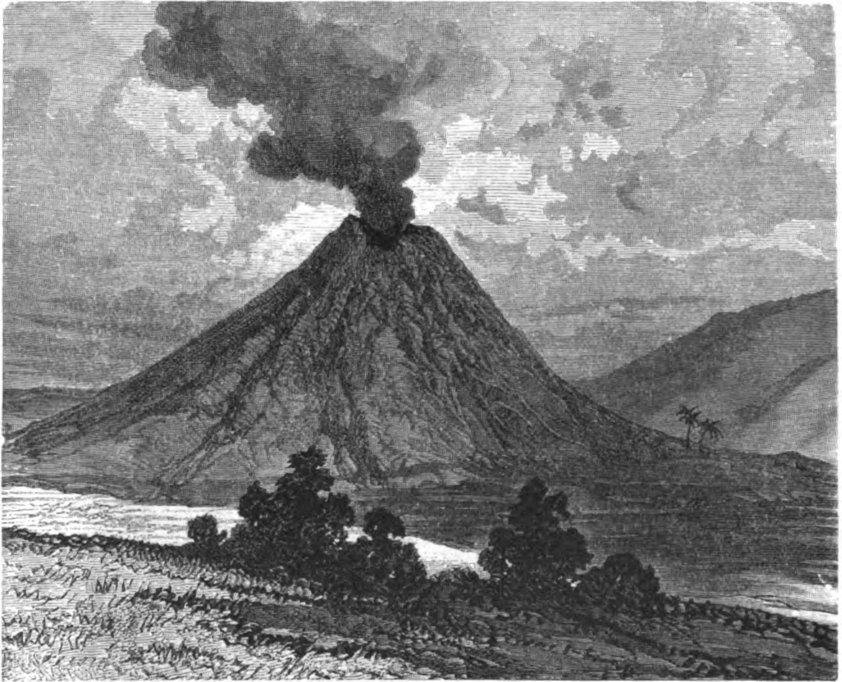
OUR FLOOR OF FIRE.

CONCLUDING PAPER



IZALCO.

BEFORE considering the embryology of fire-mountains, let us begin with their birth. This was formerly provocative of disputes not unworthy in their ardor of the fiery theme. The theory of "craters of elevation," or the lifting of a great mountain bodily by subterranean force in the form of a gigantic vesicle or bubble, was asserted and defended by no less authority than that of Von Buch and Alexander von Humboldt. It was opposed by Lyell, Poulett-Scrope and the great majority of modern geologists. Von Buch, the father of the theory, based it chiefly on his observations in the Canary Islands. One of them especially, Palma, seemed to offer support to it by the shape in which the mountain was projected above the level of the sea. From all the coasts of the island the ground rises gradually toward the centre, attaining a height, at the rim of the hollow interior, of over five thousand feet. The depth of the central basin is nearly as great. At one point it is cut through by a ravine which opens a passage to the sea. Along this furrow, called the Barranca de las Angustias, the almost perpendicular inside walls of the great crater continue themselves at a diminishing elevation. The external slope, much gentler, is studded with cones of scoriæ, many of them having miniature craters which formerly sent forth lava.

Von Buch conceived that the layers of volcanic matter which compose the island, and are now tilted toward a common centre, lay originally in a horizon-

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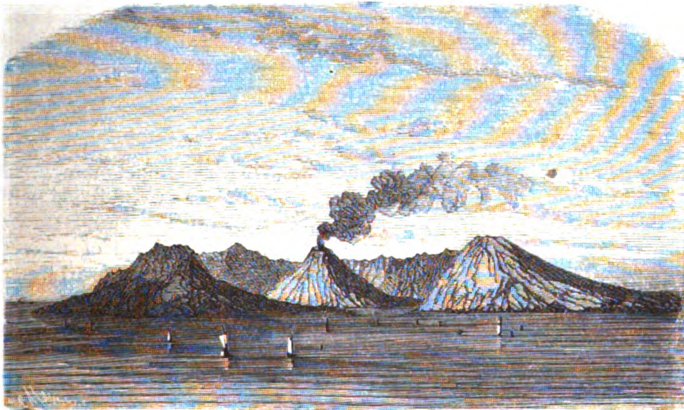
tal position at the bottom of the sea. Raised thence, the hollow summit, after enduring the strain to a certain point, fell in, and left the immense cavity now occupying its place. To subsequent accretions by ejection he allows but little effect in swelling the mass of the island. Finding in the centre of the reversed and fallen cone the point of least resistance, the forces beneath effected there a new outlet, and formed a crater of eruption, the matters expelled from which gradually filled the cavity and raised themselves above it. Hence the familiar spectacle of an active cone rising in the centre of an amphitheatre. Barren Island, in the Bay of Bengal, offers a clear illustration. The Somma, or ancient wall which encloses Vesuvius, and a similar erection which has been traced around Teneriffe, suggest themselves among many others we could cite. Volcano, represented in these pages in profile and in plan, has a secondary crater on the exterior circuit.

Another argument in favor of this view was based on the assumed impossibility of lava coming to a stand upon an inclination of more than six degrees to the horizon. Observations are, however, numerous and positive of its having arrested its progress and formed sheets upon a



BARREN ISLAND.

surface of fifteen, or even at Mauna Loa of twenty-four, degrees slope. At Lanzerote, in the eruption of 1750–56, a stream of basaltic lava formed a layer from two to four feet thick on a grade of thirty degrees. The sharply-drawn furrows at Palma, supposed by Von Buch to be crevices opened in the process of elevation, are wider at bottom than top, contrary to the shape required by such an origin.

According to the view of the opposite party, a comparatively slight opening, like the fissures through which water passes down, having been effected in the crust of the globe, ashes and melted stone, simultaneously or in various shades of alternation, are projected in volumes which in the course of time build up the volcano, with no great local disturbance of the penetrated strata. The canal or vertical pipe, inconsiderable it may be at first, enlarges its dimensions—like that, for instance, of Vesuvius, which was widened to a diameter of one thousand feet by the explosions of fifteen days. The ejected matter rolls back into the enlarged funnel, and thus, aided by the secular sinking of the exhausted focus beneath, forms a vast cavity, sometimes miles across. The showers and currents which reach the scarp are subject only to the influence of gravity and the rains. Thus, their thickness increases. The apparent height of the enceinte is enhanced also by the breaking through, generally at a single point, of water or lava from the cavity. The

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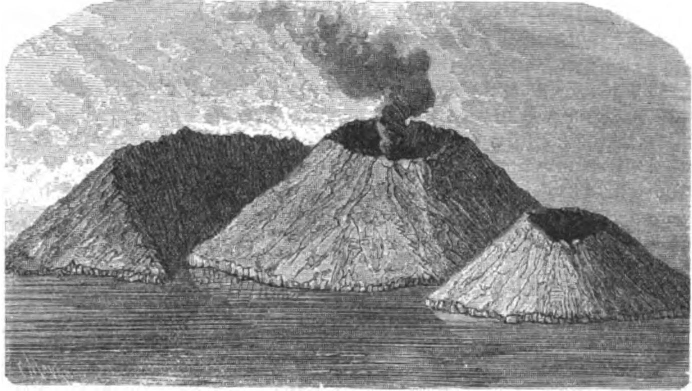
degradation thus caused often forms peninsulas in the sea and corresponding deposits on land. In the Pacific are many hollow islands like Palma, with the floor more depressed, so as to lie under water. One of this character furnished a refuge two or three years ago to the water-logged transport Megæra and her crew. If we draw a horizontal line across the lowest point of the crater of Orizaba, we have



VOLCANO AND VOLCANELLO.

one of these islands reproduced and their formation illustrated.

Upon the perpendicular walls of the tremendous seam called the Val del Bove, three thousand feet deep, the anatomy of Etna is depicted. It presents a succession of inclined beds of lava, tufa and scoriæ, cut through by dykes or narrow injected clefts, which traverse them nearly at right angles. Such fissures, we may remark here, are the channels into which pass, either originally or after the decomposition of their first contents, the sublimations which leave metallic ores.

It is a fair presumption, were there no facts to justify other than a presumption, that the great volcanoes are born like the little ones—like *their* little ones, for we adverted in a former article to the secondary cones which are ejected from the flanks of the primary. They are frequent attendants upon cataclysms in all volcanic regions. Two small mountains called Monte Rossi were formed in a fortnight on the side of Etna in 1669, the ejected cinders covering a space of two miles. These are members of a large family that flourishes around the same hearth. It numbers about eighty at present, but is liable to change from the diseases which afflict infancy. Many are swept off in early childhood, while others grow up through a *jeunesse orageuse*, and finally fill the place of their enfeebled parent in the active world.

But the study of nascent volcanoes is not limited to specimens like these. Hills of greater size and in detached localities have erected themselves before the eyes of modern observers, and added to the long list sent down by their predecessors. The Chinese and Japanese records note occurrences of the kind. Aristotle tells us of a submarine eruption in his day. Strabo describes a flaming mountain that sprang up in a night, and made the sea boil to a distance of five furlongs. Ovid speaks with the scientific precision to be expected from a poet of his stamp of a like apparition on the promontory of Methone.

We shall refer to events not dependent for their authenticity on Mongol chroniclers or Roman poets. On a September afternoon in 1538 the sea suddenly backed a thousand yards from the Neapolitan coast under Monte Barbaro. Next morning the earth sank in the place afterward occupied by the crater. Water flowed from the spot, at first cold, but afterward tepid, with a strong odor

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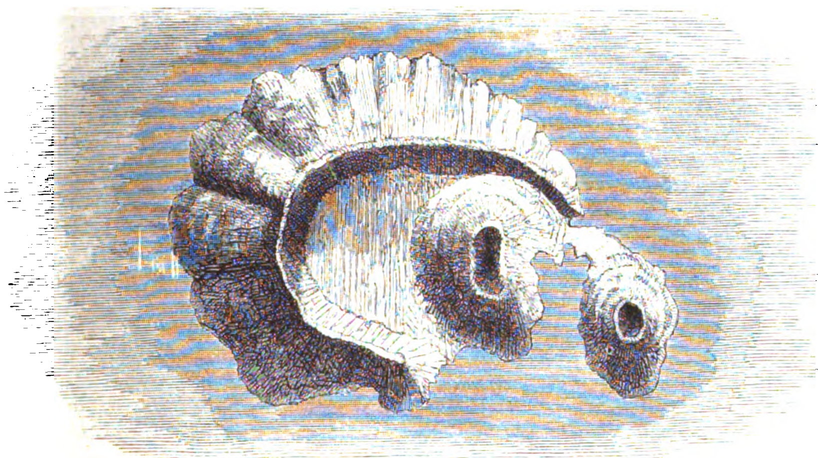
of sulphur. Toward noon, the sea, which had lowered its level twelve yards since morning, rose again, and at the same moment a crater opened near Lake Avernus, hard by, and ejected smoke, flame, cinders, stones and mud with the noise of cannon. The air was black with ashes and scoriæ, and in four days they had built up in the valley between the lake and Monte Barbaro a hill nearly as high as the latter, and three miles in circumference. The eruption began on the 29th, and four days after, the 3d of October, it was possible to climb the hill, three thousand feet high. The work had been done, however, in forty-eight hours. That the blister theory gets small comfort from Monte Nuovo is clear from the fact that the columns of the ancient temple of Apollo at the base of the mountain maintained their perpendicular. A result, either of the immediate outburst or of the earthquakes which had afflicted the neighborhood for two years previously,



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF VOLCANO AND VOLCANELLO.

was an upheaval of the adjacent shore to an extent of thirty-six feet, as a deposit of recent shells at that elevation indicates. This is a rise utterly trivial by the side of that attained by the mountain, and it appears to have been but one of several oscillations experienced on the same shores within the Christian era, as Lyell has pointed out in his remarks on the so-called temple of Serapis.

Monte Nuovo has been idle since the year of its birth, only a little smoke representing the once formidable life that filled its crater. But it may revive at any time, as perhaps even may, after a far longer period of repose, its classic neighbors, Lucinus, Acheron, Avernus, and a host of others silent for many centuries, but still breathing heavily, and sometimes stertorously. From 1500 to 1631 A. D. the crater of Vesuvius was as placid and pastoral as when Spartacus, the Roman Robin Hood, pranked it there gayly with his merry men in dells dense and fragrant with ilex and myrtle.

It was on the 29th of September, two hundred and twenty-one years later, and on the opposite side of the Atlantic, that Jorullo saw the light. It rose, and stands, fifteen hundred feet above the plain, thirty leagues from the coast and more than forty from any other volcano. The basaltic rocks of the neighboring mountains, however, indicate an ancient seat of volcanic activity. This apart, its isolation from the ordinary sources of irritation is, as compared with Monte Nuovo, complete. Jorullo rose so suddenly that the first warning was the discovery of ashes on the hats of peons at work on the spot. These infernal snowflakes, "soft and mute," preceded the tempest.

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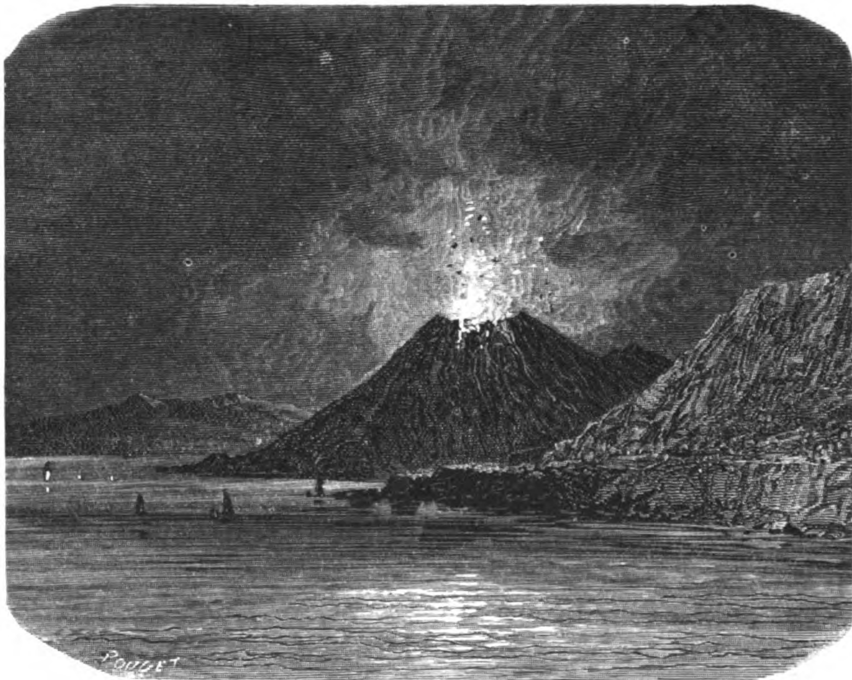
It burst in all its fury by the time the natives had fled to the hills.

Jorullo appears to have burned for about a year, and to have ejected in that time four sheets of lava, and covered a tract four miles square, thenceforward known, from its utter desolation, as the Malpays, or Bad Lands. It, with five other cones reared at the same time, and somewhat less in height, emits in our day only a little smoke. The plain around it is nevertheless covered with jets of smoke and vapor from thousands of little fumaroles three or four feet



MONTE NUOVO.

high, styled by the inhabitants *hornitos*, or ovens. This lava-strewn plateau was thought by Humboldt to have been raised five hundred feet above the surrounding level at the instant of Jorullo's appearance or just before it; but modern explorers agree in the opinion that what elevation exists is due to emissions of lava. It does not exceed a fourth of the distance from the original surface to the summit of the new mountain, nor does it amount in bulk to a greater mass than that repeatedly ejected at a single eruption elsewhere.

Izalco, in San Salvador, is ten years younger than Jorullo. Its birthday was the 25th of February, 1770. It came up through a farm, the occupants of which had for some months been disturbed by subterranean shocks and noises. The earth opened half a mile from the steading, and sent out lava and smoke. No tumescence is mentioned. It could not possibly have been great enough to give any countenance to the bubble theory, or the hacienderos would have been abruptly poured off the sides of their unfortunate plantation. They had no care but to get out of the way of the cinders, which were borne by the wind eighteen miles.

Unlike the two others, Izalco did not exhaust itself with a single effort. It continued, and still continues, to rage

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SANTORIN.

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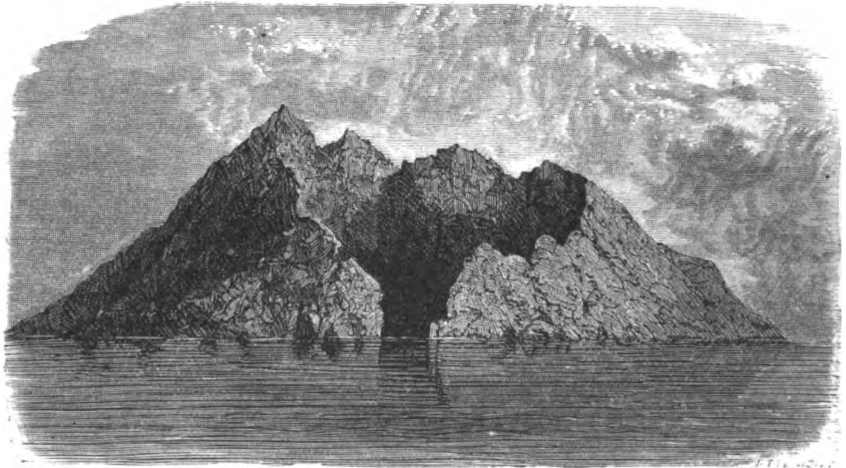
and to increase in height. It has attained the stature of Vesuvius, and there is no reason why it should not, in the remote future that shall make our age geologic, rank with the existing giants of the Cordilleras, created doubtless in substantially the same way.

It is barely a quarter of a century since Central America was further enriched with a new volcano. Mr. George Squier witnessed the occurrence, and describes in his lively way an ascent he soon after made to the cone. The volcano was a lusty infant, but ceased to breathe before the neighboring clergy could follow their custom of blessing and baptizing it. All the Nicaraguan volcanoes were thus Christianized soon after the Conquest, with the exception of one fiery heathen who never sent back the deputation of monks commissioned to plant the cross upon his crest. Unregenerate Momotombo still speaks in the old thunder to the strange idols of stone that stare up at him from the woods below.



JULIA ISLAND.

Religious honors were likewise accorded to islets of volcanic origin in the Mediterranean. Delos and Rhodes the classic historians and naturalists could report only on the strength of tradition as having suddenly sprung from the waves. To the birth of others, as Thera, Theraica, Hiera and Thia, they were able to affix known dates. Their accounts have been verified by modern geologists, who trace the eruptive rocks in all these islands. Collateral evidence has been furnished by the actual elevation of additional islands in the same sea, and out of the substance of the ancient ones, within the Christian era.

In A. D. 726, Hiera and Thia were blended by a new eruption into one island. This, now called Great Kaïmeni, was enlarged in 1573 by the accession from the same source of a fire-blackened rock styled Little Kaïmeni; and in 1707–12, New Kaïmeni, two thousand yards across and two hundred feet high, was added to the group. In 1866 this persistent focus was again convulsed. New Kaïmeni was enlarged by a promontory two hundred feet long at one point, and a projection of nearly equal dimensions at another part of the coast. During this eruption an incandescent rock set fire to a vessel and killed the captain.

Elevation and depression were alike traits of these convulsions. The new islands rose and fell several times before establishing a firm submarine foundation, and their elder neighbors suffered at some points a lowering of their level. The road of Santorin, in which they lie, may be accounted the mother-crater.

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Meanwhile, far west of the Cyclades, Etna was giving signs of a propensity for annexation. In July, 1831, in the open sea off the harbor of Sciacca, on the south-western coast of Sicily, the skipper of a Sicilian brig was astonished by the spectacle of a wave that swelled to a height of eighty feet, and when it subsided gave way to a dense column of smoke. This happened several times, at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes. Scoriæ and dead fish floated ashore in great quantities. In twelve days an islet had been formed, crateriform in shape, and capped with a sheaf of smoke and ashes two thousand feet high. The greatest breadth of the mound was eight hundred feet. Its height was variable, but usually at the extreme point sixty feet. The materials ejected were too light to build a solid substratum or resist the action of the waves. Hence the short-lived island, with a flag and a name—Julia, Graham, Nerita, Ferdinandea—for each month of its existence, had in November disappeared. On the 25th of December the sounding-line showed twenty-four fathoms on its site. Etna's first outlying colony was a failure.

EXTINCT CRATERS IN AUVERGNE.

The island of Sabrina, in the Azores, had a longer lease of life—from 1811 to 1822. That of Johanna Bogaslawa, in the Aleutian Archipelego, has passed three-score and ten, but shows plain marks of age and portents of dissolution. Like Sabrina and Julia, the hyperborean recruit was rickety from the cradle. His bony framework was defective and deficient. The softer tissues predominated; and as neither men nor volcanoes can live like jelly-fish, he must perforce succumb. He lacked the stamina of the Grecian striplings, the lusty sprouts of Olympus.

From the young and the effete let us pass to those which may be safely declared lifeless. Italy contains a number of them, as we have before intimated. Mont Albano overlooks Rome and the Campagna. Its lavas have overflowed the tufa ejected from many craters on the latter plain, and furnishing the Eternal City itself with both its natural and its artificial foundations. At Baccano is found another large extinct crater.

The traces of superficial volcanic action, perfectly apparent to the tourist of to-day in Germany, Hungary, Spain, Greece and its islands, were not detected, or certainly not openly recognized, before the beginning of the present century. Lyell has made us familiar with the beautifully-marked groups of craters in Catalonia and Auvergne. In the latter are pointed out thirty-nine, besides some others less unmistakably marked. They all lie within a space of twenty-five

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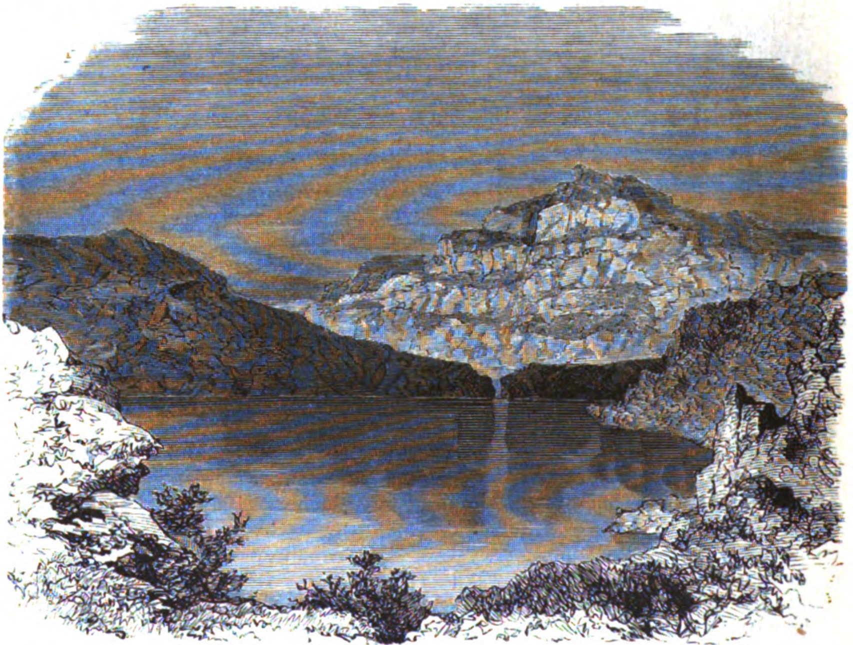
or thirty miles. Lava, scoriæ, calcined stones and soil of the character due to the disintegration of such materials leave no doubt of the forces which have once been at work, even were the conformation of the country such as to admit of question on that point. The most cursory reader who glances at the engraving of the beautiful Lake Pavin, slumbering at the foot of Mont Dialme in its cradle railed in with basalt, must pronounce its basin a duplicate of those of Etna and Kilauea. "Its fires are out from shore to shore," and the probability of their rekindling may be postponed at least to some remote period in the future when the continent shall have been remodeled. They have been extinguished from the Pliocene period, and deposits containing the bones of the hippopotamus, tapir, etc. interleave with their latest lava-beds. Yet these beds, one of them thirteen miles long, are as fresh-looking in their texture as though the eruption had occurred last year. The surface of the country, in its relations to the sea-level,



LAKE PAVIN.

has not been materially changed. The region was then, as now, inland, and the volcanic outbursts sub-aërial.

Very different in the conditions of formation are the traces of the same force we encounter in Staffa and on the coast of Antrim. The famous causeway and cave were shaped at the bottom of the sea, and the lava, crystallized into columns, subsequently upheaved by a movement extending over a wide area, and acting so smoothly and uniformly as to cause little or no disruption. The pillars are as erect as when the whale swam above them. A reproduction on land of Fingal's retreat is seen in the Cheese Grotto near Coblentz. The basalt there flowed from a height on which craters are traceable to-day. Beds of the same rock in the Bay of Trezza, illustrated in these pages, carry us back to the sea, and lead us south toward another island of volcanic origin, not dependent on tradition or fable for association with giants, but trodden within living memory by a mightier than Fingal. For Napoleon,

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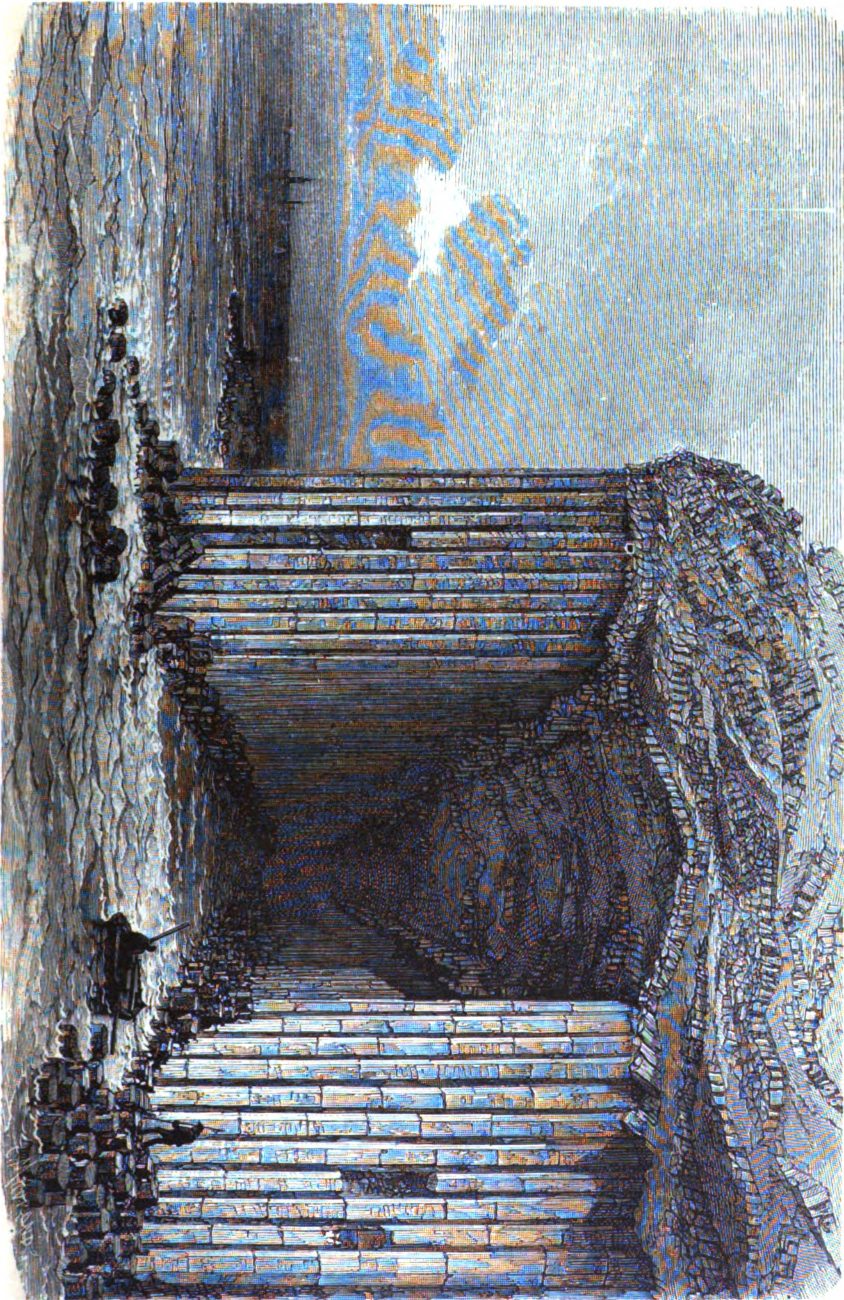

FINGAL'S CAVE.

born of the fire-fraught soil of the Mediterranean, the summit of an extinct volcano was a fitting tomb.

Our own territory affords singularly few signs of igneous activity, ancient or modern. In a breadth of three millions of

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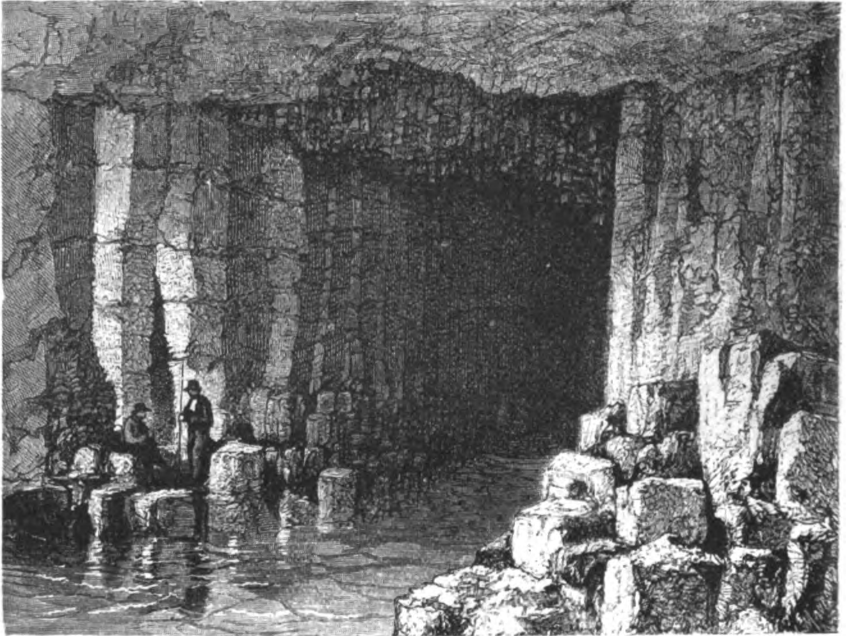
square miles the United States can claim but two active volcanoes—St. Helen's, a fellow-picket, far removed, of Jorullo on the line of the Cordilleras, and its file-closer on the north, St. Elias, a twin in height of Orizaba. Pre-historic craters are nearly as rare. Oddly enough, the chief one we have to cite, that of Mount Shasta near the California and Oregon line, has associated itself with the single military event which the meagre annals of our Pacific coast have contributed to history.

Taking no note of the extinct volcanoes of the Pacific, many of which would be invisible and unknown to us but for the labors of the coral-insect in erecting islands upon their slowly-sinking walls, it is obvious that the ocean must conceal a vastly greater number of effete craters than are discoverable on land. This results not only from the superficial excess of the sea over the continents, but from its greater depth as compared with the average elevation of the land. Very few volcanoes are as high as the average, and none so high as the extreme, depth of the sea. Judging from the number of submarine outbursts observed during the past few centuries, immensely numerous must be those which have occurred since the land upon the face of the globe assumed or approached its actual configuration. The depth below the new islets, abortive or complete, is but a fraction of the prevailing depth of the ocean. Many must, within a few generations, have failed to reach the surface, and others still may have sent to it smoke and ashes unseen from ship or shore. All have left a foundation-platform of trap or granite to rise to light, perhaps, in the future, when the points of eruption now above ground shall have descended in turn.



ENTRANCE TO FINGAL'S CAVE.

Until the system of soundings now in its infancy shall present us with better profile maps of the floor of the ocean, the eruptive centres there concealed will refuse us their assistance in arriving at definite conclusions based on the distribution of volcanoes and the tracing of lines of disturbance. We must be con-

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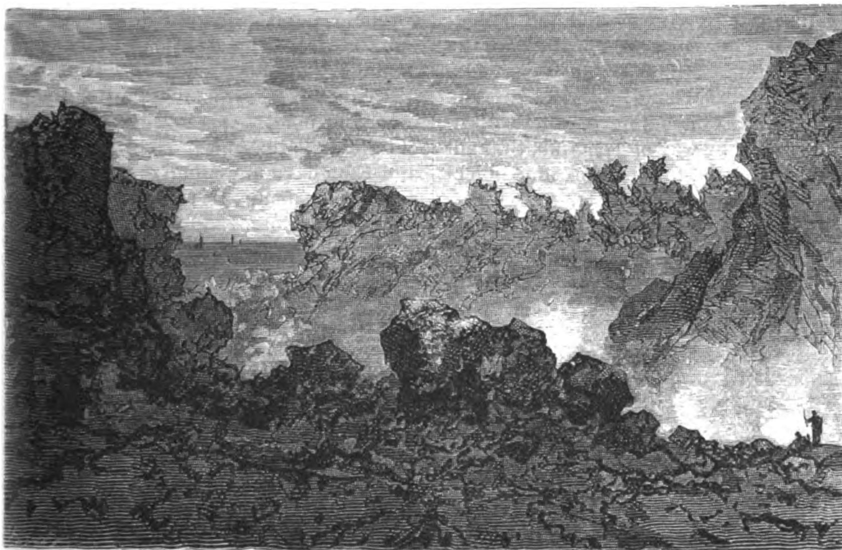
tent with deductions based on the known minority.

Two-thirds—after one estimate 155 out of 225, and by another 190 out of 270—of the volcanoes in action are found in islands. With very few exceptions the others are all within a few leagues of the sea or of large bodies of water. The



CRATER OF TENERIFFE.

same proportion holds among those which appear to be temporarily at rest, or have been so since geologic times. The latter, when found far inland, are attended by vestiges of ancient lakes or shore-lines. The craters of Auvergne and the Eifel adjoin broad basins long since filled up with fossiliferous deposits. In Central Asia the gas-springs fortify the testimony of the landlocked seas that the Caspian, the Aral and a chain of smaller salt lakes were once connected with each other and with the Northern Ocean. The solitary eruptive demonstration the United States east of the Rocky Mountains has been favored with since tradition began, and since long before, was that at New Madrid in 1811. Mud and water are said to have been thrown as high as the trees, but sulphurous exhalations are not proved to have been emitted, nor were other indications of igneous activity noted. If this immediate cause did exist, it was doubtless due to irritation from surface-water in the Mississippi or its swamps passing through old cavities in the strata or new ones formed by convulsions of the earth connected with the great earthquake of Caracas. More probably the absorption and ejection of water, as shown in the rising and sinking of shallow lakes, was a result of the earthquake passing along a long-cooled subterranean duct, and in no way connected with local igneous action.

The eastern and northern coasts of the Pacific are formed by a volcanic range, as every schoolboy knows. Starting from Tierra del Fuego, it passes through Mexico and our western limits to Behring Strait. There, deflected south-westwardly, it makes stepping-stones of the Aleutian cluster, and goes through Kamtchatka, Japan and the Philippines to the Moluccas. There it divides—one branch turning westward by Borneo, Java and Sumatra to Birmah, while a second threads the New Hebrides and New Zealand toward its culmination at the South Pole in Mounts Erebus and Terror, making a tolerably continuous oval. Looking to the Atlantic, another system

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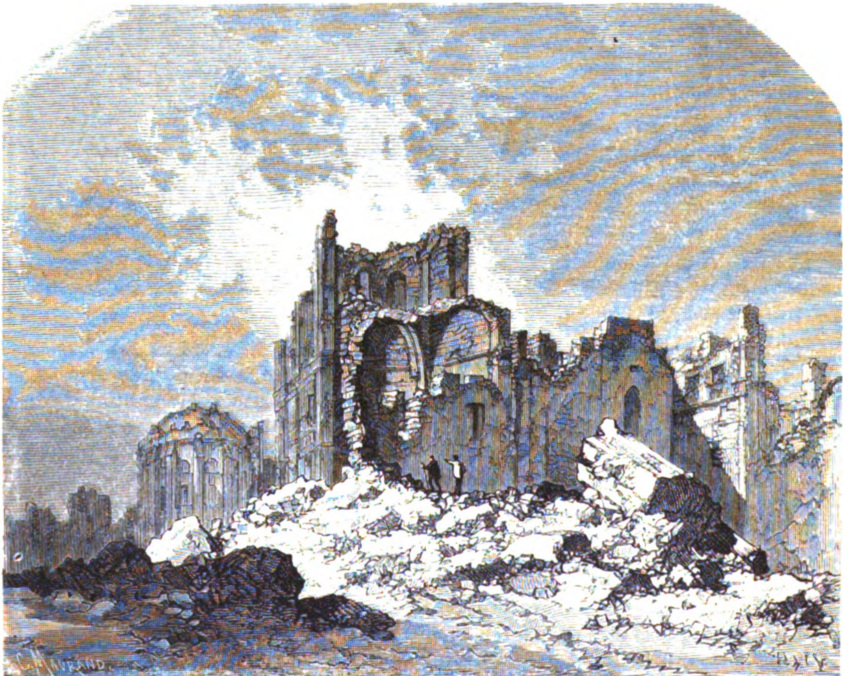
may be traced from Iceland past the Hebrides, the middle Rhine, Auvergne, and the Apennines to Vesuvius, Etna and the Grecian Archipelago. This line may be connected with the other system on the east by Ararat and the Thian-Shan, and to the west by Madeira, the Azores, the Caribbees and Venezuela. From this branch an offshoot skirts the African coast in a line parallel with it, and strikes, by way of Teneriffe, St. Paul and St. Helena, toward the same objective point at the South Pole.

Upheavals and depressions on a great scale, and operating slowly over vast areas, have made broad gaps in these lines, and obliterated others formerly no doubt quite as clearly marked. No one of these rows of chimneys is at any time continuous and synchronous in activity; but the clefts supposed to underlie and be tapped by them reveal their continuity frequently by sympathetic movements involving points separated by thousands of miles. Paroxysms in Hecla, Vesuvius and Etna have more than once been palpably coincident. In 1835, Coseguina in Nicaragua, Corcovado and Aconcagua,



RUINS OF LISBON.

burst into eruption on one and the same day. The first and last are separated by an interval of thirty-five hundred miles. What vehicle of communication is it that travels with such velocity? Sound would traverse the distance named in about five hours. It is on record that Coseguina was heard at Bogotà, eleven hundred miles as the crow flies. The atmosphere could not have accomplished this. The reverberation must have been conveyed along the crust of the earth through the secret speaking-tube of the fraternity. The mere concussion may have caused the explosions, by unsettling the equilibrium of the slumbering forces, much as the Strockr is summoned into action by a pebble. Without requiring the existence of hollow cores to the mountain-ridges, we may justly assume a horizontal prolongation of such ducts as supply active craters, or grooves which fa-

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cilitate the passage of gases along certain lines. The products of combustion must have the means of reaching their definite and permanent outlets. When any of these are found to act in concert, the conviction of their having a subterranean connection cannot be escaped. That acute and systematic observer, Charles Darwin, long ago made such a declaration, and facts to sustain it have since accumulated.

When the gases rising from the molten

DESTRUCTION OF SAN SALVADOR.

interior lake seek egress, they force their way in a broad sheet through the space between its surface and the under side of the incumbent shell, and the enormous tension cannot fail to tell upon the inelastic crust. As a rule, the volume of these fluids seems insufficient to produce a serious tremor unless steam be added to them by an influx of water. Even then, the vibration they cause before reaching the escape-valve is, even in extreme cases, relatively very slight. The most terrible earthquake does not compare, when measured by the body upon the surface of which it acts, with the twitch of a horse's skin in shaking off a fly. It is imperceptible to the eye of those who experience it in an open plain. Men and the lower animals are seldom overthrown by the movement of the soil. Their injuries are due to the falling of walls, and less frequently to the sudden opening of crevices in the soil. These disruptions, a few feet across, dwindle to an infinitely small dislocation as they sink toward the centre of disturbance. Usually, the shocks last but a few moments, room for expansion into sea or air having been found by the imprisoned vapor. Sometimes, however, they are repeated during days, and even months. The destructive earthquake which warned the Pompeians of their approaching doom, and gave them a foretaste of it, preceded the eruption six years. Of the prolonged series of shocks heralding other outbreaks, and those especially of new volcanoes, we have heretofore made mention.

Slight as the oscillation may be, it never fails to terrify all who feel it. No one ever gets broken in to earthquakes.

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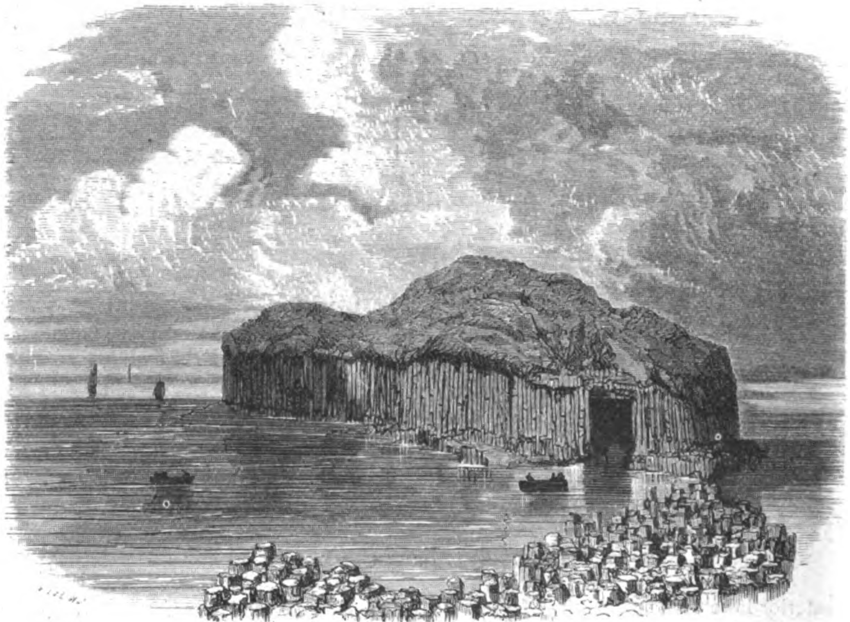
They sap the fundamental belief of all. Men who have faith in nothing else believe in the solidity of the ground they stand on. To doubt it never occurs to them. It possesses them even in their sleep; so that when, in the dead of night, the whole foundation of things reels beneath them for an instant, and to the extent of an inch or two, horror, unconscious in inception and uncontrollable in course, snatches them from their beds and sets them, staring awake, face to face with the end of all things. The beasts of the field show as unmistakable affright, for they too have their basal beliefs. Stricken dumb or bellowing with terror, they contribute to the general effect of the situation. They are seized upon by artists who undertake to depict such scenes as powerful accessories, little as the actual spectators are apt to trouble themselves about what becomes of the brutes. In fact, an earthquake, unless of such violence as to throw down buildings, or experienced so near the shore as to display the advance and recession of a billow, is not a spectacle. It does not address the eye. A voyager in a balloon, looking down upon the spot, would be at a loss to comprehend the cries and the rushing to and fro of the people.



STAFFA.

The South and Central Americans have become by long usage connoisseurs—though never amateurs—in earthquakes. They classify them into varieties. The name of *temblor* they give to a moderate shudder, with sounds like those habitual in the immediate neighborhood of volcanoes. The noise resembles the rattle of a distant skirmish, interspersed with the muffled "diapason of the cannonade." Some tiles may fall and some glasses be shattered. Beyond such disasters the damage is *nil*. Such movements wander occasionally far beyond the regular theatre of convulsion. In these excursions they appear to be the sequelæ, or more properly the dilute effect, of the severer species, named by the Spanish Americans *terramotos*, the visitants from below so fraught with human misery and suffering.

In their intensest efforts the shocks

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act in a vertical, horizontal or gyratory direction. The first is sometimes so sharp as to raise objects clear of the ground. At Riobamba, in 1797, "les cadavres d'un grande nombre d'habitants furent lancés sur une colline haute de plusieurs centaines de pieds, et située au delà du ruisseau de Suican." Thus Boscovich. We are afraid to translate his statement. He follows Humboldt.

The Spanish province of Murcia was visited by a projicient thrust of this kind on the 21st of March, 1829, but we cannot believe that the thirty-five hundred houses then and there destroyed were tossed bodily into the air. Hamilton is more circumstantial in describing the convulsion of Calabria in 1783. The mountains, he says, rose and fell: "some houses were transported without material injury to more elevated situations, and others were torn from their foundations and overset. Some of the inhabitants were abruptly lifted and deposited safe

WELLS CAUSED BY EARTHQUAKES.

and sound on the adjacent heights, and one woman who was up in a lemon tree found herself deposited upon the ground without the slightest damage"! Such events are apt to enliven the rural imagination, as we infer from the remarkable accounts brought over by the sturdy beggars whom an eruption of Etna frequently throws across the Atlantic.

More puzzling and perilous than the propulsive is the rotatory style of agitation. We may well believe that notes from calm and curious observers of this phenomenon are not plentiful. The soil is described as whirling like the surface of coffee when stirred with a spoon. It seems to be liquid. The land-waves may be regular or irregular. The results of both astonish, whether with ruin or the inexplicable arrest of ruin. Cultivated fields slide one over the other. In the Calabrian earthquake above mentioned the pedestals of two obelisks in front of the church of St. Etienne del Bosco

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ERUPTION OF WATER IN HONDURAS.

maintained their normal position, but the capstones were twisted some inches upon the centre. Still greater is said to have been the wrench undergone by a tower in Majorca in 1851. The base turned sixty degrees upon its axis, while the upper part stood firm.

The climax of these saltatory transports of staid Mother Earth is attained in the combination of all these movements. The result is but faintly shadowed by our native representative of an earthquake—a steamboat explosion. At Port Royal, Jamaica, in 1692, everything, alive and inanimate, was thrown together pell-mell. The earth was like violently-agitated water. Some of the people are reported to have been thrown from the centre of the town into the harbor, where they retained presence of mind and strength enough to swim ashore!

Humboldt was shown, when surveying the ruins of Riobamba, a spot where the furniture of one house was extracted from the ruins of another a considerable distance off. The respective proprietors preserved their bodily health sufficiently to have the question of ownership settled by a lawsuit. Fancy New York or Philadelphia thus "thrown into hotch-potch," and the profits thence ensuing to the lawyers!

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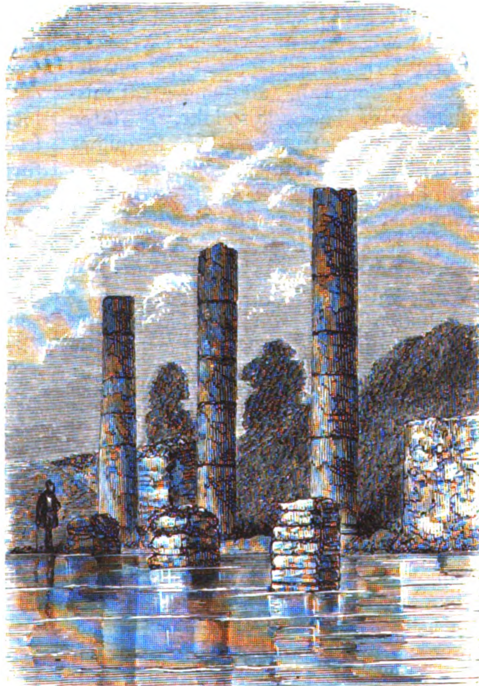
San Salvador, built upon a bank of volcanic sand three or four hundred feet thick, was destroyed in ten seconds on the night of April 16, 1854. It had memory of several serious shocks, but the latest was half a century back, and the inhabitants had gained confidence from the immunity of two generations. To slight innocuous movements, so frequent as to gain for the city the sobriquet of "the Hammock," they had become habituated. The catastrophe was not unattended by premonitions in the shape of heavy detonations and more decided agitations than usual, and many of the people anticipated it by taking up their quarters, some hours previously, in the open plazas and the patios of their dwellings. Hence the comparatively slight loss of life. A few of the older and more solidly-built houses stood, but none remained habitable.

Of numerous and equally disastrous earthquakes in more recent years, none have eclipsed in the general mind that of Lisbon, November 1, 1755. The attack and instantaneous reduction of a European capital by a new and terrible invader made an impression that will yet be long in dying out. The accounts of eye-witnesses are abundant and full. Even in our day, a hundred and twenty years later, new ones are discovered in private letters written at the time, and since buried in desks and chests. Many English were in the city or on vessels in the Tagus who could describe the event in its two aspects on land and water.

In this case there was no warning. At half-past nine in the morning a tremendous noise was followed by a shock which prostrated the most solid structures of Lisbon in an instant. Some minutes after the movement was renewed in a kind likened to that of a chariot rolling with extreme violence over a rugged surface. First and last, the terrible blow occupied six minutes. The bed of the river rose in several places to the level of its waters, and the great quay of the Prada was swallowed up with a crowd who had sought safety upon it. For a brief space of time the harbor was left almost dry, but the water returned in a billow fifty feet high, which swept many walls left standing. Toward noon another shock, more feeble than its predecessors, closed the tragedy, which was not confined to Lisbon. Oporto, Cadiz and Madrid felt the shock at the same time, almost to a minute. Other towns and some of the loftiest mountains of the Peninsula experienced it with more or less marked results, but it did not restrict iteslf to the bounds of Spain and Portugal, nor was its severity by any means measured solely by distance from any supposed focus. The convulsion is estimated to have affected an area equal to a twelfth part of the surface of the globe. Not only was all Europe shaken, but a part of America and North Africa. The disturbance, however, was not simultaneous over this extent. It distributed itself



TEMPLE OF SERAPIS.

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through some days. Turin and Milan felt it seriously, the latter on the 1st of November, and the former on the 9th. In Brieg houses were overthrown. The Lake of Neufchâtel overflowed its banks. The small Lake of Morat near it sank twenty feet, and remained at the new level. Vesuvius, in eruption at the time, was suddenly silenced, and its column of smoke reabsorbed into the crater. Churches in Rotterdam were shaken ten hours after the Lisbon shock. Lakes and springs in many parts of Germany, Norway and Sweden were affected. A littoral wave swept the coasts of Western Europe, rising eight or ten feet on the coast of Cornwall, and doing great mischief there. The Scottish lakes rose three feet. Tetuan, Tangiers, Fez, Mequinez and other African towns approached Lisbon in the completeness of their destruction. At Mequinez a mountain opened and discharged torrents of turbid water—one of the escape-valves, possibly. Westward across the Atlantic the vast oscillation took its way. At Madeira the sea rose fifteen feet. A billow twenty feet high is said to have entered the harbor of St. Martin's in the West Indies. On the 18th of November the impulse reached New England. In Boston chimneys were overthrown or cracked, and among the farms stone fences had the like mishaps.

The shocks are social. They like companionship, and are wont to travel in company. Yet they have a chief, responsible, like other chiefs, for all the mischief. The procession may last for hours, days and months. At San Salvador, in 1856, 118 shocks were counted. At Lisbon, after the decisive crash, the earth did not wholly attain repose for two months, and when Bâle was overthrown in 1356 the soil was in motion for a whole year.

Periodicity has been averred to characterize the recurrence of earthquakes, but the proofs are few and feeble. Out of so many recorded it would be strange not to find coincidences going to sustain such a view. Lima had a visitation on the 17th of June in the years 1578 and 1678. Copiapo's period has been placed at twenty-three years on the strength of three returns. Syria and Southern Italy are said to alternate with each other, their orbits intersecting a ring of earthquakes at equidistant points. The two countries are said never to have been convulsed at the same time. Extraordinary instances in the reverse direction are furnished by the tremor which on the 16th of November, 1827, devastated Bogotà, and shook less seriously the city of Okhotsk in Siberia, nine thousand miles distant, and by the convulsion of January 19, 1850, simultaneous at Schuscha in the Caucasus and in Italy, Chili and California. The vibration here, however caused, must have moved with the velocity of sound, and without interruption from the subterranean dams alleged by the dwellers on the Andes to stop at certain points the transmission of shocks, and called by them bridges.

The tread of the earthquake is not stamped only in shattered cities. It rends the rock they stood upon and pierces the soil with living wells. The granite of Monte Polisterra in Calabria was split in 1783 for a distance of nine or ten leagues. At Terranova and Oppido houses disappeared utterly. Rosarno shows a bequest of the same convulsion in cylindrical wells which recall the Geysers. These are but examples of crevices and wells opened in other parts of the world recently and anciently. Dykes and "faults," or slides, thus originating, are familiar to quarrymen, miners and geologists.

A cup-shaped depression at the bottom of a sheet of water, suddenly formed, has been seen to throw up a magnificent column due to the rapid confluence of the water to a common centre. An elevation, on the other hand, will pour a temporary torrent on the surrounding shores.

Evidence is wanting of permanent elevation or depression of the soil over any considerable area due to these sharp and sudden commotions. Localized effects of this kind have been often traced to them. Since the shock of 1750 at Concepcion in Chili, vessels have been unable to come within three leagues of the old port, and the rise of the coast is

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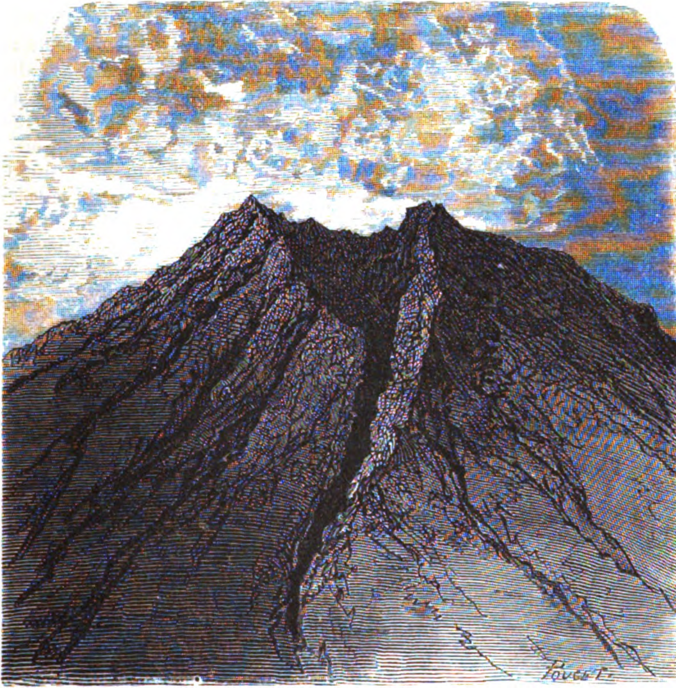
estimated at twenty-six feet. Again in 1822 the level of the coast at Valparaiso is said to have been changed four feet, and in 1835 a shock which followed an eruption of Coseguina raised three hundred miles of the Chilian coast five feet, and immediately depressed it three feet. This last change was so very slight as to be contested. Admiral (then Lieutenant) Wilkes tested the point by soundings, and came to an adverse conclusion. An elevation of the surface of New Zealand over a space of 4600 square miles to a height varying at different points between one and nine feet, by a violent shock on the 23d of January, 1855, seems to be better avouched.

In the oft-cited case of the Neapolitan ruin which antiquarians dub the temple of Jupiter-Serapis the alternate elevations



CRATER OF MERBABU.

and depressions are probably secular. The preservation of absolute verticality by the remaining columns, and absence of dislocation in the pavement on which they stand and constructions around them, is at war with the allegation that the movements were due to a cataclysm.

Could broad changes of level be freely referred to earthquakes, the fact would be easy of proof in view of the vast number of tremors of which we have dates and other data. In the basin of the Rhine 539 have been recorded since the ninth century, and 4620 in the whole world in seven years ending with 1857. The alterations traceable to any or all of these in the relative elevation of land and ocean are a trifle to those known to have been slowly going on for centuries in non-volcanic regions, to say nothing of those, incomparably vaster in the aggregate, chronicled on the stony parchments of geology.

A gradual depression of the western coast of Greenland, continuous during at least the past four centuries over a length north and south of six hundred miles, is established by incontestable

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proofs. Another northern peninsula, that of Sweden, has been for a longer period in process of upheaval. This movement covers a line of a thousand miles north and south. The rate at the North Cape is calculated at five feet in a century, diminishing toward Denmark.

From such facts we may conclude that the subterranean forces act with a steady, equable and prolonged effort, as well as with sporadic and violent blows, and that they accomplish more by the former than by the latter method. We have seen that the two forms of movement may coexist without interfering, earthquake shocks shooting across areas of upheaval and depression like lightning over the plain, as the vast succession of strata enveloping the earth "like the coats of an onion" are penetrated by injected clefts.

Are these forces, various in their manifestations, complex and distinct in their character? Are they all to be summarily ascribed to a molten interior? If so, does liquefaction by heat extend to the centre of the sphere? Has the shrinking of the earth from either pole and expansion at the equator, productive of a present difference in diameter five times greater than the height of the loftiest mountains, nothing to do with the erection of those mountains, of the long ridges they stud, and of the broader and more gentle plateaus upon which they stand? May not the assigned fluctuation of two and a half degrees—granting that to be its extreme amount—in the inclination of the equator to the ecliptic, perpetually changing, as it does, the distance of each point on the earth's surface from its centre of gravity, combine with the former influence in affecting gradually or suddenly the distribution of land and water?

The temptation to generalize upon volcanic phenomena and their origin is very great: scientific men of the first rank have often yielded to it. But certainty will not be approached until the treasury of facts shall have been far better filled than now. The actual conformation of the planet's surface is yet to be traced. Until that be effected the study of the forces which have acted, and are still seen to be acting, upon it must lack the bases of precision.

EDWARD C. BRUCE.

THE WABASH.

THERE is a river singing in between
  Bright fringes of papaw and sycamore—
  That stir to fragrant winds on either shore—
Where tall blue herons stretch lithe necks, and lean
Over clear currents flowing cool and thin
  Through the clean furrows of the pebbly floor.
My own glad river! though unclassic, still
Haunted of merry gods, whose pipings fill
  With music all thy golden willow-brakes!
Above thee Halcyon lifts his regal crest;
  The tulip tree flings thee its flower-flakes;
  The tall flag over thee its lances shakes:
With every charm of beauty thou art blest,
O happiest river of the happy West!

MAURICE THOMPSON.

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HEBE.

I.

MR. AND MRS. ELLIOT were an old couple, full of old habits and feelings and prejudices, yet they had a certain aroma of youth about them and were fond of young people. Both were endowed with a very large share of worldly prudence, which had had the effect of delaying their marriage till late in life. Perhaps they had not thought of it sooner; but, at any rate, Mr. Elliot had waited till (so far as anything is secure) he had a secure competency before he asked a cousin of his own, of nearly his own age, to marry him. This late marriage had given them a long spun-out youth, and it had also given them a second spring—a spring, but it was not followed by summer: winter came hard upon its heels. Neither might acknowledge this, but both felt it. The Elliots were rich in nieces and nephews, among whom they were known as "Nelly and John:" they might be addressed as Aunt Nelly and Uncle John, or as Mr. and Mrs. Elliot, but all their young connections, speaking of them among themselves, called them Nelly and John. Very great men are known by their Christian names, and very little men and men who are generally well liked: if people are not very great and not very ridiculous, and are generally known by their first names, it means that they are lovable.

John was very gray, and his shoulders were bent, and he went about with his hands in his pockets in a slow, meditative way; and Nelly tied across her forehead a row of little rings of brown hair, each rather bigger than a sixpence, and surmounted them with a cap which was neither the cap of to-day nor yesterday, nor did it look like the ancestor of these, else they must have degenerated sadly in size and volume; and both had the old-fashioned virtue of contentment. John stepped about his farm, looking well after things, and never thought of longing for a sight of the Alps, and Nelly found all the excitement she needed in her own house and about her own doors. But things were growing shadowy to them: life looked like a dream, or as if made of two ends with the middle omitted; it had collapsed, and youth and age came together; but to the new generation that had sprung up on every side of them they appeared most stable, natural, and in some respects agreeable institutions.

Nelly never took a direct path to an end, and she had a fixed idea that John needed to be managed; and she managed him accordingly, giving herself a deal of unnecessary trouble, as ninety-nine out of a hundred managing persons do: if they would just say what they meant or wanted in a plain, straightforward way, they would be as near their purpose, if not nearer; but then they would not have to congratulate themselves on their own superior wisdom and dexterity in moulding and directing others, and bringing about the very things that ought to be brought about. This talent of Nelly's was utterly thrown away on John: he never recognized it, and he would have done anything she wanted at any time if she had merely stated her wishes. That his wife was "pawkie" and managed him never occurred to him, he was so entirely unconscious of needing to be managed. Therefore, when Nelly said to him one day, "Do you think Lizzie Elliot is altogether comfortable at home?" he at once said "Yes," and said it no more and forgot it at once, not having the least idea that anything depended from his wife's question, although this was her way of throwing into his mind a seed which she expected to fructify there.

A week or two after she remarked, "Lizzie Elliot is not much needed at home."

"If you come to that," said John, "there are none of us but might be done without."

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"Oh, ay," Nelly said; "but there are so many young ones growing up that Lizzie is lost among them."

"Is she?" he said: "I didn't know that."

A little while longer, and Nelly returned to the charge and brought out her meaning in full. "What would it be, John," she said, "to ask Lizzie Elliot to stay with us for good and all?"

"Surely, if you would like it and she can be spared at home."

"They would have spared her readily enough to be married," said Nelly dryly.

"But coming here is not being married," John remarked.

"No: it's a deal better than some marriages, though."

"That's true," John said. "Well, if you and she can agree about it, it's a capital plan: she's a fine lassie."

"Yes, she is," said Nelly; and she considered the matter as good as settled, and that by her tact and ingenuity; but she still had the other parties to the agreement to "manage." However, they, or at least Mrs. Elliot and her daughters, had seen through Nelly all their days; still, being amiably disposed, they were always ready to let her go on with her winding tactics without appearing to be aware of them.

Lizzie Elliot was her father's eldest daughter, and the only child by his first marriage, but this was a fact that had been lost sight of in the family: even her stepmother seemed to have forgotten it, and her eldest brother—Jock, as he was called to distinguish him from the numerous other Johns in the connection—appeared to be fonder of Lizzie than of his own sisters: there were only two years between them, and between him and Sibyl there was a difference of six years, which might account for his preference. Jock and Lizzie were great allies: he was only twenty-three, but he had already got a good position as sub-inspector of mines, with a prospect of early promotion. He was clever and prudent: every one who knew him felt that he would never do a foolish thing.

Lizzie Elliot was old: she had been in existence for a quarter of a century; and when she said that to herself, it had a very solemn sound indeed. More, she had had what is called "a disappointment;" so at this advanced age and with this experience, what remained for her but to devote herself to her kindred at Stonylea? Her father had ten children besides herself, and, looking that fact in the face, she had gone for two years to the Continent to qualify herself to be a governess; but here was a situation offered to her within two miles of her father's door by John and Nelly, of whom she had been fond all her life, and who were childless. Nelly's management was as much thrown away on Lizzie as on her husband.

What did Miss Elliot do with her "disappointment"? Did she leave it behind her or take it to Stonylea? She did neither. The truth is, she had drowned it in pride, and then reduced it to powder in a cremation-oven heated by the fire of youth. After this, of course, there was still the powder to dispose of; and she looked at it wistfully, as if it were something that did not belong to her and could not throw it away: there was surely small harm in keeping a little dust. In her narrow world it was said she had been jilted—not a pleasant way of putting it. However, more than one man had tried to gather up the love that was supposed to have been thrown away, but without success: for persons to lose love which they value is bad, but to have a substitute thrust upon them is intolerable, at least to some natures. Cremation is a process much to be commended in the case of a dead love; and when it can be done, it is well also to scatter the ashes to the winds.

"So, Lizzie," said her uncle when she arrived, "Nelly and you have made a bargain, I understand?"

"Oh, nothing so business-like as that," said his niece.

"Then you should," he said: "it's always best to know what you're doing, to make a firm bargain. Have you never heard that you should count siller after your father?"

"Yes, I have heard that, but I shouldn't

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think of doing it: I like to trust people."

"Long may it be so, lassie!" said John; and probably it would be long. It was her nature to trust: even the little packet of cremation-powder she had in her possession had not been able to shake her faith in the race, although, as a rule, nothing is more effectual to that end. Crabbe perhaps goes far enough when he makes a jilted woman, in speaking to her sister, picture heaven as a place "with not a man to meet us there;" still, it is certain that an experience of this kind does give faith a terribly rude shake.

II.

A house with only two old people in it is apt to be preternaturally tranquil: there is a stagnation of sound: when you go in it seems as if the sounds were all there, if only they could make themselves heard. When Lizzie Elliot took up her abode at Stonylea, she was the thaw that set free the frozen sounds: she was like a breeze in the house; and what a delightful thing a breeze is in the house or by the way, blowing through a book or a picture or across a cornfield! The dull sitting-room began to wonder what had happened: chairs were left out of their places, bright-colored work lay about; as often as not there was a litter of some kind on one or other of the tables; and if John or Nelly but happened to sneeze, the sofa was whisked from its twenty years' anchorage by the wall and landed at the side of the fire before Nelly had time even to think of the difficulties in the way of such an arrangement; but she submitted, and Lizzie always stopped short of carrying her innovations too far.

Nelly's prime difficulty in housekeeping was her servant: she only kept one, as in any emergency help could always be had from the hinds' houses, which were only five minutes distant, or three if people were in a great hurry; and in such a quiet, methodical family one, Mrs. Elliot found, was enough. Enough and more than enough was the incumbent in possession when Lizzie came to her aunt's assistance: so, at least, Nelly thought, with all her ideas stiffened in the moulds of forty years back. Janet Paterson, her single handmaiden, seemed to her the embodiment of modern degeneracy. "That girl will ruin herself yet," she said to Lizzie as Janet passed the window, having got an afternoon to herself to make some visits among her acquaintance: "it is really not respectable to see a servant dressed up in that way."

"I like to see a happy face, and she'll never be young again," said Lizzie, speaking feelingly from the borders of the mellow old age she had reached; "but she is certainly striking."

"Striking! A girl going out of this house dressed in that way is not respectable," repeated Mrs. Elliot.

"I think your character and mine will stand it, Nelly," said her husband from his chair, in which he had apparently been sleeping.

Janet had dressed herself in a gown the effect of which was white, although it had a small blue sprig on it, and it was made with all the frills and furbelows of the day; a little black jacket shaped into her waist; a black hat turned up with blue and surmounted with a white feather; round her neck, secured by a velvet ribbon and glittering over a rose-pink necktie, was a cross of aquamarine stones set in gold, the gift of one of her numerous admirers, a man whose income amounted to a pound a week. When she showed it to Miss Elliot she innocently said she did not know whether it was really a good thing or not: good or bad, it gleamed below her chin on its rose-pink nest very prettily. Having for the afternoon severed the link that bound her to the "flag" and coiled hair, she had let her tresses down in the form of a mane: neat little kid gloves and a parasol completed her. She had a round face, big blue-black eyes with long eyelashes, rosy cheeks, and the upright gait and bearing of a drill-sergeant, tempered with elasticity and grace. Owing to her appearance, and also as a pleasant variety on the prosaic "Janet," Miss Elliot generally called her Hebe; and the gods would not have been ill off with such a cup-bearer: she gave a strong impres-

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sion of youth, and an impression of strong youth.

"And if I were to speak to her about it," continued Mrs. Elliot, "she would probably tell me to find another servant and she would find another place."

"Some might do that," said Lizzie, "but not Hebe: she is a modest, humble, biddable little being, I think."

"Then get her to dress herself like her station," said Nelly.

"If ladies make fools of themselves with dress, what can you expect of servants?" asked Lizzie.

"I have nothing to do with ladies," Mrs. Elliot said, "but I would like to see my servant in a decent gown and without a feather in her head. Why, I don't think I ever had the courage to wear a white feather the youngest day I ever saw!"

"Once, Nelly, once," said John sleepily from his chair: "you were nineteen then, and wore a white feather, and not a small one."

"You have a good memory," said his wife.

"For some things, Nelly: many a thing better worth remembering I have forgotten between that and this."

Age did not blunt Nelly's sharp feeling of gratification, but she merely said in a dry way, "I can believe that. Well, it was foolish if I did, but I was not a servant. Common sense might teach Janet not to stick a feather in her head."

"Has she common sense?" asked John: "it seems to me the most uncommon kind of sense going."

"She never thinks anything about it. She likes to dress herself as any other girl of her age does—that's all; and I must say I like to see her individuality coming out: she is far more picturesque and diverting than if she were tamed down to regulation habits," said Lizzie. "Oh, I declare there's papa and Sibyl!" she exclaimed, and ran out to meet them with a flush of girlish glee not quite in keeping with her time of life.

"Oh," cried Sibyl as she came in, "we came through the village, and I saw Hebe dancing—" A warning look from Lizzie stopped her. "We have had such a capital drive!" she went on, so as not to make an awkward pause.

"What did you say about Janet?" asked Mrs. Elliot.

"I saw her as I came through the village," said Sibyl.

"Yes, she went away after dinner. Has Jock come back?" Lizzie said. (Jock had been away on a continental tour.)

"Last night," said Sibyl. "He enjoyed it awfully: you should drink off his account of it before the foam dies down."

"So I will: is he not coming over?"

"Oh yes, of course he is. He was some weeks at Dresden, your old howff, and saw all the pictures and heard no end of music, and was at Pilnitz and everywhere."

"Was he?" she said in a dreamy, faraway kind of way; and she drew Sibyl out to walk round the shrubbery. "How soothing the open air is! What were you going to say about Hebe? I am fond of her, and aunt has taken a prejudice against her. I thought if she heard of her dancing, it would finish the business."

"Well," Sibyl said, "Hebe had stuck her parasol in the hedge, and she was dancing in the middle of the road."

"Alone, and without any music?"

"Oh no: there was a fiddler, and she had plenty of company. I saw her white plume shine amid the ranks of villagers."

"Poor little Hebe! I'll have to set about giving her an advice from time to time," said Lizzie.

"I hope it may do her good," said Sibyl. "When are you are coming over?"

"Not for a day or two: tell Jock to come here to-morrow, will you?"

As Mr. Elliot and his daughter drove off, Hebe came in, looking as fresh and happy as it was her custom to look.

"So I hear you have been dancing," her young mistress said to her.

"Yes."

"I think you should not dance on the road."

"Not dance?" Hebe said in a tone of surprise: it was as natural for her to dance when she had an opportunity as it was for the myriads of gauzy insects

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that filled the air on that summer evening to advance and retire, to dart and to wheel, in a way that might have given valuable lessons to all the dancing-masters in Europe.

"Well, not on the road. Who was your partner?"

"I don't know," said Hebe.

"It might be better not to dance on the road with people you don't know," said Lizzie.

A grave, puzzled expression appeared on Hebe's face: evidently, the notion of stiff decorum of this kind was new to her. She was pondering the matter: her look was not the look of stupidity or of displeasure, but of a person who has got something to think of—perhaps like what a new professor might wear who is making a mental effort in getting up a lecture for his students, or like that of a naturalist when he has found a new beetle. If Lizzie had been on her own level, she might have asked for more light on the subject; but, however she might dress out of her station, she never forgot it in intercourse with those she considered her superiors.

Miss Elliot had taken a strong liking to this girl—why, she could hardly have told, probably because of her innocent nature and unfailing brightness of spirit. At times she was plain-looking and almost coarse, and then again her face seemed as near beauty as it was possible to be; and this was its charm—its constant variety and mobility.

Hebe went to bed that night, her reasoning powers not having found rest for the sole of their foot regarding the dancing question; and her young mistress, on gaining the sanctuary of her own room, took a look at the cremation-powder, which the mention of Dresden had gently agitated, as if it had been the ashes of the phœnix meant to come to life again; for was not Dresden and its surroundings, its treasures for the eye and ear, the scene of that short romance the extinction of which had landed her in old age? She had gone thither to study many things, and lived in the house of an aunt, a sister of her stepmother's, who was there for the education of her family, where she met a young artist, a countryman of her own, who was haunting the "old masters" in the picture-galleries. Old masters are no doubt very fascinating, but young mistresses are even more so, as the old masters would be the first to admit if their opinions could be got at. German gutturals are charming, and so is the crash of grand music; but steep all these in an atmosphere of love, and what have you? Something vastly too good for this world, and which consequently won't keep—something that shows like nectar for the gods, but which with a little time dulls down into excellent domestic beverage—good, wholesome, and strengthening, but not nectar. However, the nectar was taken from Lizzie's hand while it was yet nectar. After she was engaged to Mr. King (that was the artist's name), and her mother and aunt had corresponded on the subject, and people generally had been duly apprised of the fact, some one told her that Mr. King had a betrothed already in England. She asked him if this was true.

"Well," he said, "what if it were?"

"You ought to marry her."

"You think so? You mean that?"

"Yes," she said with all the coolness and dignity she could muster, "if she will marry you, and you don't change your mind again."

"You have considered the thing, and that is your advice?" he said.

"That is my advice," she echoed.

"Very well, so be it," he said; and they parted.

He went back to England, and she wrote home that the engagement was broken off by mutual consent; which good-natured people translated as meaning that she had been jilted. That was three years ago now, and since that time she had heard nothing of Mr. King.

III.

Jock visited Stonylea next day, and gave his sister a full account of his travels, telling her all about the people she had known in Dresden. She listened eagerly, but the name she waited for did not occur in his narration, and she was

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disappointed, although she tried to make herself think she did not care; but she found it difficult to believe a fiction of her own making, and it was a fiction, however much she might wish it to be a fact.

"How did Lizzie enjoy your travels?" Sibyl asked her brother.

"Oh, very well; but she is a curious creature, Liz: she is what I call notional. She is always taking an extra liking to something or somebody, without considering if it is reasonable or where it is to lead her."

"Is she? But she is good."

"Excellently good, and she is given to think every one as good as herself."

"There is no one in particular that she is making a hobby of just now, is there? It won't do her any harm to think John and Nelly as good as gold, and it won't injure them."

"Oh, she entertained me for about half an hour last night with the innocence and beauty and piquancy of the servant they have—Hebe she calls her; and I looked at the girl and said she would make a good figure in a landscape, and was vexed after I had said it, thinking it would put her in mind of King, and then made bad worse by telling her that all her geese were swans. I believe King's good qualities existed nowhere but in her eyes."

"Oh," said Sibyl lightly, "she has forgotten King long ago: you need not distress yourself about that. But I think we should go often to Stonylea: I should not like her to feel dull."

"I'll go as often as you like when I'm at home."

Lizzie was not dull, however, nor likely to be so: she was a young woman of energy and resources, and dullness was a thing that never entered her head. Besides, she was in a position of command: she was, virtually at least, mistress of the situation, and that to a person of energy and ability is to be prized. For one thing, she was seized with an enthusiasm for educating Hebe: she saw perfections and attractions and possibilities about that young person which no one else could see. Not that Hebe was without admirers: on the contrary, in her own class she was quite a belle and attracted numerous lovers; but Lizzie grudged her to the ordinary workingman, and she had formed a small romance—not exciting or sensational by any means, but still a plan with the romantic in it. Having reached old age herself, she thought what a fine thing it would be if she could mould, form and to a certain degree educate Hebe to be her own peculiar something between friend and servant. After a time, Lizzie took Jock into her confidence as to what she was doing. Jock had been at home all his life at Stonylea, and now when he had time he very often drove one or more of his sisters over. To her delight, but rather to her surprise, her brother approved of her plan, for he was given to check romantic flights in his sisters, and she had expected him to frown on it.

"There's no use in speaking of it to every one," she said. "If I were to tell John, he would say in his quiet way, 'Oh, ay, try it,' meaning, 'You'll never make anything of it;' and Nelly would put it down altogether. I hesitated even about telling you, for I thought you would laugh at me; but I am glad I did it. I'll go on and prosper now."

"Always tell me everything," said Jock. "But there's this risk: after you have got your maiden moulded, some one may snap her up. She may marry, and a respectable ploughman reap what you have sown. You must be prepared for that risk: she is not without admirers, you say?"

"Plenty: everybody admires her but you and aunt and Sibyl, and several ladies who have been here: they think her extra plain-looking."

"Beware of labor thrown away, Liz: she would not have so many admirers if she did not encourage them."

"I don't think she'll readily marry any suitor she has yet: there are little bits of refined taste which crop out in her that make me think so."

"You should positively interdict followers," said Jock: "you'll never get a girl to attend to lessons that has her head filled in that way."

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"Oh, but if the ploughman were of the kind that moves in glory and in joy upon the mountain-side, I should have to let her go."

"That kind of man came a hundred years ago, and he is not due again for other nine hundred or so," said Jock.

"And his wife might not be very comfortable if he did appear," said Lizzie.

"Probably not," Jock said. "It is a queer thing, genius: I dare say it must sometimes laugh at the kind of lodgings it finds itself in."

"Well, I'll go on. I like to watch the big blue-black eyes and the smile half innocent, wholly shrewd: besides, I feel like a demiurge by comparison. She had never heard of such a place as France: I have a whole world to create in her mind."

"Do your best," said Jock, "and let me know how you get on. I wish you all success."

And on a winter night, when they were alone, as not unfrequently happened, and when John grew dozy by the fireside, and Nelly's knitting dropped from her hand, as it would do at times, Hebe's voice singing to herself in the kitchen and her brisk firm footstep moving about the house reminded Lizzie to lay down her book or work and seize the opportunity of giving her a lesson. Hebe could read in a way, but Miss Elliot aspired to make her do it well, so that it would be a pleasure to hear her read aloud: she could also write so that you could know what she meant, but if she were to be friend, servant and secretary she must be able to write a decent note; and Lizzie labored all through the winter most perseveringly, for her heart was in her work. But education is not a thing of a day, or even of a whole winter, and Hebe was not descended from a race of scholars. She did not imbibe learning as her natural aliment. She never forgot anything it was her duty to do in the house or out of it; cooking seemed to come to her by inspiration; she was tidy and thrifty; her little hands (and they were both little and shapely, and had the faculty of looking as if they did not do much hard or dirty work) could arrange a knot of ribbon and stick it on the thing called a cap which perched on the top of her head, and put another knot of the såme color at her throat, in the jauntiest fashion possible: anything that hands could do, and that she had seen done, she could do. But she was not creative, and literature was not her forte. Sometimes Lizzie despaired, and almost threw up her plan: then she was lured on again by the varying expression and the open-eyed, open-mouthed wonder with which her pupil listened to any bit of history or biography or tale told her: she was shy and did not ask questions, and rarely betrayed her ignorance very broadly, but smiled and blushed over it.

"You forget things horribly, Hebe," her teacher would say: "I don't know what your memory is made of. It is worse than aunt's, and it can't be old age with you. What do you think about?"

Hebe smiled and blushed.

"If you were interested you would remember. Should you not like to know all about your own country?"

"Oh, I would like," she said with a wistful earnestness that went to the heart of her instructress.

"Well, if you would try to remember, there's nothing to hinder you. Come now, what is the capital—that is, the chief, the biggest city—of England? I've told you that every week for three months: you should know."

Hebe hesitated, afraid to commit herself.

"Is it Portobello or Coatbridge, do you think?" Hebe had distant relatives in these two places, and had heard of them consequently.

She smiled and blushed, and at last said "Glasgow."

Yes, teaching needs patience, especially teaching a girl of eighteen who has not been accustomed to learn.

IV.

"Well," said Lizzie to her brother, "I could not have believed that a creature with as much original sense and ability as Hebe could have been so ignorant as she is; and she has no thirst for infor-

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mation: she forgets a thing as soon as she hears it. It is very curious, for it is so delightful to know, and one would think she would feel it so awkward not to know." And Miss Elliot gave a few details of her efforts.

"Do *you* feel much happier," Jock said, "because you know that London is the capital of England, and not Glasgow?"

"I can't judge, for I never didn't know that London was the capital of England."

"You see," said Jock, "knowledge is such a comparative thing. If I were talking to a very scientific man, I should feel it my wisdom to hold my tongue and listen, as Hebe does with you; and like her, too, I very likely should not understand or remember what he said. If the scientific man were conversing with an angel, he would be in the same fix. No, knowledge, information, is not essential; and she has never been within earshot of it before, and does not know what to make of it. She has sense, you say, which you could not give her, and she'll pick up knowledge now that she has the opportunity."

"If it were not that I am fond of her I believe I should throw it up," said Lizzie.

"Perseverance is the thief of time," Jock said laughing.

"It would need to be the mother of invention too, to fix a thing in Hebe's head," said his sister.

Miss Elliot persevered, and time at least stole away, but not altogether without some progress on Hebe's part.

Midsummer came—that glorious season of the year that seems to suit the constitution of all living things, and even of some to which the idea of life is not attached: the very stones look happier on a summer day; the cutting and satirical east wind has exhausted itself with its heavy spring work, and has gone somewhere to recruit: perhaps, like certain human beings, it may turn over a new leaf in other countries, and lead a better and more useful life. At any rate, we have got quit of a bad subject for the time, and with the south wind and sunshine life becomes a luxury and not a struggle.

"Miss Elliot," said Hebe one day, "a man comes here every week selling tea: do you want any?"

"None," said Lizzie: "we have a good stock laid in. I doubt he'll find it a poor business in this district."

"I told him nobody here bought tea at the door, but he said he had it very good and very cheap."

"Fifty years ago he might have had a chance, but the time is past for selling tea in that way. Poor creature! Is he old?"

"No—young," said Hebe.

"Well, next time he comes you can give him some bread and milk, and tell him that he need not take the trouble of calling here again: we don't want tea."

"He'll be here this afternoon," said Hebe: "this is his day."

"What is he like?" asked Miss Elliot.

"Something like a gentleman: if he had not come to the back door, I would have taken him for a gentleman."

"If he had been old I should have pitied him," said Lizzie, "but a young man ought to be able to do something better. Does he seem weak in his mind?"

"He looks weak in neither his mind nor his body."

Punctual to his time the tea-merchant arrived.

"Do you need any tea?" he asked. He had stepped in through the porch, and was standing in the doorway opposite Hebe.

"No," she said, turning round from looking at herself in the little glass that hung by the window: she had just been pinning below her chin a knot of bright crimson ribbon, the finishing touch to her afternoon toilet, and had seen the wideawake, curls and spectacles of the teaman in the glass by the side of her own face.

"Would you be kind enough to ask your mistress?" he said.

"I've asked her already," said Hebe shortly.

"And what did she say?"

"She said she had a good stock of tea, and did not want any."

"But," said the man, "a good stock of tea is not a stock of good tea: mine is a

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very superior article, grown in India—a new thing in the market, you might tell her."

"I know she does not want it."

"Just be good enough to ask her," he said persuasively.

"It's no use disturbing the old lady: she does not want tea, I know."

"But you need not disturb the old lady: tell the young one. You have a young mistress, have you not?"

"How would you feel if you knew?" Hebe said, considering the question uncalled for.

"Your kitchen is a picture," said the man, leaning against the door and looking all round.

And certainly it was a picture. It was as pure and bright as hands could make it; a dark old massive press stood by one wall, a dresser gleaming like cream-colored satin by another, and above it an array of tins burnished and glittering like a knight's armor; there was a fireplace where the glow of the tropics was encircled by the snowy whiteness of the arctic regions; over the fire hung a kettle black and shining, and purring like a big cat, while it occasionally pushed up its lid with a rattle to cool itself. On a large old rug which covered the hearth the real cat lay basking and dozing, but at the sound of voices it rose, stretched itself, and, walking over to the stranger, began to rub itself against his legs.

"Pussy," he said, "is that girl standing there so like a picture kind to you—is she?" and he stroked the cat's head. "Does she let you rest yourself when you're wearied?"

A semipathetic tone in the last question touched Hebe, and she said, "Are *you* tired?"

"Very tired, and I have not sold an ounce of tea all day."

"Why do you not try something else? Nobody buys tea at the door, the mistress says."

"The old lady?"

"You can come in and take a seat if you like, and I'll give you some bread and milk."

"Oh, thank you," said the man; then bending over the cat he said, "She is kind, after all, pussy: I wish I were in your quarters."

Hebe set a bowl of new milk and some scones on the table, and the stranger partook heartily.

"I have not enjoyed any food so much for a long time," he said rising: "many thanks. Now, before I go will you just put that shawl over your shoulders and stand there for a moment?" pointing to a spot where the light fell fully.

The shawl was a Rob Roy tartan, one of Hebe's, which she wore out of doors when it was cold, thereby unconsciously making herself a very telling object in the landscape. She wondered, but took up the shawl and stood as directed, while a smile and a blush gathered on her face.

"Thank you: that will do. I'll call again next week."

"The mistress said you need not take the trouble of calling again," said Hebe: "she told me to tell you that."

"It is no trouble," said he, "and I am determined to succeed. Tell her mine is a splendid article—a blend of the finest Indian teas, such as she'll not get everywhere. Well, good afternoon: many thanks. Remember, next week; and your mistress will regret it if she does not give my tea a trial: it refreshes old age and would not hurt an infant."

V.

Hebe reported the visit and the message of the tea-man to her mistress. "It must have been him I noticed going down the road," said Miss Elliot: "he has quite the look of a gentleman. I wonder what has brought him to this, or if he is doing it for a wager? I have heard of such a thing."

"But," said Hebe, "he would not be tired and hungry for a wager. I was sorry for him: he ate like a man that had not seen meat for a week."

"Poor creature!"

"He is coming back next week: he is determined to succeed. He says his tea is something extraordinary."

"Determination is all very well," Miss Elliot said, "if it were a thing worth doing, but he'll never make a business of selling tea from door to door: no one

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can put back the world's clock. I should like to see him," she said musingly: "let me know next time he comes.—Perhaps I could get some sort of situation for him, and I might judge better what he is fit for if I saw him," she thought.

But the next time he came Lizzie was at her father's, and the time after she was also from home. Mrs. Elliot, however, happened to stray into the kitchen while he was eating his bread and milk.

"And who may you be?" she said, looking him over through her glasses.

He rose immediately and said, "I'm selling tea, ma'am, and I shall be happy if I can supply you."

"Well, as you are here I dare say I'll have to take a pound, but you needn't come back. I doubt you have made a mistake in taking to that business, my man."

"So people tell me," he said quite briskly, "but a first-class article and minimum profits tell in time, and I have not a heavy shop-rent nor many shopmen to pay."

"That's true," said the old lady. "Well, give me a pound of your best."

"Many thanks, ma'am. I happen just to be sold out of my prime quality today, but if you can wait till next week I'll bring it then."

"I can wait," said Nelly.—"I could wait till next year," she said to Hebe as the man disappeared. "I took it as a charity merely."

Next week Miss Elliot was at home, and Hebe let her know when the teaman came. "Send him in here," she said. She was alone, John and Nelly having gone into town that day. She turned round from the window where she was looking out when she heard the man enter the room: he had his hat in one hand and the ordered pound of tea in the other, she observed. The tea he put down on the table near the door, and stood there.

"I sent for you," she said, "to see and speak to you. It seems to me that you are wasting time in your present employment, and if I could— Good gracious, Mr. King!" she exclaimed as she came nearer and got a full view of him.

"Miss Elliot!" he said in humble low tones.

She stood transfixed for an instant, then her impulse was to sweep past him as Dido swept past Æneas in the shades, but pity held her.

"How is it that you are reduced to this?" she said when she had recovered from her intense surprise, "or are you reduced?"

"I am reduced," he said almost in a whisper.

"But how is it? how is it? You have your profession;" and looking in his face she felt the truth flash on her. "Is it your eyes," she said. "You did not use to wear glasses: has your sight failed? Is it that?"

"My eyes are getting dim," he answered.

"Where is your wife?" she asked.

"I don't know," he answered in a deep low tone.

"Oh, how sorry I am for you!—how sorry!" and almost unconsciously she took his hand and stroked it. "Blind and forsaken!" she murmured; "and I always pictured you as happy and prosperous; and that was a kind of happiness to me when I had nothing else."

"Do you mean to say you have thought of me at all?"

"I have tried not to think of you, but I'll think of you now. You are not to go about the country weary and hungry. Something must be done. Is it cataract?" she said, looking into his eyes. "I don't see anything on them."

"No, it's not cataract," he said hastily. "I think I had better go."

"Oh," she said, "let your wife know: if she knew your circumstances she would come to you, be sure."

"She can't: she is not in existence."

"Dead?"

"No: I never had a wife."

"Richard!"

"And I never asked a woman to be my wife but once: it was well for her that she backed out in time."

"Richard!"

"She would hardly have cared to travel the country with a blind man."

"I can't bear it," she said—"I can't

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bear it;" and she sat down as if exhausted.

"What can you not bear, Miss Elliot?"

"That you should be—should be—" and she burst into tears.

"If," he said hesitatingly—"if I were to recover my sight and succeed in my profession, do you think it would be possible—do you think that we—that is, could you marry me yet?"

"Oh, Richard, you have far more need of a wife when you are poor and blind: I could keep a school and you could help me: you could be no end of help. Think of it."

"I don't understand it," he said. "You were quite ready and willing to part with me because some person told you a foolish story: you surely could not have loved me then?"

"I thought I should have died."

"If I had known or suspected it, Lizzie, I would not have let you go, but I was poor, and I believed your love would not stand the strain of poverty; and your readiness to break the engagement made me sure of it. But now I'm what's called a rising artist; and besides, I got a legacy lately; so if—"

"Do you mean to say that the blindness and the tea is all a sham?" exclaimed Lizzie, starting from her chair.

"You made the blindness: I never spoke of it—"

"You said your sight was getting dim."

"So it was at the moment, but my handkerchief could have cleared it. I own to the tea, and it has served my purpose. I wanted to judge if you cared for me at all, and how much."

"It was a foolish trick—cruel and unworthy of you."

"Not cruel, surely."

"Yes, cruel and unjustifiable. What will my friends think?—that you are a romantic fool; and they are sufficiently angry and embittered against you already."

"Let them think me a fool: I don't object."

"But I object: they must know nothing of this tea business. I mean my father and John and Nelly, and, above all, Jock."

"Who is Jock?"

"My brother, whom I dearly love and who loves me; but he is awfully wise and prudent, and could not do a foolish thing if you were to pay him for it. If he heard of the tea-trick, I don't know what he would think—not that you were fit to be his brother-in-law, I am sure."

"Well, what am I to do? where or when am I to turn up in my own colors?"

"I can't tell: it's like a dream. Have you had your bread and milk? Hebe said you ate like a famished creature."

"Hebe? that's classic. When a man is hungry and has good food placed before him, he would be a greater fool than even I am if he didn't seize the opportunity. I had been out sketching since early morning. Is Hebe that girl's name? I made a sketch of her when I went in."

"We have got into the way of calling her that: it was impossible to call a creature like her 'Janet' always."

"Does Jock not think it silly?"

"Most likely he does: nobody can see any attraction in her but myself."

"I did. Did she not tell you I asked her to stand for her picture?"

"No: she would not know what you meant. I should like to see her in a picture."

"I think I'll call on your father to-morrow," said Mr. King.

"This is Monday," she said: "let it be Thursday. He'll be from home to-morrow and Wednesday. I'll give aunt the tea: what am I to charge for it? I believe you bought it coming through the village?"

"Yes, I did. Oh, make her a present of it: say I always give my customers a sample free."

"I'll ask four shillings sixpence, and say I told you not to come back."

"As tea-man, but when may I come as myself?"

"I don't know: I must have time to think. Where are you living?"

"Six miles from here, at Grasshill."

"Grasshill? Do you know Mr. Stenhouse there?"

"Very well."

"Then get him to drive you over when you go to my father's—you couldn't have

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a better introduction—and don't say anything about me at all. The thing is to make a favorable impression before they know what Mr. King you are. I could talk my father over, and even my uncle and aunt, but I am afraid of Jock: he'll stand out against you. He sees every side of anything, and he never was in love: when he is it will be with a woman made to order. Now you are to go away: as tea-man never come back."

She rang the bell, and said to Hebe when she came, "Give this man some bread and milk."

And Mr. King sat down at the corner of the kitchen table to his rural repast. Miss Elliot appeared and said, "I see some hens in the shrubbery, Hebe: run and turn them out, will you?" Then she stood and looked at the wayfaring man, and laughed heartily. He came and stood beside her. "Now," she said, "go: Hebe will be here immediately."

"That man has not eaten so much this afternoon," said Hebe as she cleared the table.

VI.

Jock came over to Stonylea the same evening: he had been from home for some weeks, and had only returned that day.

"Well, Lizzie," he said, "what have you been about all this time? You are looking well—a trifle pale maybe, but bright."

"I am very well indeed," she said, and relapsed into a silence not usual with her.

"And how is your pupil Hebe getting on?"

"Well," she said, "it is very uphill work teaching her: I'm thinking of giving it up."

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," said Jock: "I would persevere. You would not master a foreign language yourself in a few months, and book-learning is a foreign language to her."

"But I would find out if I had any aptitude for mastering it, and go on or give it up accordingly. People can't do everything, and why waste time on what they have no taste for, and may never need? I don't mean ever to part with Hebe if I can help it, but I throw up the sponge about her education."

"That's always the way with women," said Jock. "They begin a thing with no end of enthusiasm, and if it does not succeed in a moment, down they throw it." He spoke with displeasure in his voice.

"But, Jock, be reasonable," said his sister. "Hebe is a first-rate servant, and as bright and happy as a human being can be: she'll be of far more use in a house than a score of people who can read and write to perfection—in fact, literary servants are a bore—and what's the use of forcing the little creature to learn what she doesn't care for?"

"Was it not your scheme to make her a companion for yourself?"

"Yes it was, but I have changed my mind: I think she'll be as happy and more useful as she is."

"There's something new in the wind: what's your next hobby to be?"

"But if you are really interested in Hebe's education, I think it may possibly be taken up by different hands. She has had the *Illustrated London News* sent to her several times lately, and I saw a Tauchnitz edition of *David Copperfield* lying in the kitchen: if he is a literary youth who sends these things, and expects sympathy in his tastes, I doubt he'll come up against a dead wall. I told her whoever gave her that book should come and read a chapter of it to her every night: that's the only way she'll ever get through it."

"She surely could understand a book like *David Copperfield*?"

"Oh yes, if it were read to her, but she could not read it. I wonder who sends it? He does not come here, or I should have seen or heard of him."

"Did you not ask her?"

"No: I did not feel I had any right to ask, and I can trust her fully. If she had not brought the paper to me to explain the pictures, I should not have known of them."

"Did the pictures interest her?"

"Greatly. You should see her varying expression and color when you are telling her anything she is interested in: she always charms me."

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"If I were you I would go on: I would drive pegs into her mind to hang information on, so that she wouldn't forget. Tell her that these pictures are made in London, and she would remember that London is the capital. See, there's some gloves I brought for you: if you were to give her a pair of them and tell her they were bought in London, that would be another peg. I think I could be a good teacher."

"I don't doubt you would. Many thanks for the gloves—a whole dozen—but they are far too fine for Hebe: we must remember her station."

"To be sure," said Jock. "I didn't think of that."

"I said to Hebe one day that the parlor would be the better for some pictures to lighten it up, and instantly I saw the dawn of a great idea in her face, and she said in a flushed, hesitating way, 'Would my pictures not do if they were put in a frame?' Poor little Hebe! I could have kissed her on the spot, but it doesn't do to confound ranks."

"No, it doesn't do," said Jock, "but you have not told me what your new hobby is."

"Wait till it is set fully agoing."

"Don't expect my sympathy for it: I can't take things and people up and throw them down as you do."

"I take them up, but I don't throw them down. One may change one's opinion as to the wisdom of a course of action, and that's all I have done."

She had certainly done this. The truth is, the cremation-powder had the same properties as the ashes of the phœnix: it was kindling up and beginning to glow with all the color and beauty of the life that had seemed extinct, but was not. The necessity for Hebe as a prop and comfort in old age was disappearing.

Mr. King improved his introduction to the Elliots into a pretty intimate acquaintanceship, and as he was densely ignorant of Dresden, he was not for a moment suspected of being the original Mr. King; so that prejudice did not array itself against him; and thus, having a fair field, he soon won plenty of favor. Jock and Sibyl took him over to Stonylea and introduced him to Lizzie as an acquaintance they were rather proud to have made, and he and Miss Elliot went through the introduction with a gravity that left nothing to be desired. Mr. King was of opinion that the time was ripe for revealing their plans, but Lizzie thought differently: she was still afraid of Jock, and she felt that by meeting as strangers she and Mr. King were getting deeper in the mire than ever. Her brother would think the artist positively silly and not capable of conducting the ordinary affairs of life, for Jock was not romantic, and would have no patience with stratagems in love, whatever he might approve of in war. Mr. King, however, not being possessed by the same love or fear or reverence for Jock as his sister was, things were likely to come to a crisis, whether she approved or not, when a light thrown suddenly up revealed her brother to Lizzie as a man who could commit an error of judgment, and who was subject to weakness like his fellow-mortals.

She had been pondering matters one afternoon, and feeling very happy and a little perplexed, when she went to the kitchen to speak to Hebe. She stopped at the door and in half-dumfoundered tones said, "Jock!"

There unquestionably was the prudent, wise sub-inspector of mines standing on the hearth, his arm lying over Hebe's shoulder and his face bent down over hers.

"Jock! Hebe! Maud Müller! it is, and hadn't ought to be!" hurriedly exclaimed Lizzie all in a breath.

"It had ought to be, and it is," said Jock determinedly.

Hebe in her gown of white effect and her crimson ribbons was looking down at her little hands, anxiously pulling the corner of her muslin apron; the round open face was perfectly pale, where in general it was rose-pink; her under lip hung down slightly and quivered; her big blue-black eyes were dewy, and she said, "It wasna me, Miss Elliot: I've often told him I am no match for him."

Lizzie thought she had never seen her look half so attractive: the grief and joy

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and fear blended in her face were a sight which she only wished Mr. King could have seen, having an eye to her lover's reputation.

"You are a match for any man in the county, Hebe," Jock said, drawing her close to him. "And you are mine as sure as my name is Jock Elliot; and 'wha daur meddle wi' me'?"

"I would not take him, Hebe, if I were you: he'll do nothing but drive pegs into your mind, and bother you with spelling and grammar.—You'll carry on her education, Jock?" said his sister, laughing.

At that moment the back door opened and Uncle John entered: he stood an instant and surveyed the group, then passed into the parlor without a word; but after tea he asked his nephew to go out and look at something with him, and then made use of the opportunity he had made.

"Now, Jock," he said, "yon I saw in the kitchen is to go no further: it is to stop at once. That girl is no wife for you."

"I am the best judge of that," said Jock with hauteur.

"No, you are not," his uncle said: "you are no judge at all. If you were to marry that girl, you would repent it to the end of your days. Take her youth from her, and what have you left? Be prudent and be advised."

"Time will take the youth from her and me too, and prudence may be carried too far," said Jock.

His uncle winced. "Why," he said, "she is nothing but a bright little animal: if she were a kitten she would run round after her tail. I'll never consent to it, Jock."

"So be it," said Jock. "It's a point on which no man shall dictate to me."

When Nelly heard of the matter from her husband she said, "Impossible! Jock marry a little vain, silly, flirting servant-girl! I'll set her to write a letter to him, and it will give him a fright: it will hardly be the thing he would like to see from his wife's hand. But his father and mother will prevent it: he can't be allowed to ruin himself."

Jock was the favorite nephew of John and Nelly. Hebe did not write, however: she had sense enough not to commit herself where she knew she was awfully wanting; but if she had, the illiterateness of her production would only have seemed to Jock another claim for extra tenderness: there was actually not the shadow of a crevice in his mind through which the imprudence and folly of his intentions could gain admittance.

VII.

Except Lizzie, all Jock's kindred to a man and woman opposed his wishes; and her consent was negative: she said nothing—she would not take the responsibility of encouraging him, although she could not see the matter in the ruinous light that the others did—but then she was fond of Hebe. Beside this the tea-trick looked rational—a thing which, if it had come to Jock's knowledge, she had felt sure he would have thought betrayed a romantic silliness incompatible with the steady earning of a respectable livelihood.

And there is no doubt that this affair of his smoothed her own way considerably: the opposing forces were all engaged in doing battle with him; and when Mr. King, having used every means to gain the suffrages of her kindred and wipe out the past, revealed himself and his proposals, the decision upon them was left to Lizzie herself, and she having already decided he had no farther trouble or anxiety.

Jock merely looked at his sister and said, "The new hobby."

"See that you don't tire of the old one, Jock," she said.

"Never, Lizzie," he said—"never."

"But, Jock, three, five, ten years after this, how will you enjoy phonetic spelling and grammar not quite what it used to was?"

"They'll be dear to me for her sake," said Jock with strong feeling.

"Amen!" said Lizzie.

Jock did not think of lifting the lowly flower out of its bed and sending it to a hot-house, where the growth of the nearly-invisible shoots of learning might be forced to a kind of maturity: he meant that to be a gradual, natural process, ac-

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complished by himself; but if he had, he would have found that Hebe had a mind of her own, and had decided to fulfill her engagement to Mr. Elliot; which might indicate either that she had a sound conscience or groveling tastes.

Jock did not like it, but his sister persuaded him not to interfere. "Just let Hebe and me jog on together for the time: we have always been good friends, and we'll be better ones now," she said.

The other relatives hoped that his submitting to this was a sign that the thing might possibly be broken off yet. His uncle John was so moved by the distress of the parents, and so sure that his nephew was preparing misery for himself by this mesalliance, that he privately offered Hebe five hundred pounds if she would refuse to marry him and go to America, where a brother, her only near relative, was settled, and had repeatedly asked her to come to him.

Poor little Hebe was hard pushed: her color came and went—which from much practice it was pretty good at doing—and she said, "I'm not marrying him for money, and I'll not refuse him for money: money is nothing to me, not if it were five thousand pounds."

Could anything more be done? No pecuniary lever could be brought to bear on Jock: he was independent.

Lizzie's marriage-day was fixed for the eleventh of December, but as Hebe could neither stay at Stonylea when her time of service was ended, nor be received at his father's house, Jock determined that his marriage should take place on the eleventh of November, the day that his bride would leave her "place" with her little wooden chest, and her half year's wages in her hand. It was to be a marriage stripped of all externals, such as trousseau, presents, wedding-garments, bridesmaids, wedding-guests, speeches, congratulations, old shoes, etc. etc. Jock laughed these things to scorn: it was the first time he had ever given his friends a moment's anxiety, and he was sorry for it, but he could not help it if they were unreasonable.

Hebe went about her duties as usual, doing everything well and neglecting nothing, but she did not sing as had been her wont, and her face was not so blithe as it was its nature to be. Her master and mistress were not magnanimous toward her: if there was blame in the matter, surely it belonged to their own nephew, and not to their servant-girl, but they made her feel the weight of their displeasure; not John so much, who merely ignored her entirely, as Nelly, who snubbed her at every turn. It was not like them, but good people can do unworthy things.

The bustle of the harvest-time had been got over, and Miss Elliot had gone to pass some days at her father's house, Mr. King being there also. It was a dark, murky Sunday night: John and Nelly had returned from church, and Hebe had taken the dinner-tea which was the Sunday fare into the parlor, and had sat down at the kitchen fire with her feet on the fender and her thoughts on Jock. She had not seen him for a fortnight, and she was sad: she was thinking if it was for his good to marry her. Would she be a drag on him? and in time would he tire of her and despise her for her low origin and want of education, as his uncle had told her? Her eyes filled with tears, and she took the cat upon her lap and stroked it, if so she might find comfort; and pussy had a very soothing effect on her and she on pussy: it climbed up and rubbed its fur on her face, and purred as much as to say, "You and me against the world, Hebe!" then in loving trust it curled itself up on her knee and composed itself to sleep. She drew Jock's last letter from her pocket and read it over the cat's head: it was written, or rather half printed, in big round text, for the writer knew if he wrote in his usual way Hebe would not be able to read it; and what will a man not do who is infatuated and shuts his eyes to causes and consequences? It was short, for when a letter is half printed in big, distinct type it checks the indulgence of imaginative flights or poetical quotations, and even assurances of undying affection, were the writer ever so inclined to these. Jock's letter was short, but it appeared satisfactory to the

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person to whom it was written, for her face cleared and she kissed the paper on which it was written; which must be a genuinely natural thing to do, for Hebe had never read a novel in her life, nor ever had an opportunity of seeing a similar action performed.

She was still meditating on its contents when the back door opened without causing her to look up, as the man who attended to the horses came every night for the key of the granary, and she did not doubt that it was he as usual; but she started up and pussy fell from her lap in a hurry when a heavy hand grasped her arm and two men with crape over their faces stood beside her.

"What do you want?" she asked, for so ignorant was she of the usages of housebreakers that the crape on their faces had no meaning for her.

"If you are quiet and say nothing we'll not hurt you," said one of the men, "but speak a word and I'll blow your brains out;" and he showed a revolver.

"Bring her with you, Jim," the other man said, striding out of the kitchen into the front lobby; and Hebe found herself hurried into the dining-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Elliot were still sitting at table. They both rose in alarm.

"Has anything happened?" Mrs. Elliot asked.

"Not yet," said the man.—"Now, old gentleman, tell me where your money is or I'll shoot you where you stand;" and he held his pistol near Mr. Elliot's head.

"Very well, shoot," said John quietly.

"Oh, good men," cried Mrs. Elliot, taking out her purse, "what will you take to go away? I'll give you—" The man snatched the purse from her hand, while his mate secured her husband's watch.

"Tie him in his chair, Jim," the leader said, "and I'll hold the women."

The man produced strong cord and bound John hand and foot, he making no resistance.

"Now the old lady, Jim," said the man, keeping hold of Hebe.

Nelly was powerless with terror by this time.

"You'll pay for this night's work yet, you villains!" said John when he saw his wife secured with cords, and writhed at his own helplessness.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head," said the ruffian.—"Now," he said to Hebe, "lead on to the old gentleman's rooms. We'll break open his desk if we can't find a key, and if you try to play us false, this is ready;" and he held up his weapon.

Hebe took a small kitchen-lamp in her hand and ascended the stairs before them: there was no light in the lobby or passages. When she reached the head of the stairs she opened a door and went in, and stood till they followed her.

"This is a very dark passage," she said, "but it is not narrow: we just go right to the end of it, and then—" At that instant the light disappeared from her hand, she slipped back, and before the men had time to think or move she had the door shut and locked upon them. It was a strong door and a strong lock.

"They can't break it open in less than ten minutes," she thought. She flew down the stairs like a bird: the front door was locked and barred and chained, but her fingers served her well. In an instant she was out. The gate of the shrubbery was fastened too: she tore it open, and away down through the darkness and the mud she ran like a hare to the hinds' houses, losing her slippers by the way. Bursting in at the first door, she had only breath to gasp, "There are robbers in the house: they may kill Mr. Elliot." It being Sunday night and supper-time, the men were all in their own houses: they did not stop to speak or think, but snatched up a pitchfork or a poker, whichever came first, and rushed in a body to the house.

John and Nelly sat looking at each other from the chairs which they could in nowise leave. The house-doors were both wide open, and a cold draught swept through the house.

"Some one went out," said John.

"The doors are all open at least," said Nelly.

"I hear nothing," said John: "what can they be doing, the rascals?"

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"Be glad you are not shot," said his wife philosophically.

"There would have been some satisfaction in being shot, but to be tied like a sheep in my own house!" groaned John.

The robbers were not tied, but they were trapped, and had the satisfaction of cursing their own simplicity and stupidity. They struck a match, and found there was no outlet from their prison but the door: it was a bath-room, and lighted from the roof, which was high, and to try to climb the walls was hopeless: from top to bottom there was nothing that either a hand or foot could lay hold of. Their only chance was to break open the door, which they could have managed in time, but they had not time: many feet were on the stairs, and voices discussing what had better be done. Some consideration was needed before opening a door upon two desperate men armed with a revolver.

A minute or two after the farm-servants Hebe came on the scene again with a coil of ropes in her hand. "I noticed them in the barn yesterday," she said, "and brought them in to tie the men. Maybe you should just watch the door, and let them be where they are till the police come."

This suggestion was approved of and adopted: half a dozen men planted themselves on the stairs; one was sent off on horseback for the police, and another for Mr. Elliot's brother, both spreading the news as they went; and people being all at home and unemployed, the population of the district set in for Stonylea, and in a short time a congregation was gathered not much inferior in numbers to those drawn by Messrs. Moody and Sankey. Mr. and Mrs. Elliot were well known and respected, and, besides, such an outrage had not been heard of in the district within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

VIII.

Having posted her sentinels, Hebe hastened to the relief of her master and mistress: her face was bright from exercise and excitement, and, the danger being over, only a very strong sense of propriety enabled her to suppress a hearty laugh, the situation was so novel and, as it struck her, comic. She cut the cords that bound Mr. Elliot, and he stood up a free man. "You have done well the night, lassie," he said.

"Have I?" she said a little surprised: she did not know that she had displayed the valuable qualities of resource, presence of mind and quick and deft execution. Even Nelly, when she looked at her own wrists showing the marks of the cord that had bound them, felt that Hebe was of use for something more than flirting and dressing herself, but she did not say so: in actual life people who fully and frankly confess their mistakes and make amends for them are fewer than in print or on the stage.

Mr. Elliot and his two daughters, Lizzie and Sibyl, with Mr. King, arrived at Stonylea at the same moment as the police, and Mr. King had the pleasure of assisting to capture and secure the burglars and divesting them of their crape veils: he must have seen on that occasion some heads and some expressions of face and postures of limb that could not fail to be useful to him in his art. The two men were carted off by the police to the nearest county jail, there to await their trial.

By nine o'clock Stonylea was left to its usual quiet again, and John and Nelly had quite recovered their customary tranquil state of mind. Hebe went about her business of attending to the unexpected guests who were to remain over the night. She had got everything done, and was speaking to Miss Elliot, when suddenly she said, "Oh!" drew her hand across her eyes, the color went out of her face, and she fell back in a dead faint. Lizzie caught her, and in a minute or two she was able to get to a sofa. Properly speaking, Jock ought to have been at hand at this crisis, but he was not, being from home at the time. Poor little Hebe! Though she did belong to the working classes, she was not quite made of iron, but she treated her weakness lightly, and said she would be all right in the morning. And in the morning she scrambled

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up to her work, although Lizzie arrived very early on the scene to do it; and even Mr. King, who had been out with the dawn, came in by the back door and said that as a small return for the capital milk and scones she had given him, he would light the kitchen-fire, having, according to his own account, a special gift in lighting fires. She looked at him and said, "I was as sure as anything that you were the tea-man, but I did not like to say it."

"Set off to your bed again, Hebe," said Miss Elliot: "with the tea-man and Sibyl to help me I'll surely get through your work. Come, run away."

Feeling weak and queer, the girl obeyed orders.

"Now," said Lizzie as she covered her up comfortably, "just lie there and divert yourself till you are really able to rise."

"Miss Elliot," she said, "what way do you sometimes call me Hebe and sometimes Maud?"

"Ask Jock," said Lizzie. "I have nothing more to do with your education; besides, it's the Scripture rule, what women don't know they are to ask their own husbands at home."

"But he'll maybe not know, either."

"Have you really the impudence to think there is anything that Jock doesn't know? Saint Paul couldn't have believed it, and he made his arrangement for a case of the kind;" and she bent over her and kissed her cheek. Hebe turned round with dewy eyes and a sense of complete rest, such as she had not had since she had wakened out of childhood: the womanly caress gave her a feeling of sisterhood and home that Jock might have been jealous of.

"How my brother determined to marry that girl is to me the oddest thing I could imagine," Miss Elliot said to Mr. King when she went back to the kitchen.

"Well," said Mr. King, who was busy breaking sticks, "I don't see that at all: if I had not been previously pre-engaged to the former lady the day before, I think I should have fallen in love with her too."

"I can fancy that part of it, for I fell in love with her myself, and I can suppose you would have carried it out: you have the artistic temperament. I am quite prepared for you doing a daftlike thing. But Jock! It is so unlike him: he is so intensely practical."

"Well, why shouldn't a practical man marry a practical woman? It is most appropriate."

"If you had been all your life under bondage to Jock's good sense, as I have been, you would enjoy it more—oh, you would enjoy it!" and she laughed merrily. "Why, it's little more than six months since Hebe was dancing on the road to the sound of a fiddle with people she had never seen before; and he knew it."

Hebe's illness was of brief duration. The Elliots felt under obligation to her, but it was an obligation they would very willingly have paid off with a twenty-pound note, that being a sum suitable to the position in life of the girl; but with all her managing talents, Nelly could not manage this: her servant would not allow that she was under any obligation, far less accept a reward. "I did nothing," she said: "I only turned the key of the bath-room door: anybody could have done that."

Neither had Mrs. Elliot ever been able even to get her nephew to listen to her at all on the subject of his misplaced fancy; so, there being nothing else for it, she gave in to her husband's proposal that they should let the marriage take place in their house. Jock did not accept the offer as a favor, nor with the gratitude his aunt expected: he merely said, "Very well: it is a matter of perfect indifference to me where I am married."

And at Stonylea it was. Hebe's bearing on the occasion would have been characterized as dignified if she had been a Howard, although it was merely the result of feeling herself among people who thought her an intruder into their family: Jock and Lizzie were her only loving friends among the Elliots.

When Jock bade his sister good-bye as they went away, he said, "When we come back you'll find she knows the name of the capital of England, and of some other capitals too: there's nothing like practical geography."

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"Be careful, Jock: don't break her heart driving in pegs."

Had Hebe overheard these remarks? With all her calmness and self-possession, she was no sooner in the carriage than she fairly broke down. "I am so ignorant!" she sobbed.

"So am I," said Jock, "but we can learn together."

And ever after he always bracketed her and himself together, nor ever attempted direct teaching; but having excellent material to work on, the scholar made rapid progress unconsciously. She had much good sense and very good natural dispositions — things which Jock always believed he had discerned in her before he made up his mind to fall in love; and very possibly it might have been so, for was it not his business to inspect mines?

When they returned, Mr. and Mrs. King presented Jock with a picture of his wife in a Rob Roy shawl.

THE AUTHOR OF "BLINDPITS."

GOD'S GRACE TO ADAM.*

FOUR hundred two and thirty weary years
Our father Adam slaked with sweat and tears
The thorny crops of earth's accursèd soil.
At last, worn out with centuries of toil,
He sought a pillow for his tired head,
There to lament in anguish and in dread,
As over all the misery he thought
Which by his own transgression should be wrought,
Till mere affliction seemed his vital breath.
Then to his side he called his third-born, Seth:
"Son, of thy service I have instant need.
I bid and pray thee to the angel speed
Who has the gates of Paradise in ward,
And guards the tree of life with two-edged sword.
Say to the seraph that I grieve to live:
Implore him by the holiest Name to give
The precious oil of mercy, God's last grace,
He promised when He drave me from His face.
The way, unused, lies eastward through the vale;
Yet, lest thou err, pursue a blighted trail
Thy parents' sinful feet made long ago,
Where never herb nor blade of grass will grow."

The son sets forth, and by the blasted track,
His parents' road to exile, follows back,
And finds the angel standing at the gates.
In eager haste his errand Seth relates:
The angel listened mute, then bade him gaze
Through the half-open gateway. In amaze
And awe Seth nearer drew, and bent his head
Within those portals, closed to human tread.

* See Fauriel, *Hist. de la Poésie Provençale*, vol. I. ch. viii.

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Before him Eden's forfeit realm unrolled
In beauty unimagined and untold—
Of verdurous expanse, with blossoms bright,
Of soft umbrageous gloom, of scent and light,
With song of countless birds, and murmurous flow
Of four great rivers, separating slow·
Their devious course from one parental spring.
But in the midst there stood a ghastly thing:
Beside that limpid fount a tree he spies
Whose topmost branches seemed to touch the skies:
It owned nor leaf nor bark, but, gaunt and white,
A sapless skeleton the place did fright.
Of Eve's and Adam's sin it told the tale:
Its boughs had borne the fruit of human bale.
Seth guessed the secret of its grim estate,
And turned away in sadness from the gate:
That glimpse of Paradise vouchsafed him naught
Of yea to the petition which he brought.

"Go look again," the seraph said. "Perchance
May some more hopeful token meet thy glance."
Seth heard and went: about the trunk despoiled
A monstrous snake in slimy spirals coiled.
The mortal, shuddering, closed his eyes and fled.
"Nay, go and look once more," the angel said.
Slowly he went, bereft of hope; but, lo!
In swaddling garments white as morning snow,
An Infant sat upon the tree and wept.
Seth, wonder-stricken, to the threshold crept,
And gazed in rapture, beauty so divine
Around that pure, foreknowing brow did shine.
Then musing to the guardian he returned,
Nor yet the answer to his quest discerned.
"This," said the angel, "is God's only Son,
Who from His love unfathomed has begun
To weep thy father's and thy mother's crime:
His sacred tears, in fullness due of time,
By Infinite compassion shall efface
The stain they have bequeathed unto their race.
'Tis He who to thy grieving sire will send
The oil of mercy, and his penance end."

The angel spake, and from the Saviour took
The blessèd unction; with benignant look
Upon the man the precious gift bestowed,
Then silent pointed to the backward road.
Bearing these new-found treasures in his breast,
The hope of pardon and the pledge of rest,
Home through the vale of Hebron hastened Seth,
With God's long-promised boon to Adam—death!

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RAILROAD REFLECTIONS.

THERE have been times within the memory of men still living when an interest in and connection with railroads seemed to affix something like a stain upon the reputation. The little pocket railroads of New England may have been considered comparatively innocent diversions. It is to be hoped, for instance, that those who share with the writer the misfortune of owning, after years of prudent expenditure and careful hoarding, a few shares in such encouraging corporations as the Vermont Central or the Vermont and Canada do not suffer in fame as bitterly as in fortune. It is agreed on all sides that in New England people must get about. But you are expected to ride through the West on a horse of another color. In that remote past of which I am speaking the project of opening a new road through Kansas, the attempt to lay a second track in Michigan, the thought of running a narrow-gauge tramway up Mount Shasta, were spoken of as if they were rank offences and smelt to Heaven.

Perhaps they did, but I trust Heaven remembered what earth for the time forgot—that ours is a great country. Far be it from me to maintain that those men—capitalists and engineers—who projected, surveyed, built and maintained the great roads of the Great West are anything but scoundrels of the first water. Whether they gained or lost by their rascality, they shall have no quarter from this quarter. If they made money, they are bloated bondholders: if they lost, they are baffled villains. In either case let them be anathema. But when from Altoona you are writhing over the Alleghanies, creeping in tortuous curves up the mountain-sides; when the train is doubling upon itself, crawling along a shelf dug out of the mountain, and you look shuddering down a great gulf fixed hundreds and, for aught it serves you, millions of feet beneath you; when you are softly and smoothly gliding hour after hour—one might almost say, day after day—across the rich plains of Illinois or the green and gently-rolling prairies of Iowa, along the bosky banks of the Missouri, over the boundless and boundlessly-fertile levels of Kansas, through the leprous, loathsome wastes of the Bitter Deserts, beating down the battlements of the Rocky Mountains, conquering the crests of the Sierras, cleaving the green billows of the Sacramento Valley, and safely, swiftly, serenely gliding up to the very threshold of the Golden Gate that bars the Western World,—you forget to utter maledictions upon the knaves who have carved their dishonest fortunes out of the work, and have only power to marvel at the boldness of its conception and the grandeur of its execution.

For if there were to be no railroads, it was on the whole rather an impertinence in Columbus to discover America. What is the use of a country sprawling out from Maine to California, from Mackinaw Bay to the Florida reefs, if you are to spend all your life in walking over it? Our glory is our grief. Our magnificent distances have slain their thousands. Mountain and forest and desert are strewn with the bones of men, women and children who have grappled with their greatness and fallen in the struggle. It is only when steam and science have conquered time and space that our great country becomes truly our own. It is only when time and space remain in spite of steam and science that we see how truly great our country is.

The broad flat lands of the Platte River were evidently graded originally for railroads. To the Eastern eye, accustomed to limitations, they stretch out endlessly far. The train that bears you on seems aware of the majesty of space. It scorns the whirl and rush, the shaking and rocking, the frantic hurry and undignified screams, with which an Eastern engine darts from station to station, giving you the impression that your whole journey

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is merely a series of startings and stoppings. This train sets out with tranquillity, and proceeds with placidity. No rapidly-advancing and rapidly-receding objects weary the eye, confuse the mind and mark the world's hot haste. You are simply gliding majestically and in comparative silence through a majestic and silent plain. A silent river, broad and tranquil, spreads without waves along your steadfast course. Here and there the white curve of an emigrant-wagon marks the route of former travel. A few horses resting, a few cattle feeding, a few women tending children, a few men guarding the fire or watching the curling smoke, show us how slowly and painfully was trodden the path of the pioneer. The occasional adobe huts, seeming mere anthills in the great waste, divert without distracting the eye. We are going apparently neither fast nor far, but if you stand on the rear platform you see how the lonely, plodding emigrant-wagons are left hopelessly behind, what numerous windmills wait at regular intervals their turn to quench the engine's burning thirst, the long file of telegraph-poles standing on dress parade, the slender iron track stretching infinitely far—a straight line dividing the level world. The life of the adobe hut and the emigrant-wagon is a slow and weary life, dry and dust-bestrewn, sad-colored and dreary. One wonders that the traveler should travel farther or the adobe-dweller care to stay. What difference can it make to that woman by the smoking camp-fire whether she is in one place or another? There is for her only the adobe hut and the rude enclosure if she go on: there is the emigrant tent-wagon if she stays; and, going or staying, always this broad pitiless plain. All the life that beckons to her is the life of past centuries, the life of the sky and the earth, the endless generations of the grasses and the slide of the sluggish river. All the new life that comes is in this train, and is so near and yet so far. Through this one artery the world pours its swift tide of wealth and learning and luxury and power, but from her the Euphrates is not more remote. Thus it seems as you lie lost in the depths of your velvet arm-chair, looking at her through great sheets of plate glass; but it is not so, for at the next station the flood-tide of life sprays out a moisture which shall refresh even her parched lips. Telegraph and stray newspapers, panniers and fringes walking wonderingly up and down the platform during the train's short halt, raiment of camel's hair and Russia leather girdles, give her glimpses of the great world's ways which she might spend her lifetime without but for this one channel of communication.

I know nothing more impressive than the sense of vastness which one feels in riding across these Western plains. Kansas in the month of June is a green, level, smooth sea meeting the horizon in one unbroken circle. If you have come eastward from a land that is without rain and without hope of rain for all the summer and all the autumn months, the first few drops pattering from Kansas clouds on the platform of your car are music and bloom and fragrance. The richness of these wide fields seems inexhaustible. Just as they are, they have lain for generations. No hand of man has sown the seed, but here every spring, regular and sure as the seed-time and harvest of the gardens of God, the land smiles under dew and sunshine and the early rain, and leaps into marvelous luxuriance. Since the morning stars sang together these broad acres have grown green with unreaped harvests—have borne in their bosom the nourishment of nations. Kansas has taken her place permanently on the map, and sends her representatives to House and Senate, and has so joined hand and fortune with the East that she seems now not very far West. Yet hour after hour for a day-long journey your own quiet railway-train is almost the only object that breaks the monotony or rises above the level of this high green floor that seems nearer the sky than Earth is wont to find herself. Still, in her teil tree has Nature left a tenth. From the populous past a few antelopes, timorous and agile, have skipped down to our time, and survey the railroad and the mighty engine with bright, eager eyes,

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pausing as they turn to flee. A black moving spot afar off approaches and enlarges, and even a Cockney can see that it is a buffalo, who has no adequate idea of the power of steam and steel. We are enchanted to see him approach us as if meaning to cross the track at an acute angle ahead of us. The engineer, in mercy to Eastern curiosity, "slows" the train: the buffalo diminishes naught of his long, loping trot. His course, from which apparently he disdains to deviate, will certainly take him directly across our track and in front of us. Already he is so near that we discern the shaggy mane of his huge neck, the set of his big head and his wide eyes. I did not hope to see a buffalo so near, and I recalled the picture drawn long ago in the land of Uz by Eliphaz the Temanite—a land that speaks to me no more of the past and the far than this land which has come down from the past without a voice: "A dreadful sound is in his ears: in prosperity the destroyer shall come upon him. For he stretcheth out his hand against God, and strengtheneth himself against the Almighty. He runneth upon him, even upon his neck, upon the thick bosses of his buckler." But the thick bosses of our bucklers are not yet all-powerful. The resolute buffalo impinges upon the train, and is quietly and, no doubt much to his own surprise, tossed incontinently aside; but, equally to our surprise as we crane our necks out of the car-window, he picks himself up, and with a little limp, but with what must, under the circumstances, be allowed to be a very respectable lope, he resumes his journey with a cool persistence that should have met a better encore than the feeble and happily futile shot that follows him from the train.

On the plains of Kansas and the plateaus of Laramie, engineered and graded for railroads by the same Hand that made the world, one enjoys the results rather than admires the work; but Clear Creek Cañon reveals the will of Providence that man shall not everywhere build railroads without being at the expense of it himself. Central City, at the head of Clear Creek Cañon, is eight thousand feet above the sea-level, and is said to be the highest settled town in America. True, the moment you have firmly fixed that fact in an unstatistical mind, the son of some other prophet rises and affirms that Georgetown, a little way off, is higher still. Whether a riddle hides under the phraseology I know not; whether Georgetown is no settlement at all, but in a constant state of seething, or whether, in this deceptive Colorado atmosphere which lures you to a hopeless sixty-mile tramp for the purple and hazy mountains that seem but six miles away, Georgetown looms when it ought to lower,—neither that do I know, but only this, that the man who built the railroad, and who ought to know, declares that Central City is the highest settled town in North America; and I have been there, and I believe him! Up this cañon, a deep crack into the very heart of the hills which it would seem the foot of man could hardly tread, he has pushed his railway-train. Down from the mountain-top a little stream, fierce and determined, has worn with its unwearied rushing a fissure thousands of feet deep. Before, behind, around you, everywhere, rise the inaccessible mountains, enclosing you in a *cul-de-sac* from which there seems to be neither entrance nor escape. But well may the mountains frown, for that noisy little river has betrayed their secret, and once and for ever they are shorn of their strength. Following the plunging water, curving with its curves, plodding along its capricious path, men have toiled up the mountain, and all the way along they have patiently and skillfully chiseled out a little shelf upon its side, and laid thereon these two mystic iron lines, and planted above that still more mystic iron wire, and, lo! the golden secret of the mountain is laid bare to all the world! It is but a holiday excursion now from Denver to Golden, from Golden to Central City. But before these corrupt capitalists chiseled their railroad-bed, before even their engineers climbed on foot up the rocky cañon, the miners were there, and little farmers digging on the slope of the uplands. All their provisions—food, forage, tools, machinery, men and money even—had to be car-

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ried up slowly, singly, precariously, with labor and toil inconceivable. Once there was so great a famine that life was in danger. So deep was the snow, so insurmountable the blockade, that the only way of conveying food to the beleaguered dwellers was to despatch men on snowshoes by night, when the snow was hardest, with sacks of flour on their shoulders; and the price of a sack of flour was one hundred and twenty dollars. The ordinary cost of carriage for the eighteen miles from Golden up to Central City was eighty dollars a ton. The project of a railroad was deemed wild and visionary. The very man who advanced the money for its construction, and who had never seen the cañon till he was borne up through it comfortably in his own car on his own road, was so impressed with its difficulty and danger that he declared that if he had had one glimpse of it beforehand he never would have put a penny into the enterprise. The grade is nowhere less than one hundred and seventy feet, and often as much as two hundred and twelve feet, to the mile. The work was so costly, hard and hazardous that even the bold men who undertook it did not attempt a full-grown railroad, but contented themselves with a mere baby affair. The gauge is but three feet. The seats of the closed cars are many of them single, and in the open cars are arranged lengthwise along the sides. The turns of the road are so sharp that cars of the ordinary length could not make them, and an engine was invented and cars were shortened and lowered to a size that might meet the requirements of the case. Thus the Liliput train attacks the Gulliver of the hills, and—conquers him. There are no more fears of famine: there are no more barriers to travel. The cartage, which was eighty dollars a ton, is now reduced to four, and supplies are as regular and as reliable as in New York. The mountain-sides are honeycombed with miners' holes: many of them seem to be merely dug out and stoned up in front. Men are washing gold all along the creek. We seem to be in the realm of gnomes and kobolds. Nowhere is visible a blade of grass, only a rocky world and gray, bare, broken earth. But we are in a comfortable hotel four stories high, built of brick, with good rooms, neat furniture, carpets, piano and a bill of fare which includes Niersteiner and Rudesheimer. Looking from your window, you see that comfortable little cottages are backing up everywhere against the roughly-terraced mountainsides, and many of them are adorned with paint and sheltered with blinds and gay with flowers. Ten wicked men saw the necessities and the possibilities of the situation, clubbed together and built this road, which, after only a few months' operation, quintupled in value. Its projection and construction were an audacious piece of rascality, but it has been overruled for good, and is a manifest benefit to Colorado and to the world.

With all the tortuous mountain-ranges over which we slowly climb, and the savage gorges through which we writhe, one cannot form so clear an idea of the road upon the road as by the side of it. We must stand off and look at ourselves before we can really see where we are. At Summit we leave our train, take the mountain-wagon and drive to Lake Tahoe over a track that only by courtesy can be called a road, and, even with courtesy thrown in, if not perhaps the steepest, or the roughest, or the rockiest, or the crookedest road ever trodden by foot of man or beast, is surely the strangest compound of roughness and rockiness and steepness and crookedness that was ever offered to human victim in the disguise of a road. But jolting, rattling, jumping, jerking frightfully and frantically, yet merrily, over this road, you look up the steep, bristling mountain-crags under which you ride, and high, high up discern a slender, irregular persistent line winding beyond your vision; and *that* is the railroad you passed over but yesterday, and will resume to-morrow. It seems impossible that the foot of man could ever have found place there; and the only thing easy to believe is that at their first survey there were places where the engineers could gain no foothold, but had to be let down and swung by ropes to make the necessary observations.

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Yet, after all, the frowning barriers of the mountains seem less of an obstacle than the wide waste of the Bitter Desert. Among the mountains is variety: there is field for skill and science. There is the grand and stirring scenery—toil, but also excitement and exhilaration. But the Bitter Creek Valley is one great gray, rotten saleratus world. We passed through it with equanimity, protected by glass, sheltered under linen dusters, sucking lemon-drops assiduously, and encountering no serious discomfort. But what would it be to plough along on foot or on horseback through that soft, pallid, scurvy-stricken soil? Many have attempted it, and all the way is marked by the bones of those who perished. The feeble faltered and fell, and the pitiless desert swallowed them up. Bitter Creek pushes its sluggish way through the hopeless sand between clumps of pale sage-brush, and does not even tempt the thirsty traveler, so disgusting is the drivel of its bitter and deadly waters. In this awful waste, surrounded by living streams, no living stream arises for hundreds of miles, and here our engineers plodded to and fro through the thick, soft, acrid, rotten earth, carrying with them every drop of water they used, often for days and nights without water, steadfastly pursuing the lowest summit and the best path, laying straight in the desert a highway for their people.

So chimerical seemed the project of building a road across this forbidding country that many years were consumed in memorializing and discussing, in advocating and dissuading, before the experiment was begun. As late as 1856 the minority report before Congress declared this as impracticable as a railroad to the Polar Sea. No route, declared the opposition, had yet been discovered in the country between the northern boundary-line of Mexico and the southern boundary-line of the British possessions where a railroad from the Pacific to the Mississippi could be located with such grades and curves, and constructed at such a cost, as would justify either the government or individuals in attempting to build it, and rely upon its earnings to keep it in repair and pay for the use of the money expended, even *one* per cent. per annum of the first cost of the road. "Nay, it is exceedingly doubtful whether a road . . . could be maintained from its earnings during the first ten or fifteen years, even should its builders be willing to *sink all their capital* and abandon the road to whomsoever would give security to maintain and run it." The opinion prevailed that such a road "must be very costly to construct, very costly to maintain in an effective condition, and yet could produce but small sums of money." The chief reason lay in the fact that "vast sterile plains and rugged, extensive and uninhabited mountains interposed between the termini of the railroad, and *must be crossed.* No engineering skill can teach us how to avoid these arid plains, nor how to turn those lofty ranges of mountains. . . . The sand-plains *must* be crossed, the mountains *must* be scaled. No route has yet been discovered, north or south, . . . whose mountain-passes *are so low as one mile high above the level of the sea:* not one.

"So lofty, irregular and rugged are these mountain-ranges it is difficult for an unpracticed writer to find language to convey an adequate idea of their real character. The whole mountain-region appears as though it had been *uplifted* amid some great convulsion of Nature—broken, irregular, often destitute of all vegetation, and rarely exhibiting even small sections fit for cultivation without a resort to irrigation. . . . Hundreds of miles may be traversed, *on this side of the Rocky Mountains*, without finding timber fit to make even an axletree or an axe-helve. Along the Platte Valley route for six hundred miles, upon this eastern side of the South Pass, there is an absolute destitution of timber for all useful purposes whatever: there is none with which to repair a car or to replace even a cross-tie.

"To show still further the difficulty of building a railroad through these solitary and uninhabited regions at any cost, and the improbability of its furnishing business to the road when built, it is only necessary to point to the absence of *water.*

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"The mountains through and among which the asked-for railroad would run are from seven thousand to ten thousand, twelve thousand, and even sixteen thousand, feet high. In two places the road would have to be upward of eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. Amid these vast solitudes the snow must necessarily drift in heaps of mountain magnitude. . . . So, with a train of cars running up the plain from Iowa or Missouri to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, a distance of some eight hundred miles, how, in a storm, is shelter or wood or water or food to be gained? Arrested eight hundred miles from Iowa in November, how is a train of cars to be relieved before May? By what means could it even be visited? In such a case the sheltering skill would be useless. To talk of doing business in the winter season on a road through such a region, though every conductor was a Kit Carson and every traveler a Fremont, would seem to be idle and preposterous. The attempt would soon make mule-meat fashionable."

This was not the language of exaggeration or timorousness, but of truth and common sense. The history of the work does not show the folly, but the wisdom, of its opponents. It is only that the world's great measures are often carried by spurts of *un*common sense interjected up into the fissures of the great overlaying strata of common sense. We can avail ourselves of the one without decrying the sturdy, reliable indispensableness of the other.

In reading the reports of the engineers we see the prophecy of the anxious apostles of caution fulfilled. Scarcely an obstacle was foretold which is not narrated in the government reports, and many are reported which were not foretold. Nor was it simply difficulty, but danger, that was confronted. No pioneer when the continent was new breasted greater hardships than those men who went out with no special purpose of heroism in their hearts, but only bent on exploring the wilderness to lay a track for a railroad. Life and death fought fierce battles on that iron track. The Indians, jealous and hostile, hovered along the lines of surveying-parties, and many who escaped the rigors of forbidding Nature fell before the treacherous arrows of ignorant and savage men. Percy Thorn Brown, a man whom his associates characterize as "without a blemish," led a party through the Green River country, where we travel now as tranquilly as across New Jersey. He was thrice attacked by Indians, and after losing several of his best men, fell himself mortally wounded, and died on the following day. Again and again were surveying-parties attacked, mules, harness, firearms captured, the chiefs slain, the escorts depleted, all notes destroyed, all information lost, so that the whole ground had to be gone over again from the outset. Day and night, summer and winter, the explorations were pushed forward through dangers now hardly appreciated: every mile had to be run within the range of the musket; numbers of the men, including some of the ablest and most promising, were killed, and stock was run off by the hundred and the thousand. Nor could the hinderance and suffering arising from a scarcity of water be exaggerated. Mr. Bates and his party got into the Red Basin, and had been three days out of water when he was forced to retire to the last water on his line. A portion of his party had come very near dying from the use of stagnant or poisonous water from one of the lakes in Red Desert Basin. Mr. Appleton and his party spent the whole fall and early winter wandering to and fro in the Bitter Creek country to find a low summit and a feasible line to the Red Basin. He did it with great hardship and suffering, often being without water for days, and without fire or wood. But he did it fully and successfully. Many streams, quite insignificant the greater portion of the year, were vastly increased in June by the melting snows, until the receiving river overflowed its banks and covered all the bottom-lands. This was the cause of great delay and expense to the outfit, and rendered progress very tedious. Occasionally, the greater portion of a party were engaged in helping to move the

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wagons through the mud, or hanging to them by ropes to prevent their upsetting on side-hills. Mr. Evans pushed through Laramie Cañon in 1866—a narrow, wild, precipitous gorge never before passed by man. Everything had to be packed by the men, as pack-mules could not find footing in the gorge. He was three weeks in making twenty-five miles. The line known as the Crow Creek and Lone Tree Divide line was obtained only after spending three years in that region, and bending all energies of the last year to the fulfillment of that work; and that work, says the report modestly, "is very creditable to the perseverance, ability and professional skill of Mr. Evans."

Mr. Bates's party left Deep Creek for the Humboldt Wells on Monday, August 5, with the chief of the Goshoots—ominous name!—for a guide. After being misguided three days, two days without water except what little they carried with them, and finding the route impracticable for loaded teams, and nearly ruinous to their animals, they were forced to return and start in a new direction. At the north end of Ruby Valley they crossed the Big and Little Franklin rivers, which should more properly be called *sloughs*. They have a current of about two thousand cubic feet per minute, spread out over two miles of the valley, and forming perfect quagmires. The men were two days packing their provisions and baggage across these sloughs on their backs in mud and water five feet deep. The ground was so soft and miry that the empty wagons would sink into it to the box. They paid a ranchman twenty-five dollars to haul them over, and it required six yoke of oxen to accomplish it. From Warm Springs to Reed's Pass was one continuous quagmire. They had to unload the wagons from two to six times each day, pack the contents across the streams and sloughs on their backs, take the wagons apart and haul them out of the mire a piece at a time. It required the greatest exertion both of man and beast, during the whole of the journey, to average twelve miles a day.

Nor were the opponents of the road at fault about the blocking snows: they were only at fault about the ability to overcome them. Through the region of heavy snowfall the track was covered by strongly-built sheds, boarded in at the sides. Whenever the road crosses the track of a snow-slide a heavy roof is built over the road and extended up the side of the mountain, to which its upper edge is fitted, and the whole securely fastened to the rock, its slope being such that the avalanche will readily pass over it. In some cases these roofs extend up the slope of the mountain one or two hundred feet, and are very strongly built to carry the great weight which may be suddenly thrown upon them. In a distance of forty miles there is an aggregate length of thirty-two miles of snow-sheds and galleries, costing about seventeen hundred thousand dollars.

But the impracticable Pacific Railroad was built. And it was built in about half the time allotted by Congress to its construction. The first grading of the Union Pacific was done in the autumn of 1864, and the first rail laid in July, 1865. It began at the Missouri River, with no railway communication from the East; with five hundred miles of the country in advance without timber, fuel or any material whatever from which to build or maintain a road, except the sand for the bare road-bed itself; with everything to be transported by teams, or at best by steamboats, for hundreds and thousands of miles. The lack of confidence in the project was so great, even in the West, that laborers demanded their pay before they would perform their day's work. But, though rapidly done, the work was well done. The commissioners, some of them able and noted engineers, reported it as a good and reliable road, well equipped, comparing favorably with a majority of the first-class roads in the United States, and reflecting great credit upon its general officers, its local management, its superintendents and assistants. In regard to the correctness of the general route no question has ever been raised; and even in the details of its location it has received the praise of some of the ablest engineers in the country. Its defects have been minor ones, easily rem-

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edied. The scarcity of water has been met by persistent search, the discovery of springs, the sinking of artesian wells, and by bringing water in pipes through long distances. Rich coal-deposits have been discovered and opened along the line of the road. The Union Pacific Railroad Company owns in Wyoming Territory an area of coal-fields greater than the entire anthracite coal-fields of the State of Pennsylvania. These extend along four hundred miles of the road, and five million acres of its land are within coal-measures. On the Union Pacific are fifteen tunnels through solid rock and conglomerate or soft granite. The road-bed is very largely composed of sand, gravel and loam, and the climate is so dry that neither frost nor thaw materially affects the ground. The winter of 1874–5 for cold and snow was unprecedented in the Rocky Mountains, yet from November 1, 1874, to March 1, 1875, the passenger-trains on the Union Pacific failed in a single instance only to connect with the Central Pacific trains on the west end or the trains of the Iowa roads on the east.

The total earnings of the road were—

For the year ending June 30, 1872, . . $7,953,014.20
" " " June 30, 1873, . 9,633,965.09
" " " Dec. 31, 1874, . . 10,559,880.12

The expenses—

For the year ending Dec. 31, 1874, were $4,652,314.95

The government has invested in the Union Pacific Railroad $27,237,000 in six per cent. bonds.

The Postmaster-General stated, in a communication to the House of Representatives, in answer to a resolution of inquiry adopted by that body, that for mail-service rendered by the Union Pacific Railroad Company for the years 1867 to 1872, inclusive, the government had paid $1,156,138.73, and that had the road not been constructed it would have paid for the same service, over the routes merged into this one, for the same time, $1,799,718.28, being a saving, calculated on the basis of pounds transported by stage, of $107,263.25 per annum; but in addition to this direct saving the Postmaster-General states that it should be borne in mind that the mail-road route between the Missouri River and the Pacific coast is incomparably superior to the previous service. Under the old contracts the time from Atchison, Kansas, to San Francisco was sixteen days from April to November inclusive, and twenty-four and a half days the rest of the year. By the railroad the time, the year round, is less than four and a half days. The average amount of matter conveyed in the old mails overland was less than a thousand pounds a day. In March, 1870, on the Union Pacific the mails had averaged 6376 pounds per day, and on the Central Pacific 5308 pounds per day. So that the saving to the government in the transportation of postal matter, taking weight alone as the basis of calculation, to September 30, 1874, had been $6,094,979.40.

On the 31st of January, 1873, the Secretary of War communicated to the House of Representatives, in answer to a resolution of that body, a letter from Quartermaster-General Meigs, showing that the saving upon transportation of troops and supplies by railroad, rather than by stage and wagon, to June 30, 1872, was $6,507,282.85; so that for the two years from June 30, 1872, the saving to the government in the transportation of postal and war matters had been at the rate of $1,894,894.40 per annum.

The great Pacific Railroad has been an epic and a tragedy. Its difficulty, its perils and its grandeur touched the imagination of the people. When its progress had assured the country of its practicability, their eagerness and enthusiasm were irrepressible. Everything asked was granted; every measure tending to hasten its construction was approved; its completion was celebrated with a joy that rang through the world.

Then came the Credit Mobilier, and all was changed. The great Pacific Railroad went into eclipse. Whoever had had anything to do with it passed under a cloud. The man who came to its aid in its day of small things, who when its fate trembled in the balance staked upon its success his immense private fortune, his business and financial sagacity, and his good name which had never been im-

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pugned, was denounced by the country as an evil-doer, and formally censured by the House of Representatives, of which he was a member. It is true that the community in which he had done business refused to believe ill of him, and the town in which he had lived met him with open welcome on his return; but the proud old man had received his death-wound, and went down, silent and broken-hearted, to his grave.

Nevertheless, in spite of thoughtless applause and reckless or merited condemnation, the road remains—a monument to the splendid courage, the indomitable energy, the clear foresight, the enthusiasm and the persistence of our countrymen. Of whatever was dishonest or dishonorable in its construction or in its management I say nothing, because I know nothing. What I have said I have said from personal observation or from cold official reports transferred almost verbally. Passing over the Pacific Railroad immediately after the close of the Credit Mobilier investigations, I was greatly surprised to find that notwithstanding the efforts I had made to comprehend that fraud, and the stern, untempted virtue with which I had condemned it, the Credit Mobilier was continually slipping away from me, and the real magnitude of the real work was growing ever more and more. Nor was this in the smallest degree owing to any manipulation of any proprietor of the road. Humiliating as the confession must be to one's self-love, it cannot be denied that I undertook the journey without the smallest suspicion of the fact in the bosom of any owner, director, stockholder or other employé of the road, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Let it be far from me, however, to assume a virtue though I have it not. The condemnation of free passes is wide and deep: I submit to it without a murmur. My experience with free passes has been of the most short, slender and spasmodic kind, but so far as it has extended it has been one of unalloyed delight. It has always seemed a waste to pay money for going from place to place, because you want all your money to spend when you get there! I have never yet refused a railroad pass, and, Heaven helping me, I never will! Whether as legislator, supreme judge or private citizen, whenever any railroad offers me a complimentary ticket, I shall not only accept it unflinchingly, but feel that such road has paid me a deserved compliment and done itself an honor. If a man is so poor a creature that he can be bribed by a railroad ticket, it makes very little difference on what rock he is wrecked: he is sure to go down quickly. Stronger temptations than tickets lie all around us. As to the honesty of issuing free passes by a railroad company, it will scarcely be asserted that the right to exercise courtesy is to be denied to a corporation, from the Congress of the United States down to the Children's Mite Society. I suppose the sending of complimentary passes is the same shrewd mixture of business and civility which induces a publisher to send his books to the critics, and the manager of a theatre to send tickets to editors, and the city of New York to give a reception to Dom Pedro. If a railroad has no sense and no conscience, and wastes its substance in riotous passes, the remedy of the owners would seem to be a change of agents. But I am not discussing that branch of the subject. I only wish to be perfectly frank, and to warn the reader that any credit given to this article on the supposition that a free pass offered to the writer by the president of a railroad would be indignantly rejected as a bribe, is gently but firmly declined. The reader must compute for himself the discount to be made upon the views and statements presented.

GAIL HAMILTON.

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THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM."

CHAPTER XXIII.

PAINTER AND GROOM.

THE address upon the note Malcolm had to deliver took him to a house in Chelsea—one of a row of beautiful old houses fronting the Thames, with little gardens between them and the road. The one he sought was overgrown with creepers, most of them now covered with fresh spring buds. The afternoon had turned cloudy, and a cold east wind came up the river, which, as the tide was falling, raised little waves on its surface and made Malcolm think of the herring. Somehow, as he went up to the door, a new chapter of his life seemed about to commence.

The servant who took the note returned immediately and showed him up to the study, a large back room looking over a good-sized garden, with stables on one side. There Lenorme sat at his easel. "Ah!" he said, "I'm glad to see that wild animal has not quite torn you to pieces. Take a chair. What on earth made you bring such an incarnate fury to London?"

"I see well enough now, sir, she's not exactly the one for London use, but if you had once ridden her, you would never quite enjoy another between your knees."

"She's such an infernal brute!"

"You can't say too ill of her. But I fancy a jail-chaplain sometimes takes the most interest in the worst villain under his charge. I should be a proud man to make *her* fit to live with decent people."

"I'm afraid she'll be too much for you. At last you'll have to part with her, I fear."

"If she had bitten you as often as she has me, sir, you wouldn't part with her. Besides, it would be wrong to sell her. She would only be worse with any one else. But, indeed, though you will hardly believe it, she is better than she was."

"Then what must she have been?"

"You may well say that, sir."

"Here your mistress tells me you want my assistance in choosing another horse."

"Yes, sir—to attend upon her in London."

"I don't profess to be knowing in horses: what made you think of me?"

"I saw how you sat your own horse, sir, and I heard you say you bought him out of a butterman's cart and treated him like a human being: that was enough for me, sir. I've long had the notion that the beasts, poor things! have a half-sleeping, half-waking human soul in them, and it was a great pleasure to hear you say something of the same sort. 'That gentleman,' I said to myself—'he and I would understand one another.'"

"I am glad you think so," said Lenorme, with entire courtesy. It was not merely that the very doubtful recognition of his profession by society had tended to keep him clear of its prejudices, but both as a painter and a man he found the young fellow exceedingly attractive;—as a painter from the rare combination of such strength with such beauty, and as a man from a certain yet rarer clarity of nature which to the vulgar observer seems fatuity until he has to encounter it in action, when the contrast is like meeting a thunderbolt. Naturally, the dishonest takes the honest for a fool. Beyond his understanding, he imagines him beneath it. But Lenorme, although so much more a man of the world, was able in a measure to look into Malcolm and appreciate him. His nature and his art combined in enabling him to do this.

"You see, sir," Malcolm went on, encouraged by the simplicity of Lenorme's manner, "if they were nothing like us, how should we be able to get on with them at all, teach them anything, or come a hair nearer them, do what we might? For all her wickedness, I firmly believe Kelpie has a sort of regard for

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me: I won't call it affection, but perhaps it comes as near that as may be possible in the time to one of her temper."

"Now I hope you will permit me, Mr. MacPhail," said Lenorme, who had been paying more attention to Malcolm than to his words, "to give a violent wrench to the conversation, and turn it upon yourself. You can't be surprised, and I hope you will not be annoyed, if I say you strike one as not altogether like your calling. No London groom I have ever spoken to in the least resembles you. How is it?"

"I hope you don't mean to imply, sir, that I don't know my business?" returned Malcolm, laughing.

"Anything but that. It were nearer the thing to say that, for all I know, you may understand mine as well."

"I wish I did, sir. Except the pictures at Lossie House and those in Portland Place, I've never seen one in my life. About most of them I must say I find it hard to imagine what better the world is for them. Mr. Graham says that no work that doesn't tend to make the world better makes it richer. If he were a heathen, he says, he would build a temple to Ses, the sister of Psyche."

"Ses?—I don't remember her," said Lenorme.

"The moth, sir—'the moth and the rust,' you know."

"Yes, yes—now I know. Capital! Only more things may tend to make the world better than some people think. Who is this Mr. Graham of yours. He must be no common man."

"You are right there, sir: there is not another like him in the whole world, I believe." And thereupon Malcolm set himself to give the painter an idea of the schoolmaster.

When they had talked about him for a little while, "Well, all this accounts for your being a scholar," said Lenorme; "but—"

"I am little enough of that, sir," interrupted Malcolm. "Any Scotch boy that likes to learn finds the way open to him."

"I am aware of that. But were you really reading Epictetus when we left you in the park this morning?"

"Yes, sir: why not?"

"In the original?"

"Yes, sir, but not very readily. I am a poor Greek scholar. But my copy has a rough Latin translation on the opposite page, and that helps me out. It's not difficult. You would think nothing of it if it had been Cornelius Nepos or Cordery's *Colloquies*. It's only a better, not a more difficult book."

"I don't know about that. It's not every one who can read Greek that can understand Epictetus. Tell me what you have learned from him?"

"That would be hard to do. A man is very ready to forget how he came first to think of the things he loves best. You see, they are as much a necessity of your being as they are of the man's who thought them first. I can no more do without the truth than Plato. It is as much my needful food, and as fully mine to possess, as his. His having it, Mr. Graham says, was for my sake as well as his own. It's just like what Sir Thomas Browne says about the faces of those we love—that we cannot retain the idea of them, because they are ourselves. Those that help the world must be served like their Master and a good deal forgotten, I fancy. Of course they don't mind it. I remember another passage I think says something to the same purpose—one in Epictetus himself," continued Malcolm, drawing the little book from his pocket and turning over the leaves, while Lenorme sat waiting, wondering, and careful not to interrupt him. He turned to the forty-second chapter and began to read from the Greek.

"I've forgotten all the Greek I ever had," said Lenorme.

Then Malcolm turned to the opposite page and began to read the Latin.

"Tut! tut!" said Lenorme, "I can't follow your Scotch pronunciation."

"That's a pity," said Malcolm: "it's the right way."

"I don't doubt it: you Scotch are always in the right. But just read it off in English, will you?"

Thus adjured, Malcolm read slowly and with choice of word and phrase: "'And if any one shall say unto thee

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that thou knowest nothing, notwithstanding thou must not be vexed: then know thou that thou hast begun thy work.'—That is," explained Malcolm, "when you keep silence about principles in the presence of those that are incapable of understanding them.—'For the sheep also do not manifest to the shepherds how much they have eaten by producing fodder; but, inwardly digesting their food, they produce outwardly wool and milk. And thou therefore set not forth principles before the unthinking, but the actions that result from the digestion of them.'—That last is not quite literal, but I think it's about right," concluded Malcolm, putting the book again in the breast pocket of his silver-buttoned coat. "That's the passage I thought of, but I see now it won't apply. He speaks of not saying what you know: I spoke of forgetting where you got it."

"Come, now," said Lenorme, growing more and more interested in his new acquaintance, "tell me something about your life. Account for yourself. If you will make a friendship of it, you must do that."

"I will, sir," said Malcolm, and with the word began to tell him most things he could think of as bearing upon his mental history up to and after the time also when his birth was disclosed to him. In omitting that disclosure he believed he had without it quite accounted for himself. Through the whole recital he dwelt chiefly on the lessons and influences of the schoolmaster.

"Well, I must admit," said Lenorme when he had ended, "that you are no longer unintelligible, not to say incredible. You have had a splendid education, in which I hope you give the herring and Kelpie their due share." He sat silently regarding him for a few moments. Then he said, "I'll tell you what, now: if I help you to buy a horse, you must help me to paint a picture."

"I don't know how I'm to do that," said Malcolm, "but if *you* do, that's enough. I shall only be too happy to do what I can."

"Then I'll tell you. But you're not to tell *any*body: it's a secret. I have discovered that there is no suitable portrait of Lady Lossie's father. It is a great pity. His brother and his father and grandfather are all in Portland Place, in Highland costume, as chiefs of their clan: his place only is vacant. Lady Lossie, however, has in her possession one or two miniatures of him, which, although badly painted, I should think may give the outlines of his face and head with tolerable correctness. From the portraits of his predecessors, and from Lady Lossie herself, I gain some knowledge of what is common to the family; and from all together I hope to gather and paint what will be recognizable by her as a likeness of her father; which afterward I hope to better by her remarks. These remarks I hope to get first from her feelings unadulterated by criticism, through the surprise of coming upon the picture suddenly: afterward from her judgment at its leisure. Now, I remember seeing you wait at table—the first time I saw you—in the Highland dress: will you come to me so dressed, and let me paint from you?"

"I'll do better than that, sir," cried Malcolm eagerly. "I'll get up from Lossie House my lord's very dress that he wore when he went to court—his jeweled dirk, and Andrew Ferrara broadsword with the hilt of real silver. That'll greatly help your design upon my lady, for he dressed up in them all more than once just to please her."

"Thank you!" said Lenorme very heartily: "that will be of immense advantage. Write at once."

"I will, sir. Only I'm a bigger man than my—late master; and you must mind that."

"I'll see to it. You get the clothes and all the rest of the accoutrements—rich with barbaric gems and gold, and—"

"Neither gems nor gold, sir—honest Scotch cairngorms and plain silver," said Malcolm.

"I only quoted Milton," returned Lenorme.

"Then you should have quoted correctly, sir. 'Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold'—that's the line, and you can't better it. Mr. Graham

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always pulled me up if I didn't quote correctly. By the bye, sir, some say it's *kings barbaric*, but there's *barbaric gold* in Virgil."

"I dare say you are right," said Lenorme. "But you are far too learned for me."

"Don't make game of me, sir. I know two or three books pretty well, and when I get a chance I can't help talking about them. It's so seldom now I can get a mouthful of Milton. There's no cave here to go into and roll the mimic thunder in your mouth. If the people here heard me reading loud out, they would call me mad. It's a mercy in this London if a workingman get loneliness enough to say his prayers in."

"You do say your prayers, then?" asked Lenorme, looking at him curiously.

"Yes: don't you, sir? You had so much sense about the beasts, I thought you must be a man that said his prayers."

Lenorme was silent. He was not altogether innocent of saying prayers, but of late years it had grown a more formal and gradually a rarer thing. One reason of this was that it had never come into his head that God cared about pictures, or had the slightest interest whether he painted well or ill. If a man's earnest calling, to which of necessity the greater part of his thought is given, is altogether dissociated in his mind from his religion, it is not wonderful that his prayers should by degrees wither and die. The question is, whether they ever had much vitality. But one mighty negative was yet true of Lenorme: he had not got in his head, still less had he ever cherished in his heart, the thought that there was anything fine in disbelieving in a God, or anything contemptible in imagining communication with a Being of grander essence than himself. That in which Socrates rejoiced with exultant humility many a youth now-a-days thinks himself a fine fellow for casting from him with ignorant scorn.

A true conception of the conversation above recorded can hardly be had except my reader will take the trouble to imagine the contrast between the Scotch accent and inflection, the largeness and prolongation of vowel-sounds, and, above all, the Scotch tone of Malcolm, and the pure, clear articulation and decided utterance of the perfect London speech of Lenorme. It was something like the difference between the blank verse of Young and the prose of Burke.

The silence endured so long that Malcolm began to fear he had hurt his new friend, and thought it better to take his leave. "I'll go and write to Mrs. Courthope—that's the housekeeper—to-night, to send up the things at once. When would it be convenient for you to go and look at some horses with me, Mr. Lenorme?" he said.

"I shall be at home all to-morrow," answered the painter, "and ready to go with you any time you like to come for me."

As he spoke he held out his hand, and they parted like old friends.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A LADY.

THE next morning Malcolm took Kelpie into the park and gave her a good breathing. He had thought to jump the rails and let her have her head, but he found there were too many park-keepers and police about: he saw he could do little for her that way. He was turning home with her again when one of her evil fits came upon her, this time taking its first form in a sudden stiffening of every muscle: she stood stock-still with flaming eyes. I suspect we human beings know but little of the fierceness with which the vortices of passion rage in the more purely animal natures. This beginning he well knew would end in a wild paroxysm of rearing and plunging. He had more than once tried the exorcism of patience, sitting sedate upon her back until she chose to move; but on these occasions the tempest that followed had been of the very worst description; so that he had concluded it better to bring on the crisis, thereby sure at least to save time; and after he had adopted this mode with her, attacks of the sort,

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if no less violent, had certainly become fewer. The moment, therefore, that symptoms of an approaching fit showed themselves he used his spiked heels with vigor. Upon this occasion he had a stiff tussle with her, but as usual gained the victory, and was riding slowly along the Row, Kelpie tossing up now her head, now her heels, in indignant protest against obedience in general and enforced obedience in particular, when a lady on horseback, who had come galloping from the opposite direction with her groom behind her, pulled up and lifted her hand with imperative grace: she had seen something of what had been going on. Malcolm reined in. But Kelpie, after her nature, was now as unwilling to stop as she had been before to proceed, and the fight began again, with some difference of movement and aspect, but the spurs once more playing a free part.

"Man! man!" cried the lady in most musical reproof, "do you know what you are about?"

"It would be a bad job for her and me too if I did not, my lady," said Malcolm, whom her appearance and manner impressed with a conviction of rank; and as he spoke he smiled in the midst of the struggle: he seldom got angry with Kelpie.

But the smile, instead of taking from the apparent roughness of his speech, only made his conduct appear in the lady's eyes more cruel. "How is it possible you can treat the poor animal so unkindly—and in cold blood too?" she said, and an indescribable tone of pleading ran through the rebuke. "Why, her poor sides are actually—" A shudder and look of personal distress completed the sentence.

"You don't know what she is, my lady, or you would not think it necessary to intercede for her."

"But if she is naughty, is that any reason why you should be cruel?"

"No, my lady; but it is the best reason why I should try to make her good."

"You will never make her good that way."

"Improvement gives ground for hope," said Malcolm.

"But you must not treat a poor dumb animal as you would a responsible human being."

"She's not so very poor, my lady. She has all she wants, and does nothing to earn it—nothing to speak of, and nothing at all with good-will. For her dumbness, that's a mercy. If she could speak she wouldn't be fit to live amongst decent people. But for that matter, if some one hadn't taken her in hand, dumb as she is, she would have been shot long ago."

"Better that than live with such usage."

"I don't think she would agree with you, my lady. My fear is that, for as cruel as it looks to your ladyship, take it all together, she enjoys the fight. In any case, I am certain she has more regard for me than any other being in the universe."

"Who *can* have any regard for you," said the lady very gently, in utter mistake of his meaning, "if you have no command of your temper? You must learn to rule yourself first."

"That's true, my lady; and so long as my mare is not able to be a law to herself, I must be a law to her too."

"But have you never heard of the law of kindness? You could do so much more without the severity."

"With some natures I grant you, my lady, but not with such as she. Horse or man—they never know kindness till they have learned fear. Kelpie would have torn me to pieces before now if I had taken your way with her. But except I can do a good deal more with her yet, she will be nothing better than a natural brute beast made to be taken and destroyed."

"The Bible again!" murmured the lady to herself. "Of how much cruelty has not that book to bear the blame!"

All this time Kelpie was trying hard to get at the lady's horse to bite him. But she did not see that. She was too much distressed, and was growing more and more so. "I wish you would let my groom try her," she said after a pitiful pause. "He's an older and more ex-

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perienced man than you. He has children. He would show you what can be done by gentleness."

From Malcolm's words she had scarcely gathered even a false meaning—not a glimmer of his nature—not even a suspicion that he meant something. To her he was but a handsome, brutal young groom. From the world of thought and reasoning that lay behind his words not an echo had reached her.

"It would be a great satisfaction to my old Adam to let him try her," said Malcolm.

"The Bible again!" said the lady to herself.

"But it would be murder," he added, "not knowing myself what experience he has had."

"I see," said the lady to herself, but loud enough for Malcolm to hear, for her tenderheartedness had made her both angry and unjust, "his self-conceit is equal to his cruelty—just what I might have expected!"

With the words she turned her horse's head and rode away, leaving a lump in Malcolm's throat.

"I wuss fowk"—he still spoke Scotch in his own chamber—"wad du as they're tell't, an' no jeedge ane anither. I'm sure it's Kelpie's best chance o' salvation 'at I gang on wi' her. Stablemen wad hae had her brocken doon a'thegither by this time, an' life wad hae had little relish left."

It added hugely to the bitterness of being thus rebuked that he had never in his life seen such a radiance of beauty's softest light as shone from the face and form of the reproving angel. "Only she canna be an angel," he said to himself, "or she wad hae ken't better."

She was young—not more than twenty—tall and graceful, with a touch of the matronly, which she must have had even in childhood, for it belonged to her, so staid, so stately was she in all her grace. With her brown hair, her lily complexion, her blue-gray eyes, she was all of the moonlight and its shadows—even now in the early morning and angry. Her nose was so nearly perfect that one never thought of it. Her mouth was rather large, but had gained in value of shape, and in the expression of indwelling sweetness, with every line that carried it beyond the measure of smallness. Most little mouths are pretty, some even lovely, but not one have I seen beautiful. Her forehead was the sweetest of half-moons. Of those who knew her best, some absolutely believed that a radiance resembling moonlight shimmered from its precious expanse. "Be ye angry and sin not," had always been a puzzle to Malcolm, who had, as I have said, inherited a certain Celtic fierceness; but now, even while he knew himself the object of the anger, he understood the word. It tried him sorely, however, that such gentleness and beauty should be unreasonable. Could it be that he should never have a chance of convincing her how mistaken she was concerning his treatment of Kelpie? What a celestial rosy red her face had glowed! and what summer lightnings had flashed up in her eyes, as if they had been the horizons of heavenly worlds up which flew the dreams that broke from the brain of a young sleeping goddess, to make the worlds glad also in the night of their slumber!

Something like this Malcolm felt: whoever saw her must feel as he had never felt before. He gazed after her long and earnestly. "It's an awfu' thing to hae a women like that angert at ye," he said to himself when at length she had disappeared—"as bonny as she is angry. God be praised 'at He kens a' thing, an' 's no angert wi' ye for the luik o' a thing! But the wheel may come roon' again—wha kens? Ony gait, I s' mak the best o' Kelpie I can.—I won'er gien she kens Leddy Florimel? She's a heap mair boontifu'-like in her beauty nor her. The man micht haud 's ain wi' an archangel 'at had a wuman like that to the wife o' 'm.—Hoots! I'll be wussin' I had had anither upbringin', 'at I micht ha' won a step nearer to the hem o' her garment; an' that wad be to deny Him 'at made an' ordeen't me. I wull not du that. But I maun hae a crack wi' Maister Graham anent things twa or three, jist to haud me straucht, for I'm jist

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girnin' at bein' sae regairdit by sic a revelation. Gien she had been an auld wife, I wad hae only lauchen: what for 's that? I doobt I'm no muckle mair rizzonable nor hersel'. The thing was this, I fancy: it was sae clear she spak frae no ill-natur', only frae pure humanity. She's a gran' ane yon, only some saft, I doobt."

For the lady, she rode away sadly strengthened in her doubts whether there could be a God in the world — not because there were in it such men as she took Malcolm for, but because such a lovely animal had fallen into his hands.

"It's a sair thing to be misjeedged," said Malcolm to himself as he put the demoness in her stall; "but it's no more than the Macker o' 's pits up wi' ilka hoor o' the day, an' says na a word. Eh, but God's unco quaiet! Sae lang as He kens till himsel' 'at He's a' richt, He lats fowk think 'at they like—till He has time to lat them ken better. Lord, mak clean my hert within me, an' syne I'll care little for ony jeedgement but Thine!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PSYCHE.

It was a lovely day, but Florimel would not ride: Malcolm must go at once to Mr. Lenorme: she would not go out again until she could have a choice of horses to follow her. "Your Kelpie is all very well in Richmond Park—and I wish I were able to ride her myself, Malcolm—but she will never do in London."

His name sounded sweet on her lips, but somehow to-day, for the first time since he saw her first, he felt a strange sense of superiority in his protection of her: could it be because he had that morning looked unto a higher orb of creation? It mattered little to Malcolm's generous nature that the voice that issued therefrom had been one of unjust rebuke. "Who knows, my lady," he answered his mistress, "but you may ride her some day? Give her a bit of sugar every time you see her—on your hand, so that she may take it with her lips and not catch your fingers."

"You shall show me how," said Florimel, and gave him a note for Mr. Lenorme.

When he came in sight of the river, there, almost opposite the painter's house, lay his own little yacht. He thought of Kelpie in the stable, saw Psyche floating like a swan in the reach, made two or three long strides, then sought to exhale the pride of life in thanksgiving.

The moment his arrival was announced to Lenorme he came down and went with him, and in an hour or two they had found very much the sort of horse they wanted. Malcolm took him home for trial, and Florimel was pleased with him. The earl's opinion was not to be had, for he had hurt his shoulder when he fell from the rearing Kelpie the day before, and was confined to his room in Curzon street.

In the evening Malcolm put on his yachter's uniform and set out again for Chelsea. There he took a boat and crossed the river to the yacht, which lay near the other side in charge of an old salt whose acquaintance Blue Peter had made when lying below the bridges. On board he found all tidy and shipshape. He dived into the cabin, lighted a candle and made some measurements: all the little luxuries of the nest — carpets, cushions, curtains and other things — were at Lossie House, having been removed when the Psyche was laid up for the winter: he was going to replace them. And he was anxious to see whether he could not fulfill a desire he had once heard Florimel express to her father—that she had a bed on board and could sleep there. He found it possible, and had soon contrived a berth: even a tiny state-room was within the limits of construction.

Returning to the deck, he was consulting Travers about a carpenter when, to his astonishment, he saw young Davy, the boy he had brought from Duff Harbor, and whom he understood to have gone back with Blue Peter, gazing at him from before the mast.

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"Gien ye please, Maister MacPhail," said Davy, and said no more.

"How on earth do *you* come to be here, you rascal?" said Malcolm. "Peter was to take you home with him."

"I garred him think I was gauin'," answered the boy, scratching his red poll, which glowed in the dusk.

"I gave him your wages," said Malcolm.

"Ay, he tauld me that, but I loot them gang an' gae him the slip, an' wan ashore close ahint yersel', sir, jist as the smack set sail. I cudna gang ohn hed a word wi' yersel', sir, to see whether ye wadna lat me bide wi' ye, sir. I haena muckle wut, they tell me, sir, but gien I michtna aye be able to du what ye tell't me to du, I cud aye haud ohn dune what ye tell't me no to du."

The words of the boy pleased Malcolm more than he judged it wise to manifest. He looked hard at Davy. There was little to be seen in his face except the best and only thing—truth. It shone from his round pale-blue eyes; it conquered the self-assertion of his unhappy nose; it seemed to glow in every freckle of his sunburnt cheeks as earnestly he returned Malcolm's gaze.

"But," said Malcolm, almost satisfied, "how is this, Travers? I never gave you any instructions about the boy."

"There's where it is, sir," answered Travers. "I seed the boy aboard before, and when he come aboard again, jest arter you left, I never as much as said to myself, 'It's all right.' I axed him no questions, and he told me no lies."

"Gien ye please, sir," struck in Davy, "Maister Trahvers gied me my mait, an' I tuik it, 'cause I hed no sil'er to buy ony: I houp it wasna stealin', sir. An' gien ye wad keep me, ye cud tak it aff o' my wauges for three days."

"Look here, Davy," said Malcolm, turning sharp upon him: "can you swim?"

"Ay, can I, sir—weel that," answered Davy.

"Jump overboard, then, and swim ashore," said Malcolm, pointing to the Chelsea bank.

The boy made two strides to the larboard gunwale, and would have been over the next instant, but Malcolm caught him by the shoulder. "That'll do, Davy: I'll give you a chance, Davy," he said; "and if I get a good account of you from Travers, I'll rig you out like myself here."

"Thank you, sir," said Davy. "I s' du what I can to please ye, sir. An' gien' ye wad sen' my wauges hame to my mither, sir, ye wad ken 'at I cudna be gauin' stravaguin' an' drinkin' whan yer back was turn't."

"Well, I'll write to your mother and see what she says," said Malcolm.—"Now I want to tell you, both of you, that this yacht belongs to the marchioness of Lossie, and I have the command of her, and I must have everything on board shipshape, and as clean, Travers, as if she was a seventy-four. If there's the head of a nail visible, it must be as bright as silver. And everything must be at the word. The least hesitation and I have done with that man. If Davy here had grumbled one mouthful, even on his way overboard, I wouldn't have kept him."

He then arranged that Travers was to go home that night, and bring with him the next morning an old carpenter-friend of his. He would himself be down by seven o'clock to set him to work.

The result was, that before a fortnight was over he had the cabin thoroughly fitted up with all the luxuries it had formerly possessed, and as many more as he could think of to compensate for the loss of the space occupied by the daintiest little state-room—a very jewel-box for softness and richness and comfort. In the cabin, amongst the rest of his additions, he had fixed in a corner a set of tiny bookshelves, and filled them with what books he knew his sister liked, and some that he liked for her. It was not probable she would read in them much, he said to himself, but they wouldn't make the boat heel, and who could tell when a drop of celestial nepenthe might ooze from one or another of them? So there they stood, in their lovely colors of morocco, russia, calf or vellum—types of the infinite rest in the midst of the ever restless—the types for ever tossed, but the rest remaining.

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By that time also he had arranged with Travers and Davy a code of signals.

The day after Malcolm had his new hack he rode him behind his mistress in the park, and nothing could be more decorous than the behavior of both horse and groom. It was early, and in Rotten Row, to his delight, they met the lady of rebuke. She and Florimel pulled up simultaneously, greeted and had a little talk. When they parted, and the lady came to pass Malcolm, whom she had not suspected, sitting a civilized horse in all serenity behind his mistress, she cast a quick second glance at him, and her fair face flushed with the red reflex of yesterday's anger. He expected her to turn at once and complain of him to his mistress, but to his disappointment she rode on.

When they left the park, Florimel went down Constitution Hill, and, turning westward, rode to Chelsea. As they approached Mr. Lenorme's house she stopped and said to Malcolm, "I am going to run in and thank Mr. Lenorme for the trouble he has been at about the horse. Which is the house?"

She pulled up at the gate. Malcolm dismounted, but before he could get near to assist her she was already halfway up the walk, flying, and he was but in time to catch the rein of Abbot, already moving off, curious to know whether he was actually trusted alone. In about five minutes she came again, glancing about her all ways but behind—with a scared look, Malcolm thought. But she walked more slowly and statelily than usual down the path. In a moment Malcolm had her in the saddle, and she cantered away past the hospital into Sloane street, and across the park home. He said to himself, "She knows the way."

CHAPTER XXVI

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM, the schoolmaster, was the son of a grieve, or farm-overseer, in the north of Scotland. By straining every nerve his parents had succeeded in giving him a university education, the narrowness of whose scope was possibly favorable to the development of what genius, rare and shy, might lurk among the students. He had labored well, and had gathered a good deal from books and lectures, but far more from the mines they guided him to discover in his own nature. In common with so many Scotch parents, his had cherished the most wretched as well as hopeless of all ambitions, seeing it presumes to work in a region into which *no* ambition can enter—I mean that of seeing their son a clergyman. In presbyter, curate, bishop or cardinal ambition can fare but as that of the creeping thing to build its nest in the topmost boughs of the cedar. Worse than that: my simile is a poor one, for the moment a thought of ambition is *cherished*, that moment the man is out of the kingdom. Their son, with already a few glimmering insights which had not yet begun to interfere with his acceptance of the doctrines of his Church, made no opposition to their wish, but having qualified himself to the satisfaction of his superiors, at length ascended the pulpit to preach his first sermon.

The custom of the time as to preaching was a sort of compromise between reading a sermon and speaking extempore, a mode morally as well as artistically false: the preacher learned his sermon by rote, and repeated it—as much like the man he therein was not, and as little like the parrot he was, as he could. It is no wonder, in such an attempt, either that memory should fail a shy man or assurance an honest man. In Mr. Graham's case it was probably the former: the practice was universal, and he could hardly yet have begun to question it, so as to have had any conscience of evil. Blessedly, however, for his dawning truth and well-being, he failed—failed utterly, pitifully. His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; his lips moved, but shaped no sound; a deathly dew bathed his forehead; his knees shook; and he sank at last to the bottom of the chamber of his torture, whence, while his mother wept below and his father clenched hands of despair beneath the tails of

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his Sunday coat, he was half led, half dragged down the steps by the bedral, shrunken together like one caught in a shameful deed, and with the ghastly look of him who has but just revived from the faint supervening on the agonies of the rack. Home they crept together, speechless and hopeless, all three, to be thenceforth the contempt, and not the envy, of their fellow-parishioners. For if the vulgar feeling toward the home-born prophet is superciliousness, what must the sentence upon failure be in ungenerous natures, to which every downfall of another is an uplifting of themselves! But Mr. Graham's worth had gained him friends in the presbytery, and he was that same week appointed to the vacant school of another parish.

There it was not long before he made the acquaintance of Griselda Campbell, who was governess in the great house of the neighborhood, and a love, not the less true that it was hopeless from the first, soon began to consume the chagrin of his failure, and substitute for it a more elevating sorrow; for how could an embodied failure, to offer whose miserable self would be an insult, dare speak of love to one before whom his whole being sank worshiping? Silence was the sole armor of his privilege. So long as he was silent the terrible arrow would never part from the bow of those sweet lips: he might love on, love ever, nor be grudged the bliss of such visions as, to him seated on its outer steps, might come from any chance opening of the heavenly gate. And Miss Campbell thought of him more kindly than he knew. But before long she accepted the offered situation of governess to Lady Annabel, the only child of the late marquis's elder brother, at that time himself marquis, and removed to Lossie House. There the late marquis fell in love with her and persuaded her to a secret marriage. There also she became, in the absence of her husband, the mother of Malcolm. But the marquis of the time, jealous for the succession of his daughter, and fearing his brother might yet marry the mother of his child, contrived, with the assistance of the midwife, to remove the infant and persuade the mother that he was dead, and also to persuade his brother of the death of both mother and child; after which, imagining herself willfully deserted by her husband, yet determined to endure shame rather than break the promise of secrecy she had given him, the poor lady accepted the hospitality of her distant relative, Miss Horn, and continued with her till she died.

When he learned where she had gone, Mr. Graham seized a chance of change to Portlossie that occurred soon after, and when she became her cousin's guest went to see her, was kindly received, and for twenty years lived in friendly relations with the two. It was not until after her death that he came to know the strange fact that the object of his calm, unalterable devotion had been a wife all those years, and was the mother of his favorite pupil. About the same time he was dismissed from the school on the charge of heretical teaching, founded on certain religious conversations he had had with some of the fisher-people who sought his advice; and thereupon he had left the place and gone to London, knowing it would be next to impossible to find or gather another school in Scotland after being thus branded. In London he hoped, one way or another, to avoid dying of cold or hunger or in debt: that was very nearly the limit of his earthly ambition.

He had just one acquaintance in the whole mighty city, and no more. Him he had known in the days of his sojourn at King's College, where he had grown with him from bejan to magistrand. He was the son of a linendraper in Aberdeen, and was a decent, good-humored fellow, who, if he had not distinguished, had never disgraced himself. His father, having somewhat influential business relations, and finding in him no leanings to a profession, bespoke the good offices of a certain large retail house in London, and sent him thither to learn the business. The result was, that he had married a daughter of one of the partners, and became a partner himself. His old friend wrote to him at

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his shop in Oxford street, and then went to see him at his house on Haverstock Hill.

He was shown into the library, in which were two mahogany cases with plate-glass doors, full of books, well cared for as to clothing and condition, and perfectly placid, as if never disturbed from one week's end to another. In a minute Mr. Marshal entered — so changed that he could never have recognized him; still, however, a kind-hearted, genial man. He received his class-fellow cordially and respectfully, referred merrily to old times, begged to know how he was getting on, asked whether he had come to London with any special object, and invited him to dine with them on Sunday. He accepted the invitation, met him, according to agreement, at a certain chapel in Kentish Town, of which he was a deacon, and walked home with him and his wife.

They had but one of their family at home, the youngest son, whom his father was having educated for the dissenting ministry in the full conviction that he was doing not a little for the truth, and justifying its cause before men, by devoting to its service the son of a man of standing and worldly means, whom he might have easily placed in a position to make money. The youth was of simple character and good inclination — ready to do what he saw to be right, but slow in putting to the question anything that interfered with his notions of laudable ambition or justifiable self-interest. He was attending lectures at a dissenting college in the neighborhood, for his father feared Oxford or Cambridge — not for his morals, but his opinions in regard to Church and State.

The schoolmaster spent a few days in the house. His friend was generally in town, and his wife, regarding him as very primitive and hardly fit for what she counted society—the class, namely, that she herself represented—was patronizing and condescending; but the young fellow, finding, to his surprise, that he knew a great deal more about his studies than he did himself, was first somewhat attracted, and then somewhat influenced by him, so that at length an intimacy tending to friendship arose between them.

Mr. Graham was not a little shocked to discover that his ideas in respect of the preacher's calling were of a very worldly kind. The notions of this fledgling of dissent differed from those of a clergyman of the same stamp in this: the latter regards the Church as a society with accumulated property for the use of its officers; the former regarded it as a community of communities, each possessing a preaching-house which ought to be made commercially successful. Saving influences must emanate from it of course, but dissenting saving influences.

His mother was a partisan to a hideous extent. To hear her talk you would have thought she imagined the apostles the first dissenters, and that the main duty of every Christian soul was to battle for the victory of congregationalism over episcopacy, and voluntaryism over state endowment. Her every mode of thinking and acting was of a leveling commonplace. With her, love was liking, duty something unpleasant — generally to other people — and kindness patronage. But she was just in money-matters, and her son too had every intention of being worthy of his hire, though wherein lay the value of the labor with which he thought to counterpoise that hire it were hard to say.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PREACHER.

THE sermon Mr. Graham heard at the chapel that Sunday morning in Kentish Town was not of an elevating, therefore not of a strengthening, description. The pulpit was at that time in offer to the highest bidder — in orthodoxy, that is, combined with popular talent. The first object of the chapel's existence—I do not say in the minds of those who built it, for it was an old place, but certainly in the minds of those who now directed its affairs—was not to save its present congregation, but to gather a larger—ultimately that they might be saved, let us hope, but primarily that the drain

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upon the purses of those who were responsible for its rent and other outlays might be lessened. Mr. Masquar, therefore, to whom the post was a desirable one, had been mainly anxious that morning to prove his orthodoxy, and so commend his services. Not that in those days one heard so much of the dangers of heterodoxy—that monster was as yet but growling far off in the jungles of Germany—but certain whispers had been abroad concerning the preacher which he thought it desirable to hush, especially as they were founded in truth. He had tested the power of heterodoxy to attract attention, but having found that the attention it did attract was not of a kind favorable to his wishes, had so skillfully remodeled his theories that, although to his former friends he declared them in substance unaltered, it was impossible any longer to distinguish them from the most uncompromising orthodoxy; and his sermon of that morning had tended neither to the love of God, the love of man, nor a hungering after righteousness—its aim being to disprove the reported heterodoxy of Jacob Masquar.

As they walked home, Mrs. Marshal, addressing her husband in a tone of conjugal disapproval, said, with more force than delicacy, "The pulpit is not the place to give a man to wash his dirty linen in."

"Well, you see, my love," answered her husband in a tone of apology, "people won't submit to be told their duty by mere students, and just at present there seems nobody else to be had. There's none in the market but old stagers and young colts—eh, Fred?—But Mr. Masquar is at least a man of experience."

"Of more than enough, perhaps," suggested his wife. "And the young ones must have their chance, else how are they to learn? You should have given the principal a hint. It is a most desirable thing that Frederick should preach a little oftener."

"They have it in turn, and it wouldn't do to favor one more than another."

"He could hand his guinea, or whatever they gave him, to the one whose turn it ought to have been, and that would set it all right."

At this point the silk-mercer, fearing that the dominie, as he called him, was silently disapproving, and willing therefore to change the subject, turned to him and said, "Why shouldn't *you* give us a sermon, Graham?"

The schoolmaster laughed. "Did you never hear," he said, "how I fell like Dagon on the threshold of the Church, and have lain there ever since?"

"What has that to do with it?" returned his friend, sorry that his forgetfulness should have caused a painful recollection. "That is ages ago, when you were little more than a boy. Seriously," he added, chiefly to cover his little indiscretion, "will you preach for us the Sunday after next?" Deacons generally ask a man to preach *for* them.

"No," said Mr. Graham.

But even as he said it a something began to move in his heart—a something half of jealousy for God, half of pity for poor souls buffeted by such winds as had that morning been roaring, chaff-laden, about the church, while the grain fell all to the bottom of the pulpit. Something burned in him: was it the word that was as a fire in his bones, or was it a mere lust of talk? He thought for a moment. "Have you any gatherings between Sundays?" he asked.

"Yes, every Wednesday evening," replied Mr. Marshal. "And if you won't preach on Sunday, we shall announce to-night that next Wednesday a clergyman of the Church of Scotland will address the prayer-meeting."

He was glad to get out of it so, for he was uneasy about his friend, both as to his nerve which might fail him, and his Scotch oddities which would not.

"That would be hardly true," said Mr. Graham, "seeing I never got beyond a license."

"Nobody here knows the difference between a licentiate and a placed minister; and if they did, they would not care a straw. So we'll just say *clergyman*."

"But I won't have it announced in any terms. Leave that alone, and I will try to speak at the prayer-meeting."

"It won't be in the least worth your

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while except we announce it. You won't have a soul to hear you but the pew-openers, the woman that cleans the chapel, Mrs. Marshal's washerwoman and the old greengrocer we buy our vegetables from. We must really announce it."

"Then I won't do it. Just tell me: what would our Lord have said to Peter or John if they had told Him that they had been to synagogue and had been asked to speak, but had declined because there were only the pew-openers, the chapel-cleaner, a washerwoman and a greengrocer present?"

"I said it only for your sake, Graham: you needn't take me up so sharply."

"And ra-a-ther irreverently, don't you think? Excuse me, sir," said Mrs. Marshal very softly. But the very softness had a kind of jelly-fish sting in it.

"I think," rejoined the schoolmaster, indirectly replying, "we must be careful to show our reverence in a manner pleasing to our Lord. Now, I cannot discover that He cares for any reverences but the shaping of our ways after His; and if you will show me a single instance of respect of persons in our Lord, I will press my petition no further to be allowed to speak a word to your pew-openers, washerwoman and greengrocer."

His entertainers were silent—the gentleman in the consciousness of deserved rebuke, the lady in offence.

Just then the latter bethought herself that their guest, belonging to the Scotch Church, was, if no Episcopalian, yet no dissenter, and that seemed to clear up to her the spirit of his disapproval.

"By all means, Mr. Marshal," she said, "let your friend speak on the Wednesday evening. It would not be to his disadvantage to have it said that he occupied a dissenting pulpit. It will not be nearly such an exertion, either; and if he is unaccustomed to speak to large congregations, he will find himself more comfortable with our usual week-evening one."

"I have never attempted to speak in public but once," rejoined Mr. Graham, "and then I failed."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said his friend's wife; and the simplicity of his confession, while it proved him a simpleton, mollified her.

Thus it came that he spent the days between Sunday and Thursday in their house, and so made the acquaintance of young Marshal.

When his mother perceived their growing intimacy, she warned her son that their visitor belonged to an unscriptural and worldly community, and that notwithstanding his apparent guilelessness—deficiency indeed—he might yet use cunning arguments to draw him aside from the faith of his fathers. But the youth replied that, although, in the firmness of his own position as a congregationalist, he had tried to get the Scotchman into a conversation upon church government, he had failed: the man smiled queerly and said nothing. But when a question of New Testament criticism arose he came awake at once, and his little blue eyes gleamed like glow-worms.

"Take care, Frederick!" said his mother. "The Scriptures are not to be treated like common books and subjected to human criticism."

"We must find out what they mean, I suppose, mother," said the youth.

"You're to take just the plain meaning that he that runneth may read," answered his mother. "More than that no one has any business with. You've got to save your own soul first, and then the souls of your neighbors if they will let you; and for that reason you must cultivate, not a spirit of criticism, but the talents that attract people to the hearing of the Word. You have got a fine voice, and it will improve with judicious use. Your father is now on the outlook for a teacher of elocution to instruct you how to make the best of it and speak with power on God's behalf."

When the afternoon of Wednesday began to draw toward the evening there came on a mist—not a London fog, but a low wet cloud—which kept slowly condensing into rain; and as the hour of meeting drew nigh with the darkness it grew worse. Mrs. Marshal had forgotten all about the meeting and the schoolmaster: her husband was late, and she wanted her dinner. At twenty minutes

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past six she came upon her guest in the hall, kneeling on the door-mat, first on one knee, then on the other, turning up the feet of his trousers. "Why, Mr. Graham," she said kindly as he rose and proceeded to look for his cotton umbrella, easily discernible in the stand among the silk ones of the house, "you're never going out in a night like this?"

"I am going to the prayer-meeting, ma'am," he said.

"Nonsense! You'll be wet to the skin before you get halfway."

"I promised, you may remember, ma'am, to talk a little to them."

"You only said so to my husband. You may be very glad, seeing it has turned out so wet, that I would not allow him to have it announced from the pulpit. There is not the slightest occasion for your going. Besides, you have not had your dinner."

"That's not of the slightest consequence, ma'am. A bit of bread and cheese before I go to bed is all I need to sustain Nature and fit me for understanding my proposition in Euclid. I have been in the habit, for the last few years, of reading one every night before I go to bed."

"We dissenters consider a chapter of the Bible the best thing to read before going to bed," said the lady with a sustained voice.

"I keep that for the noontide of my perceptions — for mental high water," said the schoolmaster. "Euclid is good enough after supper. Not that I deny myself a small portion of the Word," he added with a smile as he proceeded to open the door, "when I feel very hungry for it."

"There is no one expecting you," persisted the lady, who could ill endure not to have her own way, even when she did not care for the matter concerned. "Who will be the wiser or the worse if you stay at home?"

"My dear lady," returned the schoolmaster, "when I have on good grounds made up my mind to a thing, I always feel as if I had promised God to do it; and indeed it amounts to the same thing very nearly. Such a resolve, then, is not to be unmade, except on equally good grounds with those upon which it was made. Having resolved to try whether I could not draw a little water of refreshment for souls which, if not thirsting, are but fainting the more, shall I allow a few drops of rain to prevent me?"

"Pray don't let me persuade you against your will," said his hostess, with a stately bend of her neck over her shoulder as she turned into the drawing-room.

Her guest went out into the rain, asking himself by what theory of the will his hostess could justify such a phrase—too simple to see that she had only thrown it out, as the cuttle-fish its ink, to cover her retreat.

But the weather had got a little into his brain: into his soul it was seldom allowed to intrude. He felt depressed and feeble and dull. But at the first corner he turned he met a little breath of wind. It blew the rain in his face and revived him a little, reminding him at the same time that he had not yet opened his umbrella. As he put it up he laughed. "Here I am," he said to himself, "lance in hand, spurring to meet my dragon!"

Once when he used a similar expression, Malcolm had asked him what he meant by his dragon. "I mean," replied the schoolmaster, "that huge slug, *The Commonplace*. It is the wearifulest dragon to fight in the whole miscreation. Wound it as you may, the jelly mass of the monster closes, and the dull one is himself again—feeding all the time so cunningly that scarce one of the victims whom he has swallowed suspects that he is but pabulum slowly digesting in the belly of the monster."

If the schoolmaster's dragon, spread abroad as he lies, a vague dilution, everywhere throughout human haunts, has yet any *head*-quarters, where else can they be than in such places as that to which he was now making his way to fight him? What can be fuller of the wearisome, depressing, beauty-blasting commonplace than a dissenting chapel in London on the night of the weekly prayer-meeting, and that night a drizzly one? The few lights fill the lower part

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with a dull, yellow, steamy glare, while the vast galleries, possessed by an ugly twilight, yawn above like the dreary openings of a disconsolate eternity. The pulpit rises into the dim damp air, covered with brown holland, reminding one of desertion and charwomen, if not of a chamber of death and spiritual undertakers who have shrouded and coffined the truth. Gaping, empty, unsightly, the place is the very skull of the monster himself—the fittest place of all wherein to encounter the great slug, and deal him one of those death-blows which every sunrise, every repentance, every childbirth, every true love, deals him. Every hour he receives the blow that kills, but he takes long to die, for every hour he is right carefully fed and cherished by a whole army of purveyors, including every trade and profession, but officered chiefly by divines and men of science.

When the dominie entered all was still, and every light had a nimbus of illuminated vapor. There were hardly more than three present beyond the number Mr. Marshal had given him to expect; and their faces, some grim, some grimy, most of them troubled, and none blissful, seemed the nervous ganglions of the monster whose faintly-gelatinous bulk filled the place. He seated himself in a pew near the pulpit, communed with his own heart, and was still. Presently the ministering deacon, a humbler one in the worldly sense than Mr. Marshal, for he kept a small ironmongery shop in the next street to the chapel, entered, twirling the wet from his umbrella as he came along one of the passages intersecting the pews. Stepping up into the desk which cowered humbly at the foot of the pulpit, he stood erect and cast his eyes around the small assembly. Discovering there no one that could lead in the singing, he chose out and read one of the monster's favorite hymns, in which never a sparkle of thought or a glow of worship gave reason wherefore the holy words should have been carpentered together. Then he prayed aloud, and then first the monster found tongue, voice, articulation. If this was worship, surely it was the monster's own worship of itself. No God were better than one to whom such were fitting words of prayer. What passed in the man's soul God forbid I should judge: I speak but of the words that reached the ears of men.

And over all the vast of London lay the monster, filling it like the night—not in churches and chapels only—in almost all theatres and most houses—most of all in rich houses: everywhere he had a foot, a tail, a tentacle or two—everywhere suckers that drew the life-blood from the sickening and somnolent soul.

When the deacon—a little brown man, about five and thirty—had ended his prayer, he read another hymn of the same sort—one of such as form the bulk of most collections, and then looked meaningly at Mr. Graham, whom he had seen in the chapel on Sunday with his brother-deacon, and therefore judged one of consequence, who had come to the meeting with an object, and ought to be propitiated: he had intended speaking himself. After having thus for a moment regarded him, "Would you favor us with a word of exhortation, sir?" he said in a stage-like whisper.

Now the monster had by this time insinuated a hair-like sucker into the heart of the schoolmaster, and was busy. But at the word, as the Red-cross Knight when he heard Orgoglio in the wood staggered to meet him, he rose at once, and, although his umbrella slipped and fell with a loud discomposing clatter, calmly approached the reading-desk. To look at his outer man, this knight of the truth might have been the very high priest of the monster, which, while he was sitting there, had been twisting his slimy, semi-electric, benumbing tendrils around his heart. His business was nevertheless to fight him, though to fight him in his own heart and that of other people at one and the same moment he might well find hard work. And the loathly worm had this advantage over the knight, that it was the first time he had stood up to speak in public since his failure thirty years ago. That hour again for a moment overshadowed his spirit. It was a

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wavy harvest morning in a village of the North. A golden wind was blowing, and little white clouds flying aloft in the sunny blue. The church was full of well-known faces, upturned, listening, expectant, critical. The hour vanished in a slow mist of abject misery and shame. But had he not learned to rejoice over all dead hopes and write *Te Deums* on their coffin-lids? And now he stood in dim light, in the vapor from damp garments, in dinginess and ugliness, with a sense of spiritual squalor and destitution in his very soul. He had tried to pray his own prayer while the deacon prayed his, but there had come to him no reviving, no message for this handful of dull souls—there were nine of them in all—and his own soul crouched hard and dull within his bosom. How to give them one deeper breath? How to make them know they were alive? Whence was his aid to come?

His aid was nearer than he knew. There were no hills to which he could lift his eyes, but help may hide in the valley as well as come down from the mountain, and he found his under the coal-scuttle bonnet of the woman that swept out and dusted the chapel. She was no interesting young widow. A life of labor and vanished children lay behind as well as before her. She was sixty years of age, seamed with the smallpox, and in every seam the dust and smoke of London had left a stain. She had a troubled eye, and a gaze that seemed to ask of the universe why it had given birth to her. But it was only her face that asked the question: her mind was too busy with the ever-recurring enigma, which, answered this week, was still an enigma for the next—how she was to pay her rent—too busy to have any other question to ask. Or would she not, rather, have gone to sleep altogether, under the dreary fascination of the slug monster, had she not had a severe landlady who *would* be paid punctually or turn her out? Anyhow, every time and all the time she sat in the chapel she was brooding over ways and means, calculating pence and shillings—the day's charing she had promised her, and the chances of more—mingling faint regrets over past indulgences—the extra half-pint of beer she drank on Saturday, the bit of cheese she bought on Monday. Of this face of care, revealing a spirit which Satan had bound, the schoolmaster caught sight—caught from its commonness, its grimness, its defeature, inspiration and uplifting, for there he beheld the oppressed, down-trodden, mire-fouled humanity which the Man in whom he believed had loved because it was His Father's humanity divided into brothers, and had died straining to lift back to the bosom of that Father. Oh tale of horror and dreary monstrosity, if it be such indeed as the bulk of its priests on the one hand and its enemies on the other represent it! Oh story of splendrous fate, of infinite resurrection and uplifting, of sun and breeze, of organ-blasts and exultation, for the heart of every man and woman, whatsoever the bitterness of its cark or the weight of its care, if it be such as the Book itself has held it from age to age!

It was the mere humanity of the woman, I say, and nothing in her individuality of what is commonly called the interesting, that ministered to the breaking of the schoolmaster's trance. "*O ye of little faith!*" were the first words that flew from his lips—he knew not whether uttered concerning himself or the charwoman the more—and at once he fell to speaking of Him who said the words, and of the people that came to Him and heard Him gladly—how this one, whom he described, must have felt, *Oh, if that be true!* how that one, whom also he described, must have said, *Now he means me!* and so laid bare the secrets of many hearts, until he had concluded all in the misery of being without a helper in the world, a prey to fear and selfishness and dismay. Then he told them how the Lord pledged himself for all their needs—meat and drink and clothes for the body, and God and love and truth for the soul—if only they would put them in the right order and seek the best first.

Next he spoke a parable to them—of a house and a father and his children.

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The children would not do what their father told them, and therefore began to keep out of his sight. After a while they began to say to each other that he must have gone out, it was so long since they had seen him; only they never went to look. And again after a time some of them began to say to each other that they did not believe they had ever had any father. But there were some who dared not say that—who thought they had a father somewhere in the house, and yet crept about in misery, sometimes hungry and often cold, fancying he was not friendly to them, when all the time it was they who were not friendly to him, and said to themselves he would not give them anything. They never went to knock at his door, or call to know if he were inside and would speak to them. And all the time there he was sitting sorrowful, listening and listening for some little hand to come knocking, and some little voice to come gently calling through the keyhole; for sorely did he long to take them to his bosom and give them everything. Only if he did that without their coming to him, they would not care for his love or him—would only care for the things he gave them, and soon would come to hate their brothers and sisters, and turn their own souls into hells and the earth into a charnel of murder.

Ere he ended he was pleading with the charwoman to seek her Father in His own room, tell Him her troubles, do what He told her, and fear nothing. And while he spoke, lo! the dragon-slug had vanished; the ugly chapel was no longer the den of the hideous monster: it was but the dusky bottom of a glory-shaft, adown which gazed the stars of the coming resurrection.

"The whole trouble is that we won't let God help us," said the preacher, and sat down.

A prayer from the greengrocer followed, in which he did seem to be feeling after God a little; and then the ironmonger pronounced the benediction, and all went—among the rest Frederick Marshal, who had followed the schoolmaster, and now walked back with him to his father's, where he was to spend one night more.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PORTRAIT.

FLORIMEL had found her daring visit to Lenorme stranger and more fearful than she had expected: her courage was not quite so masterful as she had thought. The next day she got Mrs. Barnardiston to meet her at the studio. But she contrived to be there first by some minutes, and her friend found her seated and the painter looking as if he had fairly begun his morning's work. When she apologized for being late, Florimel said she supposed her groom had brought round the horses before his time: being ready, she had not looked at her watch. She was sharp on other people for telling stories, but had of late ceased to see any great harm in telling one to protect herself. The fact, however, had begun to present itself in those awful morning hours that seem a mingling of time and eternity, and she did not like the discovery that, since her intimacy with Lenorme, she had begun to tell lies: what would he say if he knew?

Malcolm found it dreary waiting in the street while she sat to the painter. He would not have minded it on Kelpie, for she was always occupation enough, but with only a couple of quiet horses to hold it was dreary. He took to scrutinizing the faces that passed him, trying to understand them. To his surprise, he found that almost every one reminded him of somebody he had known before, though he could not always identify the likeness.

It was a pleasure to see his yacht lying so near him, and Davy on the deck, and to hear the blows of the hammer and the *swish* of the plane as the carpenter went on with the alterations to which he had set him; but he got tired of sharing in activity only with his ears and eyes. One thing he had by it, however, and that was a good lesson in quiescent waiting—a grand thing for any man, and most of all for those in whom the active is strong.

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The next day Florimel did not ride until after lunch, but took her maid with her to the studio, and Malcolm had a long morning with Kelpie. Once again he passed the beautiful lady in Rotten Row, but Kelpie was behaving in a most exemplary manner, and he could not tell whether she even saw him. I believe she thought her lecture had done him good. The day after that Lord Liftore was able to ride, and for some days Florimel and he rode in the park before dinner, when, as Malcolm followed on the new horse, he had to see his lordship make love to his sister without being able to find the least colorable pretext of involuntary interference.

At length the parcel he had sent for from Lossie House arrived. He had explained to Mrs. Courthope what he wanted the things for, and she had made no difficulty of sending them to the address he gave her. Lenorme had already begun the portrait, had indeed been working at it very busily, and was now quite ready for him to sit. The early morning being the only time a groom could contrive to spare — and that involved yet earlier attention to his horses — they arranged that Malcolm should be at the study every day by seven o'clock until the painter's object was gained. So he mounted Kelpie at half-past six of a fine breezy spring morning, rode across Hyde Park and down Grosvenor Place, and so reached Chelsea, where he put up his mare in Lenorme's stable — fortunately, large enough to admit of an empty stall between her and the painter's grand screw, else a battle frightful to relate might have fallen to my lot.

Nothing could have been more to Malcolm's mind than such a surpassing opportunity of learning with assurance what sort of man Lenorme was; and the relation that arose between them extended the sittings far beyond the number necessary for the object proposed. How the first of them passed I must recount with some detail.

As soon as he arrived he was shown into the painter's bed-room, where lay the portmanteau he had carried thither himself the night before: out of it, with a strange mingling of pleasure and sadness, he now took the garments of his father's vanished state — the fillibeg of the dark tartan of his clan, in which green predominated; the French coat of black velvet of Genoa, with silver buttons; the bonnet, which ought to have had an eagle's feather, but had only an aigrette of diamonds; the black sporran of long goat's hair, with the silver clasp; the silver-mounted dirk, with its appendages, set all with pale cairngorms nearly as good as Oriental topazes; and the claymore of the renowned Andrew's forging, with its basket hilt of silver and its black, silver-mounted sheath. He handled each with the reverence of a son. Having dressed in them, he drew himself up with not a little of the Celt's pleasure in fine clothes, and walked into the painting-room. Lenorme started with admiration of his figure and wonder at the dignity of his carriage, while mingled with these feelings he was aware of an indescribable doubt—something to which he could give no name. He almost sprang at his palette and brushes: whether he succeeded with the likeness of the late marquis or not, it would be his own fault if he did not make a good picture. He painted eagerly and they talked little, and only about things indifferent.

At length the painter said, "Thank you! Now walk about the room while I spread a spadeful of paint: you must be tired standing."

Malcolm did as he was told, and walked straight up to the *Temple of Isis*, in which the painter had now long been at work on the goddess. He recognized his sister at once, but a sudden pinch of prudence checked the exclamation that had almost burst from his lips. "What a beautiful picture!" he said. "What does it mean? Surely it is Hermione coming to life, and Leontes dying of joy. But no: that would not fit. They are both too young—and—"

"You read Shakespeare, I see," said Lenorme, "as well as Epictetus."

"I do—a good deal," answered Malcolm. "But please tell me what you painted this for."

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Then Lenorme told him the parable of Novalis, and Malcolm saw what the poet meant. He stood staring at the picture, and Lenorme sat working away, but a little anxious, he hardly knew why: had he bethought himself he would have put the picture out of sight before Malcolm came.

"You wouldn't be offended if I made a remark, would you, Mr. Lenorme?" said Malcolm at length.

"Certainly not," replied Lenorme, something afraid, nevertheless, of what might be coming.

"I don't know whether I can express what I mean," said Malcolm, "but I will try. I could do it better in Scotch, I believe, but then you wouldn't understand me."

"I think I should," said Lenorme. "I spent six months in Edinburgh once."

"Ow ay! but you see they dinna thraw the words there jist the same gait they du at Portlossie. Na, na! I maunna attemp' it."

"Hold! hold!" cried Lenorme. "I want to have your criticism. I don't understand a word you are saying. You must make the best you can of the English."

"I was only telling you in Scotch that I wouldn't try the Scotch," returned Malcolm. "Now I will try the English. In the first place, then—but really it's very presumptuous of me, Mr. Lenorme; and it may be that I am blind to something in the picture—"

"Go on," said Lenorme impatiently.

"Don't you think, then, that one of the first things you would look for in a goddess would be—what shall I call it?—an air of mystery?"

"That was so much involved in the very idea of Isis—in her especially—that they said she was always veiled, and no man had ever seen her face."

"That would greatly interfere with my notion of mystery," said Malcolm. "There must be revelation before mystery. I take it that mystery is what lies behind revelation—that which as yet revelation has not reached. You must see something—a part of something—before you can feel any sense of mystery about it. The Isis for ever veiled is the absolutely Unknown, not the Mysterious."

"But, you observe, the idea of the parable is different. According to that, Isis is for ever unveiling; that is, revealing herself in her works, chiefly in the women she creates, and then chiefly in each of them to the man who loves her."

"I see what you mean well enough; but not the less she remains the goddess, does she not?"

"Surely she does."

"And can a goddess ever reveal all she is and has?"

"Never."

"Then ought there not to be mystery about the face and form of your Isis on her pedestal?"

"Is it not there? Is there not mystery in the face and form of every woman that walks the earth?"

"Doubtless; but you desire—do you not?—to show that although this is the very lady the young man loved before ever he sought the shrine of the goddess, not the less is she the goddess Isis herself?"

"I do, or at least I ought; only—by Jove!—you have already looked deeper into the whole thing than I."

"There may be things to account for that on both sides," said Malcolm. "But one word more to relieve my brain: if you would embody the full meaning of the parable, you must not be content that the mystery is there: you must show in your painting that you feel it there; you must paint the invisible veil that no hand can lift, for there it is, and there it ever will be, though Isis herself raise it from morning to morning."

"How am I to do that?" said Lenorme, not that he did not see what Malcolm meant, or agree with it: he wanted to make him talk.

"How can I, who never drew a stroke or painted anything but the gunwale of a boat, tell you that?" rejoined Malcolm. "It is your business. You must paint that veil, that mystery, in the forehead and in the eyes and the lips—yes, in the cheeks and the chin and the eyebrows, and everywhere. You must make

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her say without saying it that she knows, oh, so much, if only she could make you understand it!—that she is all there for you, but the all is infinitely more than you can know. As she stands there now—"

"I must interrupt you," cried Lenorme, "just to say that the picture is not finished yet."

"And yet I will finish my sentence if you will allow me," returned Malcolm. "—As she stands there—the goddess—she looks only a beautiful young woman, with whom the young man spreading out his arms to her is very absolutely in love. There is the glow and the mystery of love in both their faces, and nothing more."

"And is not that enough?" said Lenorme.

"No," answered Malcolm. "And yet it may be too much," he added, "if you are going to hang it up where people will see it."

As he said this he looked hard at the painter for a moment. The dark hue of Lenorme's cheek deepened, his brows lowered a little farther over the black wells of his eyes, and he painted on without answer. "By Jove!" he said at length.

"Don't swear, Mr. Lenorme," said Malcolm. "Besides, that's my Lord Liftore's oath. If *you* do, you will teach my lady to swear."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Lenorme, with offence plain enough in his tone.

Thereupon Malcolm told him how on one occasion, himself being present, the marquis her father happening to utter an imprecation, Lady Florimel took the first possible opportunity of using the very same words on her own account, much to the marquis's amusement and Malcolm's astonishment. But upon reflection he had come to see that she only wanted to cure her father of the bad habit.

The painter laughed heartily, but stopped all at once and said, "It's enough to make any fellow swear, though, to hear a—groom talk as you do about art."

"Have I the impudence? I didn't know it," said Malcolm, with some dismay. "I seemed to myself merely saying the obvious thing, the common sense, about the picture, on the ground of your own statement of your meaning in it. I am annoyed with myself if I have been talking of things I know nothing about."

"On the contrary, MacPhail, you are so entirely right in what you say that I cannot for the life of me understand where or how you can have got at it."

"Mr. Graham used to talk to me about everything."

"Well, but he was only a country schoolmaster."

"A good deal more than that, sir," said Malcolm solemnly. "He is a disciple of Him that knows everything. And, now I think of it, I do believe that what I've been saying about your picture I must have got from hearing him talk about *the* revelation, in which is included Isis herself, with her brother and all their train."

Lenorme held his peace. Malcolm had taken his place again unconsciously, and the painter was working hard and looking very thoughtful. Malcolm went again to the picture.

"Hillo!" cried Lenorme, looking up and finding no object in the focus of his eyes.

Malcolm returned directly. "There was just one thing I wanted to see," he said—"whether the youth worshiping his goddess had come into her presence *clean*."

"And what is your impression of him?" half murmured Lenorme, without lifting his head.

"The one that's painted *there*," answered Malcolm, "does look as if he might know that the least a goddess may claim of a worshiper is that he should come into her presence pure enough to understand her purity. I came upon a fine phrase the other evening in your English Prayer-book. I never looked into it before, but I found one lying on a book-stall, and it happened to open at the marriage-service. There, amongst other good things, the bridegroom says, 'With my body I thee worship.' 'That's grand!' I said to myself: 'that's as it should be. The man

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whose body does not worship the woman he weds should marry a harlot.' God bless Mr. William Shakespeare!—*he* knew that. I remember Mr. Graham telling me once, before I had read the play, that the critics condemn *Measure for Measure* as failing in poetic justice. I know little about the critics, and care less, for a man who has to earn his bread, and feed his soul as well, has enough to do with the books themselves without what people say about them; and Mr. Graham would not tell me whether he thought the critics right or wrong: he wanted me to judge for myself. But when I came to read the play, I found, to my mind, a most absolute and splendid justice in it. They think, I suppose, that my lord Angelo should have been put to death. It just reveals the low breed of them: they think death the worst thing, therefore the greatest punishment. But Angelo prays for death, that it may hide him from his shame: it is too good for him, and he shall *not* have it. He must live to remove the shame from Mariana. And then see how Lucio is served!"

While Malcolm talked, Lenorme went on painting diligently, listening and saying nothing. When he had thus ended a pause of some duration followed.

"A goddess has a right to claim that one thing—has she not, Mr. Lenorme?" said Malcolm at length, winding up a silent train of thought aloud.

"What thing?" asked Lenorme, still without lifting his head.

"Purity in the arms a man holds out to her," answered Malcolm.

"Certainly," replied Lenorme, with a sort of mechanical absoluteness.

"And according to your picture every woman whom a man loves is a goddess —*the* goddess of Nature?"

"Certainly. But what *are* you driving at? I can't paint for you. There you stand," he went on, half angrily, "as if you were Socrates himself driving some poor Athenian nob into the corner of his deserts! *I* don't deserve any such insinuations, I would have you know."

"I am making none, sir. I dare never insinuate except I were prepared to charge. But I have told you I was bred up a fisher-lad, and partly among the fishers, to begin with, I half learned, half discovered, things that tended to give me what some would count severe notions: I count them common sense. Then, as you know, I went into service, and in that position it is easy enough to gather that many people hold very loose and very nasty notions about some things; so I just wanted to see how you felt about such. If I had a sister now, and saw a man coming to woo her all beclotted with puddle-filth, or if I knew that he had just left some woman as good as she crying eyes and heart out over his child, I don't know that I could keep my hands off him —at least if I feared she might take him. What do you think now? Mightn't it be a righteous thing to throttle the scum and be hanged for it?"

"Well," said Lenorme, "I don't know why I should justify myself, especially where no charge is made, MacPhail—and I don't know why to you any more than another man—but at this moment I am weak or egotistic or sympathetic enough to wish you to understand that, so far as the poor matter of one virtue goes, I might without remorse act Sir Galahad in a play."

"Now you are beyond me," said Malcolm. "I don't know what you mean."

So Lenorme had to tell him the old Armoric tale which Tennyson has since rendered so lovelily, for, amongst artists at least, he was one of the earlier burrowers in the British legends. And as he told it, in a half-sullen kind of way, the heart of the young marquis glowed within him, and he vowed to himself that Lenorme and no other should marry his sister. But, lest he should reveal more emotion than the obvious occasion justified, he restrained speech, and again silence fell, during which Lenorme was painting furiously.

"Confound it!" he cried at last, and sprang to his feet, but without taking his eyes from his picture. "What have I been doing all this time but making a portrait of you, MacPhail, and forgetting what you were there for! And yet," he went on, hesitating and catching up the

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miniature, "I *have* got a certain likeness! Yes, it must be so, for I see in it also a certain look of Lady Lossie. Well, I suppose a man can't altogether help what he paints any more than what he dreams.—That will do for this morning, anyhow, I think, MacPhail. Make haste and put on your own clothes, and come into the next room to breakfast. You must be tired with standing so long."

"It *is* about the hardest work I ever tried," answered Malcolm, "but I doubt if I am as tired as Kelpie. I've been listening for the last half hour to hear the stalls flying."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SECOND PART OF GOETHE'S "FAUST."

THE essence of the classic is life and spontaneity—the form entirely subservient to the subject-matter, and entirely inspired by it. It was Greek antiquity, in its art and literature at once the most spontaneous and the most thoroughly creative of the fitting form, that gave the world an ultimate conception of the highest excellence which art and literature can reach. But since every age and every century has its distinct and separate life, the form must vary to be its suitable expression. The classic is protean in its essence, and heaviest shackles clog the time which fails to feel its independent mission of creation—which fails to see its own reflection in its own truly classic works.

The unique importance of German literature for modern readers lies in the fact that, unlike the French and English, its classic period is the modern. At the head of this literature stands by common consent the *Faust* of Goethe, the Second Part of which is, however, comparatively little known, being commonly regarded as a mechanical and labored allegory, while with some it passes for a work of genius, filled with gems, but lacking unity and method. Yet the number is increasing of those who hold it destined to be the greatest glory of the greatest poet of our time. It cannot be the province of criticism to compel admiration for the poem, but since in versification and in detail it is beginning to attract attention as a work of highest art, it is the purpose of this paper to show that unity, and in the highest sense simplicity of scope and plan, are no less virtues that may at least be claimed for it.

In the opening of the Second Part an indefinite time has elapsed since the tragedy of Gretchen's life is over. Faust is discovered at twilight sinking to slumber in the open air—only the silent landscape is fitted to bring him without inquiries or explanations once more upon the scene. Fairies watch and soothe his slumbers till the approach of dawn drives them away.

The scene changes to the palace of the German emperor. The imperial council is assembled and the emperor ascends the throne. The court-fool is absent from his place. This the emperor notes in the same instant that a new aspirant for the position appears. It is Mephistopheles. The sitting is opened by the emperor with a regretful reference to the masques and amusements which he prefers to consider the main occasion of so large a convocation of his vassals. The chancellor in reply soon passes from adulation to facts of no agreeable nature. The disorders of the empire find additional exponents in the imperial commander, the treasurer and the chamberlain. The emperor meditates—at length turns to his fool for a complaint: so many appear to him a hopeless matter, he must have at least the mournful satisfaction of a joke. But Mephisto overflows with compliments, the prelude to a project—no less a one than an issue of paper money based upon the

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buried treasure of the empire. The plan finds incredulous but still avaricious hearers. It is debated: the emperor demands immediate proof that such treasures can be found, but the astrologer holds the pending masque a frivolous amusement which must first be disposed of. The masquerade which follows serves to introduce Faust, in gorgeous and brilliantly-supported character, to the emperor, who desires no better recommendation than the power to amuse. In the excitement of the festivities the latter signs a paper presented by the chancellor. It is not till the following scene that he realizes its purport: he learns it from the chorus of officials hastening to recount the marvelous effects of the newly-manufactured riches, and, only too delighted to be rid of their complaints, he makes Faust and Mephistopheles the sole directors of the undertaking. The talents of the newcomers are soon in request for the amusement of the pleasure-loving monarch. The emperor wishes to see in tableau Paris and Helen. Mephistopheles has small wish to meddle with antiquity, but gives Faust a magic key, armed with which the latter is to seek the ultimate sources of historic form and change. Meantime, the court is assembled in the theatre. A Doric temple occupies the scene. Faust in priestly robes rises with an antique tripod through the stage—evokes from it with his talisman a cloud of vapor, from which the forms of Paris and Helen separate. In the midst of the criticisms and encomiums Paris raises Helen in his arms as though to bear her away. Faust, who has dared the unknown and holds the prize his conquest, cannot be withheld from breaking in upon his rival, and an explosion follows. Faust lies prostrate, the spirits dissipate in mist, and Mephisto bears him away in the tumult.

The second act opens in the Gothic chamber which the weary scholar had once deserted in his search for happiness. Mephisto appears from behind a curtain, which he raises, revealing Faust stretched upon an antiquated bedstead. A new Famulus enters, for Wagner has become himself the head-professor. Mephisto, disguised in the old fur coat so long left hanging in Faust's chamber, begs admission to Wagner's study. The latter is discovered in the act of accomplishing in his laboratory the production by chemical methods of a human being. But only a manikin rewards his alchemy, and even this must be kept within the phial which gave it birth. Wagner hastens to propound to it a problem for solution, but Mephisto points the activities of the quick-witted nondescript to a more practical matter, the restoration of the comatose Faust. The phial escapes from Wagner's hand, and Homunculus, hovering over Faust, describes his dream. It is the vision of Leda and the Swan, which embodies to the mind of the dreamer the charming and naïve sense-life of the antique man. Homunculus finds in the yearning of the slumberer the means for procuring his recovery. The classic "Walpurgis Night" is at hand, and on the Pharsalian fields it is that the next scene presents the three to us again—Wagner being left to his beloved parchments. Mephisto finds the monstrosities of antique myth uncongenial, not to say disagreeable, companions, but borrows a disguise from the Phorkyads, the most monstrous of all, as a specimen brick of antiquity wherewith to frighten his fellow-devils in hell. Homunculus pursues a will-o'-the-wisp's progress in search of a more generally-recognized manner of existence, while Faust unswervingly pursues his passion, Helen. The centaur Chiron bears him to the sanctuary of Manto, Æsculapius's daughter, where we leave him, at the entrance to the lower world.

The third act presents us the palace of Menelaus in Sparta, evoked by the spells of the Walpurgis Night. Helen appears before it with a train of Trojan women. She has been sent from the ships to prepare the sacrifice of return, without suspecting that the victim is to be herself. The hideous beldame who informs her of the fact (it is Mephisto in his Phorkyas disguise) suggests also an escape. Helen, consenting, is transported to the castle of Faust: their nuptials are celebrated, and a son is born to

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them. His spirit is not of earth, but in his speedy flight his mantle and his lyre remain. Helen vanishes from the arms of Faust to be with her child, but her veil and robes waft the enthusiastic lover away to the events which begin the final culmination of his strivings.

The opening scene of the fourth act is a lonely mountain-summit: a cloud rolls over, sinks to the earth, and Faust appears. To Mephisto, presently at hand, he now reveals the ideal of his future—the conquest of the sea. The aimless elemental force of lashing wave must yield to human enterprise. Warlike music, heard in the distance, marks the approach of imperial forces. The disorders of the empire have reached the limit of endurance, a rival is in full tide of triumph, and the emperor must stake his crown upon the coming battle. Mephisto finds the means of giving Faust his wish. His arts secure the victory, and the strand of the empire is the reward.

The first scene of the fifth act presents the district won by Faust's labor from the sea. A wanderer returns to the spot where a peasant and his wife once saved him from shipwreck and the waves. The couple still live in their cottage on the hill, but far and wide beyond swarm villages and signs of human industry. The scene changes to a palace. A vessel moves in from the ocean on a wide canal. Mephisto and the sailors land, and the products of foreign climes are ranged upon the shore. But Faust gives no sign of pleasure or of welcome: without the hill beyond his darling plan is marred. Here only can he gain the view of what has been accomplished. Mephisto undertakes to transport the holders to a better home by force, since they refuse all terms of purchase. He fires the cottage and they perish in the flames. As Faust curses the deed midnight is at hand: shadows hovering over him descend, and four gray women — Want, Guilt, Danger and Care — appear, but only the last enters the rich man's door. Faust refuses to acknowledge her power. Stricken blind by her breath, he summons his laborers to rise from their sleep and push on his work to the end. Torches appear in the courtyard: Mephisto as overseer summons goblins about him, and they dig a grave. Faust appears at the doorway and delights in the sound of their spades: he calls to the overseer to push on the dikes, sinks down, and the goblins lay him dead upon the ground. His soul escapes the clutches of Mephisto and soars aloft.

Let us glance at the century of which Goethe is the king. Its enormous material prosperity, the well-being of the masses, their consequent striving in Europe for political power, in America their exclusive hold of it, — these things first strike the eye. Its boasted railroads and telegraphs mean simply richer shopkeepers and more of them. Because time is money the exquisite Pelham very consistently held it vulgar to carry a watch. The possession and acquisition of property begin, however, with the Stone Age, which is not the Nineteenth Century spelled with two capitals. We may take a certain satisfaction in living in the time which has more shopkeepers and richer ones than ever before, just as we should prefer being a mammal with a long name in the mammalian age to being an oyster with a long name in the earlier golden age of oysters. But seeing that every successive time has some material advantage over all before it, the amount of pleasure to be drawn from our superiority depends on knowing how many ages are to follow us. We therefore leave this rather naïve admiration of horse-car civilization to those whom it concerns, and look a little deeper at this nineteenth century. We find, then, that it is playing a very noble part in the preparation of the new bottles in which the new wine must be poured, and above all that it is distinguished from its predecessors by a marked indisposition to say much about new wine until the bottles shall be ready. Its greatest men have learned the lesson of a singular reticence and singular self-abnegation, but they are enthusiasts in their work. They are building at their dike against the gathering flood of mediocrity wellnigh at the height—against the waves of socialism which labor massed by capital has raised — against the aim-

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less waste of elemental force which history mourns.

It is a matter of no mean import that we find to-day men preaching culture by words as well as deeds—a preaching of culture which seems almost ridiculous, so matter of course is culture in some sort to those the preaching reaches first. But while the antique and the mediæval life were alike in favoring strong character, modern character *must* be *cultivated*, unless it is to deaden in the specializing occupations of modern life and the soul-leveling division of manufacturing labor—unless it is to be crushed by the complexities of science and the multitude of books, to be sapped by the shallow diffuseness of penny-a-lining, and seared with the selfishness generated in that struggle for existence which democracy involves of all things, first and foremost. Culture—by which we understand the culture of *character*—is in truth the dike we are in need of.

Not that we would degrade the creative grandeur of the culmination we have sketched to the rank of allegory. This ultimate self-set ideal of the bookworm, the seducer and the dreamer, who sells his soul for one moment of earthly bliss, and finds it only in the conquest of new fields for human enterprise and human happiness,—this ideal needs no allegorical interpretations. Certainly, no true American but will find in the conclusion of the Second Part the very height of poetic grandeur. The essence of an art-work, however, is that it incorporates and personifies thoughts and ideals beyond its corporate form. Though it is not the province of criticism to exhaust their meaning, to state the sum of thoughts and ideals which the form expresses (could this be done the art-work were unnecessary), their existence may be indicated, their outlines sketched. The character of Faust is Goethe's own in essence, in the thirst for knowledge, for personal experience of every phase of life, in the yearning for the antique ideal, in the consistent self-directed development of personality having a higher object than its own development. (See Emerson on Goethe's "selfishness.") The *Faust* is the highest expression of Goethe's self: its conclusion is inspired by a like unswerving devotion to a definite aim. We know that this aim was culture. Herein lies the inner connection between the earlier and the later acts of the Second Part. It was Greek antiquity which gave the ideal of culture to the world, which realized it most completely. No form so fittingly personifies the Greek ideal as Helen. The grand and simple harmony of the Second Part becomes apparent. HELEN and the DIKE are the keynotes of its symphony.

But not mere abstract forms are those which Goethe gives us. And it is with full artistic right that his personality fires them with creative force, for his personality is the characteristic expression of his time. Each cycle has its characteristic type. In the Greek it is the graceful athlete; in the Roman the fighting farmer; in the mediæval the chivalric knight; in the modern it is the man of science and of letters. The characteristic head of this modern cycle is "the writer" (Emerson on Goethe): the *Faust* is eminently its characteristic poem. Its hero wakes to the nothingness of study for its own sake: his compact with Mephisto gives the machinery for the trial of every possible experience, without which no solving of the problem could be satisfying. This problem is the one we all are asking—men of reflection and of books at least—What shall a man do? What is the world good for? The introduction of Mephisto serves for the statement of the problem in detail; brings out the eternal contradictions and devilish nature of the universe; shows the existence of good and evil only as contradictions of each other; serves as a foil for the earnest nature of the hero—for that, and that only, which is not in earnest is Satanic. The story of Gretchen gives color and dramatic life: it states concretely life's most appalling contradictions, infinite torture of infinite innocence. There are those to whom this episode, the story of the opera, is the main subject of the poem: rightly considered, it is one of three. The dramatic machinery and contingent life-giving de-

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tails of the latter two comprise the Second Part. Is comment needed to show the unity of action by which the heart-sick student, turned gallant, becomes idealist, then man of action (Gretchen, Helen, the dike)?

The appearance of Faust and Mephisto at the imperial court is the introductory basis of the Second Part, essential as foundation for the second meeting with the emperor by which the strand of the empire is secured—essential as foundation for the magic intercourse with Helen; for Faust's pursuit of her is represented not as the result of bookish enthusiasm and reflection, but as the result of actual contact with her form. His breaking in upon the spell is the link with the classic Walpurgis Night, for it is to secure his recovery that Homunculus recommends the journey. The conception of the latter is one of Goethe's infinite expedients for a creative motive which shall secure new combinations by new causes (instead of, for instance, a recommendation by Mephistopheles of the magic journey). It gives exactly the fantastic character needed for the development of the classic Walpurgis Night, which could only be exhibited by multitudinous mythic forms; which, again, must have an interlocutor other than Faust and Mephistopheles if the essential variety is to be maintained. The chemical creation of the Homunculus is an enormous satire on the pretensions of materialistic science; and his dissolution about the chariot of Galatea, the Venus of the sea, indicates that science too must bow in homage to the Greek ideal. The conception of the classic Walpurgis Night has a double office: it affords the fitting machinery for a magic spell which shall again call up the form of Helen; it serves also to bring Greek antiquity actually upon the scene, whereas the romantic passion of Faust for Helen is too living and personal a conception entirely to serve the purpose; it finally affords a foil to his romantic enthusiasm by presenting us antiquity mainly from the monstrous and fantastic side, while the hits of Mephistopheles bring out in bold relief the deviations of the modern from the antique standpoint. The Walpurgis spell continues in the third act. We are left to imagine the means by which Helen has been called back to life, or rather the means by which Faust becomes an actor with the beings of the past, rehearsing the shadows of their deeds; but the immediate appearance of Mephistopheles in his Phorkyas disguise is a sufficient reminder that we are dealing with a consistent development of plot. The very personal vigor of the action in the marriage of Faust and Helen raises the episode above the field of allegory to the true artistic greatness of self-existent conception. Still, we are dealing with that marriage of the antique and romantic (mediæval) spirit on which our modern era rests. The interpretation by which the child Euphorion is made the embodiment of Byron has historical accuracy, as far as concerns the original intention of the writing—which was not at first designed for *Faust*—but does great injustice to the imaginative character of the scene in its connection. Interpretation obscures the creative independence of the episode. The connection between the Greek ideal of culture and the spirit of modern labor is indicated by Helen's robes wafting Faust upward and away to his appointed task. A proof of the intention which rules the whole is the symmetrical arrangement by which the first act affords a common basis for the episodes of Helen and the dike, while of the remaining four, two acts are given to each of these themes, the first serving as introduction, the second as culmination.

The greatest men combine the highest national qualities not with the corresponding weaknesses, but with exactly opposite virtues. In more than one Jew has been united a moral liberality quite un-Judaic with the religious tenacity and fire which only Semites know. Shakespeare joins Anglo-Saxon force with very un-English many-sidedness—Goethe, German reflectiveness with creative force, German depth with full mastery of expressional form, German earnestness with keenest satiric power.

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We have concerned ourselves with the grandeur and the unity of *Faust*, but it is not with moderns that a poem reaching the size of an ordinary book can chain the attention of its readers exclusively by qualities like these. Let us acknowledge openly that the scoffer's vein chords with the spirit of the time. Not only without exception do we find it in the greatest novelists, in the only literature which our nation boasts as such, and in the cultus of the opéra bouffe: in the deepest sense it may be said that Satan is an essential element of Christianity. (One of the most interesting episodes of the Second Part is the introduction of Mephistopheles to antiquity.) An historic Satan in a modern poem would be ridiculous: Mephistopheles is none but Goethe. The unity of plot demands, however, a self-consistent Mephistopheles, and this is given us; for though the devilish is in abeyance throughout the Second Part until its close, it is in abeyance because the devil must keep his compact. But the Mephisto vein pervades whole sections of its action. The "greenback" episode is a most telling satire on phases of modern financiering, "paternal" government, supercilious orthodoxy and political thimblerigging. The scene in which the spirits of Paris and Helen are evoked is a running satire on modern misconceptions and fashionable views of antique art. In the second act we meet again the timid student of the First Part as full-fledged baccalaureus, and hot with the enthusiasms from which all graduates graduate. The manufacture of Homunculus is priceless—the classic Walpurgis Night an arsenal of quotations for the class accomplished at seeing through a millstone. The fourth act satirizes the chronic evils of all government. In the fifth a special episode depicts with sardonic vigor the fate of narrow good intention which blocks the path of greatness.

The use of magic and the supernatural is indispensable for the machinery of a drama with the scope of *Faust*. This poem is in its ideal, intent and general character allied with that most successful, most artistic and most truly modern art-work, the opera. The opera alone in modern art is raised above the art-degrading standard of common actuality by its essential nature and ideal purpose. It alone in modern art fulfills that first condition of true art, popularity combined with ideal significance—greatest to the greatest, but great to all. The spectator of *Don Juan* leaves the opera-house inspired at least by the music, perhaps with a suspicion that deepest meaning sounds from every note. Infinite self-assertion of infinite self may even find its sympathetic chord within his breast. In every work of Meyerbeer a whole historic period breathes its grandeur. The music of socialistic revolution rings in the airs of *Masaniello*, of antique singleness of feeling in the two great operas of Gluck. All great operas have, like *Faust*, ideals beyond the subject-matter, the indicated meaning of the work. Who dreams of carping at the supernatural in *Robert*, at the magic spell of the *Freischütz*, the story of the *Magic Flute*, or the fairy-world of *Oberon?*

The opera of *Faust* is itself the most popular of all modern music of the kind—the character of Mephisto a favorite with audience and singers. That the standpoint indicated—that is, the *actual* dramatic—is the one which Goethe contemplated for the work, is sufficiently apparent in the stage-directions of the Second Part, in which numerous *asides* of Mephistopheles are marked for the *audience*, while on one occasion he addresses them in epilogue from the proscenium. With certain omissions, such as are also customary in dramatic presentation of the First Part, the Second can be realized as actual drama: it may and should in any case be read as though it were. Beyond this aspect of the machinery employed, it must be noticed that the hero preserves an even attitude of cool contempt and skepticism toward all the manifestations of the devilishly supernatural. Even Mephisto has scoffing rationalistic explanations of his magic. We hear sometimes the remark that Goethe's witches are far inferior to Shakespeare's. The answer to be made is that Goethe's

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supernaturalism is *intentionally non*-creative.

Two sections especially of the Second Part must be regarded from the dramatic and, so to speak, the operatic, standpoint —the masquerade and the classic Walpurgis Night. The attempts at mystical interpretation of these portions of the poem are among the most laughable of modern criticism. The first is a ballet diversion pure and simple, ending with a "grand transformation scene" and red fire: the second *is* a Walpurgis Night whose logical unraveling in detail may logically be left to the Thessalian witches.

It is unnecessary to speak in this essay of the versification of the Second Part, except to say that it is the best work of the greatest modern poet. The translation of Mr. Taylor is open to the criticism which must be made, perhaps without exception, on all translations more than fragmentary, or limited paraphrases, of rhyme in rhyme. Mr. Taylor is right in asserting that the original effect is quite unattainable without the rhyme and metre: we will add, it is still less attainable with them. A prose translation is inadequate, but if simply and severely literal the absence of pretence is, in its way, a classic element which gives a certain elevation to the work. It is impossible in rhyme translation to file off every trace of the mechanical; yet rhyme for rhyme's sake, words for the sake of words,—these are vices of the poetaster not to be endured.

It remains to be explained why this greatest of all modern poems still awaits the final verdict of popular approval. Doubtless, a certain period must elapse, and always has elapsed, before a work which is to be classic for all time shall receive its full appreciation. In this case it is not simply our closeness to the work which is in question. The poem is itself the victim of that complexity of modern culture whose throes it represents. It demands a special education and a special taste — not only the knowledge of Greek art, but love of it. There are not many hundreds in the world with time or taste to make themselves sincerely masters of its inner life. Of these there are many who do not read German with that full knowledge of the language which the work demands. The meeting of Faust with the centaur Chiron, who bears him to the threshold of his longings, strikes the keynote of this feeling: to those who share it the poem is an open book; to others it will be closed for ever.

Und sollt' ich nicht, sehnsüchtigster Gewalt,
Ins Leben ziehn die einzigste Gestalt,
Das ewige Wesen, Göttern ebenbürtig,
So gross als zart, so hehr als liebenswürdig?
Du sahst sie einst; heute hab' ich sie gesehn,
So schön wie reizend, wie ersehnt so schön.
Nun ist mein Sinn, mein Wesen streng umfangen;
Ich lebe nicht, kann ich sie nicht erlangen.

William Henry Goodyear.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Crusted with silver, gemmed with stars of light,
  Topaz and ruby, emerald, sapphire, pearl,
The enchanted tree within a world of white
Uplifts her myriad crystal branches bright
  Against the pale blue skies. The keen winds whirl
Her globèd jewels on the sheeted snow,
That hard and pure as marble lies below.

Yet even as the radiant fruitage falls,
  Touching the solid earth, it melts to air.

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Gold-glimmering rings and clear, flame-hearted balls,—
These be the magic keys to elfin halls.
  The outstretched hands of greed are void and bare,
But elfin hands may clasp, elf eyes may see,
The mystic glories of the wondrous tree.

Lo, as beneath the silver boughs I stood,
  And watched the gleaming jewel in their heart,
Blue as a star, the subtle charm held good:
  I touched and clasped a dropping diamond dart,
  And, rapt from all the snowy world apart,
Alone within the moist, green woods of May,
I wandered ere the middle hour of day.

And over me the magic tree outspread
  Her rustling branches like a silken tent;
An azure light the balmy heavens shed;
Rose-white with odorous bloom above my head,
  Scarce 'neath their burden soft the wreathed sprays bent.
Through them went singing birds, and once on high
Surely a blindfold, winged boy-god flew by.

In the cool shade two happy mortals stood
  And laughed, because the spring was in their veins,
Coursing like heavenly fire along their blood,
To see the sunbeams pierce the emerald wood,
  To hear each other's voice, to catch the strains
Of sweet bird-carols in the tree-tops high;
And laughed like gods, who are not born to die.

A spirit murmured in mine ear unseen,
  "Rub well the dart thou holdest." I obeyed,
And all the tree was swathed in living green,
Veiled with hot, hazy sunshine, and between
  The ripe, dark leaves plump cherries white and red,
Swaying on slender stalks with every breeze,
Glowed like the gold fruits of Hesperides.

Once more I rubbed the talisman. There came
  Once more a change: the rusty leaves outshone
With tints of bronze against a sky of flame,
Weird with strange light, the same yet not the same.
  But brief the glory, setting with the sun:
A fog-white wraith uprose to haunt the tree,
And shrill winds whistled through it drearily.

From out my hand the mystic arrow fell:
  Like dew it vanished, and I was aware
Of winter-tide and death. Ah, was it well,
Ye mocking elves, to weave this subtle spell,
  And break it thus, dissolving into air
The fairy fabric of my dream, and show
Life a brief vision melting with the snow?

EMMA LAZARUS.

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THE CRUISE OF THE HERON.

THE small sloop Heron, with a crew of three men, went on a pleasure-trip down the coast. There were half a dozen in the party—Kate Meadow and her father and a cousin of his, Mrs. Brook, Kate's cousin, Louise Larch, Richard Fleming, and finally Dan Field of the new law-firm of Colman & Field. Their plan was to go where will and wind prompted, and stay as long as they could, unless they got tired beforehand. They spent a week or two sailing in still water, and in water that was anything but still; making harbor at splendid sunsets, and lying at anchor till morning, or sleeping with the roll of the waves in their brains and the low wash against the planks close to their ears; fishing, lying becalmed or stealing ghost-like through radiant golden haze, with the fog-horn sounding far away; going ashore in strange places; lying cabined till the rain should pass over, or walking the deck close-wrapped and fluttering, while the bare rigging creaked and the bow pointed up stubbornly to the tautened hawser, and the wind careered sturdily out of the south.

Fleming, whom they called "Rich," was a quick, clever, quiet little fellow, and an old friend of Kate's whom she liked very much in a frank way. Field, too, she had long known in a general way: they two were always chaffing one another when together, he being anything but a serious fellow, as most people saw him, and finding a very pleasant acid flavor in her sharp chatter, for which he somehow always gave occasion. Their banter was the merriment of the whole party. All of the company were more or less acquainted beforehand, and every one knows how rapidly persons become intimate who are together all day long and dependent on one another.

All the morning of the second Friday they had been trolling for bluefish, and went into Fowler's Island Harbor early in the afternoon. Some of them went ashore in the yawl and took a look at the curious settlement and the wild-looking islanders. As Mr. Meadow and two or three of the party passed by one of the houses, Captain Shore came out and asked for money to pay for some milk and eggs, and Field took out a roll of bills while two or three of the rough natives stood by.

Kate had not gone ashore: she was in perplexity, and wanted a chance to think by herself. So she sat and listened to the bubbling of the water, and watched the fishermen's boats glide and gleam in the sunlight. The perplexing situation was briefly this: Fleming, Kate knew, had been getting to think a good deal of Louise, who on her part had found him a very clever and pleasant little fellow; and since they began this cruise Field had been coming between them, and one of them had not enjoyed it. Field did not appear to know anything about it, but amused himself and Miss Larch and every one else more or less. Rich did not mope or scowl: he was active and friendly with all, and appeared to take a good deal of pleasure in his quiet way; but Kate knew him better than the rest, and how sensitive he was, and she knew that he was hurt, and was very sorry. He was proud with all his gentleness, and would be second to none; and when Field walked and chatted and lay on the deck beside Louise, reading out of Mark Twain or doing tricks with cards, or what not, and laughing always, Rich only kept away and let him have it all his own way. He had no reason to find fault with Field, who took no advantage and showed a liking for the trim little fellow: more than once, indeed, he had put Fleming in charge of Louise, saying that he must have a skirmish with the enemy, meaning Kate, whose tongue always had a sharp edge ready for him. But even then he was so much bigger every way than Rich that he unconsciously gave the feeling of parceling out the favor

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of Miss Larch's company, for which Rich did not wish to be indebted to any one.

The worst of it was that, underneath all Field's banter and flippancy and evident cleverness, Kate had known him too long not to have found out that he was true and generous to an unusual degree. His partner, Philip, had often spoken to her of his faithfulness and sincerity, and her father had acquired a high opinion of his ability and honor in business relations. She could not help liking and admiring him, with certain reserves to be set to the account of his own apparent contentment with himself; and on both these accounts she was very angry at him. If he was so scrupulous in business matters, promises and appointments, could he not see how mean and cruel it was to rob one of what he held above all price? and was he so large in his own eyes that he could see no one but his own great person?

Kate was quite distressed and out of patience — angry with Fleming for not showing more spirit, with Field as a blundering dolt—with Louise more than all, because, forsooth! she took both their comings and goings very coolly indeed, and did not seem to care which came or went. She ought, indeed, to see that she was hurting her very good friend Fleming, but how was she to make light of such a handsome and every way superior fellow as Field?

Kate and Fleming had taken a row by themselves in the skiff that morning. He had left off rowing a while, and let the boat rock while Kate leaned over the stern and looked into the waves. "Kate," he had said suddenly, "I think I shall leave you when we get to New Dublin."

And she had sat up and said, "Why, Rich, you'll do nothing of the kind."

"Yes, I think so," he continued. "I had a letter from Lancey at Seaport saying Will was sick."

The frank girl looked at him a minute, and then said, "Rich, you know that's not the reason."

A fishing-boat passed near them just then with a barefooted, lank, shaggy young islander, dressed in a tattered covering of blue overall and a shapeless hat. He stared at Kate as he came, and ran his boat quite close, grinning in Kate's face in an offensive manner that raised Fleming's hot blood, and he lifted his oar and warned him away; whereat the fellow gave him a scowl and sheered off.

As Kate sat on deck in the afternoon she was thinking that the worst of this puzzle was that nobody seemed to be to blame, and asking herself why she should take it so much to heart: there was no good reason why Field should not like Louise as well as Fleming; and he was as good a fellow if he did laugh at his own jokes, and Louise was certainly worthy of the best. But he had every advantage of Rich, and Kate always sympathized with the weaker side. She could not bear to see any one in trouble, remembering a certain heartache of which time had cured her indeed, but which she did not care to repeat. And what was strange about her sympathy with Rich now was, that it brought back the taste of that same bitterness and the same forsaken feeling.

She had forgotten the bright and strange scene, and was looking down into the water full of changing light, when a shadow passed over her, and glancing up a sail almost touched her, and the same half-naked sea-dog was grinning at her closely. She gave him one half-startled, half-defiant glance, turned about and went down to Captain Shore in the cabin.

Fleming came off presently with Mrs. Brook, and sent one of the hands ashore with the yawl again, remaining to keep Kate company. She told him how the wild young islander had been annoying her again, and he was much vexed about it, and told Field when he and Louise came aboard. Field made light of it as usual, and was rather amused. He came over and threw himself down by Kate, and began chaffing her about her admiring Triton, her Neptune in overalls, and the like.

Now, Kate was in no humor for banter: she had been brooding over the prospect of Rich going off home by rail alone and unhappy, and the spoiling of their cruise, which had else been so

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pleasant, and was especially out of humor with Field for a marplot and for being selfish and unseeing. So, much to his surprise, she kept silent for a minute with her face turned seaward, and then turned on him suddenly and answered, speaking quickly and sharply, "It doesn't become you very well to make light of an insult offered to a lady. If you weren't by to resent it, you might at least have the delicacy to say nothing about it. If you thought less of yourself and more of others, you'd make fewer such blunders. There are barbarians who are not fishermen, and all the people who annoy and spoil people's happiness do not wear overalls." Then, overcome with vexation at the unintentional vehemence of her speech and the rush of pent feelings but half understood, she turned away quickly and sobbed once in spite of herself: then went down to her state-room and locked herself in.

Louise went after her presently, but Kate would not answer or let her in. She did not come out till supper-time, when no one took any notice, and she tried to appear as if nothing had happened.

Field was quite concerned, and took an opportunity of asking Fleming if he knew what was the matter with her; but he answered no, not altogether. He thought she was not feeling very well that day. At the same time Fleming took the chance, Mr. Meadow happening to join them, of announcing his intention of taking the train at New Dublin, and both opposed it strongly. But Field forgot and fell whistling to himself, and presently he said, "Rich, Kate knows you talk of going?"

"Yes, I told her this morning."

"I thought so," answered Field, and began to whistle again reflectively. He lay stretched on the roof of the cabin, and Fleming sat near him. "Rich," he said, "if that amphibious dog annoys Kate again, we must teach him better manners." After a pause he added, "Rich, I don't see what you want to go home for: I wouldn't if I stood in your shoes."

Fleming looked at him inquiringly. "Well, maybe you wouldn't," he answered a little sharply. "But *ifs* and *providings* don't so often happen as might be. 'It is, but hadn't ought to be,' you know;" and he got off and walked away.

The wind sprang up toward sunset, and blew unceasingly from the northwest, and the Heron lay at anchor for the night. One of the ladies proposed to take a row after supper and try an echo of which some one had spoken, and Fleming got round the yawl and helped them all over the side. Field and the skipper were talking together in a low tone, and they called Fleming and spoke to him, looking toward the shore without pointing; and then Fleming dropped into the hatchway quickly and put something into his pocket, sprang out lightly and back to the yawl, and pulled away in a straight line, keeping the sloop between him and a boat which was coming off from shore. When they had come aboard in the afternoon, after bringing the milk and eggs, Shore had said to Field privately, "If it wasn't coming on to blow out of the north'ard, I'd be for going into New Dublin to-night. I don't like these islanders much: they're about half shark, anyway. You ought not to have showed them greenbacks the way you did: they looked at them as if they were sharp set enough to eat them and you too."

Their manner, at first forbidding and sulky, had become jocular and rudely familiar, and they had made a small present of fish, on the strength of which they invited themselves to come aboard in the evening. So now they were coming. There were six or eight of them, men and women.

Field and the skipper hoped to get rid of their visitors before the ladies returned. Shore said to Field, "We must treat them civil now. Never mind about a little roughness: if we get foul of them, we'll have the whole island on us. You keep a sharp lookout on deck, and I'll go down with them and give them something, and make some excuse to get quit of them. That's the devil of it: they'll never go till we give them whisky, and they're no saints with drink in them."

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They came aboard with a good deal of rough merriment, and made an especial show of friendliness toward Field; and when Shore invited them down to the cabin, they insisted on Field's accompanying them, and one or two refused to go down till he came. Field would have been for treating them to cold courtesy and ordering them off if they did not behave themselves; but Shore intimated to him that it would not do to cross them lightly, and so he went down, and the skipper remained on deck, sending down the two hands, Brace and Beach, to bear him company. These proved but a poor resource, however.

Mr. Meadow was in the hold forward, arranging some lines for to-morrow's fishing. (The cabin accommodations of the Heron were limited, and berths had been improvised for some of the party in the waist.) The skipper came and called him after a while: "Mr. Meadow, I think you'd better come up." He came up immediately, and saw Shore standing forward with a handspike in his hand and looking out in the direction Fleming had taken. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"Go aft and look into the cabin," Shore said.

He went back on the quarter and looked down the companion-way. There was high carnival going on down there. Either they had brought off liquor with them, or they had somehow got the best of Field and taken possession of the skipper's store, and appeared to be drinking freely. The hands, apparently wrought upon by the blandishments of the island women, had already taken too much, and they and their new friends were making boisterous hilarity, singing, chattering all together in a harsh jargon, laughing and clinking their glasses in the wildest manner. They were all between Field and the entrance, and in the fitful light of the hanging lamp, the wild faces of the islanders and their outlandish dress, with the handsome young fellow at the farther end resolute and composed, and just a little pale, made a rather startling spectacle.

When Mr. Meadow went forward again he saw Shore in the shrouds swinging a lantern, and he asked, "Isn't it time Fleming was back? You don't think anything has happened?"

"No," Shore answered: "he was armed and he's a plucky fellow. They won't trouble him, but I wish he was here."

Mr. Meadow went down and got his pistol, and when he came back the skipper said, "They're coming;" and, listening, they could hear the chock of the oars. Presently the boat appeared, and they heard them speaking to one another in a low tone across the water. They had seen the signal, and taken the hint from its silence. The two men stood by the gunwale and waited for them to come alongside, then helped them aboard; and Shore said, "We've got some drunken islanders aboard, ladies, and I think you'd better go below here till we get rid of them."

Nothing more was said, but they assisted them to climb down the hatchway, put on the hatch, and blocked up one side not to smother them. Meanwhile, Fleming had been aft to reconnoitre, and came back. "Well," he asked, "what's to be done?"

"We've got to go out of here," the skipper said.

Fleming was a tolerable sailor, and they quickly and silently got up sail, and then hove the anchor. The wind was blowing hard from the north-west by this time, and even in the harbor the water was beginning to be rather rough. As the sails rose and filled out, one and another gruff voice from the neighboring craft lying at anchor hailed to ask where they were going, and Shore answered, "We're going into New Dublin."

From all sides came advice not to try it, and one captain said the Heron could not make New Dublin with that wind. Shore did not reply, but went aft to the wheel, and the sails flapped and filled, and then drew and made the sloop move through the water.

The party below were uproarious by this time, but some of them noticed the flutter in the rigging or the heeling of the vessel, and came out to see what it was. They demanded where he was

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bound, and being told said it could not be done, and receiving no reply went back to report.

About that time Field suddenly disappeared from among the riotous crew without any one seeing him go. That and the news of the sloop being under way created a great excitement for the moment in the cabin; and meanwhile Field appeared suddenly to the startled ladies in the hold: there was a narrow passage through the partition, covered by the stationary cabin table, and through this Field had managed to slip unnoticed. He went to his berth and brought out a pair of pistols, and said to Kate, "Kate, you've handled a pistol, haven't you?"

Kate answered, "Yes," remembering well the first time. "Well, keep that," said Field. "The sloop's under way, and we'll soon shake them off." He climbed up and pushed aside the hatch, and joined his friends on deck, who were glad enough to see him.

Kate was nearest the cabin partition, and hearing some noise that way turned quickly, and the light of the lantern flashed luridly on the shaggy head of the same young dog of an islander grinning savagely in her face, and quite close. She gave an involuntary scream, and instantly the hatch overhead was flung aside and Fleming dropped through it like a cat. He comprehended with a quick flash of anger, and almost at the instant he struck on his feet slapped the fellow smartly in his face. The devil sprang up in the ugly visage, and he thrust his hand into his breast and drew out a knife. He was raising his arm to strike when there was a cry and a sudden report, and the knife flew across the hold. The fellow ducked and turned, and went through the hole in the wall like an eel. Fleming turned toward Kate. "Did you do that?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Kate.

"You knocked the knife out of his hand."

"I fired: that's all I know," she said.

Mrs. Brook and Louise were naturally startled and agitated.

"Do you want me to stay now?" asked Fleming, feeling that he ought, but anxious about what might happen on deck.

Kate alone was quite composed: her blood was up, her face flushed and eyes bright, and her hair thrown back from her face. She moved the lantern so that its light fell into the corner next the cabin. "No," she said: "you go up, Rich. We're not afraid: I won't let any more come through."

So he left them and went on deck again.

The islanders said it was madness to think of going into New Dublin that night, that they must not try it, and finally that they should not go. They said they could have twenty men by calling for them, and looked and talked very threateningly. But meanwhile the Heron was beating out of the harbor, and the four determined men took no notice of their words except to let the butts of their pistols show as they moved about on the alert and stood by to brace the jib round to help her jibe. When the crew in the cabin found they were bound to go out, they began to pelt the captain at the wheel, and directly opposite the companion-way, with anything they could lay hands on—at first with light objects, then with bottles and glasses that whirled past his head overboard or smashed on the wheel or the taffrail, knocking his hat off and cutting his hand. Finally, the cabin-lamp came out bodily and all aflame, and crushed into a thousand fragments. Having thus thrown away their light, they had no resource but to come on deck, shouting and turbulent, women and men together. But they were evidently awed by the silence and determination of the little party in charge, and Shore added to their awe by knocking down first one and then the other of his own drunken hands as they came within his reach. Some of them were evidently for getting away, and as the sloop came round and drew up on the next tack, and began to feel the heave of the open water and the sweep of the head wind, they began to move toward their boat, towing astern. But, whether reckless with drink or wild with resentment of Fleming's blow in the face, just

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as the last of them were dropping over the side, the same young dog made a sudden movement and flung off the cover of the hatch. Just as he was about to leap down, Field came with a bound and sprang right across the hatch upon him. "You sea-devil, you! now go!" he cried; and seizing him round the body as he stooped, he lifted him, and with a swing flung him clear over the side into the sea. Then he and his friends stood at the gunwale with their pistols drawn and warned the boat off, while the sloop came up fluttering into the wind and went dancing away on the starboard tack, safe from any pursuit.

But they had little time or reason then for congratulation, with a rough sea, a wild night of head wind and a dangerous harbor before them. The drunken hands were dragged forward and left to roll in the scuppers to sober them. The cabin was hastily put to rights, a lantern hung, and the ladies got out of the hold. The young men got up the red and green lights and hung them in the shrouds, and made everything snug as the captain directed; and they dropped the harbor behind and went staggering out into open water. Then for half the night it was beat and beat up into the wind, with wet decks and scuppers spouting, spray flying in great sheets from bow to stern. The lonely ladies sat together, speaking little, and with a dreary feeling of the desolation of sea-storms and foundering vessels creeping over them as they listened to the labor and strain of the sloop, the clatter and creaking and loud flapping of the sails and rigging, the swash and thumping of the waves, trampling feet on the deck overhead, and now and then a hoarse call. So dismally they huddled together in the dim cabin while for hours the sloop forged on, pitching till the bowsprit pointed halfway to the zenith, then plunging with a headlong wallow into the seething hollow, sometimes burying her bowsprit in the coming billow.

About midnight there was a temporary lull in the gale, and Field came down to see how they got on, and found Kate sitting alone: Mrs. Brook and Louise, tired out, had gone to lie down in the staterooms. Field was dripping: he took off his hat and shook out the water. He looked more sober than Kate had ever seen him, but not at all alarmed. "Well, Kate," he said, "how do you get on? It's dismal for you, isn't it?"

"Oh, I'm glad you've come," she answered. "It's dreadfully lonesome and dismal down here. Do you think there's any danger, Mr. Field?"

He hesitated a moment, but answered then, "You would not wish me to deceive you, Kate, and you have a right to know, and I suppose you want to know the truth. There is danger, but I have no doubt we'll get in. The Heron is a very stiff little craft, and Shore is a good sailor. But it's a bad wind to make New Dublin harbor, and the sea is running high. That is the exact truth, I believe. I think we had best not alarm the others, but you would rather know, wouldn't you?"

The vessel rolled so that they were obliged to hold on to keep from being overturned as they sat, and they had to put their heads close to hear for the uproar without.

"Thank you," she answered, just a little pale, but not belying his confidence in her courage. "I wouldn't mind at all if I could be on deck and help. It's a great deal more dismal cooped up here with nothing to do: don't you think so? And it must be grand out there too: I should so much like to go up a little while. Don't you think I could?"

"Well, I don't know," he said. "It is grand, but it's very wet too;" and he laughed, as was his way. "But if you don't mind a ducking, I think we can manage it. I'll see."

He started to go up the cabin-stair, but came back and bent over her, holding on. "Oh, by the way, Kate," he said, "I want to beg your pardon for offending you this afternoon. I did not mean to offend you, I'm sure."

She did not answer, but looked away soberly, not thinking of Field or herself, but recurring to Rich and his trouble.

"Then you won't forgive me?" Field said, after looking at her a little while.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of that," she answered hastily, looking up. "I have

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nothing to forgive: it was I who was rude and should ask pardon. It was not what you said that offended me. I was angry with you about something else, and had been thinking about that; and I'm afraid I was very rude and foolish."

He sat down and was silent a little while, and then said, "Kate, will you tell me what you were angry with me about? I don't understand."

Then the frank, impulsive girl told him about Rich and Louise, and how he was making Rich unhappy, flushing up and speaking eagerly as she went on. "Louise is a very nice girl," she finished, "and you are certainly not to blame for liking her; but Rich has been getting to think a great deal of her, and he's a very touchy fellow and takes such things more to heart than—than most people. He is talking of going away to-morrow, and I know it's on account of nothing else but that; and it will spoil our trip to have him go off so alone; and I think it's a great pity, any way. Rich is as good and clever as any one, but you have the advantage of him every other way. I know it's hard to give up to another, but I know it can be done"—there were drops in the eager eyes when she said that—"and I know you are brave and generous, and would not interfere if you knew what you were doing."

She forgot storm and danger and discomfort in her ardent pleading of another's cause, and Field sat leaning on the table and looking at her while she talked and a little longer, the sea and storm tossing them and shutting them in with the deafening uproar. "Are you quite sure of that?" he said then.

"Yes, quite sure."

"And would you be pleased if you knew Louise liked Fleming as well?"

"Of course I should," she replied. "They are both my very dear friends."

"And you would have no regret of any kind?"

"No—none that I know of. I don't know what you mean."

There was a shout upon deck just then, and Field ran away, calling, "They're going about. I'll come back."

The sloop came up to the wind with a tremendous flapping and flutter, and then she drew away again with the steady heave and plunge and the great swash and hurtle of waves and wind.

About a quarter of an hour later Field came down again to Kate. "Now," he said, "if you think you'd like to go up a little while, and can wrap yourself up so as not to mind a shower-bath, I've provided a little arrangement to keep you from being washed overboard."

Kate jumped at any relief from that dungeon. "Oh, I should like to come!" she cried.

She wrapped herself closely, and they went up. He went out first, and the heaving tumult upon which she looked out made her hesitate, but he said, "Don't be afraid. Keep hold and creep just round here."

He had made a rope fast, and she crept round and crouched in the lee of the cabin, and he brought the rope round her and fastened it. She felt the pitch of the vessel here much more than she had done in the cabin, and at first crouched in fear and clung to the mouldings of the house, deafened and scared, and when a heavier lurch broke loose her feeble grip, she could not help screaming and catching hold of Field, though the rope held her quite safely. There was nothing for Field to do then but to crouch beside her and hold her fast. She quickly became assured in his strong grasp, and could admire the grand spectacle. She lay still and awed a good while, and finally Field put his mouth close to her ear and asked if she wanted to go back.

"No," she answered: "I'd rather stay here. It's dreadfully dismal below, and it's very grand here: don't you think it is?"

He looked at her and answered with a motion of his head. They said no more for a good while, speaking being very difficult and the awe of the wild night not inclining either to talk. By and by Field put his face quite close to Kate's, and in that way they could talk quite easily, though no one could have heard a word three feet off; and he said, "Kate, you were very much mistaken."

"Was I? How?" And she turned

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her head and tried to see his face more plainly. "Don't you like Louise?"

"Yes, very much."

"And you did not know about Rich?"

"No: I did not know that."

"Well, then, how was I mistaken?"

"We have all been mistaken—you and I and Rich and Louise. Louise thinks Rich cares more for you than any one else; I thought you cared most of all for Rich; Rich and you think I care only for Louise. You know that Louise and I were mistaken. But was I quite in the wrong, Kate?"

"That I cared more for Rich than any one else? No, I don't know that you were wrong. I never thought about it, but Rich and I are very good friends, and I like him very much."

"Well," answered Field, looking intently into the dim face, "I like Louise very much, and yet you were very much mistaken, because I care a great deal more for somebody else."

She grew timid somehow at his confidence: there were some unknown qualities of tenderness in his voice and half-seen manner that touched her, and she was suddenly overcome with confusion and self-upbraiding for having misjudged him, and so blundered. "Oh, do you?" she answered contritely. "Do I know her?"

"Can't you really guess, then?" he asked, seeming disappointed.

Somehow, she did not want to guess: she was wondering at herself that, though that trouble of Rich's was gone now—and indeed had never been but in imagination—she was still not satisfied, and still kept the pain it had given her. "No," she returned, keeping her face away, "I can't think who it is. Will you tell me her name?"

"Her name," he answered, looked away, and then turned back again with a movement that implied a very surprising emotion in him, and repeating the words—"her name is Kate."

She stood up. She had become accustomed to the heave of the sloop, and could stand with the aid of the rope. She bent toward him and asked, "And I know her?"

He partly rose, and answered swiftly with passion, "Oh, will you never understand, Kate? I care for no one but you!"

There was a sound of breakers mingling with the general tumult then, and both looked up and saw a great light in the air above and close upon them. "It is the lightship," said Field.

Then, as they rose on the waves, they made out the lonely hulk, dismal and stark, buried in a cloud of spray and dashed over and over by the waves, the storm screaming and tearing through her bare rigging, that clanked and rattled dolefully like the chains of galley-slaves, but bearing her light aloft sturdily. They beat up under its lee, and then tacked and left it behind. Field went to help Shore at the wheel as he luffed, and then went forward.

Presently, Fleming came clambering aft to Kate, and asked if she wanted to go down. But she answered no, she would rather stay and be where she could see what was coming, and if she was not in the way she would not go down till they got in.

"Rich," she asked, "how did you know I was here?"

"Field told me. He sent me to see about you. Where are the other ladies, Kate?"

"They were lying down when I came up. You'd better go down and tell them where I am, and keep them company a while." After a minute she added, "Rich, you and I have been very foolish. I've been talking with Mr. Field, and—and you need not go away: there's no reason for it."

"Are you quite sure of that?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, I am quite sure. Go now, Rich."

She wanted to be alone: she had found out more things than one. All through that wild passage she crouched there, dashed with spray and beaten by the tempest, rejoicing in it, triumphing over it: there was a spirit within her as brave and untamed as its own. She knew then the ardor of men in battle: she remembered a line of Brownell's lyrics, repeated it aloud, and knew what it meant, with her eyes wide open and facing the dark-

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ness and the gale that beat on her face full of salt rain:

Fear a forgotten form, death a dream of the eyes!

She could talk or laugh or cry as she pleased in the heart of that fierce chorus: never had she been more alone than there with people all round her.

Once or twice the skipper at the near wheel made out that she was singing wild and high in concert with the storm, and once he caught the words, as the gust hurled them at him, "Stormy winds fulfilling His word."

They made the harbor safely about three in the morning, after a very rough and dangerous entrance. Rain came on about daybreak, and lasted till near noon. Then there was a splendid breaking away, and all came up to see. Kate was standing with Rich, and Louise came over and put her arm about her. "Rich," she said, "Kate tells me you think of going away. I hope you will not."

"Do you care, then?" he asked quickly.

"Certainly I do," she answered. "I am sure we should all miss you very much."

"Then I think I won't go," he said.

And presently the Heron got up sail and bore away upon her happy cruise.

James T. McKay.

HEMMED IN.

NO other presence in the universe
  So longed I for as thine:
The blessing came, but shadowed by a curse.
  What ailed this heart of mine?

At sight of thee it straightway turned to lead,
  And sank me by its weight.
How poor and weak the scanty words I said!
  Far less like love than hate.

Ah! this is it. Love's possibilities
  Of speech and sign are rare:
So mighty then each little moment is,
  It numbs me like despair.

I stood in midst of opportunity,
  Bewildered by the shock:
Its bounty fell so suddenly on me
  It hemmed me in like rock.

Charlotte F. Bates.

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YOUNG ALOYS; OR, THE GAWK FROM AMERICA.

BY BERTHOLD AUERBACH, AUTHOR OF "ON THE HEIGHTS," "VILLA ON THE RHINE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"HORB STATION!" cried the conductor.

A young man dressed in black, of a stout and robust figure, alighted: he pushed back his broad-brimmed hat, so that it rested on his neck. The face that looked out so defiantly, with its commanding forehead and prominent cheekbones, had been newly shaven, and only a heart-shaped, closely-trimmed beard was left on the chin. Around the neck, which was brawny and sunburnt, he had tied in a knot, on which a diamond glittered, a red, brick-colored cravat. He now took off his hat, which was almost as broad as a moderate-sized carriage-wheel, and as he threw back his head and planted himself squarely on his wide-spread legs, it seemed as if he threw out into the world the question whether any one had a wish to tackle him. His big fingers, on one of which he wore a thick ring, played with the pendants of a heavy gold watch-chain, consisting of a square, hammer and trowel, all of gold. His blue eyes, whose good-natured expression contrasted strikingly with his general pugnacious aspect, glanced in all directions.

A well-strapped trunk was handed out, and the conductor asked, "Does this belong to you?"

"Just so," answered the stranger: "I'll send for it."

Without another word he turned and went toward the town.

On the Neckar Bridge he stopped, looked down into the stream, in which at that moment some white ducks were swimming, and a singular smile passed over his broad face as he said to himself, "Father, I imagined it bigger than this. So, then, down below there lies thy luck-penny. One could see it if it were still there. I fancy the rivers are much clearer here than with us."

Now we know him, then—the son of Aloys, nicknamed Gawk. The father, when discharged from military service, finding that his sweetheart, Marianna, had played him false and was married to Georgy, had emigrated to America.

Whistling to himself the air of "The Nut-brown Maid," the young man turned about, crossed the railroad track and went up the hill.

"God's greeting! Will you not step in?" cried the hostess, who stood on the front step of the railroad restaurant. The young man silently declined with a wave of the hand and strode on.

"That, then, is the brick-kiln, and that the hollow, where the terrible scuffle took place that night?" he thought to himself as he stalked onward; and when he saw the many beer-cellars dug into the hillside, he said, nodding his big head, "They make good provision against thirst here, at all events."

The day was hot: the traveler stopped by the wood and looked at the town, which is built so curiously up the slope of the mountain; but he looked more particularly at a grassy mound on the green strip that bordered the field by the roadside: "There, then, is where Marianna sat at the time when father came home from the soldiers' lottery?"

Boys with school-knapsacks came up the hill: they stopped, and a bold, summer-freckled urchin said, pulling off his cap, "Good-day, Mr. American."

"What dost thou know me by?"

"By that cart-wheel hat."

"What is thy name?"

"Julius."

"Who is thy father?"

"He is dead."

"What was his name?"

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"Kobbel's Frum" (Abraham).

"Any relation to tall Herzle's Kobbel?"

"I don't know anything about him."

The boys walked beside him a short distance, and the freckle-face inquired, "Perhaps you are a carpenter or a mason?"

"Why so?"

"Because you have mechanics' tools made of gold on your watch-chain."

Young Aloys made no further answer.

At the boundary-post, bearing the inscription, "Dorf Nordstetten," he stopped and let the boys go on ahead.

Yes! This too is a station.

How sad his father had been that day when he saw this boundary-post for the last time! However, to make amends for it, he had founded in America a village of the same name.

From the fir tree, which stands not far from the boundary-post, the newcomer broke off a slender branch with the year's fresh growth.

Hark! What a singing in the air! Not from tree or hedge, but down out of the free heavens it rings, and, lo! yonder it whirls, a little quivering point.

That is the lark.

Young Aloys was hearing a lark for the first time in his life.

He stood still a long time before going on again.

On the upland plain he stopped, and as his father, when leaving the village, had saluted it from the Bildeching height in military style, so did the son now stand and contemplate the village, whose houses, gleaming amid orchards, looked so bright and attractive.

In a field by the roadside a female voice was singing in a low tone. How would it be if he should step up to the first damsel he met and say to her, "Wilt thou marry me? I am strong and healthy and can maintain a wife"?

He was about to step over the wayside ditch, with the intention of going into the field, when he drew back his foot — not from fear of the great dog that showed itself on the edge of the mound bordering the field and began to bark, but expecting the appearance of the woman, who now called loudly, "Be quiet! down! Here, Gawk!"

Did he really hear the cry "Gawk," or was that only running in his mind?

For before his departure his grandfather, Mat of the Mountain, had told him confidentially that Father Aloys had had in the village the nickname of Gawk. To be sure, he said, it was not a very handsome name, but it was not so ill meant after all.

No one came, and young Aloys went on. "Over yonder is the target-field where father had a piece of ground, and there on the Hochbux* lie timbers as in father's day. At that time Ivo's father worked here."

With wondering eyes young Aloys read on the post at the entrance of the village its name, that of the county-town, the circle and the military district. All Germany, then, was enrolled in the army!

CHAPTER II.

"HERE comes an American! Here comes an American!" shouted the boys through the streets of the village, having passed him on their way home from the high school in the town.

An American was far from being a novelty in those days, but still every one asked who it was, for there is hardly any one in the village who has not relations in the New World. The boys, however, could give no further information, not even whether the stranger was a Christian or a Jew. And the stranger did not come for a long time into the middle of the village, for he stopped at the very third house, next to that of Mendle the mason, and knocked at the door of the living-room on the lower floor. No one answered. From the house of Landolin opposite an old man thrust out his snow-white head and cried, "Whom do you want to find?"

"I was only going to ask who lives here: I want nobody."

"Well, he lives just there. That is

* A tract deriving its name, apparently, from a growth of high box-wood.

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where Nobody lives," cried the old man, and laughed so immoderately that it almost seemed as if his mouth would stay open.

"Isn't this where the widow of Bartly Bast,* the mother of Aloys Schorer, lived?"

"To be sure! But that was long ago. But stay: I'll come down."

The old man came down to the street-door and asked, "Where are you from?"

"From Nordstetten, but not from here."

"If you want to make a fool of somebody, then get some one like yourself—I mean as young as you are."

"I am not trying to make a fool of you. I am from Nordstetten in America, and I am the son of Bartly Bast's Aloys."

"What! the son of the Gawk? Thunderation! Who can tell what one will not live to see? Is your father along with you?"

"No, I left him at home."

"Then I say, God greet thee! Yes, yes, America comes to us. Formerly, it was supposed that there was only a way from here to America, but now there is also a way that leads from America hither. You have, likely, come on account of the inheritance of your grandfather's sister in Seebronn?"

"You have hit it."

"Who would have imagined that there would be anything to inherit there? I am also related to your mother in the third generation, or, maybe, in the fourth; namely—" And now was displayed a genealogical tree which in all its ramifications was hard to climb. The old man could not do it himself, and concluded, "Well, anyhow, we are related—mayst rely upon that. But, thank God! I have no need of anything in that quarter."

Young Aloys went on farther, but bystanders must have already announced who he was, for out of all the houses came greetings, and he heard them say behind him, "That is the son of the Gawk."

At the house of Zindelmann there came an old woman to meet him, who while still at some distance cried out, weeping, "Oh, my Mechtild's own son!"

When she stood before him she could hardly speak for weeping and sobbing. The newcomer offered his hand and spoke kind and soothing words.

"I seem to hear thy father," cried the aunt: "just so full of feeling was his voice too. Don't take it ill of me that I look so: had I known thou wert coming I would have put on my Sunday clothes and gone to meet thee. God be thanked and praised a thousand times over that I still see a living creature that has my brother's blood in his veins! I may say *thou* to thee, may I not?"

"Of course."

"Thou art the youngest?"

"Yes."

"And still single?"

Young Aloys could not answer that question, for at Schlossbauer's house there came up a haggard man who wore spectacles, with his shirt-sleeves stripped up, and a great apron with a breastcloth on, and said, "Am an old comrade of thy father's—was a fellow-soldier of his."

"You are Hirtz the shoemaker?"

"Yes."

"Father gave me special greetings for you, and told me I must go to you for good advice in all things."

"Yes, a waxed end and good counsel for a friend are always to be had at my shop. At present I live there, and am always at home."

"I'll come to see you soon."

"That's right," said the man and hastened back to his house and his work.

"That is the palace," said young Aloys, pointing to the large edifice: he was informed that the corporation had bought the palace and made a council-house and school out of it.

The Schultheiss looked out of the window and nodded. Young Aloys went directly up to him and presented his papers of identification and power of attorney. He received the reply that there would hardly have been any need of them, for one would imagine himself transported back thirty years, he looked so like his father, only he had the taller stature of the race of Mat of the Mountain.

* Bartholomew's Sebastian.

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"Thou wouldst be just thy father over again," said the Schultheiss, chucking young Aloys under the chin, "if thou hadst not that goatee here."

"And thou art very well shaved," replied young Aloys, stroking the magistrate's smooth chin.

The Schultheiss started back. That is a bold thing in the young man, so suddenly and so coolly to make a practical retort upon him; but there was nothing to be said or done about it.

Smiling to himself, young Aloys went down the stairs. How delighted his father will be when he tells him how he has paid home the arrogant familiarity cash down on the spot! They may all say "Gawk" as much as they please: they shall see that an American doesn't let himself be brow-beaten by anybody.

In the street his aunt was waiting, and many others had joined her. One of the schoolboys whom he had met in the lane had brought a kinsman of tall Herzle's Kobbel. Young Aloys was able to inform him that his relative was in a prosperous condition, and also that he lived in the new Nordstetten in America, and had even sent money by him to his poor relations. Many others came, asking after relatives who lived in other and remote States. Young Aloys could give no account of them, but all escorted him on his way into the village.

"We've got 'em! we've got 'em!" Such was the cry that rose at smith Georgy's house. Aloys asked what that meant, and learned that they had captured a swarm of bees which had flown in there.

"That's a good sign," the aunt interpreted—"oh, the very best! Only think! —a swarm of bees caught on thy arrival! Praise and thanks to God! better things one could not have wished."

Aloys silently acquiesced in this speech. In the Old World there is still a great deal of lingering superstition.

"Where wilt thou put up, then?" asked the aunt.

"With thee."

"Ah, at my house things are miserable. Such a gentleman as thou must live in a tapestried room at the Eagle."

The aunt had perhaps expected that young Aloys would make objections, but he said with the utmost simplicity, "Quite right."

The aunt added, "And the young hostess of the Eagle is also related to thee on thy father's side. She is brother's daughter to thy uncle's wife. Dost understand?"

"No." All laughed.

Not till others came to his assistance was it made clear to Aloys that the hostess of the Eagle was the daughter of Ivo, and his father's brother certainly had a sister of Ivo's for his wife.

Truly, we may say, once for all, that whoever cannot find his way through the tangled wood of auntships and cousinships is out of place in the land we call our Upper German home.

A young man in shabby and threadbare black clothes, his somewhat crushed cylinder hat set askew on his head, came down with an unsteady gait from the upper village.

"There comes Ohlreit!" was the cry, and there was a confused call: "Ohlreit, now thou canst jabber in English! Ohlreit, speak English: here, too, is an American!"

The young man came up to Aloys, and in fact accosted him with a hoarse voice in English. Aloys answered curtly in the same language, and went on. The drunken man looked after him with a glazed eye, muttering to himself. Young Aloys was informed that this was Philip the joiner's Trudpert, who nearly a year ago had come home with considerable money, but knew not how to do anything except go to law and be drunk every day, and jeer continually at all the world.

The district letter-carrier presented himself to young Aloys as a son of Soges,* and received the check in order to bring up the trunk from the railroad.

At the Eagle all were astounded when young Aloys asked where, then, was the linden under which, in old times, great knee-timbers were always piled up. Only elderly people retained any recollection

* The Soges mentioned on page 82 of the *Black Forest Stories* (Holt's edition), who received that nickname from his habit of twisting *Sag's* ("I say") into *Sog's*.

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of that. The old Gawk had evidently instructed his son well.

But, above all, he had said to him, "The history of the inheritance is a good pretext. Get thee a wife from our country. It would be the most gratifying to us if thou shouldst bring a daughter of Ivo and Emmerence."

The hostess of the Eagle was an interesting person, and Aloys would gladly have asked, "Hast thou still a single sister who is like thee?" But young Aloys was prudent enough not to make known his intention at once.

"Where is the host of the Eagle?" he asked.

"He must be at home soon: he is at the Sulz market. We need a milch cow."

In a well-bred manner, at which the hostess of the Eagle nodded approval, young Aloys begged his aunt to leave him now alone for a while. The aunt stared with astonishment at being so unceremoniously sent home: she insisted, however, upon waiting in the bar-room till Aloys should come down again; but after all she had to go home before he came back, for with all his hearty interest in the whole village, and pre-eminently in his aunt, he was not going to give up his repose and quiet reflections: "It is certainly one of the most singular experiences in the world to come thus into a village where at every house from the first to the last the mention of one's name starts up a train of remembrances, and every creature has part in one's life. How much father had to give up in tearing himself away from all this, and beginning life over again all alone, or at most with only a few old familiar friends! It must be a sound stem that, when transplanted from the companionship of the forest, grows and flourishes anew."

CHAPTER III.

It was still daylight when the landlord of the Eagle came home, for the railroad has this good thing about it, that it shortens absence. The letter-carrier had put the strikingly handsome trunk into the vehicle which had been waiting for the landlord of the Eagle, who thus knew already of the arrival of Aloys, and went immediately up to his chamber to see him. The Eagle landlord was also of a well-known family: he was the son of the so-called Studentlè ("little student"), who, however, had died years ago. Aloys now gave the greeting which his father had committed to him to the son.

"Our fathers were good friends: we will be so, too," said the Eagle landlord; and Aloys gave him his hand once more by way of ratification as he said, "I come here not merely into possession of my aunt's inheritance in Seebronn: I inherit good friendships as well."

"He is the image of his father," thought the Eagle landlord; and his prying look assumed a good-natured expression as he said aloud, "If thou wouldst get information about any one, only ask me: in that way thou wilt go along smoothly. Shall we have the honor of thy company long?"

"I know not yet how long I shall stay. My father sends me also to thy father-in-law—to Ivo. Has he still children at home?"

"To be sure. He has another daughter and a son, but the son is not at home: he is studying to be a veterinary surgeon."

Over the face of young Aloys there passed something of which, as he thought, no one would guess the meaning, but the Eagle landlord guessed it nevertheless. For down below in the bar-room he said to his wife, "Bear in mind what I now say to thee: the young Gawk is pleased with thee."

"Fie! for shame! What talk is this?"

"O pride! It has no relation to thee. That young man is here— But keep it to thyself and tell no one. But stay! It is better I should not tell it to thee at all."

"Oh, thou — thou hast been drinking, and knowest not what thou gabblest. Thou hast nothing at all to say: thou wouldst only excite my curiosity."

"Well, I tell thee, then: young Aloys has come to carry away thy sister Ignatia. But now be prudent, else thou wilt spoil the game."

The two could not continue their private talk any further, for the bar-room

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was soon crammed: all wished to see young Aloys, who soon entered in a fresh toilet. They were astonished to see how rapidly he got himself posted about everything — who this one was, and who that one, and from whom the younger ones were descended: they laughed when they found that he knew their nicknames, and clapped their hands and struck the table when he said that they must call him only the young Gawk or Gawk Junior.

"He's a shrewd one," said the Eagle landlord behind the bar: "now that he has given them leave to do it, it is very certain no one will call him so."

"Is not Marianna's Georgy here?" asked young Aloys.

"He has been dead this great while."

"How is his wife, then?"

"Well, so-so. She is considerably bedridden."

"Has she children?"

"Yes, five. One son she lost in the war: he was the best trumpeter, and a cannon-ball knocked the trumpet out of his mouth, and shot his head off too. She has also two sons over yonder [in America], but nothing has been seen or heard of them. A daughter of hers is married to the forester in Ahldorf, and one she still has at home, a chip of the old block: she looks exactly as if she had been cut out of Georgy's face; and she has such a soldierly walk too, and is the best singer in the church. She'd do over the water."

Every one seemed disposed to contribute his share to the delineation, and all the while they kept up a lively ordering of wine and beer, according to each one's liking.

The Eagle hostess took her stand behind the seat of young Aloys, and asked softly, "Am I to put down all that is drunk on thy score?"

"No," replied young Aloys in the same low tone: "every one pays for himself."

The Eagle hostess had not time to form an opinion about this decision, or in fact to make it public, for just then Hirtz the cobbler entered. Young Aloys went forward to meet him, bade him sit down by his side, and called to the hostess to bring a bottle of her best. Hirtz, however, decidedly declined — said he drank his glass for himself, and did not accept a treat from any one. All present made wry faces when Aloys instantly added, "That's right; nor shall I allow myself to treat any one." Thus it was made known that every one must himself pay for his evening drink.

His father, to be sure, had told young Aloys that he might give *free drinks*, and young Aloys was, as we shall very soon learn, an obedient child, such as few in Germany or America could match. Nevertheless, he knew that his father had only meant to give him a piece of advice in this case, and would certainly not disapprove his son's following his own judgment in the matter, which now led him to demand that people should show him respect not for the sake of drinks, but because he was the son of Aloys; besides which he felt annoyed that they should still dare to call his father Gawk.

As a general thing, young Aloys was not given to boasting, but now, when the Schultheiss and the three teachers came also, he related that his father had been made justice of the peace, and in the war had been chosen captain: Ludwig Waldfried, who lived over there in Murgthal, had been his colonel. Thereupon, the tone of the meeting seemed to take a higher pitch: here and there one and another were heard to say how proud they were of their good old companion.

"Is he too still jolly?" the question was asked; and young Aloys related how much they sang at home, and that his father was almost as merry as his grandfather, Mat of the Mountain, who knew all songs.

Young Aloys begged now that they might have some singing here too, but he was told that it was no longer the custom, as in old times: there was now, however, a singing society here, and the head-teacher promised to call the members together on Sunday in honor of their distinguished guest.

"I've a notion," said a young man—it was the Jewish teacher—"I've a notion there is less singing in the village since

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lame Klaus the knitter has begun to play on the accordion."

Hardly had he said it when the knitter Klaus came in on crutches, and played several airs with great artistic skill. Soon, however, they began talking back and forth, and as if to drown the music the conversation grew louder and louder.

"It appears to me as if there were few young fellows in the village," said young Aloys.

"He is right: he has found it out very soon. Aforetime it was quite otherwise," was the answer; and the Schultheiss said, "The Prussians are to blame for that."

"Why the Prussians?"

"Just because now-a-days everybody is obliged to be a soldier, and so there are few young fellows that come back home any more."

Aloys asked the knitter Klaus, privately slipping money into his hand, whether he could play the tune of the "Nut-brown Maid." He could, and now all sang, and young Aloys the most lustily: he knew whole stanzas that almost every one else had forgotten.

"I learned that long ago from grandfather, from Mat of the Mountain," cried he gayly.

The evening seemed to be passing off with a charming hilarity, when suddenly the cry arose, "Here comes Ohlreit!"

"Is the man's name Ohlreit, then?" asked Aloys.

"That's what he's always jabbering," was the reply; and already they heard him call on the outside, "*All right!*"

Boozily blinking, Ohlreit came up to the table and undertook to speak English. Aloys answered him in German. Meanwhile, all amused themselves with the poor wreck of a man, and Aloys saw that people take more pleasure in one who is a butt for ridicule than in one who is respected: men who during the whole evening had not opened their mouths except to swallow liquor, were now all of a sudden exceedingly eloquent.

Aloys accompanied the cobbler Hirtz, who had drunk his pint and would not taste a drop more, out into the street. There stood a troop of girls: at his approach they fled in every direction; only one stayed.

"That's right," said the cobbler: "let the geese flutter away."

"Good-evening!" said the girl, turning to Aloys; and the latter answered, "Thanks! Who art thou?"

"Marianna's daughter. Mother sends a greeting, and bids me say the gentleman must come and see her too. She is unhappily — God pity us! — bedridden."

Every one near was lighting his pipe with a match: there was a short glare of light, which revealed to Aloys two great bright eyes, then all was dark again. "Good-night!" cried the girl, and darted off like a weasel before Aloys could answer a word.

The cobbler went on with Aloys to the house of Mat of the Mountain, where the aunt lived, but here all was dark and silent: the aunt was already asleep.

Aloys accompanied the silent man to his own house: he, too, was silent, so much was stirring in his soul. The moon shone bright: here and there a dog barked, or a young cock crowed with a thin voice, showing himself still unskilled in determining the hour. Hirtz said, "Here, then, is where I live, and here thou wilt always find me. The house belonged formerly to blind Conradlè: thy father must surely have told thee about him: he has, it would seem, informed thee on all points."

"Yes, and told me that you must advise me in everything; and mother used to say too, 'There's Hirtz: he knows men —he has the last of every foot in the village.'"

"Yes, thy mother, she was always a wide-awake girl. I cannot exactly boast of having a great knowledge of men, but this much I know: from king to cobbler, in America and with us all, men are alike: they all stand barefoot in their stockings."

Aloys laughed, and then asked, "What sort of man is the landlord of the Eagle?"

"He is a fair sort of man, and a genuine son of Studentlè: of the com-

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mandment, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' he holds especially to the second part."

"Is old Buchmaier still living?"

"Yes, but he is on his last legs: he is over eighty."

"My father charged me with a special greeting to Buchmaier: he is particularly proud of him."

"Yes, he is a worthy man, but he will not hear anything about America: that is just his peculiarity. No one of his tribe has ever been permitted to emigrate to America. But now good-night. To-morrow is a day too. Let thy dreams be of something good in thy first night among us."

Aloys indulged himself in dreaming something even while still awake. He went through the Hollow Lane and between the garden-hedges out to the edge of the village.

The wheat was in bloom, and a wholesome fragrance floated over the breadth of the fields. The night-train on the railroad glared and roared in the valley, and now the lights vanished and the roaring was swallowed up in the Hochdorf tunnel. Silence reigned everywhere; only from the high stone-quarry sounded the half-drowsy croak of a frog, but the quail too piped at this late hour, and the landrail answered her note.

The chain of the Rauhe Alb rose clear in the moonlight, and a castle was distinctly visible.

"That must be the seat of the Hohenzollern. That is the way an ancestral castle looks, then?" thought Aloys to himself.

Something rings and swings in the still moonlight over the mountains of the home land which even the young American cannot resist. The clock strikes in the village, and now that over in Ahldorf, and yet another — from Mühlen, it may be, or Hochdorf — and now clearly from the different towers in Horb. By day the villages do not hear each other, but in the night they talk to one another with brazen tongues.

"Here roamed my forefathers, and also my parents, who are now far away over yonder: it is day with them, and they are at their work and thinking of me. —Singular! Marianna, then, has still a daughter? Did father know that? Certainly, else he would not have said expressly, 'See! It is best thou shouldst get thee a wife in the old country, and thou canst bring home to me as a daughter-in-law whomsoever thou pleasest— rich or poor, Jew or Christian — if she is only industrious and healthy. I shall be entirely satisfied, and thy mother too. Inquire after the family at shoemaker Hirtz's, and also at Ivo's. To be sure, it would be most agreeable to me if thou shouldst get a daughter of Ivo and Emmerence,* who live over near Freiburg; and they have certainly good and handsome children. He is a brother, too: thou knowest what that means. No one can be of use to us here whose thinking does not run out beyond the catechism. Ivo was to have been a clergyman, and she was an honest maid-servant: that is certainly a good breed and trained up to good ideas — clear-headed. But bring whomsoever thou wilt; only do not bring me a daughter of Marianna and Georgy. Further than this I have nothing to say to thee: thou canst imagine the rest for thyself.'

"Yes, indeed, I can very well imagine it, and it is well that I know it," said young Aloys to himself as he at last returned to the village. He proposed to himself, so soon as the matter of the inheritance should be settled, to make a journey to Ivo's, and it was very convenient that he should here be staying with Ivo's daughter: perhaps the hostess of the Eagle would be his traveling companion, or at least her husband.

As Aloys approached the inn he saw from afar that they were lighting Ohlreit out.

"Strike up!" cried Ohlreit, and crooked Klaus went ahead with the accordion and played "Yankee Doodle" for him down the back street, where Ohlreit lived; but Klaus quickly hitched on to the American melody that of the "Nut-brown Maid."

* The history of Ivo and Emmerence is given in the chapter of the *Black Forest Stories* called "Ivo the Gentleman."

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CHAPTER IV.

From house to house through the whole village every one went to his pillow to-night with a new idea in his mind: "A son of the Gawk is here! How long it is since one has ceased to think of him! Nor is it possible, indeed, to keep all that have died or emigrated in one's mind: every one has enough to do to think of himself and of what lives around him."

"How does he look, then?" was the question of a wife here and there to her husband as he returned from the tavern.

"Very well," the answer would be: "he has a heavy gold watch-chain and a great ring; but as to giving free drinks, that doesn't seem to come natural to him. Every one had to pay his own scot. Is that fair?"

"Not exactly. But to me that is a sign he is rich."

"May well be. He has hands twice as broad as mine; and whom dost thou think he was on the most familiar terms with?"

"How can I tell that?"

"With cobbler Hirtz. There's something behind that."

"Is he still single?"

"For all I know."

"Mind my words: he will take a wife from here. It will certainly be Hirtz's Madeline. I couldn't begrudge it to her: she looks quite miserable with her telegraph-hammering, and Ohlreit, he'll never get up again."

"Just let me be quiet. The Gawk and his whole tribe, hide and hair, don't weigh a feather with me."

Such was the talk in many a house before they turned over to go to sleep.

But in one house the conversation lasted a good while longer.

Among the so-called Rear Houses, not far from the new churchyard, stands a broad house with a barn and extensive stables: the barn is only half full, the stable is almost entirely empty, for two cows and a six-weeks-old calf seem almost lost in the wide space. In Georgy's lifetime of course it was otherwise: then there were four horses in one stall and six cows in another, and in the barn, or generally before the house, stood a great stage-coach which had twelve seats, not counting the four places on the roof.

The maintainer and manager of all this lies now over in the churchyard up yonder: he had been till his death a jolly comrade, and as in old times he jodeled through the village streets as a proud young cavalry officer, so he continued long after to jodel oftentimes down from his box when three times a week he drove his own team to the capital and home again, and all along the road, in towns and villages, saw none but cheery faces, for all liked Georgy and had a smile for him. Yes, even the dog which ran along under the coach shared the popularity of its master: it never got into scuffles; which, to be sure, is further accounted for by the fact that it was not a male dog, but a female, and for her the dogs have many a tussle with each other no doubt, but she herself is never assailed.

Georgy was one of those who, as the saying is, die before their time, for he had cheeks almost as red as his scarlet waistcoat, and like the closely-set rows of silver buttons on the same, so shone his teeth from a mouth which had for every creature on the road a jocose speech.

At his death it was found that the expense of keeping horses and carriages had left a heavy debt upon the little farm; but the widow could still support herself and her children off of her own fields, though, to be sure, only in a very scanty way. Two grown-up sons, instead of helping their mother, emigrated, and a field and a meadow had to be sold to pay the expense of their outfit and voyage. The youngest son, in form and gayety of spirit very like his father, had fallen in the last war.

In the chamber the window of which opens toward the churchyard—which is not seen, however, because the nut tree by the house and the fruit trees in the garden obstruct the prospect—the moon shone on the coverlet of a bed in which lay a woman who murmured to herself, "What has one to show for it that one was once young and buoyant, and that

everybody treated one handsomely? Here I lie now like an old dried-up pear in the grass. But it was a handsome thing, after all, that I taught the Gawk to dance. Ah, thou wast from childhood up a good simple creature, a soft heart: didst think of me, too, and wast fond of me more than was good, and more than I could ever repay thee. How can I help it? Thou hast certainly sent us something, or at least some message, by thy son. Dost know, then, that I still live? Such a life, to be sure!—death were better. Where can Marianna be staying away so long? She will not surely be sitting with him in the tavern! My children are away, and my own feet will no longer stir."

So wailed the woman in the solitude of the night: presently she heard the crooked Klaus playing and Ohlreit bawling; then all was still again.

One quarter of an hour after another struck, and up from the valley screamed the whistle of the locomotive.

"It is close upon eleven o'clock. Where can the child be staying?—Marianna!" she called aloud: "Marianna! Art not at home, then, yet?"

"Yes, to be sure, long ago," was answered out of the next chamber. "I supposed you were asleep."

"Oh no. Come in and tell me."

The girl came in and seated herself by her mother's bedside. The latter inquired, "Hast seen him? What did he say? how does he look?"

"I gave him your greeting, but how he looks I do not know: we stood in the shadow, and he wears a hat as broad as the roof of a shed. He is tall and broad, and has a voice like a bailiff."

"What did he say to thee?"

"To me? Nothing. But I heard him as he talked to the shoemaker Hirtz. When he came up to us my companions all ran off, and nearly threw me over; but I kept my stand and delivered your greeting and message."

"And what did he say to thee upon that?"

"Nothing: I don't know. As soon as I had got the words out I too started and ran off."

"Oh, you silly goose! But so far so good: he has now, at all events, on the first night, had a 'good-night' from me, and he cannot be *his* son if that has not lodged in his soul. To be sure, in America people change their natures. Ohlreit says that the damson trees over there all turn into plum trees, but, after all, a fir will never become a pear tree. So far so good. To-morrow, bright and early, thou wilt make the house clean from top to bottom, and wipe off the picture that hangs out there, that of the foot-soldier. Thou wilt see he'll come the first thing in the morning. And dost know what I'm thinking of?"

"What?"

"To-morrow, bright and early, thou wilt go to morning mass. Thou wilt see he too will come, and there—"

"No, mother, that I can never do: I should be ashamed before our Lord God."

"So? Then let it be."

While this talk about him was going on, young Aloys stood at the open window and breathed with agitated bosom the home-air of his father: presently he stepped back, opened his trunk and wrote:

"DEAR PARENTS: I hasten to tell you that I have arrived here safely. I came hither in a train from Hamburg. It has seemed to me as if I could not feel myself at home for a night anywhere else in Europe than just in Nordstetten, and as if here a miracle awaited me. But all is just as it is everywhere.

"But this, dear father, I must tell thee at once: on the railway I heard men jeering at the new Germany. Why, they did not make clear to me, but there are always and everywhere discontented people.

"The fir-twig enclosed is from the tree at the boundary-post. I add also a leaf of the nut tree near grandfather's house. Of the lark's song, which I really heard for the first time in my life, I cannot send thee anything.

"Aunt Rufina is still quite lively, but speaks so that I can with difficulty understand her, and so it is here generally. But I shall soon be used to it.

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"It is a pity, I must confess, that with us at home the nut trees will not thrive.

"How often have you told me about your home! but seeing is, after all, quite another matter. On the other hand, you will not have known, perhaps, that the young hostess of the Eagle tavern is the daughter of Ivo: she has only been married since Easter, and her husband is a son of Constantine. I am here all tangled up with nothing but aunts and cousins; and Marianna is a widow and has a daughter too. I will write again soon. Your ALOYS.

"*Postscript.*—Dear father, to-morrow I visit Buchmaier, as you charged me. It must be high time, for his death is hourly expected.

"Grandfather, the night-watchman does not sing any more, as he did in your day."

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Aloys awoke early in the morning he was told that old Landolin had been there a long time, and was waiting for him. Aloys went down, but the old man begged to be allowed to go up with him to his chamber, and, as if he had held in till now, he began all of a sudden to weep violently. Aloys sought to comfort him, and the old man said, "Yes, yes, thou hast a kind heart from thy father, and it is a providence of God that I was the first of all in the village to speak to thee. And now I have a question to ask thee: How long dost thou stay with us?"

"Two or three weeks, at least."

"That's just the thing! Eight days from this thou shalt have it back, to a penny and a farthing."

The old man now represented, with many circumlocutions and asseverations, that his son, with whom he lived upon allowance, knew nothing about it, but if Aloys would help them it would be the means of securing him a comfortable time till the end of his days.

Aloys had now for the first time to be informed that it was the custom in Germany for a father to make over his property and put himself into a state of dependence upon a child.

The old man finally came out with the request of a loan for his son, who in eight days, by the sale of hay, would come into the possession of money.

"I have no money to lend."

"The host of the Eagle will give thee what thou requirest."

"Then he can give it to you himself, and I presume you will pay him back in due time; but if it were not so I could not bring an action against you. That is not fit for me."

Aloys uttered this in no mild tone: he had little compassion for poverty: it seemed to him almost like a crime. He was again wholly an American. The old man's mouth stood open again with astonishment, and now the maid came and told Aloys some one was waiting for him without who must speak to him on necessary business. Outside the landlord was standing, who warned Aloys against giving the old man money: he was an honest man, but his son made use of him for his own purposes, and was waiting at this moment behind the garden until his father should have borrowed something for him again: it was a shame to the village that Aloys should on the very first day be so importuned.

Aloys asked whether he might make the old man any present: he was answered in the negative; and when Aloys went back to his chamber he perceived that the old man had been listening, for he heard him fire a parting shot of abuse at the landlord, and then take his departure.

The aunt came in her Sunday finery. Aloys could not help confessing, in answer to her pressing inquiries, that he meant, if he could find a damsel of honest family who was pleased with him, to take her home as his wife.

The aunt was overjoyed at this communication, but suddenly she interrupted herself: "I have already heard that Georgy's Marianna sent thee a greeting yesterday. Don't be drawn in by that false snake: it were best for thee not to go at all into her house."

"But that I must do."

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"But other people, and proper people, have the first claim. I am thy grandfather's sister. I may tell all, may I not?"

Aloys controlled his impatience at the circumstantial way which seemed to be usual in this country, and he said, "Yes, indeed. I will follow you willingly where I can see my way clear."

"That is right, then. Thy mother always minded me, and thou seest how well it has gone with her. I brought her and thy father together. With thee just now of course it is a different matter."

The aunt went on to say that there was now a good opportunity for him if he had a mind to take a damsel of the place. Next Sunday there was to be a wedding—to be sure only a small affair—of a widow and a tailor: young Krappenzacher had inherited the match-making trade from his father, and he had brought the couple together. If one wished it, this Krappenzacher would give notice to the first farmers' daughters in the country, who would be ready, and glad enough too, if they could get a rich American. "And one from such a family as ours into the bargain!" she added with a new pride of nobility. "But shall I tell thee what would be the cleverest stroke? Thou sawest it, indeed, yesterday. If one wishes to catch the queen-bee, one must put on a bee-cap. I will give out that thou art already married: then thou wilt be like the man who could put on a cap of mist. Dost thou know the story of the horned Siegfried? Once there was a man—"

Aloys cut her short: this was really too much, that an American in broad day, on a bright morning, should have to listen to a German fairy-tale; and an American Aloys now felt himself once more to be. In the night something of German dream-sickness had attacked him, but that had flown. Aloys took leave of his aunt, saying he must go to Buchmaier's.

"That's right," said the aunt approvingly: "he is the best of men, and that is the best of families. Hadst thou only come half a year sooner!—then he had still a single daughter."

When one knows the road and is acquainted with the people one cannot go astray, they say with us at home. Young Aloys seemed to furnish a new proof of this incontestable truth. He had been well informed by his father and mother, and by his grandfather too. The latter had particularly given him the names of the best singers, but most of them had been already called away to the heavenly Liederkranz. Father Aloys, on the other hand, had made great glorification of Buchmaier—the first "free citizen," so he always called him.

On first going out in the morning Aloys saw a group of men at the smithy: they were standing round a horse, and inside, in the workshop, the fire was burning.

Aloys knew, from what his father had told him, that at the smithy could always be had the best dry—that is to say, sober—conversation. He joined the men just as the smith was fitting on the iron. He examined the horse and said, "With us in America they would say he could be a voter."

"What does that mean?"

"The horse is full twenty years old."

"You've hit it."

Proudly and smilingly Aloys added that in America there was no one to lift up the horse's foot: the smith did that himself, and shod the animal the while without any one to help him.

The people nodded to each other, as much as to say, "That is American brag."

"Is it true, then, what Ohlreit says," asked the apprentice, who was holding up the horse's foot—"is it true that the oxen in America are so intelligent that they can be governed without the goad, by a mere word?"

Aloys confirmed it, and related more particulars conformably to the fact; but, disconcerted at perceiving that it was the fashion not to believe much of what Americans told, he went away. He proposed to himself not to tell the people anything more that was striking, however true it might be.

As he strolled along toward Buchmaier's house he recalled to mind that story, how Buchmaier had struck a blow

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with his axe at an illegal ordinance of the bailiff Relling.*

As he approached the farm, which had a remote and secluded situation, there came running to meet him through the open gate a handsome foal that flung its head high in the air, stood still a moment and looked at the stranger with its great eyes, and then, kicking up its heels, ran off into the meadow and grazed quietly. In the yard he met the parson, with the ministrants bearing the cross and the censer, who had just come from the house. When they had passed him Aloys asked the servants, who stood before the stable-door, how it was with old Buchmaier—whether he was still living. He received for answer that he was still fully conscious, but that his life was at its last flicker.

"Here comes the young farmer," they said. Young Buchmaier asked Aloys somewhat roughly who he was and what he desired.

While Aloys was expressing his wishes, a lady whose time was approaching had come up and said, "I think thou shouldst certainly inform father of this.—Take it not ill of my husband," she said, turning to Aloys: "he is now naturally troubled, and not in a good humor."

The young farmer went up, and soon Aloys was summoned.

CHAPTER VI.

Old Buchmaier sat in an arm-chair: his long hair and beard were white as snow. He sat in a sunken posture, but the sinewy frame was still recognizable.

"Father, Aloys is here from America," said the young farmer with trembling voice.

It was some time before the sick man answered: then he said, "Where is Aloys? Where?—Come hither: I can no longer see well."

Young Aloys drew near to him, and the old man groped with trembling hands over his face. Young Aloys related that his father and all in Nordstetten remembered Buchmaier, and how he had once on a time cut with his axe into the arbitrary ordinance of the bailiff. "Father says often and often," young Aloys added, "that at that time, when he saw your blow of the axe and heard your words, it dawned upon him what freedom was."

A gleam of joy flashed over the old man's countenance. "Mat!" he cried.

"Father, what do you wish?"

"Lay the axe on my coffin, and let it go with me into my grave. It is the little broad one with the maple handle."

"I know, father," replied the son, and bit his lips, while large tears rolled down his cheeks.

The elder daughter of Buchmaier came in with her husband and her children; the youngest married daughter came with her husband and her parents-in-law; members of the local council gathered round: the chamber seemed hardly capable of holding all the people. Old Buchmaier sat sunk into himself: suddenly he raised himself and cried, "They come! they come!" He spread out his arms, as if he must fold the approaching ones to his heart. Aloys hastened to him and held him upright. The old man turned his head to and fro, and seemed to gaze with wonder upon the stranger: then he lifted his head high, an illumination passed over his countenance, with wildly-dilated eyes he stared into the distance, and his voice rang with a startling energy: "They are all coming back again! Open the gate wide: they are all here again. Farewell, America! Good-morning, Germany! Huzza! God greet thee, Lucian! God greet thee, Mat of the Mountain! So? Art thou too here, thou good Gawk? Just let them all in—all. At home again! huzza!" He staggered, sank back and breathed out his last breath.

All present held their breath too, until at last the clerk of the council said, "Such a consistently honorable man as Buchmaier will not soon appear again."

When Aloys left the house young Buchmaier accompanied him, and said on the threshold, "Thou hast been a good messenger: thou hast brought my father an easy and happy death."

* This daring act of Buchmaier's is described in one of the *Black Forest Stories*.

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In the meadow out before the yard the foal sent out a neigh into the clear sunshine, the birds sang in the air and from the trees: nevertheless, Aloys was heavy at heart.

When, on the day following, Buchmaier was buried, Aloys stood, as one of the nearest relatives, by the side of the young farmer, who handed him the axe that he might lower it into his father's grave.

Aloys wrote all these occurrences to his father, but he did not send the letter: it might prove too severe a shock for him in his somewhat ailing condition.

He traveled with his aunt Rufina to Rottenburg, and endeavored first of all to arrange the matter of the inheritance.

"That is a keen young man: one would never think that was the son of the Gawk," was the verdict of the relatives at Seebronn.

He was, however, urgently entreated to stay over Sunday with them at Seebronn: they were jealous of Nordstetten, and thought it wrong that he should stay there. They said to him repeatedly that the Nordstetteners were mockers, and if he replied that he had never noticed anything of the kind, then the cry was, "Take heed! Thou wilt learn it soon enough." Aloys, however, felt himself more at home in Nordstetten than in Seebronn, where he certainly had far more relations; but he knew little of them, for they seldom met at the house of the sister of his grandfather, who was settled there. His father had said justly, "In America seven leagues of road amount to nothing, but at home one is as much cut off from those over the Neckar as if a sea lay between."

There were also handsome maidens in Seebronn, and all were kinsfolk, but Aloys was singularly stubborn. He made a journey to the capital to see his consul, and also to visit a relative who had served as a soldier. He saw the building in which his father had been a soldier—it now served for purposes of traffic—but he was really frightened when he saw a barrack, in which hundreds and hundreds of young men must spend the best years of their lives. "Thank God! we have not that in America," thought he on this way home.

When he came back to Nordstetten it seemed to him as if he had always been at home there, and he found something which creates the home-feeling as nothing else can.

As in those old times Ivo's father, the carpenter Valentine, used to do, so to-day a man was laboring on the Hochbux with the broad-axe hewing out beams. Aloys went up to the man, and asked him why they did not have the timbers finished off in the saw-mill: the man replied that it was more trouble and expense to carry the timber down the mountain and bring up again the finished beams.

"Do you never take a journeyman?" asked Aloys.

"I should be glad to, but it is impossible in these days to get along with journeymen."

"It may, however, be possible," replied Aloys, and pulled off his coat, seized a broad-axe and worked with such ease and exactness that the master nodded approvingly.

The men coming home from the field were astonished, and they must have reported the extraordinary phenomenon in the village, for men, women and children came and gazed at Aloys, who, however, worked on without looking round. Even Ohlreit went by and laughed a laugh as immoderate as it was forced, but afterward he sat down on a heap of stones and stared over at Aloys, who continued at his labor till evening.

And thus Aloys labored a whole week. But now he had to rest, for the foundation-walls of the new house were not yet made ready for the laying of the beams.

"He is a learned carpenter," was the verdict at the Eagle: "he has the golden tools of the mechanic hanging on his watch-chain." But the hostess of the Eagle said confidentially to her husband she knew, by what her father had told her, that Aloys was a brother Freemason.

"Then he is doubly fitted to make one of thy family," replied the host of the Eagle, "but don't let it go any further.

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The people here are so very old-fashioned still, and will think there is some devil's mischief lurking under it."

Threshing is no mystery, they say, and hewing timber on the Hochbux is no mystery either.

The first day Aloys worked out there as carpenter it passed for a joke, as one of the American oddities; but when he continued his labor day after day the people were obliged, perforce, to resort to some other explanation, and so at the Eagle they talked the matter over to and fro, and the conclusion was this: "It is nothing but mere show-off: he wants to let us see what he can do: it's all swagger."

The shrewd daughter of Ivo and Emmerence did not generally care to take part in the conversation of the men, especially when, as now, the Schultheiss was the chief spokesman: moreover, she was still too new a comer in the village to make her opinion of much account. But on this occasion she could no longer hold in, and with lips trembling with anger she cried, "Heigh! heigh! How long must one stand and listen to such talk?"

"Hush! the young Eagle hostess has something to say," cried the clerk of the council. "Let's hear it.—Hand out! Thinkst thou that the young Gawk means anything else by it?"

"I think that it's time this business of the 'Gawk' was dropped. Yes, my opinion is exactly the opposite of yours. Even if it were as you say—even supposing he did wish to show what he is and can do—is there any harm in that, pray, that one should want to pass for what he is worth? People who make themselves out so modest that one must not praise them for God's sake,—those are not always the honest and good ones. I must say right out what I think. I hear on all sides continual ridicule and abuse—or, at best, pity—of Ohlreit, and now for once there comes one who will not hang round idly in the streets or lie round in the taverns till it is time to go home. Is not that honorable? That's my opinion."

"Thou canst preach like thy father, that's a fact."

"And she's right."

"And it's true."

"The young Eagle hostess must be made a member of the council."

"That woman is like the deceased wife of the Schultheiss, whom they called the 'Water-gate.' She can hold her tongue a long time, but when she once begins it overflows all the meadows."

Thus did opinions veer round, and all the young hostess could do was to beg they would only abstain from giving her any nickname.

When Aloys at length came into the bar-room every one moved aside, and every one cried, "Sit by me! by me!"

They bantered him, but he did not understand what it all meant—namely, that the young hostess of the Eagle had been his advocate. When, however, the guests were gone, the Eagle hostess sat down by him and said, "I have been pleased with thee all along, with thy whole behavior; and now I am pleased with thee more than ever. If my father were here he would give thee his hand and say, 'Bravo! that's fine! Thou art on the right track—not idling round till the officials have got all the papers made out: that's the right thing.'"

"Thou couldst not have said anything to me which would make me happier than that, that thy father would give me his hand. Whenever my father utters the name Ivo, there is pure happiness in his face. Have I told thee yet of my intended journey to thy father?"

"Yes indeed."

"And—"

"And what? Just speak out freely."

"So thou art pleased with me?"

"Such jesting is not for thee, nor for me either."

"Nevertheless, I must say it once more. So thou art pleased with me? And thinkest thou that I might persuade thy sister too to be pleased with me?"

"Thou art not wanting in frankness."

"No. To my father it would be the most gratifying thing—and since I have known thee to me also—if I could win thy sister. Does she look like thee?"

"She is taller and broader, and a year and a half older, than I."

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"There is no harm in all that. Couldst thou not manage to have her come hither?"

"No: she will not leave home."

"How am I to understand that? Not even when she marries?"

"When she marries—yes, when. She is in love."

"Indeed! May I ask with whom?"

"Oh yes. She is in love with her father."

"That is no fault. Therein I can match her."

"I should be delighted to have thee for a brother-in-law. But that my sister should go to America will be hard to bring about. I think thou shouldst seek a wife here: there are handsome and nice girls enough hereabouts."

The young Eagle hostess related of her sister Ignatia that she had herself insisted upon it the younger sister should marry, for she herself would not leave her father: she understood farm-management as well as a Hohenheim professor; besides that, she read to her father the journals and books, and she had in the late war got a medal as sick-nurse. The wounded would consent to undergo operations only on condition that Ignatia should hold their hands. "For the rest," she concluded, "one can never know how a maiden may be won: thou must try thy fortune, for a fortunate man he will be who carries home Ignatia."

"Ignatia! — a singular name," said Aloys.

"Thy father has surely told thee of Nazi, who was a faithful servant to my grandparents, and afterward was of great help to my father as a farmer: he stood godfather to my eldest sister, and from that she got the name of Ignatia. She is one, too, who deserves a peculiar name, for like her there is no second anywhere. For herself, she is not at all proud, but if she marries it must be a man of whom she can be proud."

Young Aloys looked up surprised. He had come into the old home of his father with the confident feeling that he brought with him not only the good name of his family, but the fame of all America. As a matter of course, any one would be in ecstasies upon whom he should look with favor; and now he saw himself humiliated: faintheartedness and anxiety overcame him. Nevertheless, he talked in a tone full of spirit, as if quite another man spoke out of him. He begged the Eagle hostess to write to her sister that he was coming, and what he was coming for: he would not take any advantage of her beforehand.

"I do not understand how thou meanest that?" answered the Eagle hostess.

"This is what I mean by it: I am going to the house as a suitor, and thy sister shall know that as well as I, and conduct herself accordingly. I have no time for a long probation. She knows who and what my people are, and I know who and what her people are; and with good-will, and if she simply has nothing against me, we can live very well with one another."

The Eagle hostess knew not exactly what to say to this: there is certainly in the American a singular jumble of good-nature and conceit. "How soon wilt thou start?" she asked.

"I should be glad to help in the raising of the house. I don't like to leave a piece of work half done, and my father has told me how beautiful the opening of May is here. I must wait till the foundation-walls are high enough. I do not like to say anything against the people in this country, but they are shockingly slow. 'To-morrow is also a day' they are always saying."

CHARLES T. BROOKS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE SEWERS OF PARIS.

MOST of our countrymen who come abroad now make a visit to the sewers of Paris one of the objects of their sojourn in the gay city. The trip is not a difficult one to accomplish. An application to our minister is alone necessary to obtain one or more of the tickets which are issued by the authorities for the monthly excursions to those lower regions. On the day and at the hour stated on his ticket the curious stranger must present himself at the Place du Châtelet. There, in company with some sixty or seventy other sightseers, he will be invited to descend into the bowels of the earth by means of a commodious winding staircase of iron. Arrived at the foot of this staircase, he will find himself at the entrance of a spacious, well-lighted tunnel, lined with white cement and surprisingly clean, dry and sweet-smelling. He and his comrades will then take their places on a series of small hand-cars, each propelled by four men, which run on rails placed at either side of the reservoir, the water of which may be seen flowing beneath the feet of the passenger. At a given signal the men start off at full trot, and the cars roll rapidly along the rails and through the tunnel. On either side of the roof of the vault extends a huge black iron tube: these tubes are the water-pipes that convey to Paris the waters of the Vanne and of the Ourcq; while in the centre of the roof a cluster of leaden pipes is visible, through each of which is passed a telegraph-wire, our dangerous and disfiguring system of telegraph-poles being unknown in Paris. A short ride brings the travelers to the great reservoir that lies under the Rue Royale: the cars are then exchanged for large flat-bottomed boats, which are slowly propelled over the black waters till the staircase leading up to the entrance to the sewers that lies just back of the Madeleine is reached, and the journey is at an end: the sewers have been visited.

Of course, this portion of the great work which is thrown open monthly for the reception of visitors no more compares with the other sewers of the city than a lady's drawing-room does with her nursery and kitchen. It is the show-place of the whole. Yet from its spacious dimensions, immaculate cleanliness and thorough ventilation a good idea may be gained of the extent and grandeur of the subterranean world that underlies the Paris of to-day, and serves to keep its streets clean and inodorous even in the hottest weather.

The present system of sewerage in Paris is of very recent date. At the commencement of the reign of Louis Philippe the streets were in a state that causes one to wonder, not that the cholera had raged so often and so terribly in Paris, but why it did not dwell there as a perpetual guest. Sidewalks there were none except on such grand thoroughfares as the boulevards and the Rue de la Paix. Down the centre of each street ran a gutter, the roadway being hollowed out in the middle like a trough. Grated openings, placed at intervals in these gutters, permitted the water to escape into the sewers, and also suffered the sewer-gas to arise at will to pollute the atmosphere. Often these openings would be choked up with collections of floating straw, dead animals or other filth, and the waters then would spread, an unsavory torrent, to the adjoining shops or houses, and would run into the cellars. Often, too, a passing cart or wagon heavily laden would so nip the corner of one of these iron gratings as to jerk it from its place, and the hole would remain open, yawning and dangerous. Sometimes little children while playing about the streets would fall into these openings and perish miserably, being drowned in the foul waters of the sewer. Long tin

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spouts projecting from the houses served to conduct the rain-water from the roofs to these gutters, but the capacity of the sewers was so limited that any violent rainstorm was sure to result in a universal flooding of the streets. There were men who made a living by carrying about in rainy weather on their shoulders huge planks mounted on rollers, which they would lay down at the flooded crossings, and for a sou the pedestrian might pass over dryshod. That plan might, methinks, be tried with good effect in Philadelphia or New York during some of our great February thaws.

Underground, affairs were even worse than they were above. The sewers were narrow, small, lined with a soft stone that rotted away under the influence of filth and damp, and were choked up and made to overflow with surprising readiness. Their extent was notoriously insufficient, amounting to thirty-six thousand yards, while to keep them in order a force of only twenty-five men was employed. The horrors of the sewer under the Rue Amelot, which culminated shortly before the accession of Louis Philippe, will not soon be forgotten. This sewer, which began at the slope of the Boulevard Beaumarchais, exhaled such insupportable odors that orders were given to have it cleaned. The seven workmen who first descended into it were instantly asphyxiated, and were taken out dead. Under the surveillance of a skilled physician the work was rendered less fatal. The operation succeeded, but the task of cleansing occupied seven months. Sixty-four hundred and fifty cartloads of filth were removed, and the stench was so great that all the inhabitants of the Rue Amelot left their homes till the work was finished. Apparently, the powerful disinfectants now in use were unknown to science even at so comparatively recent a date, for the only measures used to purify the foul exhalations consisted in burning resinous woods and wood steeped in vinegar around the openings in the pavement. The foundations of the houses adjoining the sewer were found to be completely undermined and rotten, and extensive repairs were necessitated.

Such were the sewers of Paris half a century ago. If we glance over the history of the city in ancient days, we come across a number of curious if unsavory facts respecting them. The first covered sewer was constructed by Hugues Aubriot, provost of Paris under Charles V.: up to that time there had been nothing more than open gutters. At the commencement of the sixteenth century the palace of Tournelles, situated in what is now the Place Royale, was poisoned by the pestilential exhalations of the Ste. Catharine sewer, which passed near it. Louis XII., and his successor, Francis I., complained to the city authorities in vain. The latter king, to secure for his mother, Louise of Savoy, a less insalubrious abode, was compelled to exchange his estate of Chanteloup near Montlhéry for a house belonging to one Nicholas de Villeroy. This house, of which Madame Louise took possession in February, 1518, was already called *Les Tuileries*, on account of the many tile-factories by which it was surrounded. Such was the origin of the famous palace whose blackened ruins now sadly face the sunset, a home for sparrows and a memento of the rage of the Commune.

In 1633 it is recorded that five workmen who had descended into the main sewer of the city instantly fell dead. The most celebrated physicians of the day met together to inquire into the causes of this calamity. They decided that the men "had fallen victims to the gaze of a basilisk, which must undoubtedly have been concealed in some crevice of the sewer."

La Reynie, lieutenant of police under Louis XIV., occupied himself seriously with the question of sewerage, and had he been seconded by the government, he would have introduced great and noteworthy improvements on the then existing system. But the monarch had other objects on which to expend the public money—Versailles and Marly, Madame de Montespan and Madame de Fontanges, campaigns and court-pageants—and the sewers and the health of Paris were left to take care of themselves as best they might. Yet La Reynie greatly improved certain portions of the city.

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It was he who introduced the fashion of paved sidewalks—an innovation which brought about an immediate change in the walking costume of the period, elegant and light shoes being substituted for the strong, high leather boots which had been worn up to that time.

The present system of Parisian sewerage dates from 1857 only. It was planned by one M. Belgrand, whose name deserves to descend to posterity as that of the man who has done more for Paris than the architects of the Louvre or of the Arc de Triomphe. He was made absolute sovereign of the subterranean world of Paris, and, thanks to his skill and intelligence, this city now possesses the most perfect and extensive drainage in the world. Her eight hundred and fifty thousand mètres of streets are cleansed by seven hundred and seventy-three thousand mètres of sewers. These subterranean canals are divided into two classes, the sewers and the collectors. The first, passing under every street, receive the impurities of the city and transfer them to the collectors, which carry them off to their distant destination. The backbone of a fish would well represent the system, the spine being the collector and the projecting bones the sewers. The collectors are situated in the valleys lying between the numerous hills that diversify the surface of Paris; so that the natural slope of the earth may facilitate the transport of the sewage. There are three of these great arteries — one on the left bank of the Seine, and the other two on the right. All accumulation of solid matter is removed by means of broad iron blades attached to the stern of those great flatboats of which I have spoken at the beginning of this paper. These blades, pierced each with three or four openings, act as rakes, and remove every portion of the deposit, which is used for manure. There are numbers of odd articles to be found in this deposit—coins, jewels and silverware, weapons that have served to commit crimes, bodies of dead animals, corpses of murdered infants, etc. The most common of these waifs and strays are corks, which are to be found, not by hundreds nor by thousands, but by millions. Thrifty Paris does not let these still serviceable articles escape: they are collected, cleansed, dried and pared, and are then sold to perfumers or druggists. They come from the wine-shops which abound in every street in the city. After the Commune the sewers were examined, and were found to be strewn with arms. The wretched Communists, finding themselves defeated, and knowing that certain death awaited them if they were captured with arms in their hands, threw down the openings of the sewers their guns, swords and cartridges, even their military caps and scarlet sashes. Six wagon-loads of arms and ammunition were taken from the sewers and transferred to the arsenal.

The sewers are under the charge of six hundred and fifty *égoutiers* — or sewerers, to translate the word literally. As there exist some three hundred and fifty miles of sewers in Paris, it will be seen that this number does not afford a man to every half mile. These égoutiers must be men of unimpeachable physique and perfect health: they are submitted to a thorough medical examination before they are admitted to the corps, and even the slightest trace of pulmonary weakness will cause the applicant to be at once rejected. For, as may well be imagined, the work is anything but healthy, notwithstanding the precautions taken as to ventilation and cleanliness. The damp, the lack of light and the foul air undermine the constitution of the strongest égoutier, and it is estimated that but few of them can prolong their service beyond a period of fifteen years. They suffer from rheumatism and anæmia, and it has been noticed that individuals from the south of France break down far sooner than do those from more northern climes. The state aids as far as possible in the preservation of their health by furnishing them with the enormous boots which they invariably wear, and which form the distinctive mark of their calling. These boots, which reach halfway up the thigh, are specially manufactured for the government, and are of the stoutest possible leather, the soles being well garnished

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with great nails. Every égoutier receives two pairs of these boots annually, and, thanks to their protection, he can tramp with impunity through water or mud at will. At the end of six months the feet of these boots are worn out, rotten and unfit for further service. The old pairs are preserved by the authorities, and are sold at auction in stacks of one hundred pairs each. They are bought by a speculator for the sake of the legs, which are always in good preservation, and the leather of which, softened and rendered supple by six months' usage, is subjected to a peculiar mode of dressing, and is then employed in the manufacture of the finest quality of ladies' walking-boots. It is said that such supple, fine and strong leather can be obtained by no other known process.

One institution of the sewers has disappeared before the march of improvement, and that is the rat. Since M. Belgrand caused the interior of all the sewers to be lined with cement the old denizen of the place has no crevice wherein to build his nest. He is to be met with occasionally in one of the older sewers that still retain their vaultings of stone, but he is a rare apparition now, not a constant resident. He has emigrated to the markets, where he has plenty to eat and abundance of holes and corners wherein to take up his abode and to rear his numerous family.

The great collectors used formerly to discharge all their contents into the Seine. They now, by aid of a reservoir and a steam-pump, spread fertility over the once sterile peninsula of Gennevilliers. This tract is formed by an immense bend in the Seine between Neuilly and Chaton. It used to be the dreariest and most unproductive spot that one could well imagine. The soil was poor and stony, consisting of sand and pebbles scarcely hidden beneath a thin film of vegetable mould. It is now the richest vegetable-garden in the environs of Paris. From thence, where once a few poor beets found hard work to exist, come the gigantic bundles of asparagus, each stalk as large round at the base as a Spanish quarter dollar, the huge artichokes and cauliflowers and the colossal beets (some of which last weigh twenty-eight pounds) that decorate the windows of the great provision-sellers of the boulevards. Land used to go a-begging there at a rent of sixteen dollars an acre: it now brings a hundred and twenty. The richness of the soil and the rapid growth of its products are almost inconceivable. One gardener undertook to raise lettuce: he sent five thousand heads a day to the Paris markets, but the consumption did not keep pace with the growth of his crop, a large part of which ran to seed and was wasted. A village has sprung up on the once sterile and deserted plain, and the villagers now complain that the fertilizing waters render their homes unhealthy, and petitions have already been addressed to the authorities to have the discharge stopped. The shortsighted creatures never seem to consider that the sewer-waters constitute the fertility and value of their lands, and these once withdrawn, sterility and poverty will once more reign on the plain of Gennevilliers.

If I were asked what Parisian institution I should like to transfer to my native city could I choose at will, I should name not the Louvre with its art-treasures, not the boulevards with their brilliant shops, not even the great educational institutions of the city, but its marvelous and beneficent sewers. L. H. H.

OUR PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

THE special report on the public libraries of the United States, recently issued by the Bureau of Education, gives us, for the first time, with some approximate accuracy, the facts concerning the increase of these institutions. In 1776 the number of public libraries in the colonies, as far as can now be determined, was twenty-five. Of these, Connecticut contained four, three of which were at New Haven, and the other at Salisbury. Of those at New Haven, that of Yale College contained 4000 volumes, and those belonging to the students' societies, the Brothers and the Linonian, each 100 volumes. Smith Library at Salisbury contained 200 volumes. Maine had a

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single public library, at Portland, belonging .to the Library Association, formed in 1766, and containing 93 volumes. Massachusetts had five public libraries, three of which were in Boston, one at Cambridge, and the other at Leominster. Those at Boston were the King's Chapel library of 213 volumes, founded in 1698; the New England Library, of 259 volumes, founded in 1758; and the Prince Library, of 1952 volumes, founded in 1758, and now a part of the Boston Public Library. The library at Cambridge was that of Harvard College, and consisted of 7000 volumes; that of Leominster was a social library, and consisted of 100 volumes. New Jersey possessed one public library, that of the College of New Jersey at Princeton, founded in 1755, and containing 1200 volumes. New York had two libraries, both in the city — one belonging to Columbia College, founded in 1757, and consisting of 1500 volumes; the other being the Society Library, founded in 1754, and containing about 4000 volumes. Pennsylvania had eight public libraries, of which one was at Chester, the Chester Library, founded in 1769, with 1500 volumes; one at Lancaster, the Juliana Library, founded in 1770, with 1000 (estimated) volumes; and six in Philadelphia—that of Christ's Church, founded in 1698, containing 800 volumes; that of the four Monthly Meetings of Friends, founded in 1742, containing 111 volumes; the Library Company of Philadelphia, founded in 1731, containing 5000 volumes; the Loganian Library, founded in 1745, containing 4300 volumes; the Pennsylvania Hospital, founded in 1762, containing 305 volumes; that of the University of Pennsylvania, founded in 1755, containing 2500 volumes. Rhode Island had three public libraries — one at Newport, the Redwood Library, founded in 1747, containing 1595 volumes; two at Providence —that of Brown University, founded in 1768, containing 500 volumes, and the Providence Library, founded in 1753, containing 1000 volumes. South Carolina had one public library—that of the Library Society at Charleston, founded in 1748, and containing 5000 volumes. Virginia had one public library—that of William and Mary College at Williamsburg, containing 2000 volumes (estimated), founded in 1700.

Between 1775 and 1800 there were established 30 libraries; between 1800 and 1825, 179; between 1825 and 1850, 551; and between 1850 and 1875, 2240. In 1875 there were in the United States 2958 public libraries with collections of books of over 500 volumes, the aggregate of their volumes being 12,039,724. Besides these there were 724 libraries with collections ranging between 300 and 500 volumes, the aggregate of their volumes being 237,240. In this count every State and Territory is represented, though Alaska, Arizona, Idaho, Indian Territory, Montana, New Mexico and Washington Territory have only such libraries as the general government furnishes to each of the Territories, or such as are provided for the garrisons stationed within their borders. In this table the parish and Sunday-school libraries are not included. From the reports made by 1510 libraries it appears that their yearly increase amounts to 434,339 volumes. From the reports of 742 libraries the books used yearly amount to 8,879,869. The permanent fund reported by 722 libraries amounts to $6,105,581; the yearly income reported by 830 libraries amounts to $1,398,756. Another item of interest, showing how thoroughly the people appreciate the importance of libraries, is seen in the table of moneys given to libraries by individuals. This does not include the books or other gifts. The amount for the United States is $14,920,657. In each of the following States over a million of dollars has been thus donated for public use: California, $1,022,000: Illinois, $2,644,050; Maryland, $1,426,500; Massachusetts, $2,903,406; Pennsylvania, $1,448,473; New York, $1,942,272. In this statement all government, State or municipal grants are excluded, while in many instances the lands or buildings have not been estimated. Most of this has been given within the past thirty-five years, and the report states that it is not "unsafe to estimate that the sums

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above reported represent more than one-half the amount received by the public libraries of the United States from the benefactions of individuals, or that the real amount is nearer $30,000,000 than $15,000,000." Evidently, the public library as a means of public culture is destined to have a fair opportunity to succeed in this country. M. H.

A REMNANT OF SLAVERY.

It cannot be a matter of surprise that habits and feelings which had their origin in slavery should still linger in many parts of the South. But it is generally supposed that all remnants of the "peculiar institution" have vanished from the statute-book, and the evidence to the contrary in the following letter from a lady resident in Virginia will probably be new to most of our readers:

"When I left here in September my sister had just engaged as servant a very superior-looking colored girl, nearly white, and as neat and clean and well trained as your parlor-maid, for instance, or any other respectable white woman. Well, after a few weeks J—— accidentally found out that she had stolen various things, and on search they were found in her box—clothing and food—nothing of consequence; but E——, no doubt very properly, thinks that such things ought not to be forgiven—at any rate, while so common and sorely-complained-of an evil among the negroes—so he brought her before a magistrate, an ignorant fellow who could scarcely read, and this worthy, instead of giving her twenty-four hours in jail or a fine, or something of that sort, ordered her thirty lashes at the whipping-post, to be administered by the great burly town-sheriff. E—— did everything to make the magistrate give her a different sentence, but only succeeded in getting the number of lashes reduced to half. At this point a lawyer in the village, seeing the state of the case, came to the rescue, and nominally acting for the girl, but of course aided and abetted by E——, to whom the idea of a woman being beaten was hideous, managed to get the case transferred to another 'court,' or whatever such things in a small way may be called, and then by withdrawing the charge got out of the difficulty altogether. Now, is it not a scandal that a law should be allowed to exist in a country that considers itself in the forefront of civilization by which such power is given to rough ignorant men over the bodies of their fellow-citizens (and citizenesses)? It was bad enough that in the old times the will of a master could enforce such things, but it is a hundred times worse that it should be the recognized law of the State. The law applies to white and black alike, and may perhaps not be much used by the better class of 'magistrates.' It was not the only punishment possible; still, you see it can be used at will, and naturally the moral is, For the future 'let bad alone.' Better let them thieve unpunished than run the risk of subjecting young girls to such a degradation; but it is a pity that the hands of those who wish to do right should be so tied. As you confessed to being fond of knowing the end of a story, I may as well add that J—— took the girl back into the house and 'talked to her;' but within a week or two, perhaps less, she told J—— that her mother needed her at home during the winter, otherwise she would prefer to remain with her to serving any one else, and so left. In point of fact, she had met with a person in the village who had come from Boston with money to pay the passages thither of girls who would go with her to enter domestic service, and Dolly was one who agreed to go, and went immediately on leaving J——. Her place is at present filled by a less sophisticated 'colored lady,' the incarnation of filth, stupidity and good-nature, the niece and protégée of an old woman in service near, who occasionally comes to inquire how she is getting on, and makes handsome offers of beating her for J—— if she is not quite up to the mark. To this modified form of corporal punishment I think I for one would cheerfully consign her if there were the faintest chance of reform in her habits arising from it, but in the mean while I try to believe that one's food grows spontaneously on the table-cloth."

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MACHINERY *VERSUS* HAND-LABOR.

IN one of Jefferson's letters from France, written in 1785, he mentions the fact that the French government was introducing into their armories a new method of manufacturing firearms, which consisted, as he described it, "in the making every part of them so exactly alike that what belongs to any one may be used for every musket in the magazine." This was the origin, probably, of the principle in modern manufacture which has been so generally introduced, and which is capable of so much greater an extension. Perhaps one of the most striking exemplifications of the results of its application can be found in the revolution it has produced in the making of watches. M. Édouard Favre-Perret, a member of the international jury on watches at the late exposition at Philadelphia, has been making speeches in Switzerland concerning what he saw. He said: "In America everything is made by machinery: here we make everything by hand. We count in Switzerland about forty thousand workmen, making on an average each per annum forty watches. In the United States the average is one hundred and fifty watches. Therefore the machine produces three and a half to four times more than the workman." He speaks strongly also of the merits of the watches thus made, and concludes that it is only a question of time for American watches to control the markets of Europe. Why should not the same principle of manufacture be introduced in the microscope and the telescope with the same result, that of popularizing these appliances of observation?

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

My Winter on the Nile, among the Mummies and Moslems. By Charles Dudley Warner. Hartford: American Publishing Co.
In the Levant. Same author. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

As these volumes contain the record of a continuous tour, and constitute properly one book, it would have been more convenient and agreeable to the purchaser of both if they had been uniform in size and typography, though only on condition that the style adopted was not such as seems to be *de rigueur* with works "issued by subscription only"—the class to which *My Winter on the Nile* has the misfortune to belong. In other respects their similarity is perhaps even greater than might be desired, the mixture and flavor, so to speak, being identical in both, and, despite their pleasantness, somewhat palling. It would be idle to censure a light-hearted tourist come back from the East for having no stores of fresh information to impart, no adventures or explorations to recount, no novel sensations or experiences to describe. We may be thankful if he spares us all factitious displays of enthusiasm, and is able and content to depict graphically and amusingly the ordinary incidents of travel, thus proving himself a good observer and awaking a feeling of companionship. Still, these are qualities that show to most advantage where the scenes and topics are of a homely kind, and do not suggest any occasion for the exercise of higher powers or any recollections of earlier and more vivid descriptions. A painter whose forte lies distinctly in *genre* will be likely to fail if he attempts the historical style, and the author of *Baddek* cannot hope to satisfy us when he writes of Egypt and Palestine. What, as he tells us, he has especially endeavored to do—"preserve the Oriental atmosphere"—is precisely what his talent and temperament unfitted him to do. We have no doubts as to his good use of his opportunities, or as to the enjoyment he derived from the journey. But there is nothing in his matter to indicate that he penetrated below the surface of Oriental life and thought, and nothing in his tone to convey the impression that he underwent that fascination which the East has exercised over

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many minds. On the contrary, his relations and remarks are all in the spirit of an American, who examines and listens with an amused or critical air, always ready to have his curiosity gratified, but never unconscious that he is merely a spectator of the show, which is something outside of the real world, and may, for aught he cares, be boxed up when he goes away. It follows that the reader is never set musing, does not find his dormant imagination aroused or an influence stealing over him inimical to the convictions that regulate his active life. On the other hand, he is fairly entertained with a succession of lively pictures, and has never to complain of a lack of intelligence in the comments that accompany them. Mr. Warner has the mimetic faculty that enables its possessor to reproduce peculiarities of speech, and the broken English of his dragomen, boat-purveyors and orange-vendors is comical enough without suggesting any undue tincture of caricature. The humor that runs through much of his own talk is of the familiar home-brand, and of fair or even superior quality. Nor are the more serious parts of his narrative deficient in vivacity, however they must lack freshness as the mere varied repetition of an oft-told tale. His judgments on debated points are dispassionate, but do not appear to be founded on sufficiently ample and certain data to entitle them to much consideration. In regard to the character and "reforms" of the Khedive of Egypt, he sums up the opposite views held respectively by English and American residents, implying his agreement with the favorable conclusions of the latter, while he admits the interested motives operating on both sides. The Eastern Question had not yet grown menacing when Mr. Warner left the Turkish dominions, but he intimates his belief in the possible regeneration of the empire "if impatient men could wait the process of education, the growth of schools and the development of capacity," that may be expected to bear fruit in "the appearance on the scene, in less than a score of years, of a stalwart and intelligent people," able to grasp Constantinople and "administer upon the decaying Turkish empire as the Osmanli administered upon the Greek." This opinion appears to be founded on the flourishing condition and effective action of the American college. The time has probably passed for discussing any such view, but we are not sure that this should be considered a matter for regret.

Mercy Philbrick's Choice. (No-Name Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Mercy Philbrick's Choice is a novel and at the same time a conundrum. The reader is continually distracting himself with guessing the author. In the first place, Did a man write it? The only argument in defence of that hypothesis would seem to be the mention of the blue crape dress worn in a Cape Cod village by a sea-captain's wife. Did a woman write it? The whole book points that way, and there is no lack of names of possible, and even probable, authors. There is a tolerably large band of New England writers of fiction, numerous enough and of sufficient ability to be counted as a school, who draw good if over-subtle pictures of New England life, who catch with much skill the arid bleakness of the landscape, the narrow uprightness of the good people, and the accomplished hypocrisy rather than open, avowed villainy of the evil-disposed. The excess of a certain intellectual cultivation, and the repression of passion in their writings, leave the reader dissatisfied with what seems the morbidness of the characters, and more likely to approve of certain clever things in any one of their books than of the book as a whole. This is the feeling, at least, with which one will lay down *Mercy Philbrick's Choice*. On consideration, the reader will find that what is morbid and unnatural is the relation between Stephen White and Mercy, which is the real kernel of the book. Stephen is a man with a great detestation of ugly things, poor and tolerably proud, who falls in love with Mercy Philbrick, a young widow of nineteen, and, taking advantage of her love for him, binds her to a sort of vague engagement, with no promise given or implied of marrying her. He is represented as a most dutiful son of a querulous mother, who is exceedingly jealous of the influence of any other woman over him. Although his will is said to be stronger than hers, and when he "said 'must' his mother never gainsaid him," he, through fear of her, makes no attempt to marry the woman he loves until after his mother's death, meanwhile resting contented in his unpicturesque poverty, solacing himself with receiving assurances of Mercy's affection, reading her poems, and visiting her in a surreptitious way when no one can see them together. Now, we are told that Stephen was in love with her, and there is a good deal of cleverness in the way his dawning affection for her is described, but

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the whole passionless relation between the lovers is morbid and absolutely unnatural. There is a certain simplicity in that elemental force of human nature which fills so many novels, and that simplicity is wholly lost sight of here, and in its place is put a complex mixture of cowardice and selfishness which is not love or anything like love. A man may be in love, and also be calculating or selfish, but he cannot be in love and indifferent at the same time, and that is what Stephen is said to have been. The story demands that Mercy should be satisfied with this selfish, tepid affection of Stephen's, but so clear-sighted a young woman would not have waited until she got proof of the absolute corruption of Stephen's nature in the matter of the money to see what a flimsy creature he was.

So much may be said against the glaring fault of the book: on the other hand, attention may be called to the better way in which Parson Dorrance is described, even if he is exceedingly etherealized by the imagination of the two young ladies who "sat under" him and admired his preaching, and his zealous interest in the reprobate colored people of the neighborhood. The intention of the book is apparently to show that a very nice young woman can fall in love twice—or three times if we count the late Mr. Philbrick, who, by the way, is ignored with shameful indifference—in one lifetime, and thus to help settle a question about which there is probably a good deal of useless theoretical discussion. But, after all, the advocate who defends the affirmative of this proposition in order to justify Mercy's change of heart, has made out poor Stephen such a paltry, contemptible, unmanly creature, so unlike ordinary human beings, so void of passion, that this case determines nothing, and the matter is yet open for adjudication.

Jan of the Windmill: A Story of the Plains. By Juliana Horatio Ewing. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Though this story does not profess to be written for children, it is evident that the writer had in view the youthful public which she had already succeeded in pleasing, and will perhaps please the more on this occasion, from not shaping her work expressly to suit it. The Scylla and Charybdis on which writers for children often make shipwreck are excessive simplicity and the introduction of thoughts and feelings foreign to the young reader. Both these faults are avoided in the book before us, in which clear expression of real thought shows that Miss Ewing understands as well the children for whom, as those of whom, she writes. Little Jan's life at the mill and at school is graphically described; and the pages relating the early studies from Nature of this second Giotto—the portraits of favorite pigs and the landscapes painted with the help of flowers and leaves, in which the sky was represented by violets—may delight as well old as young readers. A fit frame, too, for the figure of the dreamy little genius is the mill—such a one as poets in many tongues have celebrated, throwing a glamour around its homeliness and calling up images in keeping with the scenery. Something of this spell cannot fail to touch the fancies of all readers of this well-constructed and really charming tale.

Books Received.

Imaginary Conversations. By Walter Savage Landor. Second Series — Dialogues of Sovereigns and Statesmen. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Imaginary Conversations. By Walter Savage Landor. First Series—Classical Dialogues, Greek and Roman. Boston: Roberts Bros.

Impressions and Reminiscences. By George Sand. Translated by H. K. Adams. With Memoir. Boston: William F. Gill & Co.

A Vocabulary of English Rhymes, arranged on a New Plan. By Rev. Samuel W. Barnum. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Jehovah-Jesus: The Oneness of God; the True Trinity. By Robert D. Weeks. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Selections from the Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, Emperor of Rome. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Noblesse Oblige. By the Author of "Mlle. Mori." (Leisure-Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare. Twelve Essays. By John Weiss. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Bluebeard's Widow and her Sister Anne. By Sabilla Novello. London: Ward, Lock & Tyler.

Selections from The Imitation of Christ. By Thomas à Kempis. Boston: Roberts Bros.

Heroines of Freethought. By Sara A. Underwood. New York: Charles P. Somerby.

The Carlyle Anthology. By Edward Barrett. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Case against the Church. New York: Charles P. Somerby.

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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

MARCH, 1877.

IN THE VALLEYS OF PERU.

FIRST PAPER.

ENTRANCE TO THE VALLEY OF TAMBO.

THE coast of the department of Arequipa in Lower Peru, between the sixteenth and eighteenth degrees of latitude, would present a most desolate uniformity of aridity but for certain fertile valleys which break the dreary monotony of the *lomas*, or barren ridges, that line the shore of the Pacific for three hundred and twenty miles. The fairest and most tropical of these valleys is that of Tambo, which begins at Mollendo beach and extends for fifteen leagues up to the heights

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of Puquina on the slope of the Western Andes. It is enclosed narrowly between a double chain of rocky hills, and rises gradually from the ocean-level to an elevation of six thousand seven hundred and fifty feet. The Tambo River flows through it and empties into the Pacific.

It was from this lovely valley of Tambo that, toward the end of a certain October, Paul Marcoy, the French traveler in Peru to whom the world owes much of its later knowledge of that country, started on a long journey across the sierra region to explore the Rio Apurimac from its source in Lake Vilafro, at the base of the eastern slope of the Andes, to its junction with the Rio Aquillabamba or Urubamba—a journey which led him across the sierra and up the valley of Huarancalqui to Cerro Melchior in the Great Pajonal.

PIERRE LEROUX.

At the period when Marcoy, with gun on shoulder and sketch-book under arm, is discovered, as the stage-directions have it, in the valley of Tambo, it contained three large haciendas (estates). The hacienda Arenal, nearest to the sea, belonged to General Cerdeña, a Spaniard and ex-officer of the royal army that was defeated at Ayacucho in the Peruvian war of independence. The next was owned by an Englishman; and the third, a rice, cotton and sugar plantation, was the property of a friend of Marcoy, whose acquaintance he had made five years before at a place called Caraveli in the northern part of the province This person, Pierre Leroux by name, needs an introduction to the reader, for he was destined to become Marcoy's traveling companion in his excursion, and to share with him in his experiences, pleasant and otherwise, up to the summit of Cerro Melchior. He was a native of Besançon, and had been living in Peru for fifteen years, during which time he had acquired and lost two fortunes in mining operations. As Marcoy has sketched him with pen and pencil, we are shown a man of forty-five years of age, tall, with a countenance at once frank and intelligent, robust in health,

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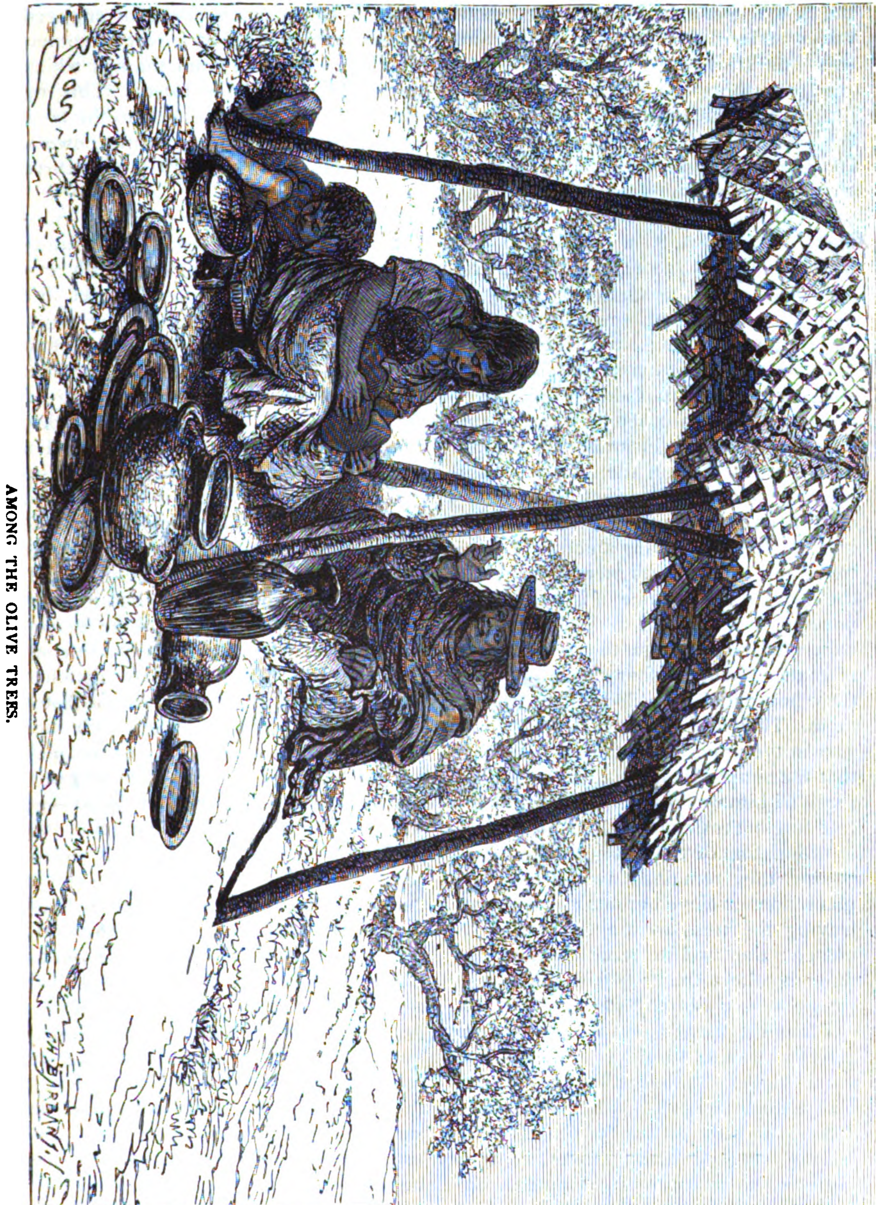

AMONG THE OLIVE TREES.

sinewy of limb, and with the iron will of one who, having marked out a goal, seeks it unmindful of obstacles. He had given to his plantation the name of *Tambo-chico*, or "Little Tambo."

Leroux's mind at the moment of Marcoy's appearance in the valley was absorbed in a project of introducing on his hacienda the use of certain machinery for cleaning his rice and cotton. He had ordered it a year before at a cost of thirty thousand dollars from New York through

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the British consul at Islay, a port about fifteen miles higher up the coast, and was now impatiently expecting its arrival, together with that of the ready-made pine-wood sheds intended to house the machines. Once a week he went to Islay to make inquiries, leaving Tambochico in the morning and returning by nightfall. During these absences of his host Marcoy devoted a part of the day to peregrinations among the *olivares* and *higuerales* — as the small olive and fig plantations are called—which fringe the valley, and in conversing with their Indian proprietors. Among the five or six native families established in the olivares, one in particular aroused his interest, and he often stopped in his walks to converse with these people on the subject of the life they led there and of their olive-culture and its revenues. The family had erected its dwelling among the olive trees, and although its members had all the outward appearance of ill-health and poverty, they seemed to be happy and contented, seated under their simple roof of mats upheld by four posts and with their household utensils scattered about them. They told Marcoy that their home was in the upper part of the valley, and that the simple shelter under which they received him was merely their temporary camping-out residence. Like all the other proprietors of the olive and fig plantations, they remained away from their plantation for eleven months of the year, leaving the trees to the care of Providence: the twelfth month, when the time to collect the crop had come, they passed where Marcoy found them.

From his friends of the olivares our traveler would stroll a few hundred yards higher up the valley to chat with his acquaintances of the *higuerales*. The male adult owners of the fig plantations were generally absent, as they preferred to abandon the conjugal roof and hire themselves out as laborers to the large planters of the valley, some of them returning each night and others only at the end of the week. The women of the family meanwhile attended to the gathering of the figs and their preparation, in a dried state, for the markets of the sierra towns, or engaged in the manufacture of a sort of violet-colored wine made from the figs which the people call *chimbango*. This fig wine is sweet and agreeable to the taste and of moderately intoxicating powers, and is sold at a *cuartillo* (about three cents) a quart.

Still higher up the valley this cultivated zone was succeeded by a sandy tract irregularly interspersed with low ridges of the kind which, under the name of *lomas*, characterizes the physical features of the coast. The normal barrenness of these hills is changed from May to October, during the season of fogs, into fertility, for the humidity causes a green sward to appear, and a multitude of charming flowers spring up and cover their surface. In the old days the gay classes of the population of the sierras were wont to resort, during the period from May to October, to this spot, ostensibly to indulge in sea-bathing, but really to enjoy a merry-making season as frantic and fantastic as any Venetian carnival of the past. Tents were pitched among the hills, and the festival lasted for a month or two, during which time the lomas, accustomed only to the melancholy sound of the surf beating against the shore and the murmur of the passing wind, echoed the notes of the guitar, the shouts of the revelers and their joyous songs. Strange to say, however—a circumstance probably unknown to those thoughtless pleasure-seekers of the sierra —this part of the valley is the burial-place of thousands of Indians of both sexes and of all ages, whose bodies were deposited there before the Spanish conquest, and, as is supposed, during the reigns of the last incas. The bodies lie in trenches barely three feet from the surface. In the majority of cases they are extended on their backs with their heads toward the rising sun, the object of their reverence in life. Others are found in various constrained attitudes—some as if sitting with their elbows resting on their knees and the closed hands set in the eyeless sockets. Some of the bodies are nude, others are swathed in woolen rags or in a coarse kind of

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drawers woven from the *sipa*, a grass that grows on the mountains. In the trenches are laid beside them the implements, weapons and adornments which belonged to them in life, and which, in the belief of the survivors, would be needed by them after death.

One afternoon, when Marcoy returned to the hacienda from this old cemetery, bringing with him the mummies of a little child and of a small llama—doubtless the child's playfellow—which he had found lying together in the same trench, he was greeted joyfully by Pierre Leroux, who had come back from a visit to Islay at an earlier hour than usual. Leroux brought important news. The ship with the machinery, the consul had told him, might be expected at any time within three or four days. In his impatience the master of Tambochico resolved to start for the coast with as little delay as possible, and take up his quarters at Mollendo, where the vessel was to land her cargo.

The next morning, about nine o'clock, host and guest, accompanied by servants, mounted their mules and set out for Mollendo with provisions and baggage, the latter consisting simply of an iron saucepan, a few rush mats and stakes intended for the construction of shelter-huts, and some bed-coverings.

The news of Pierre Leroux's visit to the beach, and a knowledge of its purpose, having spread abroad through the valley, scores of his neighbors, people whom he scarcely knew or had never seen before, came to make inquiries regarding the wonderful machines. So great were the numbers attracted to the "festival," as they called it, that an honest fellow of the vicinity deemed the occasion a propitious one for driving a lively trade in figs, pomegranates and watermelons, which he brought to the spot on an ass's back and sold rapidly to the assemblage, drinking-water being scarce and the fruit serving excellently to quench the thirst of the curious company.

A FIG PLANTATION.

On the fourth day, in the afternoon, the sails of the expected vessel appeared above the tops of the group of rocks that form Cape Islay, and about the same time an Indian arrived with a letter to Leroux from the British consul informing him that, as it would be dangerous for the ship to approach too near the beach, owing to the heavy surf, her captain had resolved to land the machines on a raft to be composed of the material for the sheds. While Leroux was reading this letter the ship came up and dropped anchor at about two-thirds of a mile from shore.

Although the labor of building the raft was begun at once, two days elapsed before the hoisting of the Peruvian colors aboard the vessel announced that all was ready for the landing. The process of transferring the machinery to the shore was simple enough, for while the ship's crew would "pay out" a line attached to their side of the raft, the people on shore were to pull the latter toward them by means of another. A fisherman went out to the ship on his *balsa*, or inflated sealskin raft, procured the end of the shore-line and brought it safely to the beach. As soon as he landed the hawser was seized by a hundred officious individuals, who hauled away vigorously at the raft, which by this time had been released from the vessel's side. Leroux, Marcoy and the spectators watched the progress of the frail tossing platform with varying emotions. Suddenly a great shout arose from the volunteers who were pulling the rope. The hawser had parted! For an instant the raft swayed about helplessly in the great waves. Then a wave bore down on it, and in a few minutes all that remained was a mass of planks and beams tossing wildly against the beach. Leroux looked on at this ruin of his hopes like one thunderstruck, and for a little while Marcoy feared that his reason was about to leave him; but he recovered himself slowly, and, gazing with a despairing glance at the timber lying on the beach, he turned to Marcoy and said with a sigh, "Well, here is another fortune to make."

At some distance from them stood groups of the spectators discussing the event. Although they appeared to belong to the well-to-do class, and their faces bore a commiserative expression suitable to the occasion, still it could be seen, when they turned their glances on Pierre Leroux with a half smile, that the catastrophe had not caused them much regret. Along the shore were ranged the *cholos* (natives of mixed Spanish and Indian extraction) and Indians who had assisted in dragging the raft, and who now seemed to be amusing themselves with the erratic movements of the beams and planks as the waves threw them on the beach and then floated them back into the sea. Presently, having come to the conclusion that the flotsam belonged to the first claimant, they began to load their shoulders with the wood. Some of them were already trudging off with their burdens along the road to Tambo, when suddenly an individual whom nobody had hitherto noticed emerged from the crowd and in an uncouth sort of Spanish ordered the pillagers to throw down their spoils. As the rogues seemed to take no notice of this admonition, the newcomer administered a few kicks and cuffs to them, which soon caused them to drop their prizes and fall back in disorder.

The stranger who thus championed so zealously Pierre Leroux's interests was a Frenchman, who, having deserted from his ship, a three-masted vessel from Marseilles, at the port of Arica in Bolivia, about three months before, had been wandering since that time from village to village near the coast, earning a precarious livelihood while awaiting an opportunity to ship on some other vessel. His name was Moïse, and he was a native of Provence. He was a carpenter by trade, and having heard while at Islay of the intended landing of the machinery, he had come to Mollendo with the hope of obtaining work in the erection of the sheds. This information he imparted to Marcoy, who stepped forward to question him, and who recognized in him, when the man's story was told, a member of the restless maritime fraternity known in that region as

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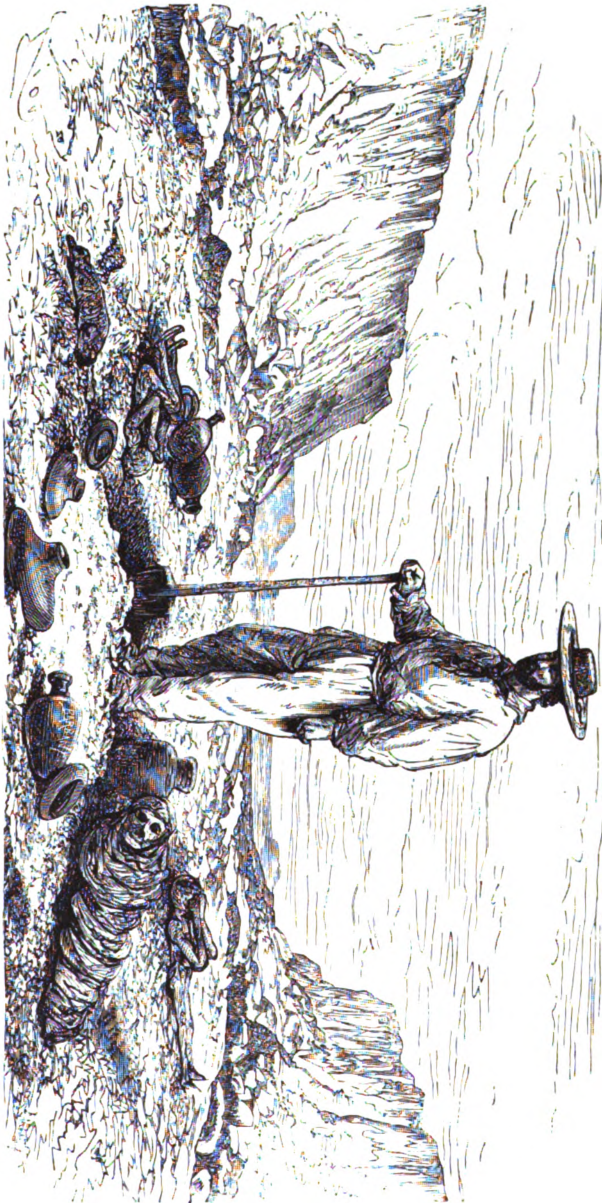
"Brethren of the Coast"—in other words, deserters from ships who lead vagrant lives until they can once more find employment before the mast.

Moïse was a vigorous specimen of the brotherhood. He was about forty years old, with regular features, a complexion bronzed like that of an Indian, and a waving mass of tawny hair and beard that imparted to him a leonine look. His costume consisted of a ragged straw hat that might have done duty as a scarecrow, a tattered red woolen shirt and a pair of sailcloth trousers patched in a dozen places and upheld by a leathern belt. He carried a long staff, and the rest of his wardrobe was tied up in a handkerchief.



AMONG THE MUMMIES.

The idea occurred to Marcoy to make this adventurer the guardian of the wood—which represented a certain value in money to Pierre Leroux—until the latter could have it transported to the hacienda. He therefore proposed to him to remain on the beach and preserve the property from pillage, with the understanding that his services were to be paid for at the rate of four reals (fifty cents) a day, and that provisions should be sent to him from Tambochico. Moïse accepted the offer, which Pierre Leroux authorized with a motion of his head when Marcoy broached the matter to

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him. Thus constituted supervisor of the wreck, Moïse seated himself in the sand, and, twirling his staff, fixed his eyes on the crowd and observed in broken Spanish, "I'll smash the head of the first fellow that touches this wood. You hear me?"

His words—and his manner, perhaps, more than his words—had the effect of causing the would-be pillagers to draw off, and the servants having collected in one spot all the wood that had floated ashore, Moïse constructed a rude sort of shed with the remains of the raft, in which he could lodge comfortably with the three peons who were to remain with him until further orders. When this work was completed, and nothing remained for the curious to discuss and ponder, the spectators departed like a congregation retiring from church, leaving only Marcoy, Pierre Leroux, General Cerdeña (who had been among the interested lookers-on from the beginning), Moïse, the servants and the ship as witnesses of the day's failures and disappointments. After dark the vessel weighed anchor and sailed away.

The period fixed by Marcoy as the limit of his stay in the valley was now approaching. A few days more would see him on his way from the coast and across the mountains, traveling through the sierra in a climate and amid a vegetation—or a lack of vegetation, as the case might be—altogether different from the climate and vegetation of the tropical estate of Tambochico. As the hour of departure drew near an idea that in the beginning had been only a fugitive thought took firm hold on his mind. This idea was to withdraw his friend and host from the contemplation of his loss by associating him with the journey he was about to undertake. Leroux at first positively refused to listen to the suggestion. Nothing daunted, however, Marcoy persisted in his pleadings, until finally he gained his host's reluctant assent. It was arranged that during Leroux's absence the *mayordomo* should take charge of the plantation, and that Moïse, who was then engaged in building a new sugar-house, should await at Tambochico the planter's return.

One morning at the hour of four, accompanied by a *mozo sirviente*, or "body-servant," and under the guidance of a muleteer who was returning from the valley to the sierra region with a load of sugar, they left Tambochico, riding in the direction of the mountains. As they reached the top of the first line of hills a thick fog, descending into the valley, met them and enveloped them so completely that not only were they unable to see two yards in advance, but their garments were penetrated by the moisture. While making their way through the mist the sound of horses' feet and the tinkling of bells in their front warned them of the approach of a caravan. So close was it on them, in fact, that they had barely time to turn their mules to one side when the other party, men and animals, passed swiftly along the road like phantoms. Only their silhouettes were visible for a few seconds, and then they vanished in the fog. Soon, however, the rising sun tinted the icy vapors with an opaline hue, and the wind, striking the mist, blew it back rolling on itself in the shape of ocean billows. The struggle between the fog on one side and the sun and wind on the other was not of long duration, for, rent asunder by the wind, the curtain of vapor was hurried in broken fragments toward the north, and the atmosphere was left clear. The plateau on which the party found themselves overlooked the valley of Tambo from a height of twenty-four hundred feet. Beyond it lay the wide-spreading ocean, its azure waters confused at the horizon with the blue of the sky. Before, in the east, were the heights across which their route was to lead them, and still farther away, behind these, the snow-covered peaks of the Andes towered in the air. The day's journey ended at the hamlet of Omate, a mass of thatched-roof huts which seemed at a distance nothing more than a disagreeable natural feature of the scenery. Two leagues to the northward rose the once formidable volcano of Omate, with its yawning crater, half in darkness and half illumined by the setting sun, sharply inclining to the south-east.

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MAKING FIG WINE.

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For two days after leaving Omate the travelers journeyed along the western slope of the Andes through a dreary and almost solitary region. When night came they took shelter in a cave-like abode among the rocks in company with the shepherd who inhabited it and his flock. Toward the close of the next day they drew near to Pati, their halting-place for the night. This was a mere group of huts in the heart of the Cordilleras. Here and there along the approaches to it were llama-folds, and on the right of the road, elevated above the plain, was a wooden cross. They found a post-office—or rather post-hut—occupied by a troop of muleteers, who were about sitting down to their supper, and who at first received our travelers ungraciously, but after their first surprise and embarrassment had passed away they made the best of the interruption, and were soon on excellent terms with the newcomers, who slept side by side with them before the rousing fire which was kept burning through the night.

MOISE.

Having made an arrangement the next morning with these muleteers to guide them as far as Caylloma, a village which lay in Marcoy's itinerary, and by which the muleteers were to pass on their way to San Tomas, their destination, the travelers bade farewell to their late guide, who was compelled to leave them at Pati to pursue his homeward journey in another direction, and set out with their new friends toward the north-north-west and the region of snow.

A few hours of descending march brought them to the Punas or Andean plateaus, a barren and rugged stretch of country furrowed by ridges of minor hills unconnected with any of the greater surrounding chains. The northern boundary of these Punas is the snowy range of mountains known as the Sierra de Huilcanota; and as they approached this chain on the second day of their journey from Pati the road became more precipitous and the arid surface presented the aspect of steep hills and deep gorges, forming a succession

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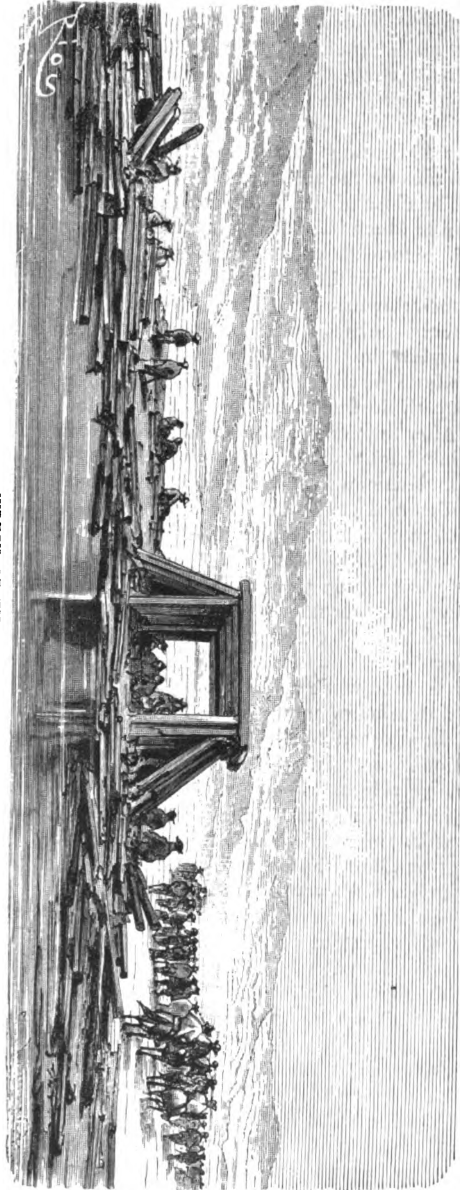
of heights and ravines which severely taxed the strength of their mules and horses. These difficulties might have been avoided had the old Carrera Real, or post-road, been followed to Caylloma; but the guides had preferred to pursue a course of their own choosing across the Punas, in order to spare their animals the ill effects arising from the rarefied air at an elevation of seventeen thousand feet, which would have been attained had they gone by the highway.

During the afternoon of this day they skirted the side of a hill at the base of which were three large square openings, evidently the work of man. As Marcoy and Leroux peered into these gloomy artificial caverns, the chief of the muleteers informed them that they were the entrances to the mine of San Lorenzo, formerly renowned for its yield of silver, but which at present is unworked. One league distant is the mine of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, equally celebrated during the period of the Spanish occupation, but now also abandoned. As they progressed they caught occasional glimpses, through breaks in the mountains, of the snowy summits of the Andes: then, farther on, the white tops were lost to view and the stony heights presented themselves in all their bald nakedness. This appearance in turn of snow-capped peaks and stony ridges continued until they reached the point at which the Sierra de Huilcanota joins—or rather is confounded with —the great chain of the Cordillera or Western Andes. At this stage of the day's journey the scenery on all sides became arctic in its character. The mountains were clothed in a white mantle in every direction, but as the sun was hidden by the clouds, the observer could enjoy the splendors of the view without having recourse to the pasteboard tubes furnished with blue glasses, a sort of spectacles used by travelers in these snowy regions to preserve their eyes from attacks of the *surumpe*, an ophthalmia occasioned by the reflection of the sun on the snow.



WRECK OF THE RAFT.

The travelers hoped to reach before night a postal-station called Machu Condoroma, situated on the western slope of

the Huilcanota chain. But as the afternoon lengthened the sky became overcast with still darker clouds, and suddenly snow fell so thickly as to shut out from their sight objects four paces distant, while the wind, thunder and lightning added to their perplexity. Not a rancho or shepherd's hut was visible as they went on with heads bowed to the blinding storm and trusting to the sagacity of their mules for the selection of the right path. The close of the day found them too far from Machu Condoroma to hope to reach it before darkness should shut out the path, and they therefore prepared for their bivouac for the night by arranging their couches and cooking their supper under the ledge of a projecting rock whose position had kept the space beneath it free from the drifting snow. After supper Marcoy and Pierre Leroux lay back to back in a bed which the muleteers had constructed with the bundles and pack-saddles, while the guides slept in a democratic fashion piled on top of each other.

During the night the storm passed off, and the morning broke clear and cold—so cold, indeed, as to redden the travelers' ears and noses. The journey was resumed while it was yet dark, and after a two hours' march over horrible roads they passed Machu Condoroma, a wild, lonely spot lying in the shadow of beetling ridges. The post-house, built of blocks of stone cemented with clay, stood in relief against the white background of the snow-clad sides of the mountain beyond. At a day's ride from the station lay Caylloma, and they resolved to push forward so as to reach it before night. As they went on they found the roads in a dreadfully slippery condition from the mingling of the melted snow and the clay and ferruginous earth that composed the soil. Occasionally unhorsed by reason of the inability of their animals to keep their feet, the party finally reached the Rio Condoroma, at that moment a roaring, tumbling torrent. Crossing this stream by ascending to a ford three miles higher up than the point at which they had struck it, they stumbled on the village of Condoroma, a humble hamlet that dates from the time of the Spanish domination, during which period its silver-mines were among the most celebrated of Peru.

At the hour of their entrance into Condoroma all the villagers seemed to be absent, for the doors of the houses were closed and neither man nor beast was visible. A brief halt was made here for breakfast, and while they were engaged at the meal the horses and mules roamed among the houses and satisfied their appetite by eating the freshly-laid thatched roof that covered one of them.

Four leagues distant from Condoroma is the hamlet of Chita, consisting of twenty houses and situated in a plain with a picturesquely-profiled range of mountains at its back. A mountain-torrent near by leaped noisily over its rocky bed in its descent from the heights. The travelers saw Chita from a distance, and rode by without halting. They feared to lose by delay the advantages offered by the fine weather that prevailed. Their hopes of continued favorable weather up to Caylloma were, however, doomed to disappointment, for about four o'clock clouds gathered in the blue sky and obscured the sun. At sunset the heavens were overcast with a reddish-gray, against which the surrounding summits were outlined with distinctness, and the cold became intense. At a turn in the road they rode into a plain, and at its farther extremity they saw the houses of a large village. This village, rising mistily before them, was Caylloma, which, on account of the valuable product of its silver-mines in the past, was called for a long time by the people of the country and the Spanish chroniclers *Caylloma la Rica*, or "Caylloma the Rich."

Candles were lighted in the houses of the village when they entered its precincts. As Marcoy and Leroux were without acquaintances in the place, they were obliged to follow the muleteers to the *tampu*, or caravansary, at which the latter were accustomed to lodge with their animals on the occasions of their visits to Caylloma. This tampu was a large yard with the sky for a roof.

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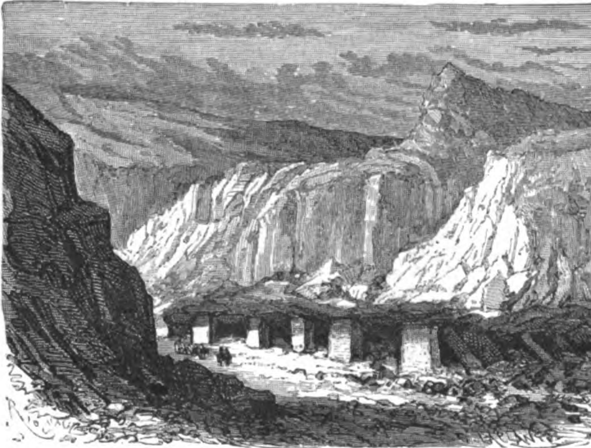
The appearance of the ground, covered as it was with broken straw and other refuse matter, indicated that the place was used as a stable or as quarters for horses and mules. Three sides of the yard were built up with small cells of masonry, to each of which a single door admitted light and air. These diminutive apartments were the lodgings assigned to travelers.

The arrival of strangers in this remote village was an event of so rare an occurrence that as the cavalcade filed into the tampu a dozen or more of the villagers surrounded the muleteers, plying them with innumerable questions begotten of purposeless curiosity or due to a natural desire to be informed of the events of the outer world. Some of the questioners — the shopkeepers—wanted to know what merchandise the bundles contained; others — the politicians and intelligent class generally —inquired concerning the latest revolutionary movements in Peru, and were solicitous to learn whether the legal president of the republic had been assassinated or whether he was still in peaceable occupancy of his office. Another element of the crowd—mere idlers—looked on and said nothing, filling the rôle of listeners. Among the last-mentioned class was an individual wrapped in a cloak and with his face shaded by a slouch hat of the kind called in the country *pansa de burro*. This person gazed with a sort of sympathetic interest at Marcoy and Leroux, as was evinced by the friendly smile that illumined his face when their looks were turned in his direction. Marcoy observed this, and surmising that the unknown desired to make his and Leroux's acquaintance, but was deterred from addressing them by native modesty, he approached him and greeted him with the air of an old acquaintance. "Good-evening, friend," he said. "You are in good health, I hope?"

VILLAGE OF PATI.

"Thank you, señor," modestly replied

the stranger. "You are very kind to inquire concerning my welfare. My name is Mariano Telar, and I enjoy very good health, Heaven be praised! I live here in Caylloma, where I have many friends among the best people. Just now I overheard you conversing in French with your companion, and my attention was attracted to you because the language in which you spoke reminded me of the *Adventures of Telemachus*, which I once endeavored, in a small way, to put into Spanish. My house, señor, is at the service of yourself and your friend during your stay in Caylloma, if you will honor it with your presence."



MINE OF SAN LORENZO.

Glad to be spared the horrors of a night passed in the tampu, the travelers promptly accepted the hospitable Cayllomero's invitation.

With a request to them to follow him, Don Mariano set off through the dark and muddy streets in the direction of his house, which fronted on the small square of the village, one side of which was occupied by the church. At the house the guests were presented to their host's wife, a grave, middle-aged matron, who welcomed them with a dignified courtesy. The good dame, after a few remarks had been exchanged, disappeared, and half an hour later a servant announced that supper awaited the guests in the *comedor*, or dining-room. Under the influence of the local wine of Locumba, two kinds of which, the sour and the *dulce* (the latter being prepared by mixing the sour wine with sugar), were on the table, Don Mariano developed a gay and talkative mood, and the good lady having retired, as is the fashion in England, after the meal, he opened his heart to his guests, and for three consecutive hours, like the genuine Peruvian that he was, discoursed on the subject of how he had made his fortune and had become acquainted with his wife. Noticing, finally, that his guests were about to drop from their chairs with drowsiness, he considerately closed his remarks, and conducted them to the chamber which they were to occupy for the night.

Early the next morning, Marcoy, leaving his companion in bed, rose and went to stroll about the village, which he found to consist of five streets and sixty-three houses, exclusive of a number of thatched-roof huts attached to cattle-yards scattered about the outskirts. The church was a rectangular structure surmounted by two square belfries, each covered with a sort of cap having the appearance of an incomplete cupola. On either side of the altar was a shrine—one dedicated to Our Lady of Carmel, the other to Saint Joseph, the patron saint of the republic. These shrines were adorned with a profusion of votive offerings which had been placed on them by the faithful—reliquaries and lamps of solid silver, the latter made from metal taken from the neighboring mines.

When he returned to the house he found his host and Pierre Leroux conversing, over a glass of rum, on a subject that seemed to possess a special interest for the former. A messenger, it appeared, had just come into Caylloma with the information that a colonel of the national engineer corps had set up

his standard, metaphorically speaking, in the vicinity of the village, having just arrived from Cuzco with orders from the government to survey the boundaries of the province and to obtain its area in square miles. The messenger was this officer's secretary, who furthermore was empowered to notify the inhabitants of the place that they would be expected to furnish the colonel with all the supplies he might need while thus engaged in a work which was destined to redound

CHITA.

to their glory and to the advantage of the republic. There was great excitement in Caylloma la Rica, for no sooner had the tidings been disseminated in the village than the little community became divided into two parties on the subject of the true purpose of the intruder into their mountain seclusion.

One party loudly proclaimed the colonel a government spy, declaring that his surveying mission was a sham, and that his real instructions were to impose an extraordinary tax on the people of Caylloma. The other side held, on the contrary, that this official visit was an evidence of the interest felt by the president of the republic in their distant and hitherto neglected province, which he desired to see take rank with its neighbors. Don Mariano joined hands with this wing of the population, and vigorously championed the cause of the maligned colonel. As the dispute was one in which Marcoy and his friend had no excuse to interfere, they decided to resume their journey at once, or as soon as possible after the breakfast which their host, who heard of their intention with profound regret, insisted on their sharing with him.

After hastily-uttered farewells they left Don Mariano and his neighbors wrangling and gesticulating over the important political event—for so was it regarded—of the morning, and started due west on their way to Chalqui, the next village in their route. The ride for some distance was a fatiguing one, as the road was filled with declivities, pitfalls and quagmires. The snow of the previous day had melted, however, and the mules were enabled to make better progress. An hour after their departure from Cayl-

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ioma their eyes caught sight of Lake Vilafro—called by the natives Lake Huanana—and their attention was attracted to the spectacle of a number of men standing on the shore. These, as they soon learned, were the colonel of engineers and his followers. The colonel was a short, paunchy, bow-legged person, arrayed in a gorgeous uniform consisting of a blue coat set off with a profusion of gold braid and a pair of shining, brand-new epaulets, tight breeches and riding-boots, and a red silk scarf with flowing ends wrapped around his rotund waist. On his head was a cloth cap of the same color as the coat, with a leather visor and trimmed with gold lace.

As this magnificent personage approached the travelers, Marcoy was struck, in the first place, with his extraordinary ugliness, and, secondly, with his resemblance to some one whom he had seen before. His doubts on the latter head were soon solved; for as the brilliantly-dressed colonel came up with eyes and mouth opening gradually, as if in a sort of stupid surprise, he recognized in him a man whose acquaintance he had made in Cuzco two or three years previously.

"Amigo Don Pablo!" exclaimed the newcomer, extending wide his arms to clasp Marcoy in his friendly embrace.

"Señor Don Julian Delgado y Palomino!" cried Marcoy in a similar burst of recognition.

"I have been made a colonel of the engineer corps since I last saw you," whispered Don Julian rapidly. "At some other time I'll tell you all about it. But not a word at present before all these people."

After an introduction to Pierre Leroux, Don Julian invited the two to accept the hospitality of his cave, in which, in default of a more commodious dwelling, he had temporarily established his headquarters. It proved to be a spacious subterranean chamber about twenty-five feet high, forty wide and eighty deep. A rudely-constructed wall between five and six feet in height divided it into two sections, in one of which the traces of fire and the presence of straw showed that the place had served at one time both as the abode of man and as a stable for animals.

At their host's request the travelers seated themselves on a couple of leather trunks which did service for chairs.

"This place seems to have had a tenant already," observed Marcoy, glancing around him.

"The fact is," replied the colonel, "this cave has been inhabited, and if you would like to know something about the former occupant, the guide whom I engaged at Mamanihuayta may be able to inform you.—Hallo there, somebody!" As he spoke he looked toward the entrance of the cave, and three or four of the attendants appeared at the same moment in answer to the summons. "Call Quispè," he added shortly.

Quispè, the Indian guide, came forward promptly, and stood at the entrance twirling his hat in his hand in a way that savored of embarrassment.

"Advance and narrate to this gentleman the absurd story concerning Vilafro that you told me yesterday," said the colonel of engineers loftily, while Quispè gazed with a timid and astonished look at Marcoy.

"Come," remarked the latter pleasantly, "tell me what you know about this Lake Vilafro."

"The lake is called Huanana, and not Vilafro," returned the Indian: "Vilafro is the name of a man who belonged to your people."

"Then the lake was Vilafro's property, since he gave it his name?"

"The lake never belonged to man," replied Quispè. "The hills, the lakes and the snows have no master but God. The man of whom you speak was a Spaniard, to whom a poor driver of llamas revealed the existence of the silver-mines of Quimsachata, which you can see from this cave. Vilafro after five years' labor amassed so much silver that he shod his horses and mules with that metal. Although he gave up one-fifth of his treasures to the viceroy as tribute, and was a devotee of the most holy Virgin—as is proved by his gift to the church of Sicuani of a silver lamp

CAYLLOMA LA RICA.

weighing three hundred marks—he was accused of impiety, fraud and rebellion. His fortune brought him more enemies than friends. He was ordered by the Inquisition and the viceroy to appear before them at Lima, was cast into prison and was afterward hanged, while his riches were confiscated to the profit of the king of Spain. Since that day the mine of Quimsachata has been abandoned, for the ghost of the hanged man every night revisits its old domain."

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During the recital of this gloomy legend Don Julian busied himself with preparing a collation in the shape of a few dry biscuits and a bottle of sherry, which he took from one of the trunks, and while full justice was being done to the repast by the hungry travelers he entered into some particulars regarding his mission. "You must know," he began, with a slight frown of importance, "that of all the provinces of Lower Peru, Caylloma is the only one in regard to which the government is not fully informed. Not only is it ignorant of the statistics of the province, but the boundaries of its territory are so vaguely marked that the people living on the other side of its borders have frequent disturbances with its inhabitants in regard to the mines and pasture-grounds, which each side claims as its own. Such a condition of things could no longer be tolerated, and His Excellency General Hermenegildo, our illustrious president and my well-beloved cousin through my wife, has decided—"

At this moment the sound of a rapidly-galloping horse interrupted the colonel's account of himself. Then joyous cries echoed on the air from the outside, and the party, with Don Julian at their head, rushed out to learn the cause of the uproar. In the advance of a confused crowd of people mounted on mules and horses Marcoy beheld a youth who was riding furiously and shouting wildly.

"My aide-de-camp, Saturnino, on his return from Caylloma," explained Don Julian with a wave of his hand.

Saturnino was a young *cholo*, a half-caste of mixed Spanish and Indian extraction, of brown complexion, with beardless chin and long, straight blue-black hair falling on his turned-down collar. A traveling cloak thrown back over his shoulder revealed a blue uniform without trimmings. A leather-visored cap, similar to that worn by Don Julian, completed his half-military, half-civilian costume. Behind this apparition crowded a cavalcade composed of the notables of Caylloma, who had sought the fat colonel in his isolated cave to extend their congratulations to him and to place themselves and all they possessed at his service. Marcoy looked in vain for their late host, Don Mariano, among this goodly company, which included a number of ladies, who, encouraged by the presence of the wives of the *gobernador* of the district and the *alcalde* of the village, had accompanied the deputation, riding with Arcadian simplicity astride their horses. The party was headed by the gobernador himself, and by his side rode the *gobernadora*, a portly lady seated on a jenny whose bridle the gobernador held in his hand.

The women remained in the background, smoothing down their ruffled garments, while the men advanced to greet the great man. Each notable in turn expressed his pleasure at seeing the colonel among them, and at the close of their harangues Don Julian began an address in a loud key, which was more applauded in the exordium than in the peroration. After declaring his own personal satisfaction at having been selected by the chief of the state to visit the inhabitants of Caylloma (so worthy in all respects of the solicitude and high appreciation of His Excellency) on a mission which was destined, he trusted, when its territory should be surveyed by him, to call the province to a new and glorious future which would place it on a level with the most renowned provinces of the commonwealth, he promised that thenceforth the name of Caylloma should shine beside the names of its sister-provinces in the solemn celebrations of the republic and in the almanacs published at Lima. "And now, señores," he concluded, "I have to request that before sunset the citizens of Caylloma will send to me two fat sheep, some smoked beef, a bag of potatoes, a leather bottle or two of brandy — brandy, remember: don't forget the brandy—and a sufficiency of fuel and bed-clothing to protect myself and my men from the cold while I am engaged in this task which is to redound so greatly to your prosperity."

At the utterance of these last words the countenances of the notables lost that expression of patriotic enthusiasm which had marked them before, and the worthy fellows looked at each other askance, as

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if doubtful of the reception that should be given to the proposition. Don Julian, however, making a pretence of not observing their hesitation, bowed and left them to their deliberations, turning aside to converse with their wives, and throwing as much gallantry as possible into the expression of his ugly countenance and the movements of his ungainly figure. At his invitation the ladies entered the cave, and graciously accepted his hospitality in the shape of biscuits and wine. His polite attentions soon won them over to his cause, and by the time the biscuits and the sherry had gone the rounds for the third time the wife of the governor, a lady of mature age, addressed him familiarly as "My dear," while the wife of the alcalde, younger, and therefore less bold than her companion, had gained her own consent to style him "Gossip."

The levee was at its height, and the ladies were all laughing together in the most delightful confusion at the colonel's heavy sallies of wit, when the husbands, who had received no invitation to enter the grotto, becoming weary with the delay, or jealous, it may be, of Don Julian's monopoly of their spouses, joined the revelers in the cave, and conveniently pleading as excuse the distance between Lake Vilafro and Caylloma, and their disinclination to intrude further on the kindness of his lordship, finally succeeded in inducing their better halves to resume their seats in the saddles. The expressive looks of the latter on taking leave of Don Julian and his guests satisfied the colonel that his request for provisions would be granted. In fact, about sunset an Indian was seen approaching, driving before him two donkeys and four llamas loaded with supplies of all kinds, not a single article called for by the colonel having been omitted. A good part of the evening was spent in arranging the provisions in the cave, and Marcoy and Leroux, having yielded to Don Julian's entreaties to remain with him a day or two longer, retired to sleep without being disturbed by the uneasy spirit of the executed Joaquin Vilafro.

DON JULIAN AND HIS AIDE-DE-CAMP.

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AN ADVENTURE IN JAPAN.

THE contributions of Japan to our Centennial Exposition have greatly augmented the respect of our people for that interesting country, and familiarized their minds with the physiognomy, the dress and the arts of the Japanese. In the engraving on the following page many will recognize the curious night-lamp or lantern, the little low table, and especially the screens or partitions presenting those ever-recurring storks or flamingoes on the wing, the sketchy, struggling vegetation and the conventional pyramidal mountains; but the bed may surprise some whose notions of a Japanese couch are derived from that wonderfully-elaborate carved bedstead which was one of the marvels of the exposition. The bed here shown is the common one found everywhere in Japan. The sleeping arrangements are heroically simple, requiring no extra rooms, the bed and sleeping apartment being improvised anywhere with large screens, a thin mattress of rice straw and a wooden pillow—the latter a sort of guillotine-block with a hard cushion on the top covered with many sheets of white paper. These sheets are turned or changed as they become soiled. This strange head-support, the same, we are told, as that used by the ancient Egyptians, preserves an elaborate coiffure, like that

PORTRAIT OF M. COLLACHE IN JAPANESE COSTUME.

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of the Japanese, from all danger of derangement during sleep.

The illustrations of this paper are from sketches made on the spot by a French gentleman, M. Collache, who was one of the corps of military officers sent to Yedo in 1868 to instruct the Japanese troops in the art of European warfare. On one occasion he was received by one of the ministers of a provincial prince in a tea-house (*otchaya*). His description of the dinner is very interesting. Hot *saki*—a fermented liquor made from rice—was passed from hand to hand in a delicate porcelain cup thin as an egg-shell. Eggs variously prepared, a sort of radish preserved or pickled, fish raw and cooked, boiled bamboo-roots and shell-fish formed the first course. Tables about a foot high were then brought and placed one before each guest, who squatted on his heels if able to do so; which Europeans seldom are, at least for any considerable length of time. They generally sit on the mats cross-legged. The little tables on this occasion bore each a huge bowl of rice and two lacquered bowls, each containing a different soup, the principal ingredients of which were eggs, mushrooms, vegetables, rice-cakes and tiny fish. Broiled fish was served also, chopsticks, of course,

A JAPANESE BED.

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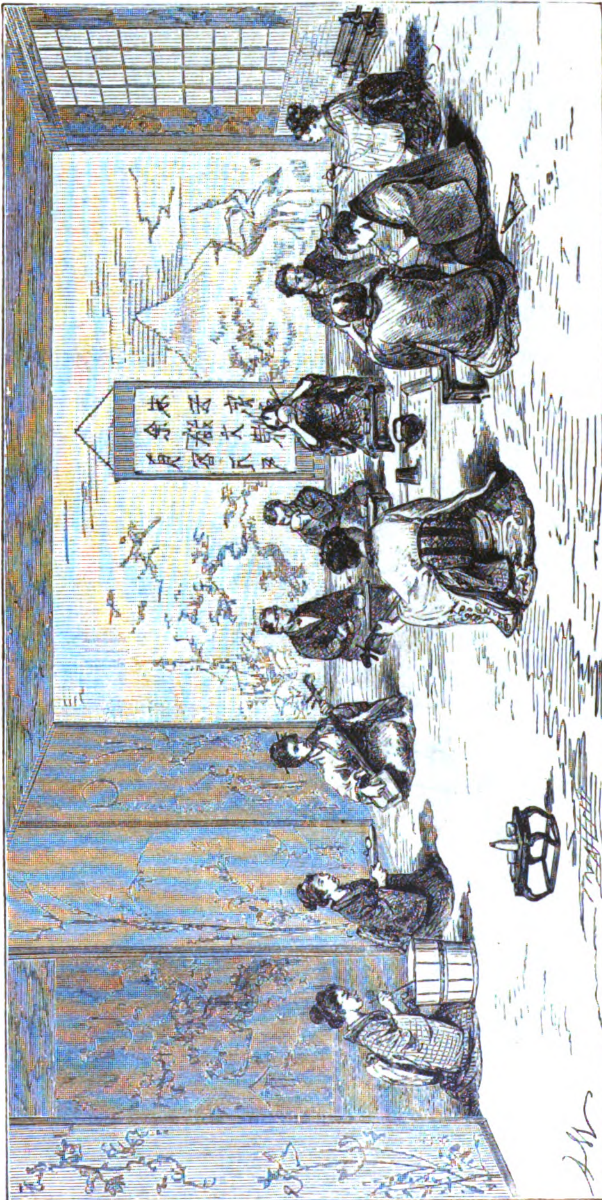
being used in place of knives and forks. The dinner was enlivened by singing, the performers being young girls accompanying themselves with odd-looking, long-necked guitars of three strings. The dinner ended with tea, served in little cups: afterward came smoking in tiny pipes and the performances of dancing-girls.



DINNER GIVEN BY A JAPANESE MINISTER.

The military instruction of the troops was interrupted by grave political troubles, the insurrection of the daimios or feudal lords against the tycoon, who represents the temporal party and the party of progress of Japan. The French commission, however, remained in the country and took up arms for the tycoon.

On one occasion during the struggle it was decided to surprise and attack the enemy's fleet lying in the little harbor of Nambou. It consisted of eight ships, large and small, one being a powerful iron-clad bought in this country, while the attacking force numbered three only—the Kaiten, the Aschwelotte and the Hannrio, the first being a steam corvette armed with twenty-two guns of different calibres: M. Collache commanded the Aschwelotte. The expedition failed to accomplish its object, but the experience of the commander of the Aschwelotte is full of interest. At

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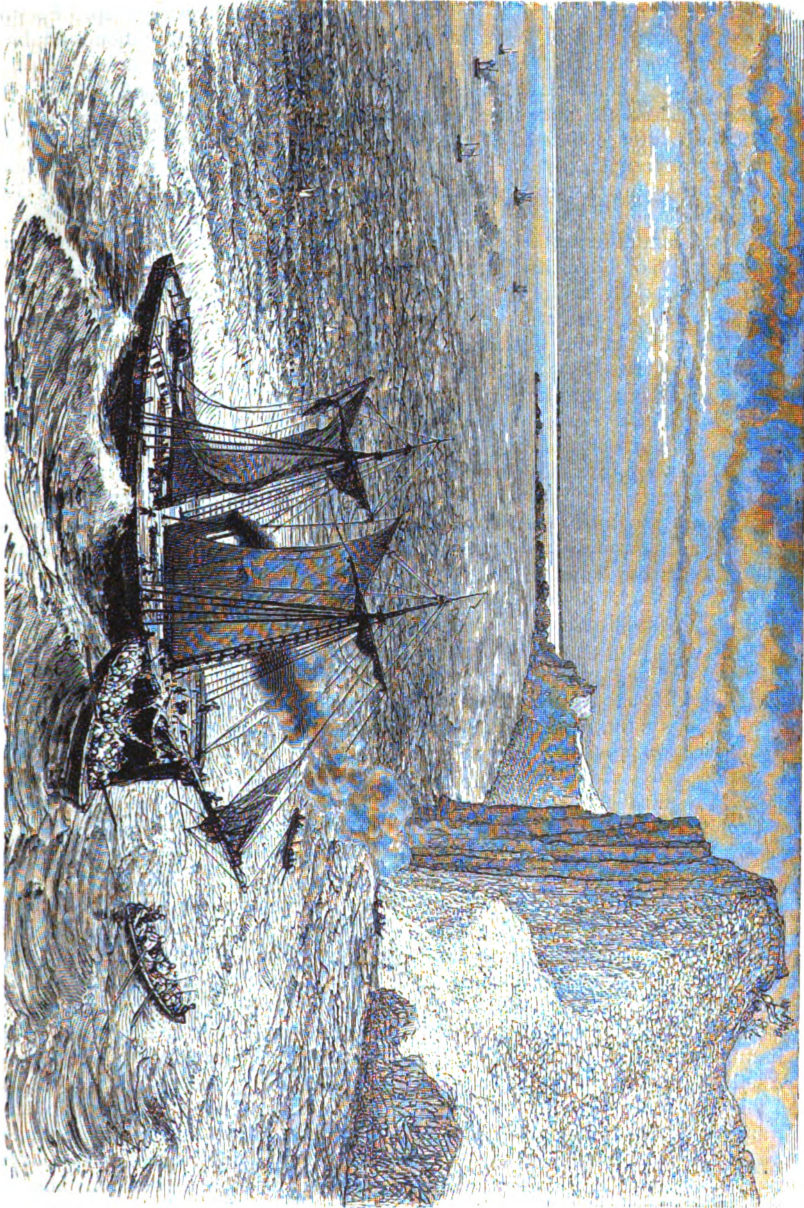

THE ASCHWELOTTE AGROUND.

Samimoura the Kaiten sent a boat ashore for news. Scarcely had the boat returned when a Japanese boat left the shore and came out to the fleet, which in order to make this landing safe had run up the enemy's flag. The Aschwelotte stopped, and some *yacounins*—Japanese officers—came on board to present their compliments. They had been deceived by the flag, and were amazed when they saw M. Collache, whom they recognized, having met him before. Here was a di-

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lemma! To keep these men as prisoners of war was not desirable, and to allow them to return was to betray the object of the expedition. The former course was decided upon, and the yacounins, having had the matter explained to them, took it very philosophically, or, in other words, with true Japanese indifference to the inevitable.

The next event of importance was the running aground of the Aschwelotte upon reefs in a fog, and the hailing of a fisherman, who came on board and served as pilot. This was but the beginning of disasters. A severe storm not only delayed the attack, but so injured the machinery of the Aschwelotte that she was obliged to put into a port beyond Miako, the destination, for repairs. During the storm the Hannrio was lost sight of, but the Kaiten accompanied the Aschwelotte into port, the former under the American, the latter under the Russian, flag. The repairs of the Aschwelotte's machinery proved very unsatisfactory. Her speed was greatly retarded, and the other ship went ahead and engaged the enemy, expecting the Aschwelotte to come up with her fresh troops in the heat of the combat.

The expedition proved an utter failure. The Aschwelotte's crew heard the cannonade with terrible impatience at the slow progress of the ship, which could not reach the scene until after the action had ceased. Entering the Bay of Miako, they saw the Kaiten come out and sail north with all speed, refusing to reply to the signals of the Aschwelotte. This was a mystery which was not explained until long after. M. Collache now saw himself, his ship and his men in imminent peril. Capture was inevitable unless the ship could be run ashore and the crew escape into the mountains of Nambou. About thirty yards from the shore the ship ran on the rocks. Then occurred a scene of indescribable confusion. M. Collache, revolver in hand, compelled the men to defer lowering the boats until the cargo was thrown overboard, to prevent its falling into the enemy's hands. They spiked the guns, smashed the engine, and the commander, being the last to leave the ship, prepared a fuse for blowing it up. For this purpose all the ammunition had been heaped together in the hold. Most of the crew of seventy natives had gone ashore in the boats, and were ordered to wait while a boat returned to the ship for the rest; but seeing the Stonewall and another ship of the enemy close upon them, they were seized with panic and scrambled up the cliffs in terror, leaving M. Collache to swim ashore—a feat he accomplished with one hand, holding his arms above the water with the other to prevent their getting wet. The enemy's ships now opened fire upon the flying crew, but only two were killed. The rest reached the summit of the cliffs safely just as a terrible explosion and a dense column of smoke announced the blowing up of the Aschwelotte. The enemy sent some of his force ashore to pursue the fugitives, and a shower of bullets fell around them while ascending a hill some distance from the river. No one was hurt, however, and the pursuit was abandoned.

While passing along a romantic path through a wood the party came across a rock upon whose numerous points were hung bits of folded paper. M. Collache put out his hand to take one of them. His companions cried out to hinder him, and explained that these papers were *yen mousoubis* (*yen*, "marriage," and *mousoubai*, "to bind"), bearing the names of unhappy lovers disappointed in their hopes of marriage. Before these rocks, thus consecrated, they come to pray to God to remove the obstacles to their union. "I perceived in this," says M. Collache, "one of the most touching traits of Japanese sensibility. Very grave in their outward bearing, the Japanese affect, especially before Europeans, indifference to everything relating to tender sentiment; but beneath this conventional mask beat generous hearts, loyal to the family affections and to friends."

The first night after abandoning the ship the whole party slept crowded in two rooms of a small village, which was so poor that it did not possess a grain of rice. All that could be obtained was a small quantity of yellow and rather in-

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THE LOVERS' ROCK.

sipid grains or seeds, which keen hunger made palatable, as it did also an old and rather tough fowl which M. Collache shared with his Japanese officers. A cordon of sentinels was stationed around the house to prevent a surprise.

The next morning M. Collache held a council with his men to discuss the situation. He proposed that the party should separate—that the Japanese, disguising themselves as peasants, should each seek whatever destination he desired, while

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he, their chief, sure to be captured sooner or later, should at once give himself up to the enemy. The rest would not agree to this, but proposed that they should all surrender, commending themselves to the clemency of the victor. This seemed to the chief like a lack of courage, and he reproached them spiritedly, but finally said, "I am not a Japanese: do as you think best;" and without waiting for a reply ordered an immediate departure, the destination being a village on the sea not far distant, where an abundance of rice and other provisions could be obtained. At this place the sight of fishing-vessels anchored in the bay suggested the possibility of hiring a junk to take them to Hacodaté, the place from which the expedition had set out. M. Collache made this proposition to his first officer, who received it with many idle objections, and, being pressed for better reasons, confessed that after a council held among themselves he had written to the prince of Nambou surrendering the party as prisoners, the chief being mentioned as one of the number. To leave after this would be an act of bad faith, and not to be thought of for a moment. This prince had been on the side of the tycoon during the insurrection of the daimios, and had not abandoned his cause until after repeated defeats.

The following morning four yacounins arrived, and after a long conference with the Japanese officers announced that the prince their master received the party under his protection, engaging himself to conduct them safely to Yedo at his own expense. All the men were then called, one by one, to lay down their arms, the chief alone excepted. This was a signal mark of respect, and most gratefully received. An escort of soldiers next appeared with horses and oxen bearing pack-saddles. Each one chose the mount he preferred. "I confess," says M. Collache, "that I could not but laugh at the odd figure of my Japanese soldiers astride these horned beasts, which nearly all of them chose, not knowing how to ride a horse." Each prisoner had two guards, who walked one on each side of his horse or ox, and thus the cavalcade, numbering nearly four hundred, moved on toward the capital of Japan. The weather was magnificent, and the kindness of the prince of Nambou unremitting. He gave to the chief and to each of the Japanese officers ten rios each (about sixteen dollars), and half that sum to each of the men, for the purchase of extras necessary on the journey. Everywhere they were treated courteously; and as the messengers sent on ahead to engage lodgings carried the news that among the rebels there was a European prisoner, they found a considerable crowd gathered before every inn where they dismounted; but as M. Collache was beardless, bronzed by exposure and wore the costume of the country, he was never suspected of being the European. They always mistook one of the Japanese officers for him—a man wearing a moustache and dressed in the uniform of an American naval officer.

When the cavalcade reached the suburbs of Yedo, one of the officers came to M. Collache and announced with evident embarrassment that he had received the cruel order to take away his arms. Another came with a present of fifteen rios (one hundred and twenty francs) from the prince of Nambou, and a gracious message demanding pardon for all the discomforts experienced during the journey, and apologizing for the modest sum remitted: the state of his fortune did not permit him to do more. M. Collache was profoundly moved by the kindness of the prince, and returned a message to that effect.

From this last halting-place the prisoners were carried in *cangos*, a kind of sedan-chair, to the prison. There they were divested of whatever they carried about their persons, an exact inventory being made in every case, and then conducted to their cells, which were literally cages, having a double row of bars. M. Collache was put in a cage with fourteen others. The sole article of furniture was a bucket of water. He remarks upon the gayety of spirits of his companions, which from the first never left them, and adds that this gayety so reacted upon him that he found himself, despite his position

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AMUSEMENTS OF THE CAGE.

and the fact that he might at any moment be led out to execution, joining in their laughter and their devices to while away the time.

Three meals were served to the prisoners daily, composed exclusively of rice except at midday, when salt fish was added. M. Collache, not liking salt fish nor a diet exclusively of rice, asked for some of the money taken from him on his entrance to the prison. The request was granted, and this enabled

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him to procure soup at each meal prepared by one of the jailers.

On the third day his companions were taken away, and he was left alone in his cage. "I should have suffered intensely from solitude," he says, "but for a singular adventure which happened the next day. The barriers of my cage were sufficiently far apart for me to pass my arm between them. On three sides I had a view of prison-walls, but they were distant from me about six feet. In these walls, high up, there were very small windows, through which my cage was lighted. By climbing up my bars I could see a small patch of sky and the few trees embraced by my narrow horizon. The fourth side of my cage looked out on a board wall of a neighboring prison. My companions had left me on the morning of the preceding day. As the night approached, and as I felt myself gradually being overcome by a gloomy melancholy, I heard some one call me in Japanese. I trembled in every limb at this call: I could not imagine from whence it came. It was a muffled voice, seeming to come from under the ground. To the prisoner every unusual sound suggests the hope of escape. Visions of trap-doors and underground passages rushed into my mind. I listened intently. The voice called again, but this time all mystery vanished. It came from the board partition. It was only a prisoner like myself. Still, it was a pleasure to have any one to talk with, and an animated conversation ensued. My neighbor was also a prisoner of war. Captured at the opening of the campaign, he had been confined eight months in a dark cell, so low that it permitted only a sitting posture. I expressed pity for his horrible position. He replied, laughing, that he began to be perfectly habituated to his narrow dwelling, and, moreover, he had found a way to render it more agreeable. Before revealing his secret he made me promise the most perfect discretion. Immediately one of the boards of his wall was silently removed, and in the opening there appeared the head of a young man. His face, which was frightfully pale, wore a pleasant smile. I cannot express the emotion I experienced at witnessing the sudden opening of this solid wall and the appearance of a human face. It was like the opening of a coffin by the dead."

The prisoner explained that in the long silence and darkness of his cell he had occupied his hours in creeping about and feeling every part of his wall until at last he found a nail whose head projected slightly beyond the surface. To work at this nail, and finally loosen and remove it with his teeth and nails, and then to remove the board, was an easy task for him. Thus he had been able to admit a little air and daylight into his gloomy prison. The conversation was kept up until far into the night. The next day, as soon as the guardians were out of the way, the board in the wall was again silently removed, and there being more light, M. Collache had a better view of the unhappy prisoner. "His face was that of a man intelligent and sincere, but the darkness in which he had so long lived had made his complexion the color of porcelain. Still, he was all smiles, and appeared to support his misfortunes in the most philosophical manner in the world."

A way was soon found for other communication than that of words. The French prisoner, with some soft Japanese paper, braided a cord some four yards long, and fastening a small weight upon one end threw it to his friend. On this cord he sent him a little money with which to procure much-needed articles through the turnkeys. The things most coveted were India-ink and pencils. These were strictly forbidden, but M. Collache, by great perseverance, and especially by promising to give the turnkey some sketches, obtained them at last. These he shared with his neighbor, and from this time the continued interchange of sketches of all kinds became the most precious pastime.

Eight days passed. The cage was then opened, and two yacounins appeared. They came to conduct M. Collache before a council of war held in a hall of the prison. A large part of the room was occupied by a platform, in the

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CROSSING TO YOKOHAMA.

centre of which sat the president assisted by two judges. On each side sat a reporter with writing materials. By one of the judges sat an interpreter. The four central figures held fans in their hands. Behind them was a folding screen which concealed a person evidently of high rank. Papers, apparently bearing questions to be put to the prisoner, were continually passing from behind this screen. The prisoner knelt upon an old mat placed before the plat-

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form between the two officers who had introduced him, and who also knelt. After the first words the interpreter said to the prisoner that it would be better for him to state his case himself, as he spoke Japanese far better than he, the interpreter, spoke French.

After certain preliminary questions establishing the identity of the prisoner, he was asked why he had espoused the cause of the *Tocoungavas* (the supporters of the tycoon). "I explained as well as I could," he says, "making prominent the fact that the object of the French was one eminently calculated to benefit Japan—that the English, on the contrary, sought to exploit the Japanese. I added that the English, by lending immense sums of money, intended to cripple the government by an enormous debt, and then, having the country at their mercy, dictate their own terms of settlement. I then explained at length the project that we entertained with regard to Yesso, and the method we proposed to make it a grand centre of civilization."

The Japanese listened attentively, and gradually the marked hostility with which they first received the prisoner disappeared. Four times he was led before this council, and each time, on being dismissed, the president asked what he could send to his cell that would be agreeable to him. On each of these days a plate of chicken was added to his rations. He was interrogated in every way and cross-questioned to make him admit that he had been sent on a hostile mission by the French government; and he had great trouble to disabuse their minds of this belief. The examination finally ended: the prisoner was condemned to die.

"You have been taken," said the president, "bearing arms against the Japanese. Now, when a Japanese kills a Frenchman, what is his punishment?"

"He is condemned to death and executed," replied the prisoner.

"What, then, do you think will be your punishment?"

"You will cut off my head," replied M. Collache, emphasizing the sentence with a gesture.

"Right," said the president; and this ended the examination.

The details of the trial were of course communicated to the prisoner before mentioned. He appeared deeply moved at the result. The next morning at sunrise the cage was opened by yacounins, who, not knowing that the prisoner understood Japanese, and not wishing him to entertain any illusion, intimated to him by gestures that his head was to come off. He asked permission to bid farewell to his fellow-prisoners, and was conducted from cage to cage for a brief word and a pressure of hands. In the court of the prison, full of armed soldiers, there was a cango and four stalwart bearers standing ready to carry the prisoner to the place of execution. "I do not wish to attempt the portrayal of my feelings," writes the prisoner, "as the soldiers closed around the cango and the march commenced. I was calm outwardly, for I had long been accustomed to the idea of death: moreover, my pride made me wish to show the Japanese that Frenchmen can die as bravely as they."

After a long march through the populous streets of Yedo the prisoner was set down in an immense court bounded on three sides by high buildings, on the fourth by a canal. The troops all retired, leaving the prisoner alone. He opened the door of his cango, got out, but not knowing where to go, he stood dazed, looking around the court. Presently a door opened, and a Japanese, whose costume showed him to be of high rank, appeared. The prisoner approached him and asked what was to be done with him.

"We are waiting," he replied, "for a boat which is to take you to Yokohama, where you will be delivered to the minister of France."

"I am not, then, to be executed?"

"No."

A terrible weight was removed from the heart of the prisoner by this one word. In a few seconds a boat touched the landing, rowed by two men and bearing an escort of four yacounins. At the French legation a receipt was given for the body of the prisoner. There M. Collache found every article taken from

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him on entering the prison carefully preserved. A boat was waiting to take him on board a French ship, where he was amazed to find all his French comrades. Long explanations ensued. The Hannrio, disabled by the storm, had put back to Hacodaté. The commander of the Kaiten had been grievously wounded, the ship had been captured by the Japanese admiral, and this explained why the signals of the Aschwelotte had not been answered.

WITH LIFE—HOPE.

NOT a breath!
How a master-wizard's hand
Has to perfect stillness banned
Every snow-heaped minaret
Mid the cedars thickly set!
Down the passes
Yonder grasses
Feel a spell that's neither life nor death.

Then the sky!
All the misty webs are brushed
Into solid cloud-rows, crushed
'Gainst the stony blue in ranks:
Sun and wind upon those banks,
Nowise haunted,
Yet enchanted,
Vainly force or blandishments would try.

But this leaf?
Near it nothing life betrays,
Yet alive on branch it sways,
Sere and merry. Still to go
After comrades 'neath the snow
Is it trying?
What from dying
Kept a thing of summer life so brief?

And behold
What is snugly woven up
In the oak-leaf's crumpled cup!
Cradled warm in gray cocoon
Lies a lady moth: in June,
With the swallow
From her hollow
Leaf outsprung, to flit o'er wood and wold.

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"SETH."

HE came in one evening at sunset with the empty coal-train—his dull young face pale and heavy-eyed with weariness, his corduroy suit dusty and travel-stained, his worldly possessions tied up in the smallest of handkerchief bundles and slung upon the stick resting on his shoulder—and naturally his first appearance attracted some attention among the loungers about the shed dignified by the title of "dépôt." I say "naturally," because arrivals upon the trains to Black Creek were so scarce as to be regarded as curiosities; which again might be said to be natural. The line to the mines had been in existence two months, since the English company had taken them in hand and pushed the matter through with an energy startling to, and not exactly approved by, the majority of good East Tennesseeans. After the first week or so of arrivals—principally Welsh and English miners, with an occasional Irishman—the trains had returned daily to the Creek without a passenger; and accordingly this one created some trifling sensation.

Not that his outward appearance was particularly interesting or suggestive of approaching excitement. He was only a lad of nineteen or twenty, in working English-cut garb, and with a short, awkward figure and a troubled, homely face—a face so homely and troubled, in fact, that its half-bewildered look was almost pathetic.

He advanced toward the shed hesitatingly, and touched his cap as if half in clumsy courtesy and half in timid appeal. "Mesters," he said, "good-day to you."

The company bestirred themselves with one accord, and to the roughest and most laconic gave him a brief "Good-day."

"You're English," said a good-natured Welshman, "ar'n't you, my lad?"

"Ay, mester," was the reply: "I'm fro' Lancashire."

He sat down on the edge of the rough platform, and laid his stick and bundle down in a slow, wearied fashion.

"Fro' Lancashire," he repeated in a voice as wearied as his action—"fro' th' Deepton cool-mines theer. You'll know th' name on 'em, I ha' no doubt. Th' same company owns them as owns these."

"What!" said an outsider—"Langley an' them?"

The boy turned himself round and nodded. "Ay," he answered—"them. That was why I comn here. I comn to get work fro'—fro' *him*."

He faltered in his speech oddly, and even reddened a little, at the same time rubbing his hands together with a nervousness which seemed habitual to him.

"Mester Ed'ard, I mean," he added—"th' young mester as is here. I heerd as he liked 'Merika, an'—an' I comn."

The loungers glanced at each other, and their glance did not mean high appreciation of the speaker's intellectual powers. There was a lack of practicalness in such faith in another man as expressed itself in the wistful hesitant voice.

"Did he say he'd give you work?" asked the first man who had questioned him, the Welshman Evans.

"No. I dunnot think—I dunnot think he'd know me if he seed me. Theer wur so many on us."

Another exchange of glances, and then another question: "Where are you going to stay?"

The homely face reddened more deeply, and the lad's eyes—dull, soft, almost womanish eyes—raised themselves to the speaker's. "Do you know anybody as would be loikely to tak' me in a bit," he said, "until I ha' toime to earn th' wage to pay? I wouldna wrong no mon a penny as had trusted me."

There was manifest hesitation, and then some one spoke: "Lancashire Jack might."

"Mester," said the lad to Evans, "would you moind speakin' a word fur

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me? I ha' had a long tramp, an' I'm fagged-loike, an'—" He stopped and rose from his seat with a hurried movement. "Who's that theer as is comin'?" he demanded. "Isna it th' young mester?"

The some one in question was a young man on horseback, who at that moment turned the corner and rode toward the shed with a loose rein, allowing his horse to choose his own pace.

"Ay," said the lad with an actual tremor in his excited voice—"it's him, sure enow," and sank back on his seat again as if he had found himself scarcely strong enough to stand.—"I—I ha' not eaten much fur two or three days," he said to Evans.

There was not a man on the platform who did not evince some degree of pleasure at the approach of the newcomer. The last warm rays of the sun already sinking behind the mountains seemed rather to take pride in showing what a handsome and debonnaire young fellow he was, in glowing kindly upon his fair face and strong graceful figure, and touching up to greater brightness his bright hair. The fair face was one to be remembered with a sentiment approaching gratitude for the mere existence of such genial and unspoiled good looks, but the voice that addressed the men was one to be loved, and loved without stint, it was so clear and light-hearted and frank.

"Boys," said he, "good-evening to you. —Evans, if you could spare me a minute—"

Evans rose at once.

"I'll speak to *him*," he said to the lad at his side. "His word will go further with Lancashire Jack than mine would." He went to the horse's side, and stood there for a few minutes talking in an undertone, and then he turned to the stranger and beckoned. "Come here," he said.

The lad took up his bundle and obeyed the summons, advancing with an awkward almost stumbling step, suggestive of actual weakness as well as the extremity of shyness. Reaching the two men, he touched his cap humbly, and stood with timorous eyes upraised to the young man's face.

Langley met his glance with a somewhat puzzled look, which presently passed away in a light laugh. "I'm trying to remember who you are, my lad," he said, "but I shall be obliged to give it up. I know your face, I think, but I have no recollection of your name. I dare say I have seen you often enough. You came from Deepton, Evans tells me."

"Ay, mester, fro' Deepton."

"A long journey for a lad like you to take alone," with inward pity for the heavy face.

"Ay, mester."

"And now you want work?"

"If you please, mester."

"Well, well!" cheerily, "we will give it to you. There's work enough, though it isn't such as you had at Deepton. What is your name?"

"Seth, mester—Seth Raynor," shifting the stick and bundle in uneasy eagerness from one shoulder to another. "An' I'm used to hard work, mester. It wur na easy work we had at th' Deepton mine, an' I'm stronger than I look. It's th' faggedness as makes me trembly—an' hunger."

"Hunger?"

"I ha' not tasted sin' th' neet before last," shamefacedly. "I hadna th' money to buy, an' it seemt loike I could howd out."

"Hold out!" echoed Langley in some excitement. "That's a poor business, my lad. Here, come with me.—The other matter can wait, Evans."

The downcast face and ungainly figure troubled him in no slight degree as they moved off together, they seemed to express in some indescribable fashion so much of dull and patient pain, and they were so much at variance with the free grandeur of the scene surrounding them. It was as if a new element were introduced into the very air itself. Black Creek was too young yet to have known hunger or actual want of any kind. The wild things on the mountain-sides had scarcely had time to learn to fear the invaders of their haunts or understand that they were to be driven backward. The warm wind was fragrant with the keen freshness of pine and cedar. Moun-

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tain and forest and sky were stronger than the human stragglers they closed around and shut out from the world.

"We don't see anything like that in Lancashire," said Langley. "That kind of thing is new to us, my lad, isn't it?" with a light gesture toward the mountain in whose side the workers had burrowed.

"Ay, mester," raising troubled eyes to its grandeur—"ivverything's new. I feel aw lost sometoimes, an' feared-loike."

Langley lifted his hat from his brow to meet a little passing breeze, and as it swept softly by he smiled in the enjoyment of its coolness. "Afraid?" he said. "I don't understand that."

"I dunnot see into it mysen', mester. Happen it's th' bigness, an' quiet, an' th' lonely look, an' happen it's summat wrong in mysen'. I've lived in th' cool an' smoke an' crowd an' work so long as it troubles me in a manner to—to ha' to look so high."

"Does it?" said Langley, a few faint lines showing themselves on his forehead. "That's a queer fancy. So high!" turning his glance upward to where the tallest pine swayed its dark plume against the clear blue. "Well, so it is. But you will get used to it in time," shaking off a rather unpleasant sensation.

"Happen so, mester, in toime," was the simple answer; and then silence fell upon them again.

They had not very far to go. The houses of the miners — rough shanties hurriedly erected to supply immediate needs—were most of them congregated together, or at most stood at short distances from each other, the larger ones signifying the presence of feminine members in a family, and perhaps two or three juvenile pioneers — the smaller ones being occupied by younger miners, who lived in couples, or sometimes even alone.

Before one of the larger shanties Langley reined in his horse. "A Lancashire man lives here," he said, "and I am going to leave you with him."

In answer to his summons a woman came to the door—a young woman whose rather unresponsive face wakened somewhat when she saw who waited.

"Feyther," she called out, "it's Mester Langley, an' he's gotten a stranger wi' him."

"Feyther," approaching the door, showed himself a burly individual, with traces of coal-dust in all corners not to be reached by hurried and not too fastidious ablutions. Clouds of tobacco-smoke preceded and followed him, and much stale incense from the fragrant weed exhaled itself from his well-worn corduroys. "I ha' not nivver seed him afore," he remarked after a gruff but by no means ill-natured greeting, signifying the stranger by a duck of the head in his direction.

"A Lancashire lad, Janner," answered Langley: "I want a home for him."

Janner regarded him with evident interest, but shook his head dubiously. "Ax th' missus," he remarked succinctly: "dunnot ax me."

Langley's good-humored laugh had a touch of conscious power in it. If it depended upon "th' missus" he was safe enough. His bright good looks and gay grace of manner never failed with the women. The most practical and uncompromising melted, however unwillingly, before his sunshine and the suggestion of chivalric deference which seemed a second nature with him. So it was easy enough to parley with "th' missus."

"A Lancashire lad, Mrs. Janner," he said, "and so I know you'll take care of him. Lancashire folk have a sort of fellow feeling for each other, you see: that was why I could not make up my mind to leave him until I saw him in good hands; and yours are good ones. Give him a square meal as soon as possible," he added in a lower voice: "I will be accountable for him myself."

When he lifted his hat and rode away, the group watched him until he was almost out of sight, the general sentiment expressing itself in every countenance.

"Theer's summat noice about that theer young chap," Janner remarked with the slowness of a man who was rather mystified by the fascination under whose influence he found himself—"summat as goes wi' th' grain loike."

"Ay," answered his wife, "so theer is; an' its natur' too.—Coom along in, lad,"

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to Seth, "an' ha' summat to eat: you look faintish."

Black Creek found him a wonderfully quiet member of society, the lad Seth. He came and went to and from the mine with mechanical regularity, working with the rest, taking his meals with the Janners, and sleeping in a small shanty left vacant by the desertion of a young miner who had found life at the settlement too monotonous to suit his tastes. No new knowledge of his antecedents was arrived at. He had come "fro' Deepton," and that was the beginning and end of the matter. In fact, his seemed to be a peculiarly silent nature. He was fond of being alone, and spent most of his spare time in the desolate little shanty. Attempts at conversation appeared to trouble him, it was discovered, and accordingly he was left to himself as not worth the cultivating.

"Why does na tha' talk more?" demanded Janner's daughter, who was a strong, brusque young woman with a sharp tongue.

"I ha' not gotten nowt to say," was the meekly deprecating response.

Miss Janner, regarding the humble face with some impatience, remarkably enough, found nothing to deride in it, though, being neither a beauty nor in her first bloom, and sharp of tongue, as I have said, she was somewhat given to derision as a rule. In truth, the uncomplaining patience in the dull soft eyes made her feel a little uncomfortable. "I dunnot know what ails thee," she remarked with unceremonious candor, "but theer's summat as does."

"It's nowt as can be cured," said the lad, and turned his quiet face away.

In his silent fashion he evinced a certain degree of partiality for his host's daughter. Occasionally, after his meals, he lingered for a few moments watching her at her work when she was alone, sitting by the fire or near the door, and regarding her business-like movements with a wistful air of wonder and admiration. And yet so unobtrusive were these mute attentions that Bess Janner was never roused to any form of resentment of them.

"Tha's goin' to ha' a sweetheart at last, my lass," was one of Janner's favorite witticisms, but Bess bore it with characteristic coolness. "I'm noan as big a foo' as I look," she would say, "an' I dunnot moind *him* no more nor if he wus a wench hissen'."

Small as was the element of female society at Black Creek, this young woman was scarcely popular. She was neither fair nor fond: a predominance of muscle and a certain rough deftness of hand were her chief charms. Ordinary sentiment would have been thrown away upon her; and, fortunately, she was spared it.

"She's noan hurt wi' good looks, our Bess," her father remarked with graceful chivalrousness on more than one occasion, "but hoo con heave a'most as much as I con, an' that's summat."

Consequently, it did not seem likely that the feeling she had evidently awakened in the breast of their lodger was akin to the tender passion.

"Am I in yo're way?" he would ask apologetically; and the answer was invariably a gracious if curt one: "No—no more than th' cat. Stay wheer yo' are, lad, an' make yo'resen' comfortable."

There came a change, however, in the nature of their intercourse, but this did not occur until the lad had been with them some three months. For several days he had been ailing and unlike himself. He had been even more silent than usual: he had eaten little, and lagged on his way to and from his work; he looked thinner, and his step was slow and uncertain. There was so great an alteration in him, in fact, that Bess softened toward him visibly. She secretly bestowed the best morsels upon him, and even went so far as to attempt conversation. "Let yo're work go a bit," she advised: "yo're noan fit fur it."

But he did not give up until the third week of illness, and then one warm day at noon, Bess, at work in her kitchen among dishes and pans, was startled from her labors by his appearing at the door and staggering toward her. "What's up wi' yo'?" she demanded. "Yo' look loike death."

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"I dunnot know," he faltered, and then, staggering again, caught at her dress with feeble hands. "Dunnot yo'," he whispered, sinking forward—"dunnot yo' let no one—come anigh me."

She flung a strong arm around him, and saved him from a heavy fall. His head dropped helplessly against her breast.

"He's fainted dead away," she said: "he mun ha' been worse than he thowt fur."

She laid him down, and, loosening his clothes at the throat, went for water; but a few minutes after she had bent over him for the second time an exclamation, which was almost a cry, broke from her. "Lord ha' mercy!" she said, and fell back, losing something of color herself.

She had scarcely recovered herself even when, after prolonged efforts, she succeeded in restoring animation to the prostrate figure under her hands. The heavy eyes opening met hers in piteous appeal and protest.

"I—thowt it wur death comn," said the lad. "I wur hopin' as it wur death."

"What ha' yo' done as yo' need wish that?" said Bess; and then, her voice shaking with excitement which got the better of her and forced her to reveal herself, she added, "I've f'un' out that as yo've been hidin'."

Abrupt and unprefaced as her speech was, it scarcely produced the effect she had expected it would. Her charge neither flinched nor reddened. He laid a weak rough hand upon her dress with a feebly pleading touch. "Dunnot yo' turn agen me," he whispered: "yo' wouldna if yo' knew."

"But I dunnot know," Bess answered, a trifle doggedly, despite her inward relentings.

"I comn to yo'," persisted the lad, "because I thowt yo' wouldna turn agen me: yo' wouldna," patiently again, "if yo' knew."

Gradually the ponderous witticism in which Janner had indulged became an accepted joke in the settlement. Bess had fallen a victim to the tender sentiment at last. She had found an adorer, and had apparently succumbed to his importunities. Seth spent less time in his shanty and more in her society. He lingered in her vicinity on all possible occasions, and seemed to derive comfort from her mere presence. And Bess not only tolerated but encouraged him. Not that her manner was in the least degree effusive: she rather extended a rough protection to her admirer, and displayed a tendency to fight his battles and employ her sharper wit as a weapon in his behalf.

"Yo' may get th' best o' him," she said dryly once to the wit of the Creek, who had been jocular at his expense, "but yo' conna get the best o' me. Try me a bit, lad. I'm better worth yo're mettle."

"What's takken yo', lass?" said her mother at another time. "Yo're that theer soft about th' chap as theer's no makkin' yo' out. Yo' wur nivver loike to be soft afore," somewhat testily. "An' it's noan his good looks, neyther."

"No," said Bess—"it's noan his good looks."

"Happen it's his lack on 'em, then?"

"Happen it is." And there the discussion ended for want of material.

There was one person, however, who did not join in the jesting; and this was Langley. When he began to understand the matter he regarded the two with sympathetic curiosity and interest. Why should not their primitive and uncouth love develop and form a tie to bind the homely lives together, and warm and brighten them? It may have been that his own mental condition at this time was such as would tend to soften his heart, for an innocent passion, long cherished in its bud, had burst into its full blooming during the months he had spent amid the novel beauty and loneliness, and perhaps his new bliss subdued him somewhat. Always ready with a kindly word, he was specially ready with it where Seth was concerned. He never passed him without one, and frequently reined in his horse to speak to him at greater length. Now and then, on his way home at night, he stopped at the shanty's door, and sum-

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moning the lad detained him for a few minutes chatting in the odorous evening air. It was thoroughly in accordance with the impulses of his frank and generous nature that he should endeavor to win upon him and gain his confidence. "We are both Deepton men," he would say, "and it is natural that we should be friends. We are both alone and a long way from home."

But the lad was always timid and slow of speech. His gratitude showed itself in ways enough, but it rarely took the form of words. Only, one night as the horse moved away, he laid his hand upon the bridle and held it a moment, some powerful emotion showing itself in his face, and lowering his voice until it was almost a whisper. "Mester," he said, "if theer's ivver owt to be done as is hard an' loike to bring pain an' danger, yo'll—yo'll not forget me?"

Langley looked down at him with a mingled feeling of warm pity and deep bewilderment. "Forget you?" he echoed.

The dullness seemed to have dropped away from the commonplace face as if it had been a veil; the eyes were burning with a hungry pathos and fire and passion; they were raised to his and held him with the power of an indescribable anguish. "Dunnot forget as I'm here," the voice growing sharp and intense, "ready an' eager an' waitin' fur th' toime to come. Let me do summat or brave summat or suffer summat, for God's sake!"

When the young man rode away it was with a sense of weight and pain upon him. He was mystified. People were often grateful to him, but their gratitude was not such as this: this oppressed and disturbed him. It was suggestive of a mental condition whose existence seemed almost impossible. What a life this poor fellow must have led, since the simplest kindliness aroused within him such emotions as this! "It is hard to understand," he murmured: "it is even a little horrible. One fancies these duller natures do not reach our heights and depths of happiness and pain, and yet— Cathie, Cathie, my dear," breaking off suddenly and turning his face upward to the broad free blue of the sky as he quickened his horse's pace, "let me think of *you*: this hurts me."

But he was drawn nearer to the boy, and did his best to cheer and help him. His interest in him grew as he saw him oftener, and there was not only the old interest, but a new one. Something in the lad's face—a something which had struck him as familiar even at first—began to haunt him constantly. He could not rid himself of the impression it left upon him, and yet he never found himself a shade nearer a solution of the mystery.

"Raynor," he said to him on one of the evenings when he had stopped before the shanty, "I wish I knew why your face troubles me so."

"Does it trouble yo', mester?"

"Yes," with a half laugh, "I think I may say it troubles me. I have tried to recollect every lad in Deepton, and I have no remembrance of you."

"Happen not, mester," meekly. "I nivver wur much noticed, yo' see: I'm one o' them as foak is more loike to pass by."

An early train arriving next morning brought visitors to the Creek — a business-like elderly gentleman and his daughter, a pretty girl with large bright eyes and an innocent rosy face, which became rosier and prettier than ever when Mr. Edward Langley advanced from the dépôt shed with uncovered head and extended hand. "Cathie!" he said when the first greetings had been interchanged, "what a delight this is to me! I did not hope for such happiness as this."

"Father wanted to see the mines," answered Cathie, sweetly demure, "and I—I wanted to see Black Creek: your letters were so enthusiastic."

"A day will suffice, I suppose?" her paternal parent was wandering on amiably. "A man should always investigate such matters for himself. I can see enough to satisfy me between now and the time for the return train."

"I cannot," whispered Langley to Cathie: "a century would not suffice. If the sun would but stand still!"

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The lad Seth was late for dinner that day, and when he entered the house Bess turned from her dish-washing to give him a sharp, troubled look. "Art tha' ill again?" she asked.

"Nay," he answered, "nobbit a bit tired an' heavy-loike."

He sat down upon the door-step with wearily-clasped hands, and eyes wandering toward the mountain, whose pine-crowned summit towered above him. He had not even yet outlived the awe of its majesty, but he had learned to love it and draw comfort from its beauty and strength.

"Does tha' want thy dinner?" asked Bess.

"No, thank yo'," he said: "I couldna eat."

The dish-washing was deserted incontinently, and Bess came to the door, towel in hand, her expression at once softened and shaded with discontent. "Summat's hurt yo'," she said. "What is it? Summat's hurt yo' sore."

The labor-roughened hands moved with their old nervous habit, and the answer came in an odd, jerky, half-connected way: "I dunnot know why it should ha' done. I mun be mad, or summat. I nivver had no hope nor nothin': theer nivver wur no reason why I should ha' had. Ay, I mun be wrong somehow, or it wouldna stick to me i' this rood. I conna get rid on it, an' I conna feel as if I want to. What's up wi' me? What's takken howd on me?" his voice breaking and the words ending in a sharp hysterical gasp like a sob.

Bess wrung her towel with a desperate strength which spoke of no small degree of tempestuous feeling. Her brow knit itself and her lips were compressed. "What's happened?" she demanded after a pause. "I conna mak' thee out."

The look that fell upon her companion's face had something of shame in it. His eyes left the mountain-side and drooped upon his clasped hands. "Theer wur a lass coom to look at th' place to-day," he said—"a lady lass, wi' her feyther—an' him. She wur aw rosy red an' fair white, an' it seemt as if she wur that happy as her laughin' made th' birds mock back at her. He took her up th' mountain, an' we heard 'em both even high up among th' laurels. Th' sound o' their joy a-floatin' down from the height, so nigh th' blue sky, made me sick an' weak-loike. They wur na so gay when they comn bock, but her eyes wur shinin', an' so wur his, an' I heerd him say to her as 'Foak didna know how nigh heaven th' top o' th' mountain wur.'"

Bess wrung her towel again, and regarded the mountain with manifest impatience and trouble. "Happen it'll coom reet some day," she said.

"Reet!" repeated the lad, as if mechanically. "I hadna towd mysen' as owt wur exactly wrong; on'y I conna see things clear. I nivver could, an' th' more I ax mysen' questions th' worse it gets. Wheer—wheer could I lay th' blame?"

"Th' blame!" said Bess. "Coom tha' an' get a bite to eat;" and she shook out the towel with a snap and turned away. "Coom tha," she repeated: "I mun get my work done."

That night, as Seth lay upon his pallet in the shanty, the sound of Langley's horse's hoofs reached him with an accompaniment of a clear young masculine voice singing a verse of some sentimental modern carol—a tender song ephemeral and sweet. As the sounds neared his cabin the lad sprang up restlessly, and so was standing at the open door when the singer passed. "Good-neet, mester," he said.

The singer slackened his pace and turned his bright face toward him in the moonlight, waving his hand. "Good-night," he said, "and pleasant dreams! Mine will be pleasant ones, I know. This has been a happy day for me, Raynor. Good-night."

When the two met again the brighter face had sadly changed: its beauty was marred with pain, and the shadow of death lay upon it.

Entering Janner's shanty the following morning, Seth found the family sitting around the breakfast-table in ominous silence. The meal stood untouched, and even Bess looked pale and anxious. All three glanced toward him question-

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ingly as he approached, and when he sat down Janner spoke. "Hasna tha' heerd the news?" he asked.

"Nay," Seth answered, "I ha' heerd nowt."

Bess interposed hurriedly. "Dunnot yo' fear him, feyther," she said. "Happen it isna so bad, after aw.—Four or five foak wur takken down ill last neet, Seth, an' th' young mester wur among 'em; an' theer's them as says it's cholera."

It seemed as if he had not caught the full meaning of her words: he only stared at her in a startled, bewildered fashion. "Cholera!" he repeated dully.

"Theer's them as knows it's cholera," said Janner with gloomy significance. "An' if it's cholera, it's death;" and he let his hand fall heavily upon the table.

"Ay," put in Mrs. Janner in a fretful wail, "fur they say as it's worse i' these parts than it is i' England—th' heat mak's it worse—an' here we are i' th' midst o' th' summer-toime, an' theer's no knowin' wheer it'll end. I wish tha'd takken my advice, Janner, an' stayed i' Lancashire. Ay, I wish we wur safe at home. Better less wage an' more safety. Yo'd nivver ha' coom if yo'd listened to me,"

"Howd thy tounge, mother," said Bess, but the words were not ungently spoken, notwithstanding their bluntness. "Dunnot let us mak' it worse than it need be. —Seth, lad, eat thy breakfast."

But there was little breakfast eaten. The fact was, that at the first spreading of the report a panic had seized upon the settlement, and Janner and his wife were by no means the least influenced by it. A stolidly stubborn courage upheld Bess, but even she was subdued and somewhat awed.

"I nivver heerd much about th' cholera," Seth said to her after breakfast. "Is this here true, this as thy feyther says?"

"I dunnot know fur sure," Bess answered gravely, "but it's bad enow."

"Coom out wi' me into th' fresh air," said the lad, laying his hand upon her sleeve: "I mun say a word or so to thee." And they went out together.

There was no work done in the mine that day. Two or three new cases broke out, and the terror spread itself and grew stronger. In fact, Black Creek scarcely comported itself as stoically as might have been expected. A messenger was despatched to the nearest town for a doctor, and his arrival by the night train was awaited with excited impatience.

When he came, however, the matter became worse. He had bad news to tell himself. The epidemic had broken out in the town he had left, and great fears were entertained by its inhabitants. "If you had not been so entirely thrown on your own resources," he said, "I could not have come."

A heavy-enough responsibility rested upon his shoulders during the next few weeks. He had little help from the settlement. Those who were unstricken looked on at the progress of the disease with helpless fear: few indeed escaped a slight attack, and those who did were scarcely more useful than his patients. In the whole place he found only two reliable and unterrified assistants.

His first visit was to a small farmhouse round the foot of the mountain and a short distance from the mine. There he found the family huddled in a back room like a flock of frightened sheep, and in the only chamber a handsome, bright-haired young fellow lying upon the bed with a pinched and ominous look upon his comely face. The only person with him was a lad roughly clad in miner's clothes—a lad who stood by chafing his hands, and who turned desperate eyes to the door when it opened. "Yo're too late, mester," he said—"yo're too late,"

But young as he was—and he was a very young man—the doctor had presence of mind and energy, and he flung his whole soul and strength into the case. The beauty and solitariness of his patient roused his sympathy almost as if it had been the beauty of a woman: he felt drawn toward the stalwart, helpless young figure lying upon the humble couch in such apparent utter loneliness. He did not count much upon the lad at first—he seemed too much bewildered and shaken—but it was not long before

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he changed his mind. "You are getting over your fear," he said.

"It wasna fear, mester," was the answer he received; "or at least it wasna fear for mysen'."

"What is your name?"

"Seth Raynor, mester. Him an' me," with a gesture toward the bed, "comn from th' same place. Th' cholera couldna fear me fro' *him*—nor nowt else if he wur i' need."

So it was Seth Raynor who watched by the bedside, and labored with loving care and a patience which knew no weariness, until the worst was over and Langley was among the convalescent.

"The poor fellow and Bess Janner were my only stay," the young doctor was wont to say. "Only such care as his would have saved you, and you had a close race of it as it was."

During the convalescence nurse and invalid were drawn together with a stronger tie through every hour. Wearied and weak, Langley's old interest in the lad became a warm affection. He could scarcely bear to lose sight of the awkward boyish figure, and never rested so completely as when it was by his bedside.

"Give me your hand, dear fellow," he would say, "and let me hold it. I shall sleep better for knowing you are near me."

He fell asleep thus one morning, and awakened suddenly to a consciousness of some new presence in the room. Seth no longer sat in the chair near his pillow, but stood a little apart; and surely he would have been no lover if the feeble blood had not leaped in his veins at the sight of the face bending over him—the innocent fair young face which had so haunted his pained and troubled dreams. "Cathie!" he cried out aloud.

The girl fell upon her knees and caught his extended hand with a passionate little gesture of love and pity. "I did not know," she poured forth in hurried broken tones. "I have been away ever since the sickness broke out at home. They sent me away, and I only heard yesterday— Father, tell him, for I cannot."

He scarcely heard the more definite explanation, he was at once so happy and so fearful.

"Sweetheart," he said, "I can scarcely bear to think of what may come of this; and yet how blessed it is to have you near me again! The danger for me is all over: even your dear self could not have cared for me more faithfully than I have been cared for. Raynor there has saved my life."

But Cathie could only answer with a piteous, remorseful jealousy: "Why was it not I who saved it? why was it not I?"

And the place where Seth had stood waiting was vacant, for he had left it at the sound of Langley's first joyous cry. When he returned an hour or so later, the more restful look Langley had fancied he had seen on his face of late had faded out: the old unawakened heaviness had returned. He was nervous and ill at ease, shrinking and conscious.

"I've comn to say good-neet to yo'," he said hesitatingly to the invalid. "Th' young lady says as she an' her feyther will tak' my place a bit. I'll coom i' th' mornin'."

"You want rest," said Langley: "you are tired, poor fellow!"

"Ay," quietly, "I'm tired; an' th' worst is over, yo' see, an' she's here," with a patient smile. "Yo' wunnot need me, and theer's them as does."

From that hour his work at this one place seemed done. For several days he made his appearance regularly to see if he was needed, and then his visits gradually ended. He had found a fresh field of labor among the sufferers in the settlement itself. He was as faithful to them as he had been to his first charge. The same unflagging patience showed itself, the same silent constancy and self-sacrifice. Scarcely a man or woman had not some cause to remember him with gratitude, and there was not one of those who had jested at and neglected him but thought of their jests and neglect with secret shame.

There came a day, however, when they missed him from among them. If he was not at one house he was surely at another, it appeared for some time, but when, after making his round of visits,

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the doctor did not find him, he became anxious. He might be at Janner's; but he was not there, nor among the miners, who had gradually resumed their work as the epidemic weakened its strength and their spirits lightened. Making these discoveries at nightfall, the doctor touched up his horse in some secret dread. He had learned earlier than the rest to feel warmly toward this simple colaborer. "Perhaps he's gone out to pay Langley a visit," he said: "I'll call and see. He may have stopped to have a rest."

But before he had passed the last group of cabins he met Langley himself, who by this time was well enough to resume his place in the small world, and, hearing his story, Langley's anxiety was greater than his own. "I saw him last night on my way home," he said. "About this time, too, for I remember he was sitting in the moonlight at the door of his shanty. We exchanged a few words, as we always do, and he said he was there because he was not needed, and thought a quiet night would do him good. Is it possible no one has seen him since?" in sudden alarm.

"Come with me," said his companion.

Overwhelmed by a mutual dread, neither spoke until they reached the shanty itself. There was no sign of human life about it: the door stood open and the only sound to be heard was the rustle of the wind whispering among the pines upon the mountain-side. Both men flung themselves from their horses with loudly-beating hearts.

"God grant he is not here!" uttered Langley. "God grant he is anywhere else! The place is so drearily desolate."

Desolate indeed! The moonbeams streaming through the door threw their fair light upon the rough boards and upon the walls, and upon the quiet figure lying on the pallet in one of the corners, touching with pitying whiteness the homely face upon the pillow and the hand that rested motionless upon the floor.

The doctor went down on his knees at the pallet's side, and thrust his hand into the breast of the coarse garments with a half-checked groan.

"Asleep?" broke from Langley's white lips in a desperate whisper. "Not—not—"

"Dead!" said the doctor—"dead for hours!" There was actual anguish in his voice as he uttered the words, but another element predominated in the exclamation which burst from him scarcely a second later. "Good God!" he cried—"good God!"

Langley bent down and caught him almost fiercely by the arm: the exclamation jarred upon him. "What is it?" he demanded. "What do you mean?"

"It is—a woman!"

Even as they gazed at each other in speechless questioning the silence was broken in upon. Swift, heavy footsteps neared the door, crossed the threshold, and Janner's daughter stood before them.

There was no need for questioning. One glance told her all. She made her way to the moonlit corner, pushed both aside with rough strength, and knelt down. "I might ha' knowed," she said with helpless bitterness—"I might ha' knowed;" and she laid her face against the dead hand in a sudden passion of weeping. "I might ha' knowed, Jinny lass," she cried, "but I didna. It was loike aw th' rest as tha' should lay thee down an' die loike this. Tha' wast alone aw along, an' tha' was alone at th' last. But dunnot blame me, poor lass. Nay, I know tha' wiltna."

The two men stood apart, stirred by an emotion too deep for any spoken attempt at sympathy. She scarcely seemed to see them: she seemed to recognize no presence but that of the unresponsive figure upon its lowly couch. She spoke to it as if it had been a living thing, her voice broken and tender, stroking the hair now and then with a touch all womanly and loving. "Yo' were nigher to me than most foak, Jinny," she said; "an' tha' trusted me, I know."

They left her to her grief until at last she grew calmer and her sobs died away into silence. Then she rose and approaching Langley, who stood at the door, spoke to him, scarcely raising her tear-stained eyes. "I ha' summat to tell yo', an' summat to ax yo'," she said,

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"an' I mun tell it to yo' alone. Will yo' coom out here?"

He followed her, wondering and sad. His heart was heavy with the pain and mystery the narrow walls enclosed. When they paused a few yards from the house the one face was scarcely more full of sorrow than the other, only that the woman's was wet with tears. She was not given to many words, Bess Janner, and she wasted few in the story she had to tell. "Yo' know th' secret as she carried," she said, "or I wouldna tell yo' even now; an' now I tell it yo' that she may carry the secret to her grave, an' ha' no gossiping tongue to threep at her. I dunnot want foak starin' an' wonderin' an' makkin' talk. She's borne enow."

"It shall be as you wish, whether you tell me the story or not," said Langley. "We will keep it as sacred as you have done."

She hesitated a moment, seemingly pondering with herself before she answered him. "Ay," she said, "but I ha' another reason behind. I want summat fro' yo': I want yo're pity. Happen it moight do her good even now." She did not look at him as she proceeded, but stood with her face a little turned away and her eyes resting upon the shadow on the mountain. "Theer wur a lass as worked at the Deepton mines," she said—"a lass as had a weakly brother as worked an' lodged wi' her. Her name wur Jinny, an' she wur quiet and plain-favored. Theer wur other wenches as wur weel-lookin', but she wasna; theer wur others as had homes, and she hadna one; theer wur plenty as had wit an' sharpness, but she hadna them neyther. She wur nowt but a desolate homely lass, as seemt to ha' no place i' th' world, an' yet wur tender and weak-hearted to th' core. She wur allus longin' fur summat as she wur na loike to get; an' she nivver did get it, fur her brother wasna one as cared fur owt but his own doin's. But theer wur one among aw th' rest as nivver passed her by, an' he wur the mester's son. He wur a bright, handsome chap, as won his way ivverywheer, an' had a koind word or a laugh fur aw. So he gave th' lass a smile, an' did her a favor now and then—loike as not without givin' it more than a thowt—until she learned to live on th' hope o' seein' him. An', bein' weak an' tender, it grew on her fro' day to day, until it seemt to give th' strength to her an' tak' it both i' one."

She stopped and looked at Langley here. "Does tha' see owt now, as I'm gotten this fur?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, his agitation almost mastering. "And now I have found the lost face that haunted me so."

"Ay," said Bess, "it was hers;" and she hurried on huskily: "When you went away she couldna abide th' lonesomeness, an' so one day she said to her brother, 'Dave, let us go to th' new mine wheer Mester Ed'ard is;' an' him bein' allus ready fur a move, they started out together. But on th' way th' lad took sick and died sudden, an' Jinny wur left to hersen'. An' then she seed new trouble. She wur beset wi' danger as she'd nivver thowt on, an' before long she foun' out as women didna work o' this side o' th' sea as they did o' ours. So at last she wur driv' upon a strange-loike plan. It sounds wild, happen, but it wasna so wild after aw. Her bits of clothes giv' out an' she had no money; an' theer wur Dave's things. She'd wore th' loike at her work i' Deepton, an' she made up her moind to wear 'em agen. Yo' didna know her when she coom here, an' no one else guessed at th' truth. She didna expect nowt, yo' see: she on'y wanted th' comfort o' hearin' th' voice she'd longed an' hungered fur; an' here wur wheer she could hear it. When I foun' her out by accident she towd me, an' sin' then we've kept th' secret together. Do you guess what else theer's been betwixt us, mester?"

"I think I do," he answered. "God forgive me for my share in her pain!"

"Nay," she returned, "it was no fault o' thine. She nivver had a thowt o' that. She had a patient way wi' her, had Jinny, an' she bore her trouble better than them as hopes. She didna ax nor hope neyther; an' when theer coom fresh hurt to her she wur ready an' waitin', knowin' as it moight comn ony day. Happen th' Lord knows what life wur give her

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fur—I dunnot, but it's ower now—an' happen she knows hersen'. I hurried here to-neet," she added, battling with a sob, "as soon as I heerd as she was missin'. Th' truth struck to my heart, an' I thought as I should be here first, but I wasna. I ha' not gotten no more to say."

They went back to the shanty, and with her own hands she did for the poor clay the last service it would need, Langley and his companion waiting the while outside. When her task was at an end she came to them, and this time it was Langley who addressed himself to her. "May I go in?" he asked.

She bent her head in assent, and without speaking he left them and entered the shanty alone. The moonlight, streaming in as before, fell upon the closed eyes, and hands folded in the old, old fashion upon the fustian jacket: the low whisper of the pines crept downward like a sigh. Kneeling beside the pallet, the young man bent his head and touched the pale forehead with reverent lips. "God bless you for your love and faith," he said, "and give you rest!"

And when he rose a few minutes later, and saw that the little dead flower he had worn had dropped from its place and lay upon the pulseless breast, he did not move it, but turned away and left it resting there.

FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

REMINISCENCES OF A POET-PAINTER.

ON a spring morning of the year 1826 a tailor's apprentice woke from brief and unquiet slumbers in a garret at Downingtown, Chester county, Pennsylvania. He was a boy of fourteen years, slight and delicate-looking for his age, with curling brown hair and large gray eyes. It was a humble start in life for one destined to be petted by fair women and honored by brave men.

Obscure as it was, his origin was a respectable one, and his family name had been signed, fifty years before, to the Declaration of American Independence; but his mother was a widow, and the land of the home-farm nearly worn out: thus it came that the slim lad, not strong enough to follow the paths his elder and sturdier brothers had chosen, had been taken from the village school and "bound," two years before our history commences, to learn the trade of tailor.

His master, one James Harner, may not have been a cruel-hearted man, but the boy was certainly not intended for his trade; so there were only too many occasions for blows and hard words. His life must have been to him much like that of an imprisoned bird, except that he dared not sing, and that his cage was very far from being a gilded one — a life lonely and filled with impotent yearnings one may be sure, and disturbed by "long long thoughts" on the shop-board by day and in his attic by night. Perhaps, had his lot been more comfortable, the youth might have accepted it, but whether the impulse came from without or within, whether it was in aspiration or in desperation, the boy revolted, and on the morning mentioned he rose in the gray dawn to pack the small bundle of his possessions and seek his fortune by flight into the outer world.

He took a formal leave of his garret, the appearance of which remained impressed upon his memory—a low bare room whose only furniture consisted of a bed and a table made of a board placed across a barrel of charcoal; cold and dreary enough of a winter's night, when the snow sifted through the crevices and the wind shrieked around the gables; in the summer, stuffy and sultry

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and smelling of herbs drying on the rafters. Still, it had been in a certain way his home—a shelter and a refuge at least, where he had dreamed his dreams and murmured his prayers; and before he quitted it with a piece of charcoal from his table he scrawled in large letters on the bare wall his P. P. C. with the instinct of a gentleman.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ was the name he wrote, and before the sun arose he had left his native village for ever.

This anecdote, the earliest I remember of his life, he related to me, lying beside me under the lee of a tarpaulin on the deck of the steamer Ericsson twenty years ago. He described more of his early life—of his walk to Philadelphia, with an occasional lift from a Conestoga wagon, whose bells have since jingled in his rhymes; of his homeless wanderings in the streets, and adventures strange as David Copperfield's; of struggles and shifts, enemies and Good Samaritans. After many vain endeavors to obtain employment he became "clerk" in a cellar grocery, and for six months was apprentice to a cigar-maker. He was often without a dinner, and made the acquaintance of strange bedfellows.

In 1837 he went West, crossing the mountains on foot and descending the Ohio on a flatboat to Cincinnati, where he found a home at the house of a married sister, and afterward with Clevenger the sculptor, who was at that time a stone-carver merely. He boarded with him, supporting himself by making cigars, and devoting his leisure hours to carving portrait bas-reliefs in stone.

The boy did not become a sculptor, but his intuitions led him toward art and mental culture. He learned sign-painting, and at intervals went to school, and shortly opened a painter's shop on his own account over a corner grocery. Here he made the acquaintance of another boy, the grocer's assistant, a youth almost as gifted as himself. Together they studied drawing, covering the quires of brown paper with sketches and the walls of the shop with daubs, making but slow progress without instruction, but struggling along, full of hope and ambition. His friend was William P. Brannan, who became later both painter and writer, the author of the quaint "Harp of a Thousand Strings" and many other productions in prose and verse—the forerunner of Artemus Ward and of Bret Harte.

Cincinnati not affording him occupation, Read went from there to Dayton, Ohio, where he succeeded no better in his business, and engaged himself as an actor—or rather *actress*, his small and delicate figure fitting him for female parts—at the theatre. This Bohemian life he led for about a year, when he returned to Cincinnati. Here he attracted the notice of the late Nicholas Longworth, Esq., a gentleman whose unostentatious liberality smoothed the path of many a struggling youth—genius or not—at that time. Through his kindness Read was enabled to take a studio, and together with his friend Brannan set up his easel as a portrait-painter. He did not remain long, however, in the city, but made many excursions in the practice of his profession, painting signs when sitters failed him, making cigars, giving entertainments, and living by his wits, which never failed him. Gradually, however, as he improved in art, his circumstances improved also. He was successful in Madison, Indiana, and other places, and among the portraits he painted was one of General Harrison, at that time candidate for the Presidency.

I have often listened to his accounts of adventures, of his literary début, his early marriage, and his first European tour, but my recollections of what he related are too vague to serve for biography, and I prefer to confine my contribution to his memory to personal reminiscences, leaving for a worthier historian to paint the whole of the chequered and romantic life which ended so recently and so sadly.

I was a school-boy in Cincinnati when I made the poet's acquaintance, just before his first voyage to Europe, but it was not until some years later that I met him again. In 1853 I called upon him in Philadelphia, with Mr. Sontag the landscape-painter, to get letters of introduction,

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and advice generally about an Italian tour we had in view. We were received with great kindness, and invited to his home at Bordentown. I gladly accepted the invitation, and met him at his studio in the afternoon. We took the steamer, and then the railway, and reached our destination in the evening, my host carrying a huge shad he had purchased on the way. The house he lived in had been in Revolutionary times occupied by Washington as his head-quarters, and was not far from the grounds of the Bonaparte mansion, whither I was taken the next morning to be introduced to Mr. Waugh the painter, who had a studio there. It was, with its associations, its garden, the old elms shading the windows and the old tiles in the chimney, an ideal home for a poet. Mrs. Read received me with bright hospitality. She was pretty and *petite*, with a sweet maternal expression in her eyes and quiet Puritan manners. The two children were lovely as the cherubs in the Madonna San Sisto.

I think this must have been the happiest time in Read's life, passed in that tranquil home with his family and his books and near his best and oldest friends. His daily trips to and from his studio were beneficial to his health. He had plenty of sitters for portraits, and his evenings were occupied with the composition of his most ambitious poem, *The New Pastoral.*

Mr. R. H. Stoddard had visited him a short time before, and, I am sure with no unamiable intention, and no thought of infringing on the sanctities of domestic privacy, had described the poet's home and surroundings with somewhat light familiarity, comparing the little ménage to that of children playing at housekeeping, with babies like beautiful wax dolls. Read himself would never have taken offence at it had not Hiram Powers, who was a hard, cold man, entirely without imagination and with but little appreciation of delicate humor, afterward in Florence induced him to regard it in the light of an unfriendly caricature, instigated by envy and designed to injure. Read was sensitive, and, being persuaded, broke off a friendship with his brother-poet which had existed for years. I am glad to have this opportunity of explaining a breach which Mr. Stoddard possibly has never been able to account for.

Six months later I welcomed Read and his family in Florence, where he designed to reside permanently. After several changes he settled down to housekeeping in the Via della Fornari, opposite Powers's studio. William B. Kinney's family occupied the first floor of the same house, which was known as Casa Bella. His studio was in the old convent at the corner of the street, behind which was a dilapidated garden with a tumble-down orangery, where the artichokes and other vegetables disputed the territory with the flowers. A high wall surrounded and separated it from the park-like Giardino Torregini, whose tall trees looked down on the children at play—play that was sometimes dangerous, for I have found both babies hunting scorpions in the cracks of the stucco and impaling them on pins, in imitation of some naturalist or other they had seen.

Florence at that time was a delightful city to live in. Its society included countless celebrities, was easily accessible and deliciously Bohemian. In appearance this "beneath the sun of cities fairest one" had changed little since feudal days, and presented picturesque contrasts at every turn. The people were supposed to be longing and plotting for freedom from a foreign yoke, yet a lighter-hearted, gayer folk never laughed and loved, sang and conspired, outside of the opera bouffe. Nor was the court itself out of keeping. The grand duke Leopold reigned in the Pitti like a prince in a burlesque, keeping open house for the strangers who visited his capital, giving state balls to which a banker's card was a ticket of admission, where even the costume was scarce *de rigueur* and no questions were asked, and where representatives of nearly every nation danced and fought their way into the supper-room, as in old times people rushed to the table d'hôte of a Western steamboat.

Except for a distance of two squares

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the Arno flowed, a turbid torrent in spring and a rivulet in autumn, between picturesque walls of old houses. In the Piazza Gran' Duca the fine mediæval Palazzo Vecchio confronted an old one-storied barrack of a post-office. Grass grew in many of the squares, and the streets, lined with palaces and churches, were crooked, narrow and dirty. Cobblers' stalls stood at the gates of princely residences, and hovels crowded between them. Contadini came in Campagna costumes to the markets, and the piazzas were piled with fruits and flowers and vegetables to the very threshold of the churches. The streets were crowded and gay with uniforms of white-coated Austrian infantry, blue dolmans of Hungarian hussars, gray jägers and the gorgeous guardia nobile.

The noble picture-galleries and the beautiful palace-gardens were open, the stone pines waved balsamic odors, and the immortal Venus smiled on all. Every afternoon the best of military bands gave a free concert in the Cascine, that loveliest of parks, whither all the world went to listen, to flirt, to make love and talk scandal or gallantry. There were to be seen every day Owen Meredith (Young Lytton he was then called) and Charles Lever with his daughters on horseback; the pretty blonde Madame de Solms (now Madame Rattazzi); the svelte little Princess Windischgratz, with her gallant-looking husband; Prince Demidoff's equipage, containing the Countess Orsini and Madame de Meyendorf; the four-in-hand of Marquis Pucci and the *chic* tandem of Livingston; the grand duke and the royal family, benign and gracious, driving swiftly; Mr. and Mrs. Browning in a fiacre; Madame Guiccioli, gray-haired, corpulent Rossini, old Mrs. Trollope, and at times George Sand or some other such bird of passage. Officers, artists, tourists and crowds of men and women more or less picturesque as to costume mingled with the more distinguished personages, all gay and careless and happy.

In the Piazza Sta. Trinità, Café Donez was full all day, and Wittals's in the Mercato Nuovo was shared between boisterous Austrian infantry officers and the little American colony of artists and authors. At the latter café Hart the sculptor dined, invariably on a beefsteak; and here in the evening would assemble Powers, Jackson, Mozier, J. W. de Forrest, Read, Jarvis, Robinson, Gould, Frank Goodrich, Lee Benedict and others to talk art or politics, drink Via Maggio beer and smoke *schelle* cigars.

At the Pergola, Signora Borgo-Mami was in her prime, and Verdi at times directed the orchestra. Ristori, as yet unknown to fame, was delighting audiences at the Cocomero in rôles like Pamela and Graziella; and at the other theatres rival *stenterrelli* convulsed the town with brilliant "gags," political *jeux de mots*, which caused not unfrequently the arrest of the utterer. At Casa Guidi the Brownings held their literary court, and Owen Meredith brought and read his poems. In the Villa Torregiani, Frederick Tennyson, the author of *Days and Hours*, lived, in a small way, like the present king of Bavaria. Hibernating Americans, the families of naval officers on the Mediterranean station, and unfledged prime donne, among whom were Adelaide Phillips and Clara Louise Kellogg, contributed all more or less to society.

To every one attractive, Florence is especially so to the neophyte of literature and art. The very escutcheons on her palaces bring back the memory of Medicean magnificence. Every step one takes recalls a souvenir or discloses a monument. Here Dante lived, and there Savonarola suffered; here Benvenuto wrought, and from yonder tower the "starry Galileo" gazed; here Alfieri sang and Michael Angelo gave immortality to stone. Santa Croce, the Battisteria with its marvelous gates, Giotto's campanile, the Loggia, San Lorenzo! Wherever one turns is something to inspire and instruct. Florence! whose very name is melody and whose history a romance, to name whose sons is to recall the grandest epoch of a renaissance which included religion and science as well as art. Imperial Rome is scarcely more illustrious, and no city is so fair.

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While not insensible to the influence of the *genius loci*, Read's education had but imperfectly prepared him either to enjoy or profit by it greatly. He was, besides, too intensely American to care for the past except in a vague and sentimental way. He rarely visited the galleries, and never studied the old painters. He thought much of their reputation depended on the fact that they had been pioneers, and used to say, "*We* are the 'old masters' of America!" He came to Florence because it was a cheap and pleasant residence, offering advantages both for the production and sale of pictures, and, while socially agreeable, quiet enough to allow him undisturbed to work out in verse the impressions American life and scenery had made upon him. In this he only resembled the majority of American students in Italy.

He soon became a favorite in society, and worked with industry and enthusiasm. He painted many portraits, and a number of pictures which, while they cannot be reckoned great works of art, were still full of imagination and fancy and graceful thought. More could not have been expected of him as a painter with his divided ambition and want of early study and training. His pictures were poems, but without the mastery over the materials of expression which he possessed with his pen. His subjects were fine, but were rarely more finished than a cartoon or a vignette. They resembled the fantasies of Schwind and others of the German school, which were much more popular then than to-day. Like them, the merit lies chiefly in the composition, but, unfortunately, the resemblance ceases when the comparison is extended. As works of art they are wanting in the knowledge and accuracy of the romantic academicians. He pretended, nevertheless, to conscientious study, and thought he painted from Nature when he had models, of which, indeed, sometimes two or three in Paradisian simplicity ornamented his painting-room at the same time. But he only took suggestions from their various graces, for who could pose a floating fairy or a falling Pleiad, a nymph dancing on the bubbles or diving through the mist of a waterfall?

Costumes he invented, and rarely drew either from a model or a lay figure; hence, while not unconventional, they were as unreal as the figures they clothed. Vague, unfinished, with but little texture or color, shadowy almost as dreams, his pictures nevertheless deserve a place in the history of American art, and are full of intuitive grace and ideal beauty. There is little doubt that different circumstances might have made him a great painter. He was too much like a musician who has learned to play by ear only, yet his delicate fancies, aided by his fascinating conversation and agreeable manners, found a public who enjoyed them, and kept the pot boiling so that it boiled hospitably over to the last.

While no one has described American scenery with more sympathy and truth in verse, Read's paintings were all figure-pictures, either allegorical or romantic genre. As far as I am aware, he never tried to paint landscape but once, and then the work remained unfinished. I remember it as a conglomeration rather than a composition of the features of a wide extent of scenery. There were a stream and a bridge, a fisherman, trees, a grain-field and the reapers, a village spire on a hill, and distant mountains—not one *motif*, but several, sketched in just as they occurred to him, like memoranda for a pastoral. In a poem he would have taken many stanzas to portray the scene. He forgot, in painting, that a landscape-painter would have required an equal number of canvases.

The winter of 1853 was marked by no event of especial interest. A greater number than usual of Americans visited the city, the artists were all kept busy, and Read especially was full of commissions. The following summer, in spite of very warm weather and disquieting rumors of the approach of cholera, he remained at his studio in town. His *New Pastoral* engrossed, however, most of his thoughts and time. I was away on a sketching-tour in the neighborhood of Perugia and the Lake of Thrasymene when I received a letter

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from him, pierced in several places by the postal authorities to be fumigated, in which he announced its completion. "On the fifth day of August, at a quarter before five P. M., the epic in question received its last line," he wrote with something like a sigh of relief.

This poem, which was published the following winter by Messrs. Parry & McMillan in Philadelphia, hardly realized the hopes of its author, and met with but moderate success. Full of noble imagery, lofty and patriotic thought and picturesque description, the story was too slight and of too little dramatic interest to seize and hold the public attention. The scenes it described were not remote enough in reality to be poetical. The battle of the pioneer with the forest might be heroic, but could hardly seem romantic to his immediate descendants, still occupied with the practical results. The freshness of the poet's own pastoral experiences had been exhausted in his earlier lyrics, and he had no passionate emotion, no stormy love or hate, to sharpen his observation and invigorate his verse. Its one inspiration was patriotism. A love of country and *the* country pervades every line, and no American poet has risen to sublimer heights of expression than those strophes in which the approach of disunion was foreseen and denounced.

The difficulty of blank verse, which even Milton never entirely overcame, and which often degenerated into mere eloquence, and sometimes hardly differed from prose, was more than he could meet on a sustained flight, and it was with evident relief that he varied his pages with an occasional lyrical outburst. While he was writing *The New Pastoral* he was a diligent student of Milton, and he used to have *Lycidas* especially read aloud to him in the long winter evenings.

Among the passing strangers who were intimate with Read at this time, and who bought his pictures, were John A. C. Grey and Mr. Addoms of New York, Dr. Lockwood of the navy, and poor Mr. Gale of Boston, who with his wife and child was lost in the Arctic. He painted a *Titania* for Major (afterward General) Phil. Kearny, the *Lost Pleiads* and the *Spirits of the Waterfall* for Mr. James L. Claghorn: an *Undine* and a *Cleopatra in her Barge* were also produced about this time.

His studio was a resort of all the traveling Americans, as well as of most of the English-speaking Florentine colony. Robert Browning was a frequent visitor —a bluff, square-built, sailor-looking man with long wavy hair and near-sighted-looking eyes. His conversation had always something abrupt and epigrammatic in it. I remember a criticism I heard him utter there one day, shortly after *Bleak House* appeared, which was characteristic. "It is not a group," said he, "but your hand out so," stretching out his palm vertically, "and the middle finger is not the longest."

While I am digressing I must note two other recollections of this time. One was meeting George Sand and seeing Mrs. Browning *kiss her hand*. I think it was at Mr. Story's, though it may have been at Casa Guidi. It astonished me, who knew the story of Alfred de Musset's relations with the author of *Consuelo*, and what came of them. Another was a Spiritual *séance* at the house of Mr. William B. Kinney. Reports of Home and his wonderful manifestations had just reached Florence, and excited much interest there. A Dutch gentleman who had been saved from shipwreck in the Indian Ocean by the interposition of his mother's spirit, as he affirmed, was suspected of mediumistic qualities in consequence, and was invited by Mrs. Kinney, who heard his story, to assist at an experiment in her salon. There was some disappointment felt by the guests when, the hero repeating the story of his wonderful escape, it was found to resolve itself into a dream which had caused him to forego sailing on a certain vessel that had afterward never been heard from. The experiment was not abandoned, however, and we were all grouped around the dinner-table, a preternaturally earnest circle, domineered by Powers's black eye and stern forehead. Mrs. Browning, who looked all eyes and curls, at intervals invoked any spirit which

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might be near to manifest its presence. The medium made the same exhortation in Dutch, and perspired with his anxiety not to prove a failure; but in vain. Our patience was not rewarded by the ghost of a rap even.

The winter of 1854 brought new relays of tourists to Florence, and the season was a gay one. In the spring I left on a tour to the South, to Rome and Naples. I was gone several weeks, and on my return northward found a letter awaiting me at Rome, which I insert as a specimen of the poet's familiar prose, and on account of the contrast it exhibits between his hopes and their cruel disappointment:

"FLORENCE, May 26, 1865.

"MY DEAR T——: I have the pleasure of acknowledging your two very kind notes, and ought to have replied before, but as nothing has occurred to at all interest you, I have thus far postponed. So you have seen the two wonders of Italy, the Coliseum and Vesuvius in eruption? Well done! you were lucky! Mrs. Read, who desires to thank you for the memento of the Coliseum, wishes that you would bring also a piece of lava from the late eruption. As an evidence of its authenticity it would be well that it should be still *hot* when it arrives here. You are quite a Spaniard in your taste, which you not only exhibit by your interest in Ponce de Leon, but by the selection of the flower which you sent. However, as you may have been guided in selecting it more by instinct than botanical knowledge, you may not be aware that the flower was the bloom of *garlic!* Besides being well acquainted with its appearance, I recognized it by the same evidence as did Sambo 'the chap what stole de inyuns'—namely, the smell! However, it was quite welcome—none the less so for being so strongly redolent of its native soil. It was probably nourished by the dust made rich with the blood of the gladiators, who doubtless themselves had drawn nourishment from the same species of vegetable. Therefore, you see even a garlic-flower may awaken associations in the thinking mind sufficient to make it valuable—nay, poetical. Hence this little offspring of the Eternal City has been well cared for and preserved, and although time may tarnish its bloom, we have great reason to believe that it will retain its perfume.

"I was sorely tempted by your letter to come down to Naples and see the eruption, but I had just commenced a portrait of a lady who had but a few days to stop; therefore it would not have been only the expense of the trip (which I would not have cared for) that it would have cost me, but a hundred dollars besides, which was more than I could afford to pay for *fireworks*. When I got the portrait done the eruption was done also. Therefore, I concluded to take the money which I should have spent on the trip and invest in carriage-hire. We now go out riding for two or three hours every fine day. The country is lovely. No landscape-painter need go farther than the environs of Florence to find the necessary studies. To-day I am on the sick-list, having got my feet wet yesterday at the side of a little stream three miles from here in helping the children to sail their little shingle boats. We launched our little Mayflower and Speedwell, with broad green leaves for sails, flaming red poppies for flags, and 'Puritan' daisies and buttercups for passengers,—all cheered on by the applauding hands and followed with the anxious hopes of Alice and Lily.

"There have been quite a number of Americans passing through, and my time has been very much taken up. . . .

"P. S.—I have had a letter from a London publisher. The chances are that the *New Pastoral* will be reprinted there."

The letter was eight days old when I received it, and I started to return by vetturino. Eight days later I arrived before daylight in Florence by diligence from Arezzo. Before going to bed I directed my servant to carry a large carp I had brought from Lake Thrasymene to Mrs. Read with a jesting note in which I invited myself to dinner. It was noon almost before I awakened, when an envelope was handed me, out of which,

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when opened, dropped my own note. I was too startled for a moment to read the lines which accompanied it, which were in Hiram Powers's handwriting. They informed me in a few words that my note would never be read by her to whom it was addressed: she was dead. It bade me come to the writer for particulars.

The story when told was a fearful one. Read, it seems, had pursued the life he had sketched in his letter, making little excursions into the Campagna and pursuing his peaceful avocations, until one day a case of cholera occurred in the house in which he lived. Soon after his own servant sickened, and in a few hours was a corpse. Alarmed more on account of his family than himself, Read left the house at once and moved into a hotel on the Arno, doubly anxious on account of the condition in which his wife was at the time. They were hardly settled there when the youngest child, Lillian, was taken ill. It was the 24th of June, when Florence celebrates the anniversary of her patron saint, when the Duomo and Campanile, the Lung' Arno and the bridges, are illuminated in the evening, and fireworks whiz and splutter and rockets explode in honor of Saint John. All night through, with the whole city swaying and surging under their windows, and their room lighted up with the colored fires blazing without, the mother watched by her dying child. As beautiful and almost as brief as the bright pyrotechnic stars in the heavens had been the little life now extinguished. The grim visitor was not satisfied: overpowered by watching and grief, and seized with cholera cramps and pains of labor at the same time, the faithful mother followed with her unborn babe the little one who had passed before into the Valley of the Shadow.

Cold as he was, Powers could be a friend in need, and he and his noble wife acted "like angels," to use Read's impulsive language, in this sad hour. Read, ill himself, worn out in body and mind, half insane from sleeplessness and grief, was hurried off to the Baths of Lucca, where he found tender care and what consolation human attention could render at the villa of Mrs. R. M. B. of New York, who with her gentle and lovely daughter did everything possible to friendship for him and the child still left to him.

As soon as I could I went myself to the Baths, where I found him in a state of utter prostration, nervous and physical. No word passed between us in regard to his bereavement. A pressure of the hand expressed more than words could have done. He eagerly accepted an invitation to share my room at the hotel, and confessed to a dread of passing the nights alone. He shuddered as he told me of the horrors he had experienced—nights rendered sleepless by grief, or, if he slept, dreams that restored the lost ones to his arms, followed by the solitary awakening that robbed his heart afresh. I put him to bed as a mother does her child, kissing the pale worn face as if it were an infant's.

For the rest of the month I was rarely out of his company. We fished in the Serchio, rode on donkeys through the magnificent chestnut groves, pitched quoits under the trees—a game of which he was very fond—and made excursions to the neighboring villages. Gradually his health improved, his spirits became more serene, and his imagination, occupied by a new work, was drawn away from morbid self-torturings. Melancholy took the place of despair, and poignant repinings softened into resignation. The mountain-air, the exercise and the care of friends, but, above all, the awakened interest in his new poem, restored him so far that in August I left him and returned to my work in Florence. In the weeks which followed I received frequent letters from him, each one of which gave reassuring evidence of his renewed interest in life, in society and in work.

It was a gloomy time for those of us condemned by imperative occupation or other causes to remain within the walls of the pest-stricken city. The sultry streets were deserted during the middle of the day, except when the measured tramp of the Brothers of the Misericordia broke the stillness, and the weird procession of black-masked and cowled

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forms went by bearing some new patient to the hospital. In the evening they carried the corpses to the tomb, and the sable litter passed incessantly at brief intervals before the café windows. We used to come together at Wittals's to dine and to assure ourselves of each other's safety, each time with a dread presentiment until our number was complete. Nor were our presentiments unrealized. From time to time one or the other failed, but no case ended fatally among our intimate circle. The city was avoided by tourists, and to the terror of the pestilence was added that of a threatened revolt of the lower classes, who believed that the wells had been poisoned.

Some extracts from Read's letters will best describe his physical and mental condition at this time:

"My cold, like a road in spring, is breaking up, and the wheels of my existence are up to the axles in phlegm, but I hope that the fair weather will soon dry them up, and leave my internal highways clear and passable."

"I have just to-day had a charming letter from Longfellow. He is at Newport, and says he is putting the finishing touches to a long poem—an Indian subject with an unpronounceable and unspellable name. Thank Heaven! he is at last agoing to give us something American, and what he does will be worthy himself and the country. God bless him!" . . .

"My new poem is almost completed, and will make a volume as large as *Evangeline*. For breadth of imagination it is my best: for wildness and luxuriance I have done nothing equal to it. I suppose one may be allowed to compare their own works with their own works without vanity being laid at their door?

"I have gone on with this poem at perhaps what would be considered dangerous railroad speed; but the fact is, I have allowed myself to become absorbed in it in order to keep my mind diverted; otherwise, I am sure I would have gone mad with melancholy. I have perhaps worked a little too hard for the good of my health, but it is better to be worn out by toil than eaten out of existence by rust, especially the keen rust of a brooding grief. I don't think the poem has suffered by the rapidity. On the contrary, I think it more likely that it has gained fire and freedom. . . . But you shall judge for yourself."

In September the epidemic abated, and Read returned to Florence with the intention of joining me on a homeward voyage to America. I received him at the station, and without entering the walls he drove to Bellosguarda, where Dr. Lockwood, U. S. N., had a villa, and where he remained until the preparations for our departure were completed. He rarely came to the city, and when he did he stayed with Powers. He never entered his atelier, where, enclosed in a leaden coffin and boxed like a statue, the remains of his wife and child awaited an opportunity of shipment to Cincinnati.

We left together in October, taking the train for Pisa, and from thence a post-carriage, *viâ* Spezzia, for Genoa. Travelers who are whirled over the same route at present in railway coupés can scarcely form an idea of the beauty of the scenery and the interest of the old towns along the route. We stopped to breakfast at Sarzana, where an incident occurred that Read was fond of relating. To-day there is probably an elegant station and buffet there, and one or more hotels, with omnibuses at the station and porters with gilt bands on their caps; but in 1855 the diligence and the post-cabriolet drove through a quaint old market-place crowded with peasants in picturesque costumes, the red-coated postilion cracking his whip and jingling the spurs on his enormous boots, and the moustachioed conductor bowing benevolently right and left like a prince on his travels. It was a rainy morning when after a weary night we arrived at the post inn, and while the horses were being changed ordered and partook of our meal. When we had finished the landlord appeared smiling with the bill.

"*Quanto e il conto?*" I demanded, while Read began shawling his little daughter.

"Signori," replied the host inconse-

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quently, "the Exposition Universale is now open in Paris."

"*Ebbene!* I know that."

"Well, eccelenza, a fowl like that would be worth ten *lire* now in Paris."

"Possibly, but what has that to do with your bill?"

"Eccelenza! in Paris—" Here the horn of the postilion sounded.

"*Quanto?*" I repeated.

"*Quindici lire, eccelenza!*"

"I won't pay it. It is double what you have a right to ask?"

"*Ma, signore, nel Parigi—*"

"Here are ten francs, which is too much."

"No, fifteen! The Exposition Uni—"

Here Read interfered and paid the additional five francs demanded, but I was irritated, and as I arose I told the landlord he was a *ladrone*—a robber.

A dynamite cartridge could scarcely have caused a more immediate and violent explosion. The word had hardly escaped me when the Italian seized a chair and waved it over his head. I picked up a knife from the table, but it was unnecessary. He only hurled the uplifted chair into the corner. He raved and danced with fury, and tore the hair in handfuls out of his own head and beard, until, Read said, "the room looked like a barber's shop." He shrieked out the offensive epithet, "Ladrone! Oh, eccelenza. Io! *io* son *ladrone!* Oh, oh, oh!" and again he tore his hair.

Alice was frightened, and Read hurried her out of the room. I followed, and we took our places in the carriage. The *padrone* still howled and gesticulated at his door, and as we drove off through the piazza the wind bore handfuls of gray hair after us, and over the noise of the market came fitful, deprecatory shrieks: "*Io! ladrone! Pollo! Parigi! quindici lire! Ladrone! Oh, oh, oh!*" until we passed out of sight.

The rest of the journey, from Genoa to Turin, and over Mont Cenis to Lyons by diligence, was marked by no adventure. The Paris of 1855 was very unlike the city of to-day — much more picturesque and less of a shop. The Napoleonic improvements had scarcely begun, and the name of Haussmann was as yet unknown. The Hôtel du Louvre was just finished, but the Grand Hôtel and its numerous rivals, and the Nouvelle Opéra, were not even commenced. The Rue Rivoli and Rue Castiglione contained the popular caravanserai. The American colony was small, and the colonists mostly known to one another. The legation in the Rue de la Paix was their head-quarters. Madame Busque had her original *crèmerie*, with "spécialité de pumpkin pie," in the Rue Michodière, and Philippe's was the first restaurant in the world.

We were nearly a month in Paris, most of the time guests of Mr. Don Piatt, at that time acting chargé d'affaires, at his house in the Rue Jean Goujon. The Exposition was at its height, and occupied much of our time. In the society of old friends — among whom were a number of families, Peter Parley Goodrich's and others, that had been the previous winter in Florence — Read recovered his old spirits, and his health improved in proportion.

We left in November, and sailed from Southampton on the steamer Ericsson for New York. The passage was a stormy one, and we barely escaped wreck in a tempest which stripped the decks, carrying away bulwarks and galleys and staving in the paddle-boxes. A large number of canary birds were carried overboard, to the great unhappiness of Miss Alice.

Read was welcomed very warmly by his friends in New York, and on the evening of our arrival was entertained by Bayard Taylor at Delmonico's. R. H. Stoddard, W. W. Fosdick the Western poet, and myself were the other guests. It was the first time he had met Mr. Stoddard since their estrangement, and I think Bayard Taylor—"big, great-hearted friend," Read was accustomed to call him—brought them together with amiable peacemaking intentions.

Read went soon to Philadelphia, and his new poem, *The House by the Sea*, was sent to press immediately. It was published on the 18th of December, and was well received by the critics—so well,

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in fact, that the first edition was exhausted in a few weeks—and the interest it excited caused a demand for *The New Pastoral* also, a fresh edition of which was issued. The poem merited all the success it obtained, and more, and apart from its beauty as a work of art deserves attention in a psychological point of view as reflecting the conditions of mind and surroundings which produced it. His imagination, intensified and saddened by his bereavement, would have unsettled his mind had it not found vent in this wild tale, which is nevertheless the most objective of his writings.

During this time I was in Cincinnati, but I remained in constant correspondence with him. At first his letters were full of his new book and of successes social and literary, as well as in art. He described visits to Longfellow and Willis, and the pleasant intercourse with other old friends. Then there were confidences of another nature, which prepared me for an event which followed later, and which restored the light of hope and ambition to his life. He married a lady whose culture and refinement were only equaled by her personal charms. The ideal of his artist-dreams in appearance, she realized and responded to all the wants of his intellectual nature, and from the day of their union her gentle influence was his noblest impulse, and the surest safeguard from the temptations which surrounded his path.

Shortly after the wedding they sailed for Europe. Their destination was Rome, but they visited several of the larger cities of England on the way, and Read painted a number of portraits in Liverpool, Manchester and London. In Manchester especially he was very busy. The vast wealth of its citizens made an impression upon him, but the works of art for which they paid large sums excited his wonder and contempt. "Through the influence of Ruskin, to my mind a brilliant charlatan," he wrote, "Pre-Raphaelitism is rapidly overrunning the island, and it promises to be as complete a conquest as that of the Normans. By the way, there hangs on the wall before me a small landscape (?) by one of these P. R. Bs., and were it seen in Cincinnati you would all swear it to be one of ——'s greenest and worst; but it is not as good as ——. His pictures are quite in the popular style, and he is the oldest of the modern P. R. Bs. He would make his fortune here. But no one in England buys a picture on his own judgment. It must have passed the ordeal of some great exhibition and have been praised in some journal of note. In this respect the English are far behind the Americans, for while this holds good to some extent with us, yet a good but unknown picture stands a better chance. But, on the other hand, when an Englishman does buy a picture he pays for it; and there is no higgling. So much so, indeed, are high prices identified with good art that I am sure a good picture offered at a low price would go begging for a purchaser. They would suspect at once that something was wrong." His estimation of the Turner pictures in the National Gallery coincided with that Fortuny expressed when pressed by Millais for an opinion: "They are d—— daubs!"

With the Pre-Raphaelite poets Read had more sympathy, and he was on terms of friendship with Coventry Patmore and Thomas Woolner. The former gentleman was the author of the article in the *North British Review* which gave the first "hall-mark" to Read's own literary reputation. While in Manchester he was dining in company with an old friend, a distinguished American sculptor, who had not quite got rid of some solecisms of early education, and among the rest *would* use his knife improperly in eating. Read took occasion to advise him to respect "English prejudices," and for the moment at least to sacrifice his independence in this particular. The counsel was taken in good part, and the old gentleman—for a truer one in all essentials never breathed—promised to remember; but during the repast he made more than one relapse into the old habit, until at last he gave it up, and catching Read's eye whispered, "It won't do, signor: the fact is, my system *needs iron!*"

In London, among other portraits,

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Read painted a full-length of Mr. Peabody, and, I believe, heads of Tennyson and Leigh Hunt also. From here he sent back the proofs of a new volume of poems, containing fugitive pieces and a longer eclogue, *Sylvia; or, The Last Shepherd;* in reference to which an English critic wrote, "Let our readers judge for themselves, and acknowledge in Mr. Read a singer worthy of a time when men became the representatives of an age."

It was late in the winter before they reached Italy, where Read felt more at home. "Rome is the only city in the world for an artist or poet," he wrote, "if he has any soul whatever." He was not less enthusiastic about the Campagna, and Albano, where he went the following summer: "It is only fifteen miles from Rome, and is the most beautiful place I ever saw. There are no pictures in Switzerland to me more grand and beautiful, and of course for historic interest the world cannot produce its equal. The mountains are very fine, the two lakes charming, the Campagna, with Rome and the Mediterranean in the distance, sublime."

In 1858, Read was again at home, and passed some months of the summer with his brother-in-law, Mr. Garrett, in Cincinnati. In the fall he went to Philadelphia and opened a studio at Parkinson's, next door to the old Academy of Art on Chestnut street, where I joined him, and for some months occupied an adjoining atelier. He painted a number of portraits and finished several compositions here. He was a great deal in society, and no society could have been pleasanter. His friends were James L. Claghorn, Joseph Harrison, George H. Boker, James W. Brown, Henry C. Townsend: in fact, Philadelphia was full of friends of his. Among other intimates were David Bates and Anne Brewster. He was very happy and successful, and shared his prosperity with those who had less. He gave Sully an order for a picture, because the veteran artist, whose hand had lost somewhat of its cunning, had but little to do. I remember an ex-actor, an old gentleman with a distinguished appearance and a fine head, to whose support he contributed. Henry B. Hirst, a poet who had written beautiful things, but whose genius the same enemy had clouded which destroyed Edgar A. Poe, would come to the studio and borrow small sums. One wintry day he came in with ragged boots, and Read, taking off his own, gave them to him, and went home in slippers. I think Hirst drank the boots, as he had drunk the other presents given him. Charles G. Leland, Henry C. Carey and Dr. Elder came more or less frequently to the studio, and Hector Tyndale (since general), who had, when both were boys, given Read a thrashing and knocked him down a cellar—the commencement of a lifelong friendship and mutual respect.

It was in the studio at Parkinson's that *Drifting* was written. Read and I had been out dining, and, returning rather late, were overtaken by a snowstorm; so, instead of attempting to reach home, we went to the studio, raked up the coals in the grate and made a cup of tea. I fell asleep on the sofa while he wrote, and the next morning he showed me the first draft of the beautiful lyric:

> My soul to-day is far away
> Sailing the Vesuvian bay.

Shortly after the New Year Read moved his studio to the Twelfth street building in New York, and resided with his wife's relations in Brooklyn. He paid visits to Longfellow and Dr. Holmes, whose portraits he painted, and he finished also a painting of *Hylas*. I sailed for Europe, and for nearly eight years our intercourse was confined to correspondence. My life, remote from the scene of the excitements of that period, passed quietly enough. His was full of adventure and of variety. He made another voyage in 1860 to England, and passed another winter in Rome. Evil times were at hand, and their shadow was already visible. "Nothing doing in Rome—dead as the d——," he wrote: "everybody half starving. . . . I have painted *Hiawatha carrying Home his Bride*, and *Diana in the Moon*. . . . We are delightfully situated on the Pincian Hill, overlooking all Rome, have a

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billiard-table, and every comfort to keep us cheerful in these dark days, except plenty of money. One doesn't like to be *peculiar* among people who are all hard up. Pray don't put the worst construction on my complaints. I am all right if my underpinning (commissions) hold, so I shall go on till the breeching breaks. But if the Union breaks, who cares then what breaks? If that is a failure, success is not worth having: I shall be content to sit in dust and ashes the rest of my days. Cinders will be good enough for the best of us, and indeed too good for some of the politicians, unless they be red hot under the lowest griddle in ——. But it will not break!"

He went back to America. He was carried away by the excitements of the day. He wrote war-poems, besides completing and publishing *The Wagoner of the Alleghanies* and other volumes. He gave public readings for the benefit of the soldiers, and recited his war-songs at the head of armies. He donned a uniform with the rank of major and A. D. C. on General Lew Wallace's staff. He painted innumerable portraits and speculated in oil! It was a wild and stormy time, and Read, exposed to many temptations, did not escape wholly, but the constant and affectionate care of his gentle wife brought him safe out from among quicksands and breakers.

One who perished by the wayside, a victim to the excesses caused by the excitement, was William P. Brannan, the early friend and fellow-student of Read, who died in the latter's studio, where he had sought shelter during its owner's absence—died of destitution, alone and uncared for!

In the fall of 1866, I met Read again in Cincinnati. He had been since the war frequently petitioned to lecture or give readings from his works for the benefit of some church or charity, and he never refused when it was possible to comply. On one of these excursions I accompanied him. It was for a new church in Springfield, Ohio. We arrived there on a bleak, snowy winter's day, and were received by "the committee," who conveyed us to his home in a sleigh, and left us, to go back to the "store," to the mercies of inquisitive children and the resource of a library consisting of Patent-Office reports, Cist's *Cincinnati* and Bancroft's *History*. In the evening we were taken to the "town-hall," a large bare room, apparently over a market, which was badly lighted, and only half full, owing perhaps to the inclemency of the weather. Read was not the only attraction. A musician had also given his services, and fiddled between the recitations. I sat upon one of the front benches, feeling a little mortification and not a little amusement at the undignified character of the entertainment; but Read evidently did not share my feelings. He was full of enthusiasm, and read *Drifting*, *Passing the Icebergs*, *The Closing Scene* and *Sheridan's Ride* with emphasis and effect, willingly responding to the applause by reading additional poems not down in the programme. I think everybody was satisfied, and after the performance we had stewed oysters and coffee at the house of an "elder," and drove home with sleighbells merrily ringing.

In Cincinnati, the scene of his early struggles and first triumphs, Read felt more at home than in any other city. Everybody knew and loved him except a few obscure individuals who were envious of his success as a painter. His friends — among whom were Colonel Nick Anderson, William Henry Davis, John A. Pomeroy, Thomas Gallagher, J. D. Bullock and David Sinton — had the most affectionate regard for him. He rarely, indeed, met either man or woman without making a friend, or at least an admirer. He had an inexpressibly winning and graceful manner, was quite free from all affectations, and could turn a compliment or point an epigram like Talleyrand himself. He was very sensitive where a friend was concerned, and not less so where his country was. He was fond of putting language through all its paces, and of puns to the very verge of good taste. But few of his repartees have found their way into print, and indeed his wit was often too delicate to

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quote. Its merit lay in its appropriateness and its sparkling suddenness. I remember an answer he gave to a person who had written some verses which Read praised. The gentleman said affectedly, "Oh, Mr. Read, I am not worthy to tie *your* shoes."—"Thank you, Mr. L——," answered Read dryly: "I wear boots."

At a Boston dinner-party Mr. Holmes inquired with malice, "Mr. Read, do they make as many puns now in Philadelphia as they used?" — The reply came at once: "No, doctor. *They have made them all.*"

At Lady Franklin's house in Kensington, Tennyson was holding forth dogmatically: "It is all very well, Mr. Read, to talk of your country, but it is my conviction that if England were to go by the board, the whole world would swing back to despotism;" and by a gesture he indicated the possible catastrophe.—"Very true," replied Read, "we know that; and the *United States* will keep England from going by the board."

A retired English officer at the Baths of Lucca, who had still a ball in his body received at the battle of New Orleans, whether by accident or intention omitted to return the poet's salutation. "Never mind," said he, a little disconcerted: "I was only bowing to the American lead, anyhow."

He was fond of making extraordinary rhymes and condensing color and drawing in a picturesque line or stanza. I remember one positively unquotable for its horrible terseness and terrible realism, but which haunts me like Turner's *Slave Ship*.

The habits of authors while composing have always been observed with interest. Read was accustomed to write with pencil on a white slate, copying the production in ink only when he had polished it to his satisfaction. Hence his manuscripts show but little erasure or correction. His writing materials, whatever they were, he usually held upon his knees—a painter's habit formed probably in sketching from Nature.

Few poets have ever excelled him in "occasional verses," and many of his best poems were almost improvisations. *Sheridan's Ride* was written in a few hours, and was recited by Mr. Murdoch at Pike's Opera-House the same evening. The laying of the Atlantic cable, the completion of a bridge, the celebration of a silver wedding, of a birthday or any anniversary was sufficient to inspire his Muse with fancies ever sympathetic and graceful. He once delivered a poem before the Mercantile Library Association in Cincinnati, the last lines of which were written while the carriage was waiting to convey him to the hall. The only direct impromptu I remember that has not been printed was written in the album of a beautiful and talented woman, who sent him the book from what proved to be her deathbed. He was on the point of leaving the city, and hastily turning over the leaves, which bore contributions from Dickens, Swinburne and other names as illustrious, he wrote—

> We nightly die ourselves to sleep:
> Then wherefore fear we death?
> 'Tis but a slumber still more deep,
> And undisturbed by breath.

In the latter years of his life his restless energy and overwork told on his mind. I do not mean that any of its faculties had become clouded, but he lost the power of always controlling its vagaries, and his sensibility degenerated into irritability at times. He rose early and went to bed late. He loved to be hospitable and to occupy a high social rank. He was at his easel with the earliest sunlight, and burned midnight oil over poetical and philosophic schemes. He dreamed of painting great historical pictures, writing new epics, even of creating a new theology, and of being at the same time an amphytrion, a club-man and a politician.

He spent the summer of 1868 with me in Düsseldorf, where he won the affection of every one he met—of people even with whom he could scarcely converse. He always had some queer hanger-on who had attracted his pity, and whom he protected as some people pick up and protect useless dogs. Once in Cincinnati it was an Indian—in Düsseldorf it was an Italian, useless when

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sober and helpless when he had been drinking. Read gave dinners that he could not afford for the pleasure of giving pleasure, and he never wanted for guests, who were sometimes of a motley description.

His last years were passed in Rome, battling with declining health and financial embarrassments, but with unfaltering courage and unfailing industry, and watched over and protected by the tenderest devotion of his noble wife.

On Sunday, March 10, 1872, a number of his old friends were dining together in Cincinnati. It was suggested that the day was Read's fiftieth birthday. His health was drunk, and a cable telegram was sent him conveying the congratulations and greetings of the company. The message reached him at the moment when, at a supper-party of his friends in Rome, he was replying to "the toast of the evening," given by Mr. Clement Barclay of Philadelphia. The incident, unexpected as it was, affected him to tears, and in eloquent words he gave utterance to the feelings it inspired and the reminiscences it recalled. To his friends in Cincinnati he replied by telegraph that he would respond in person—a promise he immediately prepared, but was never permitted, to fufill.

He lived only to reach New York, where at the Astor House, whither he was carried, he died calmly and peacefully on Saturday night, May 11th, at eleven o'clock. The Philadelphia *Press* of May 15th gives some particulars of the closing scene: "Among his last words, as his loved ones were bestowing upon him their last tokens of affection, were, 'Your kisses are very sweet to me.' Previous thereto he said to his mother-in-law, of whom he was very fond, 'There is a divinity which shapes our ends.' . . . During his brief illness he frequently expressed the desire to live to reach Cincinnati, where he hoped to spend the summer, when he would lay aside his pencil and devote his time to the completion of a new poem he had commenced in Rome. This poem, already inscribed 'To Young Authors,' is said to possess great beauty, the dedication being especially fine."

His funeral took place from the residence of his brother-in-law, James E. Caldwell, and many of the most distinguished citizens of Philadelphia followed his remains to their last resting-place in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

The poem above referred to has not yet been published, but no doubt it is in the hands of those who will carry out the poet's last wishes in the way that may be best for his reputation. From fragments of it which he read to me in Düsseldorf, I am enabled to state that it was founded upon his own personal experiences, and designed to contain the summing-up of his philosophical and religious beliefs. It is surely time, however, that a full and complete edition of his works should appear—works which, however unequal they may be, contain nevertheless some of the best poetry in our American anthology. It seems to me also that it is no impertinent suggestion to make that, before the friends who knew and loved him personally disappear from the scene, it were well, by subscription or otherwise, to erect some symbol, whether "sculptured bust or monumental urn," to the poet-artist's memory. Two great cities may equally claim and be proud of him, yet neither has done itself the honor of commemorating the fact.

When Trelawney's book on Byron appeared, and the author confessed to the baseness of having uncovered his dead friend's corpse to find out its deformity, Read looked with a serio-comic earnestness at me, and cried, "When I am dead don't you uncover my *hoof!*" Thank God! Read had nothing to conceal. His faults were on the surface, and were only such as the world has always condoned and we trust Heaven has forgiven.

JOHN R. TAIT.

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THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM."

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN EVIL OMEN.

FLORIMEL was beginning to understand that the shield of the portrait was not large enough to cover many more visits to Lenorme's studio. Still, she must and would venture, and should anything be said, there at least was the portrait. For some weeks it had been all but finished, was never off its easel, and always showed a touch of wet paint somewhere: he kept the last of it lingering, ready to prove itself almost yet not altogether finished. What was to follow its absolute completion neither of them could tell. The worst of it was, that their thoughts about it differed discordantly. Florimel not unfrequently regarded the rupture of their intimacy as a thing not undesirable — this chiefly after such a talk with Lady Bellair as had been illustrated by some tale of misalliance or scandal between high and low, of which kind of provision for age the bold-faced countess had a large store: her memory was little better than an ash-pit of scandal. Amongst other biographical scraps one day she produced the case of a certain earl's daughter, who, having disgraced herself by marrying a low fellow —an artist, she believed—was as a matter of course neglected by the man whom, in accepting him, she had taught to despise her, and before a twelvemonth was over—her family finding it impossible to hold communication with her—was actually seen by her late maid scrubbing her own floor.

"Why couldn't she leave it dirty?" said Florimel.

"Why, indeed," returned Lady Bellair, "but that people sink to their fortunes! Blue blood won't keep them out of the gutter."

The remark was true, but of more general application than she intended, seeing she herself was in the gutter, and did not know it. She spoke only of what followed on marriage beneath one's natal position, than which, she declared, there was nothing worse a woman of rank could do.

"She may get over anything but that," she would say, believing, but not saying, that she spoke from experience.

Was it part of the late marquis's purgatory to see now, as the natural result of the sins of his youth, the daughter whose innocence was dear to him exposed to all the undermining influences of this good-natured but low-moraled woman, whose ideas of the most mysterious relations of humanity were in no respect higher than those of a class which must not even be mentioned in my pages? At such tales the high-born heart would flutter in Florimel's bosom, beat itself against its bars, turn sick at the sight of its danger, imagine it had been cherishing a crime, and resolve—soon—before very long—at length—finally—to break so far at least with the painter as to limit their intercourse to the radiation of her power across a dinner-table, the rhythmic heaving of their two hearts at a dance, or the quiet occasional talk in a corner, when the looks of each would reveal to the other that they knew themselves the martyrs of a cruel and inexorable law. It must be remembered that she had had no mother since her childhood, that she was now but a girl, and that the passion of a girl to that of a woman is "as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine." Of genuine love she had little more than enough to serve as salt to the passion; and passion, however bewitching—yea, entrancing—a condition, may yet be of little more worth than that induced by opium or hashish, and a capacity for it may be conjoined with anything or everything contemptible and unmanly or unwomanly. In Florimel's case, however, there was chiefly much of the childish in it. Definitely separated from Lenorme, she would have been merry again in a fortnight; and yet, though she half knew

this herself, and at the same time was more than half ashamed of the whole affair, she did not give it up—would not—only intended by and by to let it go, and meantime gave—occasionally—pretty free flutter to the half-grown wings of her fancy.

Her liking for the painter had therefore, not unnaturally, its fits. It was subject in a measure to the nature of the engagements she had—that is, to the degree of pleasure she expected from them: it was subject, as we have seen, to skillful battery from the guns of her chaperone's intrenchment; and more than to either was it subject to those delicate changes of condition which in the microcosm are as frequent and as varied both in kind and degree as in the macrocosm. The spirit has its risings and settings of sun and moon, its clouds and stars, its seasons, its solstices, its tides, its winds, its storms, its earthquakes—infinite vitality in endless fluctuation. To rule these changes Florimel had neither the power that comes of love nor the strength that comes of obedience. What of conscience she had was not yet conscience toward God, which is the guide to freedom, but conscience toward society, which is the slave of a fool. It was no wonder then that Lenorme, believing, hoping, she loved him, should find her hard to understand. He said *hard*, but sometimes he meant *impossible*. He loved as a man loves who has thought seriously, speculated, tried to understand—whose love, therefore, is consistent with itself, harmonious with his nature and history, changing only in form and growth, never in substance and character. Hence, the idea of Florimel became in his mind the centre of perplexing thought: the unrest of her being, metamorphosed on the way, passed over into his, and troubled him sorely. Neither was his mind altogether free of the dread of reproach. For self-reproach he could find little or no ground, seeing that to pity her much for the loss of consideration her marriage with him would involve would be to undervalue the honesty of his love and the worth of his art; and indeed her position was so independently based that she could not lose it even by marrying one who had not the social standing of a brewer or a stockbroker; but his pride was uneasy under the foreseen criticism that his selfishness had taken advantage of her youth and inexperience to work on the mind of an ignorant girl—criticism not likely to be the less indignant that those who passed it would, without a shadow of compunction, have handed her over, body, soul and goods, to one of their own order had he belonged to the very canaille of the race.

The painter was not merely in love with Florimel: he loved her. I will not say that he was in no degree dazzled by her rank, or that he felt no triumph, as a social nomad camping on the No-man's-land of society, at the thought of the justification of the human against the conventional, in his scaling of the giddy heights of superiority, and, on one of its topmost peaks, taking from her nest that rare bird in the earth, a landed and titled marchioness. But such thoughts were only changing hues on the feathers of his love, which itself was a mighty bird with great and yet growing wings.

A day or two passed before Florimel went again to the studio, accompanied, notwithstanding Lenorme's warning and her own doubt, yet again by her maid, a woman, unhappily, of Lady Bellair's finding. At Lossie House, Malcolm had felt a repugnance to her, both moral and physical. When first he heard her name, one of the servants speaking of her as Miss Caley, he took it for Scaley, and if that was not her name, yet scaly was her nature.

This time Florimel rode to Chelsea with Malcolm, having directed Caley to meet her there; and, the one designing to be a little early, and the other to be a little late, two results naturally followed—first, that the lovers had a few minutes alone; and second, that when Caley crept in, noiseless and unannounced as a cat, she had her desire, and saw the painter's arm round Florimel's waist and her head on his bosom. Still more to her contentment, not hearing, they did not see her, and she crept out again quietly as she had entered: it would of course be to her advantage to let them know that she had

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seen, and that they were in her power, but it might be still more to her advantage to conceal the fact so long as there was a chance of additional discovery in the same direction. Through the success of her trick it came about that Malcolm, chancing to look up from Honor's back to the room where he always breakfasted with his new friend, saw in one of the windows, as in a picture, a face radiant with such an expression as that of the woman-headed snake might have worn when he saw Adam take the apple from the hand of Eve.

Caley was of the common class of servants in this, that she considered service servitude, and took her amends in selfishness: she was unlike them in this, that while false to her employers she made no common cause with her fellows against them—regarded and sought none but her own ends. Her one thought was to make the most of her position; for that, to gain influence with, and, if it might be, power over, her mistress; and thereto, first of all, to find out whether she had a secret: she had now discovered not merely that she had one, but the secret itself. She was clever, greedy, cunning—equally capable, according to the faculty with which she might be matched, of duping or of being duped. She rather liked her mistress, but watched her in the interests of Lady Bellair. She had a fancy for the earl, a natural dislike to Malcolm, which she concealed in distant politeness, and for all the rest of the house indifference. As to her person, she had a neat oval face, thin and sallow, in expression subacid; a lithe, rather graceful figure, and hands too long, with fingers almost too tapering—of which hands and fingers she was very careful, contemplating them in secret with a regard amounting almost to reverence: they were her sole witnesses to a descent in which she believed, but of which she had no other shadow of proof.

Caley's face, then, with its unsaintly illumination, gave Malcolm something to think about as he sat there upon Honor, the new horse. Clearly, she had had a triumph: what could it be? The nature of the woman was not altogether unknown to him even from the first, and he could not for months go on meeting her occasionally in passages and on stairs without learning to understand his own instinctive dislike: it was plain the triumph was not in good. It was plain too that it was in something which had that very moment occurred, and could hardly have to do with any one but her mistress. Then her being in that room revealed more. They would never have sent her out of the study, and so put themselves in her power. She had gone into the house but a moment before, a minute or two behind her mistress, and he knew with what a cat-like step she went about: she had surprised them—discovered how matters stood between her mistress and the painter. He saw everything almost as it had taken place. She had seen without being seen, and had retreated with her prize! Florimel was then in the woman's power: what was he to do? He must at least let her gather what warning she could from the tale of what he had seen.

Once arrived at a resolve, Malcolm never lost time. They had turned but one corner on their way home when he rode up to her. "Please, my lady," he began.

But the same instant Florimel was pulling up. "Malcolm," she said, "I have left my pocket handkerchief: I must go back for it."

As she spoke she turned her horse's head. But Malcolm, dreading lest Caley should yet be lingering, would not allow her to expose herself to a greater danger than she knew. "Before you go, my lady, I must tell you something I happened to see while I waited with the horses," he said.

The earnestness of his tone struck Florimel. She looked at him with eyes a little wider, and waited to hear.

"I happened to look up at the drawing-room windows, my lady, and Caley came to one of them with *such* a look on her face! I can't exactly describe it to you, my lady, but—"

"Why do you tell me?" interrupted his mistress with absolute composure and hard, questioning eyes. But she had

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drawn herself up in the saddle. Then, before he could reply, a flash of thought seemed to cross her face with a quick single motion of her eyebrows, and it was instantly altered and thoughtful. She seemed to have suddenly perceived some cause for taking a mild interest in his communication. "But it cannot be, Malcolm," she said in quite a changed tone. "You must have taken some one else for her. She never left the studio all the time I was there."

"It was immediately after her arrival, my lady. She went in about two minutes after your ladyship, and could not have had *much* more than time to go up stairs when I saw her come to the window. I felt bound to tell your ladyship."

"Thank you, Malcolm," returned Florimel kindly. "You did right to tell me, —but—it's of no consequence. Mr. Lenorme's housekeeper and she must have been talking about something."

But her eyebrows were now thoughtfully contracted over her eyes.

"There had been no time for that, I think, my lady," said Malcolm.

Florimel turned again and rode on, saying no more about the handkerchief. Malcolm saw that he had succeeded in warning her, and was glad. But had he foreseen to what it would lead he would hardly have done it.

Florimel was indeed very uneasy. She could not help strongly suspecting that she had betrayed herself to one who, if not an intentional spy, would yet be ready enough to make a spy's use of anything she might have picked up. What was to be done? It was now too late to think of getting rid of her: that would be but her signal to disclose whatever she had seen, and so not merely enjoy a sweet revenge, but account with clear satisfactoriness for her dismissal. What would not Florimel now have given for some one who could sympathize with her and yet counsel her! She was afraid to venture another meeting with Lenorme, and besides was not a little shy of the advantage the discovery would give him in pressing her to marry him. And now first she began to feel as if her sins were going to find her out.

A day or two passed in alternating psychical flaws and fogs, with poor glints of sunshine between. She watched her maid, but her maid knew it, and discovered no change in her manner or behavior. Weary of observation, she was gradually settling into her former security when Caley began to drop hints that alarmed her. Might it not be altogether the safest thing to take her into confidence? It would be such a relief, she thought, to have a woman she could talk to! The result was that she began to lift a corner of the veil that hid her trouble: the woman encouraged her, and at length the silly girl threw her arms round the scaly one's neck, much to that person's satisfaction, and told her that she loved Mr. Lenorme. She knew, of course, she said, that she could not marry him. She was only waiting a fit opportunity to free herself from a connection which, however delightful, she was unable to justify. How the maid interpreted her confession I do not care to inquire very closely, but anyhow it was in a manner that promised much to her after-influence. I hasten over this part of Florimel's history, for that confession to Caley was perhaps the one thing in her life she had most reason to be ashamed of, for she was therein false to the being she thought she loved best in the world. Could Lenorme have known her capable of unbosoming herself to such a woman, it would almost have slain the love he bore her. The notions of that odd-and-end sort of person, who made his livelihood by spreading paint, would have been too hideously shocked by the shadow of an intimacy between his love and such as she.

Caley first comforted the weeping girl, and then began to insinuate encouragement. She must indeed give him up—there was no help for that—but neither was there any necessity for doing so all at once. Mr. Lenorme was a beautiful man, and any woman might be proud to be loved by him. She must take her time to it. She might trust her. And so on and on, for she was as vulgar-minded as the worst of those whom ladies endure about their persons, handling their hair

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and having access to more of their lock-fast places than they would willingly imagine.

The first result was that, on the pretext of bidding him farewell, and convincing him that he and she must meet no more, fate and fortune, society and duty, being all alike against their happiness—I mean on that pretext to herself, the only one to be deceived by it—Florimel arranged with her woman one evening to go the next morning to the studio: she knew the painter to be an early riser, and always at his work before eight o'clock. But although she tried to imagine she had persuaded herself to say farewell, certainly she had not yet brought her mind to any ripeness of resolve in the matter. At seven o'clock in the morning, the marchioness habited like a housemaid, they slipped out by the front door, turned the corners of two streets, found a hackney-coach waiting for them, and arrived in due time at the painter's abode.

CHAPTER XXX.

A QUARREL.

WHEN the door opened and Florimel glided in the painter sprang to his feet to welcome her, and she flew softly, soundless as a moth, into his arms; for, the study being large and full of things, she was not aware of the presence of Malcolm. From behind a picture on an easel he saw them meet, but shrinking from being an open witness to their secret, and also from being discovered in his father's clothes by the sister who knew him only as a servant, he instantly sought escape. Nor was it hard to find, for near where he stood was a door opening into a small intermediate chamber, communicating with the drawing-room, and by it he fled, intending to pass through to Lenorme's bedroom and change his clothes. With noiseless stride he hurried away, but could not help hearing a few passionate words that escaped his sister's lips before Lenorme could warn her that they were not alone—words which, it seemed to him, could come only from a heart whose very pulse was devotion.

"How *can* I live without you, Raoul?" said the girl as she clung to him.

Lenorme gave an uneasy glance behind him, saw Malcolm disappear, and answered, "I hope you will never try, my darling."

"Oh, but you know this can't last," she returned with playfully-affected authority. "It must come to an end. They will interfere."

"Who can? Who will dare?" said the painter with confidence.

"People will. We had better stop it ourselves—before it all comes out and we are shamed," said Florimel, now with perfect seriousness.

"Shamed!" cried Lenorme. "Well, if you can't help being ashamed of me—and perhaps, as you have been brought up, you can't—do you not then love me enough to encounter a little shame for my sake? I should welcome worlds of such for yours."

Florimel was silent. She kept her face hidden on his shoulder, but was already halfway to a quarrel.

"You don't love me, Florimel," he said after a pause, little thinking how nearly true were the words.

"Well, suppose I don't!" she cried, half defiantly, half merrily: drawing herself from him, she stepped back two paces, and looked at him with saucy eyes, in which burned two little flames of displeasure, that seemed to shoot up from the red spots glowing upon her cheeks. Lenorme looked at her. He had often seen her like this before, and knew that the shell was charged and the fuse lighted. But within lay a mixture even more explosive than he suspected; for not merely was there more of shame and fear and perplexity mingled with her love than he understood, but she was conscious of having now been false to him, and that rendered her temper dangerous. Lenorme had already suffered severely from the fluctuations of her moods. They had been almost too much for him. He could endure them, he thought, to all eternity if he had her to himself, safe and sure; but the confidence

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to which he rose every now and then that she would one day be his just as often failed him, rudely shaken by some new symptom of what almost seemed like cherished inconstancy. If, after all, she should forsake him! It was impossible, but she might. If even that should come, he was too much of a man to imagine anything but a stern encounter of the inevitable, and he knew he would survive it; but he knew also that life could never be the same again, that for a season work would be impossible—the kind of work he had hitherto believed his own rendered for ever impossible perhaps, and his art degraded to the mere earning of a living. At best, he would have to die and be buried and rise again before existence could become endurable under the new squalid conditions of life without her. It was no wonder, then, if her behavior sometimes angered him, for even against a will-o'-the-wisp that has enticed us into a swamp a glow of foolish indignation will spring up. And now a black fire in his eyes answered the blue flash in hers; and the difference suggests the diversity of their loves: hers might vanish in fierce explosion, his would go on burning like a coal-mine. A word of indignant expostulation rose to his lips, but a thought came that repressed it. He took her hand, and led her—the wonder was that she yielded, for she had seen the glow in his eyes, and the fuse of her own anger burned faster; but she did yield, partly from curiosity, and followed where he pleased—her hand lying dead in his. It was but to the other end of the room he led her, to the picture of her father, now all but finished. Why he did so he would have found it hard to say. Perhaps the genius that lies under the consciousness forefelt a catastrophe, and urged him to give his gift ere giving should be impossible.

Malcolm stepped into the drawing-room, where the table was laid as usual for breakfast: there stood Caley, helping herself to a spoonful of honey from Hymettus. At his entrance she started violently, and her sallow face grew earthy. For some seconds she stood motionless, unable to take her eyes off the apparition, as it seemed to her, of the late marquis, in wrath at her encouragement of his daughter in disgraceful courses. Malcolm, supposing she was ashamed of herself, took no further notice of her, and walked deliberately toward the other door. Ere he reached it she knew him. Burning with the combined ires of fright and shame, conscious also that by the one little contemptible act of greed in which he had surprised her she had justified the aversion which her woman-instinct had from the first recognized in him, she darted to the door, stood with her back against it and faced him flaming. "So!" she cried: "this is how my lady's kindness is abused! The insolence! Her groom goes and sits for his portrait in her father's court-dress!"

As she ceased all the latent vulgarity of her nature broke loose, and with a protracted *pff* she seized her thin nose between her thumb and forefinger, to indicate that an evil odor of fish interpenetrated her atmosphere, and must at the moment be defiling the garments of the dead marquis. "My lady shall know this," she concluded, with a vicious clenching of her teeth and two or three small nods of her neat head.

Malcolm stood regarding her with a coolness that yet inflamed her wrath. He could not help smiling at the reaction of shame in indignation. Had her anger been but a passing flame, that smile would have turned it into enduring hate. She hissed in his face.

"Go and have the first word," he said; "only leave the door and let me pass."

"Let you pass, indeed! What would you pass for?—the bastard of old Lord James and a married woman! I don't care *that* for you." And she snapped her fingers in his face.

Malcolm turned from her and went to the window, taking a newspaper from the breakfast-table as he passed, and there sat down to read until the way should be clear. Carried beyond herself by his utter indifference, Caley darted from the room and went straight into the study.

Lenorme led Florimel in front of the picture. She gave a great start, and turned and stared pallid at the painter.

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The effect upon her was such as he had not foreseen, and the words she uttered were not such as he could have hoped to hear. "What would *he* think of me if he knew?" she cried, clasping her hands in agony.

That moment Caley burst into the room, her eyes lamping like a cat's. "My lady," she shrieked, "there's MacPhail the groom, my lady, dressed up in your honored father's bee-utiful clo'es as he always wore when he went to dine with the prince! And please, my lady, he's that rude I could 'ardly keep my 'ands off him."

Florimel flashed a dagger of question in Lenorme's eyes. The painter drew himself up. "It was at my request, Lady Lossie," he said.

"Indeed!" returned Florimel, in high scorn, and glanced again at the picture. "I see," she went on. "How could I be such an idiot! It was my groom's, not my father's, likeness you meant to surprise me with!" Her eyes flashed as if she would annihilate him.

"I have worked hard in the hope of giving you pleasure, Lady Lossie," said the painter with wounded dignity.

"And you have failed," she adjoined cruelly.

The painter took the miniature after which he had been working from a table near, handed it to her with a proud obeisance, and the same moment dashed a brushful of dark paint across the face of the picture.

"Thank you, sir," said Florimel, and for a moment felt as if she hated him.

She turned away and walked from the study. The door of the drawing-room was open, and Caley stood by the side of it. Florimel, too angry to consider what she was about, walked in: there sat Malcolm in the window, in her father's clothes and his very attitude, reading the newspaper. He did not hear her enter. He had been waiting till he could reach the bedroom unseen by her, for he knew from the sound of the voices that the study-door was open. Her anger rose yet higher at the sight. "Leave the room," she said.

He started to his feet, and now perceived that his sister was in the dress of a servant. He took one step forward and stood—a little mazed—gorgeous in dress and arms of price, before his mistress in the cotton gown of a housemaid.

"Take those clothes off instantly," said Florimel slowly, replacing wrath with haughtiness as well as she might.

Malcolm turned to the door without a word. He saw that things had gone wrong where most he would have wished them go right.

"I'll see to them being well aired, my lady," said Caley, with sibilant indignation.

Malcolm went to the study. The painter sat before the picture of the marquis, with his elbows on his knees and his head between his hands. "Mr. Lenorme," said Malcolm, approaching him gently.

"Oh, go away," said Lenorme without raising his head: "I can't bear the sight of you yet."

Malcolm obeyed, a little smile playing about the corners of his mouth. Caley saw it as he passed, and hated him yet worse. He was in his own clothes, booted and belted, in two minutes. Three sufficed to replace his father's garments in the portmanteau, and in three more he and Kelpie went plunging past his mistress and her maid as they drove home in their lumbering vehicle.

"The insolence of the fellow!" said Caley, loud enough for her mistress to hear notwithstanding the noise of the rattling windows. "A pretty pass we are come to!"

But already Florimel's mood had begun to change. She felt that she had done her best to alienate men on whom she could depend, and that she had chosen for a confidante one whom she had no ground for trusting.

She got safe and unseen to her room; and Caley believed she had only to improve the advantage she had now gained.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TWO DAIMONS.

THINGS had taken a turn that was not to Malcolm's satisfaction, and his

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thoughts were as busy all the way home as Kelpie would allow. He had ardently desired that his sister should be thoroughly in love with Lenorme, for that seemed to open a clear path out of his worst difficulties: now they had quarreled, and besides were both angry with him. The main fear was that Liftore would now make some progress with her. Things looked dangerous. Even his warning against Caley had led to a result the very opposite of his intent and desire. And now it recurred to him that he had once come upon Liftore talking to Caley, and giving her something that shone like a sovereign.

Earlier on the same morning of her visit to the studio, Florimel had awaked and found herself in the presence of the spiritual Vehmgericht. Every member of the tribunal seemed against her. All her thoughts were busy accusing, none of them excusing one another. So hard were they upon her that she fancied she had nearly come to the conclusion that, if only she could do it pleasantly, without pain or fear, the best thing would be to swallow something and fall asleep; for, like most people, she was practically an atheist, and therefore always thought of death as the refuge from the ills of life. But although she was often very uncomfortable, Florimel knew nothing of such genuine downright misery as drives some people to what can be no more to their purpose than if a man should strip himself naked because he is cold. When she returned from her unhappy visit, and had sent her attendant to get her some tea, she threw herself upon her bed, and found herself yet again in the dark chambers of the spiritual police. But already even their company was preferable to that of Caley, whose officiousness began to enrage her. She was yet tossing in the Nessus-tunic of her own disharmony when Malcolm came for orders. To get rid of herself and Caley both she desired him to bring the horses round at once.

It was more than Malcolm had expected. He ran: he might yet have a chance of trying to turn her in the right direction. He knew that Liftore was neither in the house nor at the stable. With the help of the earl's groom he was round in ten minutes. Florimel was all but ready: like some other ladies she could dress quickly when she had good reason. She sprang from Malcolm's hand to the saddle, and led as straight northward as she could go, never looking behind her till she drew rein on the top of Hampstead Heath. When he rode up to her, "Malcolm," she said, looking at him half ashamed, "I don't think my father *would* have minded you wearing his clothes."

"Thank you, my lady," said Malcolm. "At least he would have forgiven anything meant for your pleasure."

"I was too hasty," she said. "But the fact was, Mr. Lenorme had irritated me, and I foolishly mixed you up with him."

"When I went into the studio after you left it this morning, my lady," Malcolm ventured, "he had his head between his hands, and would not even look at me."

Florimel turned her face aside, and Malcolm thought she was sorry, but she was only hiding a smile: she had not yet got beyond the kitten stage of love, and was pleased to find she gave pain.

"If your ladyship never had another true friend, Mr. Lenorme is one," added Malcolm.

"What opportunity can you have had for knowing?" said Florimel.

"I have been sitting to him every morning for a good many days," answered Malcolm. "*He* is something like a man!"

Florimel's face flushed with pleasure. She liked to hear him praised, for he loved her.

"You should have seen, my lady, the pains he took with that portrait! He would stare at the little picture you lent him of my lord for minutes, as if he were looking through it at something behind it; then he would get up and go and gaze at your ladyship on the pedestal, as if you were the goddess herself, able to tell him everything about your father; and then he would hurry back to his easel and give a touch or two to the face, looking at it all the time as if he loved it. It must have been a cruel pain that drove him to smear it as he did."

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Florimel began to feel a little motion of shame somewhere in the mystery of her being. But to show that to her servant would be to betray herself—the more that he seemed the painter's friend.

"I will ask Lord Liftore to go and see the portrait, and if he thinks it like I will buy it," she said. "Mr. Lenorme is certainly very clever with his brush."

Malcolm saw that she said this not to insult Lenorme, but to blind her groom, and made no answer.

"I will ride there with you to-morrow morning," she added in conclusion, and moved on.

Malcolm touched his hat and dropped behind. But the next moment he was by her side again: "I beg your pardon, my lady, but would you allow me to say one word more?"

She bowed her head.

"That woman Caley, I am certain, is not to be trusted. She does not love you, my lady."

"How do you know that?" asked Florimel, speaking steadily, but writhing inwardly with the knowledge that the warning was too late.

"I have tried her spirit," answered Malcolm, "and know that it is of the devil. She loves herself too much to be true."

After a little pause Florimel said, "I know you mean well, Malcolm, but it is nothing to me whether she loves me or not. We don't look for that now-a-days from servants."

"It is because I love you, my lady," said Malcolm, "that I know Caley does not. If she should get hold of anything your ladyship would not wish talked about—"

"That she cannot," said Florimel, but with an inward shudder. "She may tell the whole world all she can discover."

She would have cantered on as the words left her lips, but something in Malcolm's look held her. She turned pale, she trembled: her father was looking at her as only once had she seen him—in doubt whether his child lied. The illusion was terrible. She shook in her saddle. The next moment she was galloping along the grassy border of the heath in wild flight from her worst enemy, whom yet she could never by the wildest of flights escape; for when, coming a little to herself as she approached a sand-pit, she pulled up, there was her enemy—neither before nor behind, neither above nor beneath nor within her: it was the self which had just told a lie to the servant of whom she had so lately boasted that he never told one in his life. Then she grew angry. What had she done to be thus tormented? *She*, a marchioness, thus pestered by her own menials—pulled opposing directions by a groom and a maid! She would turn them both away, and have nobody about her either to trust or suspect.

She might have called them her good and her evil genius; for she knew—that is, she had it somewhere about her, but did not look it out—that it was her own cowardice and concealment, her own falseness to the traditional, never-failing courage of her house, her ignobility and unfitness to represent the Colonsays—her double-dealing, in short—that had made the marchioness in her own right the slave of her woman, the rebuked of her groom.

She turned and rode back, looking the other way as she passed Malcolm.

When they reached the top of the heath, riding along to meet them came Liftore—this time to Florimel's consolation and comfort: she did not like riding unprotected with a good angel at her heels. So glad was she that she did not even take the trouble to wonder how he had discovered the road she went. She never suspected that Caley had sent his lordship's groom to follow her until the direction of her ride should be evident, but took his appearance without question as a lover-like attention, and rode home with him, talking the whole way, and cherishing a feeling of triumph over both Malcolm and Lenorme. Had she not a protector of her own kind? Could she not, when they troubled her, pass from their sphere into one beyond their ken? For the moment the poor weak lord who rode beside her seemed to her foolish heart a tower of refuge. She was particularly gracious and encouraging to her tower as they rode, and fancied again

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and again that perhaps the best way out of her troubles would be to encourage and at last accept him, so getting rid of honeyed delights and rankling stings together, of good and evil angels and low-bred lover at one sweep. Quiet would console for dullness, innocence for weariness. She would fain have a good conscience toward society—that image whose feet are of gold and its head a bag of chaff and sawdust.

Malcolm followed, sick at heart that she should prove herself so shallow. Riding Honor, he had plenty of leisure to brood.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A CHASTISEMENT.

WHEN she went to her room, there was Caley taking from a portmanteau the Highland dress which had occasioned so much. A note fell, and she handed it to her mistress. Florimel opened it, grew pale as she read it, and asked Caley to bring her a glass of water. No sooner had her maid left the room than she sprang to the door and bolted it. Then the tears burst from her eyes, she sobbed despairingly, and but for the help of her handkerchief would have wailed aloud. When Caley returned she answered to her knock that she was lying down and wanted to sleep. She was, however, trying to force further communication from the note. In it the painter told her that he was going to set out the next morning for Italy, and that her portrait was at the shop of certain carvers and gilders, being fitted with a frame for which he had made drawings. Three times she read it, searching for some hidden message to her heart: she held it up between her and the light, then before the fire till it crackled like a bit of old parchment; but all was in vain: by no device, intellectual or physical, could she coax the shadow of a meaning out of it beyond what lay plain on the surface. She must, she *would* see him again.

That night she was merrier than usual at dinner; after it sang ballad upon ballad to please Liftore; then went to her room and told Caley to arrange for yet a visit the next morning to Mr. Lenorme's studio. She positively must, she said, secure her father's portrait ere the ill-tempered painter—all men of genius were hasty and unreasonable—should have destroyed it utterly, as he was certain to do before leaving; and with that she showed her Lenorme's letter. Caley was all service, only said that this time she thought they had better go openly. She would see Lady Bellair as soon as Lady Lossie was in bed and explain the thing to her.

The next morning, therefore, the two drove to Chelsea in the carriage. When the door opened Florimel walked straight up to the study. There she saw no one, and her heart, which had been fluttering strangely, sank and was painfully still, while her gaze went wandering about the room. It fell upon the pictured temple of Isis: a thick dark veil had fallen and shrouded the whole figure of the goddess, leaving only the outline: and the form of the worshiping youth had vanished utterly: where he had stood, the tesselated pavement, with the serpent of life twining through it, and the sculptured walls of the temple, shone out clear and bare, as if Hyacinth had walked out into the desert to return no more. Again the tears gushed from the heart of Florimel: she had sinned against her own fame—had blotted out a fair memorial record that might have outlasted the knight of stone under the Norman canopy in Lossie church. Again she sobbed, again she choked down a cry that had else become a scream.

Arms were around her. Never doubting whose the embrace, she leaned her head against his bosom, stayed her sobs with the one word "*Cruel!*" and slowly opening her tearful eyes, lifted them to the face that bent over hers. It was Liftore's. She was dumb with disappointment and dismay. It was a hateful moment. He kissed her forehead and eyes, and sought her mouth. She shrieked aloud. In her very agony at the loss of one to be kissed by another! and there! It was too degrading! too horrid!

At the sound of her cry some one start-

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ed up at the other end of the room. An easel with a large canvas on it fell, and a man came forward with great strides. Liftore let her go, with a muttered curse on the intruder, and she darted from the room into the arms of Caley, who had had her ear against the other side of the door. The same instant Malcolm received from his lordship a well-planted blow between the eyes, which filled them with flashes and darkness. The next the earl was on the floor. The ancient fury of the Celt had burst up into the nineteenth century and mastered a noble spirit. All Malcolm could afterward remember was, that he came to himself dealing Liftore merciless blows, his foot on his back and his weapon the earl's whip. His lordship, struggling to rise, turned up a face white with hate and impotent fury. "You damned flunkie!" he panted. "I'll have you shot like a mangy dog."

"Meantime I will chastise you like an insolent nobleman," said Malcolm, who had already almost recovered his self-possession. "You dare to touch my mistress!" And with the words he gave him one more stinging cut with the whip.

"Stand off, and let it be man to man!" cried Liftore with a fierce oath, clenching his teeth in agony and rage.

"That it cannot be, my lord; but I have had enough, and so I hope has your lordship," said Malcolm; and as he spoke he threw the whip to the other end of the room and stood back. Liftore sprang to his feet and rushed at him. Malcolm caught him by the wrist with a fisherman's grasp. "My lord, I don't want to kill you. Take a warning, and let ill be, for fear of worse," he said, and threw his hand from him with a swing that nearly dislocated his shoulder.

The warning sufficed. His lordship cast him one scowl of concentrated hate and revenge, and leaving the room hurried also from the house.

At the usual morning hour Malcolm had ridden to Chelsea, hoping to find his friend in a less despairing and more companionable mood than when he left him. To his surprise and disappointment, he learned that Lenorme had sailed by the packet for Ostend the night before. He asked leave to go into the study. There on its easel stood the portrait of his father as he had last seen it—disfigured with a great smear of brown paint across the face. He knew that the face was dry, and he saw that the smear was wet: he would see whether he could not, with turpentine and a soft brush, remove the insult. In this endeavor he was so absorbed, and by the picture itself was so divided from the rest of the room, that he neither saw nor heard anything until Florimel cried out.

Naturally, those events made him yet more dissatisfied with his sister's position. Evil influences and dangers were on all sides of her, the worst possible outcome being that, loving one man, she should marry another, and him such a man as Liftore! Whatever he heard in the servants' hall, both tone and substance, only confirmed the unfavorable impression he had had from the first of the bold-faced countess. The oldest of her servants had, he found, the least respect for their mistress, although all had a certain liking for her, which gave their disrespect the heavier import. He *must* get Florimel away somehow. While all was right between her and the painter he had been less anxious about her immediate surroundings, trusting that Lenorme would ere long deliver her. But now she had driven him from the very country, and he had left no clew to follow him up by. His housekeeper could tell nothing of his purposes. The gardener and she were left in charge as a matter of course. He might be back in a week or a year: she could not even conjecture.

Seeming possibilities, in varied mingling with rank absurdities, kept passing through Malcolm's mind as, after Liftore's punishment, he lifted the portrait, set it again upon its easel and went on trying to clean the face of it—with no small promise of success. But as he made progress he grew anxious lest, with the defilement, he should remove some of the color as well: the painter alone, he concluded at length, could be trusted to restore the work he had ruined.

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He left the house, walked across the road to the river-bank and gave a short sharp whistle. In an instant Davy was in the dinghy, pulling for the shore. Malcolm went on board the yacht, saw that all was right, gave some orders, went ashore again and mounted Kelpie.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LIES.

In pain, wrath and mortification Liftore rode home. What would the men at his club say if they knew that he had been thrashed by a scoundrel of a groom for kissing his mistress? The fact would soon be out: he must do his best to have it taken for what it ought to be—namely, fiction. It was the harder upon him that he knew himself no coward. He must punish the rascal somehow—he owed it to society to punish him—but at present he did not see how, and the first thing was to have the first word with Florimel: he must see her before she saw the ruffian. He rode as hard as he dared to Curzon street, sent his groom to the stables, telling him he should want the horses again before lunch, had a hot bath, of which he stood in dire need, and some brandy with his breakfast, and then, all unfit for exercise as he was, walked to Portland Place.

Mistress and maid rode home together in silence. The moment Florimel heard Malcolm's voice she had left the house. Caley, following, had heard enough to know that there was a scuffle at least going on in the study, and her eye witnessed against her heart that Liftore could have no chance with the detested groom if the respect of the latter gave way: would MacPhail thrash his lordship? If he did, it would be well she should know it. In the hoped event of his lordship's marrying her mistress, it was desirable not only that she should be in favor with both of them, but that she should have some hold upon each of a more certainly enduring nature: if she held secrets with husband and wife separately, she would be in clover for the period of her natural existence.

As to Florimel, she was enraged at the liberties Liftore had taken with her. But, alas! was she not in some degree in his power? He had found her there, and in tears! How did he come to be there? If Malcolm's judgment of her was correct, Caley might have told him. Was she already false? She pondered within herself, and cast no look upon her maid until she had concluded how best to carry herself toward the earl. Then glancing at the hooded cobra beside her, "What an awkward thing that Lord Liftore, of all moments, should appear just then!" she said. "How could it be?"

"I'm sure I haven't an idea, my lady," returned Caley. "My lord has always been kind to Mr. Lenorme, and I suppose he has been in the way of going to see him at work. Who would have thought my lord was such an early riser? There are not many gentlemen like him now-a-days, my lady. Did your ladyship hear the noise in the studio after you left it?"

"I heard high words," answered her mistress—"nothing more. How on earth did MacPhail come to be there as well? From you, Caley, I will not conceal that his lordship behaved indiscreetly; in fact, he was rude; and I can quite imagine that MacPhail thought it his duty to defend me. It is all very awkward for me. Who could have imagined *him* there, and sitting behind amongst the pictures! It almost makes me doubt whether Mr. Lenorme be really gone."

"It seems to me, my lady," returned Caley, "that the man is always just where he ought not to be, always meddling with something he has no business with. I beg your pardon, my lady," she went on, "but wouldn't it be better to get some staid elderly man for a groom—one who has been properly bred up to his duties and taught his manners in a gentleman's stable? It is so odd to have a groom from a rough seafaring set—one who behaves like the rude fisherman he is, never having had to obey orders of lord or lady! The worst of it is, your ladyship will soon be the town's talk if you have such a groom on such a horse after you everywhere."

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Florimel's face flushed. Caley saw she was angry, and held her peace.

Breakfast was hardly over when Liftore walked in, looking pale, and, in spite of his faultless *get-up*, somewhat disreputable; for shame, secret pain and anger do not favor a good carriage or honest mien. Florimel threw herself back in her chair—an action characteristic of the bold-faced countess—and held out her left hand to him in an expansive, benevolent sort of way. "How dare you come into my presence looking so well pleased with yourself, my lord, after giving me such a fright this morning?" she said. "You might at least have made sure that there was—that we were—" She could not bring herself to complete the sentence.

"My dearest girl," said his lordship, not only delighted to get off so pleasantly, but profoundly flattered by the implied understanding, "I found you in tears, and how could I think of anything else? It may have been stupid, but I trust you will think it pardonable."

Caley had not fully betrayed her mistress to his lordship, and he had, entirely to his own satisfaction, explained the liking of Florimel for the society of the painter as the mere fancy of a girl for the admiration of one whose employment, although nothing above the servile, yet gave him a claim something beyond that of a milliner or hair-dresser to be considered a judge in matters of appearance. As to anything more in the affair—and with *him* in the field—of such a notion he was simply incapable: he could not have wronged the lady he meant to honor with his hand by regarding it as within the bounds of the possible.

"It was no wonder I was crying," said Florimel. "A seraph would have cried to see the state my father's portrait was in."

"Your father's portrait?"

"Yes. Did not you know? Mr. Lenorme has been painting one from a miniature I lent him—under my supervision of course; and just because I let fall a word that showed I was not altogether satisfied with the likeness, what should the wretched man do but catch up a brush full of filthy black paint, and smudge the face all over!"

"Oh, Lenorme will soon set it to rights again. He's not a bad fellow, though he does belong to the *genus irritabile*. I will go about it this very day."

"You'll not find him, I'm sorry to say. There's a note I had from him yesterday. And the picture's quite unfit to be seen—utterly ruined. But I *can't* think how you could miss seeing it."

"To tell the truth, Florimel, I had a bit of a scrimmage after you left me in the studio." Here his lordship did his best to imitate a laugh. "Who should come rushing upon me out of the back regions of paint and canvas but that mad groom of yours! I don't suppose you knew he was there?"

"Not I. I saw a man's feet: that was all."

"Well, there he was, for what reason the devil knows, perdu amongst the painter's litter; and when he heard your little startled cry—most musical, most melancholy—what should he fancy but that you were frightened, and he must rush to the rescue! And so he did with a vengeance: I don't know when I shall quite forget the blow he gave me." And again Liftore laughed, or thought he did.

"He struck you!" exclaimed Florimel, rather astonished, but hardly able for inward satisfaction to put enough of indignation into her tone.

"He did, the fellow! But don't say a word about it, for I thrashed him so unmercifully that, to tell the truth, I had to stop because I grew sorry for him: I am sorry now. So I hope you will take no notice of it. In fact, I begin to like the rascal: you know I was never favorably impressed with him. By Jove! it is not every mistress that can have such a devoted attendant. I only hope his over-zeal in your service may never get you into some compromising position. He is hardly, with all his virtues, the proper servant for a young lady to have about her: he has had no training—no *proper* training at all—you see. But you must let the villain nurse himself for a day or two anyhow. It would be torture to make him ride after what I gave him."

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His lordship spoke feelingly, with heroic endurance indeed; and if Malcolm should dare give *his* account of the fracas, he trusted to the word of a gentleman to outweigh that of a groom.

Not all to whom it may seem incredible that a nobleman should thus lie are themselves incapable of doing likewise. Any man may put himself in training for a liar by doing things he would be ashamed to have known. The art is easily learned, and to practice it well is a great advantage to people with *designs*. Men of ability, indeed, if they take care not to try hard to speak the truth, will soon become able to lie as truthfully as any sneak that sells grease for butter to the poverty of the New Cut.

It is worth remarking to him who can, from the lie actual, carry his thought deeper to the lie essential, that all the power of a lie comes from the truth: it has none in itself. So strong is the truth that a mere resemblance to it is the source of strength to its opposite, until it be found that *like* is not *the same*.

Florimel had already made considerable progress in the art, but proficiency in lying does not always develop the power of detecting it. She knew that her father had on one occasion struck Malcolm, and that he had taken it with the utmost gentleness, confessing himself in the wrong. Also, she had the impression that for a menial to lift his hand against a gentleman, even in self-defence, was a thing unheard of. The blow Malcolm had struck Liftore was for her, not himself. Therefore, while her confidence in Malcolm's courage and prowess remained unshaken, she was yet able to believe that Liftore had done as he said, and supposed that Malcolm had submitted. In her heart she pitied without despising him.

Caley herself took him the message that he would not be wanted. As she delivered it she smiled an evil smile and dropped a mocking curtsey, with her gaze well fixed on his two black eyes and the great bruise between them.

When Liftore mounted to accompany Lady Lossie, it took all the pluck that belonged to his high breed to enable him to smile and smile with twenty counselors in different parts of his body feelingly persuading him that he was at least a liar. As they rode Florimel asked him how he came to be at the studio that morning. He told her that he had wanted very much to see her portrait before the final touches were given it. He could have made certain suggestions, he believed, that no one else could. He had indeed, he confessed—and felt absolutely virtuous in doing so, because here he spoke a fact—heard from his aunt that Florimel was to be there that morning for the last time: it was therefore his only chance; but he had expected to be there hours before she was out of bed. For the rest, he hoped he had been punished enough, seeing her rascally groom—and once more his lordship laughed peculiarly—had but just failed of breaking his arm: it was all he could do to hold the reins.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN OLD ENEMY.

One Sunday evening—it must have been just while Malcolm and Blue Peter stood in the Strand listening to a voluntary that filled and overflowed an otherwise empty church—a short, stout elderly woman was walking lightly along the pavement of a street of small houses not far from a thoroughfare which, crowded like a market the night before, had now two lively borders only—of holiday-makers mingled with church-goers. The bells for evening prayers were ringing. The sun had vanished behind the smoke and steam of London; indeed, he might have set—it was hard to say without consulting the almanac—but it was not dark yet. The lamps in the street were lighted, however, and also in the church she passed. She carried a small Bible in her hand, folded in a pocket handkerchief, and looked a decent woman from the country. Her quest was a place where the minister said his prayers, and did not read them out of a book: she had been brought up a Presbyterian, and had prejudices in favor of what she took for the

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simpler form of worship. Nor had she gone much farther before she came upon a chapel which seemed to promise all she wanted. She entered, and a sad-looking woman showed her to a seat. She sat down square, fixing her eyes at once on the pulpit, rather dimly visible over many pews, as if it were one of the mountains that surrounded her Jerusalem. The place was but scantily lighted, for the community at present could ill afford to burn daylight. When the worship commenced and the congregation rose to sing, she got up with a jerk that showed the duty as unwelcome as unexpected, but seemed by the way she settled herself in her seat for the prayer already thereby reconciled to the differences between Scotch church-customs and English chapel-customs. She went to sleep softly, and woke warily as the prayer came to a close.

While the congregation again sang the minister who had officiated hitherto left the pulpit, and another ascended to preach. When he began to read the text the woman gave a little start, and, leaning forward, peered very hard to gain a satisfactory sight of his face between the candles on each side of it, but without success: she soon gave up her attempted scrutiny, and thenceforward seemed to listen with marked attention. The sermon was a simple, earnest, at times impassioned, appeal to the hearts and consciences of the congregation. There was little attempt in it at the communication of knowledge of any kind, but the most indifferent hearer must have been aware that the speaker was earnestly straining after something. To those who understood it was as if he would force his way through every stockade of prejudice, ditch of habit, rampart of indifference, moat of sin, wall of stupidity and curtain of ignorance until he stood face to face with the conscience of his hearer.

"Rank Arminianism!" murmured the woman. "Whaur's the gospel o' that?" But still she listened with seeming intentness, while something of wonder mingled with the something else that set in motion every live wrinkle in her forehead and made her eyebrows undulate like writhing snakes.

At length the preacher rose to eloquence—an eloquence inspired by the hunger of his soul after truth eternal and the love he bore to his brethren who fed on husks—an eloquence innocent of the tricks of elocution or the art of rhetoric: to have discovered himself using one of them would have sent him home to his knees in shame and fear—an eloquence not devoid of discords, the strings of his instrument being now slack with emotion, now tense with vision, yet even in those discords shrouding the essence of all harmony. When he ceased the silence that followed seemed instinct with thought, with that speech of the spirit which no longer needs the articulating voice.

"It *canna* be the stickit minister!" said the woman to herself.

The congregation slowly dispersed, but she sat motionless until all were gone and the sad-faced woman was putting out the lights. Then she rose, drew near through the gloom, and asked her the name of the gentleman who had given them such a grand sermon. The woman told her, adding that although he had two or three times spoken to them at the prayer-meeting—such words of comfort, the poor soul added, as she had never in her life heard before—this was the first time he had occupied the pulpit. The woman thanked her and went out into the street. "God bless me!" she said to herself as she walked away: "it *is* the stickit minister! Weel, won'ers 'ill never cease. The age o' mirracles 'ill be come back, I'm thinkin'." And she laughed an oily, contemptuous laugh in the depths of her profuse person.

What caused her astonishment need cause none to the thoughtful mind. The man was no longer burdened with any anxiety as to his reception by his hearers; he was hampered by no necromantic agony to raise the dead letter of the sermon buried in the tail-pocket of his coat; he had thirty years more of life, and a whole granary filled with such truths as grow for him who is ever breaking up the clods of his being to the spiritual sun and wind and dew; and, above all, he had an absolute yet expanding confidence in his Father in heaven, and a

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tender love for everything human. The tongue of the dumb had been in training for song. And, first of all, he had learned to be silent while he had naught to reveal. He had been trained to babble about religion, but through God's grace had failed in his babble, and that was in itself a success. He would have made one of the swarm that year after year cast themselves like flies on the burning sacrifice that they may live on its flesh, with evil odors extinguishing the fire that should have gone up in flame; but a burning coal from off the altar had been laid on his lips, and had silenced them in torture. For thirty years he had held his peace, until the word of God had become as a fire in his bones: it was now breaking forth in flashes.

On the Monday, Mrs. Catanach sought the shop of the deacon that was an ironmonger, secured for herself a sitting in the chapel for the next half year, and prepaid the sitting.

"Wha kens," she said to herself, "what birds may come to gether worms an' golachs (*beetles*) aboot the boody-craw (*scarecrow*), Sanny Grame?"

She was one to whom intrigue, founded on the knowledge of private history, was as the very breath of her being: she could not exist in composure without it. Wherever she went, therefore—and her changes of residence had not been few—it was one of her first cares to enter into connection with some religious community; first, that she might have scope for her calling—that of a midwife, which in London would probably be straitened toward that of mere monthly nurse—and next, that thereby she might have good chances for the finding of certain weeds of occult power that spring mostly in walled gardens and are rare on the roadside — poisonous things mostly, called generically *secrets*.

At this time she had been for some painful months in possession of a most important one—painful I say, because all those months she had discovered no possibility of making use of it. The trial had been hard. Her one passion was to drive the dark horses of society, and here she had been sitting week after week on the coach-box over the finest team she had ever handled, ramping and "foming tarre," unable to give them their heads because the demon-grooms had disappeared and left the looped traces dangling from their collars. She had followed Florimel from Portlossie to Edinburgh, and then to London, but not yet had seen how to approach her with probable advantage. In the mean time she had renewed old relations with a certain herb-doctor in Kentish Town, at whose house she was now accommodated. There she had already begun to entice the confidences of maid-servants by use of what evil knowledge she had and pretence to more, giving herself out as a wise-woman. Her faith never failed her that, if she but kept handling the fowls of circumstances, one or other of them must at length drop an egg of opportunity in her lap. When she stumbled upon the schoolmaster preaching in a chapel near her own haunts, she felt something more like a gust of gratitude to the dark power that sat behind and pulled the strings of events — for thus she saw through her own projected phantom the heart of the universe — than she had ever yet experienced. If there were such things as special providences, here, she said, was one: if not, then it was better luck than she had looked for. The main point in it was that the dominie seemed likely, after all, to turn out a popular preacher: then beyond a doubt other Scotch people would gather to him: this or that person might turn up, and any one might turn out useful. One thread might be knotted to another, until all together made a clew to guide her straight through the labyrinth to the centre, to lay her hand on the collar of the demon of the house of Lossie. It was the biggest game of her life, and had been its game long before the opening of my narrative.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

WHEN Malcolm first visited Mr. Graham the schoolmaster had already preached

two or three times in the pulpit of Hope Chapel. His ministrations at the prayer-meetings had led to this; for every night on which he was expected to speak there were more people present than on the last; and when the deacons saw this they asked him to preach on the Sundays. After two Sundays they came to him in a body and besought him to become a candidate for the vacant pulpit, assuring him of success if he did so. He gave a decided refusal, however, nor mentioned his reasons. His friend Marshal urged him, pledging himself for his income to an amount which would have been riches to the dominie, but in vain. Thereupon the silk-mercer concluded that he must have money, and, kind man as he was, grew kinder in consequence, and congratulated him on his independence.

"I depend more on the fewness of my wants than on any earthly store for supplying them," said the dominie.

Marshal's thermometer fell a little, but not his anxiety to secure services which, he insisted, would be for the glory of God and the everlasting good of perishing souls. The schoolmaster only smiled queerly and held his peace. He consented, however, to preach the next Sunday, and on the Monday consented to preach the next again. For several weeks the same thing recurred. But he would never promise on a Sunday, or allow the briefest advertisement to be given concerning him. All said he was feeling his way.

Neither had he, up to this time, said a word to Malcolm about the manner in which his Sundays were employed, while yet he talked much about a school he had opened in a room occupied in the evenings by a debating club, where he was teaching such children of small shopkeepers and artisans as found their way to him—in part through his connection with the chapel-folk. When Malcolm had called on a Sunday his landlady had been able to tell him nothing more than that Mr. Graham had gone out at such and such an hour—she presumed to church; and when he had once or twice expressed a wish to accompany him wherever he went to worship, Mr. Graham had managed somehow to let him go without having made any arrangement for his doing so.

On the evening after his encounter with Liftore, Malcolm visited the schoolmaster and told him everything about the affair. He concluded by saying that Lizzy's wrongs had loaded the whip far more than his sister's insult, but that he was very doubtful whether he had had any right to constitute himself the avenger of either after such a fashion. Mr. Graham replied that a man ought never to be carried away by wrath, as he had so often sought to impress upon him, and not without success; but that in the present case, as the rascal deserved it so well, he did not think he need trouble himself much. At the same time, he ought to remind himself that the rightness or wrongness of any particular act was of far less consequence than the rightness or wrongness of the will whence sprang the act; and that while no man could be too anxious as to whether a contemplated action ought or ought not to be done, at the same time no man *could* do anything absolutely right until he was one with Him whose was the only absolute self-generated purity—that is, until God dwelt in him and he in God.

Before he left, the schoolmaster had acquainted him with all that portion of his London history which he had hitherto kept from him, and told him where he was preaching.

When Caley returned to her mistress after giving Malcolm the message that she did not require his services, and reported the condition of his face, Florimel informed her of the chastisement he had received from Liftore, and desired her to find out for her how he was, for she was anxious about him. Somehow, Florimel felt sorrier for him than she could well understand, seeing he was but a groom—a great lumbering fellow, all his life used to hard knocks, which probably never hurt him. That her mistress should care so much about him added yet an acrid touch to Caley's spite; but she put on her bonnet and went to the mews to confer with the wife of his lordship's groom, who, although an honest woman,

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had not yet come within her dislike. She went to make her inquiries, however, full of grave doubt as to his lordship's statement to her mistress; and the result of them was a conviction that beyond his facial bruises, of which Mrs. Merton had heard no explanation, Malcolm had had no hurt. This confirmed her suspicion that his lordship had received what he professed to have given: from a window she had seen him mount his horse, and her woman's fancy for him, while it added to her hate of Malcolm, did not prevent her from thinking of the advantage the discovery might bring in the prosecution of her own schemes. But now she began to fear Malcolm a little as well as hate him. And indeed he was rather a dangerous person to have about, where all but himself had secrets more or less bad, and one at least had dangerous ones, as Caley's conscience, or what poor monkey-rudiment in her did duty for one, in private asserted. Notwithstanding her hold upon her mistress, she would not have felt it quite safe to let her know all her secrets. She would not have liked to say, for instance, how often she woke suddenly with a little feeble wail sounding in the ears that fingers cannot stop, or to confess that it cried out against a double injustice, that of life and that of death: she had crossed the border of the region of horror, and went about with a worm coiled in her heart, like a centipede in the stone of a peach.

"Merton's wife knows nothing, my lady," she said on her return. "I saw the fellow in the yard going about much as usual. He will stand a good deal of punishing, I fancy, my lady—like that brute of a horse he makes such a fuss with. I can't help wishing, for your ladyship's sake, we had never set eyes on him. He 'll do us all a mischief yet before we get rid of him. I've had a hinstinc' of it, my lady, from the first moment I set eyes on him"—Caley's speech was never classic: when she was excited it was low—"and when I have a hinstinc' of anythink, he's not a dog as barks for nothink. Mark my words—and I'm sure I beg your pardon, my lady—but that man will bring shame on the house. He's that arrergant an' interferin' as is certain sure to bring your ladyship into public speech an' a scandal: things will come to be spoke, my lady, that hadn't ought to be mentioned. Why, my lady, he must ha' struck his lordship afore he'd ha' give him two such black eyes as them. And him that good-natured an' condescendin'! I'm sure I don't know what's to come on it, but your ladyship might cast a thought on the rest of us females as can't take the liberties of born ladies without sufferin' for it. Think what the world will say of *us!* It's hard, my lady, on the likes of us."

But Florimel was not one to be talked into doing what she did not choose. Neither would she to her maid render her reasons for not choosing. She had repaired her fortifications, strengthened herself with Liftore, and was confident. "The fact is, Caley," she said, "I have fallen in love with Kelpie, and never mean to part with her—at least till I can ride her or she kills me. So I can't do without MacPhail. And I hope she won't kill him before he has persuaded her to let me mount her. The man must go with the mare. Besides, he is such a strange fellow, if I turned him away I should quite expect him to poison her before he left."

The maid's face grew darker. That her mistress had the slightest intention of ever mounting that mare she did not find herself fool enough to believe, but of other reasons she could spy plenty behind. And such there truly were, though none of the sort which Caley's imagination, swift to evil, now supplied. The kind of confidence she was yet capable of reposing in her groom Caley had no faculty for understanding, and she was the last person to whom her mistress could impart the fact of her father's leaving her in charge of his young henchman. To the memory of her father she clung, and so far faithfully that even now, when Malcolm had begun to occasion her a feeling of awe and rebuke, she did not the less confidently regard him as her good genius that he was in danger of becoming an unpleasant one.

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A JEWISH FAMILY.

I DO not know how it is to be accounted for, that we Jews consider a dish of fish indispensable for the evening meal of Friday, the beginning of the Sabbath. The Bible mentions as national delicacies only onions and garlic. Whether the hereditary dish of fish is to be traced to an historic origin in Peter's catch of fish or to the miracle of the loaves and fishes, I shall leave for archæologists to decide. This much, however, I know, that in my native town, which had a large Protestant, a small Catholic and a considerable Jewish population, the peasants of the suburbs every Friday held their market at the Fishstone (as it was called) almost exclusively for the last-named class, and that Jewish cooks carried home their contingent of the Sabbath fish in more or less cleanly nets, Jewish householders in more or less cleanly pocket handkerchiefs.

The dish had a grave significance. The quality of the fish bore witness to the greatness of the festival: to the three high feast-days belonged the salmon; to the lesser feasts the carp in partan sauce; ordinary Sabbaths had to be content with barbel and whitefish. Yet without distinction of rank the fish were always prepared by my mother with her own hands, for my father maintained that no one on earth could prepare a fish-sauce "*à la Mutter.*" With just pride every Friday morning my mother fastened about her the white apron, by whose corners I and my younger sister were permitted to cling in order to be witnesses of this miracle of culinary high art. As soon as the duly-divided fish was taken from the bright brass kettle and symmetrically arranged upon the long platter (the dish was served cold in the evening), mother laid the choicest part, the head-piece, upon a separate plate, crowned it with onions and slices of lemon, and placed it on the clean-scoured sideboard with the words, "For Aunt Guttrand."

Every week we children saw this enviable tribute borne away without being able to understand the imperative duty that imposed upon us headless fish. Aunt Guttrand was our grandmother's sister, who with a bedridden husband and two oldish daughters had her humble abode, out of which she never set her foot, in a narrow street near the old "school," the "house of prayer" of the strict believers. But our mother never mentioned her name without an expression of pious reverence, to which we children also were constrained without understanding it or inquiring into its reason. Our reverent awe even took on a shade of fear when with our mother on Friday evenings, after divine service, we clambered up the steep wooden stair, guarded by a cord in place of banister, to the dwelling of Aunt Guttrand, in order, according to the custom which our mother had established, to receive her blessing.

To this day the picture lives in my memory—ay, the very smell of the room into which we entered, not without inward reluctance. The sense of smell has a remarkably tenacious memory. As I write I almost breathe again that atmosphere of coal-gas, lamp-smoke and camphor as fifty years ago it struck upon my lungs, and which, whenever I afterward encountered it in the abodes of poverty, involuntarily called up the image of Aunt Guttrand before my soul. The room was large and low: from the blackened cross-beams of the ceiling hung down a brass lamp with seven branches, from two of whose sockets issued an oil-flame that threw a glare of light upon the round, white-covered table standing underneath, while the rest of the forlorn apartment lay in dusky obscurity. The worm-eaten floor was strewn with white sand, which crackled disagreeably beneath our feet. In one of the farther corners burned an iron coal-stove, from the door of whose ash-pan the wind-gusts drove out clouds of smoke: in the other stood a bed with red-and-blue checkered cotton hangings,

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in which our aunt's husband, whom we never called "uncle," lay disabled by rheumatism, his hands and feet bound up in camphor poultices. In a leathern arm-chair not far from the bed sat our aunt. Holding a thick prayer-book bound in black leather, and her lips still moving inaudibly, she rose to greet us. Our mother stretched out her hand to her with a movement as if she bent herself before the old woman, who laid our mother's head upon her shoulder and repeatedly stroked her forehead. "Bless my children, Aunt Guttrand," said she always, for the lowly old woman seemed to wait for this request. Now she came a step or two forward into the lighted space toward us, who were shyly fumbling the corner of the table.

Aunt Guttrand was of middle height and slender figure, that seemed a little bent, or rather broken, and was scantily wrapped in a garment of dark calico. Over her breast was crossed, without any ornament whatever, a white kerchief, that made her pale face seem yellow almost as wax. Over her forehead a black band carefully confined her hair. A white lace cap encircled her grave and dignified face. The nose was so finely drawn that it seemed almost like transparent ivory; the small lips, when parted, showed well-preserved teeth; under proudly-arched dark eyebrows shone dark-brown eyes with a moist light as of tears. Two thin, waxlike hands were laid upon our heads. Devoutly and full of feeling the eyes raised themselves toward heaven: the lips moved in a form of blessing so lightly that we heard only the humming of the flies that whirred about the flame of the lamp and the feeble groaning from the bed, whose curtains hid the sick man. Then she kissed us on the forehead, and we timidly drew her thin hand to our lips. With hardly-audible step the old woman moved to a glass cupboard, through whose dim panes looked forth a couple of painted coffee cups, and took from a drawer two Borsdorf apples, with which we entertained ourselves while our mother, constrained to sit down, began a half-audible conversation with her:

"How goes it with you, dear aunt?"

"God be thanked! no worse. The terrible rheumatism is obstinate, especially in the fall, but God will help."

"Did you get a little sleep last night?"

"A little: old people do not need much sleep. He sleeps little too, but he has an appetite, God be thanked! and the fish have delighted him. No one cooks them like our Betty."

"Won't you take a meal with us for once, dear aunt? You have long promised me."

"Some time, when I can leave him. I will send you rather one of the girls in my place: they are sewing their eyes out.—Good girls! God bless them!"

There is a knock at the door. Our mother rises: we breathe more freely as we step through the narrow door into the narrow street. "Children," says our mother, "Aunt Guttrand is a saint in Israel."

We believed her. One worships the saints without asking why. Our great-aunt stood remote from our childish interests: she entered into our life only by the length of a fish and the weight of an apple. And even this deprivation was forgotten as soon as in the evening we had received our due share, if not of the fish, made perilous by its bones, yet of the sauce *à la Mutter*.

Perhaps twenty years later I returned from the university to my home. How altered and strange I found everything! Death, with his faithful servitor cholera, had reaped a rich harvest. My beloved father lay yonder in the "good place," my brothers were scattered, my sister married, my mother left alone. It was a sad meeting. We embraced without speaking: each spared the other. We went together to the burial-ground, of whose gate my mother had the key. After giving free course to our sorrow by my father's grave we walked among the gravestones, everywhere greeting us with the familiar names of friends and acquaintances. Beside a flat stone, whose Hebrew inscription I could hardly decipher, my mother stood still, and with the tone of one who names a friend well known and dear, said with trembling voice, "Aunt Guttrand."

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The memories of my childhood came suddenly before me — the image of the aged woman in her mysterious seclusion. In presence of the impenetrable mystery of death my heart for the first time felt an impulse to inquire into the reason of the mysterious reverence for this "saint in Israel." I drew my mother into the shade of a weeping willow which she herself had planted, and asked her, "What is it about Aunt Guttrand, and your pious reverence for her even beyond the grave? How great must this woman have been if a soul like yours bows itself before her!" With a frightened air my mother seemed to repel this comparison: "How canst thou, child, compare me with this martyr? To me God has given in my children so much of happiness, and my sorrow has always been only the common lot of man. She was the holiest sufferer, the heroine of meekness, the martyr of fidelity. A sacrifice that love brings we easily comprehend, because we think ourselves capable of the same. Aunt Guttrand stands alone: she sacrificed herself to her fidelity. I never told you children her history, because the halo of her sanctity covers a blot of shame upon the good name of our family, and one should not darken the heart of a child with the description of human errors and transgressions. But now thou knowest life with its lights and its shadows — now I can tell thee her history without scruple.

"Aunt Guttrand was the elder sister of my mother, thy sainted grandmother. Blessings on her memory! She had married in a county town not far from the capital, and we heard little of her till her husband died and she with her two daughters moved to this place. She had enough to live in comfort. She was a skillful worker in pearls, and the girls sewed for other people. In spite of her forty years she was still a beautiful woman, and her stately bearing is ever in my memory.

"This was in the French times, when King Jerome held his court in our city, and a multitude of adventurers from France and Alsace had established themselves among us. In those days all was gayety and extravagance, and in the Neustadt one saw going up shops as large and handsome as those in Frankfort Row. Two brothers, Alsatian Jews, had built up a very thriving business, and it was a surprise that drew the attention of the 'community' when the elder of them was betrothed to Aunt Guttrand. He was probably most concerned to enter our family, which belonged not to the richest, but to the most honored, of the whole community. Aunt Guttrand, too, in her white bridal veil was really a beautiful and queenly woman. I, as still a maiden, danced at the wedding. My mother — of blessed memory! — came home from the wedding sad and shaking her head. The extravagance of the supper had displeased her, and the manner of the bridegroom had repelled. And she had judged, alas! only too rightly. The marriage of our aunt was no happy one. Her tender, gentle heart suffered under his rudeness — ay, people even said, though she persistently denied it, that he actually maltreated her. His stepdaughters consoled themselves with their better clothes, and that they no longer needed to work for others: our aunt remained simple as before. We, however, withdrew more and more from her house: a deep antipathy caused us always to treat our new uncle as a stranger.

"The 'French times' passed away; the elector was reinstated by the three allied powers; I was among the 'maidens in white' who welcomed him at the Weser Gate. But the times had, as people then generally said, grown worse. The Westphalian court had brought much money among the people: with luxury departed also prosperity; the tradesmen one after another closed their shops. So it fared with both the Alsatians: the one ran away, the other grew poorer and poorer, and as his wealth diminished his rudeness only increased, as on her part increased the meekness of the patient sufferer. She again worked rosaries of pearls, which she herself offered for sale, and her daughters opened a sewing-school and again made up garments for other people. Yet if any of her relations offered our poor aunt assistance, she al-

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ways firmly and proudly declined it, saying that 'he provided sufficiently for his family.'

"I had been married a year, and your good father would willingly have allowed me to do something for our poor aunt. When 'he' was away, which now happened by the half week together, I visited her. Her once full face had become wasted and pale with inward suffering, but never came a word of complaint from her lips. It was only secretly in the kitchen that I dared slip the little stores of coffee and sugar which I brought with me into the hands of the daughters, in whose warm underclothing I recognized their mother's clothes, and therefore it was that in the cold of winter she wore only thin cotton cloth. Of her husband she would say that he was away upon business. This she certainly believed, but there were ominous whispers in the community. You know, my child, that in those days every little German state had its own customs-barriers: we were closed against Hanover as well as against Frankfort, and the goods that sometimes came to us in abundance from Hamburg had to pay high duties at the boundary in Landwehrhagen. Thus there came to be all sorts of secret haunts where the smugglers carried their goods and stored them in underground hiding-places, from which they were clandestinely brought into the city. The patrol was on foot day and night to discover and break up these resorts, the more that all sorts of thieves found them a ready market for stolen goods. The penalties for such smugglers and receivers were constantly made more severe, and no mercy was shown to the detected. One day it was reported—it was the week before the great feast-days—that such a haunt of thieves and smugglers had been discovered and broken up in Landwehrhagen, and that the ringleaders were being brought in in irons. I heard this with comparative indifference, and, as a woman with household duties cannot look much into the street, if I had not chanced myself to be cleaning the windows I should have escaped the spectacle altogether as the prisoners on their way through the market to the casemates were carried by on a hay-rigging, guarded on both sides by patrolmen. The noise of the crowd, then, and the yelling of the street boys, amid which I distinguished the cry *Jidde! Jidde!* ('Jew! Jew!'), led me to put out my head; and had I not caught hold of the window-frame I should have fallen, for on the foremost part of the wagon, his hands bound crosswise with cords, sat 'he,' the unhappy husband of my poor aunt Guttrand.

"How shall I tell you, child? The uproar in the town was worse than at a great fire. From doors and windows the neighbors were showering abuse upon him and upon the Jews. I closed the window as quickly as I could. Thy father came from the counting-house deadly pale. The whole community felt the blow, for with us, if a Jew had done anything, the whole community had at once to suffer for it. I thought not of the community as thy father told me the unhappy man had long been at the head of the smugglers and their accomplices. 'Poor Aunt Guttrand!' was all that I could utter.

"'Go over to her,' said your father in his goodness. I went. I believe it was the first time I ever crossed the street bareheaded. On the way I tried to arrange in my mind what I should say to comfort her, but I could think of nothing—only, 'Poor Aunt Guttrand!'

"When I reached the room I found the girls in tearless, wild despair: their bitter words and curses shocked me. Their mother was gone: whither they knew not—to the police or to the prison or to the head of the community. They had long suspected it, though 'he' had consumed his ill-gotten gains upon himself alone: he had brought none of it home. They had always hated him, but the mother was blind: she would endure no word against 'him:' not that she loved him or thought him better than he was; only submission and fidelity had become a senseless passion with her. And now they were all disgraced. I was with difficulty repressing their unreasoning violence when the door opened and Aunt Guttrand entered.

"I was astonished to see her so upright

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and almost unchanged; only her face was yet paler, under her large brown eyes dark rings appeared, and her eyelids quivered continually as if with visible pulses. I fell upon her neck weeping aloud: the girls were speechless. 'My good Betty,' said she with calm voice, 'it is a heavy trial from God, but what God does is well.'

"'*This* has God done?' cried the elder daughter with convulsive, heart-rending laughter.

"The mother raised herself firmly erect: her noble look fell with silencing sternness on her daughter. 'Dost thou condemn him,' said she, 'before his enemies condemn him? Is it proved, this that he is said to have done? And if he has done it, for whom has he done it? To bring us better days: because he pitied your fingers worn with the needle, he has— I will not utter it. God be merciful to him! But even if men are not, if others—which God forbid!—condemn him and forsake him, I am his wife and have sworn before Heaven to be true to him. I will hear no word against him, or, as true as God lives, I will cause myself to be shut up with him in the casemates.'

"'Aunt Guttrand!' cried I, and with tears of amazement sought to clasp her hand, but she drew it back.

"'Why are you surprised?' said she coldly: 'as if aught else were possible! Are we heathen, that one of us can throw stones at his own blood? I, thank God! am a Jewish woman, and know what stands written. As I think, thinks every woman that is not a contemner of God. Speak to thy husband, Betty dear: he is in favor with the burgomaster. I have been to the head of the community in vain: he says they dare not interfere: they will be glad if they are not involved. But the prison commissioner, whom they have always decried as the greatest enemy of the Jews, has listened to me and given me leave to bring him his meals, so that he will at least not be compelled to eat what is forbidden. And now pardon me, Betty: I must go into the kitchen, that he may have his supper.'

"So she went out. With silent looks I pointed the girls to the patient martyr, and as I went I saw her in the dimly-lighted kitchen putting on the kettle as carefully as if she were preparing for a sick child."

My mother paused in reverie for a moment, and then went on: "You must not think, child, that the worst is over: the most terrible, the most glorious part is yet to come. The trial lasted for weeks, but it was impossible to overcome the evidence. Evil things then came to light, which evil men eagerly spread abroad and exaggerated, so that they did not remain concealed from the poor wife. But all that made no change in her bearing. Day by day she carried his meals into the prison to him—obtained from the commissioner permission to see him and to speak with him in the presence of witnesses. So she talked with him, but only in words of kindness and consolation, and assuredly even without the presence of witnesses would have said nothing else. Otherwise, she never left her house, received no visits, and even no longer herself carried for sale the embroideries into which had been worked as many tears as pearls. Only on Roschhaschanu (the New Year) she went to the 'school,' as at other times. The elegantly-devout ladies, it is true, avoided her, but she did not notice it, and stood as was her wont in her accustomed place, without looking up from her prayer-book.

"It was shortly after the Feast of Tabernacles that judgment was pronounced. Most came off with light penalties, as having been led away: the ringleaders were sentenced to ten years in irons and —it makes me shudder yet to utter it—to three hours' exposure in the pillory. This sentence was a terrible blow for the poor community. If he had not been a Jew —so it was generally said—this extremity of shame, which had not been known among us for ten years, would not have been inflicted on him. But the government just then, in gratitude for the recovery of 'German freedom,' was very devout, and not only celebrated the 18th of October by an illumination on the Kratzenberg, but would gladly also have burned all Jews in the same bonfire.

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"Thy good father ran again to the burgomaster Schomberg, who was a liberal-minded man, taking also two deputies of the community with him, and they entreated the burgomaster to spare the community this disgrace: the mob might make it the occasion for a riot and break the windows of all Jews. The burgomaster shrugged his shoulders: he knew too well which way the wind blew. There need be no fear on that account: due care would be taken for the safety of others. Then among the relatives a hundred dollars were got together and given to a confidential officer of the elector, who had great influence with him, that he might speak a word in our behalf: the hundred dollars remained with him, but the terrible sentence remained unaltered.

"What I suffered in those terrible times I can hardly describe to you. But I will not dwell upon it. The time drew near. On the next Friday afternoon the dreadful spectacle was to be exhibited. In those days the old Rathhaus still stood on the market-place at the corner of Fish street, with its steep roof and pointed tower (right opposite where your blessed grandparents lived), and just at the corner was a small projecting tower, the outside set with bars, the inside provided with a revolving wall, fastened to which the poor sinner was thrust forth to the abuse and missiles of the mob. And there now was *he* to be exposed who—merciful Heaven!—belonged to our family, on which not the slightest stain had ever yet been fixed. I shall never forget the day. The whole community was bowed down. The shutters of all the Jews remained closed; not one was to be seen in the streets; even the children were kept at home from school, lest the young rabble of the town should do them any harm.

"I must confess, child, it seemed mean and cowardly to leave Aunt Guttrand alone in her anguish. My husband gave me leave, and I went to her house. But I could not get in. A neighbor told me that the girls had fastened themselves in, and the mother was gone — whither, she did not know. What could she have done with herself? I crept home in despair.

"The hour was come. A countless throng filled the market-place: the brutal mob rejoiced in the prospect of the brutal spectacle and sang ribald songs against the Jews. Police and military had been stationed: the nearest approaches to the Rathhaus had been closed. From the great window an assistant judge read the sentence, which the multitude received with jeering exultation. And now the fateful wall revolved, and with naked breast, drooping head and disordered hair and beard the unhappy man came in sight. A new and wilder howl. Already some were stooping for stones to hurl at the malefactor, when—all that I am telling you was accurately described in the papers—a little door of the Rathhaus opened upon Fish street, and *she* came forth, Aunt Guttrand, into the space kept clear by the soldiers, and instead of passing through remained standing at the corner before the pillory, raised herself with her hand by the grating, and stood exposed and in sight of all on the post of shame, close beside her husband—that husband to whom she had sworn fidelity 'before Heaven.' And she stood not with the despairing mien with which the Mother is seen painted beneath the cross: no, calm, as if it were a matter of course, only her lips slightly moving as if in inward prayer and her eyes fastened upon him, who looked down to her, while thick tears, which he could not wipe away, fell down upon his beard.

"It was as if a flash of lightning—no, as if a flood of light from God—had fallen upon the throng. The ribald cries and yells were dumb. 'His wife! his innocent wife!' cried one voice in suppressed tones to the rest, and so many crept silently away that the soldiers had no longer any throng to hold in check. The Rabbi Mathias, who was on his way to evening service, and learned what had happened in the market-place, approached and—took off his hat.

"Like wild-fire it had flown through the whole community, and ere long all were streaming to the market-place. The feeling of shame had vanished from

all hearts and given place to a feeling of pride. Crime had been heard of everywhere and at all times: what was unheard of was the martyrdom of conjugal fidelity. There was silent wonder, a shaking of heads, a nodding to each other, a sobbing of emotion, and the old rabbi lifted his hands and exclaimed, 'God forgive me! Old as I am, I know not how to utter a blessing on such a deed as this.'

"I have always believed it was at the instance of Burgomaster Schomberg that the time was shortened, and the poor wretch was shortly afterward withdrawn from view. Now the multitude were for breaking through the fence, and perhaps they would have borne Aunt Guttrand home upon their arms, but she had already disappeared through the same little door by which she had entered. In vain, too, they sought to visit her, though the Parness and the whole community now found their way to her at once. She was with him in his cell or had shut herself up with her daughters.

"When the daughter of the elector was born, many were pardoned and the time of punishment of many was shortened. Then 'he' too came out. But in the damp casemates his hands and feet had become crippled, and so he lay prostrate the rest of his life, as you have seen him, wrapped in camphor poultices and nursed by his faithful wife like a sick child. The family made up a moderate contribution, which, through the medium of the daughters, went to the benefit of the modest househould.

"Shortly after you left our city 'he' was released from his sufferings. The life-duty of the martyr was fulfilled, and, as she had nothing more to do on earth, God soon after called her home. The elder daughter became teacher in a sewing-school, the younger married a country schoolmaster.

"That is the history of the saint who rests beneath this stone."

My mother rose: behind the oak wood the sun was sinking, and sent a last ray, which was reflected in her tear-moistened eyes. "Are there yet such women in Israel?" asked she. I gazed upon her in silence and pressed her loved hands.

FROM THE GERMAN.

REMEMBERED MUSIC.

AS a musician, playing on a lute,
With dreamy fingers strikes the well-known strings,
Till out of wandering chords at last there sings
Some melody within his mind long mute;
So would I waken Memory's harp to life,
And from its silver tones' uncertain strife
Call back one song my sad soul to salute—
A song of life and love, now hushed in death,
Love brief as life, and life as sweet as love—
Till out of straying harmonies divine,
As soft and low as wind-swept flowers' breath,
The perfect music of thy soul shall move,
And every mated cadence answer mine.

KATE HILLARD.

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PLACE AUX DAMES; OR, THE LADIES SPEAK AT LAST.

Room by candle-light; tea-things on the table; JULIET *discovered reading.*

JULIET [*yawns*]. Where on earth is Romeo? It's a sin and a shame, the way he goes on! He pays no more regard to meal-time than a doctor's gig; and he makes such a fuss if his food is not done just to suit him! Heigh-ho! Here I am buried alive for the second time, and just as much forgotten as if I had died when I took that overdose of morphine. Why, only the other day, when I was calling on old Mrs. Lear, I heard her scream from one end of the house to the other, "Mrs. R. Montague? Mrs. R. Montague? Who the devil's Mrs. R. Montague? Is it the woman who coddles chimney-sweeps?" No wonder *her* husband thought a low soft voice an excellent thing in woman.

Oh dear! If my pa and Romeo's would only forgive us and let us go back to Verona! I am so sick of being cooped up in this poky little water-cure establishment, living on next to nothing, and in—in a room without a balcony! And I could have had one, too, only Romeo was so unkind: he said I was much too good at that sort of thing, and that I had tried that once too often already. And when I told him that he, at any rate, ought not to reproach me with it, he said, on the contrary, he was just the one who should.

Ah! how well I remember that night at home, when I sat looking at the moon, thinking, like the love-sick little goosey that I was, of *him!* and heard his soft voice wafted up amid the fragrance of orange-blossoms: "I would I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek." His remarks about my hands now, in connection with the price of gloves, are not quite so flattering. And then he cried, "By yonder moon I swear," and I interrupted him with, "Oh, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon!" only I should have added, "Or by the sun and stars, or the whole universe," if I had known how extremely addicted he was to that style of conversation. Then I asked him softly if he loved me—just threw myself at his head, *he* says; but I didn't at all; and if I had, 'twould have served him right for jumping over pa's wall. Oh, if we had only kept a dog! Hark! there's Romeo's step! Let me hide my novel: it makes him so angry to see me read a novel. He says that a woman's first duty in life should be to make her husband comfortable, and that instead of cursing and swearing about love, she had better take off his boots. No: there, it's past! And it's not Romeo, after all: it must be that poor crazy loon of a Dane who came here with his wishy-washy little wife to recover his mind. Though how he is going to recover what he never had, I don't see.—Oh, here comes Portia.—

Enter PORTIA.

Is that you, Mrs. Bassanio?

Portia. Ergo est ego—it is I! How poor that language is which to denote so great a thing employs so weak a word, it is I!

Jul. Language is a snare and a delusion, as I have found to my cost, Mrs. B.

Por. Qui tam—what of that? Because one has been weak, shall none be strong? Because one missed the right, shall all do wrong? No! no! The purity of language is not stained: it droppeth as the gentle rain—

Jul. If you knew my Romeo, you'd say it dropped very much more like hail.

Por. Durante vita—do not interrupt. It is twice blessed: it blesseth him that gives and him that takes—

Jul. That's true enough: at least that's the indiscriminate way in which blessings are showered on me.

Por. Mala causa silenda est—why cannot you be silent? 'Tis mightiest in the mighty: it becomes the learned lawyer better than his gown. His language shows the force of legal power, the attributes of

law and equity, wherein doth sit the fear and dread of knaves. Therefore, Jew—

Jul. [*starting up*]. I'm not a Jew: the Capulets have not a drop of Jewish blood in their veins.

Por. Pshaw! I did not say Jew.

Jul. Yes you did; and you looked at me as if I were the concentrated essence of all the lost tribes.

Por. Nugæ canoræ — silly creature! Don't you understand? It was a slip of the tongue: I meant to say *you*. Therefore *you*, if language be your plea, consider this—

Jul. By the by, Portia, talking of Jews, what became of your old friend Shylock? Did you ever see him after you got the better of him that day in court?

Por. Did I ever see him? Oh, Juliet, Juliet, that wretched Israelite is a skeleton in my closet!

Jul. A skeleton! Is he dead?

Por. Dead! No. Fieri facias—a figure of speech! Lineal descendant of Methuselah, he is as invulnerable as his wandering prototype.

Jul. But what of that? Surely he cannot harm you—you, the rich heiress of Belmont?

Por. Alas! Ex post facto—I am such no more. Listen, Juliet. You know the story of my wretched courtship?

Jul. Wretched! You call your courtship wretched, when you had your own way from beginning to end? Why, I always fancied it the acme of amatory blessedness.

Por. It was a slave-auction, neither more nor less, in which I—*I* was knocked down to not the highest, but the slyest bidder. It was a miserable swindle from beginning to end. Nerissa winked at him.

Jul. Winked at him?

Por. He bribed her to wink at him when he should take up the right casket.

Jul. But so clever a lawyer as you, Portia, should have discovered the cheat.

Por. I do not require a little chit like you to tell me what I should and should not have done.

Jul. The truth is, Portia, you couldn't fall in love like any one else, but had to try some new and startling way of doing it, and so you overreached yourself.

Por. Had I been bold and forward enough to try it as you did at your age Mrs. Montague, I should have been whipped and sent to bed.

Jul. I think such treatment would not have come amiss to you at any age, Mrs. B.

Por. I scorn you, Mrs. Montague: I consider you beneath contempt. [*Voice heard calling outside*, "Juliet! Juliet!"]

Jul. O wise and upright judge! ["Juliet!"]—Yes, yes, Romeo, I'm coming. ["Juliet!"]

Por. Begone, lest I wither you with the lightning of the law. ["Juliet! Juliet!"]

Jul. A Daniel come to judgment! A Daniel! I thank thee, Jew, for giving me that word! ["Juliet! Juliet!"]—Yes, yes, Romeo: do be quiet. No wonder that poor apothecary said, "Who calls so loud?" ["Juliet!"]

Por. [*mockingly*]. How silver sweet sound *husbands'* tongues by night! Don't they, Mrs. Montague?

Jul. O wise and upright judge! how much more older art thou than thou lookest! ["Juliet!"] — Oh, Romeo, *do* be quiet: I'm coming. ["Juliet! Juliet!"] [*She runs off.*]

Por. In good time, poor fool, else wouldst thou wish thy dear love had a glove upon *his* hand. — Pshaw! Out upon the silly, trifling fool! I will not thus be moved. Bos, bovis—business before pleasure. First, this note to Bassanio [*sits*] — Bassanio, my husband! What does not his name conjure up? Once more I see myself at Belmont, my old ancestral home: once more I am the proud, haughty, long-wooed heiress. Suitor after suitor advances: "Even the watery kingdom, whose ambitious head spits in the face of heaven, is no bar to stop the foreign spirits, but they come, as o'er a brook, to see fair Portia." The Prince of Arragon has failed, the Prince of Morocco has withdrawn, and lo! another form advances. It is Bassanio. What did I see in him to fall in love with? For that is just what I did do. I said,

"I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,

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I lose your company; therefore forbear a while.
There's something tells me (but it is not love)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality."

But he, all haste to choose, would venture then at once; and no wonder, considering how terribly in debt he was. Trembling with hope and eagerness, I said,

"Away, then! I am locked in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live: with much much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that makest the fray."

Then he chose. Rightly, of course. Oh, that perfidious Nerissa! And my easy-going, good-natured husband actually laughs about it now, and thinks it a capital joke—says, "Come, old girl! all's fair in love and war." How little I suspected it when he turned with his handsome face and glorious smile awaiting my confirmation of his choice! Proud as a queen, I said, "You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand, such as I am: though for myself alone I would not be ambitious in my wish, to wish myself much better; yet for you I would be trebled twenty times myself; a thousand times more fair; ten thousand times more rich. But now I was the lord of this fair mansion, master of my servants, queen o'er myself; and even now, but now, this house, these servants and this same myself, are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring." That ring! it was gone before night: he gave it to Antonio—Antonio, who quietly settled down upon us and devoured our substance. Amicus curiæ—save me from my friends! for this is what my husband's friend has brought us to. No sooner does he appear than I hear the ominous "I say, old fellow, can you lend me a thousand ducats?" followed by the inevitable "Oh, certainly, certainly! I haven't got it about me, but I've no doubt I can raise it." Of course he hasn't got it about him: there isn't a brigand in all Italy who would take the trouble to stop him. He has never so much as a florin in his pocket: he has always just lent the last to a friend. And so, between borrowing and lending, mortgaging and selling, we soon found ourselves penniless; for of course a man who would borrow three thousand ducats from a friend to get married on would rapidly make ducks and drakes of his wife's property. But oh this note from Shylock! I had forgotten it. [*Sits.*] Let him who seeks to outwit a Jew guard him at every point. For this did I learn law, for this did I procure Antonio's release; and a fatal mistake it was, and when to all appearances baffled, extinguished, what did I behold but that ubiquitous Israelite arise master of Belmont and arbiter of my destiny! He had quietly bought up every one of my husband's notes, and sold us out of house and home. But what can he be writing to Bassanio about? [*Reads.*] "Belmont"—it is dated Belmont—"Dog of a Christian! That thou dost still need moneys is doubtless to thine own satisfaction, but thy learned wife should tell thee that when thou hast no security thou canst not borrow. For thine offer of a pound of flesh *with* the blood, thou hast forgot we are forbidden even to touch swine. SHYLOCK."—Oh, Bassanio, Bassanio! how could you? Oh how dreadful! But, hark! some one is coming: I must conceal my indignation.

Enter OPHELIA.

Well, child, how are you?

Ophelia. Very well, I thank you. I came to get a cup of tea.

Por. Tea? I had forgotten. [*They sit at table.*] So you too are a devotee at the shrine of hydropathy?

Oph. Oh no! I tried the cold-water treatment once, and nearly died of it. Are you undergoing it?

Por. Not for myself: we are sojourning here for the benefit of my husband's friend Antonio, who is the victim of an alarming corpulency.

Oph. Does his too, too sordid flesh melt, as Ham says?

Por. Very little. Ah, how gladly would he now part with a hundred pounds of that of which he was so unwilling to lose

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one! But viam mundam—it is the way of the world.

Oph. That's just what Ham says.

Por. Ah, indeed! About what?

Oph. Everything! Ham takes a very gloomy view of life in general.

Por. Yes, I always noticed a slight shade of melancholy in his conversation.

Oph. And he used to be so gay!—quite the Sydney Smith of Denmark. [*Sings.*]

Why are you doleful, doleful Hamlet?
Why, why are you always so blue?
Could you not cheer up a little, Hamlet?
Oh, Ham, if you can smile, pray do.

Why have you taken to tombstones, Hamlet?
Why don't you try polo instead?
You know it was moping out there in the graveyard
You caught that bad cold in your head.

I *know* you are tired of groaning, Hamlet,
And weary of tear and sigh;
So do make an effort, I beg you, Hamlet,
To shake off your gloom and be spry.

But he has never been quite the same since the murders.

Por. The murders! What murders? The idea of saying *the* murders, as calmly as I would "the sneezes"!

Oph. Oh, we got so used to them. There was—let me see [*counting on her fingers*]—Ham's grandfather, his father, his uncle, his mother, his great-grandmother: that's five; and my grandmother, my father, my brother, my great-aunt—nine. There was a tenth somewhere. Let me count over: Ham's—

Por. Oh no, no: I can't stand it! Who was the vile perpetrator?

Oph. [*slowly*]. Ham says—

Por. [*vehemently*]. Who did it?

Oph. Ham says that is a question futurity alone will solve; and then again he says their fates are wrapt in gloom.

Por. [*shuddering*]. I should think they were; but how you can talk so calmly about it passes my comprehension. [*Looks at her watch.*] Good gracious! I had no idea it was so late. I am going to take a moonlight drive with my old suitor, the Prince of Morocco. Heigh-ho! He is always talking about the beautiful jewels his wife is to have. I sometimes think he knows all mine are pawned, and does it to spite me. Oh, to think that I was a lawyer, and the property all mine, and that I did not make any settlements! [*Exit.*

Oph. Ham says— Oh, she's gone! Well, she needn't have been in such a hurry. Ham says, "Assume a virtue if you have it not." Now for my tea. [*Sits.*] Where's the sugar? Oh, here it is! Sweets to the sweet, as Ham says when he is in a good humor. I do hope this water-cure is going to do Ham good. He certainly was in an awful state when we left Elsinore, and those stupid old Danish doctors never found out what the matter was. They never thought it worth while to ask my opinion about it. I could have told them what the trouble was. We didn't have all those empty bottles lying about the house for nothing. I wish they could hear some of his cheerful little soliloquies when he fancies himself alone—discussing whether it is best to be or not to be. I don't know which he generally decides upon, and I don't see that it makes much difference. Then he loves philosophy, he says, and thinks that the mistake Plato and Aristotle and all those great philosophers have made was not writing in verse. So he does it, and makes me learn it by heart, so as to hear how it sounds at a distance. This is his last poem—a fragment, as he calls it:

Why? wherefore thus? and whence should it be so?
Oh what forebodes the mood the mind must know?
But if 'tis thus, and yet not wholly told,
What of the new, the finite, and the old?
Complete, yet never measured, all and each:
Then tell him what the rules the thought must teach,
And whence the syllogistic meaning high
Which leaves, and stays, and, pausing, passes by,
Downward for e'er, nor upward ever more.
How desperately dark the need to soar,
While whispers pass, and silence creeps along,
And reason, sobbing, smiles on righteous wrong!

[*Sits.*] I am very fond of Ham, very, but there are times when he is a trying person to live with. For instance, he considers himself cleverer than I, and that's a chord he's fond of harping on till it becomes like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh, as he expresses it; and if I open my eyes a little, he curls his lip scornfully and says, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Ophelia." And if I tell him some simple

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piece of news about the fashions or our neighbors—anything that seems a little strange to me—he remarks indifferently, "Seems, madame? Nay, it is: I know not seems." For instance, when I told him that hoop-skirts were going out, and thought it would be a pleasant surprise, knowing how he hates them, he only shrugged his shoulders and said, "Oh, what a falling off is there! Be somewhat scantier of thy maiden presence then." [*Sits.*] So, what with his playing very badly on the flute, and wanting me to keep a horrid skull on my dressing-table, I do have my trials.—What's that? Oh, it's my Lady Macbeth. I don't know how it is, but I really am getting quite nervous with all Ham's dreadful talk, and the awful way he has of seeing ghosts over one's shoulder, and wanting to include them in the conversation.—

Enter LADY MACBETH.

[*Rises.*] Good-evening, my lady!

Lady Macbeth. Here, sweet Ophelia? I too seek "the cup that cheers, but no inebriates," as a Sassenach poet has it. Sit doon, lassie, sit doon. [*Sits.*] My guidman is wi' thine, and I left them discoorsing anent speerits and bogies, and a' the uncanny things they could conjure up.

Oph. Oh dear! I wish Ham wouldn't! He'll talk about them to me all night—"To harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood, make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres, thy knotted and combined locks to part, and each particular hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine," as he pleasantly remarks when I ask him *why* he tells me such dreadful things.

Lady Mac. Eh! but the laddie must be clean daft. But I sympathize wi' ye, my dear. I'm the veriest old coward in the world, and I could not go to my ain room just now, for it's no more than a bedlam wi' that howling blackamoor next door.

Oph. Oh, you mean Othello.

Lady Mac. Indeed I do. He sits there shouting negro melodies mornin', noon and night.

Oph. Ham says the times are out of tune, and that Othello is a jig-maker.

Lady Mac. Weel, that's no what I should ca' him mysel', forbye he may seem like ane to your Hamish.

Oph. Hamish! My husband's name is not Hamish. I would not have married a man named Hamish.

Lady Mac. Weel, my dear, it's as gude a name as ony in Auld Reekie; so it maun be better than ony in Danemark. The name has been weel kenned in my ain family besides. There were Hamish Mackay, and my mother's great-uncle, Hamish Macgoyle, and my sister-in-law's second cousin, Hamish Macduff, and Hamish—

Oph. Oh yes, but these are abstracts and brief chronicles of the time, as Ham says. Forgive me for interrupting you, but sha'n't I pour you out a cup of tea?

Lady Mac. True, true, I had forgotten it. [*They sit.*] Does your Ham no drink tea?

Oph. No: he calls it weary, stale, flat and unprofitable.

Lady Mac. Bless the chiel! When he says a thing he means it. Oh that Macbeth were loike him! My guidman is a sair guid man, but, between ourselves, sweet Ophelia, he's a little in the sere and yellow leaf, and mickle easy to be blown about.

Oph. Yes, a king of shreds and patches, as Ham says.

Lady Mac. Eh! out upon you! You and Ham are sair impudent, and, by the bluid of the Macfifes, I'll no put up with it!

Oph. Oh dear! What did I say? Ham's always telling me I out-herod Herod, but indeed I did not mean to.

Lady Mac. Weel, weel! say nae mair about it. Ye're a silly chiel, and that's the truth; but I'm a gude-tempered auld body, in spite o' a' the awfu' stories have been told about me.

Oph. About you! Oh, surely, it's the very coinage of your brain, as Ham says.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Oh dear! what a tempest Romeo was in! My bosom's lord certainly did not sit lightly on his throne to-night. —Oh, dear Ophelia, what an age since we met! Kiss me, sweet.

Lady Mac. [*pulling Ophelia's sleeve*]. Introduce me, my dear.

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Oph. Lady Macbeth of Dunblane Castle, Scotland—Mrs. Romeo Montague of Verona.

Jul. What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet or be as surrounded with thorns.

Oph. Yes, or, as Ham says,

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Jul. Oh, you dear, delicious little mousie! I wonder if you ever know what you are talking about?

Lady Mac. Just what I was wondering of you both, my dears.

Jul. Ha! ha! Well, however wild my own remarks may be, they do *not* partake of the nature of sandwiches.

Lady Mac. Sandwiches!

Jul. Yes — bread and butter interspersed with thick layers of Ham.

Oph. A hit, a very palpable hit, as Ham says; but I don't care. If you had as clever a husband as mine, you'd quote him too.

Enter PORTIA, *hurriedly.*

Por. It's too much — much too much. Zonam perdidit!—zounds and perdition!

Lady Mac. Mrs. Bassanio, you forget yoursel' and us.

Por. Oh, don't be alarmed. I mention no names: my language is not actionable.

Lady Mac. But it's very objectionable, allow me to say.

Por. Shake not your gory locks at me, Lady Macbeth. You would be a trifle annoyed too if you received such a note as this from your husband, and he had the effrontery to send it on a card, without an envelope, by the Prince of Morocco. And I saw by the little smile His Moorish Highness gave when he handed it that he had read it—the *beast!* the *prig!* And I was so mad with him that I wouldn't drive with him; and now he's gone.

Lady Mac. Weel, never mind, dear. What does your husband say? Perhaps he's in trouble.

Por. In trouble! Of course he's in trouble. Was there ever the day when he wasn't in trouble? Just listen to this: [*Reads.*] "DEAREST CHUCK: Antonio and I have been playing rather high at loo, and have been obliged to go to—go to—to Baden." To Baden! Why should they go to Baden, I should like to know? Why, it's at the other end of the earth, and I shall never see my Bassanio again! [*Weeps.*]

Jul. [*taking the card*]. There must be some mistake: "DEAREST CHUCK: Antonio and I have been playing rather high at loo, and have been obliged to go —to—to *bed* in despair, as our clothes have all been seized by our landlord."

Por. [*seizes the card and reads*]. "Fly to our rescue, as of old, with fifty pounds, and be sure to bring my garnet studs, as the others are gone with the shirt. Thy captive sweetheart, BASSANIO.—P. S. If you can find an old set of studs for Antonio, bring them too." Oh how dreadful! Did any one ever have such a husband? No wonder His Highness smiled.

Jul. My dear, comfort yourself. Bassanio is nothing to Romeo. How I wish I could meet with such a piece of good luck! My captive lord would wait a long time before I bailed him out of that bed.

Lady Mac. Never mind, my dear: we all have our trials. The best of husbands is apt at times to be a brute; and so lang as ye keep out of Will Shakespeare's hands, I think it matters little what the Prince of Morocco says.

Por. Will Shakespeare? Who is he? and what can he have to do with me?

Jul. Oh do tell us! and will he have anything to do with me? And is he fond of moonlight? Is he coming here?

Oph. Does he knit—

Jul. Oh, Ophelia, you'll be the death of me yet! What put that into your head. Does he backstitch?

Oph. I was going to say, "Does he knit his brows?" when you interrupted me. I love to see a man knit his brows.

Por. But tell us all about this Shakespeare, Lady Macbeth.

Lady Mac. It is the mon, my dears, that has written a' the vile slanders aboot me.

All. About you?

Lady Mac. Yes. He is a pettifogging young scamp wha just gaes about poking

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his nose into people's most private affairs, finds out about them fra servants and sic-like, and writes all the dreadful stories he hears into juggles or plays.

Oph. Dear me! how odd!

Lady Mac. It's a bad business altogether, my dears. Last summer he war in Scotland, stopping at a sma' inn that lies between the castle and Birnam Wood. I had gaen to a bit of a ba' gi'en by my Lady Macduff — one of the Macduffs of Gower, relations o' the Macphersons and the Macblanes—but my lord war waiting at The Three Witches, as the inn is ca'd, for a letter from puir Billie Duncan, that shot himself afterward looking down the muzzle of his gun. There o' night cam young Shakespeare, and offers to my lord, whom he didna ken at all, a drink for every bit of news of the great folk at the castle. My lord was delighted with the joke, but he soon becam' muddled, and there 's nae telling what he didna say, for I hear that in the morning the young man left in high speerits.

Jul. But did you ever see what he wrote?

Oph. Yes, as Ham says, unfold thy tale. Did you see it?

Lady Mac. See it, my dears! I should think I did. I could scarcely sleep for a week at the account of my ain doings. I can see mysel' noo cooming down the great ha' of the castle wi' a candle in my hand, crying, "Out damned spot! out, I say!—One, two: why, then 'tis time to do it.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?"

Oph. Angels and ministers of grace defend us! as Ham says.

Jul. Well, I shall never sit on a balcony alone after this.

Lady Mac. And then I gae on wi' "The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?" Whilk, ye ken, war the veriest nonsense for my ainsel' to ask.

Por. Not at all. Many cases of the same kind have occurred. They are generally called *lapsus linguæ*, or cases of lapsed identity.

Lady Mac. "What! will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more of that, my lord, no more: you mar all with this starting." Whilk, I'm sure, ony ane might ha' done wi' sma' blame to him.

Jul. How perfectly awful! I feel as cold as ice.

Oph. Yes, all hugger-mugger, as Ham's poor uncle used to say.

Lady Mac. "Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." Whilk is the greatest nonsense of a', for I have never used ony but Rob Roy's ain tar soap, and that would ha' done the business in a twinkling.

Oph. Why, yes, 'twould be as easy as lying, as Ham says.

Jul. Well, if those are the sentiments of your husband, Ophelia, all I can say is—

Por. These interruptions are unseemly.

Lady Mac. And then *con*tinues wi' gibberish sic as this:

"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

Oph. Well, proceed, as Ham says.

Lady Mac. "Still it cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more.'"

Forbye it mocht have added, "Malcolm and Donald and Hay and Macnulty, and a' the rest of the household, baith male and female;" for when my guidman did begin to snore there war nae mair rest for onybody.

Jul. What is it all about?

Lady Mac. Murder, my dear — the vilest, blackest murder, wi' not a saxpence worth o' gain for onybody.

Por. But does he dare accuse you of nisi prius—I would say murder—in the first degree?

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Lady Mac. Puir Macbeth's the cat's-paw, but I get a' the credit o' the deed.

Jul. O flesh! flesh! how art thou falsified! as *my* Ham, commonly known as Romeo, says.

Oph. But I don't understand. Who killed who?

Jul. Oh, they all fought one another
From the attic to the bats,
Till each had killed the other,
Like the Kilkenny cats.

Lady Mac. Mrs. Montague!

Por. But, dear Lady Macbeth, you have never explained what this young man has to do with me. Noli me tangere—he knows me not.

Oph. Yes, as Ham says, pluck out the heart of this mystery.

Lady Mac. My dears, ye hae a' heerd what this young man wrote o' me. I only wish to pit ye on your guard: *the young man is here!*

All. Here?

Jul. The wretch!—Still, a man's a man, and from a balcony point of view may be worth cultivating. [*Aside.*]

Lady Mac. Here, collecting mateeriels for new plays. My lord's gilly saw him this mornin', and recognized him; and he has been a'ready questionin' the sairvants.

Por. Oh, the dreadful creature!

Oph. O cursed spite!

Jul. The designing villain!

Por. What will he say about me?

Oph. And me?

Jul. And me?

All. What shall we do?

Jul. Bribe him.

Oph. Drown him.

Por. Prosecute him.

Lady Mac. Let us send him a notice instantly to quit these premises. Stop! I have my note-book somewhere. [*Goes to the table.*] How shall we begin? "Sir!" [*They all begin dictating together.*]

Por. "Allow me to inform you that the ladies you have so maligned, and are about so to malign, do protest *in toto*, or teetotally, against such proceedings, and, far from being the defenceless and helpless creatures that you appear to consider them, are quite capable of defending themselves to the last gasp. Nemo repente fuit turpissimus—you will repent your temerity."

Jul. "Allow me to inform you that you are a horrid old screech-owl, for whom wringing your neck would be a long sight too good; and if I tell my Romeo what you are up to, you had better have your head done up in cotton batting, as there is not a boot or shoe in the establishment that will not take its turn in whizzing at your empty old pate. If you do not consider this language forcible enough, allow me to inform you—"

Oph. "I will speak daggers to thee, but use none, as Ham says, and, as Ham also says, bring me to the test, and I the matter will reword, which madness would gambol from. Shakespeare, for love of grace, lay not such flattering unction to thy soul! For does not Ham further say, 'How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.' Therefore, sirrah—"

Lady Mac. Ladies! ladies! have pity on me! One at a time.

All. Read us what you have written.

Lady Mac. "Sir!"—I never caught another word except *Ham.*

Por. "Allow me to inform you that the ladies you have so maligned—"

Jul. "You are a horrid old screech-owl, for whom wringing your neck would be a long sight too good—"

Oph. "I will speak daggers to thee, but use none, as Ham says—"

Por. "They do protest *in toto*—that is, teetotally — against such proceedings, and, far from being the defenceless creatures—"

Jul. "If I tell my Romeo what you are up to, you had better have your head done up in cotton batting, as there—"

Oph. "I the matter will reword, which madness would gambol from. Shakespeare, for love of grace—"

Por. "Are quite capable of defending themselves to the last gasp—"

Jul. "As there is not a boot or shoe that would not take its turn in whizzing by your empty old pate—"

Oph. "For, as Ham further says, 'We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us—'"

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Por. "Nemo repente fuit turpissimus—you will repent your temerity."

Lady Mac. Well, hear what I have written—I hope it is clear: "Sir! Allow me to inform you that you are a horrid old screech-owl, for whom wringing your neck would be a long sight too good. I will speak daggers to thee, but use none, as Ham says, so you had better have your head done up in cotton batting, as madness would gambol from Shakespeare. Incapable to the last gasp of a boot or a shoe whizzing by your empty old pate, you had better, as Ham further says, repeat your severity."—No, no, this will never do. I will write the protest my ainsel', and then you and a' the other ladies in the house can sign it. We will send it to the young man, and if he takes no notice, but gaes on maligning us in this dreadful way, we will print our own defence.

Jul. But stop! Suppose the ever-captious world
Refuse to list the thunders we have hurled?

Por. Oh, when arrested in the name of law,
They must attend—mutatis cases—

Jul. [*interrupting*]. Pshaw!
If we would seek the public's ear to win,
We must secure their favor—

Lady Mac. I'll begin.

Oph. No, no: let me. [*To audience.*]
If thus maligned I am,
Report me and my cause aright—

Jul. [*interrupting*]. Says Ham.
But still th' advice is good, and to fulfill it—

Lady Mac. My dear, 'twould only scotch the snake, not kill it.
Stand boldly forth, give the young man the lie,
And still the worst that he can do defy.
If we've your favor now for all that's past,
We'll trust that favor when we speak at last.

REDBREAST IN TAMPA.

THE robin laughed in the orange tree:
"Ho, windy North, a fig for thee!
While breasts are red and wings are bold,
And green trees wave me globes of gold,
Old Time! thy scythe reaps bliss for me,
So blithe, so blithe, a bird can be.

"If that I hate wild winter's spite—
The gibbet trees, the world in white,
The gray sky bending over a grave—
Why should I ache, the season's slave?
No, no: I sing; and singers be
Too hot for Time's cold tyranny.

"Nay, windy North, I catch my clime:
My wing is king of the summer-time,
Whose constant torch my breast doth hold;
So laugh I through the green and gold,
With: *Time, thy scythe reaps bliss for me,*
So passing blithe we robins be."

SIDNEY LANIER.

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YOUNG ALOYS; OR, THE GAWK FROM AMERICA.

BY BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

CHAPTER VII.

NEXT to the young hostess of the Eagle, the shoemaker Hirtz was the most delighted with the industrial activity shown by young Aloys, and the latter loved best to sit with the faithful old companion of his father in the workshop, which had a very quiet outlook toward the orchard.

Shoemaker Hirtz also had, as might almost be inferred without the statement of the fact, a son in America. He had given him a letter to the friend of his youth, old Aloys, but the son had not delivered it. He had remained hanging round New York, and had not for years let anything be heard from him. Hirtz thought it likely that he had fallen in the war, but young Aloys disputed this, on the ground that there had been great order observed in those matters, and information would certainly have been given of any such event.

Two other sons of Hirtz had a shoe manufactory in the capital, and the father said such was the universal effect of the new freedom of movement and occupation—all were drawn and driven by an irresistible impulse to the cities, but there would be a reaction by and by.

While the rest of the world was moving off across the sea and into the cities, Hirtz sat from early morn till late at night busy at work on his three-legged stool, and his lands increased and in the house was savory eating. Only after the noonday meal did he rest himself a while, his bare arms folded across his breast; and then he did not care even to converse, though at other times he was talkative, and fond of dispensing his quietly-gathered wisdom. As he was acknowledged to be an honest man, the office of postmaster had been assigned him, which one of his daughters carried on, while the other, having been appointed telegraph-operator, went down daily in the morning to the station, and came home again at night.

Yes, Father Aloys had given his son the best directions, for Hirtz saw men and things with keen and sure glances. "I have a good eye yet, and only for my work do I need glasses," he sometimes said.

Young Aloys collected many particulars to report to his father, and he was himself gratified at hearing how many worthy people there were in the village. Although he had set his mind on Ivo's daughter, he still inquired after this and that farmer's daughter to whom young Krappenzacher had directed his attention. The daughter of the paper-maker of Egelsthal was also proposed to him by a nephew of Herzle's Kobbel.

Hirtz, however, made only brief replies to inquiries of this kind: he disapproved of the manner in which the aunt brought her nephew to market, and in which the latter suffered her to have her way. So much the more liberal was he, however, of his own stores of universal wisdom. "I am glad," said he, "to see thee so industrious: it is to me a sign that thou art also a true man. Whoso is not busy must lie—must deceive himself and deceive others. Think that over. It was long before I saw into it fully. And when lying will not save him any longer, the loafer must go to ruin step by step, stupefying himself with drink and in other ways. And the cigar, that is an entirely new misfortune: with that, one has no longer a pipe to stuff and to clean, and has always a plaything in his hand. Just look at Ohlreit! For half days together he sits there blowing nothings into the air, and watching how they curl and melt away: vacancy filled out with smoke is a great misfortune. That, too, thou canst report to thy father."

"Perhaps Ohlreit might be helped if one should find him another business."

"Stop! that is just your America. There's where men are faithless."

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"Faithless? My father—"

"That's not what I mean. I mean this: they are not faithful to their crafts. If they can make more money at another, they throw the old familiar occupation aside. Is it not so?"

"But in my opinion it arises from just this cause, that people have strayed away from all with which they were familiar at home, and in the New World come into the world anew."

Hirtz looked at Aloys with open eyes. It was as if he would say, "See! see! the Gawk's son has tolerable ideas." He clutched at his workbench this way and that, as if some one had thrown his tools helter-skelter and abstracted his best awl. "I let every one have his own ideas, but I keep my own too," he concluded as he drew out the thread at full length, waxed it, took the bristle in his mouth and tightened up the knee-straps.

Aloys now came out with his plans: he said he was going to woo the daughter of Ivo.

"There is only one more left—Ignatia."

"That's the very one."

Shoemaker Hirtz looked at him over his spectacles with wide open eyes: "What is there these Americans will not take into their heads? He fancies he need only come and whistle, and the finest and best of all the girls will come running to him!"—With a roguish smile he replied, "My compliments! Yes, if thou canst get her thou wilt be lucky; but it were a pity she should go to America."

Aloys kept out of sight his perception of the fact that Hirtz had a prejudice against America: "The man has a prodigal son there, and, intelligent as he is in general, he revenges his misfortune on all America." He therefore passed over the last remark and said, "So you know Ignatia?"

"See, overhead there — there is her last. If thou canst wait till next week thou mayst take with thee to her a pair of double-soled bootees. Yes, Ignatia, she was here at her sister's wedding, and spent much time at my house. I once played a part as soldier in the *Maid of Orleans:* thy father was there too: just remind him of it. Such a one as the Maid of Orleans could Ignatia be; but she has no superstition: she is one who thinks for herself, and her mind is as free and clear as the day. But tell me now, has any decisive step been taken in the matter?"

Aloys was obliged to reply in the negative, and the more Hirtz magnified the good-fortune of winning such a wife the more did the heart of Aloys sink within him. "I have one request," he said at last: "may I ask how much you earn in a day?"

"May I ask why thou askest that?"

"Because I should be glad to pay you that amount. We have a saying in America, 'The world is a market where everything can be had for money.' Friendship, to be sure, is something I cannot pay for, but the profits of your labor I can. You would do me the greatest favor if you would accompany me to Ivo's, or would go beforehand and speak with Ignatia about me."

Hirtz decidedly declined.

Aloys sat for a long time in silence, too vexed to speak: "People here are, after all, not what father supposes: they don't let everything lie and run, every one, to help his neighbor.—I wanted to ask another question also," he began at last.

"Ask away."

"I don't understand what that is about Ohlreit. Nobody can give me any proper account of the matter. Will you?"

"I don't care to."

"But pray do."

"Well, then, the case is this: Till the death of Philip the joiner no one knew that they were people of so much property, and that they had such a nice bit of money besides their land. They lived very closely, and the wife was one of your quiet managers, earliest up in the morning and latest to bed at night. Her happiness was naturally the two children. Trudpert was sixteen or seventeen years old when his father died, and they say the boy had not been kind to his father, but the mother hushed all up and spoiled Trudpert. She made a sore atonement for it—I must say that—but then she did

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wrong, certainly, though it must be admitted she did not sin so terribly as she suffered. At that time the demon of emigration was going about among us, and all at once we heard that Trudpert was going off too. Nobody knew why: he did not really know himself. His mother came to me and begged me to dissuade him from it. But it was of no use: 'I am going,' was his only reply, and that was the end of it.

"Now-a-days, when so many come back, we little think what emigration was in those days. There was no end to the weeping. Thou canst imagine how it was with the mother of Trudpert. From that time forward she ceased to do any regular work. She would sit out there on the Hochbux every time the letter-carrier came up the road, and call out to him, 'Any letter for me from my Trudpert?' When at length months had passed without any letter, she ceased to inquire: she only stretched out her hand, and when she got nothing folded her hands again and prayed: 'Dear God, let it not be laid to his charge that he makes his mother die a thousand deaths, and that, too, when he had learned to write so well!'

"It is not my business to decide what religion is the best. I am almost ready to think, as the doctor says, that the best religion has not yet appeared. But this we must say for the Jews: no Jew who went from this place has ever yet forgotten his friends at home. Every one sends something: even those who over there are obliged to be errand-men send something home. In my opinion, that cannot, after all, be a bad religion."

"Certainly not. But the woman—how did it fare with her afterward?"

"Once they played her a stupid trick, or, more properly, a contemptible one. An emigrant from Betra comes up the road, and they cry out, 'Here comes Trudpert!' The mother hurries down the road, and when she sees the strange man, who laughs at her, she runs into the field, and not till late at night do they find her, down by the shore of the Neckar, in the wood where the great anthill is. She was dripping wet: it is supposed she meant to drown herself. But no one knows anything certain about it, and she herself could give no account of the matter. From that time forth she grew more and more quiet, and, in one word, she lost her wits.

"When at that time the news came of the sinking of the Austria—there were some on board from here and from Empfingen—there was of course much wailing and anguish of heart, but the joiner's widow was almost merry, and cried out, 'Now he is drowned!' It did no good to tell her the ship had not come from America, but was outward bound: she stuck to it that her Trudpert was drowned with the ship. But a few weeks after she began again to wait for the letter-carrier.

"I forgot to mention that while she was yet in her right mind she made a will—I signed it as one of the witnesses—by which she bequeathed to Trudpert, instead of his full share, only the portion which the law obliged her to give him, deducting the cost of his passage: all the rest was left to the daughter, who meanwhile had married, and to her children. We tried to dissuade her from it, but she said, 'If he comes back in my lifetime, the will of course goes for nothing; and if he comes after my death, he shall feel what it is to wear a mother's life out with sorrow.'

"She died a year ago. Trudpert came back before he could have got sight of the advertisement of the opening of the will; and that is a sign that he tells the truth in regard to the main point: he came home of his own accord.

"He had made a good deal of money, and at first put on great airs and talked as if he wanted nothing of the inheritance. But in course of time he commenced an action, and undertook to prove that his mother, when she made the will, was already deranged. This did he who had driven her into that state later by his unnatural behavior!"

"Horrible!" cried Aloys.

"Yes indeed," echoed Hirtz; "and yet, after all, I tell thee there is something good in the man, and he might still be saved. I believe him when he

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says that he came home out of remorse, and would gladly have made all good again. To be sure, he could not have given her back her lost years and reason."

Hirtz stood up and breathed heavily: he was perhaps thinking of his own son, and, half soliloquizing, he concluded: "The law limiting the rights of emigrants in regard to inheritance seems hard, but is not so in reality. He who goes off in that way, and never thinks of doing anything for his parents, even to keep their hearts from starving, such a one ought not to have anything from his parents."

Aloys went from Hirtz to the building-ground. He helped to raise the house—to be sure, without the solemnities which he had expected—and now he prepared himself for his journey to Ivo's. He would not even wait till he could take with him the shoes for Ignatia. Only one thing which he had hitherto put off from day to day he had still to execute: he must visit Georgy's Marianna.

CHAPTER VIII.

"HE keeps me waiting. Yes, nobody thinks of a withered old woman. To be sure, I could not have believed that of *his* son. But Rufina ought to have her tongue burned: she is to blame for it all. I have no more faith in any human being. I am a forlorn, forsaken widow." So groaned and cursed Marianna on her bed, and it availed nothing that her daughter sought to console her by telling how Aloys was working as a journeyman carpenter; for had not the mother heard that he visited in the village, at this house and that, every evening? In fact, he seemed to be entirely guided by his aunt, for he always stayed longest where there were marriageable daughters in the house.

"Does he look gay?" asked the mother.

"It doesn't strike me so."

"Does he know thee? Did he greet thee?"

"No: he hardly looks up."

The fact was, Aloys was not in a good humor, for he had to hear, till he was sick of it, whom he looked like: some asserted that he most resembled his father, others his mother, but the greater number now said that he particularly resembled his grandfather, Mat of the Mountain. Besides, people were so maladroit as to ask him plumply whether he was going to decide soon to take a wife home with him; for the aunt had taken young Krappenzacher into her confidence, and employed him to get her nephew the most eligible match possible. Young Aloys told the Eagle hostess that he had made up his mind to make the journey to her father Ivo's in the following week, and perhaps when he left there should not come back to this place any more. The host of the Eagle wrote a letter to his father-in-law announcing the visit. He thought it better to tell Aloys of this at once, not only because it was honester and would inspire confidence, but because it bound Aloys not to commit himself in any other quarter.

Aloys remembered, indeed, that Marianna had sent him a greeting on the first evening, but her having a daughter was repugnant to him: it seemed, then, his father had not warned him for nothing, and it was best not to become acquainted with her at all. The old woman would of course be affronted that he did not visit her, but one cannot help everybody; and besides, it was a disagreeable thing to see the woman who had been his father's sweetheart—had discarded him and preferred another. Nevertheless, something stirred within him—this he surely got from his father—which tormented him like a sin at the thought of grieving a sick old woman by neglect.

He knew the house full well: he had already passed it several times, and now as, in company with the Jewish schoolteacher, who had joined him, he went by it again, he heard a powerful voice singing a jodel-song. "Who is that?"

"The daughter of Georgy's Marianna."

"What is her name?"

"Marianna too. You spoke with her the first evening: she brought you a greeting from her mother. The jodeling she gets from her father. Nobody in the

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place jodels now so merrily as he used to do. He was also a liberal-minded man, such as few are about here: he came to me from the council when I was appointed schoolmaster, and congratulated me in the same terms as he did my Christian colleagues."

The schoolmaster charged Aloys to tell his father—who, as was well known, had behaved so kindly to tall Herzle's Kobbel—how much more liberal people had become here at home. Over there in America men greet each no longer as members of the same creed, but as members of the same country, and the like was now at last coming to hold good in the old Fatherland.

Young Aloys was not a very attentive listener: he looked this way and that as they went along the road, like one who has to lend an ear to what properly is no concern of his, certainly not at the present moment. Still, he did not see how he could decently decline the man's company, especially as he supposed this was always the way in a thickly-peopled village, although "over there," on his farm out West, no one ever crossed his path. At last, however, he tore himself away and went to the house.

The singing had ceased: a girl was sitting on the stoop who had on a bright red petticoat, while the upper part of her body was clad only in a tightly-fitting chemise; beside her lay a jacket; her bare arms had a look of exuberant strength and her sunburnt cheeks were round and fresh. The girl nodded to a great Leonberg dog, who pressed his head against her knee. At that moment the dog growled: she opened her great blue eyes with wonder, and called to the dog, "Be quiet! down!"

The dog obeyed. Was not this the same dog that young Aloys had seen on his first arrival, and was not this the same voice which at that time had uttered the same words of command?

"Ah! it is you? God's greeting!" cried the maiden. "Will you come in and see us?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Mother will be delighted. It is very good of you to come. Mother has been waiting for you day after day, every hour." While she was speaking she turned aside and put on the jacket that lay near her. Then she turned round with a glowing face.

He offered her his hand. "A fine dog," was the first thing he said, and the dog seemed to understand the words: he sidled up close to the girl and looked quietly at the man.

"And he is faithful too, and intelligent: you can have him if you want him. Father left him to us, but we only wish to give him to a good master who will not chain him up. But now wait a minute: I will tell mother you are here, else it might be a shock to her. You must speak a little loud, but you mustn't let her perceive it: she doesn't like it if any one reminds her that she is almost deaf. —You stay there—stay with the gentleman and behave nicely: then he'll take you with him," she ended, speaking to the dog, as she ran laughing into the house.

The dog remained quietly with Aloys and blinked at him. Aloys stroked the good creature's head, and thought to himself how pleasantly and well the girl had spoken, and what a sweet voice she had!

Hold there, Aloys! Do not forget what thy father said. That were pretty, forsooth! if thou shouldst just now—

"Thou silly thing! why keep him waiting outside of the house?" cried a shrill voice overhead.

The girl came back, and beckoning to Aloys with her eyes, which seemed to have grown larger, she said softly, "Don't let her screaming so annoy you."

Aloys stepped into the sitting-room. A voice cried from the chamber, "Come quick! Why are you so long about it? Come in, both of you."

CHAPTER IX.

THE door opened: Aloys stood still.

This, then, is Marianna?

The old woman perhaps felt that this was in the young American's thoughts, for she cried, "Oh, dear Aloys! How often have I said that! but he who was

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so called did not hear it. Yes, dear Aloys, thy father has told thee—has he not?—that I was a handsome girl. So now thou seest what a handsome girl can come to. Come nearer to me."

The eyes of Mother Marianna beamed upon the son as thirty years before they had beamed upon the father: their lustre seemed unchanged.

"Pardon me for saying *thou*. You have a broad hand, and what a beautiful ring! My hand is dry and withered, is it not? Thank God that I have been able at length to give it to Aloys! The people said he would go away from here without coming to see me, but I said, 'That the son of my cousin Aloys can never find it in his heart to do, or he is not his son; and if there were nothing else, we are at least kinsfolk to each other, after all.'"

"Yes indeed, we are kinsfolk: therefore continue to say *thou* to me."

"Place thyself in a better light, so that I can see thee better. Yes, it is as I heard, that thou resemblest most Mat of the Mountain. But yet thou hast thy father's eyes, and his forehead and mouth too."

Aloys laughed.

"Yes, when thou laughest in that way, that is just thy father's hearty laugh. Kindness itself laughed out from him. Just tell him how I look."

Aloys could answer sincerely that her face was not devoid of attraction: that it was wrinkled and sunken he had certainly no need to say.

"Tell me, now, how does thy father look? Is he too as dried up as I am?"

"No, he is broad and stout: see! that is his picture." Young Aloys took out of his pocket a package of photographs and handed her one.

"No, I shouldn't have recognized that: it looks just like old Buchmaier. Yes, one sees there the well-to-do man: I congratulate him upon it with all my heart. A better man than he is not to be found the world over. Look! there hangs thy father."

The old woman pointed to a painting which hung on the wall, and under which was written, "Aloys Schorer, soldier in the fifth regiment of infantry."—"Take it down, you!" she cried to the daughter. "Oh, what are the young people now-a-days coming to? When I was at thy age I shouldn't have waited to have that said to me: I should have done it of myself."

Frightened by this speech, young Marianna went to the wall and tried to get down the picture: her hand trembled, and young Aloys had to help her. So the two held the picture of his father as he had been in youth. Aloys would have liked to say to the girl, "It is good of thee not to answer thy wheezing and scolding mother," and Marianna would have liked to say to him, "It is handsome of thee to hear all so patiently." Perhaps they both read these words in their meeting glances.

"Did my father look like that?" asked young Aloys.

"Yes, in posture, and in face too: not exactly, and yet it is not far out of the way; and there it is indeed in his own handwriting.—Ah, dear God! those were different times!"

"The picture seems to have been torn at some time or other."

"Yes, that is exactly the fact. Thy father has certainly told thee the story. To be sure, one does not like to tell such things to one's child: still, there is nothing wrong about it. He sent me the picture when he was a soldier, but I had already become engaged to my Georgy; and then, too, thy father was much too young for me, and too sensitive. I am a bit sharp, though not bad-tempered: I don't wish to make myself out better than I am. Then when he came home he stamped on the picture because it still hung in his mother's sitting-room. But afterward she had it sewed up again. And when thy grandmother's things were sold at auction I went to the house and bought the picture: it ought not to be desecrated. It is, after all, thy father, and he set some store by it, and my husband had nothing against it. We kept it—God forgive me!—almost like the picture of a saint."

"It is very precious to you, then?"

"I bought it cheap—for about the price of glass and frame—I believe for about

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twenty-six kreutzers. No one else bid for it but Hirtz the shoemaker; and when he saw that I wanted it he gave way: he knew, of course, that I was nearer to thy father than he. I hear thou art mighty good friends with him."

"He seems to me a worthy man."

"Not merely *seems*. Yes, and here is something more. That turtledove cage is also from thy grandmother; only the turtledoves are not the old ones: these are their young." As if in confirmation of the statement the doves cooed from the cage.

The old woman was evidently doubtful how she ought to speak of the shoemaker Hirtz, but Aloys was not inclined to assist her in the matter in any way. He said, therefore, "The cage and the turtledoves you are welcome to keep, but would you not be disposed to part with the picture?"

"I don't know." It was a keen sidelong glance the old woman bent upon the young American. Then she continued, while her face assumed a devout expression, "Our Lord God knows I am not one of those that keep dark. Why should one lie, when one is so old and will soon appear before the heavenly Judge? Yes, dear Aloys, no man on earth should get it from me but thee. Thou art his son: thou shalt have it without a penny."

"I thank thee with all my heart."

"Of course I shall be sorry not to see the picture any more: with the most honorable feelings I have looked upon the picture day after day, and wished the man all happiness and blessings; and, thank God! the wish has been fulfilled."

Aloys answered quickly, "May I take the picture with me at once?"

"There now! Thou saidst that exactly as if thy father had said it: precisely his voice—just so sincere, right from the very bottom of the heart.—Marianna!" she cried suddenly in another tone. "O gracious God! what ails thee to-day? Must one to-day be telling and ordering thee about everything? At other times certainly thou art— Now fetch our worthy cousin a glass of cherry cordial. —Don't make any objection, Aloys. I'll drink too: it does me good."

Young Marianna went quietly out, and hardly had she gone when the mother said softly, "Come nearer to me: I have something to say to thee."

CHAPTER X.

The old woman took his hand between her two withered ones and whispered, "She is not generally as thou seest her to-day: she is a wide-awake maiden, but I like to show her who is mistress, and she dares not give me a contradictory word. Such ones make by and by the best wives."

The old woman seemed to be aware that she had gone too fast and too far, for she added, "It is no longer as it was formerly, when every one was for starting up and flying off to America. I am so alone! I'll never let another go from the place. But— What was I going to say? Didst thou not ask me some question?"

"Whether I might take the picture with me at once."

"So far as I am concerned, and welcome. But let me tell thee something. According to all appearances, thou art just like thy father, and knowest not any more than he how bad men are, and how they twist everything one does or says. The picture is thine. In an honorable family like ours a word is an oath. With inferior people it may be otherwise, but I too am descended from the Schorers. Thou art, I hear, kind to all men, but do not let thyself be drawn into any low family. Never forget that thou art a Schorer. Thy father's grandfather and my mother's grandfather were brothers." The old woman was so carried away by her own talk that she did not notice how Aloys smiled at the everlasting cousinships, and she went on: "The Schorers, they have been from primitive times peasant-nobles. Thy father has certainly told thee all about it."

"No. Those are things we in America care nothing about. I have been delighted to see the miserable houses of my grandfathers on both sides. With us in America *this* is our pride—to have sprung

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from ordinary people, and to have made ourselves something."

The old woman looked round with amazement: with her best trump she didn't win a trick. She did not, however, give up the game yet, and began afresh: "I am a great gabbler, am I not? Yes, the fact is, I have talked too much with myself alone: spending one's days and nights on a sick bed, one's thoughts wander all over the world. Well, we were talking of the picture, were we not? Follow my advice and let it hang there till thy departure. People might joke about it, and thou hast inherited a sensitive heart from thy father, and anything of that kind gives thee pain. Say! do I know thee and understand thee?"

"In part. I care very little for common tattle; but you are right."

"That was thy father's phrase: he always loved to say, 'Thou'rt right.' But come and see me as often as thou wilt. Imagine to thyself that I were thy father's sister. Ah—good God!—if I only were his sister!" She wept bitterly, and then said, "The picture of him as he looks now I may keep, may I not?"

"With all my heart! He expressly told me to give you one if you still thought of him kindly."

"And the others?"

"Those I am to give also to such as remember him kindly."

"O thou good Aloys out there in the wide world! thou wast always, from a child, good-hearted, and thou art so still. But thou art right: one grows stout and hearty upon it when one does not know how bad men are.—Marianna! Don't say a word. I see by thy looks thou wouldst fain take me up. I know what I say, and I say it to our nearest—"

"Mother, indeed I have nothing—"

"Very well: stay there.—Now, Aloys, believe me, the whole village is nothing but a pack of beggars and banditti, and the rich ones are the most worthless. Look now! If thy father were to come to-morrow, and if he were as good and as pure as an angel just flown down out of heaven, and had no money, not a soul would look at him. 'You too come back again?' would be the word. 'Gee, Blaze! ho, Brindle!' And so they would go on with their cows and oxen, and leave him alone."

From these generalizations Marianna passed over to the minutest personalities: she made the whole village, from the first house to the last, march along before her bed, and every one got his slap—a particularly clever rap if he happened to have a handsome daughter. About the maidens themselves she said nothing definite: she nodded at Marianna as if to intimate that in her presence she could not tell all that went on. She concluded: "To thee I may and must say everything. I know not how it is: I feel as if I were quite young again. Oh what a wondrous thing is man! This something within here, this never grows old." She pointed to the place where the heart is supposed to be, and then suddenly changing her tone she cried, "But there! I have prattled enough. Now tell me: how do you manage to live in the wild woods? How many brothers and sisters are you? How many houses are there round you, and what sort of people? Have you any poor there?"

"I don't like to talk about America. The people here are apt to take it all as bragging."

"Hast thou then already learned to know them so thoroughly? Ay, that shows thy good sense, so young and yet so— But, dear Aloys, to me thou canst report: with me it is—" Such was the fervency of her protestation that she could not find words to utter it.

Aloys replied, "Well, then, I will answer your last question first. We have not any poor, properly speaking—that is, paupers: there are poor people, but they are only the shiftless and dissolute. Whoever will work need not hunger. We have a great farming business, but we harvest not, as here, with scythe and sickle: we labor with the mowing-machine, which does as much work in an hour as ten mowers could do in a whole day."

"And thy father, can he still work as well as ever?"

"He does very little now except gar-

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dening. He has planted more than two thousand peach trees."

"Two thousand! That's more, perhaps, than there are in all Würtemberg."

"We send off a great many peaches, and clear a nice sum of money upon them."

"Tell me about thy brothers and sisters."

"Between Bast and me a brother and a sister have died. Now there are still five of us. My eldest sister—she too is named Mechtilde—is a lady, a fine lady, one of the finest in the city: her husband has a slaughter-house, and kills every day his fifty to sixty oxen and about two hundred sheep."

"Good Heavens! there is no going hungry there!" interrupted Marianna. "But tell on—about thy father."

"Well, he does not any longer go far away from home. When the war broke out with the Southerners there were no ten horses could have kept him at home, and mother—no wife understands her husband better—before he had uttered a syllable, she said to him, 'Do thou just go too.' And so he went, and came home with high honor, only, unhappily, with a wound in his left leg in the very first three months. He served in Ludwig Waldfried's regiment, who lives now over there at Freudenstadt. There's a man for you! He has visited us: I promised father to look up his colonel. Father was his adjutant."

"Why did not thy father have himself taken in his uniform?"

"We make no account of uniforms. It is not with us there as it is in this country, where the officials and officers, so far as I see, hold themselves to be something special. With us all are alike: we are free citizens."

"And that's better too. Now tell me, are there any savages in your part of the country?"

"Not very near us, but we too have come in contact with them—in a perfectly peaceful way: they are honorable people and proud, and we like them much better than the Irish, who are a pack of ragamuffins out and out. Up to the time of the war, too, they always acted as if they were something better than we Germans; and as to the Frenchmen in the town, they laughed at any one's having the idea that the Germans were not going to be chopped up as fine as sausage-meat. Ay, you at home had certainly much anxiety to endure, but assuredly not more than father. He used to say every morning, 'At this moment, perhaps, the Frenchmen with their Turcos are coming from Isenburg (up the Horb road), burning and ravaging, and nobody can talk with them except the French simpleton, if he still lives;' and then father would speak of you."

Aloys suddenly paused, and the old woman asked, "Just tell me: what did he say about me? I shall not take it amiss."

"It was not exactly anything bad: he only said, 'Marianna has a sharp tongue: that will scare the Frenchmen away.'"

She forced a laugh, and young Aloys smiled roguishly, and thought to himself, "The old woman knows by this time, I guess, what father thinks of her." However, he good-naturedly added that his father had often said he should be glad to welcome all Nordstetten at his place. Then he continued: "Every evening one of us had to ride to the post-office and get the newspaper. We take the *Swabian Mercury*, and learn all that's going on. Father predicted, 'Now the Germans are coming to honor at home and here.' Only he thought in the first battle the French would be victorious, but after that it would surely be the Germans."

"Is thy father so intelligent in such matters?" inquired Marianna, in order to keep Aloys' tongue in motion, for he hesitated on reflecting how unnecessary it was to tell all this to the old woman.

He now continued: "Yes. Here they still talk about the Gawk: it is not pretty, but what matters it? Father is a man so thoroughly good-hearted, and so thoroughly sensible and so firm, there is not a better in the Old World nor in the New."

Something scratched at the door. Young Marianna rose and left the room: it was evidently painful to her to hear her mother pour such a flood of talk into

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the ear of the good young man. After a while she came back, and young Aloys said, "Thou mightst let the dog in: I like dogs, and dogs like me too."

The girl was silent, but the mother cried, "If I shut my eyes it seems to me just as if thy father were here. But tell on. Say, is there snow also with you? and is it really true that you have no nut trees and no larks, and that that is what makes it so pleasant for thee to be here?"

Young Aloys gave an exact report on all points: he spoke for some time, gazing into vacancy as if some one else delivered the words for him, for he was thinking of other things than those he recited.

Mother Marianna knew well how to put her questions: she had the master-key to all the locked-up places in the soul. Aloys felt himself so much at home that he confessed it seemed to him as if he had lived from childhood up with the cousin and her daughter; and as, at these words, he looked into the daughter's face, there was a quivering in his heart as if a lightning-flash had darted into it, and young Marianna passed her hand across her face, as if she felt in her very flesh the warm look of young Aloys' eyes.

The mother raised herself up, and now there was a moment during which she was actually beautiful once more: her face was as if transfigured, and her voice had a heart-tone as she said, "Aloys, when thou comest home to thy father tell him he must forgive me. I may die the next hour, and it lifts a stone from my heart that I can say this to his son, eye to eye. Tell him he must think of me kindly in time and eternity."

She had said this with great vivacity, and her cheeks had reddened. There was a perfect silence for some moments, broken only by the cooing of the turtle-doves.

"Now, dear Aloys," said the old woman, "thou surely wilt not take it ill of me if I say to thee, 'Go now.' The effort has exhausted me so.—Marianna, wait upon our honored cousin to the door, and now let me sleep a little.—I feel, dear Aloys, that the honor of thy visit, and all the good things I have heard from thee, will make me well. It is better than all doctors and apothecaries. I think I could get up now, but I will wait. Now go, both of you, and God keep you!"

CHAPTER XI.

When the young people had turned their backs Mother Marianna quickly drank off the cherry cordial which Aloys had left standing, then laid herself back upon the pillows and closed her eyes, but her features smiled. Suddenly she raised herself up again and murmured to herself, "It seems as if I could hear now the beating of his heart and hers. The world is always renewing its youth. Now it burns!" The account of the incendiary of Ahldorf came into her head, who had set fire to his own house and come hither and gone into the tavern; and as he sat with his tankard, thinking of what was going on far away from here, suddenly he cried out aloud, "Now it burns!" It did burn, but differently from what the mother thought.

Young Marianna and Aloys had gone down stairs without saying a word. He held on to the banister: his step was unsteady. On the lowest stair they stopped, and the maiden said, "I thank thee a thousand times that thou hast come to see us, and hast been so good to my mother. I hear thou art going away again soon."

Young Aloys seemed not to hear this: he twirled the wooden ball which was fixed on the top of the stairpost.

Young Marianna opened the outer door: a broad, glowing flood of sunshine poured in. The dog came in too, with panting tongue, looked up at them both, shook his head and laid himself down in the shadow under the stairs.

"Please shut the door again," said Aloys. She obeyed. He kept on twirling the ball till the rolling was audible. "I have been wanting to ask thee a question," he began, drawing a deep breath.

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"Say on: I shall be happy if I can give thee a satisfactory answer."

Young Aloys hesitated a long time; then he said, "Bethink thyself: the dog reminds me of something. Wast thou not, on the day I arrived here, out in a field by the Horb road, and didst thou not sing in a low voice, and then call to the dog?"

"Yes, that was I. I saw thy great hat, but nothing else. I wanted to say good-day to the stranger, but I felt as if I had no right to. I was weeding out the thistles in our oat-field. But may I know why thou askest that?"

"I wish I had done then what passed through my mind."

"What was that?"

"It is better I should not say it. But I suspect thou hast something to say to me."

"Yes, I have indeed. I thank thee that thou hast been so patient with my mother, and—"

"And what?"

"It has touched my heart to see how thou keepest thy father in thy heart, and always hast him in living presence before thee. My father is dead, and I would fain speak for him. Thou hast heard perhaps that my father made himself merry over thine. He was fond of his joke, but he had no malice in his heart; only there was no one with whom he could be so—so wanton and teasing, and —yes; and so I wanted to beg that thou wouldst tell thy father he must forgive mine to all eternity."

"That is as good as done. I only wish my father had heard thee and could see thee at this moment."

"I wish so too, and I am certain that he would not say no to what I have said."

Aloys trembled and looked all round him. The ball on the stairpost flew off its peg, but he caught it in a twinkling and stuck it on again. "Knowest thou what I should like to do at this moment?" he stammered out.

"What?"

"To give thee a kiss."

"And I should like to give thee one."

The two embraced and kissed each other, and seemed as if they never could let each other go again. They neither saw nor heard any more of the world around them: they heard not the soft step overhead on the landing of the stairway, nor saw how Mother Marianna looked down with an exulting countenance.

"Forgive me! I thank thee," Aloys said at last. "Farewell!"

He opened hurriedly the house-door and strode away.

Young Marianna sat down on the lowest stair. The turtledoves in the room overhead cooed so deeply and so incessantly, and then laughed again so mischievously, "Coo-ke-roo-coo! The daughter of our house and Cousin Aloys have been kissing each other! Coo-ke-roo-coo!"

As if she would hide from herself, young Marianna covered her face with her apron, and thought what it could mean that Aloys had so suddenly and with such strange words hurried away.

It was a long while before she went up to her mother. When at last she came to the bedside her mother asked, "Has Cousin Aloys been staying all this time?"

"No: he has been gone this long while."

"How dost thou like him?"

"Cousin Aloys seems a fine man, and can talk well too, but he is also very peculiar."

The old woman smiled to herself, as if thinking, "That's just the way I should have done before my mother. But wait! Thou'lt confess to me soon enough."

Meanwhile she said aloud, "Hang a cloth over the cage to keep the turtledoves quiet. I don't know what ails them to-day: they act as if they were foolish, and I want to go to sleep.—Ah, yes, Cousin Aloys! What simple stuff the people do babble! They undertook to say he was not particularly good-looking. I like him now: he has such true eyes, and a mouth from which I'm sure there never could come a wrong word."

Young Marianna could not think of any answer to make to this, and the mother went on: "He is much more quick-witted, but yet he certainly has

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much of his father in him. Learn of me, child. I am not so well schooled as thou, but this at least thou canst learn from me: If one wants a man to give himself wholly to one and be grateful besides, one must afford him the opportunity to show his cleverness; and then if one gives him to understand that there is not another man in the world so clever as he, one can do with him what one will. Hast thou nothing else to say to me?"

"I must go over to our hop-patch in the target-field."

"Wilt thou not eat something first? Remember thou hast had no dinner yet."

"I am not hungry now," replied Marianna, but, opening the table-drawer, she cut herself a large piece of bread, which she put into her pocket. "God keep thee, mother!" she said with her head turned away, and went out.

"The lot belonged to his father," the mother called out after her; and she thought to herself, "They certainly have made an agreement to meet there. But if they say nothing I can wait."

Old Marianna felt herself really revived, and she considered which would be better, to be sick or to get up: she *could* get up—*that* she felt, and it was not quite a lie when she told Aloys that his visit had made her well. "It has, to be sure, its good side: when one is obliged to be visited, one is more sure of the visit; but just now it would not do to leave Aloys any longer in the hands of strange people, especially of his aunt Rufina: one must bar their way. The two are now out there together in the hop-field: it were best to finish the matter at once."

She rested for a while longer, till she heard a man's step: "Who's there?"

"Your son-in-law, the forester."

"Just when you are wanted. Wait a moment: I can get up. I am coming into the sitting-room."

CHAPTER XII.

How the houses shine, baptized in clear sunlight! how it flashes from plough and harrow before Sepper's barn! how the leaves glisten on the trees! and what red cheeks the apples have! The dry fagot-pile is nothing but red gold, and the white cock overhead crows so lustily and flaps his wings and lifts up his head so proudly, and throws his purple comb now this way and now that, while in the house the hen cackles, and the redbreast on the roof chirps so contentedly and waggles his little tail and whets his little bill. The world has awakened: the first day has dawned, and has become all at once warm brooding midday. The children, as they come from school, say, "Good-day!" and smile as blissfully as angel-faces. Good-day! How happy they are that there are so many of them to greet each other! And the sunbeams too say "Good-day" to the apple on the tree, to the wild rose in the hedge and to the corn in the field: the bees hum to the meadow-flowers, and the lark sings to the heavens overhead "Good-day!"

Aloys took off his hat: he would gladly have thrown it up exultingly into the air, but when he held the broad hat in his hand he pressed his lips together, which still burned with Marianna's kiss. What will be the first word now that comes from these lips? Why is it not so ordered that after the first kiss one should go before the altar and confess before God and men, "This woman is mine and I am hers?"

"O mother!" he cried almost aloud, for out of all this the recollection sprang up in his mind how his mother had said to him at parting, "At the moment when thou hast the feeling, 'Here she is—we have been reserved for each other'—then think I am with thee, dear child!"—"O mother!" he repeated softly, but he turned his head as if some one had called out behind him, "And thy father?"

As if awaking from a fit of intoxication he came to himself again: his features were drawn awry in an expression of sober reflection: "No, after all, it will not do: it cannot be, it must not be. No, father, I will not embitter thy declining days. Thou canst not as an old man be always beholding before thee

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what when thou wast a young man almost broke thy heart: thou hast no faith in a daughter of those people, and wouldst have to force thyself to bid her 'Good-day.' But, father, she wept to think that they had made sport of you. And think, father, I have given her a kiss! I know what thou wilt say: 'A kiss is not a promise of marriage.' That is true, but then—"

Thus talking to himself, Aloys had gone straight from Sepper's house by the path across the fields in the direction of Ahldorf. The people who met him were astonished at his not making any answer to their greetings, to say nothing of his not greeting them first: he had generally been so affable. But the people were hungry, and did not stop; and then, too, the sun blazed down out of the sky as if it must hasten to ripen the corn.

The village clock struck noon: there in the Eagle dinner was waiting for him. Aloys felt hungry too, but still he went on: he would not just now make his appearance before anybody, and especially would he have been ashamed to come into the presence of the Eagle hostess. She has written to her sister, and now he is unfaithful: he has not, to be sure, engaged himself yet, but now all is confused within him.

Suddenly he started and shuddered: he felt something cold in his hand: the dog had followed him. Had she sent him, or had he come of himself?

He feared lest the people who had seen the dog would know at once where he had been. "Go back! go home again!" he cried sternly to the dog. The dog looked at him as if he were astounded. "Wilt thou be gone at once?" cried Aloys in a scolding tone. The dog turned round: he did not, however, run back to the village: he darted through a corn-field. A long streak was visible where the stalks parted, and farther and farther the line stretched onward till it reached the target-field, where a red petticoat glimmered through the hop-vines.

"She is doubtless there. Be it so: I shall not go to her. Aloys, bethink thyself!"

In the field there was a strange creaking and buzzing. Boys were going up and down the paths whirling rattles or "locusts" to scare away the sparrows; and the birds would fly up, but presently behind the backs of the little watchmen they darted down again in bright flocks into the ripe grain, and feasted merrily.

For the first time, Aloys imitated the village people — took off his coat and went in his shirt-sleeves along the path through the waving corn-fields. Perhaps she in the red petticoat yonder saw the man here in the broad black hat and the white shirt-sleeves. With hurried step he strode on toward the wood, from which at that moment a forester emerged with his gun on his shoulder and leading a terrier by a cord.

"You are Mr. Aloys Schorer?" asked the forester. Aloys nodded, and the man continued: "Then I say God greet you, worthy cousin! My wife is a relation of yours: she is Georgy's eldest daughter. My mother-in-law is expecting every day a visit from you."

"I have just come from there."

"Indeed! That's nice. Pay us a visit some day in Ahldorf."

"Thanks! I will come some time."

"Which way are you going?"

Again it struck Aloys as a strange thing that people in this country should always ask without ceremony where one was going, and besides, he could at this moment hardly tell himself: he answered, however, "Only just down toward Egelsthal."

"God keep thee!"

The forester went on to the village and Aloys to the wood.

CHAPTER XIII.

How still and shady it is there in the depth of the forest! and the little brook prattles away like a young child babbling to itself in the cradle when it has just waked up at noonday and finds itself alone. Yes, but thou too wilt have to work soon: yonder is the sluice, and there thou must drive the water-wheel of the paper-mill.

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Aloys examined the machinery, and found it well arranged. "They are, after all, farther ahead in everything here than father imagines."

On leaving the mill he was met by Soges the postman, who told him that he had just delivered at the Eagle a letter for him from America. Aloys seemed, however, not at all eager for news from home: he looked at the carrier as if he had heard nothing, and Soges said confidentially, "Another suitor has just arrived for the paper-maker's daughter: he is a paper-maker too—from Hohenzollern."

"I wish him all joy and happiness," replied Aloys smiling. It came back as a forgotten dream that his aunt had mentioned as one of the desirable matches the paper-maker's daughter. Soges eyed with wonder the American as he left him: "Odd people those, over yonder. The man might have entertaining company on his way home, and there he goes all alone; and now he stops there by the white fir and looks at the anthill, as if he had never seen such a thing in all his born days!"

"Good-evening, sir!" cried a voice in English to Aloys. Ohlreit stood before him: on his clothes and in his hair moss was still hanging: he had evidently slept in the woods; and then, too, he blinked like one who has just waked up.

"A fine tree, isn't it? *Edeltanne* (silver fir) they call it with us. Know what it's good for? To hang one's self on."

"That's not a kind of joke I like to hear."

"Well, stick thy cane into the anthill. Look now! Just so it was when I came home. Whew! how the village swarmed to and fro, like the ants there! And now? Bah! Know what's the stupidest thing in the world?"

"No."

"The stupidest thing is for any one to undertake to pass himself off for richer than he is. My advice is, Be off before thou become *worthless*, and take me along—take me too. Devil take it!" he interrupted himself, "I have no fire! Canst thou not give me a light?"

Aloys said no, and Ohlreit cried, "Just so: thou dost not smoke. Well, I can chew too." He crumpled up the cigar and thrust it into his mouth. "But it's well," he cried, chewing it into a ball, "that I meet thee here. Hast thou too already made the discovery?"

"What?"

Ohlreit answered with a laugh: "Yes, I wanted to settle here, and I *have* settled too, but only from one tavern into another. But see there where they had to turn aside the Neckar on account of the railroad—see what a fall there is there. At a small expense one might get there the best water-power, and there one might set up a factory, a real American one. My sister's husband—fact!—is a greenhorn that he won't invest in it. I could show them here what an American is. The churls here don't even know yet that in sawing half the labor is wasted, the pulling of the saw."

Aloys rejoiced to find in the poor ruined creature a remnant of thoughtfulness, and commended his plan.

Ohlreit cried exultingly, "Thou wouldst be just the man for me! Knowst thou what I need?"

"Money."

"That too, but a *Co.*: that is the main thing. I am a whole chap when I am the second of two: Schorer & Co. must be the name of the firm. I'll be the Co."

"I am not going to stay here, and thou wilt soon find a partner here that has money."

"No. To build a factory here would appear to them like building it outside of the world. When the American *buildet** a house he must also have a good *view*, but of that the *people* here understand nothing. If they don't hear aunty whip her children in the next house, they immediately fancy they are out of the world. Oh, if I could only take them all by the head once and hold them in the salt water for an hour!"

Ohlreit worked himself up into such a fury that he foamed at the mouth: the drunken fit which he had half slept off seemed to wake up again.

* Such is the Germanized English word Ohlreit uses, and the Italics indicate where he mixes English words with his German.

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He walked along with Aloys, and said that now they would reach the station just at the right time: at twenty minutes after seven Soges always brought the letters and waited for the next train. Soges was a capital fellow to drink with. "And I'll tell you what," cried Ohlreit. "I have a capital piece of advice to give thee. Thou wouldst get acquainted with the people here? Well, do as I do—go round with Soges when he distributes letters: then thou wilt learn to know the people inwardly and outwardly; but they are not pretty on any side."

Aloys was much obliged.

When they reached the crossway in the pasture, where the road runs along the valley to Horb and up the hill to the village, Aloys suddenly separated from Ohlreit.

Did he know that up there was the district target-field? As he came out from the wood he saw the red petticoat moving about among the hop-vines. He stopped, and just at that moment Marianna sat down upon the grassy border of the field under the mountain-ash and ate bread, and from time to time gave the dog a piece. Aloys felt hungry too: he drew nearer and called out, "Wilt thou give me a piece of bread too?"

"What I have left. It is unluckily little."

He sat down by her. Above them in the twigs of the ash a yellow-hammer sang her short and her long-drawn notes, which signify, according to the speech of the country, "Ah! how lovely here! ah! how lovely here!"

CHAPTER XIV.

"Is not this the piece of ground that belonged to my father?"

"Certainly, but I have heard mother say that at that time they had not begun to raise hops here. They look well this year: the vines have grown greatly."

"Thy bread is delicious. Didst thou bake it thyself?"

"Who else? I can bake good cakes too. If thou stayest here till church-fair time, I'll make thee some."

"I have been here longer than anywhere else."

A pause ensued, after which Aloys resumed: "How many have sat here before as we two are doing now!"

"It may well be," was the girl's answer. He did not name his father, nor she her mother, and yet they thought of them.

Two ravens flew high over them toward the woods: the female led the way silently, the male bird flew screaming after her. Yonder above the Vosges the sun was beginning to sink: in the slowly-reddening sky not a speck of cloud was to be seen.

"We shall have a pleasant day again to-morrow," said Marianna.

"And this day," Aloys made haste to put in, "I shall never forget, and certainly thou wilt not either."

"No, never!"

"It is the first time in my life—" He hesitated.

"Thou wast going to say something?"

"Yes, I am thy cousin, and even on that ground I have a right to sit by thee in this way."

"Art thou only my cousin?" was the thought that darted like lightning through her mind, and she pressed her little white teeth into her red lips.—"Of course, Aloys."

"Say once more Aloys, I pray thee."

"Aloys! Aloys! What is there in that, then?"

"I never knew before that my name was so beautiful: it never before sounded so sweetly. I could sit and hear thee say Aloys so for ever."

"A silly fellow, but so good a heart! His father must have been just so," thought she, but did not find it necessary to say it.

"Dost thou like to work all alone so?"

"Yes, I like best to work alone. I never could see any use in chattering while one is at work. When the holiday hour comes at evening, then I love to go and see Hirtz's Madeline."

"Canst thou imagine how it must be with us, where for days, oftentimes, one never sees a human creature, and not a word passes one's lips?"

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"To be sure I can. But what does one get in the end from the mass of people in the village? I have borne many a hardship by myself alone, and never let any one know it, and nobody cared to know it. I tell thee, in the main things every one must, after all, look out for himself. But there is one thing: I am glad thou remindest me of it. There are people, to be sure, who are just in the condition of drowning persons, and others must help them out. Yes, and there, by the way, thou mightest do a good work."

"I? What is it, then?"

"I saw Ohlreit as he went staggering down through the wood. Children and drunken men are not apt to hurt themselves when they fall, but nevertheless one must help them up.—Will you have some more bread? Here is some left."

"No. Say on what thou meanest."

"What was I speaking of?"

"Of Ohlreit."

"Yes. Well, then, what I would say to thee is this: Take Ohlreit with thee away from here: he is ruining himself, and it is a shame that he should be suffered to. I think he would be glad to get out of his dilapidated and drunken state and go to work; but at home here he will never again take the plane in his hand; and he gets no respect from anybody, and has no respect for himself. He is proud, and at first perhaps it will offend him, but afterward he will follow thy advice. Now, what thinkst thou?"

"Yes, as to Ohlreit," replied Aloys, collecting himself, for he had been thinking of something quite different—"yes. Well, then, I cannot burden myself with the charge of a stranger. We Americans have a proverb, 'Charity begins at home,' and our grand motto is, too, 'Help thyself.'"

Marianna pressed her hand on her lips: she would not let the words come out that that was a proud but also an ungenerous maxim. She could not but think of her two brothers in America, who might well themselves also be of this same mind—willing to live for themselves, and not caring to know how mother and sister were battling and struggling at home.

Aloys perhaps felt what she was thinking, for he said, "I see by thy lips that thou hast something to say against this. Speak out freely."

"That I can do. I was thinking of my brothers, and wanted to say I should never have taken thee to be hard-hearted."

"Hard-hearted! That I am not." He looked into her face with a smile, but she remained calm, and he continued: "Observe, with us in America no one lays any obstacle in another's way, but neither does he pave his way for him: each is at liberty to take his own free course and to see whither it leads him. Dost thou understand that?"

"Yes, to be sure: thou art speaking nothing but German. This is the way I expound it: where one does not say 'Good-day,' one gets no thanks in return. Have I understood thee?"

"Yes, in thy way."

"And in my way I meant to say thou shouldst act so by Ohlreit as to deserve from him a good return of thanks."

Aloys took pains to explain the profound detestation Americans have for drunkenness: anything else seemed to them more pardonable than that vice.

He did not come to an end, for Marianna helped him: "I see, I see. Because every one ought to help himself, you think the worst is that one should destroy himself. You would perhaps feel less abhorrence if he did it to another."

"It's not quite so bad as that, but in some respects thou hast hit the mark. Thou seest, we are having just now bad times. Formerly it was different: then people came to America and said, 'Hurrah, boys! here I am! Now, Fortune, come and make me rich!' It came, in fact, to many, and my father helped many from here. But now—"

"Yes, now help thou this one—Ohlreit."

"Mind, I would do so gladly; but see, until now I have as far as possible avoided the man; and if I involve myself with him, then he will make the world believe, and will believe himself, that he has a

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claim on me; and if, as I fear, he is already past help, then—"

"Thou art considerate: thou wilt think further of it, and come to some conclusion. For the present, I pray thee, let it drop."

"No, I will do it. I will see whether I can help Ohlreit to gratify thee. Meanwhile, I thank thee for giving me this admonition: I am glad to be admonished."

For a considerable time both sat in silence, and yet each was saying to the other a great deal. At length Aloys asked, "So thou lovest best to be alone?"

"Yes. I have always, however, one comrade."

"Thy dog?"

Marianna's eye gleamed with a mischievous hilarity as she said, "No: quite a different one. Oh, it is a being all heart and soul, and so faithful, and knows the innermost thoughts of my heart, and dictates them to me, and I repeat them after—one who is with me in field and wood, in house and stall, and when I lie down and when I rise up."

She paused roguishly, and he said, "Thou meanest our Lord God?"

"Our Lord God must pardon me: I do not mean Him. I mean something thou art just as partial to as I am, and it is the cheapest thing in the world: one needs nothing for it but air. Canst not guess yet what I mean? Then I will tell thee: I mean Song."

"Oh, then," cried Aloys with a glowing countenance, "dost thou know what I wish now?"

"No: I didn't keep thee guessing long—don't keep me long in the dark. Say, what is it?"

"I wish my mother were here: she ought to have heard thy words; she ought to see thee now, thy face in the ruddy evening glow."

Aloys had invoked a mother. Another one came, striding along freshly and briskly: it was old Marianna. She cried out when she was still far off: "Joy and happiness upon you both! Just stay there: I'm coming." The voice rang like a yell.

"Ah, how love—" piped the bird in the tree-top, and breaking off its song abruptly flew away.

The dog, barking aloud, leaped backward and forward between the two above and the old woman down below. At that moment the sun went down, a dismal frost fell upon the earth, and Aloys felt himself suddenly chilled to the vitals. He rushed to meet the old woman, and said, "Pardon me! I must hasten to the village: a letter is waiting for me at the Eagle."

The old woman stood as if petrified: young Aloys hurried off as if the Wild Huntsman and pack were at his heels. Not until he reached the house of his grandmother did he stop and take a long breath. He went up to the house, he grasped the doorpost, and stood a long time staring at the threshold. It was nightfall, and the young man who had come so buoyantly and confidently into the Old World stood here as one forlorn and confounded. At last he rallied and went into the village.

CHAPTER XV.

HERE and there men and women were sitting in the cool of the evening on the house-bench and chatting and joking with the children. Aloys greeted them genially. But what in the world is that? Behind him he hears the word Gawk repeated again and again, and the children particularly whistle and call and cry out, "Here, Gawk! here!"

Shoemaker Hirtz was still sitting before his house with his wife and daughters: even Aunt Rufina was sitting with them. Aloys was obliged to stop, and he was asked why they had not seen him all day long, and where he had been. Aloys said he had been at Egelsthal, and had examined the paper-mill.

Suddenly the aunt cried, "Gawk, what art thou doing here? Away! march!"

Aloys looked round with astonishment, and asked what kind of talk that was.

"Yes: how, then, comes the dog to be following thee?" was the cry. "That is Georgy's dog. Dost thou not know, then, what they call him?"

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"No."

"He is called Gawk."

Aloys started, nor did it lessen the shock that the dog was at that moment licking his hands.

"It was a saucy piece of waggery on Georgy's part, not exactly meant in malice," the shoemaker Hirtz said soothingly, but the aunt asserted that it was that false serpent, Marianna, who had given the dog the name.

Aloys took no part in the discussion, and making only the curt remark that there was a letter waiting for him at the Eagle, went off.

"Come back again to-day and report to me; and there is something, too, that I have to say to thee," his aunt called after him.

He made no reply, but hurried away. "So, then, in pure love father sends me hither, where they have given his nickname to a dog! Just wait! And how beautifully she said 'Aloys,' and yet for years she has called the dog Gawk!"

He did not look round to see whether the dog followed him. But as he turned the corner to go to the Eagle he saw the animal, and said, "Just stay by me: I need thee."

The hostess of the Eagle greeted Aloys heartily, and, handing him a letter, said that she too had got one from America, from her father's sister, who was married to the brother of Aloys' father. The letter to young Aloys was from this uncle. He expressed first the pleasure he had in having the young Eagle hostess for a niece, and then he charged Aloys not to stay long in Nordstetten, but to journey at once to Ivo's and see whether he could get his eldest daughter Ignatia for a wife.

"Wilt thou not eat something? Here is some that has been kept for thee," said the Eagle hostess. Aloys allowed it to be set before him, and drank off hastily a glass of Lowland wine. He gave the dog something to eat.

"Didst thou buy the dog?" asked the landlady.

"No: he ran after me."

"Indeed! That dog ran after thee?" cried the Eagle host laughing. He whispered something to his wife, who motioned him away.

Aloys paced with swift steps up and down the room. Making a turn, he said, "Hostess, give me a sausage."

"Indeed! art not satisfied yet?"

"Not for me—for the dog."

"For that one there?"

"Yes. He shall not do penance on my account, and perhaps he may be of some advantage to me."

And while he gave the dog one savory slice after another he asked the landlord whether he would be willing in a day or two, perhaps as early as to-morrow, to accompany him to his father-in-law Ivo's. The landlord of the Eagle pleaded circumstantial reasons that would not let him leave home.

It was already late when Aloys left the Eagle again and strolled forth with the dog into the fields. The stillness was as great as on the first evening, but in Aloys there was a mighty tumult and a din of many different voices crossing each other and crying to him to do this and that. Unexpectedly, he stood before the house of Marianna: there was no longer any light overhead, but there was a window open and voices were audible. Aloys put his hand on the dog's head, who seemed to understand that he must keep silence.

"Don't be disturbed: he'll come back again," said the old woman overhead. "Even if there were nothing else to draw him, we have his father's picture here. And I'll tell thee something: to-morrow thou shalt put a wreath round it. He'll be delighted with that: he has the susceptible disposition of his father."

"Mother, I will do no such thing: I will put no wreath round it. That would not come naturally from me, and I never do what does not come naturally out of my own heart. Mother, I have a request."

"Tell it."

"Mother, did you really have a liking for his father?"

"To confess honestly, no. He was a good poodle, such as one always has a kind word for, but that was all it amounted to."

"Mother, did he ever kiss you?"

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"Yes, once, and only once, when he went to the soldiers' lottery. But what sort of a world is this where a child asks her mother such questions as those? I should never have dared to ask my mother such questions. But now hear me, child: mark what I say to thee. Thy father—I call him down from heaven to witness—thy father was the first and only man in the world whom I ever took in my arms and pressed to my heart till I thought it would burst; and if he had willed that I should shed every drop of blood for him or jump into the fire for his sake, I would have done it."

"Oh, mother, that is it. Just so—"

The dog, down below, felt a trembling of the hand on his head, but Aloys grasped him again more firmly and listened as the old woman overhead went on: "Thy father was a hired man, but for me he was king over all men. He never gave one many kind words, but so charming, so sweet, and so jolly and so true as he there is not another in the world. And if I had once more to take upon me all the hardships I have had to bear, I would do it again. Thou seest, Aloys was a good creature — thoroughly good, but like a calf, like a young dog that stumbles over its own feet. God forgive me for saying such things! He became a soldier on my account, and on my account he went into the wide world. I couldn't help that. One can give any one all kindly words and wishes because he is a worthy fellow, but one cannot surely marry him on that account—above all, when one has another in one's heart. But, child, enough for now: don't make me talk so much. Go to sleep, and let me sleep too."

"Mother, one thing more. Why did you allow father to call the dog 'Gawk'?"

At the mention of his name the dog below barked aloud. Young Marianna looked out of the window, and young Aloys cried, "Open the door and let in thy dog —the Gawk." With that he ran off.

CHAPTER XVI.

Early in the morning, when it was hardly day, young Aloys sat with the hostess of the Eagle, who poured out coffee for him.

"I fear thou wilt not find father at home: he is a deputy, and holds many other honorable posts."

"But thy sister will be at home?"

"Certainly. Excepting in war-time, when she was in the hospital, she has never been away from home a week. Don't forget that I told you she is not like me: she is much more refined. No labor is too coarse for her, but nevertheless she is a fine lady, and though father, as thou well knowest, is a scholar, with her he can talk about everything."

"Thou makest me nervous."

"Needst not have any anxiety. And who knows? At all events, it is worth the trouble to try thy fortune. Thou wilt be pleased with our family. But it is quite different there from what it is here. My father, though he is a native of these parts, always says the people over in Baden are much more enlightened—fifty years ahead. And thou too must first of all make some change in thyself."

"In what respect?"

"Don't grow as red as fire all at once. It is nothing special; only father does not like it when the Americans go about taking great airs upon themselves, just because they are Americans. Thou art no braggart: quite the contrary. But lay aside that big-brimmed hat. Have it clipped round, or buy thee one such as is commonly worn in these parts. And take off the red neckcloth with the diamond breastpin which thou hast for every-day wear. Thou dost not take it amiss of me, I hope? Do this to please my father."

"I can do that very easily. If I should not come back again—it may be so—all is ready packed up in my chamber to send after me."

"Thou wilt come back again; but why art thou in such haste? Thy train will not go for two hours."

"I will wait at Horb."

Aloys went through the village, where here and there in the houses a stall was open and a window-shutter thrown back.

"Whither so early?" was the question in one and another quarter. He gave evasive answers. No: in a village one

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cannot live so entirely to one's self: one must give account of one's goings and comings.

At the shoemaker Hirtz's, Aloys heard already a pounding of leather. Is the man perhaps working at this moment on the shoes for Ignatia? Young Aloys did not go up to say good-bye.

At the spot where on his arrival he had heard Marianna singing, and where the dog had first growled, there he paused a moment and looked over at the hop-patch in the target-field where he had sat yesterday at sundown with Marianna. Larks skipped before him in the road, then flew up and sang songs of jubilee high in the air. Such a fresh morning dispels every lingering speck of sadness, and Aloys went with confident spirit to meet the coming events.

"All right! come in!" was the cry that accosted him at the railroad restaurant: it was the voice of the outcast. Had not Marianna exhorted him yesterday to help the poor fellow? There are peculiar times of trial in one's life in which one is especially inclined to help others.

Aloys went in. In the room the stools were placed on the tables with their legs upward, the floor was wet, but Ohlreit had already a half-emptied bottle of wine standing before him. He shoved the bottle back and said, "Thou must let me relieve my mind now. Wilt thou hear me patiently?"

"Yes, but not here. Come with me into the garden."

"Well!"

The two sat in the garden, and Ohlreit began, "Hast thou not a good cigar with thee? They have nothing decent here. Just so: I had forgotten already that thou dost not smoke."

"Yes: I was going to ask thee not to smoke while thou art telling thy story: in that case thou canst speak more distinctly."

Ohlreit looked at Aloys with wide eyes, and as he broke his cigar in halves and threw the pieces on the grass he cried, "Even the cigars here have no flavor. But listen to me: I will be calm."

Aloys nodded.

"I am," began Ohlreit after a pause, during which he had wiped his face with both hands—"I am, as thou knowest, the son of the joiner Philip, and a joiner myself. Thy father was well acquainted with my father, who did not treat me well as an apprentice — they may say what they will, but after all the fact is so—and I repaid him for it. My mother was a slave, but she never murmured: she did not deserve such treatment, nor from me either. When I had served my time out I went off to America. What I went through there is now of no account: the world is nothing to me, nor I to the world. I fared pretty much as all the rest did—had just come upon something when my last European penny gave out. At first, for a while, I was angry with them at home—they shouldn't have let me go abroad—and in the beginning out of vexation, and afterward from hatred, and because I cared no longer to know anything about anybody, I wrote not a word home. I went about from one thing to another, and at last joined the teetotalers. Now I became a man again. Yes, in the beginning it was a right good thing for me that I did not take a drop of spirituous liquor. I grew healthy and strong. Look at me: say, is not that all iron?" He stretched out his arm, and then resumed: "I might have married well, but I didn't care to. Except church-tunes there was never any singing, and once in the night I heard my mother singing merry songs, regular jolly ones. The next day I didn't know that it was I myself that had sung; but I had been heard. Had the five shots in my revolver accidentally gone off, things couldn't have been worse. And I fell to loggerheads with the authorities, and it came very near to an explosion. Devil take it! Stay! I cannot go on with my story unless thou'lt let me smoke."

"Well, smoke then."

And drawing in greedily a mouthful of smoke, and blowing it out again, Ohlreit went on: "Two horses brought me hither."

"Two horses?"

"Yes, thou wouldst never have guessed it, eh? The one was a black and the other a white, and the black was called

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Homesick, and the white Brag, or *vice versâ*, if thou preferrest it: all one to me. So I came home. I had money and fine clothes, and a watch with a gold chain, like thee. They got up a story that my mother had gone crazy because I had not written home for so many years. That's nonsense: I shall not talk of that. I came home and treated all round, and paid handsomely, and then it was 'Dear cousin!' here and 'Dear cousin!' there. All right! I entertained them all freely; and as I am no longer over there, I can drink when I will, and what I will, and as much as I will. I also got me some tea again. I used to like it pretty well, but here it tastes quite differently: one mustn't put the Black Forest water into it. And say what thou wilt, this too must thou say at least: 'All honor to Trudpert!' (call him Ohlreit too, for all I care), 'honor to Trudpert! He never touches cards or dice—he never gambles.' Is that anything, eh? Say!"

With the usual importunity of such degraded creatures he insisted on being praised, and then continued: "Yes, peer at me as much as thou wilt. For wine and beer I have properly no more relish, but that fellow there from Purgatory, with the little glasses, he shall not catch me. Whoever has to do with him gets snakes on his head and round his feet. I have seen it so in America. They fasten their fangs on him: they suck out his life. No, no!" he cried, striking on the table. "And I must gain my case, and when I have won the three thousand dollars I'll fling the trash down before their door."

"I have been told that the law is against thee—that thou canst not gain thy case."

"Indeed!" cried Ohlreit. "We'll see."

He evidently had no longer himself any belief in a favorable decision, but it is a satisfaction to bluster in taverns as one cheated out of his rights, and he had conveniently transformed the sum into three thousand dollars. He looked wildly round and fiercely at Aloys.

The latter sought to divert his thoughts and asked, "Where dost thou live?"

"In the homestead with my sister, but we never say anything to each other. My brother-in-law is a joiner too, but I cannot work with him: he doesn't understand anything. Until within a few weeks I too was a master, but only the master of my dog. They have taken him away from me because I didn't pay the tax for him. They pay dog-taxes here."

"Wilt thou tell me now what thy plans are, and whether I can do anything to forward them?"

"Thou! Everything. Bind me, drag me by the hair of my head; only take me back with thee. In this country I can never get out of my Sunday clothes again, and yet I should be glad to go to work once more. See! This is the true 'Help yourself!'" he cried in English, drawing a five-barreled revolver out of his pocket. "But don't be alarmed: I am not going to do them the favor here. I will, to gratify my mother under the ground, even let the lawsuit go if thou sayst it. I'll make them a present of the three thousand dollars."

Aloys promised to think what he could do for him, and to take him along with him if in the mean time he would leave off drinking.

"There thou hast it: I drop it," cried Ohlreit, and threw a full bottle against the tree, so that the broken bits clinked and the wine spattered all about. Aloys now made the further demand that he should hand out the revolver: one had no need of that in this country. Wildly and wrathfully Ohlreit glanced at the exorbitant man: at last he said, "Well, there, take it! Now a child can knock me down."

Aloys tried to get rid of the man, but Ohlreit hung on to him, and when they saw Soges, Ohlreit said, smirking, "And does Marianna go with us, then?"

"What sayst thou?"

"Soges told me last evening that he saw thee sitting with Marianna on the border of the field."

"So, then, it is the common talk in the village? And I am on my way to court another!" Aloys had to say to himself as at last, after a walk in the town, he went to the station.

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CHAPTER XVII.

"OFF again so soon?"

"But not for good?"

"Which way now?"

"Thou hast got a new hat on."

"It doesn't suit him so well as the big one."

"Thou wilt travel first-class, no doubt?"

"When wilt thou be back again?"

These and many more like questions were addressed to Aloys at the station by Nordstetten bystanders. "Yes, that's the way. In America nobody questions you,* but here I have come into the village-family, and every one has a right to inquire into what I do or leave undone."

Ohlreit stood aside: he looked strangely altered, and thrust his everlastingly burning cigar now into one side of his mouth and now into the other. He stretched out toward Aloys his right hand with the five fingers spread out. That was meant undoubtedly to signify the five-barreled pistol. Then with the left hand he made a sign across the wrist, as if he were cutting it off. That meant, of course, to say that the taking away of his revolver was equivalent to the chopping off of his right hand. When the train began to move he took his cigar out of his mouth and cried in English, "Don't forget: I depend upon thee." He blinked with his eyes, which seemed to be full of tears.

Aloys was glad when he was at last alone. He surveyed, now smilingly and now sadly, his hastily-purchased narrow-brimmed and low-crowned hat. Does he not look like a poor, shy, shriveled-up exile from home? And why should one give in to the superstition? — all prejudice he called superstition — why should one give in to the notion that one must not show everywhere that one is a free American? That is and ever must be the thing to be proudest of in the world. He strove by this thought to set himself up, but he could not, after all, help feeling low-spirited; and it was odd how the two names in his mind kept time with the locomotive. If the train moved slowly, it seemed to say, "Ig-na-tia! Ig-na-tia!" If it went fast —and that was far oftener and longer— then it sounded like "Marannele! Marannele!" ("Marianna! Marianna!")

* This sounds almost ironical!

"Beautiful country! admirably-constructed road!" said Aloys to himself, nodding as he looked out of the window with the feeling that it might be agreeable to the road and landscape to receive the praise of an American. For the rest, he saw not beautiful meadows, but only juicy or meagre, sweet or sour grass; nor did he see woods, but only timber ready for felling or young plantations.

He had the practical but keen eye of the farmer, who day after day has little change of objects before his eyes, but sees at a quick glance and faithfully retains every occurrence with all its peculiarities.

It was high noon when he arrived at the friendly city of Freyburg. He surveyed the cathedral, and could not avoid giving credit to the Germans for having beautiful specimens of architecture.

It was already evening: still he rode on the outside of the coach through the Himmelreich (Kingdom of Heaven) to the Höllenthal (Valley of Hell).† He sat on the outside with the conductor, who blew a merry peal till it echoed back from mountain and valley. Aloys asked for some more little pieces, and his face was all in a glow when the conductor played the air of the "Nut-brown Maid."

From the inside of the coach a young woman looked out with eager eyes.

In the comfortable Star inn he proposed to pass the night, for he wished to arrive at Ivo's not at night, but in the morning.

A handsome, stately woman — she, most likely, who had looked out of the coach on the way — alighted, laid a bag upon a one-horse vehicle in waiting, went into the house, and soon came back, accompanied by several women, who took a hearty leave of her, and drove off.

"Who is that?" Aloys asked a servant.

"Miss Ignatia of Reutenhof."

"What is her father's name?"

† The names of two contrasted regions, a wild defile and a lovely sweep of table-land, on the road from Freyburg to Schaffhausen.

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"Ivo Bock—the finest and most respected man in the whole country. He is from Würtemberg—was originally intended for a clergyman, but ran away from the Convict* and turned farmer. He has been this long time a widower, and Ignatia is the only child he has left at home."

In the public room Aloys exchanged not a word with any one, and he had a restless night. Early in the morning he set forth again. Just as he left the house he heard some one call, "Marianna!"

"What is it?"

"Make haste: thy bridegroom has come."

A gayly-dressed maiden came out of the house and embraced a man who had just dismounted.

"There are a great many Mariannas in the world," Aloys said to himself, "and I will and must put her out of my mind. Had I only kept on my American hat yesterday, she in the coach would have recognized me. But perhaps it is better as it is."

Full of all manner of thoughts, Aloys strolled along. The dew glittered on wood and meadow, the birds sang gayly, and forgetting himself he looked on while long trunks of trees were piled on the carts—a laborious and dangerous labor, but all went on safely and well. Again collecting himself, he strolled on quietly through the valley, where Ivo had formerly had a saw-mill, and along by the spoonsmith's. From a house by the wayside came out a child with nothing but a shirt on, and running up to the traveler clasped his knees. The mother hastened after the child, took him up playfully in her arms, and said to the stranger he must have something good in him, that the child, which was generally so shy, should be so familiar with him. Aloys thanked her, and said he took that as a good sign.

At the inn by the roadside he waited a while: yesterday he would not arrive at Ivo's so late, and to-day he would not arrive too early. The people looked after him with astonishment as he went away at last, leaving the wine which he had paid for untouched. In an absent-minded mood he stopped at the smithy, and looked on at the shoeing of a horse as if it were the first time in his life he had ever seen the process.

What is the use of dilly-dallying? Up and away! He had yet a goodly stretch of ground to go over on the upland plain. Despite the hot summer day, the air up here was refreshing and balmy: it wafted the fragrance of wooded mountains and lakes. Aloys went his way without looking round him: he found the roads in Germany very well kept. Suddenly something dazzled his eyes. Lo! there stretched far away the Alpine chain with its jagged, glistening glaciers, and in the foreground the broad mantle of forest. "And that she sees every day," something whispered within him; "and will she leave all this and go with thee into the far, strange world?" Again he lingered, but suddenly he lifted his hat and gave a greeting. He had had no presentiment of the emotion which the blast of the post-horn awakens in the heart; but now something greeted him with jagged wings that swept upward and downward, and his face brightened as if he saw an old, familiar friend. In the great open field not far from Ivo's house he saw the mowing-machine in operation, and that was to him like a greeting from home. And why should not a machine awaken home-feelings as well as the blast of a post-horn?

"This you have taken from us Americans," said Aloys almost aloud; and with new confidence, as if he had himself invented it and brought it over, he marched up to the stately house of Ivo, of which they had given him an exact description. The smoke is going straight up to the blue sky. Is she perhaps standing there by the hearth and looking into the fire, thinking of him who is coming at this moment?

There is no vale so secluded but a flower blooms and the sound of a piano is heard there.

Aloys stood by the rushing fountain and listened to the tones of the piano.

CHARLES T. BROOKS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* The name of the Catholic seminary at Tübingen.

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OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE SEINE, AND ITS USES.

WHOEVER has lived long in Paris has scarcely failed to note the varied aspects of the river which traverses the city, and which lends to it so much animation and picturesque effect. Framed between solid embankments of masonry, crossed by no less than twenty-six bridges, and traversed incessantly by the noisy little omnibus-boats, the Seine forms one of the most frequented and lively thoroughfares of the great city. It is the wash-tub and summer bath-tub of its citizens: it was the birthplace of Paris, and it is too often the grave of her children. It brings drink to the thirsty inhabitants, and sometimes, too, fierce floods which fill up the cellars and submerge whole districts. In 1865, under the influence of an unusually hot and dry summer, its waters shrank to a mere thread, and people crossed its bed dryshod at certain points. The steamboats were forced to suspend their trips, and it is upon record how during the last voyage of one of them the little craft, light draught though it was, ran hopelessly aground, whereupon the passengers all got out and walked ashore. Opposite the Louvre the shrunken muddy stream presented an aspect no more graceful or tempting than that of an uncovered sewer. In the river-bed thus laid bare curious discoveries were made —a dagger-hilt bearing the arms and cipher of Catherine de Medicis; a miniature portrait of a lady, enameled on copper and supposed to be that of Mademoiselle de la Vallière; the silver mountings of an *escarcelle* or alms-purse of the Middle Ages; and a number of coins of different epochs. Unfortunately, these objects were not all that the uncovered mud and slime of the river-bed yielded up. Beneath the scorching rays of a summer sun of unusual fervor there arose from the vast impure tract thus laid bare foul exhalations, which, aided by the impure state of the drinking-water furnished to the inhabitants of the city, soon brought about an invasion of the cholera. The outside world never knew how terribly the pestilence raged in Paris during that fatal season. The authorities kept the statistics of the malady secret, for fear of terrifying the strangers whose presence so largely profits the hotel-keepers and the shopkeepers. But they were unable to suppress certain striking manifestations of Death's doings in the pestilence-scourged city. Funerals continually traversed its thoroughfares; men dropped and died in the public streets; the lists of deaths showed sometimes how whole families had perished within a few days. A panic like that which seized upon the hapless sufferers by the Brooklyn fire manifested itself among those fortunate persons whose pecuniary position enabled them to leave Paris. In one day, known henceforward as the "Day of Panic," thirty thousand people fled from the city. The railway stations and trains were filled with a struggling, excited crowd. Nor did the fugitives wholly escape the danger from which they fled. In some instances they bore away with them the seeds of death, and left the train at wayside stations only to die. A woman, already sickening with cholera, contrived to conceal her condition from the guards and took an early train for Havre. Her corpse was removed from the railway-carriage soon after the train left Rouen. The Day of Panic marked the culmination of the disease, but it did not wholly subside till the autumnal rains had swollen the current of the Seine to its usual dimensions.

It is a well-known fact that it is to the river Seine that Paris owes its birth. Its waters served as a rampart to protect the miserable handful of huts that first rose on the island now known as L'Ile de la Cité from the encroachments of wild beasts or the stealthy approach of foes. In its original form the Ile de la Cité was composed of three small islands,

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afterward changed into one by the simple process of filling up the channels between them. In this manner nearly all of the ten islands that formerly studded the bosom of the Seine at Paris have disappeared, some having been joined to the main land, while others were pieced together to form a whole, as in the case of the Ile de la Cité just mentioned. One other island, that of St. Louis, still remains. Another, the Ile Louviers, existed so late as 1849, but was finally joined to the shore by the process of filling up the narrow arm of the Seine which separated it from the main land.

Having served as a guardian to the infant city, the Seine next undertook the office of purveyor, and brought provisions, wood and other merchandise to its already vigorous nursling. This important function is filled in part by the river to this day, though largely diminished by the rivalry of good roads, and above all of railroads. But the student of French history will scarcely forget the distress to which the city was reduced when Henri IV. seized and held the river and its tributaries. The famine that succeeded was so terrible that three months later there was recorded in the chronicles of the times the death of a wealthy lady, who, notwithstanding the fact that she was the possessor of great riches, saw her children perish of hunger before her eyes, and, having caused her servants to salt the little corpses, fed on their flesh till she too died. Nor was it till the beginning of the present century that the Seine actually lost its overwhelming importance as the provision-route *par excellence* of Paris. The railroads finally dethroned it, but it still brings many articles to the Paris markets, chief among which are wood and Normandy apples. The first is the most important. All the wood that is burned in Paris arrives by the way of the Seine. Formerly, such was also the case with all the wines for the city, but the finer qualities are now transported by railway, and only the commoner kinds are sent by water. Burgundy sends the largest proportion of these wines. A curious custom decrees that each boatman charged with bringing a cargo of wine to Paris has the right of disposing of a cask of it during the trip. As the voyage only lasts a few days, the amount may appear excessive, but it is not consumed for drink alone: it serves as a medium of exchange along the route, and the boatmen purchase provisions with it. Not with all of it, be it understood, for these mariners of the Seine can and do often consume from five to six quarts of wine a day without appearing intoxicated: some have even been known to swallow eight or nine quarts daily. These men eat little, and pass all their leisure moments in sleeping, being half stupefied all the time by the quantity they have drunk. Bercy is the point at which the disembarkment of wines takes place. This flat, low-lying suburb during the great inundations of 1876 received not wine, but water, from the Seine, the streets being submerged beneath six feet of water from the swollen river.

The Exhibition of 1867 brought about the establishment of the little fly-boats (*bateaux-mouches*), which ply regularly up and down the Seine, transporting passengers for the small price of five cents a trip. The fact that these useful little vessels were not placed upon the Seine till so comparatively recent a date proves how slow the French are to adopt new ideas, even when these ideas are at once practical and profitable. Originally established merely to transport passengers to the great exhibition, they were found so useful and became so popular that their original charter, giving the right to navigate the Seine during a certain number of months only, was changed into a permission of permanency. A second line, called *Les Hirondelles* ("The Swallows"), was started last summer, the boats being larger, more comfortable and supplied with awnings in sunny weather. This line has proved a great success, and there is talk of establishing several more to transport passengers to the exhibition buildings in 1878. The single line of bateaux-mouches in 1867, during the period of the exhibition, carried over two millions and a half of persons, transporting on one day, the 30th of September

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of that year, over thirty-five thousand travelers. This industry has given rise to a great activity on the part of the dredging-boats that ply unceasingly on the Seine. In 1852, profiting by an unusual rise in the river, the authorities caused a full-sized frigate to be transported to Paris from Havre to figure in the fêtes of the 15th of August. Like the Vicar of Wakefield's picture, it was brought there, but could not be taken away again; so, after figuring splendidly in the imperial fêtes for a year or two, it sank to the position of a swimming-school, which I believe it still retains.

The stationary industries of the Seine—the bath-houses and wash-houses—form prominent features in the history of the river. The latter are immensely useful. Formerly, the poor washerwomen of Paris were forced to kneel on the river-bank on a sheaf of straw brought by themselves, sometimes from a considerable distance: their wash was muddied by the earth of the shore, and often the swift current would bear away some article from their chilled and benumbed hands. The city now provides the wash-houses, of which there are twenty-two established on the Seine and some six or eight on the neighboring canals. Therein are supplied a washing-place, a drying-place, and water at a cent the pailful: the right to work costs eight cents a day, or a cent an hour, and the hire of a drying-compartment, furnished with bars on which to spread the wet linen, amounts to eight cents for twenty-four hours. These establishments are always well filled, every place being occupied, and the washerwomen are not only among the busiest, but also the noisiest, of Parisian work-people, the Babel of tongues that arises from these wash-houses being wellnigh deafening. As a memento of the hard work to which the washerwomen of other days used to be subjected there are sundry steep staircases, or rather ladders, still visible at certain points on the Seine where the banks are high and precipitous. Up and down these ladders the poor women were forced to toil with their load of dripping linen: they now for a small sum carry on their occupation comfortably and under shelter. The washerwomen of the Seine have figured in more than one popular play or novel, and their annual festival, which takes place at mid-Lent, is always one of the gayest and most uproarious of the popular celebrations of the year.

As to the bath-houses, they offer no special features of interest. They are large, imposing-looking structures, including dressing-rooms, swimming-baths, etc., and are well patronized all summer. In winter they disappear, being towed into winter-quarters in some safe and sheltered nook on the river. It was from the window of one of these establishments, then known as the Bains Vigier, that the ex-actor La Bussière, when secretary to the Committee of Public Safety during the Terror, used to throw into the Seine the balls of chewed pulp which represented the lists of those condemned to death, which he had contrived to abstract, and which, after soaking in water, he used to macerate to get rid of them. By this means La Bussière saved no less than 924 persons from the guillotine, among whom were the Viscountess de Beauharnais (afterward the empress Josephine), the entire company of the Comédie Française, MM. de Florian and the younger Ségur, and many others. His daring deeds had brought him to the verge of discovery and certain death when the 9th Thermidor arrived to ensure his safety.

The great sensation-scene of the river panorama is undoubtedly that building of mournful celebrity, the Morgue. Its name comes from that bestowed upon a certain great doorway in the prison of the Grand Châtelet, where prisoners used to be detained for some moments so that the turnkeys could *morguer* them—that is, gaze at them fixedly, so as to retain their features in remembrance. Afterward, the corpses found in the Seine were deposited behind that grating to await recognition. In 1804 the first regular morgue was constructed: it was a square building situated on the Quai du Marché Neuf. The present edifice, more spacious, more commodious and in every

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way better fitted to the purpose to which it is devoted, was erected some fifteen years ago at the extremity of the Ile de la Cité, behind the cathedral of Notre Dame. The "exhibition-room" (so called), separated by a glazed partition from the public, contains twelve slabs, over each of which is placed a stopcock from which a stream of cold water can be continually directed upon the occupant. Sometimes every slab is filled: again, every one will be vacant, in which case the habitués of the place say, "The show is closed" (*Il y a relâche*). The lower classes of Paris look upon the Morgue as the most interesting of all spectacles. There is always a crowd around the door, and when any object of special interest is on exhibition, such as the fragments of the woman cut to pieces, the heroine of the latest sensational murder-case, the visitors are counted by tens of thousands; nor is it an unfrequent incident for the bride of a workingman to choose the Morgue as the destination of her wedding-trip, instead of the Bois de Boulogne. The registers of the Morgue are a study. Therein are inscribed the minutest particulars relating to each body that is brought there, such as the height, general appearance, birth-marks, traces of injury, details of clothing, etc. No corpse is received without a certificate from the police setting forth the spot and circumstances of its discovery. The prefecture of police pays a premium of fifteen francs for every body that is found in the river, and twenty-five francs for every individual saved from drowning. The first-named premium has given rise to the singular trade called corpse-fishing, which is carried on by the flat-boatmen who ply on the Seine. These men purchase bodies discovered by their fellow-boatmen, who are employed far down the river, and who cannot leave their avocations to bring their "find" to the city, at the rate of five francs for each corpse. Thus, many a poor relic of mortality that otherwise would be left to decay in the river mud or else huddled into some hastily-dug hole, receives Christian burial, and has a chance of being identified for the future satisfaction of possible inquiries.

The number of bodies exposed at the Morgue increases with every passing year. It now amounts to wellnigh a thousand annually. Strange to relate, summer is the time when the largest number of corpses are brought there, and the months of December and January show the fewest. Of course, something of the summer increase can be accounted for by the fact that boating-parties and swimming-matches are frequent at that season, and therefore the chances of accident are greater; but it seems as though such chances could hardly outweigh the number of suicides caused by the gloom and privations of winter. Yet such is the fact, proved by the incontrovertible logic of official statistics.

The question is often asked, Are the waters of the Seine healthful to drink? After three years of abundant experience I am inclined to answer positively in the affirmative. Experienced chemists have analyzed them without finding anything in the waters either of the Seine, the Marne or the Vanne, the three rivers that supply Paris with drinking-water, more pernicious than a certain proportion of limestone. And as a member of an American family three out of whose four members habitually use water freely as a beverage, I am enabled to declare that if the drinking-water of Paris be hurtful, it is the slowest of slow poisons, for not one of the three has ever suffered for a single moment from its use.

L. H. H.

A PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN POET.

IN the interesting work entitled *Pennsylvania Dutch and Other Essays*, published by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. in 1872, the author says: "The most elegant specimens of Pennsylvania-German with which I have met are the poems of the late Rev. Henry Harbaugh."

Dr. Harbaugh has a wide reputation as a theological writer, but his lyrics in the Pennsylvania-German dialect have not heretofore been as thoroughly known as they deserve to be. A collection of them under the name of *Harbaughs Harfe* has lately been reissued by the

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Reformed Church Publication Board of Philadelphia. This publication is intended especially for German readers in the United States and in Europe, and the only portions of it in our language are English versions, by Dr. Harbaugh himself, of one or two of the poems. These translations are very poor representatives of the original "Dutch" pieces. Being "made to order," without any of the fresh, impulsive feeling which is everywhere evident in the latter, they are, as a rule, labored and unnatural. It is easy to conceive how much of the charm of Burns's poems in the Scotch dialect would be lost if they should be carefully turned into correct English verse abounding in hackneyed phrases. But the German-American pieces are full of a homely grace, a freedom of diction, and, above all, a purity and tenderness of feeling, which make them truly poetic. Like Burns, Harbaugh was originally a farm-lad, and afterward became a man of scholarly attainments and cultivated taste. Like him, too, he always retained his love for the life and surroundings of his boyhood, and took pleasure in using the homely speech he had been used to hear at his father's fireside. In fact, this Pennsylvanian dialect poet may be considered an American Burns.

Dr. Harbaugh's great-grandfather came from Switzerland to America in 1736, settled in Pennsylvania, and left children who married among the German families of Berks and Lancaster. He himself was born on his father's farm, near Waynesboro', in Franklin county. The family belonged to the German Reformed denomination, and Henry, whose love of reading had made him seek every means of getting books, became impressed with the belief, while yet a boy, that it was his duty to study for the ministry. Gaining at last the reluctant consent of his parents, he set out to work his way up to the point he aimed at, as his father's family was too large and his means too small to admit of any other plan. He had made arrangements to support himself and pay his educational expenses by working as a joiner. As he started on his journey his mother stood at the door looking after him and bravely striving to keep back the tears that would come to blind her. When, after years of struggling against poverty and hardship, he had gained his object, and had come back to visit the old homestead, the dear mother was no longer there. The death of his mother seems to have been the great controlling grief of his life. That strength of family affection and love of home associations which is so general among people of German blood was unusually developed in his case, and the loss of friends was a great agony to him. But his mother's death was the hardest blow of all. Like Cowper, he was almost constantly looking back with sorrowful tenderness to the last time he had seen her; and many traces of this feeling are found both in his poetic and his prose works.

After being pastor of several Reformed churches, he was in 1863 appointed by the General Synod professor of theology in the seminary at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania. He was also the founder and editor of a monthly journal called *The Guardian;* and in this his poems appeared at different times. It was not until several years after his death, which occurred in 1867, that they were collected and edited by his friend, Mr. Bausman. That gentleman says of Harbaugh in his (German) introduction to the poems: "He was forced to open a way for himself as a Pennsylvania-German poet. It was not generally admitted at that time that this dialect was really a separate and distinct form of speech. He wrote for the people in the people's language, and the people read his soulful poems at their firesides, and laughed and cried over them."

The Pennsylvania-German dialect has grown into shape since the early part of the last century, when emigrants from Southern Germany began locating themselves in Penn's province. The great mass of these emigrants came from the Palatinate, and their speech was the dialect spoken there. In the course of time numerous English words were adopted, often with alterations in form or meaning. Many changes in pronunciation,

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and even in the rules of syntax, also gradually took place in the German portion. Indeed, the language is now hardly more comprehensible to the majority of Germans than to English-speaking people.

In *Harbaughs Harfe* the German rules of orthography are followed, except in the translations. Consequently, the English words *about*, *anyhow*, *same*, etc., which have been incorporated into the dialect, are in the dialectic pieces spelled *ebaut*, *ennihau*, *sehm*, etc.

The poems in the dialect (not including an introductory piece in the form of an elegy) are sixteen in number. *Lah Bisness* ("Law Business") is a humorous account of two old "Dutch" farmers, who lived near each other on *Catorus Fluss* (Codorus Creek). These old gentlemen have lived honorable and upright lives, and have had various business transactions with each other, without thinking anything about the guardianship exercised by the law over such matters. But the existence of such a person as "der Schqueier" in a neighboring town being accidentally brought to their notice, they undergo sensations very similar to those of Monsieur Jourdain on discovering that he has been "speaking prose all his life without knowing it." Ambitious to experience the new sensation of doing things "eccording zu der lah," they immediately get up a transaction in horseflesh, and agree to engage the squire's services in having the bargain carried out in legal form. So the latter, at their request, draws up for them a written contract containing the terms of the agreement, though neither party had any personal reason for preferring this form to the ordinary cash sale. Their vast respect for this document (of which neither can read a word), their serious communings as to what is the proper thing to be done with it, and their general condition of doubt, satisfaction and pride, are set forth in an admirably humorous way, the comical effect being greatly enhanced by the peculiarities of the dialect.

Die Alt Miehl ("The Old Mill") brings up a striking picture of the old-fashioned country mill to which the author used to be sent in his boyhood. Of its proprietor he says: "Der Miller war ebaut a neiser Mann" ("The miller was just a 'nice' man"). This nice man was not only strictly honorable in all his dealings, but was capable of lending a boy his fishing-tackle, as well as his knife for the construction of whistles wherewith to beguile the homeward way. But the former miller had not been so nice, either in the correct or the popular sense of the term, for he would take more than his share of the grain brought to be ground, and it may be presumed that such a man never lent any boy his knife. In consequence of one or both of these offences, it was believed that this unrighteous miller's soul was doomed to haunt the old mill by night, dragging a heavy chain, making entries in a ghostly ledger, and confessing his evil deeds with edifying expressions of remorse.

Der Rejeboge ("The Rainbow") tells in very graceful, flowing lines how *die Kinner* ("the children") all started off in wild excitement and dashed away over meadow, brook and field to find the place where the rainbow touched the earth, and to seize the splendid golden things which "the mother" had told them might always be found there. But the treacherous rainbow would not be caught; and at last "there it stood away up in the mountains!" Says the poet then:

Nau, neeher bei'm Heile, un weiter vum Lache,
Sagt eens zu dem annere—"Was is do se mache?
Der Goldmacher-Boge, der weicht immer weiter;
M'r gehn besser heem, des wär' verleicht g'scheiter.
Es heest, weischte Zwerge im Berg trage Belse,
Un schmeisse die Kinner mit mechtige Felse!
Was helft uns die Gold, m'r kann's jo net esse;
Un was? wann de Zwerge uns fange un fresse!"

Which may be translated, very indequately, as follows:

Now, further from laughing and nearer to crying,
Says one to the other, the dark mountains eying:
"The Goldmaker-bow won't hold still for a minute.
We'd better go home: there's some conjuring in it.
Bad dwarfs live up there, and I've heard people saying
They throw great big rocks down on children a-playing.
We can't eat the gold, if the rainbow don't beat us;
But the ugly old dwarfs, they might catch us and eat us!"

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So the little Argonauts run back to their mother, and tell her the "golden ladder" played tricks on them and almost led them up to where the dwarfs live. Then she draws the little brood around her, and tells them *gar lieblich un leise* ("very tenderly and low") that it was she who had played them this trick, and that she did it to teach them the lesson of the rainbow. For men rush away after gold, she said, forgetting all better things, until death finds them at last in the dark mountains of sin, and they are seized by evil spirits far worse than the wicked dwarfs. But the rainbow really stretches from the earth to the golden heaven, and is a sign of God's truth, which never draws back when we seek it, but makes the soul rich in eternity.

The poems called *Das alte Feierheerd* ("The Old-time Hearth"), *Die Schlofschtub* ("The Sleeping-Room"), *Will widder Buwele sei* ("Would be a Boy again"), and *Heemweh* ("Homesickness") are full of a pure, natural beauty that cannot be described. They show the author to have possessed the most exquisite sensibility and tenderness, combined with a gracefulness in expression, when writing in his mother tongue, that would alone make his productions highly attractive. His own translations of three of these poems afford only a faint idea of the originals; and indeed it would be hardly possible to translate them without robbing them of nearly all their beauty. Like bird-songs in the woods, they must be taken just as they are or their charm will be sadly marred.

Some of the pieces in the collection refer to the changes which are rapidly taking place in the life and habits of the Pennsylvania-German population. Such are *Die neie Sort Dschent'lleit* ("The New Sort of Gentlefolks"), *Busch un Schtedtel* ("Country and Town"), and *Der Kerchegang in alter Zeit* ("Church-going in the Old Time"). In these the country-people are described as adopting city habits, forgetting or despising the good old-fashioned customs of their fathers, and even departing from the paths of strict honesty. It is not probable that this last accusation is meant for any large proportion of these people. But great changes are certainly taking place among them in other respects. Their children are taught in English at the public schools; large towns have grown up in their midst, attracting people from other sections; the insurance agent, the commercial traveler, and all the rest of the great army of itinerant business-men, are scouring their localities: in fact, a great number of influences are tending to make them more like the inhabitants of other portions of the country every year. All indications point to the probability that in a comparatively short time their old life and language will have passed away for ever. It is very fortunate, therefore, that so truthful as well as so attractive a memorial of both as *Harbaughs Harfe* has been given to the world. W. W. C.

TURKISH ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

A PICTURE by Mayer, which hangs in one of the private galleries of America, illustrates the rough-and-ready methods with which justice is administered in Turkey. The cadi goes out in the morning without making known his intended route, takes his walk with suitable attendants, and stops at the first bazaar. He seats himself at random in one of the shops and examines the weights, measures and merchandise. He lends an ear to all complaints; interrogates any merchant accused of infraction of law; and then, without court or jury, and especially without delay, pronounces judgment, applies the penalty, and goes on in quest of other delinquents. In these cases, however, the punishment is of a different character. Notwithstanding the identity of the crime, he cannot treat the offending merchant as a common thief: that would have a prejudicial effect on commerce. The penalty is graduated thus: the mildest, confiscation; the moderate, closing the shop; the severest, exposure. This last is inflicted in a singular manner. The culprit is placed with his back against his shop, and is compelled to raise himself on his toes until the weight of his whole body rests on them: his ear is then nail-

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ed to the door or shutter of his shop. This punishment lasts two, four or six hours. It is true, the criminal may abridge its duration whenever he chooses to let himself down; but the Turkish merchant is jealous of his reputation, and nothing but the last necessity would induce him to resemble a thief by the mutilation of his ears. As one gazes upon the wretch thus nailed up, one is disposed to compassionate his case, but Mohammed tells you that he is an old offender, and if you should observe his ear closely it would resemble a colander.

It was after receiving this explanation that M. Mayer found his horror sufficiently alleviated to allow of his making the sketch from which the picture referred to was afterward composed. The criminal, nailed by his ear, was standing stiff and motionless on the extreme points of his great toes, and seated near him, on the sill of the door, was the guard, charged with seeing the punishment duly executed, smoking a pipe. The quantity of tobacco in the pipe seemed to be graduated to the time the punishment was to continue. Around these two personages was a demicircle of idlers. After a time the culprit, finding he had nothing to expect from the crowd—among whom, perhaps, he recognized some of his customers—hazarded a word to the guard. "Brother," said he, "one law of our holy Prophet is, that men should help one another." The guard seemed to take no exception to the precept in the abstract, and continued quietly to smoke. "Brother," resumed the patient, "did you not hear me?" The guard made no other reply than a large puff of smoke that ascended to his neighbor's nose. "Brother," still persisted the man, "one of us can aid the other, and do a thing acceptable to Mohammed." The puffs of smoke succeeded each other with a regularity that extinguished the poor fellow's hopes. "Brother," cried the dependant with a dolorous voice, "put a stone under my heels and I will give you a piastre." No reply. "Two piastres." A pause. "Three piastres." Smoke. "Four piastres." "Ten piastres," said the guard quietly. The ear and the purse of the man held a parley which was visible in the countenance. At length the pain conquered, and the ten piastres rolled at the feet of the guard, who counted them with great deliberation, put them in his purse, rested his pipe against the wall, and, picking up a pebble about as large as the egg of a tomtit, placed it under the man's heels. "Brother," said the culprit, "I feel nothing under my feet." "A stone is there, however," answered the guard, resuming his seat and pipe; "but it is true I selected it in reference to your price. Give me a *tatari* (five francs) and I will place a stone under you so appropriate to your necessities that you shall sigh for it when you reach Paradise." The result may be anticipated: the guard had his money, and the merchant his stone. H. W. M.

POSTAL-CARDS.

ARE postal-cards to annihilate the art of letter-writing? Is the speeding of soft intercourse impossible to agents so stiff, curt and bleak? And is it to die out by reason of their preponderance over the closed epistle, and their infusion of brevity and constraint into what may remain of the latter?

We cannot conceive a Sévigné or a Walpole in postals. Equally unrealizable is a trunk, chest or closet full of them, rich in the gossip, social or historical, of past times. Nobody keeps them, and the consciousness of that fact would of itself suffice to prevent the placing of anything of value on them, were they large enough to hold it. They do not rise even to the dignity of a place in the card-basket, being too short and too shabby for an invitation or a congé. The waste-paper basket is their natural and understood destination, and with that ignoble end the character of their contents is sure to correspond. "Contents," did we say? As well speak of the contents of a sign. Six square inches of pasteboard obviously cannot contain anything. For that there needs an enclosure. Could we rationally write on two, a dozen or twenty postals and put them in an envelope, the case would be

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different; but that would be an absurdity, paper being so much lighter and every way more convenient. The postal is a unit or nothing. It limits itself inexorably to a purpose and subject capable of extreme condensation and concerning only the moment. It represents the exclamatory and interjectional style of intercourse, such as a shout across the street or at most a moment's chat as you run against a friend on rounding a corner. Of course it lends itself on occasion to more serious and practical ends. It may warn you that your note will go to protest this afternoon or that your grocer has changed his number. On certain occasions of confusion and haste it may be promoted, by a writer who is glad to escape dilatory or unpleasant intelligence, and shrinks even from signing it save with initials, to the office of saying "Twins." But these are about its highest functions, and of such, we need hardly add, is not the kingdom of literature.

One-fifth of the communications passing through the mails are already postals, although the innovation dates as it were only from the other day. And the remaining four-fifths—are they not stunted by the new habit of compression? Can the lover, overflowing with words that burn, quite divest himself of the postal-card style of expression, or blind himself to the presence of a pile of those little nuisances, each insisting, "Cut it short"? Can a still more absorbing theme be adequately treated by a lady desiring to post her distant friend on the winter fashions? Can she even do justice through so cramped a medium to a recipe for pickles? Will she not in both cases, if she spurn the postal and fly to papeterie, find herself unconsciously trimming down her periods and placing her correspondent in danger of misplacing a puff or overdoing the pepper? And letters from abroad, which we were wont to look for so eagerly, and so delighted in opening the glazed tissue-paper covered with close lines crossed in ink of two colors — they are now written in the home atmosphere of the postal and under its most repressive influence. They read like notes jotted down in pencil at railroad-stations. Fortunate we if they be not actually postals.

What a refuge for a rainy day is a pile of old letters in the yellow uniform of the old tyrant with the scythe! Each comes out fat and full, two-, three-, four-fold, with a square inch left inside for the seal and a page or three-quarter page for the blank outside, forbidding to the public eye and eloquent of something within worth hiding. We pause a moment over the torn wafer or the scant relic of wax, reopened so often since the hour, long ago, when it was first broken by an anxious and mayhap trembling hand that is now dust. We scan the postmark and the written rate of postage fixed by the distance of transmission, the latter sometimes replaced by a frank legitimately applied, or allowably, according to the usage of the day, borrowed. Most frequently an envelope is wanting, and when there is one it is of impromptu manufacture. The writer obviously lingered over its construction as a pleasant part of the ceremonial of friendly intercourse in those stately days, and took time to it: there was plenty of time then; hurry was not invented. And the epistle itself, when we come to it, rolls off in a leisurely current over page after page, unburdening the writer of some months' or weeks' hoard of news, thoughts and emotions. It is to a modern letter what a conversation is to a passing chat, an oration to a remark. It was something both parties thought worth preserving, and as we look over it we add a third voice to that conclusion.

Postals contemplate more than a single reader. They are written with the consciousness that they will probably be read by a whole household and by some outsiders, including any post-office clerks who may have the requisite leisure. They say nothing but what one would be apt to say in a corresponding group, little beyond what every one may hear. When they shall have become the prevailing mode of communication our daily life will have moved out of doors or into a glass house. The transparency of Arcadian existence will cha-

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racterize the life of an advanced and complex civilization. Everybody will address everybody else as though a crowd surrounded them. Family chat will be held, *à haute voix*, in the street and market-place. The wholesome ceremonials of address and signature, already discarded from these cards, will disappear from places where they still find a harbor. The art of condensing words will be carried to a perfection hitherto unknown, and the Saxon passion for monosyllables revel in a gratification beyond any supplied by Bunyan or Defoe. The discursive will be utterly voted down in sentence and word. Five or six hundred millions of annual experiments in the art of saying the utmost possible on six square inches of paper must produce triumphs of compression till now undreamed of. The stately and leisurely feast of intellect will sink to a snap-lunch, and civilized man will take his sustenance with his hat on, *à la carte*.

ARSENIC-EATING.

NOTHING is so healthy as poison. By way of illustrating this truism, the savants make it a habit, failing more novel subjects of inquiry, to *exploiter* occasionally the arsenic-eaters of certain provinces in the eastern and southern parts of the Austro-Hungarian empire. These Brinvilliers-proof rustics live chiefly in Styria, where stable-boys, woodsmen, chamois-hunters and village maidens, young and old, indulge in the acid and the yellow sulphuret, the latter a well-known water-color pigment which young beginners at the camel's-hair pencil are always warned against. The excuses alleged for the practice are as numerous as those given by the votaries of strong drink. A charcoal-burner of seventy, according to the account of Dr. Knapp at a séance of philosophers lately in Vienna, had taken arsenic for more than twoscore years. A hunter of eighty-one had made it his pet vice for a similar period. We need not ask these old gentlemen for an explanation. In their cases the result speaks for itself. "Sage experience" is not to be questioned.

Equally palpable is the rosy justification offered by the cheeks of those of the other sex and a very different age. Artificial flowers those thus gathered may be, but their bloom looks perfectly natural, and utterly shames the sallow hue of the snuff-dipper or the opium-eater. Neither of these has the defence that applies to the use of any cosmetic. Theirs is but the selfish purpose of passing enjoyment, while Gretchen's object is to increase the stock of beauty in the world. The appliance she employs appears to be, in every point of view, quite as innocuous as lily-white or henna. She comes to look as pink and happy as a Sister of Charity. The close-reefs that mark upon the visage the rough weather encountered on the voyage of female life in rural districts are all shaken out, and the cuticular sails are plumped as with an unfailing summer breeze. This is a blessing to humanity; and nothing is clearer to our mind than that the Dryasdusts, instead of summoning the Fräulein before them in solemn conclave to give an account of her misdoings, ought to elect her an honorary member, and send her abroad as a missionary in behalf of the art of utilizing poison. No such cautionary device should we see upon her front as the druggists are careful to place upon *their* packages of arsenic. The beauty of life, not the horrors of death, we trace in her countenance.

A craving for good looks is seconded by more matter-of-fact reasons for the habit. It is said to remedy difficulty of breathing, indigestion, fatigue and—cowardice. Dr. Knapp was told by a poacher whose acquaintance was among his privileges that he had become braver since he took to arsenic. From the common point of view, a considerable endowment of hardihood would seem to have been a prerequisite, as with him who first went to sea or ate an oyster. But doubtless the filling out of the tissues and smothering of the nerves consequent on the use of the drug have an effect in inspiring self-confidence. No danger can make a fat man run.

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LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Harold: A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

In *Queen Mary*, Mr. Tennyson turned a chapter of English history into blank verse, put it into the mouths of people of the period, and called it a drama. In *Harold* he has followed the odd whim of dramatizing a portion of Bulwer's *Last of the Saxon Kings*. He says in the dedication—which is to the present Lord Lytton — "After old-world records—such as the Bayeux Tapestry and the *Roman de Rou* — Edward Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest* and your father's historical romance treating of the same times have been mainly helpful to me in writing this drama." But this acknowledgment does not prepare the reader to find that the *Roman de Rou*, the Bayeux Tapestry and Freeman's book may be left out, and that *Harold* the play is hardly more than an abridgment of *Harold* the romance. In the sequence of events, arrangement of incidents, treatment of personages, often in the dialogue itself, the poet fits his steps in the very footprints of the novelist: his departures from them are too slight and unimportant to mention. He keeps so close to the ready-made track that it is needless to speak of the plot or characters; but we may remark, in passing, that at least he has shown more understanding of what will make a drama than in his previous attempt. The story of Harold from the point where Mr. Tennyson takes it up, as told by the late Lord Lytton, has the elements of a fine historical tragedy: probably the author himself, whose talent as a playright is proved by the enduring popularity of the *Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu*, would have been more successful in putting it into its present form. As it comes from Mr. Tennyson's hand it is neither quite an acting play nor a poem. Yet there will not be wanting those to call it Shakespearian—the favorite adjective of the moment in literary jargon—because of passages like the street-scene in the opening of *Queen Mary*—of something prospective, prophetic after the fact, in a few of the speeches, like Harold's

> "——To England
> My legacy of war against the Pope
> From child to child, from Pope to Pope, from age to age;"

which is a sure but not perfectly honest way of producing effects; and, finally, because of a certain juggling with words which belonged to Elizabethan writers:

> "Here comes the would-be what I will be—kinglike—
> Though scarce at ease; for save our meshes break,
> More kinglike he than like to prove a king."

Every age in literature has its tricks of style, but these do not belong to our day, and one suffers them impatiently. The first scene of Act II. is a noteworthy example of the specially "Shakespearian" manner:

> "Rolf, what fish did swallow Jonah?"
>
> "A whale!"
>
> "Then a whale to a whelk we have swallowed the king of England. I saw him over there. Look thee, Rolf, when I was down in the fever, *she* was down with the hunger, and thou didst stand by her and give her thy crabs, and set her up again, till now, by the patient saints, she's as crabb'd as ever."
>
> "And I'll give her my crabs again, when thou art down again."
>
> "Thou art the human-heartedest, Christian-charitiest of all crab-catchers! Share and share alike!"

As a parody this is not bad as far as it goes, but not equal to C. S. C.'s imitations of the modern poets in *Fly Leaves*. Seriously, what are we to suppose that Mr. Tennyson intends by writing in this way, or by the first scene, Act V., where, on the eve of the battle of Hastings, Harold's sleep is troubled by a succession of phantoms warning, and threatening, and foretelling defeats, until at length he starts up seizing his weapons, and then passes into a long speculative soliloquy? Is it presumption almost inconceivable, or is it inconceivable humility, which has set him to aping the greatest of his masters?

For the rest, most lovers of Mr. Tennyson, whose love began with the two volumes which made his fame—the volumes which contain *Godiva*, *The Lotus-Eaters*, *Mort d'Arthur*—have learned to read his recent productions with the sorrowful resignation appropriate to all unpleasant changes worked by time. Yet it is not the decline of powers which we have to lament in this case: it is a willful abdication of them. It is impossible to guess why he has chosen to strip himself of all that made his early charm, but the day for puzzling and mourning over his choice is past. It is a curious illustration of the uncompro-

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mising way in which he has put prettiness away from him that he nowhere in *Harold* avails himself of the epithets by which Edith has been known to us from nursery-days and our first tales from history—"Eddwa pulchra," "Eadgyth swanneshals," as the old chroniclers, Latin and Saxon, call her. The softening touch of one of these familiar names would have been so natural that his refraining from them strikes us as an affectation of austerity.

Still, Mr. Tennyson was born a poet, and he will be a poet to the last: by this inalienable right his verses in their bareness and boldness preserve traces of native dignity and grace, fleeting gleams of the old sweetness, which distinguish them unmistakably from the work of poetasters or common men. Here and there we come upon a fine expression, such as that describing Edward the Confessor's dim and narrow mind:

"A twilight conscience, lighted by a chink."

In *Harold* there are fewer of the obscurities and inversions which made some passages in the later idyls nearly as difficult and disagreeable to read as Mr. Browning, although there are some unpardonable phrases, such as "to Molochize," and another, worthy only of a Philadelphia Quaker:

"I pray thee, let me hence and bring him home."
"*Not thee*, my son: some other messenger."

On the whole, we think *Harold* decidedly superior to *Queen Mary*: it is shorter; it does not drag; it has a story; a beginning, a middle, and an end which disposes of all the *dramatis personæ*; a hero; a central interest which naturally binds all the personages and events together; a lofty, heroic, inspiring theme; nothing commonplace in its treatment. The greatest force of the piece is where it should be, in the last act. Edith and Archbishop Stigand watch the raging battle from a tent on a mound within the encampment: the monks, unseen, are chanting their psalms. The interruption of an agitated dialogue by the Latin strophes is a familiar device, but in the present instance the lack of novelty causes no loss of power:

"Are those the blessed angels quiring, father?"
"No, daughter, but the canons out of Waltham,
The king's foundation, that have followed him."
"O God of battles! make their wall of shields
Firm as thy cliffs, strengthen their palisades!
What is that whirring sound?"
"The Norman arrow."
"Look out upon the battle—is he safe?"
"The king of England stands between his banners:
He glitters on the crowning of the hill.
God save King Harold!"

The varying fortunes of the day are told in these short, broken sentences, as though with gasping breath and eyes which strain over the surge and ebb of the fight: the scene has extraordinary life and reality: they see Harold fall, and rush out. The next scene is the battle-field by night, and William the Conqueror's speech brings the tragedy nobly and fitly to a conclusion:

"Take them away!
Malet, I vow to build a church to God
Here on this hill of battle; let our high altar
Stand where their standard fell—where these two lie.
Take them away: I do not love to see them.
Pluck the dead women off the dead men, Malet!"
"Faster than ivy. Must I hack her arms off?
How shall I part them?"
"Leave them. Let them be!
Bury him and his paramour together.
* * * * *
Wrap them together in a purple cloak,
And lay them both upon the waste sea-shore
At Hastings, there to guard the land for which
He did forswear himself—a warrior—ay,
And but that holy Peter fought for us,
And that the false Northumbrian held aloof,
And save for that chance arrow which the saints
Sharpened and sent against him—who can tell?
Three horses had I slain beneath me: twice
I thought that all was lost. Since I knew battle,
And that was from my boyhood, never yet—
No, by the splendor of God—have I fought men
Like Harold and his brethren, and his guard
Of English. Every man about his king
Fell where he stood. They loved him; and pray God
My Normans may but move as true with me
To the door of death. Of one self-stock at first,
Make them again one people—Norman, English;
And English, Norman;—we should have a hand
To grasp the world with, and a foot to stamp it . . .
Flat."

Heroines of Freethought. By Sara A. Underwood. New York: Charles P. Somerby.

This is one of those deplorable books for whose publication one is at a loss to imagine a motive or excuse. It challenges public attention by an ambitious title and the parade of half a dozen celebrated names. On examination it is found to consist of a mass of inaccuracies by way of facts, and of inanity where there is a pretence of thought. It is not worth while to enumerate the errors with which the pages teem: the account of George Sand's early life will suffice. The authoress says: "Amintine Lucile Aurore Dupin was born in the province of Berry some time in the year 1804. Her father's family was an extremely old and aristocratic one. . . . Her father, Maurice Dupin, had incurred his mother's severe displeasure by falling in love with-

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out first consulting her, and afterward marrying a pretty girl belonging to the tradesman class, which she considered infinitely beneath her. But before Maurice Dupin had attained his thirtieth year he was killed by a fall from his horse, leaving his wife with several young children, all boys but Aurore, to provide for. . . . Madame Dupin the elder offered to take charge of her son's children on condition that their mother resigned all claim to them, and herself returned to her own people. The young widow preferred to keep her boys to herself, but as the little Aurore was only an infant, and would harass her mother in her efforts to gain a livelihood for herself and the others, she was sent to her grandmother," with whom, we are told, she lived until that lady's death, when she was reunited to her mother, but shortly afterward married the Baron Dudevant.

The aristocratic Dupins were a middle-class family, whose most distinguished member, notwithstanding their antiquity, was a *fermier-général* under Louis XV. Madame Sand, whose voluminous *Histoire de Ma Vie* leaves us in ignorance respecting no domestic detail, says: "My name is Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin, and my husband, M. François Dudevant, lays claim to no other title." She was born in Paris, the eldest child of her parents, and there was neither brother nor sister, except a son who died while a baby before his father. Her mother had one daughter by a former marriage: when she met Maurice Dupin she was a widow, living with one of his superior officers as his mistress. Aurore was over four years old at the time of her father's death: they were then living with Madame Dupin the elder, where they remained for a number of years, until Aurore was ten or eleven, when incompatibility of ideas and temper caused a breach between the mother and daughter-in-law.

So much for the biographical value of the work: its other merits may be judged from the following extract: "Although it is doubtless quite true that she has done, and does, many of those things of which she is accused, and for which she is censured, such as having worn male apparel, smoked cigarettes, left her husband in defiance of law, and even now, it is said, although nearly seventy, sets Nature's laws at naught by devoting the hours from midnight till morning to her writing, in defiance of all the principles of hygiene,—still, let us refrain from troubling our mind about these things, which are nothing to us, and let us rather learn to emulate the virtues of her character—her truthfulness, sincerity, faith in humanity and love of Nature."

An Illustrated History of Painters of All Schools. By Louis Viardot and other writers. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This book is intended both for students of art and for general readers. It gives a brief history of the painters of all schools, gathered from such sources as Vasari, Charles Blanc's *Histoire des Peintres de toutes les Écoles*, Kugler's *Handbook of the Italian School*, etc.; and it contains the criticisms on the continental schools and the most famous pictures of each published by M. Louis Viardot under the title of *Les Merveilles de la Peinture*. It is therefore partly a compilation, partly a translation, sufficiently comprehensive in regard to facts to claim the character of a work of reference, while full of eloquent descriptions and acute observations, calculated to stimulate the interest of readers desirous of gaining an acquaintance with the history and principles of art. Its chief *raison d'être* lay, we suppose, in the voluminousness and expensiveness on the one hand, and the dryness and technicalities on the other, of the works to which such readers are usually referred. It will be found, therefore, we imagine, to supply a real want, especially in this country, where a growing taste for such studies meets with no abundance of facilities. The illustrations, about fifty in number, appear to have been borrowed from the works that have supplied the chief portion of the text. They include many specimens of the most illustrious masters, as well as a large number exemplifying successive stages of development and the special characteristics of different schools. There is, however, little inequality in the execution, all being highly finished in regard to details, if we except a few from genre pictures of the Dutch and English schools. About a thousand painters are enumerated in the index, and of each of these a biography is given, varying from a few lines to half a dozen pages.

The most valuable portions of the volume are the Introductions to the several books giving the history of the Spanish, Italian, Dutch and Flemish schools. The characteristics of the Dutch painters have never, we

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think, been more faithfully and pointedly described than in the following passage, in which they are adduced as affording the most striking verification of Bacon's saying, *Ars est homo additus naturæ:* "This good definition applies especially to the painters of Holland. All the artists of this country appear to have confined themselves to loving, understanding and representing Nature, each one adding his own feelings and tastes—in fact, adding *himself.* To be convinced of this we have only to visit several parts of Holland at different hours and in different weather. When, on a dark cloudy day, we come upon a barren landscape where Nature displays all the harshness and gloom of the North—where no flocks, no living creature is to be seen, but only a ravine, a waterfall, a fallen tree, with, perhaps, an isolated cabin in the background—we recognize at once the lover of melancholy, Jacob Ruysdael. If, again, soon after sunrise, we find ourselves on the banks of a river, with a white sail gliding on its surface, a church and the houses of a village rising beyond, and fat cows grazing in the rich meadows, whilst through the broken clouds the morning sun floods every object below with its glorious light, we exclaim at once, 'Here is the lover of light, Albert Cuyp.' Later in the day, during the noontide calm, we perceive a peaceful verdant orchard, where every tree throws its shadow over the turf, and an animal—either an ox, a horse, an ass, a goat or a sheep—rests in its most natural attitude in the shade under every tree. Here there is no difficulty in at once recognizing Paul Potter. In the evening, perhaps, we come to a smiling landscape in which fat cattle are grazing, whilst the shepherds sing to their rustic Amaryllis, accompanied by the sound of their pipes. In short, we come upon an idyll such as might be written by a Dutch Virgil, and we behold at once Adriaan van der Velde. Still later in the evening, when the moon has risen on a throne of black clouds, with her disk reflected in the motionless surface of a pond, surrounded by a few cottages concealed in the shadow of the alder and poplar trees, we cannot mistake the favorite scene of the painter and poet of the night, Van der Neer. We now come to the seashore, where a sheet of water, calm and transparent, extends as far as eye can reach: on it are vessels, possibly the dark fleet of the North Sea, tormenting some ship in distress: this is Willem van der Velde. A river flowing on toward the horizon, reflecting the monotonous color of a dull, gray, misty sky, recalls Van Goyen. A frozen canal becomes for the time the high-road, and, covered with passers-by on their skates, reminds us of Isaac van Ostade."

The most elaborate criticisms are those on Murillo and Velasquez. But there is no tendency apparent to exalt the masters of one school at the expense of those of another. Such preferences may no doubt spring from a peculiar force of insight in certain directions, and may lead to a more vivid and subtle appreciation of the qualities that have exercised this magnetism. But for readers and students in general the safest guides are those who, like M. Viardot, combine with thorough knowledge an equal catholicity of taste and a well-tempered enthusiasm.

Books Received.

Anecdote Biography of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. (Sans-Souci Series.) New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Philip Nolan's Friends: A Story of the Change of Western Empire. By Edward E. Hale. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

American State Universities: Their Origin and Progress. By Andrew Ten Brook. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Viking Tales of the North. Translated from the Icelandic by Rasmus B. Anderson, A. M. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

The Poetical and Prose Writings of Charles Sprague. New Edition. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

History of French Literature. By Henri Van Laun. Vol. I. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Gold of Chickaree. By Susan and Anna Warner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Castle Windows. By Latham Cornell Strong. Troy, N. Y.: H. B. Nims & Co.

Wenderholme. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Deirdrè. (No-Name Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"My Country, 'tis of Thee:" A Satire. New York.

New Music.

Angels Hover o'er our Darling. Words by Arthur L. Fanshaw; Music by George Hastings. Cincinnati: F. W. Helmick.

Return to Me, my Darling. Written and Composed by Stanislaus J. Delaney. Cincinnati: F. W. Helmick.

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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

APRIL, 1877.

THE TARTAR AND HIS HOME.

RUINS OF CHAPEL OF SISTERS OF MERCY AT TIEN-TSIN.

IN the heart of that immense continent which gave birth to civilization lies a region nearly as large as the whole territory of the United States, and into which the scientific explorer is just beginning to penetrate. Six or seven centuries have rolled by since it disappeared from the ken of Europe. At that period it was brought into some prominence by the exploits of a brace of meteoric conquerors.

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Genghis Khan and Tamerlane shed upon it a fleeting light, and made it for a little while attractive to European adventurers. Marco Polo the Venetian, Rubruquis the Frenchman, and Ibn Batuta the Moor made their way to the Tartar court, and procured nearly all the information that was possessed in regard to the country until within the present generation. For that long interval of time it relapsed into Fairyland, and became the exclusive domain of the poets. Its imaginary ruler, Prester John, was better known than any of its real inhabitants; and in our own day Moore, Southey and Coleridge aided each other in peopling it with beings, human and supernatural, more or less preposterous or impossible. Yet the Huns and the Turks—poured down upon Europe, the former from Dzungaria on the eastern and the latter from Turkestan on the western border of the great eastern plateau—were objects sufficiently palpable to the Western eye. They are so yet, especially at this moment, when the lower Danube, the Balkan and the Bosphorus have become the scene of stirring events. Caucasian blood, picked up on their westward route or found in their new home, has pretty well eliminated the Tartar from their veins; and neither the sultan nor M. Andrassy would be quick to claim cousinship with the dwellers on the Hoang-Ho.

VIEW IN THE GOBI.

Politically as ethnically, the Mongolian tide is on the ebb. Europe is retaliating, and the current of invasion sets eastward. Western Turkestan has passed under the sway of the czar, while Eastern Turkestan appears to be held in trust for him until he may care to claim it by a Mohammedan feudatory of China, who has revolted, so far successfully. This movement from the North is matched by another from the South. Mr. Bull climbs, puffing and blowing, from his rich Indian plains, and peeps over the crest of the Himalaya suspiciously and anxiously at the proceedings of his rival. A little daunted, both by the height of the

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fence and by the stunning left-hander dealt him thirty years ago by the Afghans, he has so far made but little headway, and confines himself for the

VILLAGE ON LAKE BAIKAL, DESTROYED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

present to measuring and consolidating his forces. He sends out scouts, both scientific and political, English and native, with as yet but indifferent success. Somehow, an aggressive movement from the northward seems so much more natural

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and easy in any quarter of the globe than one in the opposite direction. And the mountain-barrier which shuts off Hindostan from the Thibetan plateau is tremendous enough to discourage the utmost energy. The southern edge is the most elevated, the only practicable passes into India being from sixteen thousand to eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. From that altitude the surface slopes gradually north, north-east and west toward the Amour, Central Siberia and the Caspian. As the surface of the Caspian lies fifteen fathoms lower than that of the ocean, Central Asia will be seen to embrace the extreme range of habitable heights. In this diversity of surface, as well as in the character of their soil and geologic structure, its deserts resemble the Sahara. They are held, indeed, to constitute in some sort a prolongation of the waste tract which stretches from Western Africa through Arabia and Persia, and embraces every latitude between the tropics and 48° north. Everywhere dry, with its few rivers losing themselves in the sand and its lakes salt or brackish, this region is everywhere marked by sudden changes of temperature —by extreme heat in the day and cold at night. Moisture and vegetation are wanting to temper the rays of the sun or moderate radiation from the earth at night. The nights of the burning Sahara, within the tropics, are unpleasantly cool, while on the southern slope of the Gobi fluctuations of sixty-three degrees within twelve hours are common, the summer heat reaching 113° a few feet above the sand, 145° at the surface, and 79° two feet beneath. Rain is recorded as failing to reach the earth and passing off in steam! Winter in the same locality is even more trying, – 45° having been observed. More extended observations would no doubt prove this range of one hundred and fifty-eight degrees to be exceeded in some years. Our own plains of Nevada and Utah can hardly match that gambol of the thermometer, notwithstanding the general resemblance of climatic traits between the Asiatic desert and the series of basins extending from Great Salt Lake through Arizona into Mexico. Alkaline plains and beds of salt left by ancient lakes are found in both; and the prevailing elevation of the Gobi proper, from four to five thousand feet, is about the same with that of the borders of the Humboldt and the upper Colorado. A like resemblance obtains in the slender stock of vegetable and animal life. Among tufts of scanty grass as tough as wire and low thickets of wormwood the sage-hen in America and a closely-allied species (called the sand-grouse) in Asia find shelter and food. The less desolate plains which skirt the true desert, and are clothed with better herbage, are the home of a kind of marmot almost the duplicate in appearance and habits of the prairie-dog. The Mongols call it *ogotono*. It appears to be free from the attentions and company of two unwelcome guests of the prairie-dog, and to enjoy more undisturbed domestic privacy; but this security ceases to obtain when it emerges from its front door, hawk, eagle, wolf and fox keeping up a constant lookout for their little and savory compatriot. A less unneighborly neighbor is the antelope—not the single species of the New World, but several of different sizes and styles of head-dress, and all of them fleet, hard to shoot, and capital venison when shot. The yak represents the bison, although existing in a wild state only in the loftiest parts of Thibet, where he climbs rocks like the chamois and defies cold like the polar bear. Domesticated, this powerful and hardy ox is a great dependence of the nomads in most parts of Mongolia. Where, from heat and lack of herbage, he gives place to the camel as a beast of burden, his fleece continues to furnish felt for tents and mats. The use of his bushy tail as an ensign is one of the few reminiscences of their original home preserved by the modern Turks, whose one-, two- and three-tailed pashas never saw, and probably never heard of, the animal whose rear they are proud to place at their head. Their religion aids them in forgetting creatures with whose living representatives they have not constant acquaintance, Mohammed, the idol-breaker, having ruined the future of Mos-

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STREET IN URGA.

lem art by forbidding it to depict any animate object.

Solemn as *Bos grunniens*, the most patient of grunters, is in all his ways, the sprightly French abbé, Huc, who penetrated from Peking to Lhassa a quarter of a century ago, managed to extract amusement from him. He thus describes

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his fellow-travelers through the fields of almost perpetual snows: "These long-haired oxen were real caricatures: nothing can be imagined more absurd-looking. They staggered along with their legs spread apart, borne down with an enormous system of stalactites which hung down to the ground. The poor beasts were so shapeless and so wholly covered with icicles that they looked like gigantic confections in sugar-candy." But they did their work, and carried the gay divine, disguised as a Buddhist priest, safely to his objective point, or we should never have had his book, as truthful as picturesque, yet so romance-like in its style as to beget in the reader the same skepticism he has to struggle against in perusing some other French narratives of travel and adventure—those of Gérard and Du Chaillu, for instance, two gentlemen who put facts in such a disguise of fiction as to make the lion and the gorilla seem fabulous creatures. The clerical dignitary who apologized for having Huc's book on his table, and said a bishop should not be caught reading romances, had some *primâ facie* justification for his jest; but it was doubtless brought the more readily to his lips by a certain pique at the odd parallelism which Huc was not at all reserved in bringing out between some observances common to the Lama and the Catholic churches, such as celibacy, the use of rosaries, masses for the dead, modern miracles, etc. The worthy abbé's faith ran clear through these and other coincidences, found them no stumbling-block, and looked far deeper for the causes which have made the Jesuits so much more successful than the Protestant missionaries in making converts and martyrs among the Chinese. Had he written twenty years later, he might have sustained such a position by pointing to the riot and massacre of Tien-Tsin.

MONGOL YURTA.

The yak has carried us, with M. Huc, to the confines of Thibet, the special patrimony of the Grand Lama. His States of the Church, as we may term them, incomparably more spacious, but incomparably inferior in every other source of interest, to the vale of the Tiber, occupy a secondary section of the Mongolian plateau, embraced between the Himalayan ranges and the Kuen-Lun, running parallel with them to the north. Mongolia may be likened to an oblong dish turned upside down, but the rim or

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ledge on which the dish in its ordinary position would rest, much deeper on the outside than on the inside, is broad, irregular, and sometimes, as in the case

RUSSIAN CANTONMENT AT URGA.

of Thibet on the southern border, markedly double. The dish, moreover, is tilted, and, as we have already said, falls in its general surface from the south. The

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northern rim is much lower, both at its base and its summit, than the southern. The eastern edge is skirted by the Hoang-Ho, or Yellow River, the Chinese Missouri and Mississippi in one, ever shifting and bordered by cold and barrenness in its upper course, but rich and teeming in its lower, and overlooks the Flowery Kingdom, that stretches to the Pacific. The western rim is the Thian-Shan, a group of mountains having its axis with the lines of longitude, yet sending its component ranges east and west—the general trend of the mountains of the Old World, as that of the New-World systems is north and south. The Thian-Shan divides Chinese Mongolia from Russia's new acquisitions on the west, Khiva and Khokan. Its eastern has also been of late years the scene of some movement, politically speaking, the Mohammedans of Yarkand having thrown off the Chinese yoke at nearly the same time with the subjection of their more westerly co-religionists to that of the czar. The difficulties encountered by that potentate in his march of invasion, though, as the newspaper correspondents have told us, serious enough, were not equal to those the authorities of Peking have to overcome in getting at their rebellious vassals. The Chinese forces are compelled to traverse the Gobi in its longest dimensions—a task we are aided in measuring by the circumstance that on its shorter axis to the east eight hundred and seventy miles are passed without coming to a running stream. The Celestial army takes not less than two years for the march to Kashgar and Yarkand. At last advices it had encamped on an oasis and put in a harvest to supply provisions for the next stage. It may well be imagined that no Bohemians are allowed to accompany it, and that few despatches from head-quarters are given to the Associated or any other Press. What light the expedition may lend to our knowledge—or rather dense ignorance—of the Western Gobi must come indirectly and accidentally. It might come sooner and in larger volume if the rebels could join hands with another body of Mohammedan insurgents two thousand miles away in the south-eastern corner of the empire, at Yunnan, and, aided by the three or four millions in China proper who are estimated to be of the Moslem faith, roll back the tide of invasion upon their assailants. But this cannot be expected. There are not enough of them to do more than maintain a chronic local insurrection or a war of raids. The desert is a protection to China against her turbulent feudatories much more efficient than the Great Wall, built for that purpose. It serves to keep suzerain and vassal mutually at arm's length. Unfortunately, it also repels explorers who have no connection with or concern in either, and who would be thankful simply to be allowed to face its terrors without interference from either. The combination of Tartar, Chinaman and desert is an array discouraging to the most ardent of scientific enthusiasts. Nature herself, if not always a friend, can usually be made a friend. Her severest frowns are rarely implacable. She redeems every desert with oases. They exist in the Gobi, green and grateful to the parched wanderer, if not rich with palms, as in the Sahara. Its barren expanse melts gradually at the edges into grassy plains, with often a belt of wooded mountains and clear streams, accompanied by an infinite variety of animate life in forms familiar enough to make the voyager from any and every quarter of the temperate zone feel at home. The fruits of our orchards and the tenants of our fields and steadings, not less than our forest trees, are native among these hills. The raspberry, strawberry, apricot, cherry, plum, spring wild under the shade of oak, beech and fir. Several species of sheep, goats, the red deer, wild-boar, partridge, pheasant, horse, wild-ass or kulan, hare, and of birds most of our best-known kinds, near enough in form and habits to make their affinity unmistakable at first sight, deny all foreign aspect to these ancient and remote solitudes. The mountains of Central Asia, ten thousand miles from our longitude and from one to two miles above our horizon, thus become less distant from us than the trop-

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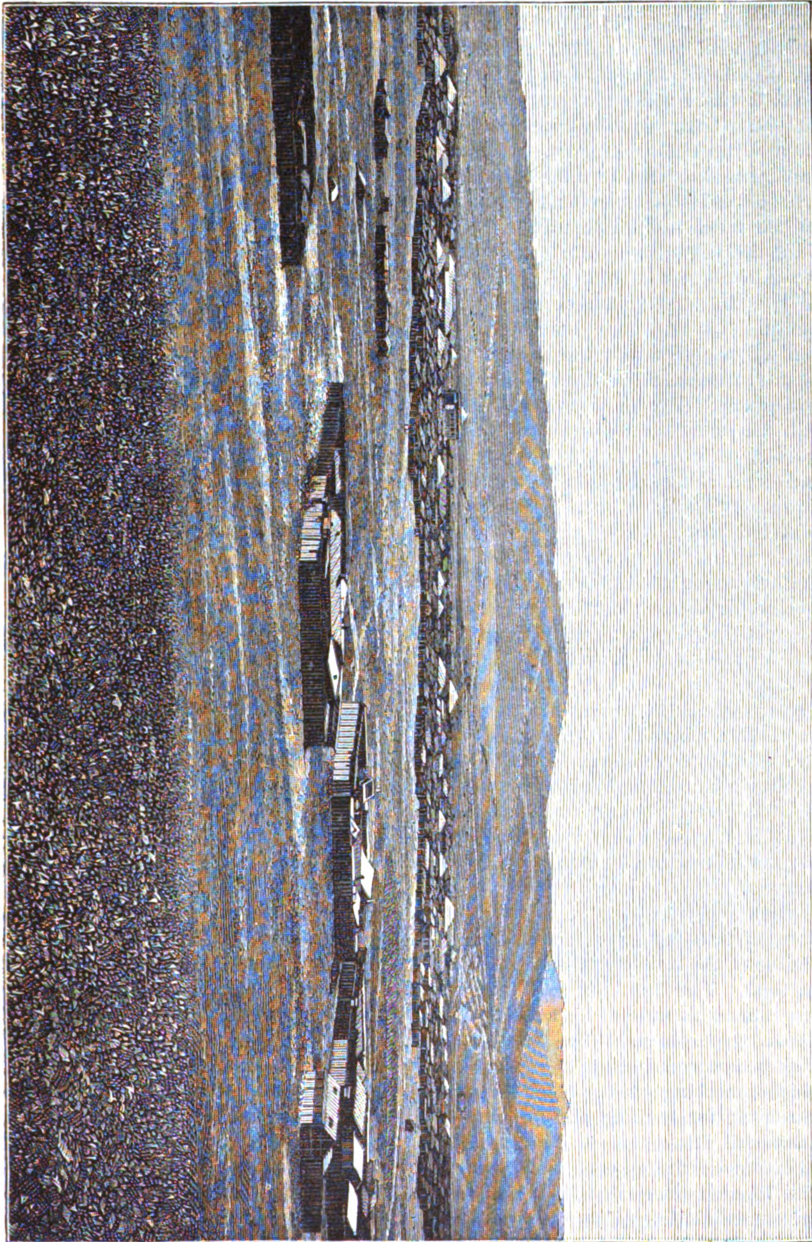
ics, three days' journey off and close to the level of the sea. We come to wonder what this odd people with their odd ways, so deliberately the reverse of ours,



GENERAL VIEW OF URGA.

are doing with a domain so palpably our own.

On some of the larger pools left on this ancient sea-bottom by the receding

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waves such inhabitants of the ocean-shores as the seal and the earthquake still occur. But such localities are few. The land is as stable as arid. It is the people who are unstable. A nomadic life becomes a necessity with them. They have to chase water and grass from spot to spot. Their farmhouses are tents, and their villages encampments. The habits thus caused extend from the open desert, where fixed abodes are an impossibility, to the more hospitable tracts, and prevent the establishment of settled industry on the latter as well. A Tartar town is but the crystallization of a Tartar camp. Its huts are hardened tents, and its people retain the thriftless and squalid modes of life they learned upon the plains. The only property is what can be moved on four legs — camels, horses, sheep and cattle — with what meagre furniture the camels and horses can carry or draw in a few rude two-wheeled carts. The *yurta*, with the poles which form its frame, is light enough to be readily transported. It is twelve or fifteen feet in diameter and ten feet high in the centre, with a hole at top for the escape of smoke. At a little distance it is said to resemble a pile of earth. Its felt covering, in cold weather sometimes doubled or tripled, is waterproof, and makes the interior much warmer than a canvas tent in winter, and cooler in summer. Luxury, with those who are able to indulge in it, consists in hangings of silk or cotton, wooden floors and carpets.

Rich and poor meet on the same platform of utter ignorance of soap, and a disuse of the rare article of water almost as total. The brackish pools and wells are indeed as little fit for washing as for drinking purposes. "The stagnant pool that beasts would cough at" (were it not that or nothing) is the rule. It serves, however, for making the national and universal drink, tea, as the true Briton pronounces the questionable water of the Thames unequaled for beer. In the brick-tea of Mongolia we are not to recognize the classic Johnsonian and Cowperian beverage. The mode of preparation is disgusting: the vessel in which the tea is boiled is never cleansed. Salt water is generally used, but if unobtainable salt is added. The tea is then pared off with a knife or pounded in a mortar, and a handful of it thrown into the boiling water, to which a few cups of milk are added. To soften the brick-tea, which is sometimes as hard as a rock, it is placed for a few minutes among hot argols (the "buffalo-chips" of our prairies), "which impart a flavor and aroma to the whole beverage. This is the first process, and in this form it answers the same purpose as chocolate or coffee with us. For a more substantial meal the Mongol mixes dry roasted millet in his cup, and as a final relish adds a lump of butter or raw sheep-tail fat." Sugar is unknown. The tourist ambitious of assisting at a Mongol feast will have to carry his supply with him. Still, style will assert itself everywhere. Each member of the family owns his or her own private and particular cup, and carefully cleans it with the tongue at the end of the meal. The fashionables have them of pure silver, made by the Chinese; while the clergy maintain the fine old Teutonic and Scandinavian custom of using human skulls cut in half and tastefully mounted in silver. Here is a new market for the Comstock Lode, and a neat solution perhaps of the silver question. The body of the cup can be provided on the spot in any quantity, the people of the Gobi not burying their dead, but leaving them to the wolves and vultures. This revolting practice places them beneath their distant cousins, the American Indians, who do what they can to protect poor mortality from such desecration.

We are here speaking, as we shall chiefly in the rest of this article, of the Mongol pure—or impure—and simple, as he appears within the limits of the Chinese empire. West of the Thian-Shan Mountains he shades off into the Caucasian race and civilization, though still migratory and hampered in progress by that method of existence. Lamaism stops with that range, and gives place to the religion of Islam, a monotheistic and non-sensuous creed far superior as an elevating influence to the debased and

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MONGOLS WORSHIPING "OBO."

debasing superstition of Eastern Mongolia. In the latter region it is estimated that one-third of the male population are lamas, or members of the sacred order. The head of the Church, or Dalai-Lama, resides with his assistant of the second rank at Lhassa in the south. On the northern side of Mongolia, at Urga, resides a third impersonation of Deity, who shares his name of Kutuchtu and superhuman character with others of less note and power scattered through the country. To judge from the engraved photographs of two of these gentlemen, they would not be singled out in an American crowd as divinities, or even divines. These dignitaries are, indeed, kept down to a very terrestrial grade of intelligence by the policy of the Chinese government, which takes care to encourage the transmigration of the soul of the deceased hierarch into a successor distinguished rather for

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stupidity than the reverse. It thus secures more manageable tools for controlling the superstitious masses beyond the Great Wall, and thereby maintaining the peace of the frontier. In this object it seems to succeed, the ancient spirit of the hordes having died out, and what disturbances occur lying at the door of the Mohammedans.

Dolon-Nor, two hundred miles north of Peking, on the extreme eastern edge of Mongolia, is the only manufacturing town of the Mongols, and it is more than half Chinese, the two races, as in Urga, occupying distinct quarters of the city. Its industry is the production of idols. These are distributed from its foundries over the whole domain of the Grand Lama, and are not unknown in much more distant countries where their sacred character is universally conceded. The specimens seen in museums do not speak highly for the Dolon-Nor art-school, but they are turned out at a cost hopelessly discouraging to artistic competition from South Kensington, Düsseldorf, Rome or Birmingham.

LAMA IN FULL CANONICALS.

The fear shown by China of a handful of nomads scattered over a vast wilderness, and scarcely equaling in number the population of two of its seaboard cities, is explicable only by the singular compound of timidity and tenacity which marks the policy of the empire and the disposition of the Chinese. The Great Wall, built twenty centuries ago to resist the incursions of the Mongols, is standing evidence that this policy is a traditional one. We may here add that the prevailing impression that this extraordinary barrier failed in the purpose of its erection is not altogether well founded. Of course, the wall could not be perfect as a fortification and constitute a Gibraltar thirty-three hundred miles long. No garrison could defend so long a line. It was on some occasions passed. But that in the long run it deterred invasion is evident from history, and from the facts that it is still serviceable and still forms the boundary between China and the turbulent foes — now her tributaries more or less punctual and submissive—against whom it was designed to protect her. A chain of detached forts would have been more in harmony with the teachings of military science; but raiding-parties would have made their way through the intervals with more ease, frequency and effect than over a sheer continuous parapet seven yards high and nine thick—too high for them to scale, and too broad for any engines at the command of the assailants to batter. The detached forts are there, too,

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as they were around Paris in 1870. We think it will be conceded that she would not have been worse off with the curtain in addition. John Chinaman, standing on the heights of Vauvres, might have adduced his much-ridiculed wall with no little force and point. China would have been fortunate had she been as well protected on her opposite border, facing the sea. The ruins of the imperial pavilions near Peking prove that her most serious sufferings from invasion of late years have been caused by attacks on that side.

She is apprehensive of danger from a new assailant on the side of the desert more formidable than the Mongols. Communication with Siberia, for many years limited to the one inland port—if we may use the expression—of Kiachta, was last winter cut off entirely by formal notification from the court of Peking to that of St. Petersburg. The provocation to this summary step was unwittingly furnished by a pair of modest octavos, an English translation of which lies before us. The author, Lieutenant-Colonel Prejevalsky of the Russian army, was deputed by the Geographical Society of St. Petersburg to explore the country between Kiachta and Thibet. This he undertook in a series of journeys in the years 1870–73. The funds at his command did not enable him to reach Lhassa, but he crossed the Gobi at two points, penetrated it at another for a third of its width, and, following generally the upper Hoang-Ho and the Great Wall, pushed beyond the southern extremity of the latter into the Kuen-Lun Mountains. An ardent naturalist, he brought back valuable contributions to science, geographic, zoological and botanical. His collections embrace three hundred species of birds, forty-two of mammalia, seventy of reptiles and fish, over five hundred of plants, of which one hundred are new, and more than three thousand specimens of insects. It was not, however, with what he taught the outside barbarians in regard to its weather, its rocks, its plants and its animals

LAMA KUTUCHTU.

that the jealous government of the Central Kingdom found fault. His remarks on the character and condition, physical, military and political, of the frontier population were the ground of offence. The gallant colonel's observations on that score are certainly not flattering. He thinks both Mongols and Chinese arrant cowards, the officials corrupt and tyrannical in the extreme, and the soldiers much more of a terror to friends than to enemies. He declares himself convinced of "the rotten state of China and her tributaries. They are all alike, and

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nothing but ignorance on the part of Europeans could invest them with any of the attributes of power or majesty." The hostilities between the Mohammedan insurgents and the Chinese would be ludicrous were they not attended by so much cruelty and rapine. Their forays and skirmishes "simply amounted to this: One set of cowards tries to outwit another: as soon as either side has succeeded, *Væ victis!*—woe to the fallen enemy!" No prisoners were spared: men, women and children were alike put to death. At a siege the assailants withdrew at the hour of taking tea, to return to the investment next morning and discharge their clumsy matchlocks at the walls till the recurrence of another noonday lunch. The Mohammedans adopted that proceeding at the fort of Chobsen, retiring daily two-thirds of a mile to their camp, when the garrison availed themselves of the opportunity to come out and supply themselves with water for their own tea. After six days employed in this way the siege was raised.

The arrival of a body of troops was always the signal for a stampede of those they were sent to defend. Poultry, cattle, household goods and everything else stealable were snatched up and carried into the hills. The unhappy villagers thus suffered the horrors of war from both parties. The natural result was, that broad tracts once fertile and populous became howling wastes.

Such statements were not calculated to commend Russian tourists to favor at Peking. The sudden drying-up of the Siberian teapot cannot surprise us. Twenty millions of pounds is its annual supply. The tea is borne across the Gobi eight hundred miles from Kalgan, a town of seventy thousand inhabitants, one hundred and forty miles north-west of Peking, on the backs of camels. The usual load is four chests of one hundred and eight pounds each. The cost of transport is about four cents a pound. There is also a return trade, some travel, and a Russian mail four times a month each way. To European and American minds a railroad suggests itself. Not so to the Chinese. Their views are precisely the reverse. They would like to see the Gobi wider and if possible more barren, with its mountain-edges, northern and southern, broader and higher. The range on the northern side is a hundred and seventy-five miles wide, from Kiachta to Urga, and embraces what Prejevalsky, fresh from Siberia, considered some fine valleys, with plenty of wood and water. From his account we should liken it to the northern part of Maine. A much milder climate and less arctic vegetation greeted him on his descent into the alluvial plain of Peking, only one hundred and twenty feet above tide. Here "snow is rare: if it fall occasionally at night, it generally thaws the next day. Wintering birds abound, and we saw thrushes, mountain-finches, greenfinches, rooks, bustards, kites, pigeons and wild-ducks." This in December.

Of Peking, described for us by many other visitors, M. Prejevalsky has little to say. It seems to have appealed more powerfully to his nose than to his eyes. His most valuable acquisition in the capital was an imperial passport. "Respect this!" was an inscription not without meaning, for it brought him through numberless difficulties thrown in his path by private and official persons.

This requisite for the journey was more easily provided than some others. It was impossible to procure a native guide. No offer of reward would tempt either Mongol or Chinese to accompany the Russians on the long desert march. At a village where the Catholics maintained a mission they hired, by advice of the clergy in charge, a Mongol convert as interpreter. But "after the first day's march he deserted, carrying off one of our knives and a revolver. This happened during the night, and he had probably laid his plans beforehand, as he did not take his clothes off when he turned in to sleep with the Cossacks."

Currency was another trouble. "Cash" are the small change. They are strung on a cord, five hundred in a bunch. Half a dollar's worth of them weighs about eight pounds. This is the only Chinese coin, silver being used by weight and cast in wedge-shaped ingots, from

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RUINS OF THE EMPEROR'S SUMMER PALACE.

which the required amount is cut as needed. The rate of exchange between these two forms of money varies in almost every town and city. "In some places, thirty cash count as a hundred; in others, fifty, seventy-eight, eighty,

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ninety-two, ninety-eight, are worth no more." Add that the silver is of all grades of impurity and the scales of all grades of dishonesty, and you can estimate the delights of a tour through the remote interior of China. "How not to do it" is reduced to the most profound and perfect of sciences.

It was something that our St. Petersburgers did finally get out of Peking. They, their camels, two horses and one dog—a Russian setter named Faust, who stuck faithfully by them through two years' journeyings, and succumbed at last to the hardships of the desert when only a few days' march from its close—moved northward, and then along the southern skirt of the Gobi to the west. East of Kalgan they found a well-peopled region, with good roads on the main routes, a large traffic in two-wheeled bullock-carts, and "countless herds of sheep, cows and horses in every part of the steppe." The trying part of the trip lay to the left. They reascended the desert plateau, and followed it westwardly through the territory of the Toumet tribe of Mongols till they reached the western abutment of the In-Shan Mountains on the northern or left bank of the Hoang-Ho. At the town of Bantu they crossed that river into the sandy desert of Ordos, formerly called Ho-Nan, which forms a square some two hundred miles on a side, enclosed within a bend of the Hoang-Ho. Huc, moving with a caravan, had passed directly across Ordos, but Prejevalsky clung to the river-valley, recrossing at Ding-Hu into the desert of Ala-Shan, which connects Ordos, with only the intervention of the river, with the Gobi beyond. At the farther frontier of Ala-Shan they reached the outliers of the Kuen-Lun, and thence for five hundred miles the route lay among and over elevations which attained in some places sixteen thousand five hundred feet. Their first climb from the arid waste of Ala-Shan brought them upon a ridge green and misty with moisture and rich in animal and vegetable life. The people seemed to change with their habitat. The oblique eye, broad cheek-bones and flat face of the Mongols were replaced by the more regular features of the Tangutans, long-faced men with beards and a gypsy-like physiognomy. This race is described as possessed of more energy and intelligence than are the pure Mongols. They build cabins in some places, and cultivate the soil—an approach to Chinese industry the Mongols cannot constrain themselves to make.

MONGOL SOLDIER.

Though the Mongolian is the pervading race of all Upper Asia, it is divided, like our aborigines, into tribes and families, which maintain their distinctions even when their individuals or subdivisions are separated by thousands of miles.

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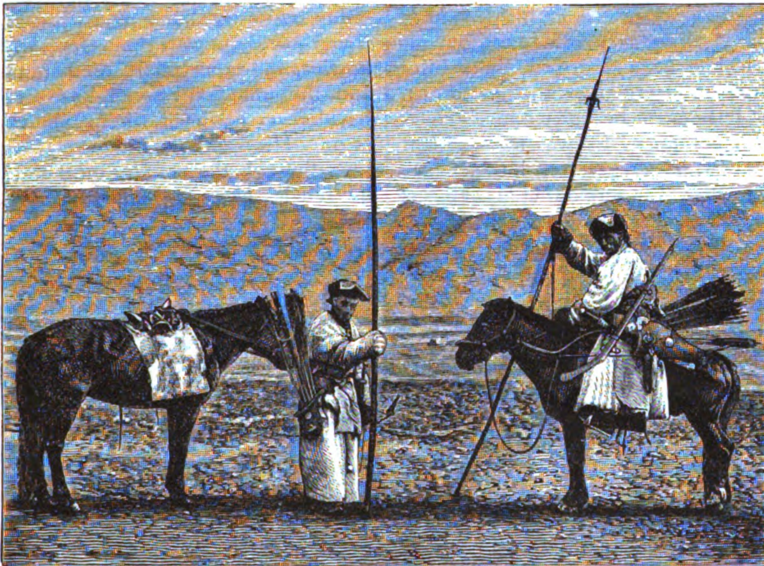
Thus, the people of Ala-Shan and Ordos, whose territory crosses, with the desert, the Hoang-Ho and extends into China proper, are of the same kindred with the western horde which a century and a half ago made the latest Tartar demonstration on Europe. The readers of De Quincey will remember his vivid description of the fate which befell this migration when the vigorous hand of Catha-



CHINESE CAVALRY.

rine II. came to deal with it, and how in 1771 it was kept upon the trot at the spear-point of the Cossack across half Asia, until the few wretched survivors found shelter within the confines of the Chinese empire.

The language of the Tangutans differs from that of the Mongols, and is the same with that of Thibet, the population of which country is mainly Tangutan. The home of the race is around Lake Koko-Nor. Upon the borders of this lake, lying ten thousand five hundred feet above the sea, and possessing no outlet, M. Prejevalsky made a long stay. The population is very sparse, and Nature untouched. The Mongolians do not harm birds, and their arrows and matchlocks can do little harm to larger game. The argali might often be seen grazing among the domestic sheep, although still wary enough to prevent their leading it within easy rifle-shot. The wild ass, apparently the same species with the Persian, showed itself on the open plains in herds of from ten to fifty, and near the banks of the lake in larger assemblages of several hundred. Rumor told of wild horses and wild camels, but they were to be found in a region some days' journey to the northwest which circumstances placed beyond Prejevalsky's reach.

Here was the very halting-place for him. A new scientific province lay open before him. He was hospitably received by the ruling princess, who held the reins of government for her minor son, and accorded all respect to the passport of her suzerain the emperor. The stranger's first and only interview with this lady is thus noted: "We met her with the young prince near Djaratai-Dabas, on their way to Tonkie to transact business. The latter eyed us with a sort of stupid curiosity, but the princess demanded our passport, and after reading it through remarked to her attendants that we were perhaps emissaries of the em-

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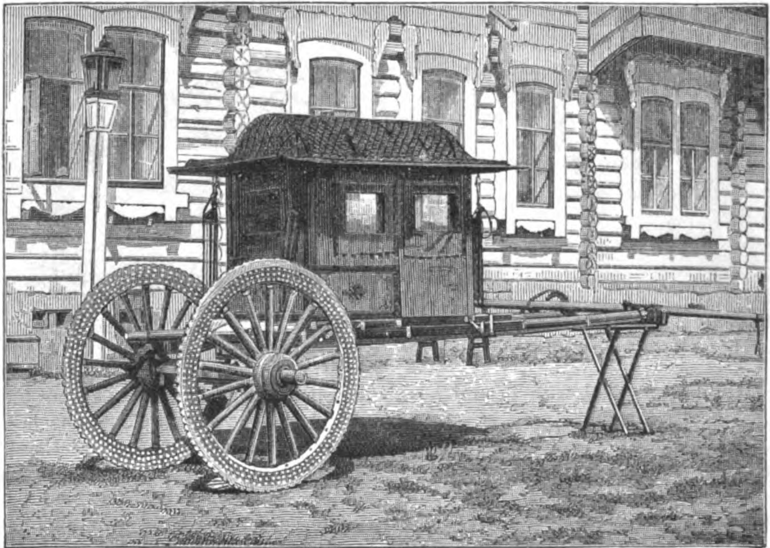
peror of China to report everything we saw to him. She then bade them give us guides, and we separated after an interview which did not last more than half an hour."

Equally obliging was the uncle of the young *wang* or prince. This personage was a *gigen*, or first-class priest, but his temple had been destroyed by the Mohammedan insurgents, and thus thrown out of business he occupied himself chiefly with politics. "He was an excellent fellow: . . . the greatest kindness he showed us was in forbidding his subjects from entering our tent except on special business; so that for the first and only time during the expedition we lived near the natives without being disturbed by them."

The attentions of the people were certainly oppressive, and took every form from thievery to worship. Here, in Ko-ko-Nor, the latter phase predominated, and the unlucky colonel had divinity buckled on his back whether he would or no. His wonderful guns, his safe passage through the country most infested by rebels, his collection of skins and plants, the attention paid him by the magnates and the concealment of the purposes of his journey, combined to build up for him the character of a saint. The populace prayed to the Russians and their rifles, and the princes brought their children to be blessed. "As we approached Dulan-Kit a crowd of two hundred men assembled to worship us, kneeling on each side of the road." Intelligence of these proceedings had doubtless something to do with the decision arrived at at Peking to cut up Russian exploration by the roots.



CHINESE CARRIAGE.

Our traveler was little less put to it to escape the honors and responsibility of a physician than to avoid those of a saint. Human suffering is always vigilant for relief, and the first demand made by barbarians upon civilized visitors is apt to be for medical assistance. Prejevalsky had quinine with him, and its efficacy in the cases it suited produced an impression of his medical powers. The neighboring temple of Kumbum was famed for its school of medicine, and he deems it not impossible that it might teach European physicians something of value in regard to remedies supplied by the plants of the locality. This is the habitat

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of the true rhubarb, lost or degenerated in Europe.

The colonel's contributions to the resources of Thibetan physic were not confined to quinine. On the principle *populus vult decipi, decipiatur*, he treated his importunate patients to the panacea of a German quack. This cure-all consisted in a bunch of needles set on a spring and used as a scarifier, ointment being afterward rubbed in. The Koko-Norians hailed it with enthusiasm as an emanation from Buddha. The precious instrument was presented to a Mongol chief, "who at once began to practice with it on his aide-de-camps, although they had nothing earthly that ailed them." The next tourist to Kumbum, utterly ignorant of Prejevalsky, may perhaps return it to Europe as a boon which science owes to the Thibetan school of medicine. If nothing more mischievous were ever sent to or brought from Asia!

Of the seven thousand lamas formerly resident at this seat of science, the greater part have been dispersed by the Mohammedan insurrection, but are now expected to return and resume their researches and devotions. They have done, and will do, however, less for the development of the natural wealth of this elevated region than the hardworking Chinese, who are occupying the choice spots with colonies. The latter have opened coal-mines at one point, and have an opportunity of testing the Californian experience of their countrymen on the gold said to be found in almost every mountain-stream. These washings are not more inaccessible than those of the Nevada originally were, the great Yang-tse-Kiang—called on these its upper waters the Murui-Ussu—flowing within three hundred miles of Lake Koko-Nor on the south-west, and the Hoang-Ho, only a day's march from the lake, skirting the eastern front of the plateau for hundreds of miles. The Chinese name for the stream called by the Mongols Murui-Ussu signifies "Gold-sand River." At the spot where Prejevalsky

MONGOL GIRL.

struck it the width of its channel is seven hundred and fifty feet, but the bed from one bank to the other is over a mile wide, and the natives told him it was not only filled in the rainy season of summer, but sometimes overflowed. At the lowest stage of water there were a few fords. The current is very rapid, as may be supposed from the enormous height of the mountains which overlook the narrow valley. Two hundred and thirty miles below, the country was said to become comparatively level and open, and to sustain a large agricultural population. Five hundred miles south by west, a journey of twenty-seven days over mountains not more difficult than some our travelers had passed, lay the Thibetan

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capital, Lhassa, looking down upon the Brahmaputra and up to the Himalaya. But their purse was exhausted, and with heavy hearts they turned back. It can-

MONGOL PRINCESS.

not be many years before their work will be supplemented by explorers pushing from the opposite direction through Nepaul and Burmah.

The ridge forming the northern frontier of Thibet where it was crossed by the Russians is sixteen thousand three hundred feet above sea-level, and seven thousand five hundred above the plain of salt-marshes which borders it on the north. The height of the pass is fifteen thousand three hundred feet. In December there was nevertheless but a slight covering of snow on the northern slopes of the highest summits, and on the return march in early spring this had disappeared. The latitude, 36°, is not low enough to account for the absence of perpetual snow at such an elevation. The dry winds from the Gobi explain it.

The distress of men and animals from the rarefaction of the air at such heights is of course great. The camel has been known to drop dead. One of Prejevalsky's, indeed, expired near the summit, and the others were barely able to walk. The yak is better suited to the work, and in the wild state prefers the peaks. Caravans always carry a large reserve force of camels or yaks, but in snow-storms all may be lost. A caravan in the winter of 1870 left Lhassa with three hundred souls and one thousand beasts of burden. In a violent storm, followed by intense cold, fifty men and all the animals save three camels—which were kept

MONGOL PRINCESS—REAR VIEW.

alive by feeding them on barley—perished.

At the lower elevations ruling in this region, of from ten to twelve thousand

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feet, the discomforts of physical exertion and of every-day life are marked. Water boiling thirty or forty degrees below the heat required at the level of the sea, food is less easily cooked, even with good fuel. And when, in winter, the only fuel obtainable, "argols," or dried manure, has to be sought for under the snow, the obstacles in the way of a savory roast or a cup of tea must be discouraging to the best house- or tent-keeper. Of meat our traveler had no lack. Game is abundant, and M. Prejevalsky was astonished at the abundance of animal life. He "could have fed a regiment" with his rifle. A man who could do that has a right to claim the largest liberty in his sporting narratives. An antelope, cornered on an isolated crag, springs one hundred feet into the ravine below, the swifts shooting out from the cliff and following him in his descent, and gallops off as if nothing had happened. The *kuku-yaman*, or mountain-sheep, brought to like extremities, springs *up*, though not to such a vertical distance. It does it also in stress of food. The grass being parched, it leaps into the trees to feed upon the leaves! Says the colonel —and who that has been to Kan-Su will dare to impeach him?—"I myself, in May, 1871, saw two of these animals on a widespreading elm fourteen feet from the ground." We believe this fully, and would, with some slight concession as to the angle which the trunk of the elm or its main branches made with the ground, accept twenty-five feet. Even had we never seen a goat on a roof, we should feel bound to credit travelers' tales, so many of them have been disputed, so many of them proved true, and such an infinitesimal proportion proven false. Old Marco Polo comes out brighter, clearer and sounder with each modern expedition to the realm of the Grand Khan. Japan, Ethiopia and Borneo turn out queerer in the reality than in the pages of the most fanciful of the old voyagers. He of the worst repute in this maligned

THIBETAN PHYSICIAN.

class, Mandeville, is in process, albeit slow and partial, of vindication. What can be said more incredible of the antipodes than the circumstance conveyed in their name, that their heads are where their feet ought to be?

We have no idea that the Kiachta interdiction will last long. The czar is not the man to be bowed out in that fashion. China's experience of the results of such a line of policy on her seaboard ought to assure her of its futility on her inland front.

EDWARD C. BRUCE.

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IN THE VALLEYS OF PERU.

SECOND PAPER.

BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

WHEN Marcoy awoke next morning he found himself alone with Don Julian, Leroux having gone out for a walk. Curious to be informed how the jovial citizen whom he had known in Cuzco had undergone his transformation into a colonel of the engineer corps, he proceeded to question him on the subject.

"You must ask my wife about that," replied Don Julian with a chuckle: "it's all her doing, and it is owing to her that I am here instead of being somewhere else."

"Doña Balbina?" queried Marcoy.

"Yes, Doña Balbina. For a long time she had been finding fault with my habit of staying at home, and with the idleness, as she said, in which I was stagnating. Now, no one knew better than she that my business affairs in Cuzco and the care of my plantations in the valley of Santa Ana gave me enough to do, and that of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year I devoted three hundred to overseeing my estates, scolding my peons, selling my crops and putting out my money at the best possible rate of interest."

"To be sure, Don Julian; but the commission as colonel: what about that?"

"Oh, as to the commission! Doña Balbina, deeming all these bothers insufficient, conceived the idea of writing to her cousin, the president, to ask my appointment as colonel in the national army. And, diablo! what is more to the purpose, her request was granted."

"So I perceive."

"Doña Balbina," continued Don Julian, "presented me with the commission on my birthday. A funny gift, wasn't it? Naturally, I protested, and even refused the present; but my wife insisted on my accepting it. Then, as for my part

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I would not yield, she became angry, stormed, and went so far as to taunt me—me, Don Julian Delgado y Palomino!—with being chicken-hearted and with preferring my money to the honor and renown of my country. This domestic tempest raged for two days. Unable to struggle longer against her, I ordered a uniform. Fortunately for me, there was no vacancy in the army lists, and, more fortunate still, there was no revolution in progress, and consequently no war."

"That was lucky indeed."

"But for this fact, you see, I should have been sent at the head of some infernal regiment or other to a distant province, my wife having particularly requested her illustrious cousin to put me where I could see service. As the president, under the circumstances, could not give me a regiment, he hit on the plan of appointing me colonel of engineers and sending me hither to survey the province."

"And you accepted such a mission?" asked Marcoy in amazement.

"Impossible to refuse, my dear friend. My wife had settled everything without consulting me. But, I say, what do you think of my figure in uniform? Doña Balbina assures me that it makes me look ten years younger."

"Since that is your wife's opinion," said Marcoy politely, "I must agree with her. But to come back to our sheep. In what way can you fulfill acceptably the mission with which you have been charged? You are not, as far as my knowledge extends, a mathematician, an economist of any sort, a land-surveyor, an engineer, a geographer, or even —"

"Softly, Don Pablo! Remember our Spanish proverb: *Ciencia es locura si buen senso no la cura.*"

"So, Don Julian, you expect your good sense to make up for your ignorance of science?"

"Exactly! All that I can say to you is, that I will prove myself worthy of my epaulets."

"But, my dear sir, it is not a question of epaulets at all, but of a chart of the province that you are expected to furnish. Now, this map: where will you find it, since you are unable to make one?"

"I have it here," replied Don Julian mysteriously, taking from a leather hand-trunk a sheet of yellow parchment, which he unrolled before his guest's eyes. "On this sheet, you will perceive, is drawn a plan of the province with a precision of lines which indicates that it was the work of an employé of a register of lands. These words, written in the title, sufficiently prove the fact and attest its genuineness: 'Drawn by order of the Most Excellent Viceroy, Count Gil de Lemos, August, 1690.'"

Don Julian seemed to enjoy the surprise with which Marcoy gazed at this relic. "It certainly looks old enough to be genuine," said the latter, after recovering from his astonishment. "How did you obtain possession of it?"

"I bought it in Cuzco," said the colonel, lowering his voice and looking round him, "for two *pesos* from a lay-brother of La Recoleta, who had purchased it for a mere song from a merchant of the Baratillo."

"And you will have the audacity to offer it as the work of your own hand?"

"What! this parchment?"

"Yes, that parchment."

"Why, no—certainly not! Of course not the original; but I will hand in a copy which I will have made by my godson, who is a notary's clerk. The rogue writes a fine hand and has a good idea of drawing. He will do this little job as an amusement."

"Unworthy plagiarist!" exclaimed Marcoy, half seriously and half in jest.

"Bah!" exclaimed Don Julian carelessly. "Why should I not make use of it, when so many learned and illustrious people do not scruple to array themselves in the spoils of others?"

Pierre Leroux's sudden appearance at this moment put a stop to Don Julian's confidences, and the shriveled old parchment was hastily thrust into the trunk, while the colonel whispered rapidly to Marcoy, "You promise not to say a word about all this?"

"I promise," returned Marcoy without changing countenance. But he added

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mentally, "For twenty-four hours, that is."

Happy and confident in the possession of his chart of 1690, the colonel of engineers spent the rest of the day, when alone, in drinking his brandy and sherry wine, of the latter of which he had an ample supply, and in reading a file of newspapers he had brought with him from Cuzco, while Marcoy wrote up his notes of travel and Pierre Leroux paid a visit to the abandoned silver-mine that had proved the source of Joaquin Vilafro's fortunes and misfortunes.

The next morning Don Julian, after he had finished reading his newspapers, informed Marcoy that he had decided to return to Cuzco immediately.

"What, so soon?" exclaimed the latter.

"Certainly. Why delay when I have my survey all ready in my pocket?"

Marcoy shrugged his shoulders. It was impossible to answer such an argument. He could not help wondering, however, whether dear Doña Balbina would be so well satisfied at the early return of her hero from his mission of glory and with his epaulets as lustrous as when he went away.

The announcement of their host's intended departure led the travelers to resolve upon the resumption of their journey at the same time. While the muleteers were engaged in bridling their animals and fastening the pack-saddles on their backs, and Saturnino was on his way to Caylloma to return Don Julian's thanks for the provisions that had been sent him, the two, leaving the colonel to his potations and newspapers, went out for a last stroll on the shore of the lake, whose waters, reflecting the hue of the pearl-colored sky, were stirred at this moment into ripples under the influence of a gentle breeze that blew from the cordillera. Marcoy had made a pencil-sketch of the lake the evening before, and in order to put the finishing touches to the drawing he and his companion retired to a secluded spot among the rocks whence the whole of the surface was clearly visible.

He had been at work about half an hour when suddenly a noise was heard proceeding from the hill that overlooked the camp, and presently they perceived a mounted company of men and women galloping, helter-skelter, down the inclined road that led to the cave. They poured, like a torrent that had burst its banks, into the meadow with cries of "*Viva el coronel! Viva el presidente de la nacion!*"

The tumult brought Don Julian bareheaded from his lair, and no sooner had he made his appearance than he was seized promptly by two females of the party, each with a bottle in her hand, in whom Marcoy thought he recognized the wife of the gobernador and her friend the wife of the alcalde, and who began to whirl the obese colonel of engineers round and round in a sort of bacchic dance. The rest of the company—which, as the reader has doubtless surmised, was composed of the visitors of the previous day—gathered about the three in a circle, and glasses and other bottles having been produced, everybody began to drink to the health of the colonel, who under the auspices of the gobernadora and the alcalda, was compelled to drink in turn with every individual of the assemblage. Marcoy and Leroux, fearing that if discovered they would be forced to share in these farewells of the Caylloma notables, prudently kept themselves concealed and quietly watched the proceedings.

The *cacharpari*, as this speeding of the parting guest is called by the Peruvians, lasted for two hours. At the end of that time the revelers mounted their horses and set out for Caylloma, the men yelling at the top of their voices and the women joining in with shrill cries that rose above the chorus of their male companions. When the last notable had disappeared behind the crest of the hill, Marcoy and Leroux emerged from among the rocks and made their way to the scene of festivity with the view of learning from Don Julian the details of the pleasant affair. Greatly to their surprise, they found the muleteers unsaddling their mules, while others of the attendants were carrying back into the cave the trunks and bundles that a few hours before had been brought out

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ON THE FIELD OF HONOR.

to be packed on the animals. As this seemed to indicate a sojourn at the spot rather than a departure, Marcoy asked them whether the start was not to be made that day. For a reply Quispè pointed to the side of the rock near the entrance to the cave, where they saw their host, half seated, half reclining, with his back to the rock and his aide-de-camp stretched out on the ground near him. Don Julian and Saturnino presented a melancholy spectacle.

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The effects of these potations had not passed away the next morning when Marcoy and Pierre Leroux, rising and dressing themselves, left the oblivious pair to their heavy slumbers. As a means of killing time until the colonel should have slept off his debauch, Marcoy determined to have the depths of the lake sounded, and to procure some specimens of the fish that swim in its chilly waters. An offer of a small sum of money induced six of the Indians to undertake the task, although it could be accomplished only at the expense of a cold leg-bath of two hours' duration. As there was no boat, it was necessary to construct something that would serve as a substitute. Several armfuls of *jarava*, a kind of grass that grew abundantly in the plain near by, were cut and tied together into large bundles, thus making rafts on which the Indians ventured into the lake, each on his improvised raft and propelling himself with a stick used as a paddle. One of their number was supplied with a plummet, and the others were furnished with fishing-tackle. The lake was found to be of variable depth, ranging from seven to nineteen fathoms, with a bed of quartzy sand. Four varieties of a small fish of the *Silurus* species were caught and brought to shore. They varied in length from three to six inches, and were similar to some that Marcoy had caught in Lake Titicaca and other lakes of the Andes.

When Marcoy and Leroux returned to the cave they found the colonel and his aide-de-camp awake and sitting up on their beds, looking at each other with a confused and sheepish expression of countenance. A broth of dried beef well seasoned with pepper soon cleared their minds, however, and enabled them to follow intelligently the recital of what had happened, as narrated by Marcoy. After breakfast our travelers prepared for immediate departure, and as the Indians who had guided Don Julian from Coporaque were returning thither, Marcoy, who also was on his way to Coporaque, made arrangements to accompany them. As a reward for their services to him the colonel gave them, in lieu of any more substantial recompense, a certificate of good conduct, and after charging them, under pain of the displeasure of the curate of Coporaque, and at the risk of the severity of the gobernador, to obey the travelers in all things, he bade his guests farewell.

On leaving this scene of adventure the direction taken by the travelers was northward. The company consisted of sixteen persons. Quispè rode at the head of the troop, and his companions followed him in single file. Their route soon led them from the level plain to a series of declivities, and finally to an elevation from which the whole of Lake Vilafro was visible, with its motionless surface of a grayish-blue resembling a steel mirror framed in the ground and surrounded by rocks and undulating hills. In its eastern edge was an aperture through which flowed a placid stream across the plain. As Marcoy paused to sketch the scene, Pierre Leroux approached him, and the former called his friend's attention to the issuing water. "Salute," he said, "the cradle of the Apurimac River, which over yonder flows from Lake Vilafro!"

Quispè was standing near him and overheard the remark, although, as the language was French, he understood but the single word *Apurimac*. "*Taita*," he said in Spanish to Marcoy, "you mistake. What you imagine to be the Apurimac is nothing but Lake Vilafro, which eight leagues from here, toward the east, receives the torrent of Parihuana and takes the name of Rio de Chita, which it retains for several leagues. When that slender thread of water flowing across the plain over there shall have received nine rivers on its right, eleven on its left, and have run its course through twenty-three leagues of sierra region, then only can you call it the Apurimac." And with this bit of geographical information he resumed his place at the head of the column.

A few miles beyond the travelers crossed the torrent of Parihuana, referred to by Quispè, and next reached a place called Quimsachata, a farm with a dwell-

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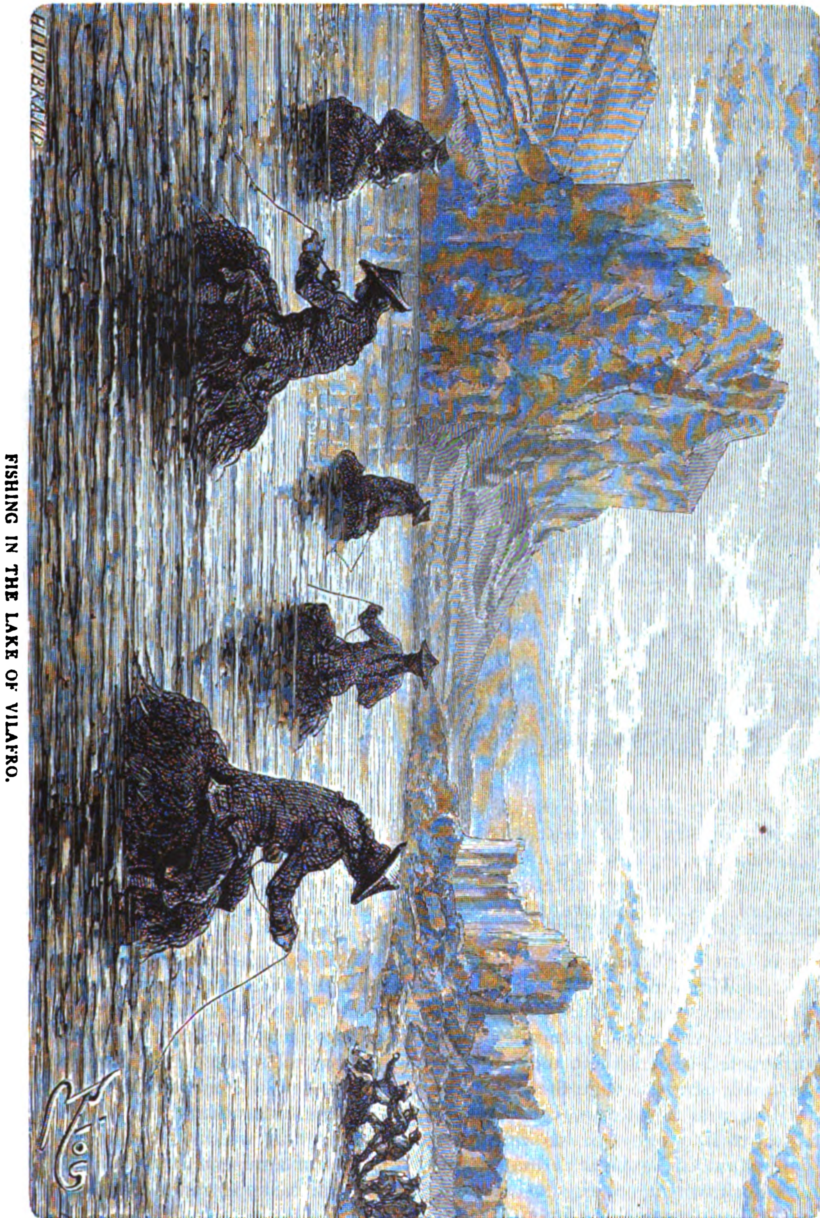

FISHING IN THE LAKE OF VILAFRO.

ing-house attached, where the industry of llama-raising was carried on. As they drew near, these animals, to the number of one hundred and fifty or two hundred, could be seen wandering about the fields and grazing on a short, stiff grass that covered the ground. They purchased from the keeper of the farm a llama six months old, which, according to the testimony of the Indians, would furnish an excellent roast, and as they set out again the little animal trotted by the side of the

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mules. Leaving Quimsachata behind them, Quispè led the party from the main road to follow a steep path among the rocks which the mules climbed like goats. The purpose of this deflection, as he explained, was to enable Marcoy and Leroux to visit certain stones near the village of Chalqui, which the Indians are convinced are all that remain of the ancient capital of the empire of the Great Cana. Instead of a city fallen into decay, however, Marcoy saw when he reached the place what he regards as the site of an old quarry of the days anterior to the coming of the incas, the most complete specimen of which class of antiquities in Peru is that of Ollantay-Tampu, in the district of Urubamba.

RUINS AT CHALQUI.

To the left of the road, on a slope, rose a monolithic cube as large as one of the thatch-roofed huts of the country, in the eastern side of which were the simulacra of a door and a window, with oblique jambs, cut into the rock for a distance of less than half a foot. To the right, on a hillock, was a rectangular mass of stone hollowed out in the interior, without a ceiling, and pierced with a single door having inclined sides. A row of stones, some standing on end and others lying on the ground, resembling Celtic menhirs, extended along the base of the hillock. Near this eminence was a still higher hill, steep in ascent and of elegant outline, up which wound a very precipitous path. Its summit was crowned with a sort of square-work, hollow within, with oblique faces and pierced with three doors.

Marcoy's explanation of the antiquities is that they are not ruins of an ancient city, as Quispè declared them to be, but that the quarrymen, after their labor of extracting the stones from the quarry was finished, hewed some of the stones into their present shapes and cut the pretended doors and windows in the sides as a matter of amusement and in order to give them the appearance of monuments. However, as he says, Quispè's version was not without its justification, for the reason that the Cana nation had once inhabited this region, and when the incas appeared in Peru houses similar in design to the Chalqui ruins were occupied by them. The Canas were a fierce and

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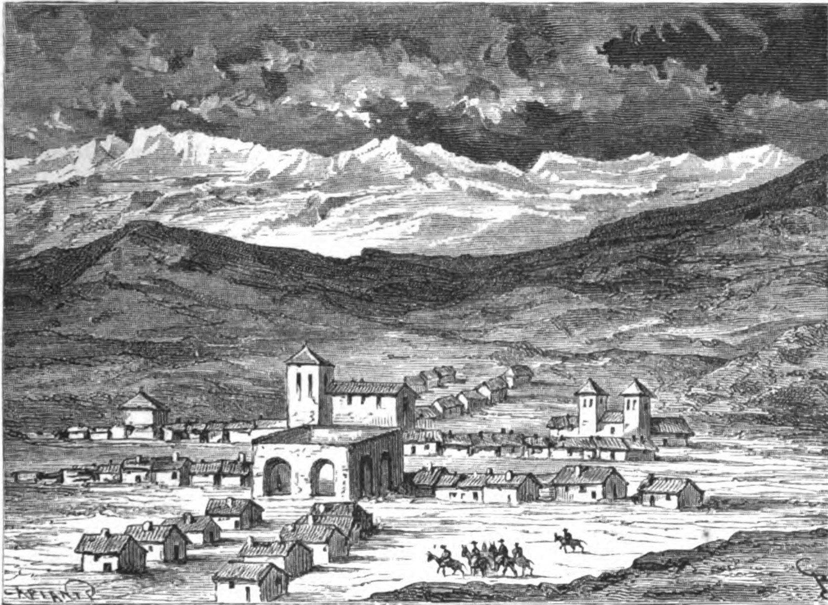
courageous people, and for a long time struggled against the invasion of the Children of the Sun, and it was only when the twelfth inca, Huayna Capac, married the daughter of their chief, Atun-Cana, that they became reconciled to the inca rule.

From the ruins the travelers journeyed on through the village of Chalqui, from which the monumental stones take their name. The village was silent, and, as at Condoroma, all the houses were closed. Quispè informed Marcoy that the inhabitants, together with the people of Condoroma and the other neighboring villages, were probably at that moment assembled in the plain of Chiñini, about a league distant, for the purpose of celebrating the feast-day of San Isidro, the patron saint of laborers and the guardian saint of agriculture. The fact that such a festival should be celebrated seemed strange to Marcoy, considering that as far as the eye could reach the region they



VILLAGE OF COPORAQUE.

were traversing presented nothing but a succession of snow and rock, with here and there a patch of feeble grass, but not an inch of cultivated land. The fact is, however, that the procession of San Isidro's Day, which starts annually from the village of Collana, the principal town of the district — situated to the right of the road they were traveling — has no reference to the crops, real or possible, but is merely an opportunity for a little diversion.

Borne on the winds, the murmur of the merrymaking came to the ears of Marcoy and his companions. At these sounds of revelry Quispè and his people betrayed an unwonted excitement, for in imagination they already sniffed the fumes of the *chicha* and the brandy which they knew formed the substantial joys of the festival. As the party approached the plain the noises grew louder, until finally, emerging from a narrow gorge, the cavalcade debouched into an extensive open space in which stood an altar formed of planks resting on four posts, with an arched altar-piece composed of mirrors hired for the occasion, and a figure of the Virgin with a lighted candle on either side of it. Above the Virgin's head hung festoons of roses, while from the altar-piece waved the

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Peruvian colors attached to poles. As they reached the scene they saw the celebrants, who had just arrived, marching down a steep path in the mountains past the altar to the number of a thousand or twelve hundred of both sexes—Indians, most of them. Four men bore on their shoulders a platform on which was a standing figure of the saint dressed in a green robe, with shaven crown and with a nimbus around his head. In his right hand was a watering-pot and in his left a rake. The platform was deposited in front of the altar, and at the same moment a flourish of tin trumpets, supplemented by a noisy tune the product of a drum and two guitars, gave the signal for the procession to break ranks. The members at once began to fraternize, and jugs of chicha and brandy were passed around from hand to hand. Perceiving that his guides were all anxiety to join the revelers, Marcoy accorded them the privilege of mingling for half an hour in the festivities. At the expiration of that time he ordered the "recall" to be beat, and when the men had come together, a trifle shaky on their legs from their potations, he gave directions to his party to mount and away. For some time after leaving the plain the sounds of rejoicing were still audible, dying away at last long after the scene had faded from their view.

THE CURATE OF COPORAQUE.

The increasing dangerous steepness of the road between the plain of Chiñini and Coporaque induced the travelers, as they progressed, to abandon the reins to their mules. The careful animals picked their way cautiously and bore their riders in safety over the perils that lay under foot. Near the village of Aconcahua they passed certain ruins called "the Four Chapels of Aconcahua," monolithic stones fifteen or twenty feet square, similar in design to those at Chalqui, and affirmed by the natives to be the remains of the palace of Atun-Cana, king of the Canas. A few minutes later the cavalcade drew rein in Coporaque, where Quispè and his companions were to leave the travelers' service.

The entrance into Coporaque created a sensation. All the women and children flocked to the doors and windows to inspect the visitors. Presently, those of the women whose husbands were among the arriving muleteers rushed forth to greet them, and bore them off in triumph to their respective homes. Left alone with Quispè, Marcoy request-

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NATIONAL DANCE.

ed the guide to point out to him the parsonage. The curate of the place, Don Mariano Teran by name, gave them a cordial welcome, and, though Marcoy's only purpose was to ask the priest to engage a guide for them as far as the limit of the regions of cold, the latter was so persistent in his friendly requests that they should remain with him until the next day at least that the travelers were forced to consent. The curate was of mingled Indian and Zambo origin. In

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one of the rooms of his house was a valuable collection of Peruvian antiquities ranged on three shelves against the wall. These articles had been presented to him at various times by pious people whose spiritual director he was, but Don Mariano esteemed them simply as so many curious objects, and would have prized equally a musical-box or a cunningly-carved cocoanut if Marcoy had given him one.

At supper our travelers sought to obtain some information regarding the monolithic blocks of Chalqui and Aconcahua, but they could learn nothing more definite about them than what Quispè had already told them. But the worthy curate gave them all the information about himself which they could possibly have desired. Thus, they learned that once a year he visited in his pastoral capacity the eleven settlements attached to his curacy; that his annual expenditures for alms amounted to about twenty dollars; and that the widows and orphans of Coporaque, and also certain holy women of the place, eight in number, were under his special charge. All these were required to work at some useful occupation, and Don Mariano paid them for their labor in small sums or the equivalent in clothing. Thus, the widows were charged with the duty of keeping the streets in repair by filling with stones the ruts caused by the thaws; the orphans gathered the droppings of llamas from stables, which were used for fuel in Don Mariano's kitchen; and the holy women washed the curate's shirts and surplices and the altar-cloths, sang the responses, the anthems and the litanies during service, and plucked away from the ground near the parsonage a vigorous growth of dogwood that grew there.

At breakfast the next morning the curate, who lost no opportunity to exalt his province in the minds of his guests, invited the travelers to visit with him the cave of Huarunini, which was situated about a league from the town and on their route of travel. Before setting out Marcoy broached the subject of a guide. To his question the curate replied by asking whether Quispè had not given satisfaction; and when Marcoy remarked that Quispè had been most exemplary in his conduct, but that he had no desire to tear him from the bosom of his lately-rejoined family to undertake another journey, Don Mariano answered with a laugh, "Oh, is that all? Quispè will go with you as far as Cusibamba, and still farther if necessary; but at Cusibamba you will find the Indians who cultivate pimento and coca, and you can accompany them into the warm valleys, whither they go to carry their wares to market."

Our traveler could not help thinking that this was a very cavalier way of disposing of the unfortunate Quispè by the latter's spiritual adviser, but he promised to himself to reward the good fellow liberally for the additional labor imposed on him. A few minutes later Quispè appeared on the scene with a most woebegone look, but prepared to resume the duties of guide. When all was ready for departure, the company, including two Indians provided with torches for the lighting up of the cave, left Coporaque. In about an hour's time they reached Huarunini, a hamlet composed of seven huts grouped at the foot of a mountain, immediately along which lay the road, at this point a narrow ledge not more than five or six feet wide, with the mountain-wall on one side and a yawning abyss, one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in depth, on the other. A false step of a mule during this passage might have proved fatal to its rider. When the other end of the perilous pass was attained, they wound around the mountain, and soon reached a dark opening in its side, the entrance to the cave.

Accompanied by the torch-bearers, the curate and his guests entered the fairy-like grotto. The interior was a wonderful receding intricacy of elegant pillars, a vaulted roof crossed by massive ribs, pendent stalactites and uprising stalagmites, all glittering with a solemn whiteness or flashing back the hues of the rainbow as the wavering torchlight fell on them. The Indians of the party seemed uneasy, during their stay in the cave, in the presence of the phenomenal

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GORGE OF THE APURIMAC.

whiteness and the unfamiliar shapes that crowded before their gaze, and doubtless in their simplicity they regarded the beautiful grotto of Huarunini as the abode of gnomes and hobgoblins, if not actually one of the approaches to the bowels of the earth. When the visit was over and the explorers emerged into the open air, the native attendants breathed a sigh of relief.

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At the threshold of the cave the travelers parted from their host, who rode away with his two Indians southwardly, while they, accompanied by Quispè, followed the route to the north. After a rough ride over a desolate road, about nightfall they reached Velille, a town eight leagues distant from the grotto. Next to San Tomas, Velille is the most important town of the province of Chumbivilcas. It is situated in a picturesque spot at the entrance to a gorge formed by the escarpment of several low mountains. As the travelers entered the village the church-bells were ringing joyous peals. Marcoy inquired of Quispè the cause of this merry tintinnabulation, and was informed that the day being December 24th—a fact that our travelers had forgotten altogether—the bells were ringing in the *Noche Buena*, or "Good Night"—in other words, Christmas Eve. As they made their way along the street the indications of the festival became more numerous, for they saw people coming and going, while a profusion of lights twinkling here and there in the darkness showed that an illumination of the town was in progress.

The first thing to be considered by the travelers was the question of lodgings for the night, and Quispè conducted them to the tampu, at the entrance to which was suspended a lantern. In pursuance of a custom connected with the occasion of this festival, the *chicherias*, or meat-shops, were transformed for the nonce into eating-houses, which were to be kept open all night for the convenience of the public and the profit of their owners. From one of these establishments Quispè procured supper for Marcoy and Leroux, who after the meal strolled through the streets to see what was going on.

The throngs without had increased while the travelers were at supper, and everybody seemed to be in a holiday humor. The fronts of the houses were draped and festooned with flags and streamers, and a shadowy appearance was given to passers-by as they walked in the circle of the vague light emitted by the lanterns hanging at the windows. The church at this hour was closed, and was so to remain until midnight, when it would open its doors and display its interior resplendent with light from a multitude of candles. The travelers in their peregrinations observed that certain of the houses were in some way objects of special attraction to the crowd, for people were entering and departing from them in a constant stream. They buttonholed a visitor retiring from one of them, and interrogated him regarding these goings and comings. He replied that the families in the dwellings referred to were celebrating a *nacimiento*, or festival in commemoration of the birth of our Saviour, and that entrance was free to all pious persons who might wish to make their devotions before the shrine of the infant Jesus. Acting upon this hint, they followed the line of visitors into a low, well-lighted room, whose whitewashed walls were hung with religious pictures. In the background an altar, semicircular in shape, reproduced the touching scene in the manger at Bethlehem. A representation of Mount Calvary, surmounted with a cross, overlooked the group in the stable, all the figures of which were made of painted pasteboard, and the whole presented to the observer at one glance the birth and death of Jesus—the Beginning and the End.

A dozen women were seated in front of the nacimiento, and near them was a table on which were two candles, a couple of bottles and a drinking-glass. At the moment of our travelers' entrance a woman of fifty years and a young *cholo* were executing a national dance to the music of a guitar held by the woman. At each figure of the dance they paused a moment to make a curtsey directed toward the altar. When a visitor presented himself, a woman of the company, who seemed to be in charge of the nacimiento, rose from her seat, filled the glass with brandy and offered it to the newcomer with the utterance of a set phrase, to which the visitor gave a reply expressive of his thanks, and then stood at one side awaiting his turn to indulge in a dance before the nacimiento. After

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his dance he repaired to an adjoining room, where his predecessors were skipping about merrily. What is said here of the male visitor applies as well to the visitor of the female sex. The dances executed in the adjoining room were of the kind that the Spaniards call *troche y moche*, a designation which may be rendered in English by the term "helter-skelter." In their quality as strangers Marcoy and Leroux escaped the ceremony of dancing before the altar, but before they retired they accepted the customary glass of brandy, which was offered them in the name of the child Jesus.

Leaving the worthy Velilleos to celebrate Christmas Eve after their own fashion, our travelers repaired to their cells in the inn. Bright and early next morning they were in the saddle, and, leaving the sleeping town behind them, were on the road to the village of Pampanca, the next halting-place. For some distance beyond Velille the road lay along a narrow path that skirted the sides of mountains that bordered a deep ravine through which flowed the Velille River, and for the half hour they consumed in passing through the gorge they trembled lest some inadvertence should cause them to follow to the depths below the downward-rolling stones which their mules at every step detached from the soil and set in motion. Beyond this locality they left behind them several villages that lay on the right-hand side of the road. In one of these villages, Livitaca, was exposed for a long time one of the limbs of a martyr of liberty, the cacique José Gabriel Tupac Amaru, a descendant of the incas, who, defeated in an insurrection which he led against the Spaniards nearly a hundred years ago, was captured, tried and condemned at Cuzco, and quartered in that city on the 18th of May, 1781, by order of the Spanish supreme court.

About a league from Pampanca the travelers caught a glimpse of a river whose bed was contracted between perpendicular schistous sandstone formations. It was the Apurimac, rushing at the rate of fifteen knots an hour over an inclined plane studded with rocks, and bounding and foaming at the base of the sandstone barriers. A turn in the road hid the stream from their view, and soon after they rode along a winding path between rocks into Pampanca, a *pueblo*, or hamlet, of eleven thatch-roofed houses built on a hill.

After a frugal supper they slept in one of the ranchos of the hamlet, stretched on the ground with their ponchos for coverings and their saddles for pillows. They rose early the next morning, and speedily resumed their journey. An hour later they reached the village of Pampacucho. The descending slope of the country between the two points was so rapid that at the latter place they were surprised to find themselves surrounded by fields of oats, lucerne, beans and potatoes. But this relative condition of fertility ceased after Pampacucho was passed, for a desolate region again met their eyes as they rode through the villages of Colcha and Ayrapalpa, which next appeared on their route. A few miles farther on, however, the slope still continuing, they again entered a belt of vegetation, and a warm breeze blowing in their faces made them aware that they were about to leave the bleak country of snows to experience the mild climate of the temperate zones. The exceptional temperature that greeted them at this stage was due to the propinquity of the two fertile valleys of Totohuaylla and Huacacha, veritable oases which lay sheltered in the mountains about ten miles distant, and in which grow to maturity the banana, the orange, the papaw fruit and other productions of tropical climates. As they approached Cusibamba, where they expected to find the pimento and coca Indians who were to supply Quispè's place, the road continued as rough as ever, but the face of surrounding Nature assumed a softer aspect. The depths of the ravines along their course were covered with bushes, and their sides were carpeted with grasses and plants, while the rocks were green with mosses, and trees and shrubbery at intervals enlivened the scene.

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THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM.

CHAPTER XXXVI.
CONJUNCTIONS.

AS the days passed on and Florimel heard nothing of Lenorme, the uneasiness that came with the thought of him gradually diminished, and all the associations of opposite complexion returned. Untrammeled by fear, the path into a scaring future seeming to be cut off, her imagination began to work in the quarry of her late experience, shaping its dazzling material into gorgeous castles, with foundations deep dug in the air, wherein lorded the person and gifts and devotion of the painter. When lost in such blissful reveries not seldom moments arrived in which she imagined herself—even felt as if she were capable, if not of marrying Lenorme in the flushed face of outraged society, yet of fleeing with him from the judgment of the all but all-potent divinity to the friendly bosom of some blessed isle of the southern seas, whose empty luxuriance they might change into luxury, and there living a long harmonious idyl of wedded love, in which old age and death should be provided against by never taking them into account. This mere fancy—which, poor in courage as it was in invention, she was far from capable of carrying into effect—yet seemed to herself the outcome and sign of a whole world of devotion in her bosom. If one of the meanest of human conditions is conscious heroism, paltrier yet is heroism before the fact, incapable of self-realization. But even the poorest dreaming has its influences, and the result of hers was that the attentions of Liftore became again distasteful to her. And no wonder, for indeed his lordship's presence in the actual world made a poor show beside that of the painter in the ideal world of the woman who, if she could not with truth be said to love him, yet certainly had a powerful fancy for him: the mean phrase is good enough, even although the phantom of Lenorme roused in her all the twilight poetry of her nature, and the presence of Liftore set her whole consciousness in the perpendicular shadowless gaslight of prudence and self-protection.

The pleasure of her castle-building was but seldom interrupted by any thought of the shamefulness of her behavior to him. That did not matter much. She could so easily make up for all he had suffered! Her selfishness closed her eyes to her own falsehood. Had she meant it truly, she would have been right both for him and for herself. To have repented and become as noble a creature as Lenorme was capable of imagining her—not to say as God had designed her—would indeed have been to make up for all he had suffered. But the poor blandishment she contemplated as amends could render him blessed only while its intoxication blinded him to the fact that it meant nothing of what it ought to mean—that behind it was no entire, heart-filled woman. Meantime, as the past, with its delightful imprudences, its trembling joys, glided away, swiftly widening the space between her and her false fears and shames, and seeming to draw with it the very facts themselves, promising to obliterate at length all traces of them, she gathered courage; and as the feeling of exposure that had made the covert of Liftore's attentions acceptable began to yield, her variableness began to reappear and his lordship to find her uncertain as ever. Assuredly, as his aunt said, she was yet but a girl incapable of knowing her own mind, and he must not press his suit. Nor had he the spur of jealousy or fear to urge him society regarded her as his, and the shadowy repute of the bold-faced countess intercepted some favorable rays which would otherwise have fallen upon the young and beautiful marchioness from fairer luminaries even than Liftore.

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But there was one good process, by herself little regarded, going on in Florimel: notwithstanding the moral discomfort oftener than once occasioned her by Malcolm, her confidence in him was increasing; and now that the kind of danger threatening her seemed altered, she leaned her mind upon him not a little, and more than she could well have accounted for to herself on the only grounds she could have adduced—namely, that he was an attendant authorized by her father, and, like herself, loyal to his memory and will; and that, faithful as a dog, he would fly at the throat of any one who dared touch her; of which she had had late proof, supplemented by his silent endurance of consequent suffering. Demon sometimes looked angry when she teased him—had even gone so far as to bare his teeth—but Malcolm had never shown temper. In a matter of imagined duty he might presume, but that was a small thing beside the sense of safety his very presence brought with it. She shuddered, indeed, at the remembrance of one look he had given her, but that had been for no behavior to himself; and now that the painter was gone, she was clear of all temptation to the sort of thing that had caused it, and never, never more would she permit herself to be drawn into circumstances the least equivocal. If only Lenorme would come back and allow her to be his friend, his *best* friend, his only young lady friend, leaving her at perfect liberty to do just as she liked, then all would be well, absolutely comfortable! In the mean time, life was endurable without him, and would be, provided Liftore did not make himself disagreeable. If he did, there were other gentlemen who might be induced to keep him in check: she would punish him: she knew how. She liked him better, however, than any of those.

It was out of pure kindness to Malcolm, upon Liftore's representation of how he had punished him, that for the rest of the week she dispensed with his attendance upon herself. But he, unaware of the lies Liftore had told her, and knowing nothing, therefore, of her reason for doing so, supposed she resented the liberty he had taken in warning her against Caley, feared the breach would go on widening, and went about, if not quite downcast, yet less hopeful still. Everything seemed going counter to his desires. A whole world of work lay before him—a harbor to build; a numerous fisher-clan to house as they ought to be housed; justice to do on all sides; righteous servants to appoint in place of oppressors; and, all over, the heavens to show more just than his family had in the past allowed them to appear; he had mortgages and other debts to pay off, clearing his feet from fetters and his hands from manacles, that he might be the true lord of his people; he had Miss Horn to thank, and the schoolmaster to restore to the souls and hearts of Portlossie; and, next of all to his sister, he had old Duncan, his first friend and father, to find and minister to. Not a day passed, not a night did he lay down his head, without thinking of him. But the old man, whatever his hardships, and even the fishermen, with no harbor to run home to from the wild elements, were in no dangers to compare with such as threatened his sister. To set her free was his first business, and that business as yet refused to be done. Hence he was hemmed in, shut up, incarcerated in stubborn circumstance, from a long-reaching range of duties calling aloud upon his conscience and heart to hasten with the first that he might reach the second. What rendered it the more disheartening was, that, having discovered, as he hoped, how to compass his first end, the whole possibility had by his sister's behavior, and the consequent disappearance of Lenorme, been swept from him, leaving him more resourceless than ever.

When Sunday evening came he found his way to Hope Chapel, and, walking in, was shown to a seat by the grimy-faced pew-opener. It was with strange feelings he sat there, thinking of the past and looking for the appearance of his friend on the pulpit-stair. But his feelings would have been stranger still had he seen who sat in the pew immediately behind him, watching him like a cat

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watching a mouse, or rather like a half-grown kitten watching a rat, for she was a little frightened at him, even while resolved to have him. But how could she doubt her final success when her plans were already affording her so much more than she had expected? Who would have looked for the great red stag himself to come browsing so soon about the scarecrow? He was too large game, however, to be stalked without due foresight.

When the congregation was dismissed, after a sermon the power of whose utterance astonished Malcolm, accustomed as he was to the schoolmaster's best moods, he waited until the preacher was at liberty from the unwelcome attentions and vulgar congratulations of the richer and more forward of his hearers, and then joined him to walk home with him. He was followed to the schoolmaster's lodging, and thence, an hour after, to his own, by a little boy—far too little to excite suspicion—the grandson of Mrs. Catanach's friend, the herb-doctor.

Until now the woman had not known that Malcolm was in London. When she learned that he was lodged so near Portland Place, she concluded that he was watching his sister, and chuckled over the idea of his being watched in turn by herself.

Every day for weeks after her declaration concerning the birth of Malcolm had the mind of Mrs. Catanach been exercised to the utmost to invent some mode of undoing her own testimony. She would have had no scruples, no sense of moral disgust, in eating every one of her words; but a magistrate and a lawyer had both been present at the uttering of them, and she feared the risk. Malcolm's behavior to her after his father's death had embittered the unfriendly feelings she had cherished toward him for many years. While she believed him base-born, and was even ignorant as to his father, she had thought to secure power over him for the annoyance of the blind old man to whom she had committed him, and whom she hated with the hatred of a wife with whom for the best of reasons he had refused to live; but she had found in the boy a rectitude over which, although she had assailed it from his childhood, she could gain no influence. Either a blind repugnance in Malcolm's soul, or a childish instinct of and revulsion from embodied evil, had held them apart. Even then it had added to her vile indignation that she regarded him as owing her gratitude for not having murdered him at the instigation of his uncle; and when, at length, to her endless chagrin, she had herself unwittingly supplied the only lacking link in the testimony that should raise him to rank and wealth, she imagined that by making affidavit to the facts she had already divulged she enlarged the obligation infinitely, and might henceforth hold him in her hand a tool for further operations. When, thereupon, he banished her from Lossie House, and sought to bind her to silence as to his rank by the conditional promise of a small annuity, she hated him with her whole huge power of hating. And now she must make speed, for his incognito in a great city afforded a thousand-fold facility for doing him a mischief. And first she must draw closer a certain loose tie she had already looped betwixt herself and the household of Lady Bellair. This tie was the conjunction of her lying influence with the credulous confidence of a certain very ignorant and rather wickedly romantic scullery-maid, with whom, having in espial seen her come from the house, she had scraped acquaintance, and to whom, for the securing of power over her through her imagination, she had made the strangest and most appalling disclosures. Amongst other secret favors, she had promised to compound for her a horrible mixture—some of whose disgusting ingredients, as potent as hard to procure, she named in her awe-stricken hearing—which, administered under certain conditions and with certain precautions, one of which was absolute secrecy in regard to the person who provided it, must infallibly secure for her the affections of any man on whom she might cast a loving eye, and whom she could, either with or without his consent, contrive to cause partake of the same.

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This girl she now sought, and from her learned all she knew about Malcolm. Pursuing her inquiries into the nature and composition of the household, however, Mrs. Catanach soon discovered a far more capable and indeed less scrupulous associate and instrument in Caley. I will not introduce my reader to any of their evil councils, although, for the sake of my own credit, it might be well to be less considerate, seeing that many, notwithstanding the superabundant evidence of history, find it all but impossible to believe in the existence of such moral abandonment as theirs. I will merely state concerning them, and all the relations of the two women, that Mrs. Catanach assumed and retained the upper hand in virtue of her superior knowledge, invention and experience, gathering from Caley, as she had hoped, much valuable information, full of reactions and tending to organic development of scheme in the brain of the arch-plotter. But their designs were so mutually favorable as to promise from the first a final coalescence in some common plan for their attainment.

Those who knew that Miss Campbell, as Portlossie regarded her, had been in reality Lady Lossie and was the mother of Malcolm, knew as well that Florimel had no legal title even to the family cognomen; but if his mother, and therefore the time of his mother's death, remained unknown, the legitimacy of his sister would remain unsuspected even upon his appearance as the heir. Now, there were but three besides Mrs. Catanach and Malcolm who did know who was his mother—namely, Miss Horn, Mr. Graham and a certain Mr. Morrison, a laird and magistrate near Portlossie, an elderly man, and of late in feeble health. The lawyers the marquis had employed on his deathbed did not know: he had, for Florimel's sake, taken care that they should not. Upon what she knew and what she guessed of these facts, regarded in all their relations according to her own theories of human nature, the midwife would found a scheme of action. Doubtless she saw, and prepared for it, that after a certain point should be reached the very similarity of their designs must cause a rupture between her and Caley: neither could expect the other to endure such a rival near her hidden throne of influence; for the aim of both was power in a great family, with consequent money, and consideration, and midnight councils, and the wielding of all the weapons of hint and threat and insinuation. There was this difference, indeed, that in Caley's eye money was the chief thing, while power itself was the Swedenborgian hell of the midwife's bliss.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AN INNOCENT PLOT.

FLORIMEL and Lady Clementina Thornicroft—the same who in the park rebuked Malcolm for his treatment of Kelpie—had met several times during the spring, and had been mutually attracted—Florimel as to a nature larger, more developed, more self-supporting than her own, and Lady Clementina as to one who, it was plain, stood in sore need of what countenance and encouragement to good and free action the friendship of one more experienced might afford her. Lady Clementina was but a few years older than Florimel, it is true, but had shown a courage which had already wrought her an unquestionable influence, and that chiefly with the best. The root of this courage was compassion. Her rare humanity of heart would, at the slightest appearance of injustice, drive her like an angel with a flaming sword against customs regarded, consciously or unconsciously, as the very buttresses of social distinction. Anything but a wise woman, she had yet so much in her of what is essential to all wisdom, love to her kind, that if as yet she had done little but blunder, she had at least blundered beautifully. On every society that had for its declared end the setting right of wrong or the alleviation of misery she lavished, and mostly wasted, her money. Every misery took to her the shape of a wrong. Hence to every mendicant that could trump up a plausible story she offered herself a will-

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ing prey. Even when the barest-faced imposition was brought home to one of the race parasitical, her first care was to find all possible excuse for his conduct: it was matter of pleasure to her friends when she stopped there and made no attempt at absolute justification.

Left like Florimel an orphan, but at a yet earlier age, she had been brought up with a care that had gone over into severity, against which her nature had revolted with an energy that gathered strength from her own repression of its signs; and when she came of age and took things into her own hands, she carried herself in its eyes so oddly, yet with such sweetness and dignity and consistency in her oddest extravagances, that society honored her even when it laughed at her, loved her, listened to her, applauded, approved—did everything except imitate her; which, indeed, was just as well, for else confusion would have been worse confounded. She was always rushing to defence—with money, with indignation, with refuge. It would look like a caricature did I record the number of charities to which she belonged, and the various societies which, in the exuberance of her passionate benevolence, she had projected and of necessity abandoned. Yet still the fire burned, for her changes were from no changeableness: through them all the fundamental operation of her character remained the same. The case was that, for all her headlong passion for deliverance, she could not help discovering now and then, through an occasional self-assertion of that real good sense which her rampant and unsubjected benevolence could but overlay, not finally smother, that she was either doing nothing at all or more evil than good.

The lack of discipline in her goodness came out in this, at times amusingly, that she would always at first side with the lower or weaker or worse. If a dog had torn a child and was going to be killed in consequence, she would not only intercede for the dog, but absolutely side with him, mentioning this and that provocation which the naughty child must have given him ere he could have been goaded to the deed. Once, when the schoolmaster in her village was going to cane a boy for cruelty to a cripple, she pleaded for his pardon on the ground that it was worse to be cruel than to be a cripple, and therefore more to be pitied. Everything painful was to her cruel, and softness and indulgence, moral honey and sugar and nuts to all alike, was the panacea for human ills. She could not understand that infliction might be loving kindness. On one occasion, when a boy was caught in the act of picking her pocket, she told the policeman he was doing nothing of the sort—he was only searching for a lozenge for his terrible cough; and in proof of her asserted conviction she carried him home with her, but lost him before morning, as well as the spoon with which he had eaten his gruel.

As to her person, I have already made a poor attempt at describing it. She might have been grand but for loveliness. When she drew herself up in indignation, however, she would look grand for the one moment ere the blood rose to her cheek and the water to her eyes. She would have taken the whole world to her infinite heart, and in unwisdom coddled it into corruption. Praised be the grandeur of the God who can endure to make and see His children suffer! Thanks be to Him for His north winds and His poverty, and His bitterness that falls upon the spirit that errs! Let those who know Him thus praise the Lord for His goodness. But Lady Clementina had not yet descried the face of the Son of man through the mists of Mount Sinai, and she was not one to justify the ways of God to men. Not the less was it the heart of God in her that drew her to the young marchioness, over whom was cast the shadow of a tree that gave but baneful shelter. She liked her frankness, her activity, her daring, and fancied that, like herself, she was at noble feud with that infernal parody of the kingdom of heaven called Society. She did not well understand her relation to Lady Bellair, concerning whom she was in doubt whether or not she was her legal guardian, but she saw plainly enough that the countess wanted to secure her for her

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nephew; and this nephew had about him a certain air of perdition, which even the catholic heart of Lady Clementina could not brook. She saw, too, that, being a mere girl, and having no scope of choice in the limited circle of their visitors, she was in great danger of yielding without a struggle, and she longed to take her in charge like a poor little persecuted kitten for the possession of which each of a family of children was contending. What if her father had belonged to a rowdy set, was that any reason why his innocent daughter should be devoured, body and soul and possessions, by those of the same set who had not yet perished in their sins? Lady Clementina thanked Heaven that she came herself of decent people, who paid their debts, dared acknowledge themselves in the wrong, and were as honest as if they had been born peasants; and she hoped a shred of the mantle of their good name had dropped upon her, big enough to cover also this poor little thing who had come of no such parentage. With her passion for redemption, therefore, she seized every chance of improving her acquaintance with Florimel; and it was her anxiety to gain such a standing in her favor as might further her coveted ministration that had prevented her from bringing her charge of brutality against Malcolm as soon as she discovered whose groom he was: when she had secured her footing on the peak of her friendship she would unburden her soul; and meantime the horse must suffer for his mistress—a conclusion in itself a great step in advance, for it went dead against one of her most confidently-argued principles—namely, that the pain of any animal is, in every sense, of just as much consequence as the pain of any other, human or inferior: pain is pain, she said, and equal pains are equal wherever they sting; in which she would have been right, I think, if pain and suffering were the same thing; but, knowing well that the same degree, and even the same kind of pain, means two very different things in the foot and in the head, I refuse the proposition.

Happily for Florimel, she had by this time made progress enough to venture a proposal—namely, that she should accompany her to a small estate she had on the south coast, with a little ancient house upon it—a strange place altogether, she said—to spend a week or two in absolute quiet; only she must come alone—without even a maid: she would take none herself. This she said because, with the instinct, if not quite insight, of a true nature, she could not endure the woman Caley.

"Will you come with me there for a fortnight?" she concluded.

"I shall be delighted," returned Florimel without a moment's hesitation. "I am getting quite sick of London. There's no room in it. And there's the spring all outside, and can't get in here. I shall be only too glad to go with you, you dear creature!"

"And on those hard terms—no maid, you know?" insisted Clementina.

"The only thing wanted to make the pleasure complete: I shall be charmed to be rid of her."

"I am glad to see you so independent."

"You don't imagine me such a baby as not to be able to get on without a maid? You should have seen me in Scotland! I hated having a woman about me then. And indeed I don't like it a bit better now; only everybody has one, and your clothes want looking after," added Florimel, thinking what a weight it would be off her if she could get rid of Caley altogether. "But I *should* like to take my horse," she said: "I don't know what I should do in the country without Abbot."

"Of course: we must have our horses," returned Clementina. "And—yes—you had better bring your groom."

"Please. You will find him very useful. He can do anything and everything, and is so kind and helpful."

"Except to his horse," Clementina was on the point of saying, but thought again she would first secure the mistress, and bide her time to attack the man.

Before they parted the two ladies had talked themselves into ecstasies over the anticipated enjoyments of their scheme. It must be carried out at once.

"Let us tell nobody," said Lady Clementina, "and set off to-morrow."

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"Enchanting!" cried Florimel in full response.

Then her brow clouded. "There is one difficulty, though," she said. "No man could ride Kelpie with a led horse; and if we had to employ another, Liftore would be sure to hear where we had gone."

"That would spoil all," said Clementina. "But how much better it would be to give that poor creature a rest, and bring the other I see him on sometimes!"

"And by the time we came back there would not be a living creature, horse or man, anything bigger than a rat, about the stable. Kelpie herself would be dead of hunger, if she hadn't been shot. No, no: where Malcolm goes Kelpie must go. Besides, she's such fun—you can't think."

"Then I'll tell you what," cried Clementina after a moment's pause of perplexity: "we'll *ride* down. It's not a hundred miles, and we can take as many days on the road as we please."

"Better and better!" cried Florimel. "We'll run away with each other. But what will dear old Bellair say?"

"Never mind her," rejoined Clementina. "She will have nothing to say. You can write and tell her as much as will keep her from being really alarmed. Order your man to get everything ready, and I will instruct mine. He is such a staid old fellow, you know, he will be quite enough for protection. To-morrow morning we will set out together for a ride in Richmond Park, that lying in our way. You can leave a letter on the breakfast-table, saying you are gone with me for a little quiet. You're not in chancery, are you?"

"I don't know," answered Florimel. "I suppose I'm all right. Any how, whether I'm in chancery or not, here I am, and going with you; and if chancery don't like it, chancery may come and fetch me."

"Send anything you think you may want to my house. I shall get a box ready, and we will write from some town on our way to have it sent there, and then we can write for it from The Gloom. We shall find all mere *necessaries* there."

So the thing was arranged: they would start quite early the next morning; and that there might be no trouble in the streets, Malcolm should go before with Kelpie and await them in the park.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE JOURNEY.

MALCOLM was overjoyed at the prospect of an escape to the country, and yet more to find that his mistress wanted to have him with her—more still to understand that the journey was to be kept a secret. Perhaps now, far from both Caley and Liftore, he might say something to open her eyes; yet how should he avoid the appearance of a tale-bearer?

It was a sweet fresh morning late in the spring—those loveliest of hours that unite the seasons, like the shimmering question of green or blue in the feathers of the peacock. He had set out an hour before the rest, and now, a little way within the park, was coaxing Kelpie to stand, that he might taste the morning in peace. The sun was but a few degrees above the horizon, shining with all his heart, and the earth was taking the shine with all hers. "I too am light," she was saying, "although I can but receive it." The trees were covered with baby-leaves half wrapped in their swaddling-clothes, and their breath was a warm aromatic odor in the glittering air. The air and the light seemed one, and Malcolm felt as if his soul were breathing the light into its very depths, while his body was drinking the soft spicy wind. For Kelpie, she was as full of life as if she had been meant for a winged horse, but by some accident of Nature the wing-cases had never opened, and the wing-life was for ever trying to get out at her feet. The consequent restlessness, where there was plenty of space as here, caused Malcolm no more discomposure than, in his old fishing-days, a gale with plenty of sea-room. And the song of the larks was one with the light and the air. The budding of the trees was their way of singing, but the larks beat them at that. "What a power of joy," thought Mal-

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colm, "there must be in God, to be able to keep so many larks so full of bliss!" He was going to say, "without getting tired;" but he saw that it was the eternal joy itself that bubbled from their little fountains: weariness there would be the silence of all song, would be death, utter vanishment to the gladness of the universe. The sun would go out like a spark upon burnt paper, and the heart of man would forget the sound of laughter. Then he said to himself, "The larks do not make their own singing: do mortals make their own sighing?" And he saw that at least they might open wider the doors of their hearts to the Perseus Joy that comes to slay the grief-monsters. Then he thought how his life had been widening out with the years. He could not say that it was now more pleasant than it had been; he had Stoicism enough to doubt whether it would ever become so from any mere change of circumstances. Dangers and sufferings that one is able for are not misfortunes or even hardships; so far from such, that youth delights in them. Indeed, he sorely missed the adventure of the herring-fishing. Kelpie, however, was as good as a stiff gale. If only all were well with his sister! Then he would go back to Portlossie and have fishing enough. But he must be patient and follow as he was led. At three-and-twenty, he reflected, Milton was content to seem to himself but a poor creature, and was careful only to be ready for whatever work should hereafter be required of him: such contentment, with such hope and resolve at the back of it, he saw to be the right and the duty both of every man. He whose ambition is to be ready when he is wanted, whatever the work may be, may wait not the less watchful that he is content. His heart grew lighter, his head clearer, and by the time the two ladies with their attendant appeared he felt such a masterdom over Kelpie as he had never felt before. They rode twenty miles that day with ease, putting up at the first town. The next day they rode about the same distance. The next they rode nearly thirty miles. On the fourth, with an early start and a good rest in the middle, they accomplished a yet greater distance, and at night arrived at The Gloom, Wastbeach, after a journey of continuous delight to three at least of the party, Florimel and Malcolm having especially enjoyed that portion of it which led through Surrey, where England and Scotland meet and mingle in waste, heathery moor and rich valley. Much talk had passed between the ladies, and Florimel had been set thinking about many things, though certainly about none after the wisest fashion.

A young half-moon was still up when, after riding miles through pine woods, they at length drew near the house. Long before they reached it, however, a confused noise of dogs met them in the forest. Clementina had written to the housekeeper, and every dog about the place—and the dogs were multitudinous—had been expecting her all day, had heard the sound of their horses' hoofs miles off, and had at once begun to announce her approach. Nor were the dogs the only cognizant or expectant animals. Most of the creatures about the place understood that something was happening, and probably associated it with their mistress; for almost every live thing knew her, from the rheumatic cart-horse, forty years of age, and every whit as respectable in Clementina's eyes as her father's old butler, to the wild cats that haunted the lofts and garrets of the old Elizabethan hunting-lodge.

When they dismounted the ladies could hardly get into the house for dogs: those which could not reach their mistress turned to Florimel, and came swarming about her and leaping upon her, until, much as she liked animal favor, she would gladly have used her whip, but dared not, because of the presence of their mistress. If the theories of that mistress allowed them anything of a moral nature, she was certainly culpable in refusing them their right to a few cuts of the whip.

Mingled with all the noises of dogs and horses came a soft nestling murmur that filled up the interspaces of sound which even their tumult could not help leaving. Florimel was too tired to hear it, but Malcolm heard it, and it filled all

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the interspaces of his soul with a speechless delight. He knew it for the still small voice of the awful sea.

Florimel scarcely cast a glance around the dark old-fashioned room into which she was shown, but went at once to bed, and when the old housekeeper carried her something from the supper-table at which she had been expected, she found her already fast asleep. By the time Malcolm had put Kelpie to rest he also was a little tired, and lay awake no moment longer than his sister.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DISCIPLINE.

WHAT with rats and mice, and cats and owls, and creaks and cracks, there was no quiet about the place from night to morning; and what with swallows and rooks, and cocks and kine, and horses and foals, and dogs and pigeons, and peacocks and guinea-fowls, and turkeys and geese, and every farm-creature but pigs—which, with all her zootrophy, Clementina did not like—no quiet from morning to night. But if there was no quiet, there was plenty of calm, and the sleep of neither brother nor sister was disturbed.

Florimel awoke in the sweetest concert of pigeon-murmuring, duck-diplomacy, fowl-foraging, foal-whinnering—the word wants an *r* in it—and all the noises of rural life. The sun was shining into the room by a window far off at the farther end, bringing with him strange sylvan shadows, not at once to be interpreted. He must have been shining for hours, so bright and steady did he shine. She sprang out of bed with no lazy London resurrection of the old buried, half-sodden corpse, sleepy and ashamed, but with the new birth of the new day, refreshed and strong, like a Hercules-baby. A few aching remnants of stiffness was all that was left of the old fatigue. It was a heavenly joy to think that no Caley would come knocking at her door. She glided down the long room to the sunny window, drew aside the rich old faded curtain, and peeped out. Nothing but pines and pines—Scotch firs all about and everywhere. They came within a few yards of the window. She threw it open. The air was still, the morning sun shone hot upon them, and the resinous odor exhaled from their bark and their needles and their fresh buds filled the room—sweet and clean. There was nothing, not even a fence, between this wing of the house and the wood.

All through his deep sleep Malcolm heard the sound of the sea—whether of the phantom-sea in his soul or of the world-sea to whose murmurs he had listened with such soft delight as he fell asleep, matters little: the sea was with him in his dreams. But when he awoke it was to no musical crushing of water-drops, no half-articulated tones of animal speech, but to tumult and outcry from the stables. It was but too plain that he was wanted. Either Kelpie had waked too soon, or he had overslept himself: she was kicking furiously. Hurriedly induing a portion of his clothing, he rushed down and across the yard, shouting to her as he ran, like a nurse as she runs up the stair to a screaming child. She stopped once to give an eager whinny, and then fell to again. Griffith, the groom, and the few other men about the place were looking on appalled. He darted to the corn-bin, got a great pottleful of oats and shot into her stall. She buried her nose in them like the very demon of hunger, and he left her for the few moments of peace that would follow. He must finish dressing as fast as he could: already, after four days of travel, which with her meant anything but a straightforward, jogtrot struggle with space, she needed a good gallop. When he returned he found her just finishing her oats, and beginning to grow angry with her own nose for getting so near the bottom of the manger. While yet there was no worse sign, however, than the fidgeting of her hind quarters, and she was still busy, he made haste to saddle her. But her unusually obstinate refusal of the bit, and his difficulty in making her open her unwilling jaws, gave unmistakable indication of coming conflict. Anxiously he asked the bystanders after some open

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place where he might let her go—fields or tolerably smooth heath or sandy beach. He dared not take her through the trees, he said, while she was in such a humor: she would dash herself to pieces. They told him there was a road straight from the stables to the shore, and there miles of pure sand without a pebble. Nothing could be better. He mounted and rode away.

Florimel was yet but half dressed when the door of her room opened suddenly and Lady Clementina darted in, the lovely chaos of her night not more than half as far reduced to order as that of Florimel's. Her moonlight hair, nearly as long as that of the fabled Godiva, was flung wildly about her in heavy masses. Her eyes were wild also: she looked like a holy Mænad. With a glide like the swoop of an avenging angel she pounced upon Florimel, caught her by the wrist and pulled her toward the door. Florimel was startled, but made no resistance. She half led, half dragged her up a stair that rose from a corner of the hall-gallery to the battlements of a little square tower, whence a few yards of the beach, through a chain of slight openings amongst the pines, was visible. Upon that spot of beach a strange thing was going on, at which afresh Clementina gazed with indignant horror, but Florimel eagerly stared with the forward-borne eyes of a spectator of the Roman arena. She saw Kelpie reared on end, striking out at Malcolm with her fore hoofs and snapping with angry teeth, then upon those teeth receive such a blow from his fist that she swerved, and wheeling flung her hind hoofs at his head. But Malcolm was too quick for her: she spent her heels in the air and he had her by the bit. Again she reared, and would have struck at him, but he kept well by her side, and with the powerful bit forced her to rear to her full height. Just as she was falling backward he pushed her head from him, and, bearing her down sideways, seated himself on it the moment it touched the ground. Then first the two women turned to each other. An arch of victory bowed Florimel's lip: her eyebrows were uplifted; the blood flushed her cheek and darkened the blue in her wide-opened eyes. Lady Clementina's forehead was gathered in vertical wrinkles over her nose, and all about her eyes was contracted as if squeezing from them the flame of indignation, while her teeth and lips were firmly closed. The two made a splendid contrast. When Clementina's gaze fell on her visitor the fire in her eyes burned more angry still: her soul was stirred by the presence of wrong and cruelty, and here, her guest, and looking her straight in the eyes, was a young woman, one word from whom would stop it all, actually enjoying the sight!

"Lady Lossie, I am ashamed of you!" she said with severest reproof; and turning from her, she ran down the stair.

Florimel turned again toward the sea. Presently she caught sight of Clementina glimpsing through the pines, now in glimmer and now in gloom, as she sped swiftly to the shore, and after a few short minutes of disappearance saw her emerge upon the space of sand where sat Malcolm on the head of the demoness. But, alas! she could only see: she could hardly even hear the sound of the tide.

"MacPhail, are you a man?" cried Clementina, startling him so that in another instant the floundering mare would have been on her feet. With a right noble anger in her face and her hair flying like a wind-torn cloud, she rushed out of the wood upon him, where he sat quietly tracing a proposition of Euclid on the sand with his whip.

"Ay, and a bold one," was on Malcolm's lips for reply, but he bethought himself in time. "I am sorry what I am compelled to do should annoy your ladyship," he said.

What with indignation and breathlessness—she had run so fast—Clementina had exhausted herself in that one exclamation, and stood panting and staring. The black bulk of Kelpie lay outstretched on the yellow sand, giving now and then a sprawling kick or a wamble like a lumpy snake, and her soul commiserated each movement as if it had been the last throe of dissolution, while the gray fire

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of the mare's one visible fierce eye, turned up from the shadow of Malcolm's superimposed bulk, seemed to her tender heart a mute appeal for woman's help.

As Malcolm spoke he cautiously shifted his position, and, half rising, knelt with one knee where he had sat before, looking observant at Lady Clementina.

The champion of oppressed animality soon recovered speech. "Get off the poor creature's head instantly," she said with dignified command. "I will permit no such usage of living thing on my ground."

"I am very sorry to seem rude, my lady," answered Malcolm, "but to obey you might be to ruin my mistress's property. If the mare were to break away, she would dash herself to pieces in the wood."

"You have goaded her to madness."

"I am the more bound to take care of her, then," said Malcolm. "But indeed it is only temper—such temper, however, that I almost believe she is at times possessed of a demon."

"The demon is in yourself. There is none in her but what your cruelty has put there. Let her up, I command you."

"I dare not, my lady. If she were to get loose, she would tear your ladyship to pieces."

"I will take my chance."

"But I will not, my lady. I know the danger, and have to take care of you who do not. There is no occasion to be uneasy about the mare. She is tolerably comfortable. I am not hurting her—not much. Your ladyship does not reflect how strong a horse's skull is. And you see what great powerful breaths she draws."

"She is in agony," cried Clementina.

"Not in the least, my lady. She is only balked of her own way, and does not like it."

"And what right have you to balk her of her own way? Has she no right to a mind of her own?"

"She may of course have her mind, but she can't have her way. She has got a master."

"And what right have you to be her master?"

"That my master, my Lord Lossie, gave me the charge of her."

"I don't mean that sort of right: that goes for nothing. What right in the nature of things can you have to tyrannize over any creature?"

"None, my lady. But the higher nature has the right to rule the lower in righteousness. Even you can't have your own way always, my lady."

"I certainly cannot now, so long as you keep in that position. Pray, is it in virtue of your being the higher nature that you keep *my* way from *me?*"

"No, my lady. But it is in virtue of right. If I wanted to take your ladyship's property, your dogs would be justified in refusing me my way. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that if my mare here had *her* way, there would not be a living creature about your house by this day week."

Lady Clementina had never yet felt upon her the power of a stronger nature than her own. She had had to yield to authority, but never to superiority. Hence her self-will had been abnormally developed. Her very compassion was self-willed. Now for the first time, she continuing altogether unaware of it, the presence of such a nature began to operate upon her. The calmness of Malcolm's speech and the immovable decision of his behavior told.

"But," she said, more calmly, "your mare has had four long journeys, and she should have rested to-day."

"Rest is just the one thing beyond her, my lady. There is a volcano of life and strength in her you have no conception of. I could not have dreamed of horse like her. She has never in her life had enough to do. I believe that is the chief trouble with her. What we all want, my lady, is a master—a real right master. I've got one myself, and—"

"You mean you want one yourself," said Lady Clementina. "You've only got a mistress, and she spoils you."

"That is not what I meant, my lady," returned Malcolm. "But one thing I know is, that Kelpie would soon come to grief without me. I shall keep her here till her half hour is out, and then let her take another gallop."

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Lady Clementina turned away. She was defeated. Malcolm knelt there on one knee, with a hand on the mare's shoulder, so calm, so imperturbable, so ridiculously full of argument, that there was nothing more for her to do or say. Indignation, expostulation, were powerless upon him as mist upon a rock. He was the oddest, most incomprehensible, of grooms.

Going back to the house, she met Florimel, and turned again with her to the scene of discipline. Ere they reached it Florimel's delight with all around her had done something to restore Clementina's composure: the place was precious to her, for there she had passed nearly the whole of her childhood. But to any one with a heart open to the expressions of Nature's countenance the place could not but have a strange as well as peculiar charm.

Florimel had lost her way. I would rather it had been in the moonlight, but slant sunlight was next best. It shone through a slender multitude of mast-like stems, whose shadows complicated the wood with wonder, while the light seemed amongst them to have gathered to itself properties appreciable by other organs besides the eyes, and to dwell bodily with the trees. The soil was mainly of sand, the soil to delight the long taproots of the fir trees, covered above with a thick layer of slow-forming mould in the gradual odoriferous decay of needles and cones and flakes of bark and knots of resinous exudation. It grew looser and sandier, and its upper coat thinner, as she approached the shore. The trees shrunk in size, stood farther apart and grew more individual, sending out gnarled boughs on all sides of them, and asserting themselves, as the tall, slender branchless ones in the social restraint of the thicker wood dared not do. They thinned and thinned, and the sea and the shore came shining through, for the ground sloped to the beach without any intervening abruption of cliff, or even bank: they thinned and thinned until all were gone, and the bare long yellow sands lay stretched out on both sides for miles, gleaming and sparkling in the sun, especially at one spot where the water of a little stream wandered about over them, as if it had at length found its home, but was too weary to enter and lose its weariness, and must wait for the tide to come up and take it. But when Florimel reached the strand she could see nothing of the group she sought: the shore took a little bend, and a tongue of forest came in between. She also was on her way back to the house when she met Clementina, who soon interrupted her ecstasies by breaking out in accusation of Malcolm, not untempered, however, with a touch of dawning respect. At the same time, her report of his words was anything but accurate, for, as no one can be just without love, so no one can truly report without understanding. But there was no time to discuss him now, as Clementina insisted on Florimel's putting an immediate stop to his cruelty.

When they reached the spot, there was the groom again seated on his animal's head, with a new proposition in the sand before him.

"Malcolm," said his mistress, "let the mare get up. You must let her off the rest of her punishment this time."

Malcolm rose again to his knee. "Yes, my lady," he said. "But perhaps your ladyship wouldn't mind helping me to unbuckle her girths before she gets to her feet. I want to give her a bath. Come to this side," he went on, as Florimel advanced to do his request—"round here by her head. If your ladyship would kneel upon it, that would be best. But you mustn't move till I tell you."

"I will do anything you bid me—exactly as you say, Malcolm," responded Florimel.

"There's the Colonsay blood! I can trust that!" cried Malcolm, with a pardonable outbreak of pride in his family. Whether most of his ancestors could so well have appreciated the courage of obedience is not very doubtful.

Clementina was shocked at the insolent familiarity of her poor little friend's groom, but Florimel saw none, and kneeled, as if she had been in church, on the head of the mare, with the fierce crater of her fiery brain blazing at her

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knee. Then Malcolm lifted the flap of the saddle, undid the buckles of the girths, and, drawing them a little from under her, laid the saddle on the sand, talking all the time to Florimel, lest a sudden word might seem a direction, and she should rise before the right moment had come.

"Please, my Lady Clementina, will you go to the edge of the wood? I can't tell what she may do when she gets up.—And please, my Lady Florimel, will you run there too the moment you get off her head?"

When he had got rid of the saddle he gathered the reins together in his bridle-hand, took his whip in the other, and softly and carefully straddled across her huge barrel without touching her.

"Now, my lady," he said, "run for the wood."

Florimel rose and fled, heard a great scrambling behind her, and, turning at the first tree, which was only a few yards off, saw Kelpie on her hind legs, and Malcolm, whom she had lifted with her, sticking by his knees on her bare back. The moment her fore feet touched the ground he gave her the spur severely, and after one plunging kick, off they went westward over the sands, away from the sun, nor did they turn before they had dwindled to such a speck that the ladies could not have told by their eyes whether it was moving or not. At length they saw it swerve a little; by and by it began to grow larger; and after another moment or two they could distinguish what it was, tearing along toward them like a whirlwind, the lumps of wet sand flying behind like an upward storm of clods. What a picture it was! —only neither of the ladies was calm enough to see it picturewise—the still sea before, type of the infinite always, and now of its repose; the still straight solemn wood behind, like a past world that had gone to sleep, out of which the sand seemed to come flowing down, to settle in the long sand-lake of the beach; that flameless furnace of life tearing along the shore betwixt the sea and the land, between time and eternity, guided, but only half controlled, by the strength of a higher will; and the two angels that had issued—whether out of the forest of the past or the sea of the future, who could tell?—and now stood, with hand-shaded eyes, gazing upon that fierce apparition of terrene life.

As he came in front of them, Malcolm suddenly wheeled Kelpie—so suddenly and in so sharp a curve that he made her "turne close to the ground, like a cat, when scratchingly she wheeles about after a mouse," as Sir Philip Sidney says, and dashed her straight into the sea. The two ladies gave a cry—Florimel of delight, Clementina of dismay, for she knew the coast, and that there it shelved suddenly into deep water. But that was only the better to Malcolm: it was the deep water he sought, though he got it with a little pitch sooner than he expected. He had often ridden Kelpie into the sea at Portlossie, even in the cold autumn weather when first she came into his charge, and nothing pleased her better or quieted her more. He was a heavy weight to swim with, but she displaced much water. She carried her head bravely, he balanced sideways, and they swam splendidly. To the eyes of Clementina the mare seemed to be laboring for her life.

When Malcolm thought she had had enough of it he turned her head to the shore. But then came the difficulty. So steeply did the shore shelve that Kelpie could not get a hold with her hind hoofs to scramble up into the shallow water. The ladies saw the struggle, and Clementina, understanding it, was running in an agony right into the water, with the vain idea of helping them, when Malcolm threw himself off, drawing the reins over Kelpie's head as he fell, and, swimming but the length of them shoreward, felt the ground with his feet, and stood. Kelpie, relieved of his weight, floated a little farther on to the shelf, got a better hold with her fore feet, some hold with her hind ones, and was beside him in a moment. The same moment Malcolm was on her back again, and they were tearing off eastward at full stretch. So far did the lessening point recede in the narrowing distance that the two ladies sat down on the sand, and fell a-talk-

ing about Florimel's most uncategorical groom, as Clementina, herself the most uncategorical of women, to use her own scarcely justifiable epithet, called him. She asked if such persons abounded in Scotland. Florimel could but answer that this was the only one she had met with. Then she told her about Richmond Park and Lord Liftore and Epictetus.

"Ah, that accounts for him!" said Clementina. "Epictetus was a Cynic, a very cruel man: he broke his slave's leg once, I remember."

"Mr. Lenorme told me that *he* was the slave, and that his master broke *his* leg," said Florimel.

"Ah! yes! I dare say that *was* it. But it is of little consequence: his principles were severe, and your groom has been his too-ready pupil. It is a pity he is such a savage: he might be quite an interesting character. Can he read?"

"I have just told you of his reading Greek over Kelpie's head," said Florimel, laughing.

"Ah! but I meant English," returned Clementina, whose thoughts were a little astray. Then laughing at herself, she explained: "I mean, can he read aloud? I put the last of the *Waverley* novels in the box we shall have to-morrow—or the next day at the latest, I hope—and I was wondering whether he could read the Scotch as it ought to be read. I have never heard it spoken, and I don't know how to imagine it."

"We can try him," said Florimel. "It will be great fun anyhow. He is *such* a character! You will be *so* amused with the remarks he will make!"

"But can you venture to let him talk to you?"

"If you ask him to read, how will you prevent him? Unfortunately, he has thoughts, and they *will* out."

"Is there no danger of his being rude?"

"If speaking his mind about anything in the book be rudeness, he will most likely be rude. Any other kind of rudeness is as impossible to Malcolm as to any gentleman in the land."

"How can you be so sure of him?" said Clementina, a little anxious as to the way in which her friend regarded the young man.

"My father was—yes, I may say so—attached to him; so much so that he—I can't quite say what—but something like made him promise never to leave my service. And this I know for myself, that not once, ever since that man came to us, has he done a selfish thing or one to be ashamed of. I could give you proof after proof of his devotion."

Florimel's warmth did not reassure Clementina, and her uneasiness wrought to the prejudice of Malcolm. She was never quite so generous toward human beings as toward animals. She could not be depended on for justice except to people in trouble, and then she was very apt to be unjust to those who troubled them. "I would not have you place too much confidence in your Admirable Crichton of menials, Florimel," she said. "There is something about him I cannot get at the bottom of. Depend upon it, a man who can be cruel would betray on the least provocation."

Florimel smiled superior, as she had good reason to do, but Clementina did not understand the smile, and therefore did not like it. She feared the young fellow had already gained too much influence over his mistress. "Florimel, my love," she said, "listen to me. Your experience is not so ripe as mine. That man is not what you think him. One day or other he will, I fear, make himself worse than disagreeable. How *can* a cruel man be unselfish?"

"I don't think him cruel at all. But then I haven't such a soft heart for animals as you. We should think it silly in Scotland. You wouldn't teach a dog manners at the expense of a howl. You would let him be a nuisance rather than give him a cut with a whip. What a nice mother of children you will make, Clementina! That's how the children of good people are so often a disgrace to them."

"You are like all the rest of the Scotch I ever knew," said Lady Clementina: "the Scotch are always preaching. I believe it is in their blood. You are a nation of parsons. Thank Goodness!

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my morals go no further than doing as I would be done by! I want to see creatures happy about me. For my own sake even I would never cause pang to person—it gives me such a pang myself."

"That's the way you are made, I suppose, Clementina," returned Florimel. "For me, my clay must be coarser. I don't mind a little pain myself, and I can't break my heart for it when I see it, except it be very bad—such as I should care about myself. But here comes the tyrant."

Malcolm was pulling up his mare some hundred yards off. Even now she was unwilling to stop, but it was at last only from pure original objection to whatever was wanted of her. When she did stand she stood stock-still, breathing hard. "I have actually succeeded in taking a little out of her at last, my lady," said Malcolm as he dismounted. "Have you got a bit of sugar in your pocket, my lady? She would take it quite gently now."

Florimel had none, but Clementina had, for she always carried sugar for her horse. Malcolm held the demoness very watchfully, but she took the sugar from Florimel's palm as neatly as an elephant, and let her stroke her nose over her wide red nostrils without showing the least of her usual inclination to punish a liberty with death. Then Malcolm rode her home, and she was at peace till the evening, when he took her out again.

CHAPTER XL.

MOONLIGHT.

AND now followed a pleasant time. Wastbeach was the quietest of all quiet neighborhoods: it was the loveliest of spring-summer weather, and the variety of scenery on moor, in woodland and on coast within easy reach of such good horsewomen was wonderful. The first day they rested the horses that would rest, but the next they were in the saddle immediately after an early breakfast. They took the forest-way. In many directions were tolerably smooth rides cut, and along them they had good gallops, to the great delight of Florimel after the restraints of Rotten Row, where riding had seemed like dancing a minuet with a waltz in her heart. Malcolm, so far as human companionship went, found it dull, for Lady Clementina's groom regarded him with the contempt of superior age—the most contemptible contempt of all, seeing years are not the wisdom they ought to bring, and the first sign of that is modesty. Again and again his remarks tempted Malcolm to incite him to ride Kelpie, but conscience, the thought of the man's family, and the remembrance that it required all his youthful strength, and that it would therefore be the challenge of the strong to the weak, saved him from the sin, and he schooled himself to the endurance of middle-aged arrogance. For the learning of the lesson he had practice enough: they rode every day, and Griffith did not thaw; but the one thundering gallop he had every morning along the sands upon Kelpie—whom * no ordinary day's work was enough to save from the heart-burning ferment of repressed activity—was both preparation and amends for the annoyance.

When his mistress mentioned the proposal of her friend with regard to the new novel, he at once expressed his willingness to attempt compliance, fearing only, he said, that his English would prove offensive and his Scotch unintelligible. The task was nowise alarming to him, for he had read aloud much to the schoolmaster, who had also insisted that he should read aloud when alone, especially verse, in order that he might get all the good of its outside as well as inside—its sound as well as thought, the one being the ethereal body of the other. And he had the best primary qualifications for the art—namely, a delight in the sounds of human speech, a value for the true embodiment of thought, and a good ear, mental as well as vocal, for the assimilation of sound to sense. After these came the quite secondary yet valuable gift of a pleasant voice, manageable for inflection; and with such an outfit

* According to the grammars, I ought to have written *which*, but it will not do. I could, I think, tell why, but prefer leaving the question to the reader.

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the peculiarities of his country's utterance, the long-drawn vowels and the outbreak of feeling in chant-like tones and modulations, might be forgiven, and certainly were forgiven, by Lady Clementina, who even in his presence took his part against the objections of his mistress. On the whole, they were so much pleased with his first reading, which took place the very day the box arrived, that they concluded to restrain the curiosity of their interest in persons and events for the sake of the pleasure of meeting them always in the final fullness of local color afforded them by his utterance. While he read they busied their fingers with their embroidery, for as yet that graceful work, so lovelily described by Cowper in his *Task*, had not begun to vanish before the crude colors and mechanical vulgarity of Berlin wool, now happily in its turn vanishing like a dry dust-cloud into the limbo of the art-universe:

> The well-depicted flower,
> Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
> Unfolds its bosom: buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
> And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
> Follow the nimble finger of the fair—
> A wreath, that cannot fade, of flowers that blow
> With most success when all besides decay.*

There was not much of a garden about the place, but there was a little lawn amongst the pines, in the midst of which stood a huge old patriarch with red stem and grotesquely-contorted branches: beneath it was a bench, and there, after their return from their two hours' ride, the ladies sat, while the sun was at its warmest, on the mornings of their first and second readings: Malcolm sat on a wheelbarrow. After lunch on the second day, which they had agreed from the first, as ladies so often do when free of the more devouring sex, should be their dinner, and after due visits paid to a multitude of animals, the desire awoke simultaneously in them for another portion of *St. Ronan's Well*. They resolved, therefore, to send for their reader as soon as they had had tea. But when they sent, he was nowhere to be found, and they concluded on a stroll.

Anticipating no further requirement of his service that day, Malcolm had gone out. Drawn by the sea, he took his way through the dim, solemn boughless wood, as if to keep a moonlight tryst with his early love. But the sun was not yet down, and among the dark trees, shot through by the level radiance, he wandered, his heart swelling in his bosom with the glory and the mystery. Again the sun was *in* the wood, its burning centre, the marvel of the home which he left in the morning only to return thither at night, and it was now a temple of red light, more gorgeous, more dream-woven, than in the morning. How he glowed on the red stems of the bare pines, fit pillars for that which seemed temple and rite, organ and anthem in one—the worship of the earth uplifted to its Hyperion! It was a world of faery: anything might happen in it. Who, in that region of marvel, would start to see suddenly a knight on a great sober war-horse come slowly pacing down the torrent of carmine splendor, flashing it, like the Knight of the Sun himself, in a flood from every hollow, a gleam from every flat, and a star from every round and knob of his armor? As the trees thinned away, and his feet sank deeper in the looser sand, and the sea broke blue out of the infinite, talking quietly to itself of its own solemn swell into being out of the infinite thought unseen, Malcolm felt as if the world with its loveliness and splendor were sinking behind him, and the cool entrancing sweetness of the eternal dreamland of the soul, where the dreams are more real than any sights of the world, were opening wide before his entering feet. "Shall not death be like this?" he said, and threw himself on the sand and hid his face and his eyes from it all. For there is this strange thing about all glory embodied in the material, that, when the passion of it rises to its height, we hurry from its presence, that its idea may perfect itself in silent and dark and deaf delight. Of its material self we want no more: its real self we have, and it sits at the fountain of our tears. Malcolm hid his face from the source of his gladness and worshiped the Source of that source.

* *The Winter Evening.*

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Rare as they are at any given time, there have been, I think, such youths in all ages of the world—youths capable of glorying in the fountain whence issues the torrent of their youthful might. Nor is the reality of their early worship blasted for us by any mistral of doubt that may afterward blow upon their spirit from the icy region of the understanding. The cold fevers, the vital agues, that such winds breed can but prove that not yet has the sun of the Perfect arisen upon them; that the Eternal has not yet manifested himself in all regions of their being; that a grander, more obedient, therefore more blissful, more absorbing worship yet, is possible, nay, essential, to them. These chills are but the shivers of the divine nature, unsatisfied, half starved, banished from its home, divided from its origin, after which it calls in groanings it knows not how to shape into sounds articulate. They are the spirit-wail of the holy infant after the bosom of its mother. Let no man long back to the bliss of his youth, but forward to a bliss that shall swallow even that, and contain it, and be more than it. Our history moves in cycles, it is true, ever returning toward the point whence it started; but it is in the imperfect circles of a spiral it moves: it returns, but ever to a point above the former: even the second childhood, at which the fool jeers, is the better, the truer, the fuller childhood, growing strong to cast off altogether, with the husk of its own enveloping age, that of its family, its country, its world as well. Age is not all decay: it is the ripening, the swelling, of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husk.

When Malcolm lifted his head the sun had gone down. He rose and wandered along the sand toward the moon, blooming at length out of the darkening sky, where she had hung all day like a washed-out rag of light, to revive as the sunlight faded. He watched the banished life of her day-swoon returning, until, gathering courage, she that had been no one shone out fair and clear, in conscious queendom of the night. Then, in the friendly infolding of her dreamlight and the dreamland it created, Malcolm's soul revived as in the comfort of the lesser, the mitigated glory, and, as the moon into radiance from the darkened air, and the nightingale into music from the sleep-stilled world of birds, blossomed from the speechlessness of thought and feeling into a strange kind of brooding song. If the words were half nonsense, the feeling was not the less real. Such as they were, they came almost of themselves, and the tune came with them:

> Rose o' my hert,
> Open yer leaves to the lampin' mune;
> Into the curls lat her keek an' dert:
> She'll tak the color, but gie ye tune.
>
> Buik o' my brain,
> Open yer neuks to the starry signs:
> Lat the een o' the holy luik an' strain
> An' glimmer an' score atween the lines.
>
> Cup o' my sowl,
> Gowd an' diamond an' ruby cup,
> Ye're noucht ava but a toom dry bowl
> Till the wine o' the kingdom fill ye up.
>
> Conscience-glass,
> Mirror the infinite all in thee:
> Melt the bounded, and make it pass
> Into the tideless, shoreless sea.
>
> World of my life,
> Swing thee round thy sunny track;
> Fire and wind and water and strife—
> Carry them all to the glory back.

Ever as he halted for a word the moonlight and the low sweet waves on the sands filled up the pauses to his ear; and there he lay, looking up to the sky and the moon and the rose-diamond stars, his thought half dissolved in feeling and his feeling half crystallized to thought.

Out of the dim wood came two lovely forms into the moonlight, and softly approached him—so softly that he knew nothing of their nearness until Florimel spoke. "Is that MacPhail?" she said.

"Yes, my lady," answered Malcolm, and bounded to his feet.

"What were you singing?"

"You could hardly call it singing, my lady. We should call it crooning in Scotland."

"Croon it again, then."

"I couldn't, my lady. It's gone."

"You don't mean to pretend that you were extemporizing?"

"I was crooning what came like the birds, my lady. I couldn't have done it if I had thought any one was near." Then,

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half ashamed, and anxious to turn the talk from the threshold of his secret chamber, he said, "Did you ever see a lovelier night, ladies?"

"Not often, certainly," answered Clementina.

She was not quite pleased and not altogether offended at his addressing them dually. A curious sense of impropriety in the state of things bewildered her—she and her friend talking thus in the moonlight on the seashore, doing nothing, with her groom—and such a groom! —she asking him to sing again, and he addressing them both with a remark on the beauty of the night. She had braved the world a good deal, but she did not choose to brave it where nothing was to be had, and she was too honest to say to herself that the world would never know —that there was nothing to brave: she was not one to do that in secret to which she would not hold her face. Yet all the time she had a doubt whether this young man, whom it would certainly be improper to encourage by addressing from any level but one of lofty superiority, did not belong to a higher sphere than theirs; while certainly no man could be more unpresuming or less forward, even when opposing his opinion to theirs. Still, if an angel were to come down and take charge of their horses, would ladies be justified in treating him as other than a servant?

"This is just the sort of night," Malcolm resumed, "when I could almost persuade myself I was not quite sure I wasn't dreaming. It makes a kind of border-land betwixt waking and sleeping, knowing and dreaming, in our brain. In a night like this I fancy we feel something like the color of what God feels when he is making the lovely chaos of a new world—a new kind of world, such as has never been before."

"I think we had better go in," said Clementina to Florimel, and turned away.

Florimel made no objection, and they walked toward the wood.

"You really must get rid of him as soon as you can," said Clementina when again the moonless night of the pines had received them: "he is certainly more than half a lunatic. It is almost full moon now," she added, looking up. "I have never seen him so bad."

Florimel's clear laugh rang through the wood. "Don't be alarmed, Clementina," she said. "He has talked like that ever since I knew him; and if he is mad, at least he is no worse than he has always been. It is nothing but poetry—yeast on the brain, my father used to say. We should have a fish-poet of him—a new thing in the world, he said. He would never be cured till he broke out in a book of poetry. I should be afraid my father would break the catechism and not rest in his grave till the resurrection if I were to send Malcolm away."

For Malcolm, he was at first not a little mazed at the utter blankness of the wall against which his words had dashed themselves. Then he smiled queerly to himself, and said, "I used to think ilka bonny lassie bude to be a poetess, for hoo sud she be bonnie but by the informin' hermony o' her bein'? an' what's that but the poetry o' *the* Poet, the Makar, as they ca'd a poet i' the auld Scots tongue? But haith! I ken better an' waur noo. There's gane the twa bonniest *I* ever saw, an' I s' lay my heid there's mair poetry in auld man-faced Miss Horn nor in a dizzen like them. Ech! but it's some sair to bide! It's sair upon a man to see a bonny wuman 'at has nae poetry, nae inward lichtsome hermony, in her. But it's dooms sairer yet to come upo' ane wantin' cowmon sense. Saw onybody ever sic a gran' sicht as my Leddy Clementina!—an' wha can say but she's weel named frae the hert oot?—as guid at the hert, I'll sweir, as at the een! But, eh me! to hear the blether o' nonsense 'at comes oot atween thae twa bonny yetts o' music! an' a' 'cause she winna gie her hert rist an' time eneuch to grow bigger, but maun aye be settin' a' things richt afore their time an' her ain fitness for the job! It's sic a faithless kin' o' a w'y that! I cud jist fancy I saw her gaein' a' roon' the trees o' a summer nicht, pittin' honey upo' the peers an' the peaches, 'cause she cudna lippen to Natur' to ripe them sweet eneuch; only

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'at she wad never tak the honey frae the bees. She's jist the pictur' o' Natur' hersel' turnt some dementit. I cud jist fancy I saw her gaein' aboot amo' the ripe corn, on sic a night as this o' the mune, happin' 't frae the frost. An' I s' warran' no ae mesh in oor nets wad she lea' ohn clippit open gien the twine had a herrin' by the gills. She's e'en sae pitifu' owre the sinner 'at she winna gie him a chance o' growin' better. I won'er gien she believes 'at there's ae great thoucht abune a', an' aneth a', an' roon' a', an' in a' thing. She cudna be in sic a mist o' benevolence and parritch-hertitness gien she cud lippen till a wiser. It's nae won'er she kens naething aboot poetry but the meeserable sids an' sawdist an' leavin's the gran' leddies sing an' ca' sangs! Nae mair is 't ony won'er she sud tak me for dementit, gien she h'ard what I was singin'; only I canna think she did that, for I was but croonin' till mysel'."—Malcolm was wrong there, for he was singing out loud and clear.—"That was but a kin' o' an unknown tongue atween Him an' me, an' no anither."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE SWIFT.

FLORIMEL succeeded so far in reassuring her friend as to the safety if not sanity of her groom that she made no objection to yet another reading from *St. Ronan's Well;* upon which occasion an incident occurred that did far more to reassure her than all the attestations of his mistress.

Clementina, in consenting, had proposed, it being a warm, sunny afternoon, that they should that time go down to the lake, and sit with their work on the bank while Malcolm read. This lake, like the whole place, and some of the people in it, was rather strange—not resembling any piece of water that Malcolm at least had ever seen. More than a mile in length, but quite narrow, it lay on the sea-shore—a lake of deep fresh water, with nothing between it and the sea but a bank of sand, up which the great waves came rolling in south-westerly winds, one now and then toppling over, to the disconcerting, no doubt, of the pikey multitude within. The head only of the mere came into Clementina's property, and they sat on the landward side of it, on a sandy bank, among the half-exposed roots of a few ancient firs, where a little stream that fed the lake had made a small gully, and was now trotting over a bed of pebbles in the bottom of it. Clementina was describing to Florimel the peculiarities of the place—how there was no outlet to the lake, how the water went filtering through the sand into the sea, how in some parts it was very deep, and what large pike there were in it. Malcolm sat a little aside, as usual, with his face toward the ladies and the book open in his hand, waiting a sign to begin, but looking at the lake, which here was some fifty yards broad, reedy at the edge, dark and deep in the centre. All at once he sprang to his feet, dropping the book, ran down to the brink of the water, undoing his buckled belt and pulling off his coat as he ran, threw himself over the bordering reeds into the pool, and disappeared with a great splash. Clementina gave a scream and started up with distraction in her face: she made no doubt that in the sudden ripeness of his insanity he had committed suicide. But Florimel, though startled by her friend's cry, laughed, and crowded out assurances that Malcolm knew well enough what he was about. It was longer, however, than even she found pleasant before a black head appeared—yards away, for he had risen at a great slope, swimming toward the other side. What *could* he be after? Near the middle he swam more softly, and almost stopped. Then first they spied a small dark object on the surface. Almost at the same moment it rose into the air. They thought Malcolm had flung it up. Instantly they perceived that it was a bird, a swift. Somehow, it had dropped into the water, but a lift from Malcolm's hand had restored it to the air of its bliss.

But instead of turning and swimming back, Malcolm held on, and getting out on the farther side ran down the beach and rushed into the sea, rousing once

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more the apprehensions of Clementina. The shore sloped rapidly, and in a moment he was in deep water. He swam a few yards out, swam ashore again, ran round the end of the lake, found his coat, and got from it his pocket-handkerchief. Having therewith dried his hands and face, he wrung out the sleeves of his shirt a little, put on his coat, returned to his place, and said, as he took up the book and sat down, "I beg your pardon, my ladies; but just as I heard my Lady Clementina say *pikes*, I saw the little swift in the water. There was no time to lose: Swiftie had but a poor chance." As he spoke he proceeded to find the place in the book.

"You don't imagine we are going to have you read in such a plight as that?" cried Clementina.

"I will take good care, my lady. I have books of my own, and I handle them like babies."

"You foolish man! It is of you in your wet clothes, not of the book, I am thinking," said Clementina indignantly.

"I'm much obliged to you, my lady, but there's no fear of me. You saw me wash the fresh water out. Salt water never hurts."

"You must go and change, nevertheless," said Clementina.

Malcolm looked to his mistress. She gave him a sign to obey, and he rose. He had taken three steps toward the house when Clementina recalled him. "One word, if you please," she said. "How is it that a man who risks his life for that of a little bird can be so heartless to a great noble creature like that horse of yours? I cannot understand it."

"My lady," returned Malcolm with a smile, "I was no more risking my life than you would be in taking a fly out of the milk-jug. And for your question, if your ladyship will only think you cannot fail to see the difference. Indeed, I explained my treatment of Kelpie to your ladyship that first morning in the park, when you so kindly rebuked me for it, but I don't think your ladyship listened to a word I said."

Clementina's face flushed, and she turned to her friend with a "Well!" in her eyes. But Florimel kept her head bent over her embroidery, and Malcolm, no further notice being taken of him, walked away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN AMBER.

HID in my faithful memory's inner shrine
  Are treasured all the moments of our past:
There hath she garnered each dear word of thine,
  And with a jealous care she holds them fast,
  As in some lucent sphere of amber, cast
High on the shore where tangled sea-weeds lie,
There shines the jeweled corselet of a fly.
Its home was in a flower, its life went by
  Within a summer morning's tiny space:
Now, made immortal in that glowing mould,
  Its tender beauty fears nor age nor clime.
  So shall each fleeting word, each careless grace,
My heart holds dear, be shrined in mem'ry's gold,
  And, born to live an hour, defy all time.

KATE HILLARD.

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A CHAPTER FROM REAL LIFE.

IT is said that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives. It would be truer to say one-tenth, but let that pass. People know vaguely that in certain classes and certain neighborhoods there are distress and despair, an utter absence of the decencies of life, and vice without the mask of courtesy and social euphemism. But all this knowledge is very vague indeed — no actual, living experience, and therefore no very great concern. Good people who attend the sick and poor, and carry relief to tenements, and belong to missionary or other charitable societies, see something of it, but they do not *feel* it. A thing never becomes real to you until you have experienced it: it is but a picture, painful to the eye and the imagination, yet *only* a picture, and the impression fades like that produced by Gallait's *Counts Egmont and Horn* or the terrible anatomical marvels of the *Beheading of Saint John the Baptist*, by Memling, on the walls of the hospital at Bruges.

Circumstances once landed me full in the course of this joyless, graceless life, not without a wild picturesqueness of its own, Rembrandt-like lights, and some beauties which nothing could take from it, since it happened to be partly spent at sea. But the rest, being spent in New York, could hardly lay claim to one redeeming point, the slums of a large city being perhaps the most perfect realization of hell upon earth. Its best parts are no better than purgatory, which I think holds good of every large city, and not of New York alone.

To begin at the beginning. We determined to come to America, but, having very little money, could not come comfortably. We paid but five pounds for our passage, and the office was in a ship-chandler's shop just off one of the London wharves. We signed our names in a book, and then bought at the same place the usual outfit of emigrants on board a sailing ship. This consisted of two straw mattresses, two pairs of common gray blankets, a few tin pots and a tin frying-pan, besides some bacon, some coffee and sugar and a little can of condensed milk (these last, of course, superfluities), and two common boxes painted yellow, rather like sailors' chests than ordinary traveling-trunks: we had only a few clothes to stow away in them. Before taking our passage we had been at random round some of the docks examining the small ships, and had fixed upon one, the Plymouth Rock. The carpenters were at work putting in bunks into a large square space, which when not needed for passengers, as in winter, was occupied by cattle. This was called the "second cabin:" in fact, it was nothing but the steerage. The cabin, for the captain and an occasional passenger, was plainly but comfortably fitted up: the price was thirteen pounds, but we simply had not the money, and could not think of it.

Leaving our temporary home, a small room in which privacy compensated for all other wants, hunger included, and where the bed, a convenient piece of furniture, became a sofa in the day-time, with the bedding packed away in the inside—a room for which we paid but four shillings a week—we started on the 16th of June, 1870, for the wharf where our ship was moored. There we had to wait some time before we could go on board. Some of our fellow-passengers had already arrived, and were sitting on piles of planks or rubbish surrounded by their baggage, none of it very bulky. The first person I spoke to was a woman with a nursing baby hardly three months old —a woman from one of the inland agricultural counties, of a class always pleasant and kindly, and far more alive to the delicacies of sentiment, supposed to be *terra incognita* to the poor, than is the class immediately above it, however well dressed and pretentious the latter may be.

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She and her husband, a tall, strong, good-looking man with fair hair and beard, with their four children, were bound for Illinois, where they had some relations and some prospects of a comfortable living. Fortunately, they proved to be our room-mates, for there was nothing like privacy on board our ship. There was another family on board, larger, but sickly-looking and forlorn; a German-American who had crossed the ocean many times, and swore whenever he spoke, which was not often; another German, elderly, lonely and timid, fresh from his own country, and who could speak no English; several young mechanics, hopeful and jolly, hiding their homesickness under questionable jokes; some young women not so bashful but what they allowed the young men to make immediate advances toward protecting them; and a few others — a very miscellaneous lot indeed, and, if a specimen of English emigrants in general, vastly inferior to the German and Irish cargoes of men and women daily landed in America.

We were about forty, besides the small crew. Toward dark we got on board and settled ourselves. Luckily, we and the L—— family had one cabin to ourselves. I call it a cabin, because it was one of the two compartments that could boast of a door. There were two wide bunks in it, one above the other, on one side, and two narrow ones on the other, above one of which was a porthole. We chose the two latter, and I had the top one, which during the long voyage was a great comfort. My friend with her baby took the wide top one on the opposite side, and her two little girls slept in the lower one. Her husband throughout the whole passage slept on his trunk outside, with his little boy rolled up in the blankets beside him; which was a proof of good feeling and unselfishness quite unappreciated by the rest of the passengers. A corresponding room on the other side was occupied by the other family, who were Methodists, and who during the first part of the passage made a great display of their Bible on Sundays. As, however, their week-day behavior was of the world worldly, this did not impress the company much, and still less the captain, who, when they asked him the first Sunday out if he was going to read prayers, frightened them and amused the crew by swearing a great oath to the contrary. The open bunks ranged in tiers round the centre space were divided among the rest of the passengers, and the only lamp allowed us swung from a hook in the middle of the low ceiling, filling the place with more smoke than light. About dark a cabin passenger came on board with his friend, the captain of another ship of the same company, and presently between these people and a manœuvring, well-meaning friend of our own there arose a conspiracy to induce us to change our minds and go as cabin passengers. The other captain offered to take us next week in his ship, and our own captain would probably not have refused to do the same even without our at once paying the difference, which at that moment was impossible; but a foolish pride and obstinacy, besides a certain not so foolish economy, decided us to abide by our stifling public bunks.

The cabin passenger was the first Yankee I ever saw—a Connecticut man, kind and a little crazy, who had, so he said, just come from Australia, and barely had time to get from one ship to another. He was traveling at sea for his health, he said. He had one unmitigatedly good quality: he was a teetotaler. During the voyage he was always kind to us, and often asked us to come to his house in New York, So-and-So Square, a palace, according to him, and he promised to get us employment at once, and told us he had influence in this and that quarter, and owned this and that land, and so on; but long before the voyage was over we knew that his kindness was not of a practical sort, though I believe it was as true as steel. He was also on the point of being married, but as he stayed on that point for several years—for we met him again once, and heard much the same news—it is to be supposed his engagement was as much a

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matter of his own imagination as most of the rest of his yarns. He was very good-natured and kind to us, lent us his camp-stool and his rugs, made up a semi-tent on deck by hanging his blanket over the side of an upturned boat, and chatted with us for hours at a time.

The first night I slept on deck on a coil of rope and a few pillows, but being woke up at three o'clock in the morning, when the rope was wanted, and not having undressed all night, I concluded that even the apology for a bed and a dressing-room which the "second cabin" presented was better than a renewed experience of a night on deck. It was very hard to improvise toilet arrangements: tin cans were our only basins, and one could hardly find time enough to be alone. By degrees, however, our room-mates set up a sort of watch and barricaded the door for a given time every morning, even lending me a bit of looking-glass, which was a godsend. I cannot enough praise their considerateness: they washed out some towels and pocket-handkerchiefs for us, and when they got some of the necessary materials made bread for us, which after ship-biscuit was more welcome than plumcake to a schoolboy. If I had not learnt since to do such things for myself, I should be ashamed to confess my helplessness; but had it not been for this ignorance I should have missed seeing the best side of human nature on board that ship. Apropos of the children, one of them, the little boy, was simply magnificent: he was only two, but looked fully four years old, was ruddy and sunburnt, with strong limbs, black, sparkling eyes and the temper of a young Hercules. He was the most splendid specimen of a child I ever saw, save one, an Italian boy of much the same age. One of his little sisters, a healthy, pretty, gentle girl of six or seven, made great friends with me, and used to sit silently by me for hours, or walk up and down the deck holding my hand, rarely saying a word. It was very hard to kill time on board. I brought a tapestry cushion with me, and finished it, and three or four books, the *Guardian Angel* and *Charles Auchester* among the rest, and read them through; then begged books from all the passengers, and read a miscellaneous collection of sea-tales, Indian stories, etc.; but there was always time to spare. We had one steamer-chair with us, and a great many cloaks and wraps, and generally chose the sunny side of the ship, for except two or three days, when I believe we were passing through the Gulf Stream, it was always cold. The men ate five times a day: indeed, it was "something to do." But not as it is on board a comfortable Cunarder, where you have only to sit down to a well-appointed table, for we had to get our weekly ration of salt beef from the cook's galley, split peas, rice, brown sugar and biscuit. Our private store of delicacies was soon exhausted, and not by ourselves only, and the ship's coffee did not take the place of our own. The beef was what sailors call "old horse," and cook it as you would it was not nice. I lived mostly on pea soup and sugared rice. We had to cook for ourselves in turns, and to wash and "fix" the beef and soak the biscuit. The steward sometimes treated us to a limited quantity of bread, which he baked every two days for the cabin, and the sick occasionally got a little milk. There were two cows and some sheep, pigs and poultry on board, some of the three latter being killed now and then for the cabin; and as there was a butcher among the passengers, he was allowed some fresh meat in part payment of his services. The bunks were stiflingly hot at night, and besides this there were worse evils in the shape of bad language and the unmentionable infliction of fleas. It was well, indeed, that it was no worse, but we were to make acquaintance with lower depths in New York. At last, one of our friends, the L——s, interfered with the unchecked profanity and obscenity of the talk at night, and complained to the captain, who was obliged to take notice of it. I never, luckily, heard much of it, but knew of its going on, and occasionally some louder oath than usual would be heard through our half-closed door.

The porthole was always open, and

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once or twice let in a small inundation, but that was trifling. The bit of sky I could see through it was always beautiful, whether dark or starry or rosy with the dawn; and indeed the many lovely sights we saw made us forget some of the unpleasantness of the human associations. The sunsets were specially glorious, but who can describe them? I saw the sun rise two or three times during the seven weeks' voyage. Very faint and delicate the colors were, but not so gorgeous or poetic to my mind as the sunsets. It was easier to sleep in the mornings, after the crowd had gone on deck, and I seldom got up till nine o'clock. We had head winds the whole time, and were constantly tacking, so that there was plenty of variety and excitement in watching the never-ending work of a sailor. It is hopeless to describe that either, but the stir and novelty of it were interesting to us, and the songs with which the men cheered themselves at their work were strange to our ears. More than once there came a calm, and surely the Pacific could not be more motionless: it was a very beautiful sight—the smooth glassy waters, not a cloud in the sky, not a sail on the horizon, at times hardly a sound on board, the very ideal of stillness and yet of expectation. On other days the chopping sea threw the vessel into most uncomfortable troughs and hoisted her up again on the white crest of a wave, and some of the passengers were very ill. One little child nearly died of exhaustion, the sea-sickness being so violent: he was one of the sickly family, none of whom were well any part of the voyage. He looked as white and pinched as a corpse, and his poor mother, worn out with nursing him, was hardly better. The steward kindly did what he could, and the captain grew really alarmed, for, contrary to law, he had sailed without a doctor on board, which, on any emigrant ship, is a serious breach of law. I forgot to say that before we left the Thames a health-officer came on board and called over the names of all the passengers, who had solemnly to attest that they were healthy and strong. We also had a prayer-meeting just before we started, a man with tracts leading it in the cabin of the Methodist family: he prayed for a happy voyage and God's protection, and exhorted his few hearers to keep the Sabbath as well in their hearts as if they were on land among their own people; but the captain's unsympathetic attitude did not help the well-meaning missionary much, and I fear the ship may be said to have made a specially godless voyage.

We had one traditional incident which was very interesting to all, the appearance of the "stowaway." I had often read of such things: the reality was touching. A more emaciated, miserable object than this man I scarcely ever saw: hungry, woebegone, unshaven, humble, he slunk up the companion-way when we had been two days at sea, and without saying a word walked up to the captain. The latter was pacing the deck, and had his back turned to the man at first: when he faced round and saw him (and probably the whole truth flashed upon him before the man had spoken), the expression of anger and passion on his face was appalling. He ground his teeth and called out, "Who the h— are you?" and before the poor wretch had time to finish his short, pitiful answer, "A stowaway, sir," the captain poured out such a torrent of oaths and curses that if words could kill, the man would have been struck dead quicker than by lightning. He had taken care to keep out of sight till after the pilot had left, else the captain's threat of sending him ashore in the first boat he met would certainly have been fulfilled. The matter ended as it usually does: the man was sent forward to work his passage, and after a few days, when food and clean water had restored him, he worked with a will, and became rather a favorite. He was tall and stalwart and held his head high when he left the ship, for no man worked harder than he did through the voyage.

As we got out into mid-ocean there were a thousand new excitements—the beautiful harmless lightning in the east, showing in the pitch-dark night a tracery of dark clouds penciled for a moment

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against the rosy brilliancy of what looked like Fairyland; the phosphoric water, which we took up in a bucket and examined after admiring it in the wake of the ship; the increasing gorgeousness of the sunsets as we neared the New World; the spouting of small whales not a quarter of a mile from the ship; the shoals of clumsy black porpoises, gamboling and turning on their sides; the solitary bird that perched on the mast; the masses of Gulf-weed; the ever-varying beauty of the water, now green, now blue, now purple in the sunlight or dark-gray and foamy white under the ruffling wind; the gradual fogs that encircled us for a week on the Banks, with the weird fog-horn sounding every five minutes; the fast yacht that had won for America the Anglo-American Atlantic race returning from the Isle of Wight; the sky-mirage of a ship standing keel upward; and the sight of a real steamer going from New York to Liverpool. But notwithstanding all such diversions the time hung heavily on our hands, and the long voyage of nearly seven weeks wore out the patience of all.

On one of the last days of July the pilot came on board with the latest New York newspapers, and then for the first time did we hear of the outbreak of the Franco-German war. Some of the passengers were seriously alarmed, and anxiously inquired whether the war was going on anywhere near their places of destination. The pilot was a young Jerseyman, uncommonly tall and proportionately strong: as we passed Long Branch he showed us the principal hotels through his telescope and descanted on the glories of that seaside place. Two nights afterward, or rather early in the morning just before dawn, a tug came alongside, and our captain bargained with her captain for the price of the towage into port: it was long before they came to terms. I heard all this through my open porthole, and for the first time saw one of those busy, puffing little vessels whose activity, self-importance, and, I must add, usefulness, have always reminded me of the fussiness of a stout little attorney. On the 1st of August, a terribly hot day, we entered New York harbor, and if ever I saw a scene that might be called fairy-like, it was that. The port had all the aspect of a tropical one, with the dark waving branches of the ailanthus suggesting palm trees, while the heat, the intense blue of sky and sea, the dazzling sun, the white buildings of the forts, all gave the scene a thoroughly southern look. Joined to this was the crowd and activity of a northern seaport, the masses of shipping, the Old-World look of the great spire of Trinity, and the countless towers and spires of the two cities, whose godliness it would not be safe to reckon by the number of their churches; the ferry-boats, a novel sight to us; and the great white, moving island, our namesake, the Plymouth Rock, which I saw then for the first and only time starting on her noon-trip to Long Branch. The bays of Naples and Genoa are the most celebrated for their beauty, but that of New York is in my opinion far finer. A boat came to take off the cabin passenger, who bade us a cordial good-bye, and reiterated his liberal but vague offers of help, and a health-officer came on board to inspect the steerage passengers. It was a mere form. Meanwhile, or rather just before we entered the port, there had been a great jubilee among the passengers, a donning of Sunday clothes, a reckless throwing away of tin cups and pans, mattresses and blankets, a scuffle in the hold as the baggage was hauled out and distributed, after which every one who had money deposited in the captain's hands for safekeeping during the voyage went to reclaim it, and, sad to say, found his resources already diminished by debts contracted to the steward for ale and porter, if not worse, or by foolish little bets with fellow-passengers. The custom-house officers came on board, and found one or two contraband articles, but cannot be said to have been hard on any one: we had been very much afraid for some pieces of unmade-up calico for morning dresses which we had in our trunks. At last the tug took us off to Castle Garden, making two trips till all had been landed, and we found ourselves in that large round building,

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so novel and strange to our eyes—the galleries on one side and part of the floor covered with small domestic settlements, in which a rampart of trunks and some blankets for curtains made an improvised tent, for privacy rather than protection; and the official part, looking crowded and uncomfortable. We did not stay long, but went through the *tourniquet* gate, passed the tribunal—where I first came across the genus "politician," heard much joking and more swearing from men with dirty shirts and diamond rings — and were then free and friendless and absolute strangers in the great city.

There is hardly a more forlorn feeling to be experienced than that. Some of our fellow-passengers went off, as directed, to the respective dépôts whence the emigrant-trains for the West took their departure; others to the Panama steamship, on their way to California; others, less lucky, were absorbed by the usual emigrant boarding-houses that line the riverside. A little later, when cooped up in the huge city, how I longed for the fate of the Western-bound emigrants, and what hardships I could willingly have undergone for the sake of fresh air and a sight of green fields! We knew absolutely nothing of New York except that there was a street called Broadway and a great park. We stopped first at a hotel on Castle Garden Square (it was not a pleasant, shady green at that time) to get something to eat, but either we found the people rude or the price too high, I forget which, and hungry and bewildered we wandered on. A little farther, in a by-street below Beaver, and in a much less pretentious place, we found civility and a plate of oysters, and were thankful for the rest. I tried a mixture of vinegar, molasses and water, which I had heard one of the sailors describe as a delicious, cool draught, but not knowing the right proportions made a very unsavory mess, which I was glad enough to leave. We had the address of a person living in Oak street, and not having the remotest idea of where and what Oak street was, started to find it. At every step the surroundings grew more unpleasant, and when we asked our way people stared at us disagreeably. At last the little crooked alley, with its crazy-looking tenements and skeleton balconies full of dirty clothes and dirtier babies, came in sight: we persevered, and found the number, the entrance being through one of those narrow, dingy lanes briefly described in advertisements as "No. So-and-so, *back*." We even went a little way up the stairs, but gave it up at last, preferring a chance wandering through the streets to such unsavory certainties as these. Then, after we had made our way on to the docks again, we got into a car from sheer fatigue and because we saw Central Park written on it, and on we went for nearly an hour till we came to the park, and breathed again. Here we got some lemonade at a clean stall, and as I saw the man put a straw into it, I used it at first, but found a draught of the iced drink much pleasanter after all. We took a few turns among the trees, and went round a pond where children were feeding the swans, and wished that there was no need of seeking any other roof than that of those drooping, shady boughs over the quiet seats. Our whole fortune consisted of fifteen dollars, and though we *were* "green," we knew enough to be sure that that would not last two of us many days.

We sauntered down Broadway, very tired and wondering when the street would come to an end, but still interested in the southern and, to my mind, specially Neapolitan, look of the side streets, shaded by the ailanthus trees, with the frequent fruit-stalls full of bananas, grapes, peaches and other exotic fruits, as they would be called in England, and with the cool white costumes and straw hats of the men, whose dress and complexion, so unlike the formal and bulky Englishman's, seemed to defy the effects of heat. I do not remember that we noticed the stores much: no doubt we were too tired. Passing some of the hotels, with their cool restaurants and marble tables in full view, we debated drowsily whether we should venture to go in: I think, so exhausted were

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we, that we would have given our little all for one night's rest, in order that after one good sleep we might have felt able to decide, to work, to struggle. Each hotel, however, looked too much above our means, and we walked on and on till we got to the Stevens House, and saw that there were no more to choose from. Here we went in: it was late, and the waiter grumbled at having to bring us our very meagre supper, for it was past meal-time. Though the rooms here were dismal and I was nearly ill with heat and fatigue, still the rest in a clean bed and the sight of proper bathing arrangements had a wonderful effect, and after breakfast next morning we felt like new beings. I have spent the night in that house once since that, but under much altered circumstances, when we marched boldly through a crowded breakfast-room, and, regardless of rules, I fed my pet dog on the best beeksteak and sweet-cakes.

The next day, though refreshed and more hopeful, we were still sadly unsettled, and saw nothing more feasible than to walk *up* Broadway, as we had yesterday walked *down*. The sight of the inviting restaurant of the St. Charles Hotel made us go in there and ask for a room: the price was tolerably cheap, especially as the "European plan" gives one the choice of inexpensive or extravagant meals. The room was one of those New York anomalies known as a *dark* room; that is, the sleeping part was, while the other, shut off by folding doors, was an irregular triangle, with one window on the street and a chilling marble table in the middle. It was very cheerless, but still a temporary roost. Now came a good deal of trouble about the baggage, which had been left at Castle Garden in our first uncertainty, and to recover which no end of "red tape" had literally to be "paid out." We got it at last, and once more were able to wear something more presentable than our traveling-dresses. But the comfort did not last above three days: we had pleasant, cheap meals in the restaurant, and made friends with the colored waiter who served our table, and who told us of his voyage to England as cook on board a steamer. The abundance of ice was a great luxury, and the wonderful, novel watermelon, with its huge proportions and frozen-snow taste, was as delicious as it was picturesque. By and by, however, a stranger, the editor of a sporting paper, came to see us with the charitable intention of suggesting to us a change of abode, as, he said, this hotel was so much of a resort for theatrical people that he was sure we should prefer not staying in it. We were as grateful as surprised at his kind interference, and indeed our money was running so short that it was, even if on no other ground, imperative to leave. Still, we were not able to leave before going through another unpleasant experience, for it was not easy to find another home, and as the meals had to be paid for then and there at the office of the restaurant, our slender means gave out before we had time to devise some new plan. For twenty-four hours we ate nothing, and by the end of that time we knew what hunger meant. By selling a pair of plain gold ear-rings we got three or four dollars, but the sale and the questions and the inquisitive looks were full as disagreeable as the search after Oak street had been. The big French loaf we bought and brought home under cover of a waterproof cloak proved the best-seasoned meal we had had in our lives, though the contrast with the rough plenty on board the Plymouth Rock seemed to exalt the latter into a series of banquets. But the hotel-bill was unpaid, and our poor store was unequal to one-third of it, while it was yet necessary that we should leave.

Providence smoothed over what threatened to be the worst trouble we had got into, and another stranger offered us a temporary home with him and his wife if we would come. It was on a Sunday. Here again the comical was mingled with the tragical, and our exit would have been well described only by the pen of Dumas. Our trunks we must of course leave behind us, as was only fair, as security for the future payment of our bill; but there were things that we could not do without, so we resorted to the smuggler's trick of

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putting on all the clothing we needed, which of a broiling August noon was hardly comfortable. A bag, such as one often uses for shopping purposes, was enough to hold the little necessaries which our pockets could not contain, and thus accoutred we left the hotel and went to the first place we could call *home*. How comfortable the kitchen seemed! It was also the dining- and sitting-room and baby's nursery, but our friend had a parlor for professional purposes, very nicely furnished, but still overhung with that cheerless air which the "best room" cannot fail of having. This was in a tenement-house, but of a different kind from those awful burrows down town. It was near Stuyvesant Square, and the rooms were on the ground-floor, two of them, however (the centre ones of the suite), *dark*. The kitchen was clean, cheerful and comparatively cool: our hosts were young and open-hearted, fond of seclusion and of books, and very bright and hopeful. We had a happy time there for six weeks, but the chance of finding suitable employment did not grow hourly more certain. When it did, at last, it unluckily necessitated our going farther down toward the "slums." We had no furniture, nor any money to buy any, and boarding, the only resource of the ignorant, seemed our fate. Still, with the experience of six subsequent years before my eyes, I can say I believe we made a mistake in beginning a life in which one has no interest, little privacy and less comfort.

Our first boarding-house was a most woeful specimen. It was in Chambers street, at a corner, and had the customary liquor-saloon on the ground-floor. The "family entrance" was at the side, and the dining-room, of course, in the basement. The first room that was shown us was very small and stuffy, and nearly filled by a large double bed, which on examining we found to be full of bugs. The landlady was indignant when this was pointed out to her, but not being able to resist the evidence of her senses, had the mattresses shaken out and the bedstead cleaned, assuring us that it was "all right" now. But an hour's sleep convinced us of the contrary, and as it was late, and we had no faith in any more cleansings, we appropriated a corner room at the end of the passage, took our things there and slept comfortably. The two clean iron bedsteads, small and hard, were much more inviting, and the next morning we told the landlady that we meant to stay in our new room. Again she expostulated, and demanded fifty cents a week more from each of us (we only paid five dollars each). I believe she got it eventually, but we kept the room and lived there in comparative comfort for over a month. Various strange, sad things happened there. One night there was a fight in the saloon below (we were fortunately two floors above it, and heard but little of the usual noise), and one man was taken to his room with a bad cut in his leg, which confined him to his bed more than a week. The landlady was very graphic in her description of his wounds when she came to us to borrow books for him. Then we had a neighbor terribly given to drinking, but strangely gentle in his intoxication, and one evening, toward dark, on coming home to our room, we found him established on my bed, peaceably sleeping in his clothes, very drunk, but as quiet as a lamb when wakened by the landlady with no gentle hand. He apologized the next morning in a way that went to one's heart. Another time I heard him stumbling along the passage to his room, the door of which opened at right angles to ours, but immediately contiguous, and hardly had he reached his own than he fell backward, dropping and extinguishing his candle, and bursting open our door, which had only a defective bolt to close it. There he lay across the threshold, groaning now and then. I was alone, and was afraid to wake him, yet fearful that he had hurt himself by his fall. At last some one came, picked him up and helped him into his own room and bed, and I heard him gently thanking his friend and feebly muttering that he was sorry to give him this trouble.

Another time a far worse thing took place, though not *in* the house. A man

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declared to be sober at the time came into the saloon, asked for a drink, quietly took it, and intimated to the bystanders that that was his last drink, as he was about to shoot himself. He was young and healthy, and dressed in his Sunday clothes. The men laughed at him, and he went out. Two minutes after a loud report drew all heads to the window and a crowd round the youth, who had shot himself through the heart with a revolver. The blood spurted up from his heart, and even as the people raised him his growing livid pallor showed that he had aimed but too straight. He died shortly after he was carried into the house. He was a young mechanic, in good work, who had been jilted or otherwise disappointed in love, and in a fit of what is called temporary insanity had ended his life in this sad way. One reads of such things every day, but to live in the midst of them brings the horror home to one in a far different way. The place grew to our minds so associated with horrors that we longed to move. There were other items not more pleasant, and chiefly the meals. I do not mean the food, for that was good and abundant; indeed, as an English traveler, who had had opportunities of stopping at the miners' inns in districts close upon the Rocky Mountains, once said to me, the roughest man in America eats better food, and is more particular about it, than many an English farmer or shopkeeper. We had good meat, and a variety of it, plenty of vegetables and good coffee, besides bread, butter, milk and plain cakes. But the "guests" and the waiting-girl were rather trying. The former, mostly truckmen and cart-drivers, with a few mechanics, swore terribly at every other word, and the latter, a bold, slatternly girl, waited on the table at breakfast with bare dirty feet and uncombed, often "unput-up," hair.

Before we left the house Providence sent us another friend, a clergyman, who was untiringly kind to us in a thousand ways, and was eventually the means of our getting comfortable and respectable lodgings. We made an effort to find such ourselves, and got together a few addresses from the *Herald*, but each place was beyond our means, six and seven dollars apiece being what was asked in the most modest houses. At last we were directed by our new friend to a street not far from the East River and opening into Grand street and East Broadway, and I went there alone to make inquiries one evening about six o'clock. The landlady came down: I had already, in the mean while, made friends with her beautiful Newfoundland dog. She asked no questions, and I knew she was a lady. It was a poor house, and the boarders not very high in the social scale, but again it was home. She was one of the kindest friends we ever knew, and we moved with her when she went up town to an unfashionable street, which seemed Paradise to me because one could see from the back windows the East River with Ward, Randall and Blackwell's islands, and the green shore of Long Island with its pretty, tiny villas, behind which I afterward found oak woods and wild flowers and farms, and first took a country walk after more than two years' constant residence in the city. Staten Island was our next glimpse of the country in its summer glory, just as I had seen it the day we landed, when it looked like a dream. The reality did not belie the dream, and we had kind, hospitable friends there. Gradually, though we still occasionally went through "hard times," and one Christmas we had to sell a few books to get enough for our car-fare down town to go to a pleasant family Christmas dinner, we drifted back into civilized society, and at last, to our great joy, escaped from bricks and mortar to various country places in many parts of the States, found many friends and made many homes, and are no longer the two helpless emigrants who landed in so forlorn a way in the bewildering city of New York.

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"K."

IT was in Schaus's, I think, that I saw during one of my strolls two water-color drawings—kitten subjects; one in full frisk, with a troop of yellow butterflies driving over her, watching a chance to paw a victim, with that serio-comical expression worn only by young animals, children as well. The pendant to this was Miss Kit sitting in a contemplative attitude, a few feathers scattered around her: she had eaten *it* up. There had not been enough of it: she was the image of dejection. "K." was neatly scratched in the corner of the drawings. I believed them bits of autobiography, and bought them from liking and sympathy. Besides, they were the work of a woman.

It was the latter part of July, and hotter than any weather I had ever experienced in the garb of civilization. Heat in the East has its compensations: there were none here, and I made up my mind to get out of New York. But where should I go? I was just home from a long sojourn in Europe, and had no inclination for travel here. Relations I had none. My early college-friends were out of reach or lost sight of. The one I had expected to greet me, joy on her lips and in her eyes, was journeying—where I had not yet found out.

As I slowly mounted the stairs to my room I picked up an envelope addressed in a clear though feminine handwriting. It was individual: the small erect letters reminded me of the German script, and I thought how prettily the writer would form her German words. Turning it over, queer enough! there was a tiny "K." like a flying insect, with a blue kitten rushing after it, tail up, paws on the slide. I of course thought of the painter of my pictures: if not that K., it ought to be. I put it in my pocket and tried to settle myself to work. I was writing some papers on the Bavarian Highlands, having spent three summers there and had some uncommon adventures. Here I was in whirling America again. To a man who likes to drift or pull a lazy oar this rattling carnival of work is distracting.

As I went to supper my thoughts turned to No. 44, near which I had found the K. envelope. There had been a recent arrival there—ladies: perhaps my artist was among them. On being worried about this, the clerk drew his pen suddenly from behind his ear, as if it were a weapon with which he intended to spear me, and mumbled something about "parties" leaving on the noon-train for Greenwood Lake.

"Watering-place, this Greenwood Lake?"

"Great fishing resort."

I am fond of fishing: I believe I'll go. There seems no need to wait for letters that can be forwarded.—No, you are wrong: I had passed my salad days, and had rather then, as now, wonder, dream about a possible divinity than take any trouble to look her up. If she come in one's way, well. But if you cherish a fancy and water it till it flowers, twenty to one it's a scentless, colorless thing. Besides, my future was already outlined. But if people do not stay at home or answer your notes, must you swelter in the discomfort of ninety degrees?

So I started for Orange county, and confess I had no idea our country was so wild and charming. The hotel was set in the midst of hills, with the lake rippling in front. It was a comfortable place to write in and wait for news of my lady. Most of the time I passed in a boat or in the woods, hermit-fashion, but I did not write much. To one mossy place, where the trees drew apart as if to let the wanderer see the wondrous heights of the hills and the quivering sheen of lake and sky, I used often to come. The spot was sometimes preoccupied by confidential girls, who were good enough to retreat if they saw me

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climbing upward. One day I came perhaps unexpectedly, for I heard a flutter of drapery, caught a glimpse of a figure wrapped in blue, and heard, to my delight, a whispered "Kit!"

The cat-painter, I decided as the rustling died away, indicating that she had found the path. I hoped she had dropped something in her hurry. She had. A sketch-book lay on the crushed leaves where she had been sitting. She must be a heedless person. I picked it up. It was what artists call a block, in a green cover. Papers were stuffed in the pocket, and a pencil was in the loop. I looked at the drawing. Pretty good: artist feeling in the lines, and capital foliage. Women are generally wretched portrayers of a tree; their foliage is a series of detached 3's. If this belongs to the painter, of course one expects better things. If it is hers, she's not famous yet, for the few celebrities have been pointed out to me. I knew it would be easy enough to find her: a sketcher soon betrays herself; so I made no formal inquiry, and abandoned my nook in the woods as perhaps sacred to dryads.

Rowing on the lake the next morning, I caught a seductive glimpse of blue in the very spot I was making for. I am near-sighted: it proved to be no lady, but a clump of purple asters. I drew up the boat, found a rock under an overshadowing umbrella tree, and prepared myself for a lounge. I put my hand in my pocket for Alfieri: I had left it in my room. There was nothing but the sketchbook, with its plethoric portfolio. Bah! I shall never find the owner. I must while away the time. I pulled out the papers. There was some writing, part of a journal or letter, scrawly and somewhat scratched, like the first draught of a composition. A moment's hesitation, and my virtue yielded to the temptation. I read:

"Ought I not to be so? Have I not had a deep experience in feeling? The sort of friendship you describe I'm afraid of. It may be possible. Shall I break my engagement? I think so, but distinctly understand that I do not mean you to be affected by anything I may do. Bound or not, you are the same to me: you hold a place by yourself. Does not that content you? I shall talk with K. about it: if he is not too satirical, I shall give him the full results of my thinking and feeling. I can look for but one issue to that conversation. He cares very little for me. I am sure he will wish for his freedom: he shall have the offer of it. For myself, I am happy enough: my painting satisfies me. There is much in my life to make me practical and philosophical. K. fascinated me, but I have long believed him to be a cold-hearted student, with the selfishness that must result from exclusive devotion to art-studies and self-culture. When I write to him I know I am only writing to a brilliant critic. It used to inspire me: it doesn't now."

So K. is a man, after all—one of those who crumble girls' lives as spice to their own? I should like to see this calm creature who is sufficient unto herself. I hope she will break out of the net that has snared her: of course she will. I look across the lake crinkling in the sunlight, and think vividly of my own betrothed, and that flame, lit in college days, now burnt down to matter of fact. Catherine was seventeen, and bewitching. Her hair was in flossy curls that blew about her forehead, and her cheeks and lips were delicious. She was a gushing creature, never in the least afraid to show me how she adored me. She loved too much: her enthusiasm was not always in good taste. Such women make good Roman Catholics. Their feelings need the devotional outlet: they are wasted on a mortal. I graduated a born lounger, studying law, however, and being admitted to the bar, to please my father, who was not willing I should be idle, although the taking care of his income was business enough for two. When he suddenly died I made up my mind to go abroad, and would then have married Catherine, but her mother said she was too young. We wrote frequently, and gradually the repression I had tried to teach her began to show itself in the calmer tone of her letters. Yet when did I get that wild

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poetic outburst that made me smile, though it touched me too? Just before going to Cairo, I think. So long ago? I've been rambling in deserts and mountains the last two years, beyond the reach of the post. I could write but rarely. I must make up deficiencies to her now, for she is a sweet soul, and deserves a better lover than I am.

As I took the path to the hotel I saw sitting on the piazza a fat, Napoleonic-looking man, a big straw hat on his knee. A woman with a blue shawl falling from her shoulders stood swinging her parasol as she talked with him. I walked slowly, hoping to get a look at the possible heroine, but before I reached the steps she nodded to her friend and hurried away toward the cottage.

The fat gentleman's heavy, regular features were familiar.

"I cannot be mistaken in General Fanshawe?"

He turned a brilliant pair of eyes on me from under long gray eyebrows, and made an attempt to hobble up: "How do you do? how do you do-er?" He had not an idea who I was.

"Reginald Kingston," said I.

"To be sure!—so it is. You astonish me! Glad to see you—glad to see you."

"I am rejoiced to see an old friend," said I, pressing his big fat hand cordially. "It gives one a Rip Van Winkle sensation to return to familiar New York and find nobody who knows one."

"Is that your case? You shouldn't have stayed away so long. You found none of our people at home?"

"No: I was disappointed."

"When did you arrive?"

"The 28th. I came *here* a week ago."

"Yes, yes, of course. I hope Allston has not involved you at all?"

"Somewhat: I hardly know to what extent yet."

"The first thing I thought of when I saw you. I was afraid you'd gone to smash."

"Oh no, but I knew I ought to come home and look after matters. My agent died in the spring, and everything conspired to hasten me. I was leisurely taking my way homeward when a budget of news made it advisable to hurry. And now I'm here, people are out of town—not to be seen—the weather too hot for business."

"Well, we are glad to get you back on any terms. There's nothing like America, is there? Can't see why the girls did not mention your being here. That accounts for their remarkable patience during my delay in coming."

"The girls?"

"My niece and Puss, you know. They have been waiting for me to come to take them off somewhere among the mountains. I am glad there's to be a younger man along. You find the little one grown into a noble creature."

While I hesitated to confess that I did not know whom he was talking about, the general announced that "Bel" was coming.

"Make it easier by presenting me," I said as the tall girl in blue approached.

She had a nice, sensible face, and regarded me with an agreeable air of interest, which gave place to a curious fluctuation of manner as the general introduced us.

As I exchanged greetings with Miss Fanshawe a flashing recollection came of an awkward pair, brother and sister, who spent vacations at the Tracys, and were always interrupting Catherine and me.

"Reginald Kingston?" repeated the lady with a faint emphasis on the baptismal name—"of Burlington?"

"Yes," I answered. "Have we not met before?"

Perhaps. She knew me rather from my friends. I was giving them a great surprise.

I was far from intending it.

"Mrs. Tracy and sister Lu are out West looking up kindred, and left me to look after the girls, with Henry's help," said the general. "You remember Henry? He's a parson now. Now, how could you be here a week and not find one another out?—What's the mischief, Bel?"

"We were staying at the cottage, uncle," said Bel. "I did not recognize Mr. Kingston. I have not seen him since we

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danced together on class-day. His moustache and bronze complexion are an excellent disguise. I suppose Kit is wiser, but she did not enlighten me."

As she finished speaking she hurried toward another girl whose white dress I saw through the trees.

"There's some stratagem," remarked the general. "Who can fathom their tricks?"

Was that Catherine Tracy, the lady of my love? I walked toward her, but of what I said I have not the least idea. I saw her smile and hold out her hand in a gracious, distancing way that welcomed and subtly repelled me. I held it in mine and kissed it. It was the thing for me to do, yet she seemed displeased, drawing her hand away and stepping backward.

"Was it quite fair?" I asked.

"Perfectly fair," returned Catherine.

"I do not feel so. I was waiting to hear from you, and you were hiding from me."

"When you came," said Catherine, walking nearer the general and Miss Fanshawe, and turning a brilliant face toward me, "they said you were an author deep in creative thought. There was no need to hide from a man wrapt in fancies. I am only surprised you did not discover us for yourself, as you so often invaded our sketching-nooks."

"I see now, Kit," exclaimed Miss Fanshawe, as if the key of a puzzle had been given her.

"I am not sure I should have recognized you if I had met you face to face. I am near-sighted, and you are changed. The fashion of dress would have misled me. Strange to say, I am always thinking of white frilled aprons and flying curls."

"I could not well keep up that costume," she remarked, lightly swaying her white ruffles lying in a little billow on the turf. She wore some drapery of black lace and knots and bows of pink ribbon.

"Did you not get my note?"

"Two of them: they came just as we had started on our trip. We left Uncle Sam to look you up. You furnished no address."

"They were dated from the hotel where I was waiting for the answer."

"And then you came here; so I did not send any message."

Was she offended? Ought I not to be so? I hardly knew how to deal with her. For the present I made inquiries about friends, and chatted with Miss Fanshawe, all the time looking at Catherine when I had the chance. She was handsomer than I remembered. Her brown hair was braided in a kind of Russian coronet, and some curls fell on brow and neck.

"Were you called home by business?" asked she suddenly, raising her eyes and entrapping me in one of these observations.

"Business hastened me perhaps. I was on my way home, as I told you in my last regular letter—the letter from Marseilles."

"It did not reach me."

"Did you not get one from Havre?"

"Yes," with an odd inflection in her voice, as if she were about to break into a laugh. "Mamma has it in her pocket yet, I dare say: she hates to give up anything. We spent parts of two days trying to decipher it. What was it? some new hieroglyphic?"

"I ask your pardon. It was written in great haste to catch the outgoing steamer. I did not suppose it to be so bad as that."

"The only words we could decipher," turning to the general, "were some initials and his own signature, 'K.;' but if the other letter had come it would have been clear enough."

"Pussie, you are severe," said he.

"I am indeed sorry it failed to reach you: the want of that letter has done me harm."

"Oh no," cordially and indifferently. "You and mamma will settle it very amusingly some day."

Yes, I see I am the "K.," the selfish lover, from whom she will be free. It is her letter burning in my breast-pocket. Am I such a scamp as she believes me? Have I lost her affection by being so sure and careless of it? I am afraid it is too late, and her correspondent will profit by my stupendous stupidity.

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"You have been six years abroad," said Miss Fanshawe: "why, it is a little lifetime!"

"It was a great mistake," I returned.

"How so?" demanded Catherine.

"One who has passed so many of his impressionable years in Europe feels out of place here. He has been forgotten by his old associates, and is too unpliant to form intimate friendships. He has no employment where every one seems too busy to heed him."

"He had better go back," said she.

"I have heard many say that a long residence abroad spoils one for this country," said the general, "but a century of it wouldn't affect me."

"I love America," exclaimed Catherine, with a motion of her handkerchief as if she were unfurling a little flag. "I have no patience with those people who are always moping in galleries and recording their impressions."

"Are you people coming to tea?" inquired the general, rising. "The fried fish here are superb."

I do not believe in excuses, but as soon as I had a good opportunity I attempted a skillful justification of my neglect in writing — a neglect of which I was for the first time conscious. I thought I had some good reasons, and was making them clear when Catherine said pleasantly, "Are you excusing yourself? Don't be annoyed. *I* think writing a bore too, particularly when you have nothing in common with your correspondent. And travelers' letters! The guide-books do as well for general reading. Not but that yours were more entertaining than the common tourist's epistle; and so charmingly written!—Do you remember, Bel," drawing Miss Fanshawe into the conversation, "the description of the landing in Malta in one of Mr. Kingston's letters? Henry thought it ought to be printed. But perhaps it was a leaf from your book. You are writing a book, are you not?"

I feel as if this pretty lady were boxing my ears, but I answer her gently enough, and Miss Fanshawe and I talk of Germany till the general joins us with *Appleton's Guide*. He wishes Henry would come, if he is ever coming, and take this train and connection business off his mind. I hear them talking of Delaware Water-Gap. The general, lost in the mazes of that wonderful book, appeals to me. I extricate him, and offer my further attendance. He accepts with pleasure. Miss Fanshawe shows delight, and Catherine, as I look at her, lifts her lovely brows.

"You have no objection to my going with you?" I ask when I get a chance.

"Certainly not. But I thought you had important business in New York."

"Have you a preference? I can go back if you had rather I should."

"No," hesitating.

Here I take from my pocket a ring, always carried about in my dressing-case. We had had them alike—rubies in white and gold setting.

"Where is yours, Catherine?"

She gave a hurried glance at me, and then turned for her friend. Miss Fanshawe had gone down the lawn with the general.

"I don't know, exactly. Among my trinkets I suppose. It does not fit."

"Let me have it altered."

"Nor does yours fit, I see. Better put them away as souvenirs of childhood."

"That will suit me: I should like to begin again. I will try this for the size."

"But no: I will have no new ring. Do not think so."

She spoke decidedly, with slightly-suppressed passion. I put the ring again on my own finger.

She glanced at it and laughed: "What a gaudy thing it is! Excuse me: it would suit a young Israelite, not you with your severe elegance."

I took it off and slipped it into my vest-pocket, while she, snatching at one of the children dancing past, began to tell stories to a group of them: "Once upon a time."

Yes, indeed, once upon a time was the beginning of my fairy-tale, and I stand off to sulk over my cigar. I take out the envelope, the waif of the hotel. I know now it must be hers, addressed as it is to Henry Fanshawe. I am also sure the contents of the sketch-book pocket belong within it.

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I resolve to go to the Water-Gap, and if possible conquer a new position before my lady has that conversation she intends having with me. Of course I abstain from all love-making: that would call for repression. I try to interest and please her and her companion. I think I succeed. I perceive that Miss Fanshawe admires me and wonders at Kit's sarcasms. She apologizes for her one day by saying, when her friend is out of hearing, "Kit does not mean to wound: she has so been used to wrangle with my brother Henry that she thinks everybody understands it."

"I believe I understand it," I reply, and wish I knew how much Catherine had confided to her.

When we reach the Water-Gap my lady begins again to draw, and over the sketching we become almost cordial. I ask her if she ever paints cats, and Miss Fanshawe laughs: it seems she does. "We think Kit has the making of an artist in her."

"I have noticed a singular device on your envelopes. I suppose there is some cabalistic meaning there."

"That was Henry's nonsense," Miss Fanshawe said. "He called his cousin Kit and Puss from ways of hers and her liking for the animals. After her success in the kitten-pictures he had this fancy printed as a joke. Kit uses it when she writes to us."

I dare one day to tell her, while sharpening pencils, that her art has made her a different person.

"I owe that all to you," said she, "and I am really full of gratitude. You told me I needed some outlet for my enthusiasm—that I ought to have an absorbing pursuit. I used to read that letter over once a month: it was educating."

I remember, but I have nothing to say, and she breaks into delight over a group of pines that comes into her picture. I show her a trick I learned in Stuttgart for rendering these trees and giving their dim but inextricable recesses, their confused gloom. She is charmed: we chat amicably, and Henry's shade seems less threatening.

The letter I have been dreading and evading summons me to New York. We are sauntering along on a wild slope, looking off to mountains and down over ledges and woods, when I tell her that I must go, and beg her to send me word as to her movements, that if possible I may join the party again.

"Is it worth while? We shall soon turn homeward. We shall meet you in New York."

"When you are at home I want a long, serious talk with you."

"Of course you do."

"Meanwhile, will you not be charitable toward your humble servant and slave?"

Her cheek dimpled: "I am."

I hold her hand, and have it in my mind to kiss her, but she prevents me.

"Have I not the right?"

"It is outlawed. You will not insist."

"Are you not engaged to me?"

"Are you engaged to me?"

"Body and soul."

"You have my word till you release me. We are going to have a serious talk about that in New York when mamma returns. I postpone all discussion till then."

"Remember," said I, "as you count my sins against me, that I have not been disloyal to you an hour."

She looked at me astonished.

"Now, Catherine, I love you—not in the spoony, undergraduate way I once did, but as a man loves who has but one love in his life, and that knotted in every fibre, so he himself does not know how strong the feeling is till he tries to loose it."

She looked down, and I thought I had touched her till she laughed: "Excuse me, but there is something so comical in it all! You look very handsome and romantic in your part, but it's useless."

"Useless?"

"Yes: we are going to explain by and by, you know."

"You don't love me, that's certain."

"How good of you to find that out yourself!" she exclaimed with an air of relief. "Nobody could expect a boy-and-girl fancy to endure. One has one's time of sighing and looking at the moon. When we have our understanding—"

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"Let us have it now."

"The first question I would put," she continued with a deeper flush on her cheek, "is, then, Have you money enough?"

"More than enough," I replied, astonished at the question.

"Mine is not necessary or desirable to you?"

"No. I have never thought of it."

"So I believe. You were never mercenary. But mamma heard about your losing by Allston's failure: she feared the loss was a great one. Then," she added, hesitating, "it was considered an advantage to unite the fortunes."

"Not by me. I have lost something — I hardly know how much yet — but there's plenty left."

"You will let me go free?"

I remember I had a soft felt hat in my hands that I doubled up and squeezed as she talked.

"I ought never to have left you, but I love you."

"Oh no," with a smile: "that is not to be supposed."

"You do not hate me?"

"No, indeed; only my bondage. We shall begin again on a different footing, and become very good friends when this is over."

"May I ask if you care about anybody else?"

She had a translucent skin, through which the blush showed like light through porcelain as she answered frankly, "I do not know. Perhaps not. I should like to be sure."

"You shall have no hindrance from me; only, Catherine, judge me yourself, not by another's opinions."

She colored again, and I could have sworn Henry had been my accuser.

"Please give me back my ring," she said.

"What is the use? Our rings are alike. It is only the sentiment of the thing. I withdraw all claim."

"Thank you. I knew I could trust your—good-breeding."

As she chose that word after a pause, I had drawn from my pocket the sketch-book and put it in her hand.

"My book! How did you get it? I lost it at the lake."

"I found it there in one of my prowls before I saw you or dreamed who K. was."

She was drawing out papers.

"I have read everything," said I. "I have known for some time your opinion of me."

"Ah!" she sighed, pulling forth the letter, "this seems so long ago!"

"Good-bye, then. I shall not perhaps see you again."

"In New York, when mamma returns: you are to come then."

"There is no need: we have had our conversation." I felt my throat dry: I wanted a glass of water.

"Don't drop the friendly relations with the family," said she, taking a step toward me. "Mamma loves you for your own sake, as well as for your mother's. We have all a great regard for you. I cannot think you will really feel this change in our connection. But if you care a little for me you will come, to spare me annoyance."

I looked at her, and met the brown eyes fully. She quivered slightly, and turned them away.

"How can I do that, Catherine?"

"You can save me from blame, rest my conscience and pacify mamma. Besides, we are going to be friends."

"By and by."

"Shall you go abroad again?"

"I don't know: I am disoriented. Good-morning."

"One thing more," she added, dropping her eyelids, the wind blowing her curls. "My letters? You have burnt them?"

"I have every one."

"Give them back to me: I want to read them again."

"You wish to see how the old love looks under the light of the new. You shall have them. I have a favor to ask too."

"Your own? They cannot be of any value—as love-letters."

"I don't care what becomes of them. You owe me something," I hurried to say. "I thought I should have had hundreds: let me have one kiss."

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She did not demur: she turned her face toward me for a moment, and I went down the hill with the world before me, and, strange to say, not utterly downcast. But then I am said to have a convenient amount of self-conceit, and self-conceited people are hopeful.

If I had attended to my affairs, instead of loitering near K. so long, it is possible that something might have been saved from the general smash. As it was, I was incomeless. I had some pictures and busts worth a few thousands, a library, some gems and drawings, and a neglected old place on the Hudson. It was the hardest part of my trouble to part with these possessions. If I did, I still must work. I determined to wait till hunger or a ragged coat was the alternative. At that idea I laugh. I have been in rags and hungry, and liked the situation for a few hours. Any one who will work here may earn, they say: we shall see. I go to my lawyer like the romantic poor young man. He is a good fellow: he tangles me in fringes of law-talk till he finds what I am worth. I hire two rooms in a neighboring building, move my books and pictures and set up housekeeping. The schools are beginning. I get an appointment to lecture on history and art in three seminaries. Small pay, but pleasant work. I like to talk to girls: the girls like to listen. I finish my mountain-sketches, and the magazines bring me some money. I am earning all I need, and I work as I never worked. The year is strangely short.

I have seldom seen K., or any woman but the gregarious school-girl and the keen creatures who train her. They tell me she is going to marry Henry, Miss Fanshawe's brother. I am going to ignore that fact for one half hour. So I go to the Tracys' on a chilly afternoon in October. It has been raining, and the walks are covered with damp leaves, orange and scarlet. As I walk there ring in my brain some dismal French verses I have read and always disliked:

Tombe, tombe, feuille éphémère.

I believe I feel it prophetic when I see a young man's hat and gloves in the hall, exact and precise in their air, befitting a minister and a reformer, as Henry is. I wait a few moments beside a sparkling fire: then I see K. coming through the library. Her face is pale, and a little sad, I think, but it brightens when she sees who awaits her.

"I didn't understand the name," said she, "and you are such a stranger. It seems pleasant to see you."

"That should be a stranger's welcome."

"You do not come often enough, mamma says. She will be down when she knows who is here."

"And what does K. say?"

"K. agrees with her mother always—where she can."

I had admired during the summer her rich artistic dressing. To-day she was in a soft black dress with silken hems and a white muslin tie—not a glimmer of ornament about her.

"You look like a deaconess," said I—"not but that the attire is becoming. What is the matter with your hand?" For she had wrapped it in a white handkerchief.

"I have been playing with fire. What are you pursuing? what new art?"

"That of earning a living."

"It is becoming, as you say."

"You see a change? I feel it. I have lived deep this year."

"You seem more downright, a trifle brusque—from hunting the buffalo perhaps."

"I know what I must have, and am toiling, hoping for it. That makes a man alive."

"Did you know," she asked suddenly, "that Allston had all my money? I'm poor."

"So am I. He lost me mine."

"Truly? I thought your working was some figure of speech. You working! I begin to apprehend: it is necessary."

"Precisely. I like it, however: my work is congenial. I am earning about two thousand a year."

"With what an air you announce it! Didn't you use to spend twenty? Tell me what you are doing."

I obeyed. She sighed when I had finished: "It is easy for a man to earn.

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Recommend me to your principals as a drawing-teacher. I cannot paint steadily, or sell all I paint. I want a situation."

"Are you not going to be married?"

"Why, no!" with a deep blush. "Why did you think so?"

"Miss Fanshawe told me. I thought I would come and congratulate you."

"Indeed! Well, when I need congratulations I'll let you know."

"I beg your pardon: I've annoyed you."

"I ought not to be annoyed, I suppose. I never intend marriage: that's all."

"Nor I," said I with great gravity. "I've too much to do to look up a wife: they are said to be expensive."

"Quite true; and so wise of you, Mr. Kingston!" answered she with a bright color in her cheeks. After a moment's hesitation she said, "I will tell you: I promised to marry Henry Fanshawe—"

We are never prepared for what we expect, I find. My heart gave a stifling thump.

"But he changed his mind with my fortunes."

"I saw his confounded sneaking hat in the hall. Where is he, Kit? I should delight to kick him down the steps."

She laughed: "Thanks! You ought to know how charmingly it was all disarranged, after his persistence of months in gaining his object."

"I have always supposed he made you think of my faults and mistakes as crimes, deliberate sins against you."

"You are right."

I went to the other side of the fireplace and sat down beside her: "K., won't you try me again?"

"After all my injustice and selfishness?"

"You have much to forgive me for, but I love you more dearly than ever."

She was slowly pulling off the handkerchief that wrapped her hand: something flashed. It was my ruby ring on her fore finger.

"That is what you have been hiding from me?"

"I have been wearing it ever since we parted on the mountains," said she in a low tone — "when I thought I should never see you again."

"Then you liked me best all the time, sweetest?"

"I am afraid I did. Don't! here comes mamma. You will be more conceited than ever."

"Have I not reason?"

E. A. BARRY.

THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

BETWEEN the flat, wide marsh and moonless sky
  Hangs a gray roof of cloud: the rank earth steams.
Hark! far away the sea breaks heavily
  On shelving sands. Is this the world of dreams?
Or can this dun blank, this weird waste, be real?
  See, where a yellow, wavering, thin flame gleams
Yonder above the grass-tips! Watch it steal
  Ghostlike amongst their roots with lambent beams.
Surely it lives! An errant spirit free
  From its clay prison, what delight it owns
In boundless spaces! Lo, I haste to thee,
  Quaint, mystic soul of fire! o'er bog and stones.
Mock me no more, for surely thou art she
  Whose daily loss my widowed heart bemoans.

EMMA LAZARUS.

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WYE ISLAND.

AMONG the many beautiful little rivers which lend a peculiar charm to the quiet scenery of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, there is none so lovely as the Wye, nor is there any which is more intimately connected with the great men and stirring events of the youthful days of the republic. Originating in a small creek in the lower portion of Queen Anne county, near the Talbot line, it forms the boundary between the two, widening rapidly until it mingles with Skipton Creek. Just at this point its stream divides into two branches, the Back and the Front Wye, these curving arms holding in loving embrace the fertile and historic island which is the scene of the following reminiscences, until, clasping hands again round Beale's Island, which stands like a sentinel at the outer gate, they flow together into the broad mouth of the St. Michael's and make their way with it toward the Eastern Bay. The stranger is told by those who ought to know better that the river thus forms a double *Y*, from which its name is derived. A glance at the county map, however, shows all along its banks the ancestral seats of the Lloyds and Tilghmans—names suggestive of the Welsh origin of the old families which bear them—and tells us more correctly that the early settlers brought with them loving memories of the bright little river which rises in the ancient Cambrian hills, and, mingling its waters with those of the Severn, flows out through Bristol Channel to the Atlantic. It was thus, undoubtedly, that Wye River obtained its name. Its banks are almost entirely free from the dreary border of marsh which fringes most of the peninsular streams. The channel, deepening rapidly from the shore, sweeps between bold bluffs of fine woodland and smiling fields of grain or clover, dotted by the handsome residences of many whose ancestors dispensed stately hospitalities in these same homes more than a century ago.

Wye Island, the subject of this paper, is known by several other names, being called indiscriminately Chew's, Bordley's and Paca's Island, from the distinguished families which at different times have occupied it, and in connection with which it became a prominent feature in the early history, not of Maryland only, but of the United States. In shape it is exceedingly irregular, being about five and three-quarter miles in length by one and a half in breadth at its widest part, curving round with the river and broken in its outline into numerous fantastic peninsulas, indented by a multitude of miniature bays and gulfs. The land, as with all other islands in the Chesapeake rivers, is exceedingly fertile—a fact which is accounted for by their formation, the alluvial matter washed down by the stream having been gradually deposited on the sandbars which form their foundations, this accumulation giving a depth and richness to the soil unknown on the adjoining "main." Its natural strength is manifested in the dense thickets of young timber—oak, chestnut, walnut, hickory and other woods of similar robust growth—which spring up wherever cultivation has been intermitted for a few years. There is no gradual sloping of shore: no "flats" stretch out in wide, shallow margin toward the channel. The quiet river opens against a firm, high bank which might almost be called a bluff, and flows calm and deep on either side of the island. These features give us the key to the home-life of its distinguished occupants a century and more ago. The stately mansion, now scarred by time and feeble with the infirmities of age, would never have risen on such a site had not the broad fields and teeming pastures been capable of sustaining its manorial elegance, nor would an island-home less accessible by easy water-transit for coach-and-four have suited the men who took so active a part in the great events of their day.

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The river murmurs its inarticulate story of the historic past, and the wind, as it sighs among the broad leaves of the old catalpa groves, whispers its memories of silken coats and jeweled buckles; of stately minuets and courtly dinners; of brains unclouded by the crusty port of other days retiring from the festive board to discuss the problems of statecraft and the issues of unequal war; of baying hounds and scarlet-coated riders; of wealth and intellect and culture which have faded with the peaceful golden sunset which closed a century of strife and storm. For here was the model plantation of John Beale Bordley, where that distinguished patriot delighted to expend his great wealth in giving a practical impetus to the agricultural interests of his State; and here was the home of William Paca, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the governor who represented Maryland in that august assembly which received the commission laid down by the Father of his Country, the rich harvest of seed sown by their hands with many misgivings and cultivated through eight long, weary years with blood and tears and treasure.

In the will of Mrs. Henrietta Maria Dulany, the mother of both Mrs. Judge Bordley and Mrs. Judge Paca, the first item is the bequest to her son, Philemon Lloyd Chew, of "all that tract or parcel of land lying in Queen Anne's county called Lloyd's Insula, containing seventeen hundred and ninety-five acres, and also all that other tract or parcel of land called the Purchase, adjoining to the former tract, and containing one thousand acres; both which tracts together are commonly called or known by the name of The Island, or Lloyd's Island in Wye River." This magnificent estate of nearly twenty-eight hundred acres of the richest land in Maryland was but a portion of the immense fortune of this wealthy lady. Mrs. Dulany's maiden name was Lloyd, and her mother had been goddaughter, namesake and maid-of-honor to the queen of Charles I. Her first husband, from whom a large part of her wealth seems to have been derived, was Samuel Chew, a descendant of John Chew, who built the first stone house at Jamestown. Their daughter Margaret married John Beale Bordley, and their daughter Mary became the wife of William Paca. This will bears date "this fourth day of November in the year of our Lord Christ seventeen hundred and sixty-five." Among other matters of interest it shows us the *animus* of Southern slavery in those days—a spirit which will be recognized by many as marking the "institution" to its close. Bequeathing to her grandchild "the old negro-woman Jenny," Mrs. Dulany adds, "I desire a tender care may be taken of the said old Jenny by those to whom she shall go as aforesaid, and I particularly hope my said granddaughter will be carefull of her." Further on we read, "It is my order and request that when my things in general shall be divided, the old ones may go with their families, and that they be well treated and taken care of for their past labor, the benefit whereof my children have received."

John Beale Bordley was one of the executors of the will. This distinguished patriot was born at Annapolis February 11, 1727. His father was Thomas Bordley of Bordley Hall, Yorkshire, England, attorney-general of the province of Maryland. This gentleman was the first husband of Ariana van der Heyden, the granddaughter of Augustin Hermann, the famous Bohemian exile who took so prominent a part in the affairs of New Amsterdam in the days of his friend and connection by marriage, Peter Stuyvesant. This Hermann afterward received from Lord Baltimore a grant of the tract in Cecil county, Maryland, still known as "Bohemia Manor." By his wife, Miss Shippen of Boston, he became the ancestor of the Bordleys and Frisbies of Maryland, with all their numerous and widespread descendants, and of the Jennings and Randolph families of Virginia.

John Beale Bordley was the last of the admiralty judges of Maryland under the provincial government. Margaret Chew was his first wife, and on her death he married Mrs. Mifflin — whose maiden

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name was Fishbourne—of Philadelphia. He thus became stepfather to General Thomas Mifflin, governor of Pennsylvania, and president of Congress when Washington resigned his commission. Judge Bordley's name appears as an "Esquire Justice" in a "copy common recovery, William Paca *vs.* James Philips," in 1770, the paper being still preserved at the Wye Hall mansion.

The special interest attaching to Judge Bordley, however, does not centre in the historic events of his times, but in his passion for agriculture and the object toward which its practical aim was directed. It was his "hobby" to prove how easily the colonies could be made independent of the mother-country, and Wye Island independent of the rest of the world. Accordingly, he devoted his large fortune to the culture not only of grain and fruits, but of dye-plants, herbs and domestic condiments—to the rearing of cattle and sheep and the manufacture of their various products into food and textile fabrics. His farm became a manufacturing village, supplying its own raw material, and the result was that common to "model farms" the world over—everybody admired, but nobody imitated it. A very practically-useful fancy of his, however, was the sending of boat-loads of beef and flour, fruits and vegetables, as presents to the nearest military posts, and many a hungry "Continental" was made full and happy by these substantial tokens of the judge's success in farming. On one occasion he stripped his estate on Pool's Island, opposite the mouth of Worton Creek, of all its valuable stock for the use of the army.

While others were devoting their hours of study to the political problems of the young republic, Bordley gave up his literary leisure to the production of a work on husbandry, which makes curious reading at the present day. The book is written in the first person, giving the results of his own careful experiments, as well as his extensive studies, and covers the entire ground, from the building of farm-mansion and offices to the preservation of shoe-leather and the preparation of cheap food. From this work we learn with some surprise that "in Maryland most of the wheat sown is *amongst maize*, whilst it is ripening, in September." The old methods of culture are condemned, and new ones suggested which would ensure the ruin of a modern farmer in the course of two or three crops. From patriotic motives the cultivation of tobacco had been discarded for that of hemp, to which many pages are devoted, with full instructions to housewives how to make fine linen out of hemp.

The following description of an improved plan for threshing wheat reads strangely enough after one has watched the throbbing steam-power as it whirls the straw clouds with a living energy from the throat of the huge threshing-machine: "In my treading, twenty-four horses are formed into four ranks at some distance from the floor, and when the floor is ready laid one of the ranks has the word given to advance. For the sake of order and regular work the boy who is mounted on one of the horses advances in a walk, with the whole rank haltered or tied together, and enters on the bed of wheat, walking the horses upon the track laid with wheat: another rank is ordered to follow as soon as the first is supposed to have obtained a distance equal to a fourth part of the circumference of the bed; and so for the other ranks. They are forbid to go out of a walk till, having walked upon the bed five or six rounds, word is given to move on in a sober, slow trot, and to keep the ranks at their full distance from each other, as the four cardinal points of the compass." The "first journey" is eight or nine miles: then the horses are fed, watered and rested until the straw is removed, and the process repeated until twenty-five miles have been traveled, which completes the operation for the day. Think of twenty-four horses trotting twenty-five miles to do in one day what a modern field-engine accomplishes in two or three hours!

In describing the proper methods of building country habitations Judge Bordley makes some original suggestions

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about supplying the upper stories with water. He says: "Water might be raised to a head at the top of Mr. Morris's quarry-hill on the Schuylkill for supplying reservoirs on the tops of the houses in Philadelphia. Consult ingenious men. The tide falling eight feet, and running two and five-tenths miles in an hour, at least equal to the walking of horses in mill-work, could not works be so constructed that the impetus of the water of that river should move a wheel (I think a horizontal one) which would force the water wanted up to a reservoir on the top of that hill? A horizontal wheel under water would for ever turn one and the same way, whether the water runs ebbing or flowing; as near thirty years ago I experienced in a model." Perhaps the commissioners of the Schuylkill waterworks might take a valuable hint from the above.

One of the judge's pet schemes was the introduction of the hop to encourage "home-brew" as a substitute for the execrable rum of those days, but in the course of his experiments he nearly overshot his mark. Describing how a certain Mr. Anderson obtained "an English gallon of pure spirit" from a bushel of Irish potatoes, he gives the following account of the liquor: "It was in every respect the finest vinous spirit I ever saw. It was somewhat like very fine brandy, but was milder, and had a kind of coolness on the palate peculiar to itself. Its flavor was still more peculiar, and resembled brandy impregnated with the odor of violets and raspberries. A single glass of it put into a bowl of rum-punch gave it a flavor of half rum, half brandy, impregnated with raspberries. There was no difference in the taste of the very weakest of its spirit near the end of the distilling and that of the first; which is a great peculiarity." Fortunately for the cause of temperance, so near his heart, all the judge's efforts failed to reproduce this nectar. Otherwise, one-half the farmers of Pennsylvania and the Eastern Shore would probably have gone to making potato-brandy for the other half to put into their rum-punch.

Perhaps one more extract may be of interest to Centennial housekeepers, as describing how their great-grandmothers used to make ice-cream: "Two pewter basins, one large, the other small, the small one to have a close cover: in this basin the cream is put and mixt with strawberries, etc., to give flavor and color: sweeten it. Cover it close, and set the small basin in the large one. Fill this with ice and a handful of salt, to stand three-quarters of an hour: then uncover and stir the cream well together; cover it close again, to stand half an hour longer; and then it may be turned into a plate. Tin or copper vessels may do."

In 1785, Judge Bordley removed to Philadelphia, where with Judge Peters and others he founded the first agricultural society in Pennsylvania. He died in 1804. The antique residence which he occupied at the lower end of Wye Island is no more. It was built by Samuel Chew of materials brought from England, and was one story high and one hundred and three feet front. The splendid granite wharves built by Judge Bordley are shapeless stone-heaps, and the salt-houses, loom-houses, shops and cottages have disappeared.

Passing now to the upper portion of the island, we reach the grand old mansion which was the home of William Paca. Unlike the Bordley estate, this has never been alienated from the family, and although the marks of decay and dilapidation are everywhere prominent, it is still the property and the home of the lineal descendants of the Signer.

The dwelling stands upon a commanding eminence, whence it looks down upon the "Narrows" and controls a view of thousands of fertile acres once the inheritance of the Lloyds and Chews, and still owned, to a great extent, by their descendants. The land naturally slopes downward from the river-bluff, but has been terraced up until it forms a broad plateau, sufficient to accommodate not only the house, but the extensive gardens and pleasure-grounds which surround it. This herculean work was done, according to a family tradition, by the negroes of the

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estate, the earth being trundled up in wheelbarrows. The same tradition tells how Governor Paca, in order to overcome the determination of his son John to go to sea, gave him *carte-blanche* to build a house after his own ideas and without regard to expense; and John took him at his word. The original plans and elevation show a palatial mansion, with arcades and porticoes, niches and pedestals for statuary, battlements and pinnacles for roof and tower, the details of which were probably never completely carried out. Much of the elaborate ornamentation was of lead, and was taken down in the course of the Revolutionary struggle to be run into bullets for the Continental muskets. Ruinous as its present condition is, there is ample evidence of its primal grandeur. The building is in the Doric style, the plans having been drawn by the same hand which originally designed the Capitol at Washington. The central portion is square, with two spacious porticoes, the lofty columns of which present an imposing appearance. Stretching away on either side are the arcades, or more properly covered passages, terminating, the one in the kitchen and offices, the other in the grand parlor or "ball-room." Entering the house is like stepping back into the past century. A single glance at the antique *tête-à-tête* sofa explains to us at once why the gentlemen of that day wrote to their wives as "Dear Madam," and subscribed themselves "Your devoted companion, lover and friend." No man who did his courting on that stiff-backed seat, unable to face the lady of his choice without sitting three feet away from her or breaking his spine, could ever after have come to terms of undue familiarity. Looking around the square hall which served as dining-room, we see "La Fayette's sideboard," with its spindle legs, its wine-cupboards and ancient knife-cases of inlaid mahogany, and its feet elaborately carved into griffons' claws. There is nothing of elegance about this ancient furniture — nothing, indeed, except the fact of its whilom ownership, to distinguish it from similar old-time relics which may be seen in a hundred lumber-closets throughout the country. But we moralize on the degeneracy of the times as we think, "How solid and substantial were the men and the ways of those days! None of your flimsy modern shams for Monsieur le Marquis and the brave old Signers, but hard, hand-carved mahogany, worth its weight in gold, if not in blood, having run the gauntlet of the Gulf voyage through waters swarming with the pirates of the Costa Rica!" Alas! a nearer inspection dissolves the spell! An irregular patch of white attracts our attention, and we turn away disgusted as we realize that at last the old fraud is only *veneered!* And perhaps the gallant Frenchman himself was, after all, but a fine specimen of veneering. A current anecdote among Eastern Shore gentlemen whose fathers' or grandfathers' hospitality he enjoyed tells how his first question to a stranger after introduction would be, "Married or single?"—"Married, sir."—"Happy man!" would be the rejoinder. In the next case, probably, the reply would be "Single."—"Lucky dog!" with a wink and shrug and a familiar slap on the shoulder.

Opening on this square hall are several bedrooms, remarkable only for their small size. The long corridors, however, are noble apartments, and full of corner-cupboards and similar housekeeping arrangements and conveniences. Here, too, one wanders in the past. The Signer's handsome bookcase, on the shelves of which still stand the volumes of his law library, and the tables where he played short whist with his Revolutionary confrères, are still used by his descendants. Here, too, are the antique chairs which graced the gubernatorial mansion at Annapolis, and were loaned for Congressional use when Washington resigned his commission. Of course, among them is the inevitable chair in which Washington sat, but fortunately its identity has been lost among its half dozen fellows, as like as so many peas, and the visitor may take his choice. The grand parlor is a beautiful and stately room, the lofty ceiling ornamented with handsome stucco-work and the walls

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hung with family portraits of very great artistic merit. Among them is a full-length picture of Governor Paca by Peale, and in his best style. It shows us a tall, portly man, of commanding presence and strikingly handsome features. The rich dress and easy carriage betoken a gentleman of wealth and breeding, while the dark eye and well-chiseled mouth evince character and firmness rather than great intellectual force.

William Paca was born in Harford county, Maryland, October 31, 1740. His father, John Paca, Esq., was a gentleman of large wealth, a stout, handsome and refined man, as evidenced by his portrait at Wye Hall, his features giving confirmation to the idea of Italian origin suggested by the family name. His mother was Elizabeth Smith, whose grandmother had married a brother of the duke of Marlborough, and whose mother, Elizabeth Martin, was one of the most celebrated beauties of her day. This lady, according to a family tradition, excited much comment by her flirtations with Richard Caswell, afterward governor of North Carolina, and Richard Dallam (whom she married), afterward governor of Maryland. Some of the wits of her coterie immortalized her coquetries in the doggerel verses, still extant, beginning—

Pretty Betty Martin,
Tiptoe! tiptoe!
Pretty Betty Martin,
Tiptoe fine!

The writer of this paper well remembers a large parrot, a favorite of his boyish days in South Carolina, one of whose accomplishments was the repetition of these lines.

William Paca was educated at Philadelphia under the tuition of Rev. William Smith, D. D. He studied law in the office of Stephen Bordley, Esq., at Annapolis, was licensed to practice in 1761, and admitted to the provincial bar in 1764. He married first Mary Chew, the sister-in-law of Judge Bordley, by whom he had one son, John P. Paca, the builder of Wye Hall. He afterward married Miss Ann Harrison of Philadelphia, a niece of the revered Bishop White. This lady died childless. This statement is at variance with that made by Goodrich in the brief sketch of Governor Paca among the *Lives of the Signers*, but the facts are from a genealogical paper preserved by the family at Wye Hall.* Many of these papers, seemingly of no importance or interest whatever, give us a far better insight into the life and manners of those olden times and the characters of those who lived in them than the pretentious state documents which tell of public events. Thus, we find a duplicate list, dated November 9, 1766, of articles received by William Paca from the personal estate of Mrs. Dulany, his wife's mother, which not only enumerates many curious household utensils the use of which has been long since forgotten, but evinces a particular attention to detail which few modern heirs or executors would care to imitate. The list embraces about four hundred items, varying in character from negro slaves to "½ ℔ sugar candy," "one old copper cullender" and "1 sconce-glass, broke to pieces," and ranging in value from eighty pounds to threepence. From this we learn that a negro woman "with bedding" was worth thirty-five pounds, while bacon and beef on the hoof were appraised at two shillings and three shillings per pound respectively. Hyson tea was valued at one pound two shillings per pound, and that ten years before the burning of the Peggy Stewart and the Boston Tea-Party! Coffee, on the other hand, was only ninepence. Those were halcyon days for the wealthy farmers of the Eastern Shore, when only the exceeding stillness of the calm foreboded the coming storm. Here is a little scrap of paper which, like the burin of some skillful master, presents to us a spirited picture by the suggestions of a few well-drawn lines:

"Dr Sir:

"We send you some Fish caught last evening in our Seine & 3 Crabs. If not engaged out nor inconvenient to the ladies we will dine with you to-day.

"Yrs. affly Wm. Paca.

"*Sunday.*"

* Another paper, however, supports Goodrich.

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The calm reaches of the Wye were teeming with fish of choicest flavor then as now, but the inquisitive crustacean had not yet discovered the comfortable grass-beds of its bottom, or perhaps was out of season. The perch and tailors are occupying the attention of the dusky scullery-maids, while the clumsy old family-coach with its four sleek bays lumbers down into the huge scow, and is ferried across the river with its powdered and farthingaled occupants on their way to service at old Wye Church. Within the sacred building the parson and clerk are rendering the service in a responsive duet, while the stiff brocades and wide hoops of the lady-worshipers render kneeling in the quaint, narrow pews a simple impossibility. Without, the gentlemen, in scarlet coats, green silk waistcoats, buckskin breeches and heavy top-boots, are discussing the price of tobacco, the fresh news — only six weeks old — which the Ariel has just brought from England, the growing burdens of taxation and the acts of the provincial council, entering the church with an air of stately courtesy to the minister, rather than of reverence for the place, in time to hear the "fifth head" of his formal and somewhat dry discourse, as was the general fashion of the day. And then the old coach lumbers back to the island; the gentlemen ride alongside in courtly converse with the fair inmates; the fish splutter in the pan and the crabs are daintily served on a "willow-pattern" India-china hot plate as a Benjamin's mess for some favored lady-guest, and the old catalpa trees cast long and dubious shadows ere the gentlemen leave their curious port to join the ladies, who are taking a dish of tea in the great parlor and discussing the latest phases of court fashion—whether rouge and patches should be worn together, and whether the new *coiffure* should be twenty inches or two feet in height. These same ladies, however, were very practical housewives, and knew how to look after their interests, for here is a copy of the lease and indenture between one of them and Nathan Ireland of Cecil county: The said Nathan to have the use for three years of her farm known as Turkey Point (familiar to all canal travelers between Baltimore and Philadelphia), the annual rent to be "four hundred pounds in current money, four hundredweight of good salted butter, well put up in firkins, twenty-four turkeys, seven dozen dunghill fowls, ten barrels of good, well-made herrings and one barrel of nice shadd" (*sic*). It is perfectly safe to assert that could tenants be found now to make the same terms, every farm on the Eastern Shore would be rented out before the close of the year.

The practice of the law and the exciting events in which he early began to take an active part left Mr. Paca but little time to enjoy the rural pleasures of his island-home. His residence was usually at Annapolis—no doubt known then as now as "Annop'lis"—and in 1771 we find him a member of the House of Burgesses, the people's branch of the provincial legislature. Daniel Dulany, his friend and connection by marriage, had yielded to the temptation held out by a lucrative public office and espoused the government side, but Paca's independent and fearless spirit was not to be swayed by wealth or official influence. A curious instance of the spirit of the times is found in the formal hanging on a gibbet and burying in a coffin of Governor Eden's obnoxious proclamation enforcing the onerous fee-laws. This piece of mummery, which would now be regarded as worthy only of a rabble, was headed by Paca and Hammond in person, minute guns being fired from a schooner owned by the former. For the remainder of the day the queerly-planned streets of the "Ancient City"—laid out, it is said, by the pattern of a cart-wheel, the State-house being the hub—were thronged by a festive and excited but not disorderly crowd of citizens. In 1774, Paca was sent to Congress, where he continually advocated, against the sense of his constituents and the instructions of the council, the adoption of a declaration of independence. In June, 1776, these instructions were withdrawn, and Paca and his colleagues left free to

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append their signatures to the world-famed document which was adopted on the Fourth of July and signed on the second of August, 1776. From this time until his death he was occupied almost without cessation in the performance of the most important public duties. In 1778 he was appointed chief-justice of the Supreme Court of Maryland, in 1780 chief-judge of the United States Court of Appeals: in 1782 he was elected governor, and again in 1786. In 1789 he was appointed by President Washington judge of the United States District Court for Maryland. These positions of trust and honor were used by him not only for the good of the State, but also for the promotion of the interests of religion and literary culture. Strongly attached to the doctrines and principles of what had been the Established Church, he strenuously recommended the enactment of laws providing for the support of the clergy of all religious persuasions, and the influence of his counsels is still to be noticed in the code of Maryland, by which ministers of religion, though excluded from political office, are carefully protected in all their rights and privileges.

A proof of his zeal for literary culture is still preserved at Wye Hall among the family papers in a letter of thanks from Richard Lowndes, Samuel Ridout and others, members of a club for law-students which Governor Paca had established and patronized. The following extract gives a good insight into the character of the man: "When a man in the tranquility (*sic*) and leisure of private life employs part of his time in the improvement of the rising generation, we readily acknowledge the justice of his claim to the thanks of every considerate mind. But when we behold the Supreme Magistrate of a State, with all the cares of government on his hands, devoting his short intervals of repose to the Instruction of Youth, by his knowledge and experience in pointing out to them the path to Virtue and Glory, the most inattentive must admire such conduct and acknowledge it to be far above the reach of panegyric." This pleasant testimonial bears date December 16, 1785. Rummaging on among the contents of the antique bookcase, we find a time-stained document with the familiar signature "G°. Washington." It is a letter introducing Mr. Pine as "an artist of acknowledged eminence, who has given the world many pleasing and forcible specimens of genius." Here is another, written in a fair clerkly hand, dated "War Department, Oct. 24, 1794," concerning a pension for "one Thomas Green Alvey," and signed with the bold and peculiar manual of "H. Knox, Sec. of War." Another still, acknowledging friendly congratulations on a safe return to the country, and alluding to "a conversation mentioned by Dr. Shuttleworth as held with me at Passy," is from "Your Excellency's most obedient and most humble Servant, B. Franklin." But there are two more which, for different reasons, deserve a little closer attention: the first, addressed to "The Honourable Judge Paca at Mrs. Harrison's Walnut St.," is of interest as a specimen of social correspondence between distinguished men of that day:

"Mr Adams presents his compliments to Judge Paca and informs him that he had unluckily forgotten an engagement of a week old to to (*sic*) dine with Mr Izard on Fryday and therefore asks the honour of Judge Pacas company at dinner on Saturday at three o'clok.

"*Wednesday*, Nov. 22, 1791."

The unformed and labored chirography, the careless omission of letters and repetition of words, would hardly comport with our modern ideas of an invitation to a state dinner; yet this was the Vice-President and successor of Washington. The sheet upon which these few lines are written is ten inches long by sixteen wide, sealed at one corner with a "spittle wafer" just one inch in diameter! No wonder that similar sheets signed "Yours Affecly. William White" are stamped "12½ c." postage. The second is a letter from General William Smallwood concerning his proposed nomination for governor. The letter begins most formally: "There are

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particular periods when peculiar characters ought to stand forth (under every difficulty) and give their labours to the public;" but just here the brave old soldier seems to weary of his stilted, "school-composition" style, and, putting a dash, adds bluntly, "but I cant think that either would apply in the present instance with respect to myself; . . . but you seem disposed to grant no quarter." Further on he speaks of not having yet "*waded through* our glorious Revolution," and very clearly intimates a full intention, spite of his excuses, to accept the proffered honors. It is amusing, too, to see how he evidently regards the assurances of Paca and Chase as tantamount to a certain election—a belief in which, as the event soon showed, he was not mistaken.

The inauguration of Smallwood relieved Governor Paca for a brief season from the cares of public office, and it was probably at this time that the princely mansion at Wye Island was in its greatest glory. The spacious and convenient stables, now ruinous, show that the Signer had a truly Maryland love for fine horses, and with Judge Bordley's model farm at one end and Judge Paca's manorial home at the other, Wye Island presented a magnificent specimen of American life in the times of the Republican Court. There can scarcely be imagined a more charming retreat for a man of wealth and literary culture wearied with the burdens of public life in such trying times. Its insular position ensured just enough of seclusion to secure rest and quietude, while the lovely river, navigable almost to its sources, afforded a short and pleasant water-route to Annapolis or a narrow and safe ferriage to the principal lines of land-travel. The kindly soil yielded in richest abundance every necessary or luxury of rural life; the fields and thickets abounded then, as now, with game-birds in variety to satisfy the sportsman or the epicure; while the fox gave ample opportunity for the gentleman-farmer's favorite recreation. "The Narrows" afforded as fine duck-shooting as could be found anywhere on "the Shore," and the nets, set overnight a short distance from the land, were sure to supply the breakfast-table with the choicest of fresh fish. The closets and cupboards of the long corridor are still full of the quaint old china services, which give evidence how all these "creature comforts" were enjoyed and dispensed with liberal hospitality. But the stern call of duty had twice called upon William Paca to leave all this pleasantness for the service of his country, and now a still more inexorable voice, which had also twice bidden him relinquish the dearest ties of domestic happiness, brought the summons which no man may dispute. On the 23d of October, 1799, he died at Wye Hall, having nearly completed his fifty-ninth year. It is pleasant to find a man of his position and celebrity crowning an active and useful public life with a peaceful and happy death. "During his illness he conversed with perfect resignation on his approaching dissolution, and cheerfully submitted to sickness and death under a deep conviction of the unerring wisdom and goodness of his heavenly Father and of the redemption of the world by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. To the faith and charity of a Christian he added the civil virtues of a gentleman. Fond as a husband, indulgent as a father, constant as a friend, and kind as a master." Such is the testimony of some well-informed and appreciative friend, whose manuscript, without date or name to lead to the identification of its author, is preserved among the family archives. His burial took place, not upon the island, but at Wye House, just across the Narrows, where the old family burying-ground was situated. There, beneath a simple mound fast sinking to the level of the surrounding earth, without a stone or a stake to mark the spot, rests all that was mortal of William Paca, thrice member of Congress, twice governor of Maryland, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and holder successively of three of the highest judicial offices in the country.

ROBERT WILSON.

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YOUNG ALOYS; OR, THE GAWK FROM AMERICA.

BY BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

CHAPTER XVIII.

COMMODIOUS and comfortable-looking stands the house of Ivo, alone in the midst of well-cultivated fields: two huge barns and a great sheep-stall show the large scale on which farming is here carried on. Ten years before Ivo had left the saw-mill, and with the help of his faithful Nazi bought the large estate of an intending emigrant: by indefatigable industry and great prudence he has enhanced the income of the property, transformed a forest into arable fields and a wide tract of bog into the best of meadow-land. He has succeeded in clearing the place of debt, and there is a charming outlook from the house over the Titisee to the Feldberg.

With all his field-labor, in which he himself vigorously lent a hand, Ivo had nevertheless not been unfaithful to his studies, though he had, it is true, brought them down from heaven to earth, for in the book-collection of the room in the upper story—which was called the book-chamber—works on agriculture held the prominent place; but there also a piano was to be seen, above which hung a bugle, and newspapers lay on the round table in the middle of the room.

On this particular morning the door of this upper room stood open, and at the piano sat a maiden with large, lustrous blue eyes reading a letter: she had evidently read it several times before, for she skipped a good many lines and read the following:

"Yes, dear Ignatia, I write to thee because I promised to do so, for I do not presume to advise thee. It is true there is some pride, but there is also ingenuousness, in his wishing that thou shouldst know at once that he comes to thee as a suitor. He is a man free from any singularities, and has nothing of the American gasconade. At times he appears awkward and embarrassed, and then again alert and sprightly. He has helped to frame and raise a house here, and when I said to him, 'That will delight my father if he hears of it,' then he was quite handsome, really beautiful: in general, he does not look like a man to fall in love with, but he is well built, and, as I tell thee, his face glowed all over, and he said, 'To be praised by Ivo would be to me the most precious thing in all Europe.' So, dear sister, I can only say to thee if he had come when I was single, and before I knew my husband, I should have taken him. But of course thou art different. The doctor is too young for thee, the district forester too sedate, and the paper-manufacturer too bigoted. I fancy Aloys has neither of these three great defects." The reader skipped again and then read on: "I feel as if he had made this long journey in order to make a pilgrimage to our father: he venerates him as a saint; and it goes far toward making a good marriage when the man holds the wife's father in so high esteem. Dear sister, thou art so much more sensible than I, but—"

The maiden quickly put up the letter, and said to herself, almost aloud, "It is, however, really a revolting piece of boldness. A man of whom we knew nothing before comes from a distant country and says, 'I wish to marry thee.'"

Her heart beat, not with fear and trembling, but with indignation, and her only resolve was to master this indignation and to repel the stranger with cold civility. She endeavored to play on the piano, but soon got up, and, with her arms folded across her breast walked with swift steps up and down the room. She was tall and well developed in form, and dressed, if not exactly in the fashion, yet not in peasant costume. At a turn she stopped before the looking-glass, and the pleasure that every one must have felt in looking at her seemed something to which she herself was no stranger. She smiled at the full-length image in

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the mirror, and pushed back a ringlet which had fallen over her high-arched forehead.

"Indeed! So then thou art thinking, after all, How do I look, and what impression shall I make on him?" she said to herself as if in anger, and the finely-carved lips distorted themselves into a pout of vexation.

She stepped to the balcony, gave directions to a servant to go at once with the carriage to meet her father, then sat down again at the piano, but suddenly she broke off, for she heard a strange voice talking with the servant. "That is he," said the maiden. Her bosom heaved: she paused for a moment, then she went down.

"My name is Aloys Schorer: you are Fräulein Ignatia?" said the stranger.

She bowed, opened the door of the room on the ground-floor, and said, "Walk in."

CHAPTER XIX.

ALOYS went before her into the room. For a second the two looked at each other in perfect silence. The dark lashes of the maiden quivered occasionally as her bright eyes bent a searching glance upon him: Aloys looked at her with a steady gaze.

"Father, I am sorry to say, is not at home, but I expect him every hour," Ignatia began.

Aloys seemed unable to say anything more: his breathing was so deep as to be almost audible, and an inaudible voice within him said, "Ah no! she is too beautiful and too elegant for me." But with the quickness of a lightning flash he thought again, "However, we'll see."

Ignatia saw the embarrassment of the young man, in whose looks sincerity and innocence were unmistakably revealed: her severe look softened and grew more and more kindly, as Aloys said, with a voice of emotion, "My father laid it upon my soul as a bounden duty not to come home from Europe till I had seen Herr Ivo. And my uncle's wife, Herr Ivo's sister, sends many greetings, and I bring the same from the hostess of the Eagle, your sister in Nordstetten."

"Thanks! It is always pleasant to see persons who have seen any of our friends that live at a distance."

"One may look into my eyes freely: there is nothing dishonorable concealed there," replied Aloys; but while he said this in such an outspoken manner he felt a prick at his heart, for it was not true. "He is lying with the most honest-looking face in the world," Marianna would scream if she were here; and he cast down his eyes again with shame.

Ignatia was surprised at the sudden turn he had thus given the conversation: she was almost angry at this importunate haste, and yet the man looked now all at once so humble.

She made no reply, but turned suddenly, and, going to the sideboard, set out some cherry cordial, thinking the while, "Is this behavior impudence or a strong effort to subdue shyness?"

As if speaking out of the midst of heterogeneous thoughts, Aloys said, "You do not seem to me at all like a farmer's daughter. To be sure, your father is a scholar. My sister-in-law is a lady too. You speak English, certainly?"

"No, not even French. I regretted that particularly during the war."

"Yes, I have heard how grandly you did in the war."

Ignatia nodded her thanks: she listened to him with pleasure as he spoke of the sympathy of the Germans in America; and Aloys described everything much better than he had over there at Marianna's: the intelligence of the listener in this case made him more eloquent.

"My father," replied Ignatia, "came home perfectly delighted from Ludwig Waldfried's, who had told him how bravely your father had behaved himself in the war for the liberation of the blacks."

Ignatia could now see with how much truth her sister had said that Aloys' harsh features could be really beautiful.

"Excuse me," said Ignatia, interrupting him: "I hear some one in the passage."

"You are exactly like my mother,"

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Aloys had time to call after her as she hurried out: "she too will talk with any one in the room, and yet know all that is going on outside."

Ignatia came back again in a moment with a parcel and said, "This too comes from Nordstetten. Have you made the acquaintance of Hirtz the shoemaker?"

Aloys assured her that that was the very man in the village whom he liked best, and Ignatia's clear, blue eyes had a still more friendly gleam as he said, "He is a solid, simple-hearted man: to become acquainted with such a one is of itself worth a long journey."

"Yes," rejoined Ignatia: "at first sight he seems to have nothing about him to inspire special respect, and yet he is in reality profoundly worthy of it: he is industrious and does everything alone—will not earn anything by another's labor—and stays quietly in his place. He has no more idea of changing it than his three-legged stool has."

"But," said Aloys, breaking in suddenly, "his thoughts love to wander away often to people at a distance, and particularly to you: he has spoken of you very highly. I only wish that he would speak to others as highly of me."

"To talk about a good man makes people well acquainted with each other," interrupted Ignatia as she hastily opened the parcel, and meanwhile continued: "I hope you may come to know and appreciate more such excellent men in the old country, so as to be able to give an account of them at home."

"*She* has no idea of going too." The thought passed through Aloys' mind; nevertheless he said, stroking the unpacked bootees, "The boots are both fine and strong — to suit the wearer. If one only knew whither they will yet travel!"

"That I don't know myself. At all events, not far. Ah, yes: one thing I must not forget: father is no great friend to America, and he uses all his efforts to prevent emigration."

"What has he against us?"

"I wished merely to let you know the fact beforehand. Will you go out into the field with me? We have many reapers from a distance there."

Aloys was ready, and as they stepped out in front of the house he said, "How beautiful it is up here! It must have been hard for your sister to leave all this."

"And yet I shall have to do the same thing soon." Aloys reddened, and Ignatia went on: "My father will probably become a servant of the state."

"A servant of the state?" said Aloys. The phrase seemed to him an indignity. "I have always heard that your father was an independent man."

"And he will still be independent, besides being able to do much good. It will not be easy for him in his advanced years to change his mode of life. Look! there he comes. He must have met our carriage on the road." She hastened to meet her father: he alighted, she said a few words to him, and he came forward quickly to meet Aloys.

CHAPTER XX.

AFTER a hearty greeting Ivo said, holding fast for some time the hand of Aloys, "This is as it should be: the Americans now-a-days send their children to the old homestead, where all is now peace and joy and unity."

The voice of Ivo and all his words came evidently from the very depths of the heart, and it was a real pleasure to see the expression of his countenance, it inspired so much respect, and was at the same time so cordial.

Ivo was what one might call a well-finished man, and as he stood there in his high boots one might say, "This is a solid man on solid ground." His smooth, friendly-beaming face wore the expression of directness and decision; his eye had the calm, cheering look of human kindness; the form, compact and thick-set — what we call "stocky"—had a comfortable fullness, not inconsistent with sprightliness and activity.

While Ivo continued to hold his hand Aloys said, "I feel as if Herr Ivo had led me thus by the hand from childhood up."

"And thou must feel thyself at home with us."

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And at these words Aloys grew handsomer, for the best thing he had brought with him from America was respect for the higher culture, and here there was associated with it sincere good-will.

Ivo continued: "We have been expecting thee this long time. My sister in America had written that thou wast coming. But where is Ignatia?—Ignatia," he called, "come into the room: I have something important to say to thee." Ignatia came in hesitatingly, and Ivo said, "I have accepted the position of superintendent of the school of agriculture, and my brother-in-law Rupfer is to be herd-teacher. This very autumn we remove to the castle."

Turning to Aloys, he explained to him that the government had been urging him this long time to undertake the management of an agricultural school, in which farmers' sons and hired men should be instructed in the higher branches of farming economy, while at the same time the training should be such that with all their higher knowledge they should not hold themselves too good to load a cart with manure. "I made it a prime condition with the government," he continued, still addressing Aloys, "not as a favor to myself—that I did not desire, nor is that the way with us in Germany; no, but because he deserved it—I desired to have my son-in-law, the teacher of the high school in Offenburg, associated with me as principal. And my request was granted.—Thou art willing, I trust, to go too?" he said, turning to Ignatia.

"With all my heart, father. I knew you would accept, and it is the right thing. I hope, too, to be of some use myself."

She left the room, and Ivo said as she went out, "There is certainly no greater pleasure in the world than to see a child who with all her intelligence has still kept a genuine childlike heart. My sister writes me that thou too art a good son to thy parents. If we may judge by the early independence of the boys in America, that cannot be a very common thing there."

He inquired after his daughter in Nordstetten, and then after his relatives in America.

Aloys gave a detailed report of all, and showed him his father's likeness.

"Is that the way he looks? His good, youthful face still looks at me out of this old one. I shall never forget my reading his long letter aloud to thy grandmother. Thy father was a man of heart—a little tender in his feelings, but America has given him the necessary backbone. Ludwig Waldfried has told me a good deal about his behavior in the war. In thy father's letter of that date there was a drawing of a child's hand stretched out by way of greeting to us: that cannot have been thy hand."

"No, it was my elder brother Bat's: he has already five children and his wife is a lady."

Ivo seemed not to understand or not to notice the last remark, for he went on: "Yes, thy father. In our village they had no idea what there was in him; and who knows whether at home it would ever have come to light? Many do not become what they were meant to be till they get to America. Thank God that is done with! We are not going to send you any more auxiliaries: we shall keep our good men at home."

"Herr Ivo—" Aloys began.

"Call me only cousin, and don't be faint-hearted. As far as the green fir trees reach thou wilt not find a man who means better by thee and rejoices more in thy happiness than I."

Ivo assured him how gratified he had been to hear that he had helped to frame and raise a house in Nordstetten, and Aloys added with equal thoughtfulness and modesty that they did not understand so well how to work in Germany as in America, where the waste of time was regarded as one of the worst faults. Ivo looked complacently upon the young man, as if thinking, "There is something which, after all, one gets only in the New World—a decided and dexterous laying-hold upon things, such as Ludwig Waldfried also brought home with him. Aloys is inferior to him in culture, but certainly not in manly self-reliance; and such an article we might well import from Amer-

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ica." A sudden smile flitted over Ivo's features, and Aloys, interpreting it as a sign of his being well disposed, bolted out with the purpose for which he had come. With a shake of the head Ivo answered, "Thou movest quickly, but this is a matter in which thou must go softly. How long canst thou stay with us, then?"

"I have still a good deal of time; I wish only to be on shipboard before the fall storms set in. So I wanted to ask a question."

"Be not bashful: speak openly."

"I wanted to ask whether her honored father has any objection."

"I am reluctant to give away any child to go to America, but perhaps it might be otherwise arranged. If she likes thee I have no objection. I shall not be left alone: I shall have my daughter and her husband and children at the castle. But here comes dinner: I hope it will prove to your liking."

No rattling of dishes had been heard, nor clatter of knives. The table was spread with fine glistening linen. Ignatia said she ought properly to go to the field, but to please their guest she would join them at the table; only he must not think ill of her if she went away soon.

CHAPTER XXI.

THEY sat at the table in good spirits, and father and daughter were at ease with their guest, as if they were entirely unaware of his intention. They took pleasure in listening to an American who could talk so intelligently about everything. Ivo was too sensible and good-natured to confine himself to questioning the guest: he gave also information about himself, telling Aloys what report he should make to his father: "Thou mayst tell thy father that I feel myself still young: only in one respect I detect a trace of age—namely, that after working I am more tired than I used to be. Say to him also that since his day agriculture has changed with us. The consolidation of properties has made great progress, and proves very advantageous, and there is a general improvement in the irrigation of meadow-land. We no longer cultivate by preference breadstuffs, but vegetables for fodder in order to the production of good milk and meat. Our countrymen *must* eat more flesh, else the standard of height for military service will have to be made lower still."

Ivo reported that Lucian—commonly called Lucifer*—had come home from America, for he had discovered that the problem of religious liberty was to be solved not in the New World, but in the Old, and particularly in Germany. Ivo added that it was quite different now from what it was in his father's day: then it was customary, and was thought to be a mark of independence, to cast a slur upon Germany, because by that word one meant only the governments; but now the time had begun when government and people, soldier and citizen, were to be one.

Aloys modestly held back from entering into this field, and when Ivo questioned him point-blank on the subject he simply said, "I am not sufficiently educated to venture upon taking part in such a discussion." He stated that at first his uncle Gregory had instructed him, and tall Herzle's Kobbel also, but that most of what he had learned—which was, to be sure, little—he had got from good books. "I love to learn," he added, "but I could sooner keep in my head the stations on the Pacific Railroad than all the cousinships. My father has written them all out for me in a little book: opposite the names of the deceased I have put a cross, against those of the disgraced a cipher. I am only glad that my father did not—as his plan was at first—come with me."

"Why are you glad of that?" asked Ignatia.

"Seven times a day my father would have had a heartache at having to hear so much about death and everything. I am less affected by all this: I have not known the people."

"To thy father's health, and to thine also!" interrupted Ivo, lifting his glass.

Ignatia also touched glasses with Aloys,

* This is the title of one of the *Black Forest Stories*.

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and Ivo continued: "Yes—speaking of thy father—it was a fortunate thing that he did not marry his first love. That is often a good thing. I, to be sure, had the good-fortune to get the first and only maiden I ever loved in the world for a wife. How she would have rejoiced to see sitting at our table a son of—of—" He looked round with an embarrassed smile: evidently the right name did not come into his head at that moment, but only "Gawk."

The American said, therefore, instantly, with a blush, "A son of Aloys."

"Yes, a son of Aloys and of Mat of the Mountain's Mechtilde. Pray tell me, hast thou seen thy father's old flame, Georgy's Marianna? I think, too, she has a handsome daughter, a sterling damsel."

Aloys assented, but he trembled so much as he did so that he upset the glass of red wine. "Pardon me! Your beautiful tablecloth!" he said, turning to Ignatia.

"That's no matter," replied Ignatia.—"Father, follow me by and by with our cousin. I will go into the field now to the reapers."

She rose, extended her hand to Aloys and took a hasty leave.

The two men were alone, and sat for a considerable time in silence.

"May I ask a question?" Aloys began.

"As many as thou wilt."

"Has Miss Ignatia ever been in love with any one? I fancy you may have had a special reason for saying what you did about the first love not always turning out well."

"Thou art good at guessing."

"Must that pass for an answer?"

"Thou canst take it as such."

Aloys was dismayed, but, collecting himself, he said, "I must candidly confess that the remark went to my soul. I fancy it fits me too. I will honestly own that young Marianna would have pleased me; but it will never do—never; and since I have seen Miss Ignatia I can say, emphatically, never. My only fear is that I am too inferior to her."

Ivo refrained from going into this question. With the thought in his mind that Aloys might remain in Germany he went on to say that Aloys with his laudable zeal and his firmness of purpose might easily attain to higher knowledge: meanwhile, he exhorted him in the most impressive terms not, in any case, to let the the treasures of experience and wisdom be lost which with good care and attention he might carry home with him from this journey.

Every word of Ivo's was like an inward cordial, he was so decided and mild at the same time, and his whole demeanor made one feel so at home. Aloys felt the kindly effects of this man's manner, but at the same time it only increased the anxiety that crept over him: "How will it be with me, then, if I have to go away rejected?"

Amiable, in the original and proper signification of the word, Aloys could not fail to seem, but when inwardly at war with one's self, and weighed down by the silent reproaches of conscience, one is least inclined to be so.

Aloys might have said, as his father did at the time of the military review, "Just examine me: you will find no flaw in me." He could stand calmly every scrutinizing look, but it annoyed him to be obliged to show his cleverness and goodness of heart. "Serves me right," he thought to himself. "Why did I leave Marianna so without saying a word? She made no trial of me, nor I of her: our hearts were opened to each other, and for the sake of a dog's name must all that be past and gone?" Pride and vanity on the one side, and love and obedience on the other, fought for the possession of him. "Over yonder a maiden is weeping, because she thinks herself defrauded of her love: the lips which thou hast kissed tremble and break out into reproaches. What, then, has the poor, dear, good girl done to deserve it? How could she help the stupid impertinence of her father? And how canst thou help an inextinguishable repugnance on thine own father's part?" These thoughts agitated the bosom of Aloys as he went alone through field and wood over the table-land.

Ivo had invited him to go with him to

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see the reapers, but Aloys had politely declined: he wanted to be alone, but he was not, however, alone, for a female form went along with him, and looked at him tearfully, and he said almost aloud, "Be calm, Marianna: it is not yet done. And perhaps it is well that I am away: all will be the better and the surer for it."

He was strolling along, so absorbed in his own thoughts that he did not see the form that approached him.

"God's greeting, cousin! You do not look up at all," were the words addressed to him. Ignatia stood before him: she carried her broad straw hat on her arm, and looked all aglow and full of beauty. "A heavy storm is coming on," she continued: "look at the black clouds. They are only stopping to put up the sheaves, and then all are going home."

"I'll lend a hand then," answered Aloys, and hastened across the fields. Ignatia looked after him with surprise.

With a speed which excited Ivo's astonishment Aloys piled up sheaf upon sheaf. It thundered and lightened, and the woods roared mightily, but the tempest moved off toward Switzerland, and Aloys with great agility helped to load up the sheaves.

As they went homeward behind the loaded carts, Ivo said, "In quick laying hold we can take a lesson of you Americans. Thou wouldst be a great help to me if thou wouldst stay with us over the harvest. We have need of field-hands: fortunately, I have got six soldiers from Freiburg to help us out, but they are hardly enough."

"Yes," Aloys broke in, "I should think working-life would be sorely interrupted with everybody in Germany, where each one is obliged for years to be a soldier."

Ivo tried to make it clear that we have the difficult problem to solve, how to be strong for war and mighty for work.

The mowing-machine was brought to the house, and Aloys said he was glad that this American invention had been domesticated here: he told how he had felt exhilarated, as if he had seen a good friend from home, when he beheld this machine here.

Ivo looked with wonder upon the speaker: a strange man seemed to be speaking from him. After a while Ivo said, "It makes me happy, certainly, that I am to help train a new generation of farmers, and yet it gives me pain to sell the property in which is embodied the vital energy of my best years. You Americans know no such attachments: with you all is *money-making*."

"Not exactly all," replied Aloys.

"What shouldst thou say," began Ivo, "to hiring or buying the farm of me, and staying here?"

"I am an American."

"Very well: why shouldn't the rule work both ways? Already many emigrate back, and still more will come."

"I am a free republican."

"I honor every conviction and every man who is proud of his native land. The republican form of government is certainly fair and good, but the beauty and the blessedness of it are not realized. Look around thee among us. In respect to freedom nothing is wanting to us, and we hold it even better that we have a prince over us, and not a changing president and changing officials. On the other hand, with us the administration is honest and justice inflexible. Believe me, dear Aloys, no man any longer goes to America for freedom. It is all over with boasting of the republic—with our neighbors over the line there, as with you." Aloys shook his head, and Ivo, growing more vehement, cried, "And I must tell thee there are many that come back from America now-a-days, individuals and whole families, not much to our satisfaction. Those who have some property, and those who have nothing, all feel themselves obliged to be big talkers. And what is the actual fact?"

Ivo launched out in bitter words upon the present corruption of public life in America. Aloys had not knowledge enough to refute him with facts and figures; but just then a good mode of argument occurred to him, and his whole face laughed out as he said, "You are acquainted with Colonel Waldfried. Isn't that a man such as only America can build up?"

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"Certainly, he is a thoroughly excellent and large-souled man. But dear Aloys, he is no witness for thee. He complains himself of the vaporing style and corrupt character of many German-Americans. Several weeks ago I was at his house. There was a man who had come over a perfect wreck, with a wife and five children. Waldfried takes him into his business, and the man jeers a hundred times a day at the littleness he finds in Germany. Littleness! All is little with us, forsooth! And what was his grand business over there? He poured out daily one or more casks of poisoned schnapps to the Irishmen, and his greatness of America consisted in one's not knowing his customers or having abiding relations or obligations to them. Yes, dear Aloys, I think, unless a great moral change takes place among you, you will have yet to learn wisdom at a heavy cost." As Aloys was silent, he went on: "But why should we stand here quarreling? Thou art my welcome visitor.—Marty, come here," he called to a strong-limbed man. The man obeyed the summons, and Ivo said, "Aloys, this is a countryman of ours: he too is from Nordstetten. Thy father knew his father very well. Just say to him the son of Wendel of the Bridge, Marty, has been with me now for these one-and-twenty years, and he too goes with us to our farm in connection with the agricultural school."

"Who is the gentleman?" asked Marty.

"From America, the son of Barty's Bat's Aloys."

"Of—" He, too, again, was evidently going to say, "the Gawk," but he suppressed it, and only said, "God's greeting!" and went off.

In the evening Aloys was in good spirits again; yet Ignatia observed that there was coolness between her father and the guest. She evidently wished to awaken a friendly feeling; so when, even after dark, men came from the country round who had heard of Ivo's intended removal, she left her father with the men and went with Aloys out on the country road.

The night was mild and dark, not a star visible in the clouded heavens: all Nature seemed as if in breathless suspense, awaiting the longed-for rain.

Aloys frankly confessed how much it surprised and pained him that Ivo thought so poorly of America. Ignatia skillfully interpreted her father's feeling on the subject as perhaps implying that he was at bottom a republican, and therefore the more bitter when he heard of corruption there. Besides, the swaggering of many returned emigrants in these latter days had irritated him in many ways.

Aloys spoke of Ohlreit, and said he fancied that the ruin of this man had begun with his wanting to be regarded as richer than he really was. Ignatia inquired about Aloys' domestic affairs, and he was alarmed, and yet delighted, to see how minutely she investigated everything. Is that a sign of love, and will the maiden follow him to the New World?

Meanwhile he portrayed everything in a vivid and picturesque manner, and particularly beautiful was the way in which he represented their active and united family life. Aloys seemed to be able to speak much better in the dark than in broad day. Still, the wonder remained that his double nature continued to manifest itself more and more decidedly: upon many subjects he talked like a child, and upon others, again, as a fully-matured man.

In pleasant dialogue the two had come back to the house.

"I don't know," said Aloys, stopping, and with a voice expressive of singular emotion—"I don't know, but I fancy I hear music."

"Your ears do not deceive you. There is a wedding to-day over in Erlenbruck, and the current of air brings to us now and then the sound of the trumpets."

It may be that Ignatia feared Aloys might now say something that she did not wish, for after a painful pause she asked, "Have you also at your house Hebel's *Alemannian Poems?*"

"Certainly. Uncle Gregory has often read to us out of them."

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"That is fine. You know, surely, that you are on his native soil here? Yonder is the Feldberg. I know almost all his poems by heart. In the hospital I read them aloud many and many a time to our countrymen, and it did the wounded as much good as if they had breathed, bodily, the fresh air of our wooded heights. If you stay over Sunday we will all go together to the Feldberg. But now here is the rain! Good-night, Aloys!" said she.

"Good-night, Ignatia!" he answered.

"Aloys!" She had called him by his name! But had it not, after all, sounded more sweetly when Marianna said Aloys?

Ivo called Aloys up to his room before retiring, and said, "It is a great thing that Ignatia went to walk with thee. That is something no one has been able to boast till now. May I know what she said to thee?"

"She said nothing of the main subject," answered Aloys, "but she was kind to me—kind and cordial. Let the thing go now as it may, I have a good friend."

Ivo waited upon his guest up to the gable-chamber, where Ignatia had put everything in good order. On the table lay Hebel's *Alemannian Poems*, but just as Aloys was about to read in the volume a noise drew his attention. A sound of soldiers' voices, harmoniously blending in song, was wafted over from the barn. Aloys listened at the open window. The fragrance of the moistened earth came up to him, and a breath from the innermost depths of the life of our native land fanned his brow. It was a rainy night, and yet it seemed to Aloys as if the bright sun were shining. The soldiers sang the song (Schiller's) of the faithful comrade, in which he too could join in a low tone even at this distance, and now they struck up "The Watch on the Rhine." Aloys endeavored by singing it after them to impress the air upon his memory: he could not catch the words, but the tones did his soul good. Now there rang out one loud huzza, and then all was still.

CHAPTER XXII.

Where the Dengly-sprite at midnight hour
On the silver file his golden scythe is whetting
(Todtnau's boys know't well) on wooded Feldberg,
There my eager eyes, my busy thoughts, are hovering.
Feldberg's lovely daughter . . . may God vouchsafe me! *

Yes, in the midst of the roar of wind and rain there is a ringing in the air, as of the whetting of a golden scythe; and if the Dengli-geist had come down tonight from Feldberg to the stately mansion which stands with its broad front to the road, he might have overheard three human souls breathe out their innermost thoughts.

Aloys heard the roar of the storm without, and his great watch ticked loud at his side; and now the ticking of the watch transformed itself into the regular beat of the locomotive, and composed now the word *Ignatia*, and now the word *Marannele*.

A rainy night is favorable to sleep: there is such a soft trickling and tinkling outside that the bed becomes doubly comfortable. And yet Aloys was full of uneasiness.

Ignatia, too, in her chamber went into a strict self-examination: "Just acknowledge to thyself that thou art too old to be carried away by the feeling, 'This man and no other.' He is a good, sound, honest man, and has good ideas too, and a tender heart. But couldst thou go off into a strange world and cease to be a German woman? And why this one and not—? No, the paper-maker is out of the question: I would sooner take the doctor, but he is too flighty. But why not the forester? He is so solid, so manly: he would be the most agreeable to father, too. Is it from bashfulness or pride that he avoids every word of love? If Aloys could stay here and undertake the farm, what then?" For a long time she could get no rest. Youth, however, has one advantage: sleep is stronger than all brain-racking

* This sounds very like an extract from an exquisite poem of Hebel's, called the "Visit of Spirits on the Feldberg." The *Dengly-sprite* means Death, the *scythe-sharpening sprite*. *Dengeln* means to *whet* a scythe, and seems to imitate the sound of the file as it *dangles* against the scythe.

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thought: it comes down upon the young soul and wraps it in oblivion.

Ivo too was indeed weary with his journey, and with his labor in the field, where he had taken hold vigorously with his own hands; but it seemed as if, out of the home which he had determined upon leaving, the old tranquillity had already taken its departure: "Thou belongest henceforth no longer to thyself: thou art in bonds for the youth and men whom thou callest about thee. Rejoice in thy wide circle of influence. Yes, and Ignatia? How will she decide? It is a hard step even for thee. Ah! care and anxiety never cease. When one thinks he has fully settled his own life, then comes the decision for life of the children. And to Ignatia it will be so hard. Take care: thou hast brought her to talking with thee too soon about her suitors. This time she must decide for herself, without saying a word to thee. Oh, if mother were still living, then all would be different!" This last thought was not calculated to bring him the so-much desired sleep.

And while Ivo at midnight had not yet been able to sleep, Aloys, in the gable-chamber overhead, awoke with the fancy that he heard some one call his name. A mighty rain was pouring down: "It is well, certainly, that the sheaves have been brought in: what is left standing in the stalk the rain will not injure. I wonder whether it rains over there in Nordstetten too? whether Marianna at this hour is sleeping, or thinking of me in bitter grief? Perhaps she has just this moment called my name."

He had guessed right.

CHAPTER XXIII.

When Aloys went so early in the morning down the Horb road his anger had prevented his thinking in what state he left behind him the various people in the village. Thou canst in a moment implant the knowledge of thee into the souls of men, but not so suddenly root it out again.

And now as to the one whom he had held in that fond embrace, in what condition was she now living? How had mother and daughter been startled when Aloys cried out before the house, "Let in thy dog, thy Gawk!"

Young Marianna called out from the window, "Wait! I'm coming down."

But the fugitive had not heard it, nor had he waited to hear.

Young Marianna opened the house-door: the dog came and leaped upon her, and then rubbed against her, as if he would say, "I can't help it, but I'm right sorry."

"Be quiet now! Here!" said Marianna to the dog. He laid himself down. She went to her mother and said, "He's gone."

"He'll come back again," replied the mother.

"Do you really believe so?"

"If he does not he is himself a gawk, and thou canst then call it a piece of good luck that thou hast got rid of such a fellow before it is too late. But he'll come back, rely upon it."

"But, mother, it would have hurt my feelings too if they had given a dog my father's nickname; and whoever did it did wrong."

"Indeed! Wilt thou attack thy father under the ground? Who could ever have thought that a son of the Gawk would come back? And it was only an innocent jest. I'll explain it to him to-morrow."

"Yes, to-morrow! And to-night he will condemn us all," thought Marianna, but she did not say it, for she would not begin a quarrel with her mother. "He is three houses from us," said she: she was going to represent how easy it would be to get a message to him, and how hard it was that she could not go to him herself; but the mother guessed her intention, and cried, "Thou wouldst be ready to run after him and fall on thy knees before him?"

"Yes, indeed, that would I do gladly; and *would* do it, too, if it were not for the people;" and drawing a heavy breath she added, "I pity him that he is at this moment so sad."

"Pray don't let him perceive anything

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of the kind," the mother admonished her. "If he comes, laugh him out of it. That's the best way. Show him that other people are much merrier, and not so touchy as the Gawk family."

Marianna went silently to her chamber. "Only a single half day have we enjoyed together, but that will never be blotted out—never! Ah, Aloys, thou art indeed so clever and so good! If I could only fly to thy window and tell thee all! What concern have we with a piece of mere reckless nonsense? And it was not so ill meant!"

Early in the morning, while the gray dawn still dappled the east, and the locomotive-whistle sounded down from the heights of Hochdorf, Marianna sat upright in her bed, and her first thought was, "He is there where the locomotive is whistling—gone for ever." In thought she was on the target-field, looking into the tunnel on the opposite mountain: there, in the dark hole, there he has disappeared for ever.

She went to fetch water from the fountain at the Eagle. She set down her pail with a great noise; she pumped a long while, and struck on the pipe with the handle; the windows of his chamber opened on this side, but nothing appeared; she carried the filled pail homeward on her head; the pail must have leaked, for she often passed her hand across her face and wiped something away. Was there, then, no excuse one could find to get an entrance into the Eagle? "But if I were there I could not speak with him. But then I should at least learn whether he was still here." Plucking up resolution, she went into the tavern and asked for half a pint of old wine for her mother.

"Is thy mother sick?" asked the landlady. "It was only yesterday she was seen on the street."

"I want to make her some wine-broth."

"Hadst thou come two minutes earlier thou wouldst have seen Aloys. He is gone."

The bottle fell out of Marianna's hand. "What a clumsy creature I am!" she said hurriedly; and the good hostess gave her another bottle and some more wine, and took no pay for it.

Marianna went home, and on the stair, there where he had kissed her, she sat down and wept bitterly. Hearing her mother overhead, she went up and gave her the wine and told her the whole story.

The mother tried to comfort her child by representing to her how bad and faithless the Americans were: she asseverated that she would not go to America—no, not if they should build her a golden house.

The brother-in-law, the forester of Ahldorf, came and reported that Soges had seen Aloys and Marianna sitting together yesterday: he asked when the betrothal would take place. Young Marianna informed him with agitated voice of what had occurred.

The dog had come into the room with him, and the mother desired her son-in-law to shoot the dog at once, but the daughter would not allow it: the poor creature had not certainly given himself the name.

She went out with the dog into the field. She met Ohlreit, who grinned at her while yet at a great distance. "Well," he cried, "I had another talk with him."

"Did he leave with thee any message for me?"

"For thee? No. He is [in English] *a smart fellow*: he makes no promise, either to thee or to me."

"Believe me he will help thee."

"And thou sayst that? The maid of the Eagle tavern heard him say his things were all packed up, so that they could be sent after him: he was not coming back again. But I'll lay an attachment on his things: he has swindled me out of my five-shooter." With a scornful laugh Ohlreit took a cord out of his pocket and cried, "Know what that is?—a necklace. I should like to hang him with it. No, I know something better than that. Come, I have money—go with me to America."

"Thou art crazy or drunk."

"Both! both!" screamed Ohlreit, and tried to throw his arms around her, but

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she flung him off and ran across the field: he looked after her jeeringly and went toward the woods.

In the evening Marianna learned from Hirtz's Madeline that Aloys had gone to see the father and sister of the Eagle hostess—that Aloys would evidently marry Ivo's eldest daughter: he had, however, promised Ohlreit that he would provide for him, even if he should never come back here again.

The shoemaker Hirtz, who was generally so quiet, spoke very wrathfully of Aloys. That was no proper way, to run off so: there was, in fact, no reliance to be placed on the Americans: when they see no longer any profit to be made they *clear out.*

The good Hirtz fancied that it would be a consolation to Marianna if Aloys could be made out to be just as bad as others. But Marianna found no comfort in that: she went through the village streets; she labored in field and at hearth, and it seemed to her as if she herself were not doing all that, but somebody quite different; her soul was torn out of her, she herself only a shadow—the shadow of the Marianna that once was. And in the night, when it rained so heavily, she woke herself up with the cry, "Aloys!"

Who knows what power may carry such a cry of love over hill and valley?

CHAPTER XXIV.

At the same hour when Aloys awoke here and Marianna there, and both heard the roaring and rushing of the rain, Ohlreit was sitting with a stranger in the railroad restaurant, and drinking with him. No one knew the stranger, and if the right old superstition still prevailed, they must have taken him for the devil; but the man had arrived in the noon-train from Zurich, and from there and at that hour the devil was never yet known to come; and then, too, the man spoke English, and that has never been hitherto the language of the devil; and finally, Ohlreit called him "Captain," and by that title the devil has never yet been known. To be sure, he came and vanished and acted like the devil.

"Bring on the bones! the bones!" cried Ohlreit at last. "I see you don't respect me for not playing. Bring on the bones."

He played dice with the stranger, and they laughed together and swore in English. At last, when Ohlreit had staked his watch and lost it, the stranger went out. Ohlreit waited a long time, and amused himself by rolling the dice about on the table. Now he made the best throws, and he laughed out loud: now he found out how one must hold the dice-box to make the square things dance. "Just come along!" he cried—"now you will have to give it all back again."

But the stranger came not.

Ohlreit hurried out into the road toward the railroad track: at that moment the train thundered by. "I have missed the train," was the only exclamation the station-master caught from him as he darted across the track and disappeared.

A cloud must have launched itself into the valley: it rained not only from above, but from every direction. At that moment, down in the Egelsthal hollow, a man rolled a stone over upon the anthill, stood upon it, fastened a noose around the great limb: a lighted cigar dropped, hissed and went out.

In the morning Ohlreit was found hanged on the fir tree in the Egelsthal hollow. A half-smoked cigar lay below him on the trampled anthill.

CHAPTER XXV.

It rained in Nordstetten, and it rained over on the upland plains by the Feldberg.

Ivo could get no rest until he had in the morning assigned the servants and soldiers and the many day-laborers, men and women, their various indoor occupations. When at last he had arranged all this to his satisfaction, he sat down comfortably and cheerily with his daughter beside the guest.

A rainy day in the midst of a hot harvest-time brings with it, after the first disappointment at the disturbance of ar-

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rangements has been conquered, a free breathing-spell and a pleasant gathering: it is like a piece of calm winter contentment interpolated into the summer. Ignatia mentioned that she had already written to-day to the shoemaker Hirtz, and she added, "After all, there is nothing better than to have a liking for a genuine man; and it is all one whether he sits on the shoemaker's bench or in the presidential chair."

Ivo took occasion from this to express his ardent veneration for Abraham Lincoln: he evidently sought to show with special emphasis that his prejudice against America was, after all, not so strong as to prevent him from recognizing what was truly noble.

Aloys described the horror which seized upon all men at the news of Lincoln's assassination, and as he expressed himself in such intense and sincere words he felt the warm look of father and daughter resting upon him.

Ivo inquired after an old comrade at the seminary, a great popular orator, who had been involved in the revolution and been obliged to fly, and had lived for a while with Aloys, until he died in the insane hospital: "Didst thou know him?"

"Yes indeed, and by him I learned for the first time what homesickness means. My father too has himself had it many a time, but he can conquer it; and one day when he was praising liberty, the melancholy man replied, 'What's liberty? If I could only get home again they might muzzle me, for all I cared.' The poor man, after all, had to die in a foreign land."

For some time all three sat in silence. At last Ivo said, "Ignatia, thou wast, I am sure, going to tell Cousin Aloys the story of the children of Erlenbruck."

Ignatia caught at the suggestion with great eagerness: "Yes, with pleasure.—Well, then, seven or eight years ago a young married couple had emigrated to America with a single child, a little girl not quite three years old. The father's parents are living over in Erlenbruck, neither poor nor rich: they just manage to get along, and the old man is said to have been in his younger days a poacher, but otherwise he is a worthy man. The grandchild had a great love for her grandfather, and on taking leave the child said, 'Grandfather, come too;' and the grandfather said, 'Molly, stay here.' This, as she has told me—she speaks half English, half German—fastened itself in the child's memory. Well, the parents in America went out far West—I don't remember at this moment the name of the State—and four years after the maiden had got a little brother. An epidemic broke out—the child calls it *the yellow death*, probably the yellow fever: the parents took it, and in a few days they died. The property was sold, and the elder child, now nine years old, resolved to come home with her brother to grandfather. It seems there were no other German people in that region for some distance round. When the children took leave of the justice of the peace, he said little more than 'Good-bye,' but he hung on the neck of each a little card on which was written, 'Our parents are dead: we are on our way to our grandparents in Germany.' The children have the tickets still; and I think that was a fine thing, and something American too, that no petition was appended. With him whose heart the fact itself did not move no petition would be of any use."

Ignatia paused, and Ivo said, laughing, "Wouldn't such a ticket have been just the thing for thee, Aloys, with some inscription like this on it: 'I am young Aloys Schorer, from America, and am going to stay such or such a number of months'? Then thou wouldst not have had to answer the same question seventy times over."

"Yes indeed," replied Aloys archly, "but a ticket of that kind, which should say a little bit more, would also be convenient for another purpose."

Ivo looked at his daughter, but she cast her eyes down and said, "I will go on with my story: Kind people helped the children as far as New York, and there and on board the ship, and from Hamburg hither the children found good people to help them; and now they are the comfort and the joy of the old grandparents. It is, after all, heart-refreshing

that throughout the whole world there is a chain of kind people. I should have been glad long ago to take the little girl into our house, but she would not part from her little brother.—Honored cousin—" Aloys looked up surprised at her calling him so, and not as she had done the night before, "Aloys." Ignatia proceeded quietly: "If you stay over Sunday I will have the children come here, or we'll go together to Erlenbruck. When the good Nazi was still living he often told me, while I was a little girl, the story of the Babes in the Wood: I think the story of this American brother and sister is still finer."

Aloys said how glad he should be to tell this story to his father, and what a grand thing it would be if Ignatia could only tell it to him herself.

Young Aloys' face was deep red, and a sudden blush suffused that of Ignatia. Ivo, on the other hand, looked down before him: he had the feeling that the two ought to be alone. His heart trembled: is the moment of decision come upon his child? He was on the point of retiring when men's voices were heard without, and in came three men, one behind the other. First, the district forester, a tall, tight figure, with a somewhat defiant, full-bearded face: his name was Stahl (Steel), and we were near saying that there was something in his aspect of steely firmness. Behind him the doctor, a man of reddish-blonde hair, broad, thick-set figure, rotund, and of a bright, shiny visage, in which there was a glitter, for he wore spectacles the glasses of which were not framed. And last came the proprietor of the wood-paper manufactory, a man in his so-called best years, dressed in black, of almost clerical air and aspect.

Aloys was introduced, and three hands gave him pain — first, the hand of the forester, which, broad and bony, gave him a mighty squeeze; then the hand of the paper-manufacturer, which was so cold; but the one that hurt him the most was the hand of the doctor, for that was not extended to him at all: the doctor wiped his glasses, put them on again and fixed upon the stranger a keen glance.

"Do you know the story of the Three Rain Brothers?" asked the forester with a melodious and powerful voice: if one had heard this voice in perfect darkness, one might have known that it came from an energetic, self-determined man.

"No."

"Wherever they come it rains. But we three have met here *because* it rains." There was a general laugh, and this first speech seemed to diffuse a cheerfulness over the newcomers, as well as over the inmates of the house and their friend and guest.

Aloys had heard from the sister in Nordstetten that these three were suitors of Ignatia. Better three than only one, he thought to himself, and looked courageously round.

Ignatia had gone out: she came back with a maid, who brought bread and meat, while she herself brought bottles and glasses, which latter she now filled. They touched glasses in perfect silence, and who knows what each inwardly wished the other? for all knew that they were rival suitors of Ignatia. Perhaps Aloys was the one to whom they wished the best, for each, if he himself was to be rejected, would be best pleased that no one at home should win Ignatia, and that she should go off into the far world and they should never meet again. They surveyed Aloys with searching glances. The forester puckered up his lips and whistled inaudibly: "Nothing is to be feared from this American: he is too simple for such a maiden." The manufacturer rubbed his uniformly cold hands, as if he were preparing himself bodily to wrestle with Aloys, who seemed to him a sly-boots, and to throw him on the ground. The doctor saw perhaps the single right point of the case: he discerned in Aloys a kind of ingenuousness and directness, which would be just the qualities to win a thoughtful maiden like Ignatia.

At first the conversation was general, and turned upon Ivo's removal. The doctor and the manufacturer lamented that they were to lose the best citizen, the pride of the country. The forester alone was voiceless on the subject. Each had a special word for Ignatia: she an-

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swered each in a free, unembarrassed manner, and then seated herself at her noiseless sewing-machine by the window, waiting for the tourney, which was not long in coming; for where the combatants are ready the most peaceful thing becomes an object of strife.

The forester said he had come to take Ivo to the burial of the Half-Yoker.* Ivo replied that he would insert an obituary in the agricultural papers; and turning to Aloys, informed him that the deceased had spent his time and strength in endeavoring to do away with the use of twin yokes, with which the oxen are perhaps more easily governed, but also inexpressibly tormented. The doctor added that the physiological structure of the ox necessitated the free yoke. Ivo stated that he had formerly been an opponent of the Cruelty-to-Animals Societies, † because in the time of his being at service he had counted that as mere child's play; but he now repented it sorely, for it was always time to do good, and he now regarded it as a test of a man's religion, the manner in which he treated animals. The paper-maker nodded an emphatic approval, and extended the thought with some cleverness a little farther, that whoever spared the animals not only protected an outward object of worth, but enhanced at the same time his own inward human worth. The forester, vehemently knitting his brows, took up the gauntlet with the remark that effeminacy was already prevalent enough of itself, and ought not to be further encouraged.

"You do not know our friend the forester," Ignatia broke in with the remark, addressed to Aloys. "Believe me he is more tender-hearted than he cares to confess. If anything ails one of his dogs he is all compassion."

"I am delighted if Miss Ignatia knows my thoughts without my expressing them," said the forester with a grace which one would not have ascribed to him, and yet the strong man blushed the while like a bashful girl.

The men looked at each other. What is this? Does the young lady mean that the forester is justly appreciated, or is it her special object to show that the American is the one of all who thinks rightly? For which of the two does she hereby decide? It could not be inferred with certainty.

"How do they yoke oxen with you?" Ivo asked Aloys.

"With a double yoke also: not all on the head, however, but with a kind of collar round the breast, made of hickory wood and movable. I do not think we can introduce the half yoke: we often hitch to the cart, which we have to construct for ourselves, twenty or thirty oxen, and these a single man must guide. We have not men enough. Our way of tackling is something like this." He made a rapid drawing on paper with a lead pencil, and Ignatia said, "Let me see it too." As he handed the leaf he said, "It just occurs to me that we never say of an animal, as I have heard here, it is *krepirt* or *verreckt* [stretched out]: we say it is *dead*, as we do of a man."

"That is fine and beautiful," said Ignatia, "and you are a very finished draughtsman."

"We Americans have to know a little of everything. I am a carpenter and joiner also, and must be able to draw a bit."

The paper-maker cried mockingly, "So we learn, after all, for once, something agreeable from the land where King Dollar reigns!"

Aloys felt as if, out of warm air, all at once an icy storm blew into his face as the paper-maker indulged in violent flings at America.

Aloys looked at Ivo to see whether he, as master of the house, would not answer for him: not Ivo, however, but the forester, took up the word, and said how he admired that Aloys understood the teasing way of the paper-maker, and therefore did not answer him. The gentleman in his most serious tone always spoke jestingly.

* This appears to have been a nickname given to an advocate of the plan of yoking each ox singly.

† This ambiguous phrase seems to correspond well enough to the German, which literally reads, "The Animal-Tormenters'-Societies"—a loose expression which leaves one in doubt whether Ivo himself used it in a hasty and careless way, or meant that that was the name the boys and ignorant or quizzical folk gave the new societies.

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The natives looked at each other with amazement as the forester spoke thus, for the paper-maker avoided all jesting in the most conscientious manner. The thread on Ignatia's sewing-machine broke off, and she bent down her face and searched for it intently. But the forester went on to explain to Aloys that the paper-maker had not perhaps understood Herr Ivo: the latter labored against emigration, but he agreed with him in respecting the greatness and independence of America, and all discerning persons fully recognized the solidarity of the nations in the progress toward freedom, to which America had made, and would still make, imperishable contributions. He concluded with the words, "To-morrow is the Fourth of July. Let me have the pleasure of greeting you at my house, and we will drink a bottle by way of celebrating your great national festival."

Never had the forester been heard to speak so before; and just as Ivo began to express his approval an express messenger came for the doctor, saying that he must come at once to Erlenbruck, where at the wedding yesterday they had come to scuffles and stabbings.

"And there, in the mild night, we heard music!" said Ignatia; and Ivo cried, "There we have it. Scuffles with knives have been getting the upper hand among us at a terrible rate. The war has barbarized our people, as you Americans still find to be the consequence of your Southern war. We have no reproaches to cast at each other."

The physician invited Aloys to saddle a horse for himself and ride with him: the forester proposed that he should go with him and Ivo. Ignatia bent down over her table to hide a smile at the thought that no one cared to leave Aloys alone with her, and just as Aloys passed her she whispered hurriedly, "Don't go with any one: stay here."

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHEN, at last, the others had gone, Ignatia said to Aloys, "So, now we are alone again. I have a few things to arrange out-doors: then I want you to sit by me: I have to work at the sewing-machine." She went out.

Aloys, with beating heart, thought, "Now comes the decision! Will she say yes? May these lips, which still feel the kiss of Marianna's, dare to kiss her?"

Ignatia came back: she drew a chair up near him, and began working on some fine white linen. For a long time not a word was said. At last, Aloys, taking up the end of the linen, asked, "Is this for your outfit?"

Ignatia, after a moment's silence, her large eyes resting upon him, began: "Well, better to-day than to-morrow, and best of all this very moment.—Each of the three who were here desires me for his wife."

She paused again, and Aloys said, "So, then, my perceptions were correct?"

"Yes," she continued; "and to you I may say what I would not say to them." She hesitated once more, but now Aloys helped her no further, nor could he either have got out a word, and she began again: "You are a delightful man. In earlier years—I think—I am too self-willed—to —to— You will not take it ill of me, will you, that I say this, and we will still be good friends?"

Aloys stared as if translated into another world; and it was another world. The sky had suddenly cleared up, and through the window at which Ignatia was sitting the Alpine chain was seen framed in a rainbow. A breathless pause ensued.

"Why do you stare so? What do you want to say?"

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart for speaking to me as you have; and I must say, too, it would not have been right in me, for I—I already like another. Only my father thinks that must not be, and I thought—"

"Is it not Georgy's Marianna?"

Aloys nodded silently, but his whole face was in a glow.

"And why should it not be?" asked Ignatia, and resumed her work, bending her face down close over it.

Aloys told his story, frequently inter-

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rupting himself to say how odd it seemed to him, that he should be telling this to Ignatia, of all persons. He reported everything exactly; only what related to the dog he suppressed.

"How would it do," said Ignatia, looking up again, "if my father, instead of you, should write to your father about this matter?"

"That would be well. But no, I think that in this affair I must speak for myself. We Americans say, 'Help yourself.'"

When Ivo came back he looked with surprise at Ignatia and Aloys when the latter said he should leave them this afternoon.

"I thought thou wouldst stay longer with us."

"No: I will go to the Feldberg now, and from there to Colonel Waldfried's."

He had, up to this moment, known only that he meant to go away. Now he knew where he would go.

Ivo proposed to let his friend and guest drive part of the way in his chaise—the horses had been standing idle in the stable during the rain — but Aloys said he preferred to go on foot.

Ivo ordered wine to be brought in, that they might have a midsummer drink together. Ignatia touched glasses with Aloys, and said softly, "Health and happiness!"

Aloys drank off the glass to the very bottom, and in a gay tone said, "Perhaps the Dengly-sprite may meet me, if he is not afraid of an American. I have only one more request: pray give the forester my hearty greetings."

The host and hostess accompanied him to the street-door, and when Aloys saw the mowing-machine it seemed to him as if it were stretching its arms toward heaven. Was that in sorrow for his rejection, or in joy that a son of America would follow love alone?

Aloys took a hearty leave of Ivo and Ignatia, feeling that he had gained two noble friends.

"One more, then?" said Ivo as he looked after the departing guest. "So it seems thou meanest to stay with me all thy life?"

"Yes, father. I could not feel that I was in the world any longer if I should cease to be a German. And that is your fault."

"Mine?"

"Yes. Ever since I began to think I have heard you longing for the day when there should be a Germany. That day has come, and now shall I go away? And then, too, all is well ordered. Aloys loves Georgy's Marianna, and he is a man whom the maiden he loves must certainly love in return."

When Ivo had returned to the house with his daughter he said, "Didst thou not remark that the forester Stahl expressed no regret at our leaving here?"

"No."

"But there was a reason for it."

Ivo paused, probably expecting that his daughter would ask the reason, but she only looked at him with wondering eyes, and he continued: "He has showed me the decree by which he is appointed to the forest-board in the capital. He did not choose to say it before the others. But thou must congratulate him if he comes again this evening."

Ignatia nodded, but did not look up: she left the room.

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was to Ludwig Waldfried's and back to Nordstetten—or, properly, homeward—that Aloys was bound; but the way thither does not lead over the Feldberg. Is it not often so, however, that when one's heart is oppressed with its emotions one takes a roundabout way?

The golden broom was blooming on the border of the woods, the blackbird sang late into the evening: the evening dew fell upon tree and grass and cooled Aloys' hot brow. The sun went down, and the ruddy evening penetrated the woods with a fiery vapor; the trees were gently agitated as if by an inner air; Aloys breathed out long breaths.

It was night when he arrived at the brightly-illuminated friendly inn. A great dog came running to meet him: he did not bark—he fawned upon the

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stranger. How had it fared with the dog over there, who had been the innocent cause of the sad occurrence? All the experience Aloys had gone through in the interval was forgotten: he thought only of that hour when with his hand upon the dog's head he had stood before the house of Marianna.

The landlord appeared, bade the late guest welcome and locked up the dog, who howled piteously.

In the morning, after Aloys had been up on the peak of the mountain called "Highest," he sat down alone in a cozy niche of the inn and wrote:

"ON THE FELDBERG, July 4, 187–.

"DEAR PARENTS: On the highest mountain of your home, on the highest day of our country, I write to you.

"I am alone, I have not spoken to-day with a living soul, but I am with you and with the millions who to-day celebrate the glad festival, and I speak to you.

"Dear father, the larks sing here too overhead, but to me they sing something special. One sees from here to a great distance all the Swiss mountains. Oh, it is magnificent, and one can see also into the country round Nordstetten: one sees the castle of Hohenzollern.

"Dear father, I know not how to begin.

"They have built an observatory up here, where they can see the stars in the daytime, but I see the stars (pupils) of two eyes by day and by night. Down below there are so many towns and villages with so many thousands of people, but not one of them has more in his heart than I, both of sadness and of gladness.

"I will give an orderly account of everything as well as I can. Well, then, I have just come from the house of Ivo, and go, as I came, alone. I thank you, dear father, for directing me to go there: it has been good for me: I have proved myself. They are practical people, father and daughter. He has, to be sure, a superstitious prejudice against America. Father, we do not know at home what a prejudice prevails in this country against America: in your day it must have been quite different. But that is not what decided matters. The daughter is a beautiful and refined maiden, but she is not for me. And I am well contented that things have come about as they have. For, to confess candidly, I went to Ivo's only to fulfill my obligation, but at the bottom of my heart I hoped nothing would come of it.

"I will tell everything in order. Well, then, dear father, it is fortunate you did not come with me to Nordstetten, so many people there have died, or, worse, are morally dead, and all is so changed from what it was when you left. Of hostility to America there is, as yet, little to be discovered in your place: on the contrary, many still fancy that with us it is Paradise. Hirtz is a good man, and deserves to be called your friend.

"Dear father, either I must come home alone, or else with her whom I fancy. Yes, dear father, it has come about against my will, but still I would sooner die solitary than marry against yours. And she is the daughter of Marianna! Georgy must have been a terrible jester, but I do not think it was malice. She is tall, and is said to resemble her father, but certainly only in outward appearance. When we sat together for the first time by the mountain-ash in the target-field, where your lot was, she hardly said anything but to exhort me to help a man who was nothing to her and who was on the brink of ruin. By that you can see her goodness of heart. Young Marianna— I cannot say anything about her, I love her so dearly, and I never should have believed that I could be as I am. Wherever I look I see her eyes. This I can say: she is healthy and as bright as the day, and she has a merry heart, and is a good manager, as mother says.

"Dear parents, at one hour I am so faint-hearted and weak, and the next I feel as if I could cope with the whole world and could tear up trees. I have received my life from you, dear parents, and I think I shall bring along with me a good and fresh one besides.

"One of the two damsels saves a domestic in the house, and the other would have required one more. I will not be unjust: Ignatia too can work, and

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one would be proud to have such a wife; but I do not need a wife to be proud of before others, but only to love for myself; and for Marianna I can do double work.

"Dear father, if you can take back your word, all will be well. But I will not bring you a daughter-in-law whom you would not be glad to call daughter. It does not become me to say anything more. But how could the poor child help it? No more than I. Not until I reached Ivo's did I see clearly that it would be impossible for me to marry another. And I cannot bear to have a wife who would look down upon me. Yet it would be unjust in me to say that Ignatia is proud. Dear father and dear mother, I will not go back to Nordstetten again unless you say yes. But I promise you never to bring a reproach against you.

"Dear parents, I am perfectly clear, even if my letter is confused: I know clearly what I would do, and what I should. I shall stay at Colonel Waldfried's till I get an answer from you. God grant it may be one that will give happiness to

"Your faithful son, ALOYS!

"Dear parents, I cannot write anything now about other matters: I will tell all the next time; and another, if with me, could tell it still better.

"I have read over what I have written. I may appear to you foolish, but I am quite in my right mind: indeed, I think I have just come to my right mind and clear sight, and— But enough for the present: I shall never have done."

With a ringing shout, as if he had the answer already in his pocket, Aloys hastened down the mountain.

He would not trust this out-of-the-way post-office: he took the letter along with him to Freiburg, and there deposited it himself in the railroad box, and traveled by the same train that carried the letter as far as Rastatt. There he looked for a long time after the train that bore away the letter, and then wended his way up the valley of the Murg, fanned by refreshing breezes.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ALOYS was welcomed by Madame Ludwig Waldfried. and her son as a member of the family. Ludwig Waldfried himself was not at home, but two days later he made his appearance in high spirits, having, in company with a professional associate, who had also returned from America, completed the system of irrigation which was imparting fresh life to a landscape hitherto devoid of water. After welcoming Aloys he described to his family the jubilation on the opening of the first hydrant, when the fresh spring-water came pouring down from the mountain: he added with pride that we had in our times, in conducting the element which gives new life to man and beast and plant, surpassed even the old Romans.

Waldfried was happy in being able to render a salutary service to his country; and it is one of the highest pleasures to visit a man who has just come home from the successful completion of a work for the common benefit

When Ludwig Waldfried said that the courage to undertake such great waterworks and the fruitful experiment which had made them practicable had, after all, in great part originated with America, the countenance of our Aloys brightened, and he took occasion to unburden his heart, and complain of the miserable way in which many, and particularly Ivo, regarded the American condition and character. And on this subject he had come to the right man. for Ludwig Waldfried declared that many returning emigrants, because they had money and fine clothes, held themselves now to be fine people, and with proud jeers at everything in the old home here challenged contradiction. For the rest, the misjudgment of America grew out of the very fact that we had formerly thought too highly of that country. America and Germany were like two men who have made much of each other and been mutually faithful, and now, upon the discovery of certain faults, one of the parties is doubly exasperated because his friend has showed himself other than he had confidently expected him to be. But, finally, the disease in

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America and the disgust in Germany were a sort of potato-rot. The potato, which originated in America, was, after all, one of the best gifts of Nature, and would become sound again on both sides of the water.

Aloys now stated at once that he meant to work here at cabinetmaking until he got a letter from home, perhaps a telegram from his father.

He thought to himself silently, "It would be possible for me not to go home again, but to stay here and earn by my labor bread for myself and my Marianna." But this was only a passing thought, and he laughed at himself for entertaining it: "It has not yet come to this, that one is to give up home and land, and be nothing more than an Ohlreit."

Ah, yes, Ohlreit!

From mere regard for his word, he meant to exert himself on behalf of Ohlreit, but there was, withal, a little pride in the case: he would show all Nordstetten that where no one else did anything he has stepped in, and they should see what he was able to do.

Aloys would fain write to Nordstetten, but to whom? The most natural thing was to write to Marianna, for it was she, indeed, who had made the appeal on behalf of the poor abandoned man. But how write to Marianna? "No, if nothing should come of this, it were better she should count me untrue than be made to cherish hatred toward my father."

Write to Hirtz?

"I did not say good-bye to him."

To young Buchmaier?

"He is too proud, and never speaks to Ohlreit."

And so he wrote to the hostess of the Eagle, and received after some days the news of the wretched man's terrible end.

He related the occurrence to Waldfried. The latter made no remark about Ohlreit's fate, but said he had received to-day a letter from Father Aloys, and that the letter was lying at home.

The way from the cabinetmaker's to Waldfried's house was not far, certainly, but it seemed to Aloys as if the house, which was all the time in sight, were continually moving backward, and with beating heart he confessed his love for Marianna.

"There is something about that in the letter."

"Something about that in the letter from my father! How is it possible? What does he say?"

"You will soon hear."

At last they reached the house. In the lower room Waldfried opened the writing-desk and handed Aloys the letter. He read as follows.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Honored Colonel and Dear Friend: My youngest son, Aloys, will visit you and tell you all about me and mine. My wound in the foot is healed indeed, but I am, and must always be, helpless. I should have been glad to see my home once more, but repeated attacks in the heart have made me timid. And then one grows old, and must suit himself to his age. So I have sent my son, who may also perhaps find in the old home the right wife for him. And in that matter I should be glad if you would undertake the father's office. I know you will be as strict in the matter as if it concerned your own son. He is an honest man, and that he is not simple you will soon find out. But he is very shy, and it takes a good many kind words to draw him out. I know you will be good to him, if only to gratify his father, who thanks you in advance. I have, however, one further request. I once was in love with a maiden in my native village, but she preferred another. I thank God with all my soul that she did, for I have got my Mechtilde. You know her indeed, and she sends a hearty greeting to you and also to your wife and Wolfgang. My wife has encouraged and exhorted me to write you this letter, and I know that with you all is in good hands. So then— It is ridiculous that I do not like to speak of my old love. A grandfather! And yet it is no laughing matter, since I have been led by that to impose a burden on my son. It has for weeks lain like a stone on my heart, and so I

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have told my wife of it. As I said, my son is to see whether he can bring home with him a wife from the old country. He can choose freely; only one thing I have deprecated—his marrying a daughter of Marianna and Georgy. And now, says my wife—you know how wide-awake she is—and now, says she, 'This is like Adam and Eve in Paradise: the forbidden apple is the very one they will want to taste.'

"Yes, and therefore I beg you, if my son should perhaps, after all—who can know?—have fallen in love with a daughter of Georgy and Marianna, do not let him do violence to his heart in the matter. He inherits, unhappily, a tender heart from me. In that case I take back my word and give my blessing."

"O good God! Blessed, good God! O my dear good father!" exclaimed young Aloys, and big tears ran down his cheeks.

Aloys read the last words over again aloud: then he read on in silence, only stopping again and again to wipe his eyes and his cheeks.

But the letter went on thus: "Dear colonel and good friend, when people have gone through such war-times together as we have side by side, one would not think they could behave so and pick quarrels with each other about such trifles. I am ashamed to be, and to be called, a justice of the peace, and yet have secret enmity in my soul. Love your enemies. That is a precept I cannot keep, and I have never yet found a man who could. But do good to them who have done evil to you: that is right—that one can do. And they are not properly my enemies, nor have they done me any evil. And if Marianna will come too, and Georgy with her, they are at liberty to come. We are all old together. Up yonder in heaven one will no longer be able to shun or avoid anybody, and so we will live in the same manner here on earth for the few years that are left us."

With trembling hands Aloys gave back the letter, and then, swallowing his tears and unable to utter a word, he went out into the garden, where he sat a long time, and with folded hands looked up to heaven and vowed he would deserve to have such a father.

In the evening he begged Ludwig Waldfried to accompany him to Nordstetten: his friend and host consented.

CHAPTER XXX.

On the Horb road Waldfried and Aloys alighted. The captured *Bourbakis*, round and sleek with good feeding, drew the empty seated-wagon: it was not quite empty, however, for a basket with bottles of wine stood in it, and the white necks of the bottles peeped out curiously and expectantly from the straw.

Aloys accosted a girl whom they met: it was Hirtz's Madeline, the telegraph-operator. He inquired after Marianna, and was informed of her deep sorrow. She no longer let herself be seen by any one: it had been reported in the village that he was already betrothed to Ivo's Ignatia.

Aloys grew pale. He neither saw nor heard how Madeline, a few steps behind him, gave directions to a little barefooted girl to hurry into the village by the nearest footpath behind the beer-cellars and tell Georgy's Marianna that Aloys had come. The child ran with all speed up the wooded hill.

Madeline now joined the two men, and Waldfried said it would delight him to become acquainted with her father.

Farther on, young Soges, who had come for the mail, joined Aloys. He was very ill-humored, for he had lost his paymaster, Ohlreit: he was, however, cheered up when Aloys gave him to-day, for the first time, some money to buy a good pint.

On the table-land Aloys pointed out the field where Marianna was singing in a low tone on the day of his arrival, and over in the target-field the place where he had sat with her.

They drove at a merry trot into the village. Aloys gave everywhere the first greeting: it was answered but indiffer-

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ently, and the young Landolin, who was loading a manure-cart, had certainly seen him, and yet did not so much as turn round.

At the house of the shoemaker Hirtz they stopped. The two men went in. Hirtz rose from his three-legged stool with a vexed look: he extended his hand, however, in a friendly manner to Waldfried, but not to Aloys.

"I am here again!" Aloys stammered out.

"We lived before it, and we shall live after it too, whether one comes from America or stays in America," replied Hirtz. Addressing not Aloys, but Waldfried, he said, "One should not come so, and make a show of being so true-hearted, and then run off like an incendiary and a thief."

With trembling lips Aloys tried to excuse himself, but what it was that had, on the occasion referred to, thrown him into such a rage and impelled him to such a sudden departure, he could not bring himself to tell. He made known that he had come to get Marianna.

Hirtz smiled maliciously, and said he was her guardian, and this matter of coming and getting was not to be talked of in such an off-hand way. He offered, however, to go beforehand to Marianna: the two meanwhile should wait here. But while dressing himself in his chamber he despatched his wife in haste to carry the message to Marianna. The woman hurried through the back street, but, after all, she came too late with the news.

Mother and daughter were in the stable, where it was dark as night: the door and the shutter of the little window were closed, for the black cow had just given birth to a calf. The little calf lay on fresh straw, and the cow was licking it.

"I have already set the water on the fire: I will now prepare the warm drink for the cow," said young Marianna. Just then some one knocked. "Who's there?"

A child's voice called, "Hirtz's Madeline sends word that Aloys has come."

"Oh, mother! I always believed it, only I never dared to say so."

"Just as he pleases. Now we will show him who is master. He must make an apology before the whole village. Now he must beg on his knees with uplifted hands before he gets thee: then thou wilt have the advantage all thy life. Only say nothing. Thou knowest I have a steady head on my shoulders."

While the two were still speaking Frau Hirtz came and reported that Aloys had arrived in a two-horse carriage, and with him Herr Waldfried, an American, who had a great estate over in the Murgthal.

Young Marianna was sent to her chamber to dress herself, while the two women looked after the cow.

A man's step approached the stable. Old Marianna saw the forester and called to him, "Thou comest just in the nick of time. We need a man in the house now."

She explained to her son-in-law what was going on, and the forester with a pleased smirk refilled his pipe, thinking meanwhile, "In future, brother-in-law must send me good tobacco from America." He seated himself on the house-bench and looked forward calmly to the coming events.

A neighbor from Ahldorf went by, and the forester bade her tell his wife she must come hither immediately, and pluck off a bunch of rosemary in the garden and bring it with her.

"Lock up the house," cried old Marianna out of the window. "Take the key in thy hand and let no one in till I tell thee."

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHEN Hirtz came back into the room in goodly attire, Aloys declared he would accompany him at once to Marianna: he had all respect for the guardian, but he would speak for himself.

Hirtz smiled roguishly: Aloys had today quite changed his tone. Nevertheless, he said, "Yes, come along. There are still roses and pinks blooming in the garden. Wilt thou put a nosegay in thy buttonhole at once, that they may know thee to be a suitor?—Your pardon, colonel, but this is our way here."

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"I know: the people in these parts have the name of being quizzes."

"No cow is called 'White' unless she has at least a white spot."

While Waldfried drove to the Eagle, Aloys went with Hirtz through the back street to the house of Marianna.

He was startled when he saw the forester sitting on the house-bench holding the key of the street-door in his hand. Is the watch set, and will they actually not let him come into the house any more?

The forester, however, got up, extended the hand of welcome, and without waiting for the mother-in-law's permission opened the door.

Young Marianna, unobserved, looked down out of her chamber: she stood in deshabille behind the window-post. She put on her Sunday dress: it took her a great while: the hooks and eyes would not fasten, the ribbons would not tie. When at last she had managed these, she broke off a pink from the flower-stand before the window and stuck it in her red stomacher.

Meanwhile, Aloys, after twirling the round ball on the baluster of the staircase as if caressing it, went up, and with Hirtz entered the keeping-room. No one was there, but a wreath of ivy-leaves hung round his father's portrait. He heard a stir in the chamber, and called out, "Dear cousin, I am here again."

"And I have been here this long time," a sharp voice answered. The forester made a sign to him with his hand not to make any account of women's ways. "Indeed, once more in these parts?" cried old Marianna, entering. "So, then, we are the good-enough, are we, when one can't get on elsewhere? What does the man mean, then? One is to stand against the wall: 'Wait a while, I'll see whether I can't get a more distinguished person. If I can't make out, I'll come back.'"

"Mother, it isn't right in you to speak so. You tear my heart in pieces," replied Aloys.

"Your heart, forsooth! Dost think I'm going to give my child away to such a man, to go out into the wide world? We have our pride too."

"Aloys, I will not endure it to have her plague thee so," cried young Marianna, bursting into the room and flinging herself upon Aloys' neck. "Thou art mine and I am thine.—And now, mother, don't say another word."

She could not speak further for weeping, and Aloys embraced her and shouted with delight. At last he said, "I deserved something, but not so much as this."

"Oh," cried the mother mischievously, "I didn't really mean it in earnest.—He doesn't know us Nordstetteners yet," she said, turning to Hirtz and the forester.

Hirtz also smiled roguishly, and pulled out of his pocket a letter from Ignatia and read it aloud, saying how highly she esteemed Aloys, but that she could not accept him, because he had confessed that he loved Marianna.

All were full of rapture, and Aloys asked, "Is thy dog still living?"

There was a burst of laughter, and old Marianna told the well-known story of the Schwandorf man, who came back after an absence of thirty years, and the first question he put to his father was, "Father, is our old cat still alive?"

This story created great merriment, and the forester informed the company that the mother had wanted to have the dog shot, but Marianna had saved him: she had sold the dog to a man from Baden, who kept an inn on the Feldberg.

A message had been sent to the Eagle. Waldfried came: he was preceded by a hamper of the white-necked bottles. In front of the house crooked Klaus played "Yankee Doodle" and the air of the "Nut-brown Maid."

Aloys begged to have his father heard, and called for the reading of a part of his letter. Ludwig Waldfried complied. At the passage where Mother Mechtilde introduces the comparison of the forbidden fruit in Paradise, Hirtz cried, "Now, that is just she—the veritable daughter of Mat of the Mountain!"

"And there isn't a parson that could expound it better," added the forester in his deep bass voice. "If my wife were only here too! She has just such ways of speaking."

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Old Marianna bade all keep silence, and begged Waldfried to read on.

"But drink first, colonel, and let us too," the forester meanwhile took occasion to urge, and drank his glass and smacked his lips with satisfaction.

At the passage that in heaven we can no longer avoid each other, old Marianna wept aloud, and addressing the portrait, cried, "Ay, thou deservest an eternal crown."

But young Marianna clasped both of Aloys' hands and said, "Thou art a good son, and I will be a good daughter: I will put my hands under thy father's feet and hold him up. And my father now is certainly looking down from heaven and smiling with rapture."

"Mother-in-law, will not you too go with us?" asked Aloys.

"I will stay at home my few years longer: I have but a little way to go before I arrive over yonder," said she, pointing to the churchyard, and shed veritable tears.

"I can't bear it, and I won't bear it," a woman's voice was heard suddenly to cry in the street.

"That is thy aunt Rufina," said Hirtz.

"I will go to meet her," said young Marianna, rising.

"No, dear Marianna," insisted Aloys. "She might insult thee, and that cannot be permitted. So let me stand in the gap."

"He's right! that's a man!" asseverated the deep bass of the forester behind Aloys' back; and he allowed himself again a full glass for his good word.

But out of doors they heard a screech: "The old serpent has seduced thee. Don't hold me back! let me in!"

The door was flung open, and the aunt cried, "I am his nearest of kin. I won't bear it. He can marry whom he will, but no one in Nordstetten without my consent."

"Be pacified, respected aunt," said Ludwig Waldfried. His tall form and kindly, commanding voice seemed to quiet the excited woman: she stared at the stranger with open mouth.

"Yes, colonel, calm our aunt, who means well," Aloys added.

"Who is that? What sort of a colonel is he? Where does he come from?" asked the aunt vehemently.

"Colonel Waldfried from America."

"And he has come on thy account?"

"Yes."

"From America to this place?"

"Not entirely."

"Colonel, you look like a just man. Do you know all?" Rufina asked.

"Yes, and I have full power from Father Aloys and Mother Mechtilde, dear madam."

"I am no madam: I am a single lady."

"Well, then, dear aunt."

"Long live Aunt Rufina! hurrah!" struck in the forester, and all joined in and repeated the cry.

Aunt Rufina smiled and touched glasses with the colonel, and then with all the others in succession, with the single exception of old Marianna.

And now came the sister from Ahldorf: she brought a great bush of rosemary, and after embracing her sister stuck a bunch of rosemary tied with a gay ribbon in each one's dress: even the aunt had to consent to wear the ornament.

Young Marianna and young Aloys wrote a hasty letter to America. Ludwig Waldfried and the shoemaker Hirtz added postscripts.

Young Aloys and young Marianna, decked with rosemary, went together to the target-field: they sat down on the turf border and held each other by the hand. The umbels of the hops had burst, and diffused a sweet fragrance. The larks sang above them. Both sat for a long time in silence.

"Marianna," said Aloys, "we may perhaps have the pleasure of seeing thy brothers come over to us. All the Nordstetteners have done well that have ever settled down near my father, and even dissipated men have reformed and become good citizens."

"I can swear," replied Marianna, "that that is just what I was silently thinking—that perhaps my brothers would come to us."

She laid her head upon his breast and said, "I hear the beating of thy good heart."

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They held each other in a silent embrace. Then they talked about their departure from the village and arrival in America, and they remembered also poor Ohlreit, who was beyond the reach of help. Since the day when they were together here for the first time the berries of the ash had reddened, and the cheeks of the two lovers glowed with a flaming red. The yellow-hammer in the tree-top sang, "Ah, how sweet it is today! how sweet!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

As it began to grow dusk the couple walked hand in hand through the village. Before the little house they stopped a while, and what Aloys was thinking Marianna knew how to put into words: "There is where thy father lived. Yes, the beginning was small."

Before every house the people were sitting in the cool of the evening on the benches, and everywhere the two were detained. "Yes, I always said so. Marianna deserves it, and that is a special good-fortune of itself. And thou too, Aloys, hast great reason to rejoice: thou hast the merriest and bravest of maidens."—"I wish I could go with you."—"And it does one's heart good to see once more a real love, and to live to see a merry wedding."

Such was the talk here and there, and then, as if by way of strengthening the happy feeling, they began to talk of misery and crime. They were glad to cover over the memory of Ohlreit with this joyful event. Some even said—and it seemed as if they themselves believed it—"I can swear to it, the very evening Aloys arrived I said to my husband [to my wife—to my daughter]—or at least I meant to say—'That's the husband for Georgy's Marianna: they are just the ones we should be glad to see united.'"

When they were alone again, Marianna exclaimed, "O ye thousand million stars in heaven, and so many good-hearted people on the earth! Our happiness makes all men happy. One really knows not how many human beings are good to one at heart. Oh, what a happy thought that is! and yet it is sad, too, that one must leave them."

"Thou wilt get others instead in the New World," answered Aloys. "The day after to-morrow our letter to our parents will be floating on the sea. At this moment they are eating dinner at our house over there. See, I have here on the inside of my watch-case the table of times. When it is noon here, with us at home it is about six in the morning."

"Thou wast about to speak of thy parents."

"Yes: I seem to see with my eyes how they get the letter, and father quietly opens it: he never tears an envelope. And what a jubilee it will be!"

It was long before the two took leave of each other. When Aloys came back to the inn he found Waldfried still among the people of the house, with whom, as a friend of Ivo's, he felt himself at home.

"Health and happiness!" was the landlady's welcome to Aloys. "And hast thou heard yet that my sister Ignatia is betrothed?"

"To whom?"

"The district forester: he is made president of the foresters' board."

"I am glad: that is just the thing."

"And she writes a good account of thee, and wishes thee every good. I believe you two have waked each other up, so that each of you discovered the true love."

"I think so too."

Waldfried now took a final leave of Aloys. On the first night of his betrothal he would certainly go to bed late and wake up late, and he had determined to be at home again by noon; but Aloys must, he said, at all events, before his return home, come once more to the Murgthal with his wife.

Aloys pressed in silence the hand of the friend who had taken such a true interest in his welfare: one saw in his looks how grateful he was, but he could not say it.

The first visit the betrothed pair made the next day was to young Buchmaier. He came to meet them with a beaming

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countenance, and cried, "Aloys, some weeks ago thou camest here to a death-bed, and now at this very hour my first son has been born to me. If you ever have the happiness, you will remember how I feel now. Wait a moment: I must tell my wife."

He went off, but soon came back and said, "It is the wish of my wife too. So, then, we beg you to stand godfather to our son."

Aloys seemed not to know what answer to make, but Marianna said, "It is doing us a great honor."

And that it was, indeed.

The grandson of Buchmaier received the name of his grandfather, Pius, and, besides, the name of Aloys.

On the Sunday, when the banns were published the first time, Aloys with all his kin—Hirtz too, and his daughter and Aunt Rufina, were of the party—made an excursion in his father-in-law's great four-horse coach, which had been put in order again, and the object of their destination was a lofty one. For Aloys, who had never yet seen the interior of a castle, desired particularly to tell his father on his return home about the castle of Hohenzollern, which he had seen the first evening by moonlight.

They stopped on the way back in the lovely Imnau, where they danced. Aloys, however, unfortunately, could not dance —that too he took from his father—and so Marianna would not dance now either.

Serving men and maids, old and young, families rich in children, and young lovers, came to Marianna and offered to emigrate with them, and at starting to enter their service. Marianna was wise enough to answer that she did not know anything about the arrangements in her new home, nor did she intend to interfere with them: in order, however, not to burden Aloys, she added, if Aloys needed any one he would himself make inquiries, and therefore they must not trouble him.

They did, nevertheless, and in the village the word passed round that the young Gawk was not so good-natured, after all; on the contrary, he was hard-hearted.

Aloys arranged everything with Hirtz, so that old Marianna was well provided for. Marianna's playmates held a private meeting and consulted what present they should make her on her departure. They laughed over the decision, but—and that is saying a good deal—they did not betray the secret.

In the last week the betrothed pair, escorted by Hirtz, journeyed to the Murgthal, and Hirtz brought home with him the measures of Ludwig, Wolfgang and Conny. The lasts for Aloys and Marianna he had already made, for so long as Hirtz lived they meant to walk in his shoes.

On Sunday the wedding was celebrated with music and dancing, in a manner that had not been witnessed in the village for a long time. Hirtz was bride's-father, and all expressed hearty approbation when at the marriage-table he with wise thoughtfulness expounded an expression out of an old letter of the elder Aloys—that Nordstetten in America was only a child that had married and settled at a distance, whereupon he proposed, "Long life to New Nordstetten in America!" He then said softly to Aloys he had better start at night, for by day the young wife would have too much heart-breaking: there is one field, and there is the other field, and in all of them there are growing sore remembrances.

The companions brought as a wedding-gift swaddling-clothes of linen spun by their hands: there were a full dozen, numbered for exactly twelve children. And, what was best of all, a new fount of song, after a long drouth, gushed forth again to-day for the first time. It seemed as if it would never break off, as one lad after another gave forth a quatrain to the old melody. The rest of the numerous, not always select, "varses" were soon forgotten again, but there was one which the newly-married couple still sang as they rode that night down the Neckar valley:

> And young Aloys and Marianna
> To a happy end have brought it.
> The bird that 'scaped the old folks' hands,
> The young ones, they have caught it.

CHARLES T. BROOKS.

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DECAY.

WITH beauty and health and hardiness it shares
  Enduring sovereignty, malign and strange:
Innumerable are all its haunts and lairs,
  Immeasurable its vast and stealthy range.

For ever varying in its forms of ill,
  For ever does it borrow of stores immense
Those opulent colors that await its will,
  Sombrely rich or radiantly intense.

On pools of foul miasmatic stagnance brood
  Its gentler tints of violet or of rose;
Through many a wood's majestic solitude
  In rüin of rotting logs its crimson glows;

Its mellower browns in faded blooms are seen;
  Its rancorous yellows in slow rust exist;
In noisome mildew lurks its pestilent green;
  Its ghostly grays are in malarial mist;

In noxious mould are hidden its ashy blues,
  Its ambers in old marble's crumbling slabs;
On desolate tombstones are its grimmer hues,
  Blots of dense black or sullen-glimmering drabs.

But all its gaudier splendors full to air
  In autumn's blighted foliage are outrolled,
And often amid sweet sunsets will it wear
  Deep melancholy purple or vivid gold.

Yet ah, the agony that no words may speak
  When, positive though intangible, it lies
In the red hectic flower on some dear cheek,
  Or shines with ominous fire from worshiped eyes!

Oh then what wonder if our difficult lives
  Guess vaguely, from the shadow of their dim lot,
How some white incorruptibility thrives
  In luminous bournes of peace, where time is not!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

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A PEACEMAKER OF 1782–83.

IF there is any fact that all the world may be said to have admitted, it is that this last past year of grace, 1876, was the centenary, the hundredth anniversary, of the independence of the United States. Wasn't it asserted plainly and loudly enough to impress everybody's senses by Centennial buildings, banquets, processions, poems, speeches and advertisements? and didn't all people, nations and languages make pilgrimages, or at any rate send exhibits, to Philadelphia in celebration and recognition of the great fact so asserted? But, for all that, one may with a good deal of confidence surmise that if the sound of the centenary rejoicings has penetrated to that quarter of the Elysian Fields where the shades of the English statesmen of a hundred years ago are billeted, they have agreed down there that the clocks of this upper world are too fast by half a dozen years, and that the independence of the North American colonies (as they would call the States) ought, whatever they and history may now choose to say, to date only from 1782–83, when it was formally and finally declared and recognized by the mother-country under the auspices of William, earl of Shelburne.

The recently-completed biography of this nobleman * (the first installment of which was noticed in this magazine two years ago) is full of interest for readers on both sides of the Atlantic. Here, in the bright light of contemporary letters and memoranda, we see the aims and motives and struggles of all the leading actors on the English side in the war of independence brought out into luminous distinctness; and, what is more important to the student of history, find, in the pictures of society (in the widest sense of the word) and manners which the biographer has laid before us, an ample explanation of the causes which led England to embark in, prolong, and finally abandon that memorable struggle. If the contrast between the United States of to-day and the nucleus group which, taking John Bull by the horns, declared their independence a century ago, is, as it may fairly be said to be, more extraordinary than any tale yet invented by romancers, the change which in the same period has silently, without any sudden outward and visible revolution, passed over England has been only second to it in magnitude and importance. The British constitution was then, in theory, the same as now, but its practical working was quite another story. Nominally, the people had a voice in the management of the affairs of the country through the House of Commons: really, a vast number of the boroughs were entirely under the control of a few noble lords, who considered them as much their own absolute property as their estates, and nominated members to them whose business it was to represent and vote not for their constituents' but their patrons' wishes. On the throne was an obstinate and irascible personage, imbued with the belief that he had been divinely called to the personal direction of the government, and perversely confident of his ability for the office; while, revolving round him, jostled a small group of great families, who, banding together ever and anon in bewildering coalitions and permutations, formed and upset ministries, divided the spoils of office, and gave such attention to carrying on the executive business of the country as was compatible with the paramount object of attaining their own particular ambitions and keeping out outsiders. In those days John Bright would have had about as much chance of being made a cabinet minister as Wilkes. The king insisted on having his own finger in every ministerial pie, and made no secret of his

* *Life of William, Earl of Shelburne, afterward first Marquess of Lansdowne, with Extracts from his Papers and Correspondence.* By Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

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personal likings and aversions. The nation might be sick and tired of war, but it wanted nothing less than the surrender of Cornwallis to induce George III. to part with his favorite instrument, Lord North, and submit to the very different counsels of Rockingham and Shelburne.

Tracing the career of the latter in the light thrown upon every step of it by the pious industry of his biographer, it may fairly be said that Shelburne's policy and conduct throughout the troubled series of events which began with the Stamp Act, asserting the mother-country's right to tax her colonies, and ended in their complete and final separation from her by the peace of 1783, was marked by greater consistency and sagacity than any other contemporary statesman displayed. He protested against the Stamp Act; and when in 1766 he became "southern" Secretary of State, with the American colonies in his own department of the administration, he struggled manfully, though in the end unsuccessfully, to counteract the high-handed measures of coercion which he clearly saw and predicted would lead to resistance and rupture. There can be little doubt that, at that time, a policy of firmness in the maintenance of the mother-country's acknowledged rights, combined with conciliation upon sore and doubtful points, might have indefinitely averted any such convulsion as the war of independence; and Shelburne, intensely and rootedly believing, as he always did, in the vital importance to his country of preserving unimpaired her relations with her colonies, lost no opportunity, while he was in office, of recommending and carrying out that policy. A notable instance of this appears in the eagerness with which he accepted the State of New York's ambiguous compliance with the provisions of that extraordinary piece of British legislation the Mutiny Act, which required the colonists to furnish, at their own expense, "fire, candles, vinegar, salt, bedding, utensils for cooking, beer or cider, and rum" to the British troops quartered among them. He pats the State Assembly on the back, and takes them to his arms with effusion, assuring the governor, in the characteristically stilted and flowery language of his diplomatic correspondence, that he "entertains no doubt but that the same just spirit of subordination and constitutional obedience to that supreme legislature which has on all occasions discovered the clearest intentions of restraining its own power within the limits of equity and justice (!), will render New York equally worthy with the rest of His Majesty's provinces of His Majesty's favor and protection, and of those singular privileges which they enjoy under the blessings of his reign and under the influence of the British constitution."

But His Majesty had strange ideas of "favor and protection." He was quite willing to play the father of the colonies, but on the terms that they should play his docile, unresisting children, and either do whatever he might choose to tell them to do without demur, or have their naughtiness exorcised by bread-and-water diet, fines and flogging. And Chatham, Shelburne's guide and master in American policy, being unfortunately removed just at this crisis by his mysterious malady from active politics, the "king's friends" (as a body of his thick-and-thin partisans at court and in Parliament were styled) soon had everything their own way. Shelburne was driven out of the cabinet; Chatham resigned; and Grafton, after a weak and futile effort to undo the harm that Charles Townshend had done in laying taxes on the colonies by repealing them *en bloc*, *except one* (the tea-tax) —which was retained "to keep up the right" (!) — gave up the reins into the fatal hands of North.

Post hoc diluvium. Throughout the weary, wasteful years that followed, Shelburne, at times despairing of doing any practical good by parliamentary opposition, devoted his energies to the cultivation of his mind by intercourse with the intellects of Paris, and to the management of his English and Irish estates, and at times, whenever opportunity seemed to offer, returned to the battle-field of Parliament, and courageously, in the face of an overpowering and compact

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majority of "king's friends," uplifted his voice against the prosecution of the war. For his long ill-success, though, he was himself in part to blame. The protracted supremacy of the war party was really due not so much to their own strength as to the divided condition of the opposition. The Rockingham Whigs were in principle opposed to the war, and in favor of recognizing the independence of the colonies; but they disliked, and would not act with, Shelburne. Shelburne, in his turn, remained for years estranged from nearly every leading member of the Whig party. The different sections of the party spent their time in mutual jealousies and recriminations, instead of pulling together in opposition to Lord North; and the result was the series of disasters and humiliations that culminated in the surrender of Cornwallis.

After this, even the king saw that he must have a thorough change of men and measures in his government; and by the strange irony of events the man to whom he resorted for help was Shelburne, the man, above all the English statesmen of the time, who had lain the longest under the royal displeasure, and had for years been spoken and written of by the king in terms of the strongest positive dislike. Only yesterday, so to speak, Shelburne had been, in the king's words, "that perfidious man," "the Jesuit of Berkley Square," and so on; and now, on Shelburne gracefully and wisely insisting on the titular headship of the new administration being given to Rockingham (the acknowledged head of the strongest section of the Whig party), the king told the latter plainly that he would "receive his recommendations and advice with great attention, *but certainly the more if it meets with Lord Shelburne's concurrence, and vice versâ.*" Truly, there was need of the sovereign's full and hearty support to one who in the spring of 1782 undertook to grapple with such a task as Shelburne, taking the conduct of home, Irish and colonial affairs upon his shoulders, had to face. The arrangement of terms with the American States was only one of a crowd of difficulties imperatively requiring settlement. Great Britain was at open war with no less than three European countries—France, Spain and Holland; the Northern powers, banded together in the so-called "armed neutrality," made no secret of the hostile feelings with which they regarded her; an Irish Parliament, sitting in Dublin, was threatening to take advantage of the distracted state of affairs to declare its legislative independence of the Parliament of Westminster; while at home dockyards, arsenals and treasury were practically empty. No one was more alive than Shelburne to the multitude of domestic ills and grievances that were crying aloud for remedy and reform; but peace abroad he clearly saw to be the first thing needful, and peace, above all, with America he felt to be owing no less to justice than to expediency. His own wish was for an arrangement in the nature of a federal union between the mother-country and her revolted colonies, but he was obliged to own to himself that the day had gone by for that, and that nothing short of complete independence would be accepted by those with whom he had to deal as the basis of negotiations; and, realizing this, he set to work strenuously, loyally, and without any *arrière pensée* whatever, to treat for peace on the basis of independence; though how bitter a pill this must have been to him is sufficiently evident from the fact, which he always candidly acknowledged, that he never throughout the war, or even at the close of it, altered his original belief that the separation of the American colonies from Great Britain would be a fatal and irretrievable misfortune. The conduct of the peace negotiations was marked throughout by a resolute, hard-hitting straightforwardness and sincerity, by an absence of diplomatic chicanery and counterplotting, despite the temptations afforded by the diverse interests of the numerous European powers affected, which do the greatest credit to the heads and hearts of the negotiators on both sides. Early in his public life Shelburne's unlucky essays in the character of an intermediary between scheming and selfish politicians, supplemented by certain faults

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of manner—notably an exaggerated civility in his written and spoken expressions—had fastened upon him imputations of insincerity and duplicity which clung to him to his dying day; but Franklin, Jay and Adams, battling with him for months over the provisions to be contained in the treaty, never found the slightest reason to distrust the sincerity of their antagonist. And the deliberate opinion of Rayneval, the French negotiator, was to the same effect. "Unless I am mistaken," he wrote to Vergennes, his chief, "he (Lord Shelburne) is a minister of noble views and character, proud and determined, yet with the most winning manners. . . . I may add that his friends and *entourage* do him honor. There is not an intriguer or doubtful character among them. A man such as I have described is not ordinarily either false or captious, and I venture to say that Lord Shelburne is neither the one nor the other, whatever persons may say who imagine that they know him, but imagine wrongly." Shelburne's chief enemy was unfortunately the very man who, to ensure success to the complicated negotiations of 1782, ought to have co-operated most intimately with him. Charles Fox, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, necessarily had an important voice in the international adjustments taking place at Paris. His personal antipathy to Shelburne was notorious; and Shelburne, unfortunately, gave him a new handle for his virulent animosity by, injudiciously as it seems to us, omitting to communicate to him a paper of notes drawn up by Franklin suggesting the cession to the United States of Canada and Nova Scotia, which came into Shelburne's hands in the course of the negotiations. The paper was, it is true, essentially an unofficial document, but Shelburne's friend, Lord Ashburton, was allowed to see it, and Fox, considering his office, might reasonably have expected to be at least informed of its existence. The consequence was that when, as was sure sooner or later to happen, Fox heard of the paper, he was furious at this fresh proof, as he thought it, of his colleague's duplicity; and when, shortly afterward, Rockingham died and Shelburne naturally succeeded to the premiership, he hurried to resign his secretaryship, and left no stone unturned to discredit and pull down the reconstructed ministry.

Meanwhile, with enemies at home watchful and intriguing on all sides, Shelburne pressed straight on with the work of pacification. The vexed question of the Maine boundary-line was settled with the American commission, and that of the Newfoundland fisheries with the French (who were induced to content themselves with a simple undertaking on the part of the English government that the French fishermen should not be molested there); and finally separate terms were arranged between England and each of the four powers, the United States, France, Spain and Holland, with whom, thanks to North's policy, she had drifted into war. There seemed to be at hand a time in which, at last, some attention might be paid to many burning questions of domestic policy upon which Shelburne had clear opinions, and the courage of them. What his programme would have been had he remained at the head of affairs his own speeches, letters, and memoranda in great measure indicate. Civil-service reform in its widest sense, particularly in the introduction of economy and a proper system of account-keeping into all the public offices, a reform of the indefensible and anomalous distribution of seats in, and method of election to, the House of Commons, the abolition of pluralities and sinecures, the better regulation of the mint, the post and the police, and the reduction of the national debt, would, it may confidently be surmised, have been among his measures. But it was not to be. Peace had necessarily been purchased by concessions, and was of course unpopular in England. The country wanted a scapegoat, and Shelburne, personally unpopular, feebly supported by his party and attacked by an unprincipled coalition, fell an easy victim. Still in the prime of life, he disappeared from the field of active politics, and though he lived on through two-and-twenty stirring years, he never

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again did more than intervene, by fits and starts, in the debates of Parliament. The management of his estates and the society of a band of congenial friends—Morellet the political economist, Jeremy Bentham, Price, Priestley, and many other names well known to literature and science—replaced the management of political adherents and uncongenial intercourse with a cabinet divided against itself.

His biographer publishes an interesting fragment from Shelburne's private papers which shows him to have taken a keen and thoughtful interest in the personal management of his property. "Put yourself in the power of no man."—"Be bound for no man."—"See with your own eyes."—"Economy all turns on half-yearly receipts and weekly expenditures."—"Have all agreements in writing." Such are the rules in which he embodies the results of the experience of a man who had had many a hard knock from untrustworthy bailiffs, litigious tenants and ungrateful borrowers. There is a touch of ponderous methodicality in this fragment which is very characteristic of its author. Whether from natural temperament, or from the early age at which it fell to his lot to take part in important political business, Shelburne appears to have been, in all relations of life, persistently solemn and serious. One may read from end to end of his speeches and letters without discovering a single buoyant or jocular expression. There is enough and to spare of caustic epigram and bitter sarcasm, but an utter absence of banter and fun. His wife sets it down in her diary as a noticeable circumstance that once, on the occasion of a little dance at Wycombe, "Lord Shelburne danced too, which I had never the pleasure of seeing him do before." When alone with his wife and sister-in-law in the country his idea of an evening's amusement was to read metaphysics to them. Bentham brought a copy of his *Introduction to Morals and Legislation* down to Bowood (Shelburne's country-seat in Wiltshire) and (as he tells us) "All the entreaties I could use were insufficient to prevent him from treating the ladies with it at the breakfast-table." It was probably in some measure owing to his fondness for metaphysical subtleties that his speeches in the House of Lords were too often marked by the see-sawing argumentation and word-splitting so happily caricatured in the contemporary *Political Eclogues*:

> The noble duke affirms I like his plan:
> I never did, my lords! I never can!
> Plain words, thank Heaven! are always understood:
> I could approve, I said, but not I would.

The common belief that Shelburne (as we prefer to continue to call him, notwithstanding his elevation to the marquisate of Lansdowne soon after his retirement in 1783) possessed the secret of the authorship of the famous *Letters of Junius* gave rise to an amusing incident that cannot be better told than in his biographer's own words. To an attempt of a guest to worm the secret out of him, "Lord Lansdowne once replied by saying that he knew the secret as much as did the servant who stood behind his chair. This happened to be a negro, known to the household by the name of Jacko. Thenceforward he went by the appellation of Junius. Some years afterward it began to be reported, to the astonishment of the literary world, that a handsome gravestone stood in Calne churchyard bearing the inscription 'Here lies Junius.' The great secret, it was now thought, was about at length to be revealed. The mighty unknown was the person lying underneath the gravestone in Calne churchyard. An inquiry was set on foot: Lord Lansdowne was himself appealed to, but the tombstone was not to be found. It appeared that the vicar had caused it to be removed, for the person who slept beneath was only the black servant, and the stone itself had been surreptitiously introduced into the churchyard by some person of waggish propensities."

One great and memorable work—the general pacification of 1782–83—Shelburne must be admitted by history to have had the greatest share among his countrymen in achieving. That he did not do more appears to us to have been mainly due to his having been a statesman in advance of his time. In days

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of protection, patronage and class-government he was a solitary advocate of free trade, parliamentary reform, scientific finance, the removal of religious tests and disabilities, the repression of drunkenness by the regulation of the number of publicans' licenses, and the extension of popular education. He insisted upon the right of colonies to tax themselves: he sympathized with the principles that initiated (though no one more earnestly deplored the excesses that accompanied) the French Revolution. But he was misunderstood and unappreciated by his own generation, and he suffered the common lot of peacemakers, who in this wicked world are seldom blessed. W. D. R.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

COLLEGE CLASSICS AND CLASSIC COLLEGES.

" *To the Editor of Lippincott's Magazine:*

"AS a father who has been, with the best intentions, thinking of sending his son to Harvard, I have been, as you may suppose, startled by an article in the January *Atlantic* which may be considered editorial, being under the title 'Education.' Its assertions are alarming to us whose boys are to be educated somewhere. If I recollect its drift, the article was directed against the compulsory study of Greek; but what concerns me is, that it seems to tell rather against the methods employed at Harvard, and perhaps at all our schools. A competent authority made some criticisms the other evening in private conversation upon the article, which are no doubt damaging to it as an argument, but do not weaken the force of its assertions. For instance, the writer says, in substance, that very few *graduates* can construe a simple sentence in Greek — meaning, of course, a few years after graduation. My friend (a professor) observed that a similar oblivion overtakes all the other knowledge acquired by an American student in his college course, except such as may be specially related to the profession which he pursues in after life, the study of Greek being only a part of the very superficial method of education practiced over the whole country.

"You will notice a plan for a division of the field of Greek philology amongst six professors, but with the necessity (which exists at present) of dividing each class into sections for the purpose of *recitation*, this arrangement of work, as my expert pointed out, would be impossible. The author, I think, contemplated a system of *lecturing*, as in a real university, where the whole body of students interested in the subject is supposed to attend, *en masse*, each lecture.

"A friend to whom I sent the article writes: 'One or two assertions are very startling. The author distinctly says that numbers of students are admitted who would be unable to give the first Greek declension! Again, he says that the amount of knowledge which the *best students* have when they leave Harvard College would be a standard very much below that applied in the *Abiturientenexamen*. If these two statements are true, the Greek work at Harvard is more a sham than a serious plan at all.'"

We can scarcely believe that there is as much ground for alarm on this subject as our correspondent and others suppose. We have never noticed that graduates of Harvard believed themselves to have brought away from it too slender a knowledge of Greek, or were dissatisfied with their own acquirements in any of the higher branches of learn-

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ing. It is, we admit, a curious fact that candidates for admission should generally agree in being ignorant of the *first* declension; and it is also a strange coincidence that graduates of a few years' standing should, with equal or greater unanimity, be unable to read a *simple* Greek sentence. But these are only extreme illustrations of that natural law by which the memory cannot be cultivated without constant concessions to the faculty of obliviousness. The insignificant is erased to make place for the important. Thus, people who "rise in the world" are proverbially liable to forget their early acquaintances, while assiduously cultivating their intimacy with more eligible ones. So, too, it is said that very profound mathematicians will boggle over a sum in long division, and we have heard that on one occasion, not many years ago, the senior class at Harvard, while answering boldly and fluently questions on the archaisms of Lucretius, was brought to sudden silence by an inquiry in regard to one of the tenses of *sum*. Perhaps, in this last case the plunge into the sea of erudition had been so sudden and deep as to exclude any hope or intention of ever returning to the surface. At all events, it is a well-known maxim that every gain is attended by an equivalent loss. "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;" we "put away childish things" when we become men; and a degree at Harvard may indicate that the mind of the recipient, after being imbued with successive tinctures suited to the stages of youthful development, has now been cleansed of all these, so far as was possible, in order that it may be prepared to take without resistance whatever permanent dye circumstances may suggest or require. The graduate is handed over to the world with a certificate such as Horace's slave-vendor offers with the "boy" he is so anxious to dispose of:

Hic et
Candidus et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos, . . .
Litterulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti
Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda.

If our distressed correspondent is not satisfied with this explanation, he may find some consolation in the reflection that Harvard is not alone in its practice of the "method" he complains of. This is, in fact, only the "peculiar treatment" generally considered appropriate to the peculiar Anglo-Saxon intellect. We trust none of the institutions that are still nearer and dearer to us will begin to shake their venerable locks. We have no intention of impugning *their* Greek, which (thank Heaven!) has never been a subject of discussion with the outside world, so prone to seek occasions for impertinent criticism. It is to the older and more renowned seats of learning on which ours were originally modelled that we must turn our glance, if we wish to understand the workings and appreciate the beauty of a system well calculated to excite surprise and admiration. There has never been a time more favorable for such observation, though it will, of course, be possible here only to call attention to salient features. Oxford, in particular, whose present repute in Christendom is such as to weaken our faith in Shakespeare's prophetic vision, is undergoing an investigation, private and official, already fruitful of pertinent results. A comparison especially to the point is presented in a recent paper by Mr. Goldwin Smith, who must be considered an impartial as well as competent authority. "In the American universities," he writes, "a respectable standard—though one falling, I believe, considerably short of the high-honor standard of Oxford and Cambridge—is obtained by pass examinations; . . . but they 'drop' with a rigor which would hardly be palatable here." In other words, the examination for the ordinary degree at Oxford and Cambridge is not as rigorous as at American universities, and could not be made so without creating dissatisfaction. What its current value as a test of scholarship amounts to may be gathered from the statement of Mr. Lowe, that "there is no literary or scholastic avocation so humble that a person would be admitted to it simply because he had obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts at either of our two ancient and famous universities." "Their teaching," he writes, "is regulated by the examination for a degree,

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and that is so deplorably low that, when we remember that these students, as they are called, have spent several years at school, it is perfectly wonderful that it should have been found possible to waste three years of the most active part of life in learning the difference between what knowledge they brought and what they take away." He will not admit that the changes during recent years, when "two royal commissions have swept over the universities," have produced any improvement; and though the *Saturday Review*, which we may regard as an "organ" of the universities, contradicts him sharply on this point, it enters into no details, and the exact state of the case may probably be gathered from Mr. Goldwin Smith's remark, that "there has been a marked improvement in the quality of the instruction, *at least for the higher class of students.*" Now, this higher class of students, the men who go in for "honors," represents a feature of the English system which is not found in the American. Mr. Lowe does not dispute the high attainments of "the select body of young men of first-rate ability" who stand out from the general mass. But he denies that the universities are entitled to any credit for the teaching they receive, since this is given not through the machinery provided by the universities, but by private tuition, and such students are excused from attendance on lectures expressly on the ground that they would be wasting time by availing themselves of the regular modes of instruction. Even were it otherwise, the real business of the universities, Mr. Lowe contends, "is not with the show goods which they put forward, but with the actual article in which they deal," and their reputation "must ultimately stand or fall by the manner in which they shall appear to have taught and dealt with the great mass of the students whom they undertake to educate."

Besides making what allowance is proper for the small class at Oxford and Cambridge to which English scholarship owes its reputation, we should also take into account the higher average standard which appears to be maintained at such institutions as Owens College, Manchester, and the strictness of the examinations conducted by the University of London, which has the power of conferring degrees, but no machinery for instruction. These, however, are mere grafts on the English system. They are the results of efforts not to remedy its glaring defects, but to furnish a substitute available by those who were excluded from its advantages. They do not, therefore, present its characteristic features or reveal the ideas that underlie it. The Scotch universities form exceptions of a different kind. Their "lack of endowments," we are told, "makes it almost necessary, if a professor is to live at all, and not perish by starvation, that he should have crowded lectures." The student comes from any kind of school; "even the Greek alphabet is not always familiar to him;" the classes are large, consisting sometimes of a hundred and fifty men and boys, chiefly occupied with practical jokes or other means of amusement; the lectures, though pleasant and often stimulating, make no attempt to convey exact scholarship; and if the examination for the degree is much harder than in England, this difficulty is got over by most of the students making no attempt to pass. The best of them go to Germany to complete, or at least supplement, the education begun at home.

If we ask how it is that the English system has maintained itself in the face of much hostile criticism and of comparisons with one which shall be presently noticed, we are answered by Mr. Lowe that "young men are sent to Oxford and Cambridge for many other reasons besides the acquisition of knowledge of any kind. The good-will of these ancient and venerable establishments, using the word in its legal sense, is enormous. Young men are sent to these universities because they want a title to orders, because their parents do not know what to do with them, because it is a respectable thing to do, because it is hoped that they may make good acquaintance, because people are overawed by venerable names and traditions, and finally because they have no idea how little is really taught."

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And the *Saturday Review*, in commenting on this passage, enlightens us still further. It does not take issue with Mr. Lowe in regard to the facts, but it demurs to the phrase "knowledge *of any kind*," on the ground that there is "a peculiar training" to be obtained only at the great public schools and the universities, independent of mere "book-knowledge," though "a certain amount of that unwelcome commodity" is also exacted. "The excellences of Oxford and Cambridge," it tells us, "are peculiar and incommunicable"—meaning, of course, incommunicable not to the students, but to other institutions. A young man who has not passed through Eton or Harrow, and subsequently through Oxford or Cambridge, appears like "a young barbarian" to his companion who has enjoyed that advantage. The exponent of this view does not favor us with any definition of the "peculiar training," probably considering that the "incommunicable" must be inexplicable, at least to outside barbarians. But we fancy our readers generally will have an inkling of what is meant, and will not consider the qualities to which it points as so exclusively English as the islanders themselves believe them to be. For our own older institutions also pride themselves on possessing a subtle virtue which cannot be measured by vulgar standards or imparted except by direct contact. Our system of classical education has come to us from England, and however it may fall short of or may deviate from the original type, it was based upon the same ideas; and these are still the chief source of such vitality as it possesses. Colleges may now be founded and filled with students from a variety of motives; but the one motive which acted upon our Colonial and Revolutionary ancestors gave to our collegiate system the shape which it still retains, furnished it until very recently with the endowments that have enabled it to flourish, and still operates consciously or unconsciously, directly or indirectly, on the great mass of those who seek for their sons or for themselves a classical education. This is nothing else than the well-established English notion that Latin and Greek are necessary parts of "a gentleman's education," of the outfit which is to enable him to perform those functions and present that figure in the world by which he is to be recognized as belonging to a caste. What is wanted is a gentleman's acquaintance with the classics, gained in the way in which a gentleman is expected to get what he wants—namely, with no particular exertion on his own part. This notion is modern, and it is English. The mediæval gentleman prided himself on his ignorance of letters. On the continent of Europe people do not send their sons to the universities because it is the fashion, or with an idea that the social advantages to be thus obtained will more than compensate for any deficiency of those which are professedly offered. There such institutions have nothing to do with social distinctions. But in England the chief institutions of learning have been almost monopolized by the higher classes: ancient schools, endowed originally with the object of smoothing the path of the poor but eager scholar, have long been appropriated by them and converted into expensive and exclusive resorts; and though new-made wealth now jostles and displaces rank, its object is only to obtain a firm position beside its rival and stand on a footing of equality with it, not to widen the ground or turn it into a common. In America we can point, of course, to no exactly parallel state of things. But if we deduct a certain number, chiefly those who look forward to teaching as a profession, we shall find that the mass of the students at our colleges are there simply from ambition—not that thirst and hunger for knowledge which caused so many thousands to flock to the mediæval seats of learning, but the ambition, generally as futile as it is misdirected, for social standing and consideration. Were it otherwise, there would long since have ceased to be any strong complaints in regard to the instruction furnished by the colleges. An irresistible pressure from below would have raised it to a proper level. The spirit of emulation, a zeal

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kindled by the certain hope of noble results, would have led to reforms such as no tinkering, prompted by a partial clamor or occasional criticism, will ever produce. And a very different estimate of "culture" from that which now prevails would have permeated the mass of the nation, which, with all its aversion to ignorance and its interest in the common-school system, has naturally enough regarded the higher education as a superfluity, as not a matter of general concern, but of mere private interest, as betraying "aristocratic" tendencies, and as a positive disqualification for public life.

Let us turn to a country where a totally different system, founded on totally different conceptions, exists and has long existed. Germany does not aim to make a certain class of its people accomplished by way of maintaining or enhancing its social importance. What it aims at, what it considers indispensable to the national interests and welfare, is that it shall have a large body of highly-educated men, not merely to fill competently the ranks of the learned professions, not merely to maintain a continuous line of qualified teachers, not merely to secure knowledge and ability in important administrative offices, but to keep alive the spirit of research, to extend the empire of ideas, to widen the foundations and further the advance of civilization. For scholarship and science in every department a fitting career lies open, and the means of reaching it are provided by an *organized* system which leaves nothing to chance and admits of no incoherence. We do not need to speak of the number and excellence of the schools and universities: what we would call attention to here is, first, their cheapness, which renders them accessible to almost every class; and secondly, their co-operation and close interrelations, by which every kind of ability is directed on its true path and supplied with appropriate aids, and by which also, to a great extent, incapacity and idleness are eliminated and rejected. The boy who has gone through the lower gymnasium passes to the upper gymnasium or to the *Realschule:* the latter will prepare him for a business life or for admission to a polytechnic or technological institute; the former, if he goes through the whole course, will fit him for the university, where several departments, embracing every branch of science and professional learning and the literature of every people, lie open to his selection. At the first and at the last point where the roads diverge—when he leaves the lower gymnasium and when he has entered the university—the choice of routes rests with his parents or himself; but as no factitious inducements tempt him in a false direction, as much will be lost and nothing gained by his pursuing studies for which he is naturally unfitted, or seeking a mere semblance of knowledge instead of the reality, he is not very likely to start, or at all events to persevere, on a wrong course. The step from the gymnasium to the university can be taken only with credentials furnished to him by the former, showing that he has passed the *Abiturienten-examen.* A comparison between this and the examination for the ordinary degree at an English or American university cannot well be made. They may be said to differ in kind. The English or American graduate is several years older than the passed gymnasiast. He will have read much more (we are speaking only of the classics): if his ability be great, he *may* be a better scholar, and possibly the same remark will apply even to the boy who has reached the top of the school at Eton or Rugby and who goes to the university at the same age as his German compeer. But these are exceptions in a large mass, and neither the examination at admission nor that for the degree in English and American universities tests as does the *Abiturienten-examen* the industry of the pupil and the thoroughness within prescribed limits of the instruction he has received, or indicates in the same manner his fitness to enter on a wider range of studies or to take up subjects demanding deep investigation. It is not his power of "cram," nor his cleverness in evading difficulties, but his absorption, retention and control of all that has been taught him, that are called into play. With certain Greek and Latin authors, with dialectic forms and

regular or exceptional usages, with the historical bearings and relations of what he has read, he is completely familiar; while by means of an unintermitted grammatical drill and the constant practice of composition he has gained an intimate knowledge of the *structure* of the two languages, and if he wishes either to master their literatures or to take up comparative philology or any other study to which this knowledge may be linked or usefully applied, he has only to go forward—not backward to pick up what has been missed or to recover what has been lost. In a word, he has been scientifically taught. Neither at the gymnasium nor at the university is the standard kept low in order that an ill-qualified mass may succeed in passing; nor, on the other hand, do its exactions have the effect of deterring any large number from attempting to pass or of compelling their failure. Hard labor obtains the due reward, and there are no "peculiar" rewards for idleness. The success of the German system, as regards either the quality of the instruction or the number of those who fully profit by it, is never called in question. We are far from asserting that no instances occur of capacities remaining undiscovered or undeveloped; or that mere plodding industry unaccompanied by natural gifts never leads to a measure of success which is little if at all better than failure; or, finally, that there is not a kind of genius, and even of talent, which would be best developed by an irregular or self-directed cultivation. But the undeniable merit and sufficient eulogy of the German system of education is that it actually does what, in common with other systems, it attempts and professes to do. The goal is an open one, the avenues are wide, the progress is constant and orderly. The *training* which it gives has the great *peculiarity* that it is a reality and not a sham, that it is of the kind which befits an educational establishment, and not such as could quite as well and much more appropriately be received at a club.

NOVELS.

THE story-tellers continue to shine in the forefront of literature. They fill the lion's share of the catalogues on the shelves. The railroad train, in which our people are coming to live as the continental Europeans do in the theatre and the restaurant, is wholly theirs, and their ubiquitous and untiring acolyte, the train-boy, widens and strengthens their dominion every day. Other books may be the pleasure and the solace of the parlor and the study, and meet them on something like equal terms in that retirement, but only theirs go abroad over the land and are read in motion. They radiate, bright in yellow and vivid in red and blue, from the bookstores, and are "dealt" like cards, right and left, into the laps of travelers. Could an active Asmodeus at any given hour whisk off the roofs of some thousands of railway coaches, he would disclose a hundred thousand travelers busied in warding off or placidly succumbing to this literary deluge. The more railroads and the more passengers, the heavier this downpour of paper-covered novels, and the more overshadowing the empire of romance. There is no escape from it at home or abroad, in motion or at rest. The popular taste is assailed on every side and in every form. We have the novel in all shapes and sizes, bound and unbound, cut up into installments and doled out through a certain or uncertain number of weeks or months, or administered in a single dose, compressed into the dime size or expanded into three volumes. So with subjects. The range is infinite in theme and style. The historic novel has itself many grades between slightly-embellished history and the borrowing of nothing actual but a great name or an important event. Another stately type is the religious novel, assailing us from a Catholic, a Jewish, a High-Church, an Evangelical, a Cameronian or a Universalist standpoint, and illustrating all known dogmas in all known ways. Then comes the metaphysical novel, devoted to the minute sifting and dissection of human character and action as represented in a carefully made-up collection of lay figures. For the novel of society, which outnumbers all the rest, every nook and corner

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of Christendom is ransacked for studies, and every conceivable idiosyncrasy and situation depicted with great painstaking, if not always with clearness and effect. Camp-followers of the host of fiction troop forward in tales of war, the chase and the sea, wherein the sensational rages unchecked and undisguised. All tastes, all ages and both sexes are catered for. We know grave clergymen and old lawyers who are insatiate of novels. Macaulay read all that came in his way, good, bad or indifferent. Nine books out of ten called for at the bookseller's counter or the public library are novels.

Generally speaking, productions of this class have a short life. They rarely survive the century, and we know little or nothing of the romances or the romance-readers of a period so near as two hundred years ago. The home-life of the eighteenth century remains pictured for us in the still cherished pages of Defoe, Fielding, Smollett, Richardson and D'Arblay, but the undergrowth which swarmed around the trunks of these trees is long since cleared away into oblivion. Leaving out Scott, the surviving novelists of the early part of this century are females, and they are not many. The flood came within the last fifty years. That period has been the harvest-time of the romance-writer.

As his fund of material does not increase like that of the writer on science, travel, history, etc., his productiveness becomes marvelous. In the old days, when stories were preserved only by tradition or manuscript, a very few of them went a great way. These were varied and borrowed between one period and language and another. The nations interchanged their stock of tales. A good *romaunt* ran all over Europe, and a good fable over Europe and Asia. They were short and simple. Most of those which have descended to us are turned over to the nursery, grown people now-a-days demanding something much more elaborate and complicated. And the facility with which this demand is met, and more than met—crammed so that it grows incessantly—is surprising. Where the unfailing and enormous crop of plot, incident and character comes from is a marvel to all but novel-writers. This fecundity does not extend to the stage. The plots of the old dramas have been revamped and patched till they are threadbare; which makes it the stranger that the novelists have not long ago written themselves out. We should explain it by the circumstance that they draw from the life direct, and that life is exhaustless in incident and aspect, but for the fact that so few of their characters live in popular memory. Perhaps a score of the novelists of the half century have produced one or more personages whom we all know, and shall for a long time to come name as familiarly as we name our living friends. But these are the exceptions. Speaking generally, we never remember, and do not expect to remember, anything about the novels we read. They seem to have the property of blunting one's memory. Their glib descriptions of comprehensible and not wholly impossible people and scenes flow on too smoothly. There is no inequality, as in real life, for the mind to take hold of. We accept it all without thinking. We doubt as little as we do in a dream, and recollect as little.

It is encouraging that, whatever else may be said of this enormous mass of fiction, it is pervaded by decorum. The endless hosts of shadowy beings that dance through its pages are at least decent and presentable. Dickens's rag-pickers are less offensive in their language than Boccaccio's gentlemen and ladies. And in this respect the tendency is still further to improve. Of the tons of stereotype-plates which threaten us with resurrection from the publishers' cellars, those are least apt to oxidize in undisturbed damp which bear least of the improper and the openly immoral. In that feature we have gained on the *Arabian Nights* and the *Round Table*.

E. C. B.

AMERICANISMS IN ENGLAND.

It was but the other day that the verbal purists of the mother-country were prompt to detect and stop the encroachments of our free and easy fabricators of

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new English. When an Americanism presented itself at the gates of their castle, the portcullis was instantly dropped in its face and admission made as hopeless as possible.

All this is changed. A taste for American words seems to have taken the place of the former disgust. That notable "result of the war," *skedaddle*, has firmly established itself in English literature already. Among light and humorous writers it has made itself rather a pet. It is often met with in *Blackwood*. Greek scholars gravely occupy themselves with its etymology, and have settled on *σκεδαννυμαι* as its root. Having thus entered in at the classic gate, it may be considered as having made good its footing.

Annex, in the political or territorial sense, was in the Texas times, thirty years ago, an endless worry to British writers. They use it now with perfect freedom and comfort. India and Prussia have made it extremely handy for the expression of an increasingly common idea and practice. For the one occasion we found for its introduction the Old World has found a score for its application.

A still more obnoxious verb was *to progress*. Its acclimation is perfect. The islanders have forgotten how to advance: they all progress. They are learning, too, to *guess* instead of "fancy" — a change they are the more excusable for not pushing more rapidly because it is by no means complete on our side the water.

> The voice of *Jonathan* was heard to express,
> "Our President is going to war, I guess."

And Jonathan, according to the principles of strict construction, is distinctively a Down-Easter.

An Englishman may still be a great man without being *smart*. He must be *clever*, but need not at all be a clever fellow. His friends and admirers will speak of him as a remarkable man, without a thought of Mr. Jefferson Brick or the Honorable Mr. Pogram.

Amalgamation of dialect will continue to proceed, and at an increased rate, now that the submarine wire wafts the soft intercourse from pole to pole of the magnetic battery and of the Anglo-Saxon world. A parallel growth of ideas will exact a parallel growth of words to embody them. Which side shall first discover the right phrase for a new thing will usually depend on which first invents the thing. Usually, but not always. Invention is brisker in the West, and the passion for saving time, breath and syllables quite as marked. Hence, we are quicker in clapping the popular and permanent name on an English conception than they on one of ours. E. B.

COCOANUT HANGING BASKETS.

OF all the devices for hanging baskets, from wire-work lined with moss up to the heavy rustic-work of gnarled roots and heavy pottery with saucers attached, none are so graceful in form, so quaint, so inexpensive, so appropriate, as those made from the shell of the cocoanut. Four of these may be suspended so as to form a diamond or lozenge in a window, and the effect is certainly as artistic and as charming as the most expensive device for aërial vegetation. In the upper basket may be set the *Saxifraga sarmentosa*, much like the strawberry in habit, with leaves beautifully veined with silver and the reverse a rosy color. It sends out numerous naked runners, a full and vigorous plant forming at the extremity of each. These will partially fill the centre of the diamond. The plant also sends up a spike of small white blossoms from eight to twelve inches high. For the baskets at the right and left the plant commonly known as Kenilworth ivy is very effective. It will soon quite cover the cocoanut-shell, and trail below it two feet or so. For variety a variegated species of this plant may be placed in one of the side baskets (*Linaria cymbalaria-variegata*). For the lower basket there is nothing more beautiful perhaps than the common smilax, which will soon form long, graceful pendants of foliage of the most lovely green. This basket, when the earth is new and the smilax newly planted, will also support a small ivy geranium. Some of these plants, with variegated leaves, white, green and bright crimson, are wonderfully beautiful. Three shoots may be allowed to grow, one to run up each cord of the basket and meet the

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pendent plants from the *Saxifraga*, and the picture is perfect.

These plants are selected with confidence, because long experience with them has shown that they are hardy, of the easiest culture, and that they think it fun to grow in cocoanut-shells. Any person, the most ignorant of flower-culture, can make them grow luxuriantly if he will not rob them of their natural right to light, warmth and water. They will live without much of the first, and will not die of cold unless it reaches the freezing-point. They will grow and thrive even in a north-east window, where they only get a little sun in the morning.

Any person with a little patience can make these baskets. It requires but a modicum of skill. If one does not care to buy fresh cocoanuts, he can find plenty of spoiled ones which fruit-dealers generally have on hand and will give away. The first step is to saw off one end of the nut. You may have a natural drain through the germ-hole by sawing off the end opposite the "monkey's face;" but you will have a more gracefully-shaped basket and a larger one by sawing off the germ-end and boring a hole with a gimlet in the bottom for a drain, which must never be neglected, it being absolutely indispensable to healthy plant-growth. The end sawed off—not too generous a section—dig out the meat, and with a stout pegging-awl or small gimlet bore three holes near the edge, and at equal distances from each other. These are for the suspending cords. Strong cords will last some time, but it is better to use small brass wire, which will not rot off. Eighteen yards are sufficient for the four baskets, and will cost about as many cents. For those living in cities it is better to get the earth from the florist. It should be one-half common garden mould and one-half perfectly well rotted stable manure; and the shells should not be filled quite up to the holes. No basket or pot for flowers should ever be full of earth, as it utterly prevents their being properly watered. Hanging baskets, when the plants are growing vigorously, should be watered every day. The best way to water them is to take them down, hold them over a bath-tub or large pan, thoroughly drench with a fine sprinkler, and hang them again when they are done dripping.

Few objects of parlor decoration are so much admired as hanging baskets, but very frequently they become unsightly objects; for example, when plants requiring a dry soil, as the stonecrop, are planted with ferns, mosses, or anything requiring much moisture, or plants requiring full sunlight with those doing well only in shady nooks. A hanging basket overrunning simply with luxuriant green grass is a far more artistic object than one filled with the rarest treasures of the florist in an unthrifty condition. The great trouble with amateur florists is, that they attempt too much: then, failing to see that ignorance prevents their success, they complain of their "bad luck," and too frequently give up in-door flower-culture entirely. Now, for some reason plants seem to delight in hanging baskets. The amateur should commence with these, and if discouraged with repeated failures, there is nothing more certain to reassure him than the simple cocoanut-shell experiment here described.

Another very lovely object for parlor decoration in winter, is the little glass gypsy kettle suspended on three glass rods. Filled with water and a slip of common German ivy set in it, the latter will grow vigorously, and soon fill the whole kettle with a ramification of clean white roots. It will never fail in any living-room unless allowed to freeze. The water need be changed only once a week. M. H.

TITLES OF THE PERIOD.

The following explanations of the meaning of the cabalistic letters with which the general reader bids fair to be pestered in a few years may be found not amiss. The new institutions of learning are determined not to be outdone by the old in giving authority to their graduates to ticket themselves, so that the public may know the value of the wares they offer; and he who runs may read, or he who reads may run, as he finds best.

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The compilation is authentic, being taken from the report of the Commissioner of Education: L. B. means Bachelor of Letters; Sc. B., Bachelor of Science; B. Agr., Bachelor of Agriculture; B. M. E., Bachelor of Mining Engineering; M. E., Mining Engineer; D. E., Dynamic Engineer; B. Arch., Bachelor of Architecture; Mus. B., Bachelor of Music; Ph. G., Graduate in Pharmacy; A. M., Mistress of Arts; B. L. A., Graduate in Liberal Arts; B. L., Graduate in Letters; M. L. A., Mistress of Liberal Arts; M. E. L., Mistress of English Literature; L. C., Laureate of Letters; M. P. L., Mistress of Polite Literature; Mis. Mus., Mistress of Music; B. Sc., Graduate in Science. There are institutions with charters and faculties which have granted, and are continuing to grant, all these degrees. How much better would it have been to continue their course of innovation to the point of ignoring all such titles, which at best are of so problematical a value that the public was in a fair way to lose all the respect it once had for them! E. H.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

History of French Literature. By Henri Van Laun. Vol. I.—From its Origin to the Renaissance. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In giving us an English history of French literature, Mr. Van Laun is the first upon the ground, and by the plan of his work he evidently means to cover it. This first volume brings the subject to the latter part of the sixteenth century. Remembering how writers multiply as time goes on, and that thus far the *grand siècle* has not been reached, it is easy to compute that the volumes will be numerous before we come to our contemporaries. A great deal of space—too much, perhaps—is devoted to preliminary remarks and general observations. The work is conceived in the same philosophic spirit and on the same comprehensive scale as Buckle's and Lecky's: the influences of climate, natural scenery, race, religion and events in forming the character and mind of a nation are duly taken into account. Mr. Van Laun says truly that all these go to form and color the national literature, which, when it has taken shape and received the vital principle, becomes in its turn an active influence constantly at work in moulding the temper and intellect of the nation. But to impress us fully with the importance of these considerations, he detains us too long with the relation of matters which we should be supposed to know already or be sent to learn elsewhere: few people would seriously take up the history of French literature, being ignorant of the history of France itself. Other faults, both of manner and matter, detract not a little from the solid value and agreeable qualities of the book—repetitions and omissions, needless explanations and occasional platitudes, such elegancies of diction as "accaparated" in contrast with such vulgarisms as *will* for *shall* and *lay* for *lie*, and blunders that betray in some cases an inexcusable carelessness and in others an inexplicable ignorance. In enumerating the early Christian councils held in Gaul he includes that of Nicæa, A. D. 325, evidently confounding this place with the other Nicæa more commonly known as Nice. After calling France "the cradle of the Renaissance," he follows up this amazing assertion by an immediate reference to the "end of the sixteenth and whole of the seventeenth centuries crowded with writers of indescribable freshness, vigor and brilliancy," as if that was the epoch of the revival of letters in Europe: his contradicting himself virtually on pp. 33 and 34, and explicitly on p. 265, does not mend matters. He has a way of enumerating and classifying authors which makes them appear as contemporaries, when they are really two hundred years apart; as, for instance, including Villehardouin, Joinville, Froissart and Commines in the same period, and Rabelais,

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Montaigne, Corneille and Molière in another. Indeed, he explicitly places Commines in the fourteenth century ("To Villehardouin and Joinville in the thirteenth century succeeded Froissart and Commines in the fourteenth"); and that this is not a mere slip, as the more correct dates at the foot of the page might lead a hasty reader to infer, is proved by his inaccurate and utterly unappreciative notice of that great writer, whose true place, as regards both spirit and style, is not with the representatives of feudal society, but with those of the Renaissance, while his theme is the transitional epoch at which the one merged into the other. It may be doubted, indeed, whether Mr. Van Laun has ever given a sufficient study to the early French historians, in spite of his just remarks on "the special historic genius of the nation," and its precocious development as compared with that of England, or, as he might have added, with that of Italy, Spain and Germany. He makes no mention of the mass of the chroniclers and memoir-writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—the moulders of French prose at a time when the annalists of other countries, with rare exceptions, wrote either in Latin or in dialects now become obscure or obsolete. Still less does he notice the curious and suggestive fact that all of them, from Froissart and his master and precursor, Jean le Bel, down to Châtelain and Commines, were Belgians, who gained their alert conceptions and their knowledge of affairs, their freedom from ecclesiastical trammels, and their expertness in their native tongue, from their intercourse with burghers and knights in a region where commerce and civic freedom, chivalric pomp and nascent art flourished together within a narrow circle and illuminated each other. Omissions of a similar kind occur in other parts of the book. In a chapter on the "Influence of Christianity," where he speaks at length of the Gallo-Roman prelates of the fourth and fifth centuries, he makes no mention of Saint Avitus, bishop of Vienne, the most prominent provincial churchman of his time in secular and ecclesiastic politics, author of numerous theological works and of a long poem, *De Initio Mundi*, from which Milton took not only the plan of *Paradise Lost*, but some of his finest and sweetest passages word for word. He calls Christine de Pisan "the first Frenchwoman who, at all events in prose, gave evidence of a finished literary perception." Christine de Pisan, although brought up in France, was born in Italy of Italian parents, and a fine literary perception—which is, we suppose, what Mr. Van Laun means—had already been shown by some of her countrywomen, while it can scarcely be said to have been shown by any Frenchwoman before Madame de Sévigné. Nostradamus is mentioned as an historian of the troubadours, and we are told that "the courts of love, such as he knew them *in the fourteenth century*, can have borne but slight resemblance to those which existed in the time of André le Chapelain." One might be tempted to think that Mr. Van Laun has fourteenth century on the brain. A foot-note informs us that Nostradamus died in 1590, but this is only one of many indications that the notes have been added by another hand, and not even seen by the author. One, on p. 105, is an extract from Gérusez, giving the etymology of *oc* and *oïl* as corruptions of *hoc* and *illud*, used in expressing assent or affirmation. We turn the leaf and come upon the droll statement that "the language of the South was distinguished *from its proximity to Rome* as the *langue d'oc* (*hoc*)." What notions Mr. Van Laun attaches to the Latin pronouns it would be useless to inquire, but we suspect him of having muddled his brain at some remote period—perhaps in the fourteenth century—with accounts of *Cis*alpine and Transalpine Gaul, and the transition of Provincia *nostra* into Provence, and of having in progress of time connected these terms with the division between Northern and Southern France. This is bad enough, but worse remains behind. A comparison between Joinville and Villehardouin (p. 211) is prefaced with the statement that "they had much in common, not only in their writings, but in the circumstances of their lives. Both were favored servants and companions of Saint Louis: both followed him as pilgrims of the cross—the latter to Constantinople, the former in the second and abortive crusade which terminated by the king's death. Both had fought by his side, and both came home to write of his prowess and goodness." Having read these statements and rubbed our eyes, we turn to the dates in the text and foot-notes on pp. 201 and 208, and find that Villehardouin died in 1213, and that Joinville was born in 1223. If both were companions of Saint Louis, his own life must have been of patriarchal length. But this inference is corrected by a foot-note on p. 174, which informs

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us that "he reigned from 1226 until 1270, and was only eleven years old when he came to the throne." He was born, therefore, in 1215, two years after Villehardouin's death. The blunders here are not in mere historical dates and facts—not merely that Mr. Van Laun makes Saint Louis live in the twelfth century and take part in the capture of Constantinople by the crusaders, which occurred a dozen years before his birth; nor even that he represents Joinville as following the king in his *second* and fatal crusade, though this involves something more than forgetfulness of one of the most notable things which Joinville tells us of himself—namely, his own absolute refusal to take part in that disastrous expedition. What these errors, with others on the same pages, prove, is Mr. Van Laun's complete ignorance of two works which he has selected to compare and comment upon as representative of the state of the French language and literature at the period to which they belong. He could not have read Villehardouin and supposed him to be relating events in the life of Saint Louis: he could not have read Joinville and supposed the events which he narrates at length as an eye-witness to be those of the king's last crusade, of which he gives only a brief account from hearsay. Of the difference between them in regard to style Mr. Van Laun has nothing to say, except that Joinville is "less concise and supple in expression" than Villehardouin—"more redundant in ideas and language, and more rich in vocabulary." Yet the extracts given in the foot-notes (pp. 204, 209) are alone sufficient to show that the language had made a great stride in the century or more which elapsed between the composition of the earlier and that of the later work. The difference is at least as great as between the prose of Sir John Fortescue and that of Holinshed.

A writer who knows so little of centuries and councils, of chroniclers and crusades, cannot be a competent historian of the early French literature, and no amount of revision would suffice to bring this volume into conformity with the principles by which the author professes to have been guided in the composition of it. But despite its shortcomings and inaccuracies, it does something to fill an acknowledged void, and much of it is very pleasant reading. There are interesting chapters on the troubadours and trouvères, on the early epics, with a good summary of the *Chanson de Roland*, on the Church and the drama, with the rise of miracle-plays and mysteries. This from the nature of things is the liveliest and most picturesque portion of the volume, but the satirists and moralists of the following period afford opportunity for many sensible and entertaining pages. Mr. Van Laun is judiciously liberal of quotation and anecdote: in regard to poetry he adopts the French practice of giving literal, unversified translations, which may be best for a work of this sort, although the effect is inferior to that of a good poetical version. He does not indulge in many original remarks or reflections which are not called for by the character of his labors, but when he departs from this reticence his sentences often contain a striking thought: in putting before us the state of the so-called civilized world at the opening of the Renaissance he says: "To begin with, let us realize this truth, that heaven, earth and humanity were discovered within the limits of a lifetime." Those few words really sum up the achievements and revelations of the whole era.

Troubadours and Trouvères. New and Old. By Harriet W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This is the rather misleading title of a very delightful little book. It is the reprint of a number of articles, all of which, we believe, have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, but which do not constitute a series. There are but two upon the ancient poetry of Provence, and these are preceded, heedless of natural order, by others on her modern poets, Mistral and Aubanel, and the barber-poet of Gascony, Jasmin. There are lavish selections from these singers, old and new, charming both in themselves and in the translations. Miss Preston speaks of the latter with great modesty, as being far from literal, and as falling sadly short of the beauty of the originals; but nobody is so sensitive to the failings of a translation as an intelligent, enthusiastic translator; and a careful comparison of some of these with the Provençal originals and standard French versions has convinced us that she has not only preserved the rhythm and melody of the verses to an extraordinary degree, but also the thought and sentiment. Her prose is not altogether up to her verse; still, there is not much fault to find with it, and when she is telling an old tale, or supplying the links between the fragments of a story in verse, she

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suits her style to her task most happily, so that the spirit of the narrative is never lost. But what makes the peculiar charm of the book is the influence of a bygone time, of a distant clime, of a strain of thought and feeling unfamiliar though not alien—a reflex of the romantic and ideal from the long-set sun of chivalry which lingers on its pages. We escape for a moment from the matter-of-fact modes of the present, the sight of sordid or stolid realities, the din and jingle of the work-day world, into a region where it is always early summer, where the nights are always moonlit, where the only sound which breaks upon the warbling of birds and minstrels is the clash of swords or the ring of a war-song raised in an heroic cause. That there never was absolutely such a time or realm is of no moment: Provençal poetry and the Crusades testify how different the world once was from what it is now, and give us foundation enough for these castles in the air, color enough for the glamour which surrounds the dreamland of old romance. How powerfully it works upon Miss Preston may be guessed from a beautiful sentence in which she speaks of "the Corot-like atmosphere haunted by simple bird-notes" with which she felt herself invested during the dark winter days in which she made her transcriptions from the Troubadours. It is to be regretted that she did not make her work complete—that instead of these studies she has not given us such a history of the times that we might have lost ourselves blissfully without seeing, whichever way we turned, the end of the path, the way out. That she was capable of doing so may be seen from her excellent disquisition, in the first paper, on the Songs of the Troubadours, on the history, manners and literature of the period.

We are sorry to be unable to quote the longer poems, for they are the most interesting and reveal most passion and thought, although the strength of Provençal poetry, mediæval or modern, does not lie in its intellectual tendency. The shorter ones, however, give more of the sunshiny brightness and springtide freshness, the love of Nature and the lady, which chiefly characterize these lays:

> Behold, the meads are green again,
> The orchard bloom is seen again,
> Of sky and stream the mien again
> Is mild, is bright.
> Now should each heart that loves obtain
> Its own delight.
>
> But I will say no ill of love,
> However slight my guerdon prove:
> Repining doth not me behoove;
> And yet to know
> How lightly she I fain would move
> Might bliss bestow!
>
> There are who hold my folly great,
> Because with little hope I wait:
> But one old saw doth animate,
> And me assure:
> "Their hearts are high, their might is great,
> Who well endure."

From the early poetry of Provence, Miss Preston turns to that of our own days, which is all rural, as that was all courtly or chivalric. With this reawakening of song after a silence of six centuries Miss Preston identified herself to American readers by her beautiful translation of Frédéric Mistral's "Mireïo." "Calendau," his second long poem, must be fully up to the first in every respect, except choice of subject, but for this reason, and still more because it was not the first, which took the public by surprise, it has caused no sensation. The poet has wisely refrained from the temptation to renew the childlike, idyllic vision of "Mireïo." "Calendau," to judge by the abridgment and extracts, has as much real simplicity (though the story is over-romantic), and equal vigor, fervor and wealth of description. The finest passage is the hero's ascent of the frowning Mont Ventoux, but it is too long to transcribe: we must give instead one of the word-pictures in which the poem abounds:

> Afar over the sage-fields hummed the bees,
> Fluttered the birds about the sumac trees.
> How lucid was the air of that sweet day!
> How far upon the slopes the shadows lay!
> The ranged and pillared rocks seemed to upbear
> Levels of green land, like an altar-stair.

The author of "Mireïo" long since conquered fame, but it seems he is only the chief of a band of brother minstrels, the *félibres* ("fellows of free faith," or merely "book-makers," as the term is variously translated) of the south of France, which Miss Preston amusingly describes as the head-quarters of the ideal Mutual Admiration Society. Next to him she places his friend Théodore Aubanel, whose poems have been published under the title of *The Half-open Pomegranate*. Mistral, in a most glowing and fanciful introduction, tells without reserve Aubanel's sad love-story, the *hinc illæ lachrymæ* of the volume, which is divided into the Book of Love, the Intergleam, and the Book of Death.

Jacques Jasmin, the Gascon, ought not to

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be a stranger to English and American readers, as he has been in friendly favor with the public of his own country more than forty years, and it is fully a quarter of a century since Mr. Longfellow made him known to us in his translation of the *Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè*. Yet we doubt whether he has ever been so well introduced in a foreign language as now. Even the pathos of the blind girl's story is not so moving as the poet's account of his own early years:

Sweet ignorance! why is thy kind disguise
So early rent from happy little eyes?
I mind one Monday—'twas my tenth birthday—
The other boys had throned me king in play,
When I was smitten by a sorry sight:
Two cartmen bore some aged, helpless wight
In an old willow chair along the way.
I watched them as they near and nearer drew,
And what saw I? Dear God! could it be true?
'Twas my own grandsire, and our household all
Following. I saw but him. With sudden yearning
I sprang and kissed him. He, my kiss returning,
For the first time some piteous tears let fall.
"Where wilt thou go? and why wilt thou forsake
Us little ones, who love thee?" was my cry.
"Dear, they are taking me," my grandsire spake,
"Unto the almshouse, *where the Jasmins die*,"
Kissed me once more, closed his blue eyes, passed on.
Far through the trees we followed them, be sure.
In five days more the word came he was gone.
For me sad wisdom woke that Monday dawn:
Then knew I first that we were very poor.
* * * * *
All this was shame and sorrow exquisite.
I played no more at leap-frog in the street,
But sat and dreamed about the seasons gone;
And if chance things my sudden laughter won—
Flag, soldier, hoop or kite—it died away
Like the pale sunbeam of a weeping day.

It must not be supposed, however, that Jasmin and Aubanel are always in a melancholy mood: some of their reminiscences and fancies are full of fun and spirit, although the remembered pinch of poverty in one case, and the pressure of more tender griefs in the other, keep their humor within those bounds where smiles and tears are never far apart. There is something homely, rustic, unstudied, heartfelt, in the verses of both which strongly recalls Burns—a Southern Burns, less robust and racy, but more refined—and Barnes the Dorsetshire poet, and another Scot, a miner or collier, whose name we forget, but whose sweet, plaintive echoes have haunted us for over twelve years, since the first and only time we ever fell in with his poems. Between them and these Gauls there is the essential difference which race and external influences produce in the genius of men: here there is an absence of harshness and coarseness, an inborn gentleness and sprightliness like the graceful, instinctive friskiness of the lower animals, which belong to countries where the sun shines, rather than to cold and cloudy lands.

Miss Preston's volume closes, not inaptly, with a paper called the "Arthuriad," suggested by the latest edition of the *Idyls of the King*. It is the least successful and interesting of the collection, being neither, what we hoped for, a dissertation on the glorious unwritten epic of the Round Table as it lives in the imagination of modern generations, pieced out by fragments of old verse, Welsh, Early English and Breton, nor a careful criticism of the beautiful version (not always to our mind, however) by Tennyson. But it is written with the zest which a congenial subject imparts, and which communicates itself in some measure to the reader.

Books Received.

Fridthjof's Saga: A Norse Romance. By Esaias Tegnér. Translated from the Swedish by Thomas A. E. Holcomb and Martha A. L. Holcomb. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

Mothers and Daughters: Practical Studies for the Conservation of the Health of Girls. By Tullio Suzzara Verdi, A. M., M. D. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

We Boys. Written by One of Us for the Amusement of Pa's and Ma's in General, Aunt Lovisa in Particular. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"Hold the Fort." By P. P. Bliss. With illustrations by Miss L. B. Humphrey and Robert Lewis. Boston: William F. Gill & Co.

The History of Liberty: A Paper read before the New York Historical Society. By John F. Aiken. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

The National Ode: The Memorial Freedom Poem. By Bayard Taylor. Illustrated. Boston: William F. Gill & Co.

The Barton Experiment. By the author of "Helen's Babies." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Three Memorial Poems. By James Russell Lowell. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Footsteps of the Master. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

A Point of Honor. By Mrs. Annie Edwards. New York: Sheldon & Co.

A Book of Poems. By John W. Chadwick. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Is that All? (No-Name Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

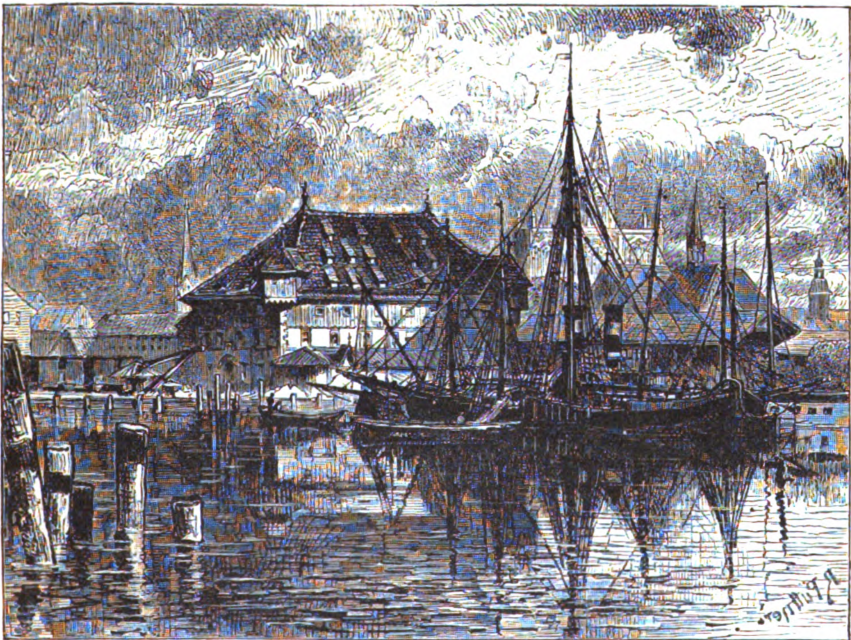
OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

MAY, 1877.

DOWN THE RHINE.

FIRST PAPER.



MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE AT CONSTANCE, WHERE THE COUNCIL MET.

LIKE a certain old, eternally-young, and dearly-monotonous subject, the Rhine has been an inexhaustible theme for song, legend and romance. Old as is its place in literature, familiar as are its shores not only to the traveler in Europe, but to the least well-read of the stay-at-homes, there is always something new to be said about it, or at least it can be viewed in a new aspect. Its early

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stages are certainly less well known than its middle portion—*the* Rhine of poetry and legend—but they are equally beautiful, and especially characterized by natural scenery of the most picturesque kind. Historical memories are not lacking either, even within fifty miles of its rise in the glaciers of the Alps, while its early beauty as a mountain-torrent, dashing over the rocks of the Via Màla, has for some a greater charm than even its broad lake-like waters fringed with cathedrals, abbeys, and stately guildhalls, or its windings among "castled crags."

One branch of the river bursts from under a tumbled mass of ice and rock—one of those marvelous "seas" of ice which are the chief peculiarity of the Alps, and which sometimes, as in the case of the glacier of the Rheinwald, present among other features that of an immense frozen waterfall. Passing through the village of Hinterrhein, whose inhabitants are the descendants of a colony planted there by Barbarossa to guard the old military road over the Alps, and which boasts of a Roman temple and other less well-defined remains of human dwellings of the same period, the Rhine enters the grand gorge of the Via Mala, between Andeer and Rongella, on the road below the Splügen Pass and village. Every such pass has its Devil's Bridge or its "Hell" or its "Bottomless Pit," and tradition tells of demons who pelted each other with the riven masses of rock, or giants who in malice split the rocks and dug the chasms across which men dared no longer pass. But it needs no such figures of speech to make a mountain-gorge one of the sublimest scenes in Nature, one which thrills the beholder with simple admiration and delight. The Via Mala is one of the most splendid of these scenes. A sheer descent of two thousand feet of rock, with clinging shrubs, and at the bottom the trunks of pines and firs that have lost their hold and grown into mossy columns stretched across the stream and often broken by its force; a winding, dizzy road leading over single-arched bridges and half viaducts built into the black rock; a foam-white stream below; a succession of miniature waterfalls, rapids and whirlpools; spray and rainbow poised over the stream at intervals, and here and there the narrowing rocks bending their ledges together and wellnigh shutting out the sun; the "Lost Hole," where tall firs, with their roots seemingly in space, stand up like a forest of lances, and the very formation of the rocks reminds one of gigantic needles closely-wedged together,—such are the features of the gorge through which the Rhine here forces its way. Then comes Zillis, a regular Swiss village, at the entrance of the valley of Thusis, which is a broad green meadow dotted with chalets, a picturesque, domestic, rural landscape, a bit of time set in the frame of eternity, and holding in its village chronicles memories to which distance lends enchantment, but which, in view of the scenes we have just described, seem wonderfully bare of dignity. Here is the castle of Ortenstein, the warrior-abbey of Katsis, the Roman Realta, the castle of Rhäzünz, the bridge of Juvalta, and many castles on the heights overlooking the valley, which at the time of the "Black League" of the nobles against the "Gray Confederation" of the citizens (which gave its name to this canton, the Grisons) were so many rallying-points and dens of murder. There is romance in the legends of these castles, but one seldom stops to think of the robbery and lawlessness hidden by this romance. For these knights of the strong hand were no "Arthur's knights," defenders of the weak, champions of the widow and the orphan, gentle, brave and generous, but mostly oppressors, Bedouins of the Middle Ages, ready to pounce on the merchandise of traveling and unarmed burghers and defy the weak laws of an empire which could not afford to do without their support, and consequently winked at their offences.

A legend of this part of the Rhine, less well known than those of the Loreley, Drachenfels or Bishop Hatto's Tower, belongs to Rhäzünz. After the feud had lasted long years between the nobles and the citizens, the young lord of this castle was captured in battle by the Gray Confederates, and the people's tribunal

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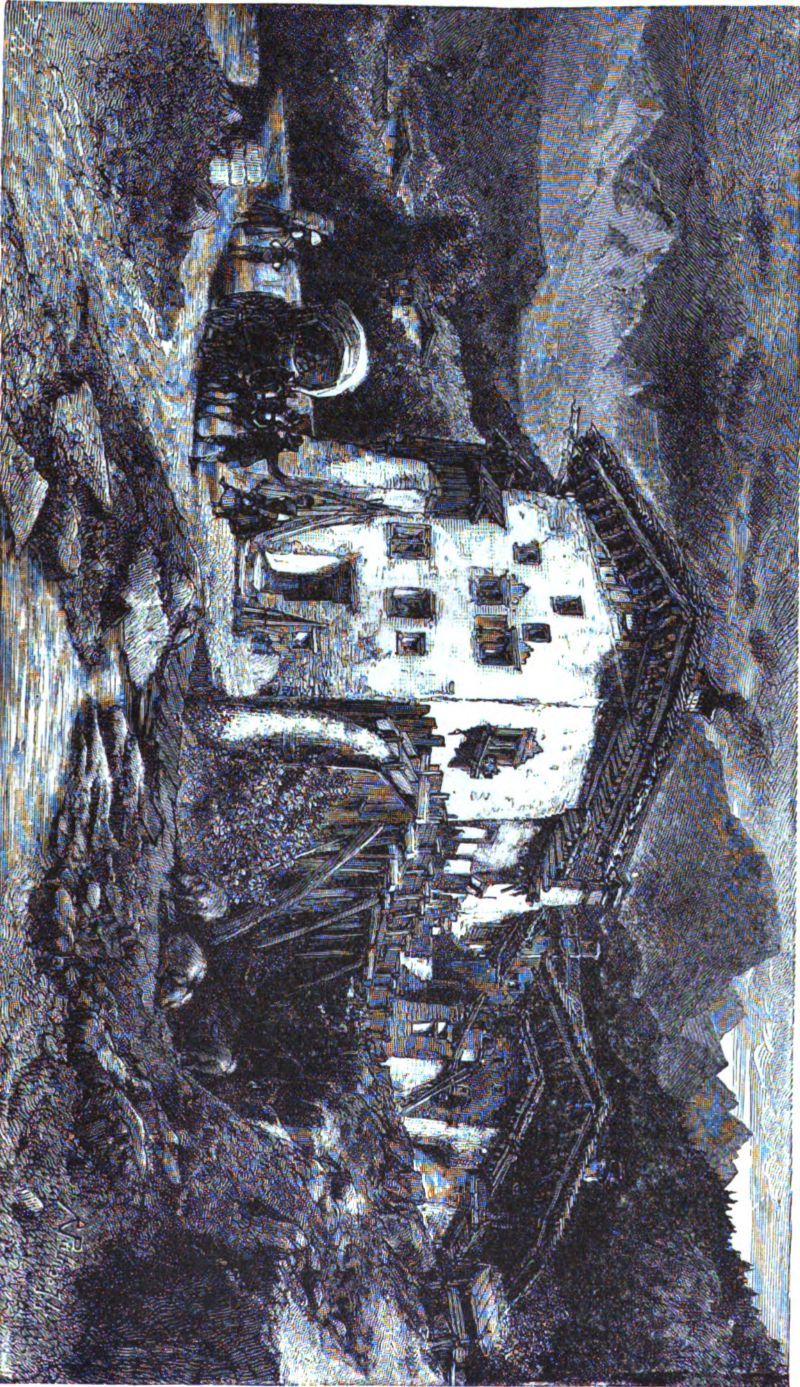

ZILLIS.

condemned him to death. The executioner stood ready, when an old retainer of the prisoner's family asked to be heard, and reminded the people that although the youth's hot blood had betrayed him into many a fray, yet some of his forefathers had been mild and genial men, not unwilling to drink a friendly glass with their humbler neighbors. For old associations' sake let this custom be renewed at least once before the execution of this last of the race of Rhäzünz: it was the first and last favor the youth, in his dying moments, requested of them. Stone drinking-vessels were brought: a regular carousal followed, and good-humor and good fellowship began to soften the feelings of the aggrieved citizens. Then the faithful old servant began to speak again, and said it would be a pity to kill the young man, a good swordsman too, who, if they would spare his life, would join the Gray Confederacy and fight for instead of against the people—be their champion, in a word, in all their quarrels, instead of their foe and their oppressor. He prevailed, and the youth, it is said, religiously kept the promise made for him.

JUVALTA.

Passing the Toma Lake, a small mountain-tarn, whence rises one of the feeders of the Vorder-Rhein, and Dissentis, whose churches are crowned with Greek-looking cupolas set upon high square towers, and whose history goes back to the ravages of Attila's barbarian hordes and the establishment of the Benedictine monastery that grew and flourished for upward of a thousand years, and was at last destroyed by fire by the soldiers of the first French republic, we follow the course of the increasing river to where the smaller and shorter Middle Rhine falls into the main branch at Reichenau. The Vorder-Rhein has almost as sublime a cradle as the other branch. Colossal rocks and a yet deeper silence and solitude hem it in, for no road follows or bridges it, and it comes rolling through the wildest canton of Switzerland, where eagles still nest undisturbed and bears still abound, and where the eternal snows and glaciers of Erispalt, Badus and Furka are still unseen save by native hunt-

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CITY GATE AT ILANZ.

ers and herdsmen whose homes are far away. Here is the great Alpine watershed, dividing the basin of the North Sea from that of the Mediterranean. But at Reichenau *the* Rhine absorbs the individuality of each of these mountain-torrents, and here we meet with memories of the mediæval and the modern world curiously mingled in the history of the castle, which has been an episcopal fortress of the bishops of Chur, its founders, a lay domain when the lords of Planta owned it, and an academy or high school when Monsieur Chabaud, the director, gave fourteen hundred francs a year salary to a young teacher of history, geography, mathematics and French who was afterward the citizen-king, Louis Philippe. Here is Martinsloch, where Suwarrow shamed his mutinous Cossacks who refused to attempt the passage of the Alps, by ordering a grave to be dug for him, throwing off his clothes and calling to his men to cast him in and cover him, "since you are no longer my children and I no longer your father."

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TAMINA SPRING.

Ilanz is the first town on the Rhine, and has all the picturesqueness one could desire in the way of quaint architecture, bulbous cupolas, steep roofs with windows like pigeon-holes, covered gateways, and a queer mixture of wood and stone which gives a wonderfully old look to every house. Chur—or Coire, as it is more commonly called out of Germany and Switzerland—is of much the same character, an old episcopal stronghold, for its bishops were temporal lords of high renown and still higher power. Then the Rhine winds on to another place, whose present aspect, that of a fashionable watering-place, hardly brings its history as a mediæval spa to the mind. The healing springs at Ragatz were discovered by a hunter of the thirteenth century on the land belonging to the great and wealthy Benedictine abbey. For centuries the spring, whose waters come from Pfäffers and Tamina, and are brought half a mile to Ragatz through iron pipes, was surrounded by mean little huts, the only homes of the local health-seekers, except of such—and they were the majority—as were the guests of the abbey; but when crowds increased and times changed, the abbey built a large

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guest-house at the springs. Now the place has passed into the hands of a brotherhood no less well known the world over, and who certainly, however well they serve us, give no room for romance in their dealings with us. The promenade and hotels of the place rival Baden and Homburg, but the old spring of Tamina, in its wild beauty, still remains the same as when the mediæval sportsman stumbled upon it, no doubt full of awe and trembling at the dark, damp walls of rock around him, where visitors now admire and sketch on the guarded path. The only other interest of Ragatz, except its scenery, is Schelling's grave and monument put up by Maximilian II. of Bavaria, his scholar and friend.

Everywhere, as the Rhine flows on, the tourist notices its wonderful coloring, a light, clear green, which characterizes it at least as far as the Lake of Constance, in whose neighborhood the vines first begin to bloom and become an important item in the prosperity of the country. Here too the river first becomes navigable, and the heavy square punt that ferries you over at Rüthi, and the pictures of the old market-ships that preceded the first American steamer of 1824, and carried the vine produce to other and dryer places (for in Constance the land lay so low that cellars could not be kept dry, and the surplus of the vintage was at once exchanged for corn and fruit, etc.), are the first signs of that stirring commercial life which is henceforth inseparably connected with the great German stream.

ISLAND OF MAINAU.

Five different governments crowd around and claim each a portion of the shores of the "great lake" of Germany. Yet it is not much more than forty miles long, with a breadth at its widest part of nine. In old Roman times its shores were far more beautiful and worthy of admiration than now. Then it was fringed by forests of birch, fir and oak, and its islands were covered with dense groves. The chief beauty of lowland is in its forests: when they are gone the bareness of the landscape is complete. Rocky mountains can afford to be treeless, but to an artist's eye there is little beauty in treeless plains, and all the boasting of German enthusiasts about this lake cannot hide the fact that its shores are singularly low and bare. But if the landscape is tame, the historical recollections of the Lake of Constance are rich and interesting. The oldest town on its shores is Bregenz, the *Brigantium* mentioned by Pliny and Strabo, and Christianized by Saint Gall and Saint Columbanus, the Irish missionaries whose wanderings over Europe produced so many world-famous monasteries. The great abbey of St. Gall was not far from the lake, and Columbanus established his last monastery at Bobbio in Italy. Lindau ("the field of linden-trees"), almost as old a city as Bregenz, built on an island and connected with the mainland by a long bridge over which the railway runs, was founded by the Germans, and some of the earliest Christian converts built its churches and convents, while later on its commerce grew to be one of the most important in Germany.

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CASTLE OF HOHENTWIEL.

League; but all this was lost in the Thirty Years' War, when it was devastated and partly burnt: now it ranks as a third-rate Bavarian town. But it is impossible to string together all the remembrances that distinguish these lake-towns, many of them now refuges for Englishmen in narrow circumstances, their commerce dwindled, their museums the thing best worth seeing in them.

We pass Arbon; Friedrichshafen, the summer palace of the kings of Würtemberg, a sturdy, warring city in the Carlovingian times; Meersburg, now a fishing-centre, once a stronghold of its martial bishops, and famous in later times as the residence of the baron of Lassberg, a modern *savant* and *virtuoso* of whom Germany is justly proud; and lastly Constance, the city of the Roman emperor Constantius, still beautiful and stately in its buildings. Charlemagne tarried here on his way to Rome on the occasion of his coronation, and many German kings spent Christmas or Easter within its walls. Here, in the large but low hall of the Kaufhaus, or Merchants' Exchange, the council of 1414 met, and never did the Greek councils of the primitive Church present more varied and turbulent scenes. The walls are paneled and frescoed by Philip Schwören, an artist of Munich, and Frederick Pecht, a native of Constance, with representations of these scenes, but it was rather a rough place in those days, and

and raised the status of the city to the level of the members of the Hanseatic

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tapestries and dais, weapons and costly hangings, concealed the unfinished state of walls, floor and roof. The old city has other buildings as intimately connected with the council as this hall—the convents of the Dominican and Franciscan friars, each successively the prison of John Huss, the first containing a dungeon below the water-level and foul in the extreme, the second a better and airier cell for prison-

HANS HOLBEIN.

ers, as well as a great hall in which several sessions of the council took place, and where Huss was examined and condemned; the house where Huss first lodged with a good and obscure widow; and three miles from the town the castle of Gottlieben, also a prison of the Reformer, and for a short time of the deposed pope, John XXIII. Little more than a century later the Reformation had grown powerful in Constance, and Charles V. besieged and, notwithstanding the desperate resistance of the burghers, took the town, but not before a most murderous defence had been made on the Rhine bridge, the picture of which, after the unsuccessful fight, reminds one of the heroic defence of the dyke at Antwerp against the Spaniards, and even of that other memorable event in Spanish history, the Noche Triste of Mexico.

As we leave the lake two islands come in sight, Mainau and Reichenau, the latter having a legend attached to it connected with the foundation of its abbey which is the counterpart of that of Saint Patrick and the snakes and vermin of Ireland. The "water was darkened by the multitude of serpents swimming to the mainland, and for the space of three days this exodus continued," whereupon Saint Firmin founded the abbey, which grew to such wealth and power, both as a religious house, a school for the nobility and a possessor of broad feudal domains, that the abbots used to boast in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries that they could sleep on their own land all the way to Rome. The Rhine issues from the lake at Stein, a picturesque little town of Merovingian times, which has seen as many "tempests in a tea-cup" as any of its grander and more progressive rivals; and not far off is the castle of Hohentwiel, built into a towering rock, once the home of the beautiful and learned Hedwige, duchess of Swabia. We need not dwell on Schaffhausen, one of the best-known points of the river, an ancient town overgrown with modern excrescences in the way of fashionable hotels and Parisian dwellings. One of the features of

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these river-towns, when they are not "improved," is the crowding of houses and garden-walls sheer into the stream, leaving in many places no pathway on the banks, which are generally reached by steep, mossy steps leading from old streets or through private yards.

We are nearing the four "forest towns" of the Habsburgs, at the first of which, Waldshut—where stood in Roman times a single fort to command the wilderness, much as the pioneers' outposts used to stand on the edge of the Western forests peopled with hostile Indians—the Aar, the Rhine's first tributary of any consequence, joins the great stream. Laufenburg, Säckingen and Rheinfelden, the three other forest towns, each deserve a page of description, both for their scenery and their history, their past architectural beauties, and their present sleepy, museum-like existence; but rather than do them injustice we will pass on to Bâle—or Basel, as it should be written, for the French pronunciation robs the name of its Greek and royal etymology from *Basileia*. Basel was never lagging in the race of intellectual progress: her burghers were proud and independent, not to say violent; her university was eager for novelties; her merchants spent their wealth in helping and furthering art and literature. The Rathhaus or guildhall is a gauge of the extent of the burgher supremacy: all over Germany and the Low Countries these civic buildings rival the churches in beauty and take the place of the private palaces that are so specially the boast of Italian cities. Among the great men of Basel are Holbein and the scarcely less worthy, though less well-known artist, Matthew Merian, the engraver. Of the former's designs many monuments remain, though injured by the weather—a fountain with a fresco of the dance of the peasants, and some houses with mural decorations ascribed to him. Basel has its own modern excitements—races and balls and banquets—although the private life of its citizens is characterized by great simplicity. The profession of teaching is in such repute there that many rich men devote themselves to it, and among the millionaires of the old city may be found not a few schoolmasters. As in Geneva, learning and a useful life are the only things on which the old families pride themselves.

From Basel, whose every reminiscence is German, and whose Swiss nationality dates only from the epoch of the Reformation, the Rhine flows through the "storied" Black Forest, peopled with nixies and gnomes, the abode of the spectre woodcutter, who had sold all power of feeling human joys for the sake of gold, and who spent every night cutting down with incredible swiftness and ease the largest fir trees, that snapped like reeds under his axe. Old Breisach, with its cathedral of St. Stephen, and its toppling, huddled houses clustering around the church, is the most interesting town before we reach Freiburg. The tendency of mediæval towns to crowd and heighten their houses contrasts sharply with the tendency of our modern ones to spread and broaden theirs. Defence and safety were the keynote of the old architecture, while display is that of ours, but with it has come monotony, a thing unknown to the builders of the Middle Ages. Houses of each century, or each period of art, have, it is true, a family likeness, but, like the forms of Venetian glass, a pair or a set have minute differences of ornamentation which redeem the objects from any sameness. So it was with all mediæval art, including that of building the commonest dwelling-houses: there was congruity, but never slavish uniformity.

The first sight of Freiburg—we include it among Rhenish towns, though it is not *on* the Rhine—presents a very German picture. Old dormer windows pierce the high-pitched roofs; balconies and garden trellises hang in mid-air where you least expect them; the traditionary storks, the beloved of Hans Andersen, are realities even here on the tall city chimneys; and no matter where you look, your eye cannot help falling on the marvelously high and attenuated spire of one of the finest cathedrals in the world. Artistically speaking, this church has the unique interest of being the only completed work of ecclesiastical architecture that Ger-

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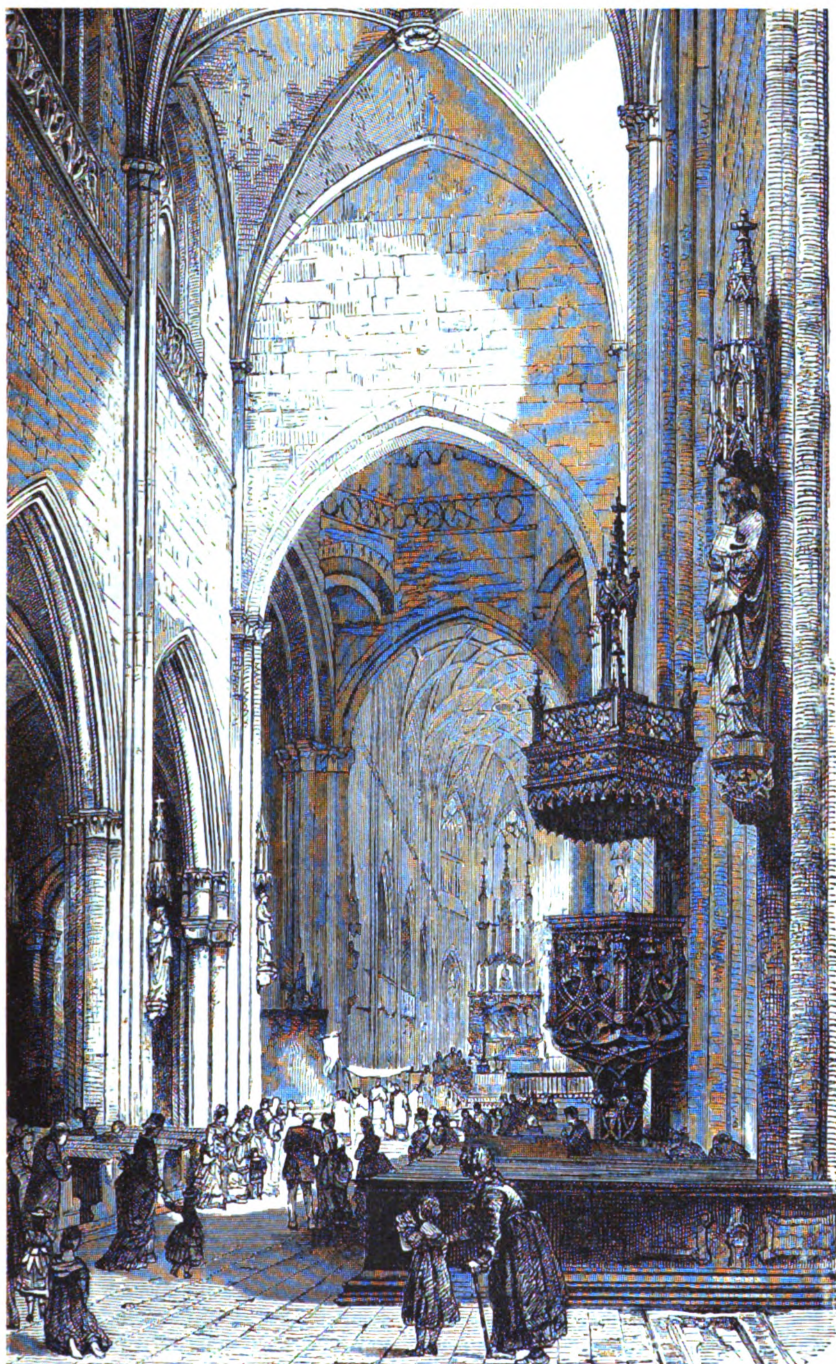

INTERIOR OF FREIBURG CATHEDRAL.

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many possesses. The height of the spire and its position immediately above the great gateway produce here the same illusion and disappointment as to the size of the church which is proverbial as regards St. Peter's at Rome. This impression soon disappears, and every step reveals new beauties. Each cluster of simple tall gray columns, supporting massive fourteenth-century arches, is adorned with one carved niche and its delicate little spire sheltering the stone statue of an apostle or evangelist; the chancel is filled with the canons' stalls, each a masterpiece of wood-carving; and at the eastern end, beneath the three higher windows and separated from the wall, stands the mediæval high altar with its three carved spires surmounting the reredos, and just below this a "triptych" of enormous size, a pictured altar-piece with folding-doors, the latter being painted both inside and out with scriptural subjects as quaintly interpreted by the devout painters of the early German school. But not only the nave, with its carved pulpit and canopy, its old dark benches, not renewed since the seventeenth century at least, and its crowds of worshipers, is interesting to the sight-seer, but each side chapel, rich with what in our times would be thought ample decoration for a large church, is enough to take up one's day. In these and in the aisles lie buried the patrons, founders, defenders and endowers of the cathedral, while in the chapel of the university are laid the masters and doctors whose fame reached over the learned and civilized world of the Middle Ages, and whose labors Holbein no doubt flatteringly hinted at when he chose for the subject of his great altarpiece in this chapel the visit of the Wise Men of the East to the infant Saviour. In each of these chapels are wood-carvings of great beauty and variety, and stained glass windows whose colors are as vivid as they were four hundred years ago; and in one is still preserved a heavy Byzantine cross of chased silver, the gift (or trophy) of a crusading knight, for Freiburg too "took the cross" under the enthusiastic direction of that great man, Bernard of Clairvaux. It is not often that such a building as this cathedral has such a worthy neighbor and companion as the beautiful exchange, or Kaufhaus, that stands opposite on the "platz." This, though of later date and less pure architecture, is one of the most beautiful buildings of its kind in Germany. The lower part reminds one of the doges' palace at Venice—a succession of four round arches on plain, strong, Saxon-looking pillars; at each corner an oriel window with three equal sides and a little steep-pointed roof of its own shooting up to the height of the main roof. The great hall on the same level has a plain balcony the whole length of the building, and five immense windows of rather nondescript form and mullioned like Elizabethan windows, between each of which is a statue under a carved canopy; and these are what give the characteristic touch to the house. They represent the emperor Maximilian, lovingly called "the last knight," Charles V., "on whose dominions the sun never set," Philip I. and King Ferdinand. The color of the material of which this exchange is built (red sandstone) increases the effect of this beautiful relic of the Middle Ages. But, though we should be glad to linger here and admire it at our leisure, there are other houses in the city that claim our attention as showing, in their less elaborate but perfectly tasteful decoration, the artistic instincts of those burghers of old. And the fountains too! Not the bald, allegorical, monotonous and rarely-found (and when found only useless and ornamental) fountains of our new cities, but the lavishly-carved, artistic creations of an art-imbued age—the water free to all and flowing for use as well as for show, and the statues of civic patron-saints and occasionally men of local renown; as, for instance, the single statue of a meditative monk, his left hand supporting his chin, and a closed book in his right hand, Berthold Schwarz, the inventor of gunpowder.

From this inland side-trip we go back to the now broadening river, the part of the Rhine where the "watch" has been so often kept as well as sung—that part, too, where Roman forts were thickly strewn, and where the Merovingian and

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THE "DREI EXEN."

Carlovingian emperors fought and disputed about the partition of their inheritances. But everywhere in this land of Upper Alsace 1870 has effaced older memories, and modern ruins have been added to the older and more romantic

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ones. No foreigner can impartially decide on the great question of the day—*i. e.*, whether German or French sentiment predominates—while the interested parties themselves each loudly ignore the no doubt *real* claims of the other. As a simple matter of fact, Alsace is German by blood and by language, but race-differences are so often merged in other feelings, the product of kind treatment and domestic ties, that the sympathies of nations may be materially changed in less than a century. We certainly come across a good deal that is very French in the villages between New Breisach and Colmar: the *blouse* is the costume of the men; the houses are painted in light colors, in contrast to their steep gray roofs; the women bring refreshments out to the wagoners, and stop for a coquettish gossip in a light-hearted, pleasant, vivacious way not seen in other places, whose matrons seem graver and more domestic. But Colmar, in its streets, the names over the shops, the old corner-windows, is as German and antique, as good a "specimen" city, as Nüremberg or Augsburg. Here is the artist's delight and the antiquary's mine. Colmar, contemptuously styled "a hole" by the great Napoleon, was living enough at the time of the emperor Frederick II., and was one of the prosperous, haughty, freedom-loving burgher cities to which the sovereigns so gratefully gave the name and privileges of an "imperial" town. This city of ancient Germany is now one of the most stagnant among modern towns, just "advanced" enough to possess corner "loafers," and, we hope, to be ashamed of having publicly burnt the works of Bayle in the market-place; but its architectural beauties are such and so many that if you are on your way to Strassburg you had better deny yourself the pleasure of stopping here. Balconies and galleries strike the eye at every turn; irregular houses, their beams often visible; doorways of wonderful beauty; and a population nearly as antique, the women carrying loads on their heads and wearing short dark stuff gowns, thick blue worsted stockings and wooden shoes. Of course the cathedral is the pride of the town, and it has some rather rare characteristics distinguishing it from the rest of the churches of this neighborhood, chiefly its simplicity of decoration. The impression of a noble simplicity is specially borne in upon us by the aspect of the dark, broad chancel with its carved stalls, and little else in the way of ornament: the sculptured door leading to the sacristy unfortunately hides a remarkable work of early German art, the *Virgin of the Rose-hedge*, by Martin Schön. The tower of the cathedral has above it only a small building with a steep, irregular, tapering roof, and here sits the watchman whistling on his cobbler's stool in a place that would be the envy of many a scholar pestered in his lower dwelling by inconsiderate visitors; as, for instance, that perfect type of scholars, Isaac Casaubon, whose journal bears witness to his yearning after more time and fewer admiring, consulting and tormenting friends. Not far from Colmar is a castle-ruin with three towers, the "Drei Exen," illustrating an old Alsatian proverb, the translation of which is, in substance,

> Three castles on one hill;
> Three churches in one churchyard;
> Three cities in one valley,—
> Such is Alsace everywhere.

Other castles crown the heights above the villages of Kaisersberg and Rappoltsweiler, but we are getting tired of castles, and this region is abundant in old houses, the shell of the old home-life which has changed so little in the country. What difference is there between this ruddy, blue-eyed girl, with thick plaits of fair hair and utter innocence of expression, the mother of a future generation as healthy and sturdy and innocent as herself, and her own grandmother at the same age three generations back? Neither the village interests nor the village manners have changed: placidly the life flows on, like that of the Rhine water itself, in these broad, level, fruitful plains between the Black Forest and the Vosges. And so we seem, in these various houses with wide gables turned to the street, cross-beams and galleries and unexpected windows, outside stairs of stone or wood climbing up their sides, wide low

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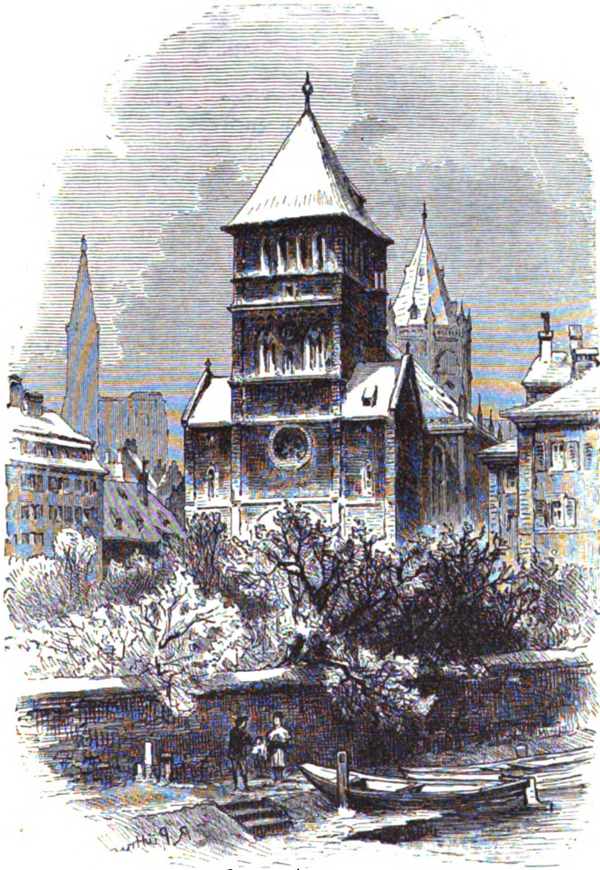
doorways, tiny shrines set in the rough wall, and dizzy roofs pierced like dove-cotes—houses that remind us of Chester, the old English town that has suffered least from innovation,—in these we seem to see some part of the old tranquil home-life of this Alsatian people renewed and re-acted before our eyes. Again the same variety of beautiful houses will meet us at Strassburg. But the woods are no less lovely: old trees round the ruins of St. Ulrich, and on the way to the abbey of Dusenbach, and round the shores of the "White" and the "Black" Lake, bring to the mind a yet older picture of German life, that of the free Teutons of Tacitus, the giant men who made it so important to the Romans to have the Rhine, the great natural highway, strongly fortified from its sources to its mouth.

Hoh-Königsburg, a splendid ruin, said to be the loveliest in Alsace, is now the property and the pride of the commune of that name, so that the victory of the present over the past is also represented in these living panoramas before us, for there is deep meaning in the possession by the people, as an artistic show, of the very stronghold which was once their bane and their terror. Then we run through Schlettstadt, with its sedgy banks, among which herons and storks are picking up their daily bread: deep shadows of old trees hide the blank walls on the river-side, and its cathedral towers high above the mingled steeples and cupolas and nearly as high roofs of some of the larger buildings, while we think of its successful warfare with the bishops of Strassburg, its firm adherence in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to the imperial cause, of its sieges and fires, and also its famous "academy" and library: not forgetting, however, its shame in the sixteenth century, when the Jews were more signally persecuted here than in many other towns—at a time, too when the fanaticism that had driven so many to change their faith should have taught both parties of Christians some home-lessons. Its neighbor, Strassburg, has nearly as bad a record, but what with the beauty of the latter and its recent



ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, STRASSBURG.

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FERKELMARKT (PIG-MARKET) AT STRASSBURG.

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stormy history, its sins are the last things a traveler thinks of. Its cathedral and its clock have been fully described, but other churches of the old city are well worth a visit, that of St. Thomas being a specimen of an architecture essentially Christian and anterior to the Gothic, the same whose perfection is seen in many churches in Umbria and Tuscany and Romagna, before the miserable mania of the Renaissance style grew up. What was pardonable in a palace was monstrous in a church, but there was an evil age just before the Reformation, when, if certain learned and elegant and *pagan* prelates had had their way, Christianity would have been condemned as "barbarism." They were the Voltaires of their day, the disciples of a cultured infidelity which brought on the great rent between Latin and Teutonic Christianity.

In Strassburg we have the river Ill and its canal joining the Rhine, and Venice-like scenes, narrow quays, clumsy, heavy punts, fanciful chimney-stacks, crazy, overhanging balconies, projecting windows, a stirring human tide, voices and noises breaking the silence, an air of unconsciousness of beauty and interest, an old-world atmosphere; but there is a newer side, less attractive, the Place Broglie, crowded with Parisian cafés with all their tawdry paraphernalia, and prim white square houses, proud of their wretched uniform, like a row of charity-school children in England. Here is the fashionable centre, the lounging, gossiping dandyism and pretension of the modern world; but, thank Heaven! it is only an excrescence. Burn down this part, and the town would look as large and as important, for at every turn of more than two-thirds of the old area you are met by the living pictures that make these market-places, crooked streets and hidden chapels so familiar to the heart. The Ferkelmarkt, or "pig-market," though not in the most famous quarter of the town, is remarkable for its old gabled, galleried houses, while the view of the great spire of the cathedral is also good: not far, again, is a thirteenth-century house, with two stories in the gable and three below, besides the ground-floor, which is a shop; and even many of the common houses, not specially pointed out to the tourist, are beautified by some artistic ironwork about the doors, some carved gateway or window, some wall-niche with a saint's statue, or a broad oak staircase as noble in proportions and beautiful in detail as if it were in a princely abode. The absence of all meanness, of all vulgarity, of all shams, is what strikes one most in examining mediæval domestic architecture. Would we could go to school again in that regard! Just outside Strassburg we come upon a path leading through beech-woods upward toward rocky ledges and walls and a convent; not a ruined one this time, but a most frequented and friendly place, built on the top of a hill and presided over by a hospitable sisterhood. This is the scene of the life-history and legends of Saint Ottilia, and the spring for eye-diseases has been from time immemorial connected with her. The little chapel over the spring has the charm of small, unpretending, common places, where no show is made and no conventional admiration expected. Just as a speaker pauses here and there in his speech, expecting applause for such and such a popular phrase or striking sensationalism, so is our admiration as travelers regulated and bespoken beforehand. Here no man with any pretension to education dare pass in silence or let out a criticism: some things are sacred, like the tradition of the beauty of a faded society-queen. "What has been must always be." But what a relief to find some places you are not expected to go into ecstasies about! And they are generally worthy of more attention than they get, and if churches they are invariably more likely to move you to devotion. This has been my experience in Europe. The great pageants, gorgeous processions, etc. leave the soul cold, but an empty church, a sparsely-attended service, a lack of music, a quiet frame of mind, unstrained by rushing after this or that picture, this or that monument,—such are the things one remembers with thankfulness.

LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

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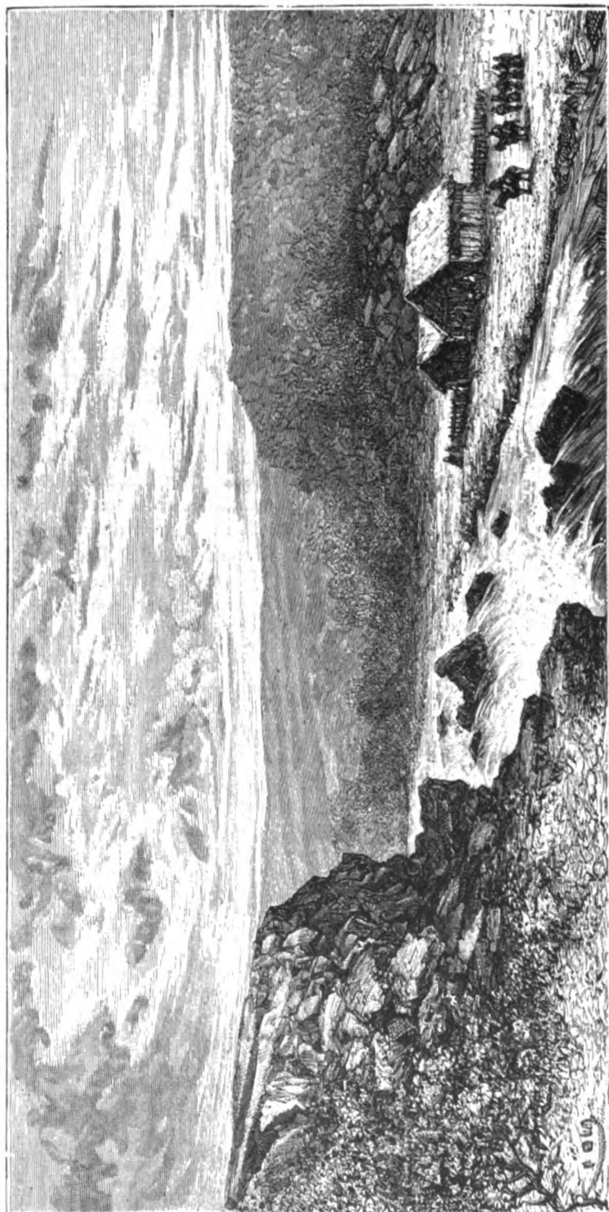
IN THE VALLEYS OF PERU.

THIRD PAPER.



THE VALLEY OF JARAMA.

AN unexpected disappointment — especially to poor Quispè — awaited the party at Cusibamba. Not a single one of the trading Indians whose presence there had been promised by the curate of Coporaque was to be found in the village, and Marcoy, much to his annoyance, was compelled to call on Quispè for continued service as guide. This decision, which had not been anticipated, produced a marked change in the unfortunate Indian's countenance. The pleased smile which his face had worn while he was nearing Cusibamba gave way to a gloomy scowl, and although Marcoy promised to reward his services amply when they should cease to be needed, the pecuniary outlook did not seem to compensate him at all for this protracted absence from his wife and children and the friends of his youth. How-

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ever, as he was unable to furnish a substitute, the party rode away from Cusibamba, as they had entered it, with Quispè directing the route.

A league from Cusibamba the river of that name forms a junction with the Apurimac, and here they rejoined the latter stream, and crossed it on a frail sort of suspension bridge which hung above the yellow, turbulent river dashing over the rocks seventy-five feet below. They led their mules by the bridles over this unsteady crossing, moving cautiously, and holding by a rope stretched from shore to shore. The temperature continued to grow milder as they progressed, and large spaces were covered with grass and herbage. By sundown they had forded or crossed on bridges seven tributaries of the Apurimac. Only two farms had met their sight since their departure from Cusibamba, and at one of these, called Intimama, which they reached at the close of day, they resolved to stop for the night. It was enclosed between grassy-sloped hills, and the dwellings consisted of two huts shaded by clumps of the tropical sapota tree and the wide leaves of the banana. The only inhabitants of this solitude seemed to be an old woman, a younger female and two children. At the moment of their arrival the elderly female, seated on a stool, was engaged in combing and exploring the hair of the younger woman, who was kneeling before her, while the youngsters, in the costume of the Stone Age, were squatted on either side, attentively watching the proceedings. The party passed the night under the roof-tree of this primitive family, after partaking of a supper of bananas baked in the ashes, and before sunrise the next morning they had mounted their mules and resumed their journey.

THE RANCHERIA OF HUATQUINA.

A ride of two hours brought them into the narrow valley of Jarama, between two ranges of abruptly-sloping hills, covered halfway to their tops with shrubs and bushes. Crossing the Rio Jarama, they soon reached the rancheria of Huatquina, a verdurous spot embowered in trees and shrubbery. Back of its three houses was a luxuriant mingling of flowers and foliage.

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Through an opening in this leafy mass of vegetation were visible large green tracts bathed in the sunlight. On the left of the scene rose a group of sandstone rocks of picturesque shape in which myrtle trees had fastened their twining roots. The travelers sought one of the houses, where dwelt in common two families of wood-cutters, who prepared them a meal consisting of smoked mutton and jiraumont, a vegetable fruit of the size of a pumpkin.

SOURCE OF THE RIO MESACANCHA.

Between Huatquina and the source of the Rio Mesacancha, which they reached in the afternoon, the scenery presented an unvarying succession of verdurous levels and barren ridges. In the whole uninhabited reach of country there was neither cultivation nor dwelling to give token of the presence or the labor of man. From the top of one of the low hills which they crossed they saw to their right, rising dimly in the distance, the Peak of Malaga, a snow-covered cone which towers to the height of twelve thousand feet above the cordillera of Huilcanota. The minor peaks grouped about the colossus, and seeming to serve as its pedestal, resembled the billows of a swelling sea on which a sudden freezing temperature had seized, solidifying them as they rose and fell. The shining whiteness of this arctic background was intensified by the long undulations of verdure formed by the outlines of intervening mountains and plateaux which were defined clearly against the distant snowy perspective, making the latter still whiter by the contrast. Before reaching Chollacchaca, a hamlet of seven houses, where they intended to spend the night, they caught sight of a beautiful cascade which descended between two wooded peaks At a distance the waterfall resembled a ribbon of foam, and seemed to be not more than a yard wide, but of a height of at least three hundred feet. The cascade, Quispè said, was the source of the Rio Mesacancha, one of the tributaries

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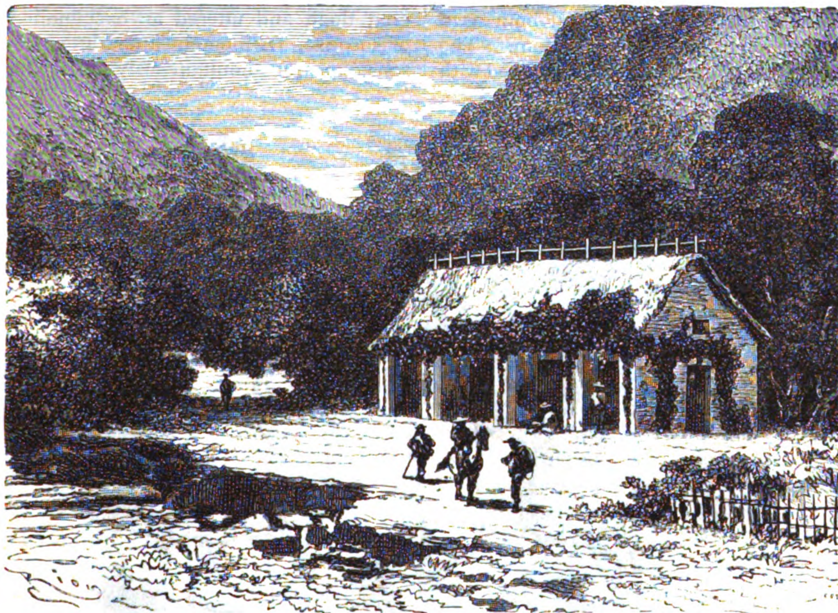
which the Urubamba receives in its course through the valley of Santa Ana, north of Cuzco.

The sight of the source of the Mesacancha recalled to Marcoy's mind how, some years before, he had made two or three excursions into the valley of Santa Ana from Cuzco, and had visited several haciendas on the Santa Ana River, the acquaintance of whose owners he had formed in that city. Among the planter-friends of those days was a certain canon, Don Justo Apuramo de Sahuaraura—the last representative of the ancient line of the incas—whose plantation, Siete Vueltas, was situated in a secluded spot five leagues distant from the source of the Mesacancha, across the mountains and near the valley of Santa Ana. At Chollacchaca, where they passed the night, they received directions as to the route, and the mules having been saddled at daybreak, their host accompanied them to the bank of the Mesacancha River, a mile distant from the hamlet, in order to see them safely over that stream.



SIETE VUELTAS.

Their journey now became a toilsome one. For two hours their route lay across crevasses and ditches, up steep ascents and down rapid slopes—an ordeal which compelled their mules so to exert their skill and strength that the sweat poured from their chests and flanks and drenched the leggings which their riders wore according to the fashion of the country. On their way they passed the sugar-house of Mesacancha, which, concealed by the dense dark foliage of a grove of orange trees, was invisible from the road. The sound of human voices, mingled with the creaking of the roller, made them aware that the grinding of the cane was in progress, and that the *guarapo*, as the sweet juice of the cane is called by the natives, was flowing in streams into the wooden troughs below. After the sugar-house was left behind the roads became less rugged. Vegetation, aided in its growth by a thick layer of soil, began to replace the rocky surface that had prevailed farther back, the mountain-slopes were covered with verdure, and cedars and other large trees extended their grateful shade over the road, which at length debouched into a

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small circular dale, revealing the welcome sight of a farm-house. The little valley displayed a thick and luxuriant vegetation, which was kept in a constant state of green freshness by the waters of several springs. The house was roofed with thatch, and the jutting eaves, upheld by four pillars along their length, formed a veranda, of the kind which in these warm latitudes is used both as a sitting-room and a dining-room. The eaves and the pillars were festooned with a twining growth of *tumbos* (*Fuchsia gigantea*), with pink flowers nearly a foot long and bearing a fruit as large as a hen's egg.

While the travelers, who had checked their mules to pause and admire this charming retreat, were noting these features of the dwelling, an Indian near by engaged in some domestic task discovered them and uttered an exclamation of surprise. A moment after three persons appeared simultaneously under the

THE INCA-CANON AND HIS NIECES.

veranda. Marcoy at once recognized in them his friend the inca-canon and his two nieces, Manuela and Mercedes. They gazed at him doubtfully, as if endeavoring to recall him to their memory; seeing which, he dismounted, approached them and saluted each in turn.

"*Valgame Dios!*" exclaimed Don Justo in amazement. "It is our old friend, the little Frenchman!" Whereupon Marcoy fell into the canon's outstretched arms, while the nieces, one on either side of him, affectionately grasped his hands.

In the five years that had elapsed since he had parted from Don Justo a notable change had come over the last of the incas. His complexion, of a burnt-brick color in those past days, was now of a sepia hue. His features seemed to have grown harder and his lower lip protruded beyond its fellow. His jet-black hair remained the same, however. In point of costume he had not altered. When Marcoy had known him in Cuzco he usually wore a kind of brown overcoat fastened with a girdle, and a leather-visored cap of otter skin, and here, in the elevated temperature in which he again met him, he presented himself in the same attire. The nieces were not less faithful to the traditions of the past in the matter of their habiliments, which, as at the period of our traveler's first acquaintance with them, consisted of a short calico dress

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with black flowers on a red ground, and a shawl. Time had touched them, too, with his blighting wing, for the three horizontal lines extending across their foreheads and the fatal crows' feet at the outer corners of their eyes showed plainly that they were approaching the half century of their existence. But if less fresh-looking than of yore, their hearts and minds, as Marcoy soon discovered, were as gay as ever. During supper their liveliness of manner became still more pronounced, and while Don Justo, in answer to some question regarding the ruins of Chalqui, was in the middle of an archæological discourse that threatened to involve in its scope the entire reigns of all the eleven emperors of the dynasty of the Sun, they checked his dissertation by an abrupt proposition to have a little dancing and music.

The elder princess took down from the wall an ancient guitar, and with a preliminary thrumming of the strings requested Marcoy to open the ball with her sister. Not knowing how to escape the infliction, Marcoy was compelled to obey, and for twenty minutes his vigorous Atalanta of a partner literally "led him a dance" around and around the room, until, exhausted and acknowledging himself vanquished, he dropped into a chair. Pierre Leroux's turn came next, Marcoy's partner having taken the guitar and her sister having seized the saturnine planter of the valley of Tambo. If Marcoy, with some knowledge of dancing, had had cause to complain of the strength of limb of his companion in the sport, Leroux, who knew nothing at all about the accomplishment, and who was far from being a frisky person under any circumstances, was in even a worse plight. The elder sister proved to be a very Antæus in petticoats. Awkward in bearing and rigid in his movements, the wretched Leroux surrendered himself to his fate, and succeeded in keeping on his feet, to the great delight of the canon, who, imagining — simple man! — that his guest was enjoying himself, encouraged him with lively applause. During the intervals between the dances small glasses of Pisco brandy were handed around, and it was not until a late hour of the night, and when the travelers' legs were threatening to give way under them, that the diversion was brought to an end, much against the wishes of the canon's nieces, however, who vainly endeavored to dissuade their guests from their inglorious abandonment of the field.

After breakfast next morning, Marcoy and Leroux, resisting the entreaties of their hospitable entertainers to remain a week longer, prepared to resume their journey. Quispè was paid and dismissed, Don Justo having placed a servant at their disposal as a guide to Cascabel, besides furnishing them with a letter of introduction to the proprietor of a hacienda, the only estate worthy of that name, in the valley. Having ridden to some distance, the two friends halted to wait for the peon whom Don Justo had deputed to serve them as guide. This person, Juan Pedro by name, came up shortly after on foot, bending beneath the weight of a hamper of provisions which the ladies had packed for their guests. Then, in obedience to the canon's instructions, Juan took a position about ten paces in advance, and the journey toward Cascabel began. The fatigues of the mountain-ride that followed and the influence of a vertical sun soon caused an intolerable desire for water. The hamper was examined, but it contained only solids, among which, however, were several bananas and a number of oranges and lemons, which to some extent answered the purpose of quenching their thirst. Pedro was a gainer by the circumstance, for with the lightening of the hamper he straightened himself, and with a much lighter heart in his bosom walked with a much brisker step. They finally reached a steep hill, which the guide informed them was the last on the route. Its sides were covered with a diminutive species of mushroom called by the people *cetas*, much sought after by epicures. Between this hill and another, called the "Stairs of Huarancalqui," because of the resemblance of its side to a series of gigantic steps, is a gorge in which flows a torrent, the source of the Huarancalqui River. The travelers descended

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the first hill into the gorge, in order to reach the other side of the stream. As they went down the light of day seemed to be withdrawn from them, until at last only a thin strip of blue sky was visible through the aperture above. When they reached the bottom of the gorge, through which rushed the torrent with a deafening din, they stood in a strange sort of greenish light, which enveloped the place like a mist and gave to it a supernatural and solemn appearance. They crossed the torrent on logs laid transversely, ascended the "Steps of Huarancalqui," descended the other side of that mountain, and found themselves at the entrance to the valley.

For several hours they proceeded on their way up the valley through a region in which vegetation increased at every step, but where all was solitude, and where Nature reposed in her original garb. Toward the decline of day their gaze lighted on a building with white walls and a thatched roof which stood in relief against a background of orange and sapodilla-plum trees. Juan Pedro announced the arrival with a loud cry of "Cascabel!" and, apparently intent on his own personal ends, shot ahead of the party, unmindful of the canon's directions, and walked with hasty steps toward it, leaving Marcoy and Leroux to follow at their leisure. The shout that he had uttered, echoing in the silence, had brought to the door a middle-aged woman, attired in a simple costume consisting of a straw hat and a couple of indispensable cotton garments, who, shading her eyes from the rays of the setting sun, looked around to discover the cause of the cry. The guide accosted her, and after a short colloquy, during which the unknown threw up her hands as if in astonishment, she advanced to meet the travelers, whom she greeted with an *Allillamanta hueracochas* ("Good-day, gentlemen!"), proclaimed herself the mistress of Cascabel, and invited them with a gracious air of welcome to enter the house.

The interior of the residence resembled that of most of the dwellings of the valleys of the sierra, and presented the appearance of a mingling of easy circumstances and poverty, of show and negligence. The walls were hung with pictures representing sacred scenes, side by side with housekeeping utensils and bunches of onions and grapes, while the spaces between were filled with spiders' webs which swayed in the breeze. Seated on stools which their hostess offered them in lieu of chairs, our travelers answered the hundred questions which Doña Monica Valdez — for so was the mistress of Cascabel named — asked them regarding the health of her friends of Siete Vueltas.

While they were conversing the door at the back of the house opened suddenly, and a charming young girl appeared on the threshold. At sight of the strangers she uttered a little cry like that of a scared bird, and stopped short, but in the next moment, recovering from her surprise, and with a flushed face, she advanced to where her mother sat. Her costume, like that of her mother, was adapted to the exigencies of the climate.

"This is my daughter Dolores, who has just returned from the house of one of our neighbors," remarked Doña Monica to her guests: then turning to Dolores, she added, "These gentlemen are friends of the Sahuaraura family, who warmly recommend them to us."

After the greetings were over, and when Marcoy and Leroux, who had risen at the formal introduction, had resumed their seats, Doña Monica continued her remarks to her daughter. "Does your corpse look pretty in full dress, my dear?" she asked.

"Indeed does she," was the reply of Dolores. "Only, my gown was too large for her, and I was obliged to take in a piece at the back."

Politeness kept Marcoy and Leroux silent on hearing this curious query and its rejoinder, but the doña observed their surprise in their faces, and hastened to explain the mystery. A young girl, the daughter of a neighbor, had died the evening before, and her body had been laid in state before being taken to its place of burial at Soncospata. According to the usage of the country, the corpse

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had been arrayed in all the finery that could be procured, and in this way was it that Dolores had devoted one of her dresses for its adornment. She ended by her inviting her guests to go with her to the house where the body was exposed, assuring them that the family would be gratified at their presence. They thanked her and accepted the invitation.

It was night when the mother and daughter, each with a lantern in her hand, accompanied by the guests, left the farm-house and led the way to the *pueblo* or chief settlement of the valley, a few hundred yards distant. They entered one of a group of thatch-roofed houses, the interior of which was lighted up, as could be seen through the open doors. Within were a number of visitors, Indians of both sexes, who ranged themselves along the wall at the entrance of the newcomers, so as to give them access

DOÑA MONICA AND HER DAUGHTER DOLORES.

to the corpse, which lay on a bed of Spanish make, propped up in a half-sitting position with pillows. The body was that of a girl of thirteen years. An old silk dress, much too large for it, enveloped it in loose folds, and a diadem of tinsel surmounted with ostrich-feathers adorned the head. Altogether, the contrast between the cheap finery and the pallid face of the corpse was shocking to the sensibilities. Above the body two small lamps, placed on the posts of the bed, gave a vague light and emitted a thick and offensive smoke.

A table stood at the foot of the bed covered with a cloth, and on it were a crucifix placed between two candlesticks, a saucer of holy water, a glass, and two bottles, which Marcoy, from his knowledge of the customs at such ceremonies, supposed to contain *tafia*, or rum. At either end of the table a little Indian, wearing a head-band through which struggled his disheveled hair, stood on guard, and in order to give the two a resemblance to angels watching over their dead sister, each was provided with a pair of pigeon wings tied beneath the shoulder-blades with strings. The majority of the mourners were women, and during the whole time Marcoy and Leroux were present the company contented themselves with gazing at them in a vacant way.

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On their return to Cascabel, and after supper, Marcoy asked Doña Monica whether she could engage for them two willing men to serve as guides to the limit of the valley, or farther if necessary, as the guide whom Don Justo had furnished had never gone beyond Cascabel. She replied that all the men of the *pueblo* were to assist in cárrying the corpse the next day to Soncospata, about nine miles distant, but that she would question them on the morrow on the subject. Contenting himself with this promise, Marcoy begged permission to retire, with his friend, to repose. The worthy matron conducted them herself to the room reserved for them, and there, on soft couches composed of the fleece of sheep covered with white sheets, the travelers, fatigued with their ride and climbings over the mountains, soon fell asleep.

LONGINGS.

A SNAKE with wings, ah would that I might be!
  A coil of curves that, never twice the same,
Still shifts its beauteous links in harmony
  To myriad writhings of a lissom frame—
A wingèd snake, whose vans, when eve is nigh,
May stay the sun by towering up the sky.

What earthly joys to press with yielding form
  The hills and hollows of dear Mother Earth!—
To flow at noon across the grasses warm,
  With pulses answering to her sober mirth!—
To wind far down the lily-flaked lagoon,
And lick cool dews that start beneath the moon!

What joys of air to slide luxurious neck
  O'er smoothest tops of close-enwoven trees!—
To touch, to taste, the sky-swung flowers that deck
  Their loftiest twigs, known to the dizzy bees!—
To ride the waves of russet and of green,
And glide by paths where never man hath been!

So no base thing shall hide below my ken,
  And no high bird shall soar above my sight:
Wild beasts shall make me welcome to their den,
  And eagles, that in circles vast delight,
Shall wheel with pinions lightly fanning mine,
And watch men creep like ants on leaf of vine.

CHARLES DE KAY.

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THE ABBESS OF ISCHIA.

AT the mouth of the most beautiful bay in the world there is an island which more than one traveler has described as the earthly paradise. In some mighty convulsion of Nature many ages ago this island arose from the depths of the sea, an unsightly mass of black and jagged lava. Since that day the wind and rain and sunshine of countless seasons have rounded its sharp angles into gentle undulations, and have covered the rock with a fertile soil. Human industry has not been wanting to turn this fertility to account, and in the long lapse of ages various races of men, speaking different tongues, have here succeeded each other.

The volcanic energies which gave birth to this island, though slumbering, are not yet exhausted. At long intervals of time they give token of their existence by terrible earthquakes or by the bursting out of fiery streams of lava. Vineyards and villages have been known to be engulfed in a sea of molten rock which in a few hours hardened into an impenetrable sepulchre. But the last of these disasters happened many centuries ago, and the peasant of Ischia passes to-day with careless step over the scarred and barren plains which still record the ruin that overwhelmed his forefathers. In him, happily unskilled to read Nature's book, those desolate tracks inspire no terror. He thinks of the hidden fires of his island-home only as exerting a benign influence, for they impart a genial warmth to the soil which makes it capable of bearing every product that is useful to man, and they give rise to a hundred hot springs whose healing virtues bring every year many rich strangers to those shores.

At that extremity of the island which lies nearest the mainland a huge rock of basalt rises abruptly out of the sea to a height of about six hundred feet. In shape this rock is not unlike a doge's cap. The summit has been fortified ever since that remote day when King Hiero, the friend of Archimedes, gave battle in the adjacent waters to the Etruscan fleet in behalf of the Greeks of Southern Italy. Before the invention of gunpowder this fortress was impregnable, for the rock is joined to the island only by a causeway which can be broken in a few moments, and no foe could hope to scale those perpendicular cliffs and reach the garrison above. Still, through famine, treachery and treaty the castle of Ischia has often changed hands; and it would be tedious to tell how many different banners have floated over this stronghold, how many banished kings and queens have found an asylum here, of how many brave feats of arms it has been the theatre, or how many of the most striking vicissitudes of human fortune it has witnessed.

Petrarch and Ariosto have stood within these walls, and it was here that San Nazzaro wrote his beautiful poem "De Partu Virginius." In this castle was born a valiant warrior, the marquis of Pescara, the vanquisher of that French king who lost all but honor on the field of Pavia. Here too dwelt for many years the wife of that same marquis, Vittoria Colonna, the most beautiful, the most accomplished and the most unfortunate woman of her time. And here did a king once do a deed of truly kingly prowess. When Ferdinand II. of Naples, retiring before the advance of Charles VIII., landed with a small retinue on the beach of Ischia, he learned that the governor of the castle had raised the standard of revolt. Ferdinand at once demanded admission for himself alone into the castle. The governor granted the request, only too glad to get the king within his power. The portcullis was raised, the gates swung back, the king strode in. The governor met him on the threshold. Ferdinand quickly drew his sword and at one blow cleft the traitor's skull in two,

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and by this daring act brought back the garrison to their allegiance.

Adjoining the castle some pious hand in the Middle Ages erected a monastery. In the vicissitudes of those stormy times this building generally followed the fortunes of its neighbor. It was peopled now by monks, and now by nuns, and the garb in which Heaven was there worshiped changed almost as often as the uniform of the soldiers who held the castle. It was finally closed to religious uses by Bonaparte, that arch-suppressor of monasteries, and since then both it and the castle have been used as a prison. A building like this monastery, with its massive walls, labyrinthine passages and out-of-the-way corners, from which the inmates were often driven away, and to which they always hoped to return, is just the place where one might expect to find hidden treasures. A priest who was one day carelessly tapping the wall of the ancient refectory noticed that in a certain place it gave back a hollow sound. He had one or two bricks removed, and found there a cavity in which was snugly stowed away a costly church-service of silver plate. His surprise, however, was nothing to that of a soldier who two years ago stumbled on a still stranger discovery. He was in bed and asleep one stormy night, when suddenly a part of the walls of his room fell in with a crash. His first impulse was to run away, but on striking a light he observed that what had fallen was only a single row of bricks, which had walled up an ancient doorway leading into an adjoining suite of cells. With candle in hand he started to explore these neglected chambers. Several were empty: in another were many strange-looking ovens. A wooden door here barred his passage. With difficulty he turned the key in the lock and swung the door back on its creaking hinges. He found himself at the entrance of a low vaulted room. Standing upright all around the walls was a ghastly row of grinning mummies. They were decently draped, and both bodies and linen were well preserved. A long passage which led off from this room was choked up with fragments of other mummies that had been flung there, one upon the other, in a confused heap, and were now mouldering away together. These hideous objects were the mortal remains of those nuns who had died in the convent during the last century. It was evidently the custom of the sisterhood to embalm each sister as she died and give her a place in the silent company which stood around the walls. Room had to be made for each newcomer by removing some predecessor from her position of honor to the dark passages. The mummies who had now for eighty years held undisturbed possession of the room of state had escaped a similar degradation only by the suppression of the convent. These mummies are now daily shown to such persons as curiosity leads to seek them out. Most visitors are satisfied with a hasty glance around this chamber of horrors, and are then glad to withdraw, but others have the hardihood to examine closely the dried-up sisters, to touch their parchment-like skin and shake their withered hands.

One of the mummies stands slightly apart from the others, and particular pains seem to have been taken to compose her limbs in the best manner. She was the last abbess who died in the convent. Her posture is natural, her hands meekly crossed and her head bent forward as if in devotion. But, although her full gaze is thus averted, she seems to leer in a most unbecoming way at her visitors. In fact, it is impossible for the staring eye-sockets, the open nostrils and the grinning mouth of a skull to wear that look of piety and resignation which one would wish to see on the face of an abbess under such circumstances. As I stood not long ago looking with interest at this excellent specimen of the embalmer's art, the guide told me that she was still remembered in Ischia, but he could give no further information about her. My inquiries on this point among the islanders were for a long time fruitless, until one day, while wandering about the mountains, I chanced to fall in with an old man whom I had seen before on the top of Epomeo, the highest peak of the island, holding the horses

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of travelers who had ridden up there for the view. When I mentioned the mummy abbess to him he brightened up at once, and said he could tell me all about her. We sat down on the grass together at a point which overlooked the whole island. Naples, Vesuvius, Capri and the sea tinged with the purple light of evening formed the background of the beautiful picture that spread before us. The old man pointed out to me each spot that he had occasion to mention as he told me the story of the abbess.

One hundred and fifty years ago the richest peasant of Ischia lived in the small village of Fontana, on the southern slope of Epomeo. His wife was long since dead, but three children enlivened his home. Teresina, the eldest, bore the name of her mother; Giulio, that of his father; while Restituta, the youngest, was named after the patroness of the island, a saint whose body floated all the way from Africa in its coffin—and that, too, at a time when the art of navigation was still in its infancy—and was stranded on the beach of Ischia, on the very spot where her church now stands. Teresina grew up very handsome, but in a land where female beauty is not uncommon it excites little remark, and the islanders thought more of Teresina for her gentleness and gracious manners than for her good looks. Her family enjoyed not only the consideration which wealth always gives, but also that of belonging to a peculiar and honored caste; for hers was one of the few families that had inherited the right of dancing the famous *indirizzata*, the most curious of all the ancient Greek dances which have come down to modern times.

When Teresina was about seventeen years old her father put his children in the care of one of his sisters and went away to Sardinia on business. He had a nephew there named Enrico, with whom he had many dealings. Rumor said that Enrico had gambled away his fortune and was now deeply in debt to his uncle. Teresina knew little of her cousin. She had seen him once for a few days when he came to visit her father. He had fallen in love with her, and would willingly have married her; but although he was manly and handsome, his nature was uncongenial with hers, and she could hardly feel even that affection for him which their near relationship demanded.

The day fixed for her father's return arrived, but he did not come. Several weeks passed by, and his prolonged absence filled his family with painful anxiety. Vague rumors to the effect that some dreadful misfortune had befallen him reached them from time to time, and were at last confirmed by the arrival of Enrico with the sad news that his uncle was no more. He and Enrico had been making a journey together one night through a lonely wood. At a point where the road was most difficult they were attacked by brigands. The first shot pierced the old man's breast, and he died an hour afterward, and Enrico escaped unharmed. In the confusion of the attack the pocketbook of the old man, containing little money, but very valuable papers, disappeared, and was supposed to have been carried off by the robbers. Such was the story that Enrico told, and it agreed in the main with the testimony which his uncle had been able to give before expiring. One circumstance, however, Enrico neglected to mention, and that was, that but for the disappearance of his uncle's papers he himself would be a beggar.

The sorrow of the orphaned children was most bitter. They had never known their mother: all their filial love had gone out toward their kind and indulgent father, and his loss was the first real affliction that had darkened their lives. Teresina had been her father's favorite child: she had returned his affection with devotion, and with him all the brightness of life seemed to have departed. For a long while she shut herself up from her young friends and mourned inconsolably.

Two years had passed since this event, and Time, the healer of wounded hearts, had mitigated the grief of the bereaved family. A tinge of sadness still overcast Teresina's face, and lingered even in her smile, but it was so slight that it might easily have been mistaken for the shadow of advancing womanhood. She had

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resumed all her old occupations and pleasures. She was again the foremost among her light-hearted companions in the merrymakings at the pressing of the wine and the gathering of the olives: she was again conspicuous in the mazes of the ancient dance. Often was she seen on the mountain plucking the cistas and the wind-flowers — often on the beach, where with unfeigned glee she would bare her feet and help the poor fishermen and their wives pull in the heavy nets. And when the boats of the coral-fishers coming home from the African coast were descried on the horizon, and the women flocked to the beach and lighted bonfires and prepared with song and dance to give a hearty welcome home to the Ischian youths, there was none among them who took a larger share in the rejoicings than Teresina. Giulio early showed himself an active and enterprising boy, with a turn for commercial speculation. He had already received his share of the patrimony, and had entered the counting-house of a merchant in Genoa.

One day, as Teresina was drawing water at the well in front of her dwelling, she saw a young man come clambering down the hillside directly toward her. He begged for a draught of water. He was hot and tired, he said, for he was making the tour of the island, and had been on foot since daybreak. He sat down on the doorstep to rest, and Teresina answered with simple frankness his many questions. She told him of the village festivals; of the famous wine-caves of Fontana, cut out of the rocky sides of a deep ravine; of the hot springs, and how the villagers, by making a free use of these waters, often prolonged their lives to the age of ninety years. The stranger was an artist, and as Teresina spoke of the many good points of view in the neighborhood, he listened with great interest, and promised to return in a few days with his canvas and easel. With this promise on his lips he bowed low to his fair entertainer and went on his way. Teresina watched his form lessen along the rugged path, and with a flutter of pleasure she saw him turn around and salute her once more before he disappeared from view. His departure was like sunset in the heart of Teresina. She had chatted with the young stranger but half an hour. He was not a strikingly handsome man; he had paid her no compliments; he had made no effort to please her. And yet an influence had stolen from his eyes to hers, from his heart to hers, which had awakened in her feelings she had never known before. He was gone, and she missed him.

True to his word, Teresina's new acquaintance returned before a week had gone by. Three donkeys were charged with his luggage. He found a room to let near her home, and established himself there. Before long, Francesco—for that was the young man's name — became the inseparable companion of Teresina and her sister. They were constantly at his elbow as he painted, and they admired on his canvas views on the originals of which they had looked all their lives with indifference. Together they visited the castle, the barren lava-stream of Monte Rotondo and the site of the gold-mines which the Venetians used to work. In their boat they skirted the beach of Citara, where the sea boils with volcanic heat; they entered the cave which once hid Marius from the vindictive pursuit of Sulla; and they would float carelessly for hours about the bay where the Saracen corsairs used to land in search of victims for the Eastern slave-markets. On these daily excursions Francesco and his companions drank in long draughts of innocent pleasure, and soon that season came to Teresina which comes once, and only once, to every woman—when all her desires and hopes have become centred in one object, and when all the world is as nothing to her compared with the man she loves.

A winter passed quickly away. Spring covered the mountain-slopes with gay patches of a thousand different flowers: the quails and other birds of passage had already visited the island on their way to the North. Francesco and Teresina were betrothed, and the day was

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fixed for their marriage. Since they had first met nothing had occurred to break the current of their happiness save that a strange moodiness fell occasionally on Francesco. For days together he seemed to be under the spell of some evil spirit, and his mind appeared engrossed with disturbing thoughts. Teresina never dared to ask him the cause of these fits of gloom, but strove by assiduous attentions to dispel them. Teresina had never set foot off her native island, and she had seen nothing of the great world beyond the glimpse she could get of it from the heights of the Ischian mountains. In her dreams of future happiness no small place was given to the pleasing thought that on her way to Francesco's home in Sardinia she was to visit the famous cities of the mainland, where he had been lately wandering.

On the day before that which was set for the wedding Francesco spent the afternoon with Teresina at her home. His stay was prolonged far into the evening, for a dreadful storm had come up. The *libeccio*, the rain-bringing wind, blew fiercely, the surf roared and beat madly against the rocky coast, the lightning flashed from every quarter of the heavens, and peal after peal of thunder shook the house from top to bottom and made the ill-fitting windows rattle. But Francesco found no fault with the warring elements, which only kept him the longer by the side of his love. With all his happiness, however, he seemed to have something unpleasant on his mind, and at last he unburdened himself.

"Dear love," said he to Teresina, "I am all that you believe me to be, a true and honest man. But before we are united for ever I owe you a confession. A crime lies at my door, but do not be frightened: it is one I am sure you will readily forgive. You must have heard of the custom of the vendetta that exists in Sardinia, and how feuds between families are kept alive for centuries by alternate acts of revenge. My family is one of those that have kept up this custom most tenaciously, and that have suffered most by it. My father fell by the hand of the heir of a hostile family, and from a boy I was taught that it was my duty to avenge his death. I knew the assassin of my father well by sight. I met him often, and many a time I might have struck him down, but I wished to wait until life had become truly sweet to him before I took it from him. That time came. He had led to the altar a young and lovely bride. To conduct her to his home he had to pass by night through a lonely and untraveled road. I lay in wait for him. I heard the carriage slowly approaching. I took my stand on the side of the road. In the dark I thought I recognized my enemy. I fired: I heard a groan, and knew that the shot had taken effect. I waited a moment to see that my victim was really dead. The companions of the wounded man were terrified. They made no search for me, but stretched him on the ground. Merciful God! I had mistaken my prey! I saw lying there, weltering in his blood, an old, gray-haired man."

At this point of the recital Teresina's face grew deadly pale and her eyes glared like those of a tigress. With intense vehemence she asked again the place, the day, the hour. He told them to her. "Murderer!" she shrieked, "that old man was my father! Go: leave me! leave me for ever! I can love you no more. Go!"

Francesco was struck dumb with surprise and anguish. Without making one remonstrance or uttering one word of farewell, he rushed out of the house into the driving rain. Not knowing nor caring whither he went, he took the path that led to the top of the mountain. The incessant flashes of lightning guided him along the narrow track, which even by daylight afforded but a treacherous foothold. He stumbled and fell on the wet and slippery rock, but he sprang up again and hastened on, as if some necessity compelled his steps to keep pace with the whirl of his agitated mind. He felt a vague impulse to reach the top of the mountain and hurl himself into the abyss below. But when he arrived there and stood by the hermit's cell on the brink of the precipice, he felt that it was not death he wanted. He paused to reflect.

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This man—who had been brought up to consider assassination a duty; who, when he had shed innocent blood, had with coolness planned and effected his escape from justice; who during his wanderings since had borne the murderer's burden with a light heart, disturbed only at rare intervals by unpleasant reflections—now felt for the first time the pangs of remorse. His deed rose up like a black cloud between him and the only object of his affections, the only hope of his life. His spirit writhed with pain whenever the image of Teresina's blighted happiness came before him. His death, he said to himself, might put an end to his sufferings, but it would not lighten hers. No, he would not die. He must live to make atonement for his crime—atonement that would satisfy her and satisfy his own conscience. This resolution comforted him and restored him to his senses. With calm determination he descended the mountain, made his way to the castle and gave himself up to the governor as guilty of homicide.

The storm passed away with the night and the morning broke bright and clear. Great preparations had been made in Fontana for the wedding, and at an early hour the villagers were all astir. The church was decked out with garlands, a band of pipers had come over from Naples, and the women appeared adorned with jewelry which it was the custom to wear only on festive occasions. The most remarkable of these ornaments were enormous earrings of solid gold, in shape not unlike the Spanish galleons in which Columbus made his first voyage to America.

Teresina's aunt and sister were already asleep when Francesco departed. Teresina threw herself upon her bed. She could not sleep, she could not pray, she could not even think. Her spirit was frozen, and the one terrible thought that had congealed there was that she had loved, that she had wellnigh become the wife of, her father's murderer. When her aunt awoke she told her what had occurred, and word was sent to the priest that the wedding would not take place. Great was the wonder and great the consternation in Fontana when this announcement was made. The news spread like wildfire through the island. Only in the village nearest the castle did it make little impression, for there it was already known that Francesco was in prison.

Early in the morning a ship arrived before the castle from Sardinia. Enrico was on board. He took horse at once for Fontana, and before he had ridden halfway he had heard all the news. He found Teresina a prey to the same horrors that had haunted her during the night.

"It is a real miracle," he said to her, "that you have escaped this infamy. I have been on the track of this bad man for a long while, and I heard but lately that he was living here. I came to-day to arrest him, but I should have arrived too late to save you."

Teresina listened in silence.

"Thank God," continued Enrico, "your dear father will soon be avenged! The governor was his friend, and will spare no pains to bring his murderer to justice. The villain is to be sent to-morrow in chains to Sardinia, and in a week he will be hanged."

Teresina awoke from her lethargy. "What!" she cried—"what do you say? To be sent in chains! to be hanged! Oh, Blessed Virgin! where is he now?"

"In prison at the castle: he gave himself up last night."

"Merciful Madonna!" moaned Teresina. "In prison! Francesco in prison! And this is my doing. To be hanged! This cannot be! it must not be! He is innocent. Do you hear, Enrico? He is innocent: it was a mistake. He must be saved, Enrico. Save him, dear cousin, save him!"

"Infamous!" cried Enrico. "You still love him?"

"No," answered Teresina resolutely after a moment's thought, "I love him no longer. But I *have* loved him, and he is not so guilty as you think." She laid her hand gently on Enrico's: "Dear cousin, can he not be rescued?"

A strange light gleamed in Enrico's eyes: "I could rescue him," he said slowly, "but—"

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"But what?"

"Only on one condition."

"And that is?"

"Cousin," said Enrico earnestly, and caressing the hand that lay in his, "I feel for you: indeed I do. I respect your infatuation for this man. But I love you with a purer love than he was ever capable of. Be my wife and your Francesco shall go free to-night."

Teresina sprang up as if stung by a viper. "Never!" she cried—"never! It is wicked, it is base of you, Enrico, to take advantage of me in my distress."

"As you choose," returned Enrico coldly, and rising in turn. "I will leave you now, and see you again in a day or two."

"Stop!" cried Teresina when Enrico had reached the door—"stop! To-morrow? To-morrow, did you say? O my God, what have I done? Give me time to think, Enrico. Are you sure you could rescue him?"

"I am certain of it: I have friends at the castle. Only promise to be my wife within a month from to-day, and I swear that I will manage Francesco's escape to-night, and no harm shall ever come to him."

"But such a promise!" groaned Teresina in tones of despair. "Oh, this is too terrible! I am bewildered. I cannot think, Enrico. This evening you shall have my answer."

When Enrico was gone Teresina sent for the village priest. He came with alacrity. He was a slender, thin-faced man, who under a sanctimonious exterior hid much worldly cunning, and in entering the order of Jesus he had certainly not mistaken his calling. Teresina bared her whole heart to him and asked his counsel.

"Daughter," he said to her after brief reflection, "it is a good work to save a friend's life, and we must make use of those means that Providence throws in our way. Give to Enrico the promise he demands. Give it frankly, without any mental reservation, and with full determination to keep it. But when the month is out, if you find that keeping this promise would do more violence to your feelings than breaking it, the doors of our convent shall be open to you: take refuge there. No vow will be exacted of you, and as long as you take none you will be free to return when you please to your home. It is one of the noblest uses of these institutions of our Mother Church to offer protection to her daughters when in trouble. In the quiet and peace of a convent, surrounded by women of holy lives, you may decide at your leisure what it is your duty to do."

The priest's eyes twinkled with delight when Teresina assured him that she would follow his advice, for never had he known a fairer chance for Mother Church to get the property of a wealthy heiress into her clutches.

Enrico returned in the evening, and Teresina gave him the required promise. "One month from to-day," she said. Enrico was in an ecstasy of joy, and even Teresina's wretchedness was lightened by the thought that in a few hours Francesco would be free. Only one doubt still lingered in her mind: "He gave himself up: perhaps he will refuse to leave the prison."

"Have no fear of that," replied Enrico: "only let him know that you pardon him, and his scruples will instantly vanish. Life will have all its old value to him."

Teresina was satisfied: she wrote on a slip of paper these words; "Teresina forgives you and implores you to escape."

Bearing this message, Enrico made all haste to the castle. A purse of gold put into the hands of the captain of the guard had such an effect that when the sentinels were changed at nine o'clock that quarter of the castle where Francesco was lodged was left for five minutes unguarded. A tall figure, muffled from head to foot, stole into Francesco's cell and silently handed him a scrap of paper. When the prisoner had read the few words written there he became much agitated, but obeyed without hesitation the sign which his mysterious visitor made, and followed him out. The two reached the rampart unmolested. A few whispered directions were given. By means of a long rope Francesco descended in safety to the base of the rock,

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where a boat with eight rowers was waiting for him. In the dark he thought the voices of these men sounded familiar, but not a word passed between them and him. A little after midnight they landed him close by the Blue Grotto of Capri, whence a precipitous path led to the plateau of Anacapri, a thousand feet above. A boy who had come in the boat guided Francesco up this perilous way, and conducted him to the ruins of an old tower which stood quite isolated and remote from all other buildings. It was one of the many massive square towers built in this neighborhood during the Middle Ages as protection against the Saracen corsairs. An old peasant and his wife lived in the lower part of this dilapidated tower, and this was to be Francesco's hiding-place.

Enrico's satisfaction, in view of his approaching union with Teresina, was visible to all the world. He visited his cousin every day, was always in the best spirits, and seemed not to notice that Teresina's face, far from showing any signs of returning cheerfulness, assumed day by day an expression of deeper despair. His surprise and rage were unbounded when, on making his accustomed visit to her home one morning toward the close of the month, he found that she had in the night taken refuge in the convent. Enrico suspected that the village priest knew something of the matter, and to him he went at once.

The wily Jesuit was a man whom no words could make angry, and while Enrico kept heaping invectives on him and on convents, he was coolly calculating how he could best turn this affair to the advantage of Mother Church. When at last Enrico's anger was so far spent that he could listen to any other voice than his own, the priest replied to him: "Our Church cannot refuse to give protection to her daughters when in trouble. This is one of her noblest offices. Your cousin is, as you say, infatuated with this bad man, but it is a passion that cannot last long. For although you have charitably rescued the culprit from immediate punishment, he has committed a fearful crime, and sooner or later justice will be meted out to him. Teresina's brother is a youth of spirit. He will some day learn where his father's murderer lies concealed, and perhaps Heaven will make the boy's wrath serve the ends of justice. When Francesco is dead your cousin's passion for him will cease. Her nature is not suited for a convent life. She will then be glad enough to return to her home and fulfill her promise to you."

Enrico was not slow to take in the good father's meaning, and before long a messenger was on the road to Genoa, with instructions to find out Giulio and incite him to avenge his father's death.

Giulio arrived in Capri. He had no difficulty in finding the old square tower that had been described to him, and none in recognizing the fugitive. As Francesco was one day standing in the garden, Giulio fell upon him with a dagger. Francesco was also armed, and a desperate struggle ensued; for although Giulio was the younger and the weaker man, he had taken his enemy completely by surprise. Both of the combatants were grievously wounded, but at last Francesco's superior strength prevailed. He brought his assailant to the ground and his arm was raised for the fatal blow. Giulio, faint with the loss of blood, had just strength enough left to gasp out, "You murdered my father, now murder me!" and swooned away.

The knife fell from Francesco's hand. He staggered back, then knelt and looked intensely at the boy's marble features. That face in its deathlike pallor was the exact counterpart of Teresina's. "Great God!" exclaimed Francesco in anguish, "am I doomed to be for ever the evil genius of this unhappy family?"

He lifted up the inanimate form tenderly—it was *her* brother's—and bore it to his own room in the tower. He staunched the boy's wounds without caring for his own. He sat by his bedside day after day; he bathed his wounds with water; he soothed him when scared by fever's delirious dreams; he talked to him much of Ischia and of her whom they both loved. As Giulio recovered, Francesco told him the whole story of his life and misfortunes. He convinced

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the boy of his integrity, and won his heart.

Enrico was intensely dissatisfied with the turn which affairs had taken in Capri. But he was not thus to be baffled. A boy had failed, and a noble heart had been converted from enmity to friendship, but a stronger arm and a meaner spirit might yet accomplish his designs. He had recourse again to the priest, and found that worthy man still of the same mind, that justice sooner or later must overtake the guilty. And in fact before another month had passed away Francesco's body was found mangled and lifeless in a clump of bushes near the door of the old tower. He had been slain by an unknown hand. When the news was brought to Teresina it broke her heart. She took the veil, assumed the garb and the vows of the nuns and endowed the convent with her fortune. The priest of Fontana comforted Enrico under this last and bitterest disappointment with the most soothing words in his vocabulary, and assured him that the ways of Providence are inscrutable. The wealth that Teresina brought with her gave her such consideration among the sisters that in the course of time she became their abbess. Shortly after she had been advanced to this dignity a fisherman of Capri died, and in his last moments confessed that he had assassinated Francesco, and that Enrico had instigated him to the deed. Teresina took pains to lay this information before the courts in Sardinia. Enrico, in danger of arrest, abandoned his home and joined a band of brigands which infested the mountains in that neighborhood. He was declared an outlaw: his property was confiscated, and a portion of it was handed over to the convent of Ischia as a reward for the information which the abbess had given.

Teresina did not bring to the service of the Church a spirit over which sorrow had swept only to purify it from gross desires and divert its unimpaired energies into channels of benevolence and religion. She brought to that service a blasted and withered spirit. She counted that she had lived only twenty years. All the rest was to her a blank and barren waste, the shadow of that death which she awaited with impatience. Often, when her eyes were fixed on her prayer-book and her fingers were mechanically telling her beads, she passed in thought beyond the convent-walls and beyond the barrier of dreary years, and became again the free and happy girl who had first welcomed Francesco to Fontana. She thrilled again at the touch of her lover's tender embrace; she heard the accents of his voice; she saw his eyes full of unutterable affection beaming upon her; she wandered again by his side through the vineyards and over the mountain. This frequent recalling of her past happiness was the fountain which kept fresh and green the only oasis in the desert of her heart. And it was perhaps this alone that prevented her from becoming one of the most hateful of human beings, those in whom misfortune has dried up the springs of sympathy, and who behold with secret pleasure the wreck of another's happiness.

While Teresina was still abbess a young girl, the daughter of a Sicilian nobleman, was torn from her lover and forced to enter the convent of Ischia, that her heritage might go to swell the fortune of her only brother. When Teresina heard the poor girl's story she was greatly moved. By an odd coincidence, the lover's name was Francesco. Teresina had him sought out, apprised him of the whereabouts of his friend, and connived at the girl's escape from the convent to his arms.

The priest of Fontana died full of years. His conscience, grown tough by constant stretching, was troubled by no remorse. Indeed, he complacently considered that the riches which through his counsels had fallen to the convent of Ischia would be counted as treasures laid up for him in heaven. Teresina also reached an advanced age. As the fruits of her blighted existence she had few good works to offer at the bar of eternal justice, and could only humbly hope for mercy. And when she lay upon her deathbed there was no act of her life which she remembered with more sat-

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isfaction, and none which she believed Heaven would regard with more favor, than that one by which she had restored a young girl from the tomb of the convent to life and love, and had saved a woman's heart from the weight of such hopeless wretchedness as had crushed her own.

ROBERT A. MCLEOD.

PARISIAN CLUB-LIFE.

PARISIAN club-life, though far more limited in extent than that of New York or London, presents some characteristic features worth describing. With us everybody is a member of a club: in France—which of course means Paris—club-membership is mainly composed of men without occupation, young fashionables, great landed proprietors who pass their winters in town, opulent bankers and distinguished foreigners.

The first of the Paris clubs is the Jockey Club, founded under Louis Philippe by the gallant generation of sportsmen of that day; by the steeple-chasers of the Croix de Berny; by that Parisian Englishman, Lord Henry Seymour; by Charles Lafitte, better known as Major Fridolin; by Auguste Lupin, whose horses so frequently won the Grand Prize of Paris and the Derby of Chantilly; and by the count of Cambis, equerry of the duke of Orleans. The Jockey Club is magnificently installed at the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue Scribe. The club pays sixty thousand dollars rent, and is situated at that particular spot where Americans most love to congregate, and where the new arrivals from New York and the Hub find almost as many acquaintances as on Fifth Avenue or Beacon street. Although it is somewhat less difficult to become a member of the Jockey Club than of White's or Boodle's, yet it is useless for any one to attempt it who has not an income of say at least six thousand dollars, an unsullied reputation and several powerful friends to recommend him. But few of the members being acquainted with the candidate, the vote cast is rather for or against his proposers, just in the same way as the bearer of a letter of introduction is received warmly or coldly according to the estimation in which the writer of the letter is held by the person to whom it is addressed. Some members of the Jockey Club are specially sought after as proposers, on account of their enjoying the friendship of both the Bonapartists and the Legitimists composing the club, which has scarcely more than one Republican member—namely, Marshal MacMahon! Quite a scandal was created in 1871 by the Bonapartist section of the club causing the rejection of the illustrious General de Charrette, which led to the Legitimists for many months afterward impartially blackballing every Bonapartist candidate. At last a compromise was agreed to, and M. Alfred Magne, son of the ex-finance minister, was admitted despite his party politics. He paid rather heavy admission-fees, seeing that he lost seventy thousand dollars at écarté before he had been a week in the club. Famous among the members of the Jockey Club during its earlier years of existence were Major Fraser, who for over thirty years in succession won here by playing whist every night not less than ten thousand dollars per annum, and the comte d'Alton-Shée, who, although a peer of France, earned notoriety by the socialistic and ultra-radical views expressed in his speeches and his votes at the Luxembourg. Lord Henry Seymour had already obtained the same kind of popularity without mixing in politics, and the people nicknamed him *Milord Arsonille*. The young duke of Hamilton, in recently attempting to

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imitate Lord Henry Seymour, has, as was to be expected, completely failed. The vicomte de Gontaut-Biron has been for years president of this club. Many of the members of the Jockey Club were killed during the Franco-German war, and at its close the expulsion of all the German members was loudly called for. After a long discussion this proposal was withdrawn out of regard for the well-known sportsman M. Schickler, a German by birth and a member of the club from its foundation: M. Schickler, nevertheless, for some time afterward withdrew his colors from the turf, notwithstanding the general esteem in which he is held. The Jockey Club pays its servants on a most liberal scale. Thus, Henry, the well-known maître d'hôtel at Bignon's restaurant, has just been engaged as head-cook at the Jockey Club at a yearly salary of five thousand dollars.

Isabelle, who bears the title of "bouquetière du Jockey Club," may be found every evening in the vestibule of the club, ensconced in the interior of a velvet cask the orifice of which is studded with sprigs of lilac and bunches of Neapolitan violets and roses. When Isabelle fastens the flower in your buttonhole, you either give her nothing or you give her a napoleon. You have your choice, but in the long run the latter is the less expensive system of the two. Those who give nothing are of course bound at the end of the racing season to settle in a lump by the offer of some sparkling jewel for the numerous gardenias received from Isabelle. She thus possesses a magnificent collection of brooches, of diamond horseshoes and of horses in rubies leaping over bars of emerald. When the Jockey Club prize is being run for at Chantilly, her appearance on the race-course, brilliantly attired in the colors of the last winner and covered with jewels, is as that of a princess—that is to say, of one of Offenbach's opéra-bouffe princesses.

After the Jockey Club precedence belongs to the Cercle de l'Union, on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, one of the most exclusive associations, where foreign diplomatists and a sprinkling of the leading denizens of the Faubourg St. Germain are to be found. Next in order is the Cercle Agricole, commonly called the "Potato Club," composed largely of owners of landed property: the club is rich and eminently respectable, the dinners exquisite, the play moderately high, and the whole tone rather too quiet for the young men about town. This club—the only one on the left bank of the Seine—forms one of those magnificent monuments which encircle the Place de la Concorde. Besides its magnificent library, its elegant dining-rooms and numerous dressing-rooms, the Potato Club provides sleeping accommodation for those of its members who, residing in the country, pass only a few days at a time in the capital. As this club has for the last three or four years had its entire complement of five hundred members, it is extremely difficult to gain admittance there, more especially as, whenever a new candidate is proposed, members are apt to discuss the matter in the salons of their lady friends. The Faubourg St. Germain thus periodically constitutes itself a committee of inquiry into the antecedents of the candidates. Some ladies canvass in favor of certain candidates: others throw all the weight of their influence against them. It is not long since a gallant and honorable nobleman was blackballed, owing to the pressure exercised by a certain matchmaking duchess whose counsels in the choice of a wife he had declined to follow. The president of the Potato Club is the marquis de Mortemart. On the other side of the Place is the Champs Élysées Club (formerly the Imperial), with its hot-houses, its splendid garden and its elegant terraces; while at the corner of the Rue Royale is the club of that name, familiarly designated as the "Moutard," or "Babies' Club." This superb establishment, where comfort and luxury predominate, is famed for its dinners, its wines and its cook, who was formerly in the service of Baron Rothschild. At the Moutard the play is fast and furious. It was there that Khalil Bey, now Khalil Pasha, lost several millions at Chinese bezique, and that Mustapha Fazil, brother of the viceroy of Egypt, lost at bacca-

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rat his immense estates in the valley of the Nile; there the Polish count Mieski "dropped" eighty thousand dollars in one night; and there dozens of farms and forests and country-seats have been ruthlessly sacrificed. These terrible nights at the Rue Royale have often tragic sequels. A young officer with a brilliant future before him has blown his brains out on quitting the club; one of the most amiable and hospitable of princes has been forced to leave the country; an equerry of the emperor of Russia has disappeared as a result of the night's work. But the absent are speedily forgotten: the ranks are closed, new members are admitted and the game continues. Quite lately, the recently-married marquis de Castellane, deputy for a department of Auvergne, lost such enormous sums at play at the Jockey and Moutard clubs that his family were compelled to obtain the necessary legal authority empowering them to intervene in his affairs. The question has naturally arisen among his electors as to whether a man who has been proved incapable of looking after his own business is a fit representative of the interests of some three hundred thousand Auvergnats. The Babies' Club has taken the lead in the French steeple-chases, and under its auspices the battle of the international steeple-chase is fought out every year in the Bois de Boulogne, the French and the English being alternately the victors.

Let us now ascend the Boulevard. At the corner of the Place de l'Opéra we find the Sporting Club, with the duke of Fitz-James as president. This club is the ante-room of the Jockey Club: its members belong to a younger generation, and it occupies the same position in reference to the older club as do the Junior Carlton, Junior Athenæum and Junior United Service clubs in London relatively to the senior associations. Racing and hunting are the all-absorbing topics at the Sporting Club, and during certain months of the year some heavy play goes on. In due season the members take their flight toward Trouville, Luchon, the woods of Anjou, the moors of Berry and the hills of Burgundy.

Every winter the vicomte de Pernetti, son-in-law of Baron Haussmann, and one of the cleverest members of the Sporting Club, prepares one of those pieces in which the events of the season are reviewed. The chief personages are represented by Lemercier de Neuville's famous wooden puppets, and the gestures, the tones and the mannerisms of some of the best-known members of the club are imitated with a fidelity worthy of the genius of Aristophanes. Of course the merriment created by these representations is apparently shared in by the victims, who, however, not infrequently gnash their teeth in secret at the success of the mimic's art.

On the other side of the Place de l'Opéra, just opposite the Grand Hôtel—which might with truth be called the American Hotel—is the small Sharpshooters' Club, thus named because it was founded in 1871 by the corps of the *Éclaireur Franquetti*, all the members of which are good riders, sportsmen, and especially fencers. Under the presidency of Baron Rogniat the club has become the head-quarters of all lovers of fencing, and its *salle d'armes* has already a greater reputation than that of the neighboring Mirliton. Its manager, M. Ferry d'Esclands, is considered the first amateur fencer in France. After him come M. G. de Borda—nicknamed the Swordthrust—M. Ernest Legouvé of the French Academy, M. d'Espelete and others whose names we have not space to enumerate.

The Yacht Club, at the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue Louis le Grand, presided over by Admiral la Roncière, is in the very nature of things unlikely ever to rival the London Yachting Club. The young Baron Seillière, who visited Philadelphia last year in his yacht, is one of the few members owning one of these floating cottages; and even in his case the entire crew is English. At the Yacht Club baccarat is the chief attraction, while regattas and yachting generally are matters of only secondary interest.

On the Boulevard des Italiens is the highly-respectable Club des Chemins-de-Fer. Bankers, landowners, wealthy en-

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gineers, generals on half-pay, senators and ex-ministers make up its membership. Fast young men would as readily join it as they would part their hair on the side, go to a meeting of the Academy, visit the National Library or promenade in the Quartier Latin at an hour when a man has to be seen on the Bois de Boulogne or witnessing the new ballet.

On the Place Vendôme let us look in at the Cercle de l'Union Artistique, surnamed the "Mirliton," on account of the musical tendencies of its members. The Union Artistique forms a sort of neutral ground for men of the world, men of letters and artists. On its list of members will be found the names of men known for the last half century, side by side with the names of those who have only quite recently attained a certain position in the world of art. Meissonier, Gérôme, Cabanel, Carolus Duran, Vibert, Détaille are members, and the roll embraces the most eminent musicians, poets and sculptors. Count Nieuwekerke, director-general of the fine arts under Napoleon III., was for a long time its president. Count d'Osmond, celebrated for his sumptuous but eccentric style of living, greatly contributed to the prosperity of the club. Charming actresses there play in pieces which have not yet been acted at the theatre, and some of the young club-men taking the male parts have acquired quite a reputation. You may see one of Meilhac and Halévy's trifles acted there: you may hear Massenet's, Guiraud's or Serpette's symphonies or new operettas. Every year, in the month of May, the "Mirliton" opens its doors with a fine exhibition of water-colors, oil-paintings and sculpture, all the work of its members. The public is admitted by cards, and ladies muster at the "Mirliton" in great force. It is there that thousands of Parisians behold for the first and last time *chefs-d'œuvre* which are destined to adorn the galleries of English and American art-patrons. Meissonier's "1807," Cabanel's *Venus* and a long array of world-renowned works of art by Parisian painters of the present day, have been on exhibition at the Mirliton. Gambling takes place at the Mirliton, but the stakes are not so high as at the other clubs, and some masterpiece may restore to the artist's pocket the amount of his losses, which is scarcely the case with the members of the Jockey or Sporting Club.

On the Boulevard Montmartre, opposite the Théâtre des Variétés, is the Grand Cercle, which its own members have nicknamed the "Ganaches Club." This is the club of the doctors, great merchants and men of business. Baccarat there has to give way to whist, boston, and *bouillotte*, or "five-handed loo." A stone's throw from the Ganaches, on the Rue Vivienne, is the Cercle de France, founded in 1872 by some of the Legitimist deputies in order to bring together the young men of the Faubourg St. Germain, with the Legitimists among the Parisian middle class, and to prove that the comte de Chambord's elevation to the throne would exclude nobody from political or social life. The duke of Larochefoucault-Bisaccia, afterward minister to England, was its first president. There were to be met the bearers of some of the greatest names in France—Rohan, Luynes, Richelieu, the sons of the members of the Convention of 1793—and there too were the representatives of the middle class, including the comte de Chambord's tailor. This last feature of the Cercle de France was the most remarkable. The French nobleman is by nature scarcely less exclusive than the English peer, and yet at this club might be seen any evening at dinner, seated between the duc de Chaulnes and the Prince de Léon, M. Susse, whose bronzes and clocks formed so conspicuous a feature in the Main Building at Philadelphia last year. The failure of the attempt to restore the ancient monarchy was naturally a heavy blow to the club, but it survived it. Balls were given there at which the presence of the Orleans princes confirmed the fact of the fusion having taken place. One of the largest landowners of France, the marquis of Verteillac, is at present president of the club.

From the above rapid sketch it will at once be perceived that the so-called reactionary element is that which prevails

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in the Paris clubs. Were the four or five thousand members composing these clubs called upon to decide the fate of France, it is probable that the Republic would be almost unanimously overthrown. That accomplished, the choice of an occupant for the throne would be less easy, and Henry V. and Napoleon IV. would probably have an equal share of the votes. Perhaps, on the whole, it is better to leave things as they are, when all club-men are agreed in conferring due power and authority on the four kings of the pack of cards.

There is one essential difference between the French and the American club-member. In this country the cases are rare in which a man, however rich he may be, does not go to his office or his bank in the daytime. An idle man can never be popular in a land where an intensity of active life is the prevailing characteristic, and hence our clubs are chiefly pleasant places to meet in at meal-times and to pass the evenings. In Paris, on the contrary, the club is everything for the busy idlers who so often compose it. They would not dream of risking the loss of their reputation for elegance by work of any kind, and they accordingly make the club their real home. You may find them stretched on the club sofas dozing and smoking at any hour of the night or early morn. Suppers at 7 A. M. are rather well thought of, and the French club-member may often be seen retiring to his bedroom at an hour at which the American club-man is leaving home to commence the day's work. The more sensible among fashionable Parisians leave their club in time to rise about ten o'clock in the morning, get into the saddle and canter before lunch along the avenue of the Bois de Boulogne and the alley reserved for riders. Getting home about eleven, they dress, lunch, pay a few visits, and then return at 3 P. M. in winter, at 5 in summer, to the Bois de Boulogne. In the afternoon, however, every one is driving, and the constant string of carriages keeps moving round the lake, and jealous glances are cast at the ladies and their toilettes, their companions, the horses, the harness and the equipages. The foreigners who witness this spectacle from the conveyance they have hired can scarcely realize how much the young club-men find to observe and to talk about in their daily round at the Bois. Leaving this scene, the fashionable club-member hastens home, dons his evening suit and hurries off to the club, where sometimes, but not often, he looks at the papers. As a rule, these gentlemen hate the newspapers, and all they read is the *Sport* or the theatrical notices in the *Figaro* and the *Gaulois*. The club-member thus finds out when a new piece is to be acted at any of the ten or twelve theatres where men of his class can be seen without losing caste. Managers of theatres generally send a number of orchestra stalls for the first nights of new pieces to the best clubs, so as to give a certain prestige to their theatre by getting into it on such evenings an aristocratic element and dress-coats with a rose or gardenia in the buttonhole. But if the manager knows his business, the exquisite of the club knows what is due to his dignity, and after tranquilly smoking his post-prandial Havana he makes his way to the theatre and takes his seat about the middle of the second act, of course attracting every one's attention. By midnight he is back again at the club, with the information that the piece is execrable, or, to put it in his own language, *infecte*. It is rare indeed for a blasé club-member to be pleased with a piece unless it happen to be some operetta in which Judic, Schneider, Théo or Granier—all club favorites—displays her charms. As for the Théâtre Français, it was long considered unfashionable among club-men to go there. Within the last two or three years, however, the prince of Sagan set the fashion of going there on Tuesdays. The object is not to listen to the comedies of Molière or Alexandre Dumas, but simply to have a chat with the friends you meet there, just as you met them formerly at the Théâtre Italien. The Tuesday pieces might almost as well be acted in dumb show, for all the heed that is given to the dialogue by the occupants of the boxes. It is only when

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such bright-shining stars as Croizette or Sarah Bernhardt are on the stage that the conversation is hushed into a respectful whisper.

Never expect to find the club-member either in a museum or a public library. These things have no attraction whatever for him. His promenades on the Boulevard never extend beyond the corner of the Rue de Richelieu. When he does go to the exhibition of pictures—the *Salon*—it is only on the opening day, and rather to be seen than to see.

On Wednesday afternoons, about three o'clock, you are pretty safe to find these gentlemen of the clubs in the Rue de Ponthieu, at Chéri's, where packs of hounds and race-horses are disposed of as regularly as at Tattersall's in London. Besides Chéri's, the habitués of the clubs are frequently to be found in the establishments of the various horse-dealers in the Champs Élysées. Whether they want to buy a horse or not, they are always glad to go in and smoke a cigar, leaning against the horse-boxes. Singular as it may appear, it is quite the fashion among these busy idlers to get their clothes impregnated with the smell of the stable. Their passion for horses is carried to excess. Thus, for instance, the vicomte de T—— had a perfect mania for putting on his servants' liveries, going into his stables and rubbing down his horses. He generally slept in the stables, which he had fitted up with every comfort and luxury. One day, having a horse to sell, he put an advertisement in the *Sport*, and speedily had quite a number of amateurs attracted by it. Among others was Mr. W——, a rich American, well known in Paris for the splendor and style of his turnouts. He examined the horse, and finding a man in livery at his side, requested him to trot out the animal and show its paces. His order was obeyed, and on leaving the stables Mr. W—— tossed a napoleon to the man he had taken for a groom, but who was in reality the vicomte himself. The nobleman was so delighted at having been taken for a lackey that he had the napoleon made into a breastpin, and wears it to this day, proudly remarking, "It's the only money I ever made in my life."

The club-member is a great lover of fencing, and for this amusement visits the establishments of Merignac, Pons neveu and Robert. When not a first-class fencer himself, he goes to judge of the thrusts and parries of the players, make bets and enter into long discussions as to the value of a certain attack and the defence corresponding thereto.

If there were only ice enough in Paris, the club-member would be a good skater. The Skating Club at Madrid in the Bois de Boulogne is magnificently fitted up and replete with every convenience, but the climate seems dead against this sport, and when by accident there is a frost in Paris sufficiently prolonged to allow of skating on the club-grounds, it often happens that the most prominent skaters are Americans and Russians. There are, however, a few Parisians—notably, Messieurs Blount and Cartier—who are known for their dexterity on the ice, and who have thus acquired a reputation. The Skating Club itself is proverbial for its bad luck. Whenever it issues invitations for a nocturnal fête on the lake, with supper, Venetian lanterns, music and all the delightful accompaniments, a thaw is pretty sure to set in and render necessary an indefinite postponement of the fête. This is now so thoroughly understood by the Parisians that whenever the thermometer sinks uncomfortably low in Paris the managing committee of the club are sure to receive a score or two of letters imploring them to organize a fête on the ice, the writers viewing this as the most efficacious method for securing the benefits of a milder temperature. The Skating Club has done all in its power to deserve a better fate. All around the lake are turrets in which are steam-engines, the intersecting jets of vapor from which, constantly playing on the surface of the ice, keep it together, so far as human ingenuity can accomplish this object.

The club-member is passionately fond of pigeon-shooting. The club of that name, but a stone's throw from the head-quarters of the Skating Club, is one of

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the most flourishing, elegant and exclusive in all Paris. The ear of the saunterer in the Bois de Boulogne frequently catches the ping of the rifles (carbines) mingling with the constant roll of the carriages and the distant murmurs of the plashing cascades. These commingling sounds go to make up the harmony of the Bois, preferred by the club-member to the plaintive melody of the ocean or the music of Mozart and Meyerbeer. The champion shots at the Pigeon-shooting Club are the count de Chateaubriand, Prince Poniatowski, M. de St. Clair, M. Brinquant and the duc de Rivoli. Marshal McMahon is known to be an excellent shot.

Both hunting and racing enter into the category of the amusements of the club-member. But there is a vast difference between his method of pursuing these sports and that of the club-member of the last generation. The old steeple-chasing times, the days when gentlemen rode their own horses in races—we need but recall the names of Talon, Du Bourg, Gramont Caderousse — seem gone for ever. We have still Messieurs Roy, Hennessy, De Nexon and a few others who ride occasionally in flat races, but the average club-gentlemen have completely left the turf to the professional jockeys, and we know of no successors to the count de St. Germain, who was killed in a steeple-chase at Spa, or to the marquis of MacMahon, the marshal's eldest brother, who was killed at the Autun steeple-chase.

As a rule, the Parisian club-member has a decided antipathy to the fine arts, politics, literature, and every branch of science except that of dressing well. This difficult science requires severe study, considerable experience, and, above all, excellent taste on the part of the student, ere it can be brought to any degree of perfection. Edmond About expressed the idea admirably when he said, "The clothes of a fashionable man must have the appearance of having sprung up as naturally over his body as do the leaves that cover a tree." In other words, the agonies of the tailor, and the sleepless nights he has passed in seeking to please his customer, must result in a costume so thoroughly faultless and correct that it shall appear harmony itself to the outside world. To this science, therefore, the Parisian club-member devotes himself with all the ardor of his nature. Unlike his American contemporary, he abstains from diamonds in his shirt or cravat. He looks upon diamonds as the prerogative of the fair sex, destined only to glitter in the brilliant light of a ball-room and to set off the soft color of a belle or grande dame. Few thoughtful men will be inclined to deny that in this respect the Parisian man-about-town is in the right.

Having, however, said thus much of the vain and futile existence led by the Parisian club-member, we feel bound to add that he and his species are too often wrongfully made the scapegoats of the various scandals cropping up every now and then in the French capital. With its reputation for gayety and hospitality, Paris attracts within its walls reckless pleasure-seekers and millionaires from all parts of the globe, and it not seldom happens that the scandals creating the strongest sensation are really due to foreigners. We have already spoken of the high play taking place at the Babies' Club. The players on such occasions have been mostly foreigners—Poles, Turks or Russians. These and many others have helped to build up—shall we not rather say, to demolish?—the reputation of the French capital. May it not be truly observed that the Parisian is like the dog in La Fontaine's fable? The dog, it will be recollected, carried in a basket his master's dinner, when he was attacked by other dogs. At first he defended himself and his basket, but finding that he was the weaker, and that the dinner would be eaten whether he consented or not, he wisely determined on having his share with the rest. Everybody goes to Paris to be amused, and Paris simply takes her share of the amusements with the rest. Moreover—looking at the matter from a Frenchman's point of view—even the idle and the vicious are in their way doing good. They are once more circulating the piles of notes and gold

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which their fathers and grandfathers accumulated, and when they ruin themselves they practically acknowledge their incapacity for properly taking care of their fortune and employing it for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. They therefore relieve themselves of the responsibility by placing it in other hands. They make the money flow among the laboring, trading and industrial classes, and are probably more useful in their way to the business interests of Paris than is the presence of Queen Victoria in London during "the season" to the West End tradesmen of the British capital.

But we have said enough of the follies and weaknesses of what, in reality, forms an extremely small proportion of the Parisian community. The class of idlers we have been speaking of exists, and in the foregoing pages we have attempted to draw as faithful a picture as possible of its life. But it would be a gross injustice to suppose that the club-member as here described represents any other type than that of his own species. The mass of Parisians and of Frenchmen generally are men who work hard with hand or brains, and the great thinkers, the artists, the men of science of the day, live next door to the unproductive beings we have spoken of, without so much as bestowing a thought on their existence. Excepting this small class, the upper classes in France are thoroughly educated, and deserve to maintain the legitimate influence and authority they possess over the ignorant masses.

C. H. HARDING.

THE CHOICE.

ART'S worthy worshiper is strong
To hold his mistress by the hand,
And, deaf to every siren-song,
To heed her least command.

Another, gifted by the gods,
And thrilling to Art's touch as he,
Is swept within the rushing floods
That bear such melody.

Ah, two absorbing mistresses
No mortal heart may duly serve:
The jealous goddess fails to bless
A love that dares to swerve.

And yet, and yet, Art's hand is cold
To this so warm I clasp in mine:
Come, let her count one less in fold,
And count thou me, beloved, thine!

MARY B. DODGE.

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A SUPERFLUITY OF NAUGHTINESS.

IT was an evening in early June. I always like to be particular about the season of the year in describing how people felt and what they did, for a state of mind that would be normal in May would be morbid in November. It was twilight, when the concentrated essence of the early summer day burdens the air with sweetness, and the consciousness of its capacity to quaff but a small part of the intoxication proffered it is such a vague sweet pain to the heart, causing at once a sense of hunger and engorgement.

Sam Randall, as he threaded in and out through the groups sauntering along the avenue leading to the suburbs, hoped the men he passed were as happy as he. Of course he knew they were not, for it was something new for him. He felt vaguely moved toward some scheme for making everybody happy, but gave it up because he could not imagine how any one could be happy save in just his circumstances. At length, having got well away from the skirts of the city, he turned out of the highway into a narrow path bordered with shrubbery. His eye roved expectantly around, and when, walking slower, he had passed a few steps beyond a large syringa-bush whose snowy flowerets brushed his arm, he paused and looked eagerly about. A moment after he sprang with a joyful exclamation to the side of a tall, sweet-faced girl who from the shadow of the bush had been watching his perplexity with that rapt, tender look that comes into faces bent on dear forms unconscious of their gaze. The beauty and charm of women often seem to chord with the influences of Nature. As she stood there she looked like an incarnation of June.

A man, unless of a rare self-conceit, when he holds a beautiful girl in his arms and reads nothing but love and self-surrender in her eyes, feels as if there must be a mistake somehow. All this divine blessing cannot be for him. Sam felt that if anybody should rise up and boldly charge him with appropriating something belonging to his betters, he should not have a word to say. He felt guilty of profaning a holy thing in touching her—of a sort of sacrilege in kissing her of which her acquiescence could not wholly acquit him. His lips burned on hers half in awe, half in passion. Are women ever conscious of inspiring this feeling, or are they holier than they know? The reader must not suppose that here is some second Helen. By no means. It is just a pretty dark-eyed girl, and this is June, and the strong masculine passion of idolatry glows in his veins.

Wandering on, wound in each other's arms, they came in sight of the house. It was a pretty villa, well sequestered from the road, and realized the architectural ideal which for a lifetime had haunted the mind of its master and builder, Sam's father. As the young people came under the shadow of the building they parted, the girl gaining the house by a side-entrance, while Sam went in at the front. He found his father and mother waiting his arrival to sit down to the tea-table. Pretty soon the young lady of the syringa-bush entered. It is certainly she, though the fact is not easy to reconcile with the indifferent manner in which she greets Sam, and his equally uninterested response. It is clear enough that they are playing a part.

The deliberate procrastination and temporary renunciation of pleasure, with a consciousness that it is thereby accumulating on interest, is in itself a peculiarly subtle happiness; and these two doubtless, in putting on before others an air of outward coldness toward each other, in resisting the inclination to press one another's hands or to look too long in one another's eyes, often experienced in the sense of love and happiness in reserve a pleasure the more intense for being voluntarily postponed. Human nature is essentially thrifty, and in hap-

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piness as in bank accounts people like to feel that they are living on the interest without touching the principal. It is a luxury, thinking of this unused capital.

Her name was Clara. The reader doesn't see why it might not have been Belle or Kate or Mary just as well. It always does have a sort of arbitrary sound when a story-teller announces the name of a character. But in life, as well as in stories, names of persons always make at first hearing a formal, artificial impression on the mind. They appear to be the pure conventionalities they are. Yet most of us probably remember some one name that after first striking us in this way has come at last to seem the only possible, the intrinsically-befitting and eternally-foreordained name. Instead of an arbitrary sign, it becomes the compact essence of its wearer—a delicate and precious syllable to be rolled as a sweet morsel under the tongue, or uttered before others with a forced calm while the heart secretly exulted. Her name could not have been anything but Clara if Sam was to have any part in the story.

She was one of those wards, those feminine supernumeraries in families, who play so much mischief in novels, and sometimes truly enough in life too. Years had made her to all intents and purposes one of the family. Mr. and Mrs. Randall regarded her as a daughter. No one but Sam realized that she was not. The stages of the process by which the indefinite article changed to the definite, by which from being a woman she became to him the woman, are fortunately a common experience, and scarcely need be hinted at. "Fortunately," I say, for if the experience were not common it would be incredible.

One day it was strongly borne in upon him as he glanced across the table that she had beautiful brown eyes. He found himself musing over the marvel of eyes as if he had never studied optics. He began to regard her with a vague complacency far enough removed from passion, or even anything personal. Whenever she left the room he felt a lack, and in her absence a disposition to praise her whenever he could lead the conversation to the subject. Later he was surprised to note his increased cheeriness and good-temper in business and at home. Work was taken up with alacrity, slight things no longer vexed him. Like the yet unrisen sun, love a long time before its dawning irradiates life with its light.

But Sam at last saw how it was. And then a great question struck him. It had become a supreme necessity that she should love him, but it was only a chance in a thousand that she did. It was considerably more than that, but he did not see it so, and accordingly when he could no longer question that her eyes were given to lingering on his, and that their moods and actions finely corresponded, he felt in his heart that a miracle had been wrought in his behalf. Perhaps he was not far wrong, either, only it is a common miracle. Since then their innocent intrigue had gone on. To their love the zest of secrecy was added, and their furtive kisses and stolen interviews possessed a double charm. They anticipated, of course, that their relations would become public some time or other, but they were already perfectly happy, and not inclined to risk the subtle fragrance of their sweet romance by bringing it from the shadow where it had sprung up into the garish sunlight.

As the family rose from the table, Mrs. Randall said to her husband, "If I put on my things, will you go over to the Tuttles' with me? They have called on us twice since we were in there, and we ought to go."

Like most husbands, Mr. Randall left the management of the family social debit-and-credit account to his wife, and made calls and gave dinners at her dictation in the same unquestioning spirit in which he signed the cheques for household expenses which she brought him. So he assented on this occasion — not, indeed, eagerly, but as to a point not to be appealed from.

As they went out together shortly after, Mrs. Randall gave a parting glance into the library. Clara was sitting by one side of the table demurely engaged with some feminine task. Sam by the farther side was sunk in the depths of an easy-

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chair, and still further busied in the perusal of the money market. "You must entertain him while we're gone," said Mrs. Randall.

"I'll try to," was Clara's serious reply.

The front door banged to, the newspaper fluttered to the floor and two pairs of eyes met as by preconcerted signal.

"You don't mind my taking a comfortable stare, do you?" said Sam. "It is so long since I have had an uninterrupted opportunity."

Love is the end of vanity, and the complacency of a girl in her lover's glances is not their testimony to her beauty, but his love. We may smile at a fancy-free maiden prinking before her mirror, but there is something deeply touching in the same solicitude for personal appearance when it is to please another. The selfishness has gone out of the thought. The pleasure she feels at the admiration of the stranger and the lover are not different in degree, but in kind.

"Speaking of the Tuttles," Sam went on, seating himself on an ottoman at Clara's feet, which she knew meant that she was to ruffle his hair with her fingers —"speaking of the Tuttles, don't you think there must be some kind of a supplementary heaven somewhere to reward the good deeds people do unwittingly? Think how we are indebted to that estimable family to-night! It is two weeks since we had an evening together."

"Except the other night, when we went to evening meeting," said she.

"And that just illustrates what I was talking about," Sam went on. "You know there weren't more than half a dozen people there, and the minister looked rather discouraged. If he had known what a blessing the service was to us, now! And the people that stayed away too — what a quiet, undisturbed time there in the dark corner we owed to them!"

The last words bubbled through a gag of white fingers. It is surprising how pious maidens will receive with but a mild admonition sacrilegious remarks from certain young men which they would find shocking from other lips. It is so easy for themselves to join apprehension of the sin with love for the sinner that they take it for granted the recording angel will feel the same way; which is an unsafe inference.

Then they fell to talking of all manner of common things. They were much too much in love to talk about that. Their love was manifest rather by the power it had to invest with the deepest interest for each the most trifling sayings and doings of the other. She told about her little daily interests, and Sam would gravely ask her opinion about business matters of which she knew no more than the man in the moon. He knew she didn't, and so did she, but he would have liked to hear her opinion on anything in creation, and she would have liked to give it, not because the opinion was hers, but because the question was his. At length the conversation flagged, and they fell to looking long and intently at each other with faces paling and flushing.

Sam rose to his feet as if to shake off the fascination before it grew stronger, and the voices of passing serenaders attracted them both to the window. The harmonicon is an instrument that sounds maudlin by daytime, but nothing chords so well with summer nights. Engrossed with the tumult in their own hearts and the music without, they did not hear the front door as it opened and closed. Mr. and Mrs. Randall, not finding their friends at home, had returned thus early. Mrs. Randall, without laying off her hat, entered the library to tell her story. Looking around for some trace of its late occupants, she saw figures partially concealed by the lace curtains of the window and heard the low murmur of voices. Hastily stepping thither, she raised the curtains.

They were not doing anything in particular that need have convicted them of being lovers. It was rather the guiltiness of their look than any obvious ground for it, the suddenness with which they started away from each other than anything compromising in their previous attitude, that to Mrs. Randall's feminine perception told the whole story in a flash. The most remarkable amount of blindness to

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a state of facts is not inconsistent with a very sudden insight into the whole case when once the key is given. If the two had not really been lovers, their situation would have signified nothing. It was the consciousness of their true relation which so spoke through their mien as to impress the truth upon Mrs. Randall, though by just what evidence she would have been puzzled to describe. Mr. Randall, coming into the room, joined the group, though to his dull masculine comprehension it was not quite clear what was going on.

It is rather an interesting question what there is in being in love which makes people shamefaced, but there is no doubt about the fact. And it is another odd thing that when people suddenly burst upon you while engaged in some perhaps quite justifiable occupation, assuming that they have caught you at something nefarious, you are momentarily thrown on the defensive and made to feel like a culprit. So it was not surprising that Sam for a moment lost his self-possession on being so suddenly roused from this dream of passion to such an embarrassing scene in real life. Poor Clara! her embarrassment was cruel. She could only cover her burning face with her hands, while hot tears found their way through her fingers and fell upon the carpet. It was but for a moment. Quickly recovering himself, Sam cut short the tableau by dryly stating that they had engaged themselves to be married.

What would have followed must remain matter of conjecture, for at this moment, not a little to the relief of two of the party, the door-bell rang, and the group had barely time to indue their company faces when callers were announced. In the diversion which this caused Clara disappeared. With the best of intentions, Mr. and Mrs. Randall could not avoid appearing preoccupied, and the callers soon took their leave.

"This has been an evening of surprises," said Sam with an affectation of vivacity. "What do you think of my matrimonial project?"

It is doubtful if anybody ever receives the first intimation of a near friend's proposed marriage, unless it happen to be something they have been working for, without a feeling of unpleasant surprise. It is a sudden shock and a threat to the permanence of old relations. It is even felt as a slight by the person's friends that an outsider should have so taken precedence of them all. Especially must parents feel a peculiar shock when an only son, as Sam was, informs them that he is going to take a step that, however its effects may be mitigated by special expedients, is still the beginning of a separation of his life from theirs and its turning toward a new centre. Of a sudden they see endangered family relations and a status which they had as much reckoned on as the continuance of their own individual lives. They may be pardoned if for a moment marriage seem to them a sort of death and cruel as the grave, breaking off family ties, separating closest companionships, sacrificing the old life, with which their lives are inextricably bound up, for the sake of a new life on which the wedded pair alone enter.

Sam's parents were not more unreasonable than other parents, but the disclosure of his relations with Clara had taken them as much by surprise as a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. Their feeling was rather a vague sense of insuperable objections than any particular objection. Mr. Randall sat for the most part silent during the ensuing conversation, looking very grave. After the first surprise was over he would have been far too practical-minded a man to think of thwarting his son in such a matter. Men know each other much better than women know them, and, although commonly accounted more combative, they are too wise to oppose themselves to men's settled tastes and actions as mothers and wives are constantly doing. They recognize that they must bear with objectionable things in other men, but only exceptionally sensible women ever think twice before undertaking to set right or make over their husbands and sons.

Mrs. Randall was naturally very impulsive, and now, without reflecting that

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her own second thought would condemn such a course, she gave free expression to her alarm and grief. She did not bring forward any particular objection, and evidently had none. It was clear that her feeling was two-thirds merely the result of the shock of the news to her nerves, and would wear away after a little while. But Sam, as he sat there feebly responding to a torrent of reproaches, expostulations and tears, was not in a mood to take a philosophical view of the matter. He felt deeply embarrassed and awkward and miserable. He was exasperated, and yet could not have the satisfaction of being angry with anybody, for he was not so selfish as not to feel for his mother. He was sorry for her, sorry for himself, solicitous for Clara's position, and withal of course determined to have his own way. Altogether, he found the situation unendurable. The prospect of weeks and months of that sort of thing—and he didn't see how it was to be avoided—would be intolerable, especially the prospect that Clara would be exposed to any pressure on the subject. Of course, any such thing as actual parental compulsion in such a matter was not to be apprehended in these days, but moral pressure might be as unpleasant if not as effectual, especially in view of Clara's position in the family. A shocking bore seemed inevitable—a family estrangement not unlikely. Things were in an uncommonly bad tangle. Some stroke of genius was plainly needed which should restore family harmony on the new basis. Sam grew abstracted: he pondered, he cogitated. At length a smile hovered doubtfully over his face, as if uncertain of its warrant, to become established a moment after as the vague look in his eye changed to the glint of resolve.

"What are you smiling at, Sam?" said his mother querulously.

"Was I?" he asked innocently. Then rising, he continued, "There is no use talking any longer this evening, I suppose, but I should like to speak with you in this room to-morrow morning about half an hour before breakfast. The matter may assume a different aspect by daylight. Good-night: I am going out for a stroll." With this Sam left the room, took his hat and went out.

A couple of hours later he returned to the house. There was still a light in the library, but he went up stairs as if to his chamber. Clara's room was on the second floor, and he tapped gently on the door. He heard the rustle of a dress, and she softly opened it. With a gesture of silence he drew her into the hall.

"Oh, Sam, what will they think of me?" she whispered, trying to choke the sobs which shook her form.

People will think of odd things at odd times, and as Sam pressed his lips to her wet cheeks and tremulous lips, he thought how well tears and kisses mingled. What he said was, "You foolish little cry-baby, is it despairing you are? I'm going to teach you another tune. The thing went off like a ten-cent romance—obdurate parents and all that sort of thing. Now, I've no notion for the rôle of disappointed lover, and propose, if there is going to be any of this utterly superfluous romance about it, that we contribute our share. There is only one way of escaping an awful bore. Let's get married to-night."

"Married! to-night!" she exclaimed in bewilderment.

"Well, why not to-night?" said he. "You know it's better late than never."

"But it's so sudden!" she said.

"People always quote that as an objection," protested Sam, "though I don't see what there is objectionable in a thing being sudden. I believe in never putting off till to-morrow what you can do to-day, and we can get married to-day. I've arranged everything. In a few hours, when all is quiet, we will take a little excursion, be married, and in the morning be masters of the situation. They won't be hard to reconcile. People don't quarrel with facts. It's as easily done as falling off a log. The most audacious thing is always the easiest."

Perhaps she ought to have said no, but she was very much in love and utterly miserable, and so at last, by way of answer, she whispered, hiding her head on his shoulder, "I am yours any-

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way, and I suppose you can take me when you please. I have no right to keep you out of your own."

Sam stood silent for a moment, struck with that accusing sense of unworthiness which true men always feel when receiving the proof of a woman's devotion, and finally answered with a kiss that was at once an act of homage and the seal of appropriation. They compared watches, and Sam gained his room on the third floor just as he heard his father's step ascending to his chamber.

There were yet three hours to wait. He took off his watch and laid it before him on the table. Never time passed so slowly. He felt that the slightest accident might turn this masterly piece of strategy into a ludicrous fiasco. Of course that would not matter so much on his own account—the risk would add a very relishable zest so far as he was concerned — but the zest of danger turns into a very uncomfortable feeling when the danger involves a friend. Clara had entrusted herself to him, and a blunder would leave her in a cruel position. In spite of the numerous cigars with which he sought to calm his nerves, he was almost trembling with anxiety when at last one o'clock chiming from the distant city bells warned him it was time. But nervous constitutions like Sam's have one compensation. Whatever agonies of apprehension may have been suffered, nervousness becomes nerve the moment the critical enterprise is undertaken. Just as he was about to leave the room an idea struck him. Stepping to the towel-rack, he took a couple of towels and quickly muffled his shoes with them. Then taking two more under his arm, he stepped into the dark hall.

Sam was one of those people who have a knack for finding their way around in the dark, having been apparently originally cut out for blind folks and received eyes by an oversight. He had often felt that he had a large undeveloped knack for burglarious performances going to waste through worldly circumstances unfavorable to its exercise. As he felt his way down stairs he smiled to think how like a thief he felt. Burglary would be excellent sport if it were only a joke, and as it is burglars must have some good times. There is something so fascinating in the sense of security given by the closely-enveloping darkness: there is a feeling of power and opportunities in the thought that yours is the only waking mind in the vicinity which is a real mental stimulus. Cats know what's fun.

Sam felt in high spirits by the time he had tiptoed down to the next floor. Clara's door was ajar, and as he approached she breathed his name.

"All right—lots of fun," he whispered in her ear. But her hand trembled, and she evidently was not taking the matter as a joke. But kisses from the right person are the panacea for feminine ills, and she revived somewhat. What was Sam thinking of? He had taken her foot on his knee and seemed to be putting on skates.

"What in the world are you doing?" she whispered.

"Muffling your shoes," he replied.

The gas was burning dimly in the lower hall, and they came down without mishap. A disposition to look at each other is of course the well-known general sign that people are lovers, but a particular sign is the invariable way in which their eyes seek each other, as if for reassurance, after having been temporarily in darkness. Clara's face had a rather tragical expression, but caught a watery little smile from Sam's merry look. As for him, he had no idea girls took elopements so seriously. But when she sat on the hall sofa to have the towels taken off, the comic features of the occasion overcame them both with a fit of silent laughter.

"What larks!" whispered Sam.

He devoted about a minute and a half to the lock of the front door, which had a trick of grating, and then they stepped out upon the walk. He fastened the door just ajar with a handkerchief, so as not to be delayed in reopening it. For that night he would take the risk of burglars. Any other night he would by no means have done so reckless a thing; but it seemed to him impossible that two such extraordinary events in the family

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history as an elopement and a burglary should coincide. Of course it was a pure superstition, but everybody has the same sort of feeling.

The moon was an hour high, having risen at midnight, so that the moon-day was like an afternoon without a morning. As they walked down the grassy path, the dewy glistening grass, the sweet summer air fragrant with fruit-blossoms, and the glamour of the night landscape, gave Clara a dreamland feeling, and with it some of the boldness of a dreamer. Her spirits rose to the occasion.

They paused involuntarily at the syringa-bush, their trysting-place and the memorial of the sweet lovers' life they were leaving behind. There was in both their hearts a feeling almost of regret. Sam felt as if he ought to say something poetical, but couldn't get the feeling quite defined.

"It seems as if it were an age in another life that we were here last," said Clara, plucking a flower and putting it in her hair.

"Poor little bride, without wedding-gown, jewels or orange-flowers!" said Sam tenderly.

Where the path entered the highway stood a carriage awaiting them. Sam gave the coachman a direction: they entered and rolled away.

"Are you sure we're doing nothing wrong?" whispered Clara, losing heart again.

"Well, yes, I am very sure," Sam answered. "If we haven't a right to get married in the manner we prefer, it would be hard to say in what particular we have any right to suit ourselves. We're just taking the liberty of helping ourselves to each other, instead of waiting to be married by our friends. Perhaps it isn't good manners, but that is the worst that can be said." And then he explained that the marriage to-night was to be only a civil marriage before a magistrate—"merely to clench our engagement and put that beyond risk, you see. Afterward we will have a regulation wedding with three ministers, if you say so." This seemed to relieve her mind very much.

The carriage meanwhile had entered the city, and finally stopped before the sombre walls of a huge stone building, whose numerous apartments were let out as offices and lodgings. Sam proceeded to ring up the janitor. A man of many wrinkles was the janitor, as janitors are wont to be to untimely visitors. But he had evidently been tipped for the occasion, and on recognizing Sam was very polite. "Up two flights to the right," he said, and showed them the foot of the staircase. As they were climbing the stairs Sam explained: "I am bringing you here because an old friend, who happens to be a magistrate, rooms here. Our secret, if we care to keep it one, is perfectly safe with him."

"I needn't take off my veil, need I?" said she.

"No," he replied: "it would disturb his bachelor serenity to no purpose."

The room they entered in response to a loud "Come in!" was luxuriously but very miscellaneously furnished. A piano was on one side of the room, and a guitar stood in a corner. A pair of foils and boxing-gloves hung over the chimney-piece, from the middle of which a skull grinned. Spoils from European antiquary-shops, relics of every age, including an arsenal of mediæval arms, hung around the room. Pictures of the most diverse styles and subjects covered every possible spot upon the walls. Some of them, indeed, had been turned toward the wall from an apprehension on the part of their owner that they might not accord with the severe canons of feminine taste. There had plainly been an attempt to reduce the confused lumber of books, papers, magazines, pipes, boots, hats, etc. to some sort of order, but the effort had only got far enough to show that order struggling with chaos presents more confusion than chaos undisturbed. The master of the room was a fine-looking man of thirty, who, having studied the rudiments of various professions, arts and sciences, had been able to settle himself to the pursuit of none. Gifted with rather versatile talents, he was troubled with a very serious *embarras de richesses* in deciding what profession or

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art would give him the best start in life and afford the best play for his powers. In making up his mind on this point he bade fair to linger upon the threshold of the busy world, looking for the best chance to jump into the throng, until his jumping days were over. In the law he had attained the degree of attorney, and even had obtained a commission as justice of the peace, which had not yet expired. It was the latter fact which had procured him the present visit.

Having effected the necessary introductions, Sam said, "You'll excuse us, old fellow, if we limit our present call strictly to matters of business. It is already after three, and we should be glad to have you do what you can for us right off."

Mr. Bridges — that was the versatile gentleman's name—thereupon stood up —he had put on a dress-coat for the occasion—and spoke the fateful words—words which, whether spoken in an attorney's office or a church, are generally very feebly appreciated at the time by those most nearly concerned, on account of various distracting thoughts and circumstances. The words probably made more impression upon Clara under the circumstances than they would have done at a more conventional wedding, for she felt that she depended solely upon their virtue for the marrying efficacy of the ceremony.

Mr. Bridges had regarded the whole transaction as a sort of lark, and having been forewarned several hours before by Sam, had, in the kindness of his jovial heart, foraged around among the grocery-shops in the interval for the materials of a little collation, to which, disposed upon a side-table, he now invited the wedded pair. "This is rather an early wedding-breakfast," said he, "but after making such a night of it you will need something."

Sam insisted on Clara's eating a little, after which they bade Mr. Bridges good-bye. Sam squeezed his hand with a violence eloquent of thanks, and they left him to muse in his favorite aimless fashion upon how jolly it must be to be followed around by a pair of such eyes as he had just married Sam to.

It was half-past four, and the sun was just brightening the eastern horizon, when the carriage left them at the pathway again. Regard for truth compels me to state that they did not feel nearly so romantic as when starting out a few hours before. They were both fagged out and very sleepy, nor in any case is the early morning a season favorable to romance. Sam hoped Clara was too sleepy to observe how sleepy he was, and she trusted likewise in him; and the faith of both was justified.

Arrived at the front door, they found the handkerchief undisturbed, and entering softly parted at Clara's door. Sam made as if he would have entered with her, and laughed at her startled expression: "I just wanted to remind you that you are my wife—that's all this time. I know you don't call it marrying till we've had the minister, and until then we will only consider it as a sort of doubly-guaranteed engagement; only mind, I'm not going to wait long." It was full five minutes before he loosed her from his embrace, so delightful did he find the novel sensation of proprietorship in her.

On reaching his room, Sam threw himself on the sofa for a few hours' rest, and woke barely in time to keep the appointment he had made the night before for a morning interview with his father and mother. It was not a long one.

"I come," said Sam with a beaming expression, in spite of some inward trepidation, "to crave the parental blessing upon myself and wife. Clara and I took the liberty of getting married last night after you went to bed." And with that he handed over the marriage certificate. As they were mechanically looking over the paper with an air of considerable bewilderment, Sam said, "You know a man must really suit himself and act for himself when it comes to marrying, and in doing as I have done my idea was only to avoid the family misunderstanding that might result from leaving such a question open."

"Well, Sam," replied his father, with rather a queer expression of face, "I suppose you think you have done something rather smart; but the fact is, you and

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Clara lost your night's sleep for nothing, and I shall have to find some other use for that five-thousand-dollar cheque I had intended for a wedding-present. Your mother and I had no serious notion of opposing your marriage. We couldn't hinder it if we wanted to, and on the whole perhaps you couldn't have done better. Clara is a good girl, though I should have thought she would have had more sense than to consent to such a piece of nonsense. We were a little taken by surprise last night — that's all."

Sam, who had been braced for a scene, felt rather cheap at this turn of affairs. It may be doubted if he would not have preferred the scene. Mrs. Randall, who had come down stairs prepared for the rôle of indulgent parent, and quite disposed to make the young folks happy, positively cried with vexation at the disappointment: "And I was going to let Clara have my wedding-dress to be married in, you foolish boy!"

Sam saw a chance, and said, "Well, it is not too late for that—or the cheque, either," he added with a grin toward his father. "This marriage last night was only *de bene esse*—a makeshift of a justice's marriage merely for the emergency —and Clara and I have agreed not to call it anything till we've been regularly married by the minister. So we'll just ignore the night's job and start fresh."

Mrs. Randall was immensely relieved at this view of the matter, and admitted that there was no harm done, after all. In response to Sam's anxious request, she went up stairs to relieve Clara's suspense, and found that young woman in her dew-bedraggled dress sound asleep on the sofa in her room, and somewhat slow to be persuaded when she woke up that the whole thing was not a dream. The only penalty imposed upon the runaway couple was being made the butt of Mr. Randall's jests at the breakfast-table.

The wedding took place a month afterward. It would have been postponed longer if the ladies could have had their way, but Sam flourished the certificate of marriage and threatened to take possession of his wife by his legal title if he were put off any longer. Mr. Bridges was a guest, but Clara, who chose to altogether ignore those midnight nuptials, insisted on being freshly introduced to him, though he caught a twinkle in her eye when she said she was "charmed to make his acquaintance." So well had the secret been kept that, of all the guests who admired the modest self-possession of the bride, Mr. Bridges alone ascribed it to any previous experience in the same rôle.

EDWARD BELLAMY.

SOME NOTES ANENT SCHLIEMANN.

A GOOD old lady of my acquaintance, after getting rather confused over owl-faced Athenas and terra-cotta hedgehogs, and then reading about the cow-headed Juno from Mycenæ, informed me that she hoped, whatever Schliemann did, he wouldn't fetch up the old beast with seven heads and ten horns that the Scarlet Woman rode, but she believed he would before he got through. This old lady is the only naturalist, if I may so call her, whom I have heard express a professional interest in the excavations. Yet Schliemann's work in the Troad gives to naturalists at least one fact of much interest. He uncovered, in the ruins of Troy, and in those of the city under Troy, several toads, that hopped into the daylight somewhat surprised, no doubt, but evidently possessing all the health and happiness of ordinary toads. I have always taken with great allowance — the books of reference tell us to do so — the tough stories about toads jumping out of igneous rocks and the hearts of growing trees; but if a toad can live more than three thousand years, buried nearly fifty feet with the ruins of five cities on his

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back, he is tougher than the stories are, and we may as well believe them all. It would seem that these must have fed exclusively on the vapors of a dungeon. The fancy that these mysterious creatures have been guarding Priam's crown-jewels for three thousand years like ugly little gnomes, to say nothing of the jewels in their own heads, is somewhat disturbed by Schliemann's English editor, who thinks that they wriggled down from the surface, through cracks in the débris and earth, when they were "tadpoles." Waiving the question whether it is *quite* the thing to call any batrachian a tadpole unless he be a frog, the explanation is inadequate. They could not have found their way to a depth of nearly fifty feet through the ruins of five cities. Probably, when Troy and the older city fell, some of their toads burrowed sufficiently under the walls and foundations to escape death from the great heat of the conflagrations, and continued to find there food and air enough to enable them to live and propagate while Egypt passed away, Greece rose and fell, Rome grew and faded, Charlemagne became almost a myth, and a new world came to light whose California sent Schliemann to keep his appointment with the uncontaminated descendants of those blue-blooded or cold-blooded Dardanians, and come to the rescue after Troy itself had been relegated to the clouds. We may call that patience on a monument. What an aristocracy these liberated fellows could found! Their ancestors were indeed the companions of heroes and gods, and no upstart toad could deny it.

The admirers of Tennyson's *Œnone* cannot read it now without thanking Dr. Schliemann. It was published in 1832, when the future discoverer of Troy was ten years old. That was the year in which the boy, while the Schliemanns were living at Kalkhorst, showed how the ruling dream of his life already possessed him by handing his father, as a Christmas gift, a crude essay on the Trojan war. The theory of Chevalier had been for forty years before the world, but it would seem that the poet had not lost faith in the old tradition which placed Troy where Schliemann found it:

> Behind the valley, topmost Gargarus
> Stands up and takes the morning; but in front
> The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
> Troas and Ilion's columned citadel,
> The crown of Troas.

The exquisite study he makes of Ida—in his verse one of the choicest bits of landscape ever painted with words—indicates that he must have considered the site of Ilion with equal nicety. But is it Hissarlik or Bunarbashi? He is delightfully vague enough to satisfy the believers in either. Bunarbashi cannot be seen from Gargarus, but he eludes this by declining to compel the gazer to stand on Gargarus. Let us give him the credit of knowing all about it in 1832, and meaning Hissarlik. Had a certain apprentice in a Fürstenberg grocery, a certain cabin-boy on a Hamburg merchantman, told the coming laureate that he would one day make prophecy of these lines, and truly reveal to the gazer from Gargarus, could his eye but be sharp enough to distinguish them, not indeed a columned citadel which never existed, but the ruins of such structures as did exist in sacred Ilion, the poet would probably have deigned no other answer than the further quotation:

> Rise and go
> Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
> Talk with the wild Cassandra.

Mr. Felton, who probably gave the subject a more thorough and enlightened study than any other American, accepted Bunarbashi decidedly and completely. It seems almost a pity that so much acute learning and logic as have been expended to establish Troy at Bunarbashi should be overturned by a "blind tradition" and a spade. In reading all that can be quoted on the side of Chevalier, one who never took either side is inclined to think that Homer was in the same fix as Tennyson, and could not satisfy us because he was not satisfied himself. Probably there were Chevaliers and schoolmasters in his day who talked to him about it till they made him see the absurdity of following a "blind tradition," and got him to put Troy where it ought to be, whether it was there or

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not. We flatter ourselves that in several particulars we now know more about the city than Homer did, and why not agree that the site of it is one of them? He is dead and gone. We can safely transfer our ignorance to his shoulders; and by holding that he had Bunarbashi in his mind's eye, while the town of which he sung was buried in the plain, all parties can vindicate themselves and save the reputation of the learned. With all reverence for real wisdom, one can but be reminded, in the long history of this controversy, of the story told by certain graceless students of their good old professor, who studied for twenty years over a strange Greek accent, and then found out it was a fly-speck.

Dr. Schliemann and General di Cesnola, by revealing the inadequacy of such English nouns as "relics," and the desirability of one so comprehensive that it will apply to all the things unearthed and indicate that they have been exhumed, cause us to feel the want of a new word. Our need is not likely to abate, judging from the way in which the doctor is going on. His mother-tongue furnishes the obvious one. The newspapers will find *Ausgrabungen* — things dug up — a useful substitute for some of the phrases they now employ, and for the rather hard-worked "relics." Let them adopt it before they manufacture a worse one.

It is not too early to say that the world has accepted Schliemann's leading opinion, and believes that he found the city whose fate inspired the *Iliad*. The world is composed of scholars and other people. The other people often meddle with what belongs to the scholars. The latter have illuminated the question of Troy until those who do not give their lives to letters will follow Schliemann's evidence for themselves. His later success at Mycenæ is giving him his own way as to the main question in the former case. And a commentary on the way of the world it is to see the fame and consideration that are now awarded him for this *comparatively* trifling sequel, and then to look back a few years and see the heroism, the toil, the generosity on his part, and the doubts, the coolness, the indifference, the hostility, the paucity of visible reward, which preceded this. Magnificent as his present work is, the perverse world is making him most famous for one of his least achievements. What would the world and the Greek tragedians have cared about Agamemnon or his tomb if he had not commanded the Greek armies before Troy? Schliemann did more for the name of Agamemnon at Hissarlik than he can do at Mycenæ. It is easy for him to work with enthusiasm now, under the glad eyes of all the world. But that journey from the streets of Amsterdam to Priam's palace! The day when he pretended to be sick, that he might be taken to a public hospital to get something to eat, and the day when not only an enlightened king takes him by the hand, but the king of the land whose glories have so filled his life! After all, the rarest treasure he has given us is his own example. Judged by modern standards, how the heroic figures he has rehabilitated dwindle beside his own!

Instead of becoming another apple of discord, Schliemann will be the greatest of peacemakers, if he did have to fight for the office. Passing by the ink-stained warriors who believed there was a Troy and those who believed there was none, those who believed it was about the foot of Ida and those who believed it was at New Ilium, the sensible observers who have been satisfied that the *Iliad* was neither a sun-myth nor a history, but that it was both—that the composer took what mythology served his purpose, Asiatic, Egyptian or Greek, and recrystallized it around a comparatively fresh nucleus of fact—can now draw their lines between the fable and the reality with encouraging certainty. Schliemann is the literary Winkelried who gathered some sharp pens to his breast and opened the way to countless reconciliations. What with his pick and spade, the scientific growth of comparative mythology and philology, and the unveiling of Egyptian records, there is at hand such a revision of authorities, such a revival of classical interest, such an enlightened adjustment between warm faith and cold fact, as the

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latter half of this century needs above all things.

Why would not the city under Troy, the one that rested on the virgin soil at Hissarlik, make a good Dardania? It has been supposed that Dardania was on the lower slopes of Ida. But it was also supposed that Troy was at Bunarbashi. Inquirers groped among the myths and mysteries surrounding it till it was found in the plain below. The myth and mystery deepen as we try to pass beyond. One cannot be dogmatic here. When we see the primeval city laid bare, the feeling instantly rises that it ought to be the city of Dardanos. This feeling, this faith, even if it could not be learnedly defended, is not to be ridiculed after the successes of Schliemann. We can assume with reason and authority that somewhere here Dardania rose, and that the Dardan name lingered on among the people round about, existing during the day of Priam and prevailing after Troy had passed away. Until another explanation of the fifth settlement from the surface of Hissarlik can be given, why not assume that Schliemann found not only the city of Priam, but that of the first recorded sovereign of this region —Dardanos himself?

When we consider— what might have been expected from the brother of the princess of Wales — the countenance King George has given to the work at Mycenæ, and then remember how the patient Schliemann was badgered in the Troad by the grand vizier, and how Cesnola was forbidden to uncover the treasures of Paphos in Cyprus after the ground had in equity become his own, one can but wish that the present Turkish complications might end, for this reason if for no other, in the realization of the great "Panhellenic dream" — the consolidation of an empire for all the Greeks, with Constantinople as the capital. The tumuli of the Turkish territory are in a great degree the heritage of the Western peoples; and while it might be just that the treasures under Turkish soil should remain in the country, it is too late to tolerate anything that impedes their resurrection. If a new deal be impending, let the archæologists take a hand through the diplomats, and try to secure a point that will make their work more pleasant and successful. The Turkish law did not—and, I suppose, does not—permit a foreigner to hold land if he be not a Mussulman. Mr. Calvert, so long and profitably known as the English consul at Dardanelles, who for a quarter of a century has owned a farm of several thousand acres in the plain of Troy, had to acquire and hold it in the name of his wife.

The treasures from Mycenæ, judging from the newspaper reports, remind one of certain things, or certain descriptions of things, which caused Mr. Gladstone some trouble—so much, indeed, that he had to dispose of them in a manner hardly worthy of his general logic. Homer mentions several articles so much finer, as works of art, than any found at Hissarlik, that they seemed a serious impediment to the late premier's argument, which was to show that the singer lived near in time to Priam. These *Ausgrabungen* were the helmet, shield and shield-belt of Agamemnon; the belt of Heracles; the clasp of the nineteenth Odyssey; the shield of Achilles; and the cup of Nestor with doves about the handles. While Homer might exaggerate and glorify in a general way, the natural inference was that he could not describe as he did such things as these unless he had seen them or something like them. And the further inference was, that if he had seen anything like them, he must have done so long after the day of Troy, whose art, according to the *Ausgrabungen*, was so much ruder. Mr. Gladstone tries to make it appear that Homer's imagination was sufficient for his descriptions, although he had seen no finer works than those found at Hissarlik. If these at Mycenæ can be accepted as belonging to the Trojan period, and are all that the reports lead one to suppose, they strengthen a weak point in his main argument, and enable him to hold his general position in a more reasonable way than he adopted. He can dismiss his speculations about the sufficiency of the bard's imagination, and assume that the latter did see, albeit

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he were a blind bard, things similar to those he mentioned.

While the hasty reports from Mycenæ that precede Schliemann's deliberate summing-up in an illustrated book cannot be implicitly trusted, they foreshadow the principal point of the coming discussion. Are these *Ausgrabungen* and the second settlement at Hissarlik synchronous? All that we can hope for is a maintenance of the proposition that they are. Not, Did these trinkets and tombs belong to Agamemnon and his companions? but, Is it possible that they could have belonged to them? is the form the question must take. About the most difficult thing in the world would be to predict the arguments or acts of Dr. Schliemann in any case; but it would seem that even he must forego as idle any strenuous attempt to show that he has found the grave of the veritable king of men. At least, I should advise Mark Twain never to weep over it, as he did over the tomb of Adam. Judges will say there is no evidence. Schliemann will say, "There are Homer and Hissarlik: here are the old tradition and the old necropolis. I followed an old tradition in the Troad and found Troy: I follow it here and find this: the result satisfies me." Critics will set aside his conclusions and consider the possibilities. It is reasonable to suppose that the Trojans were the more refined of the two peoples. It is reasonable to suppose that the use of bronze came after the use of pure copper. Throughout *Troy and its Remains*, and in his summing-up, Schliemann speaks only of copper below the Greek Ilium. But at Mycenæ he finds bronze in profusion. Yet at the very end of *Troy and its Remains* he submits two or three specimens from the kingly treasure to a more careful analysis, and they are found, after all, to contain tin. It has been held from this that the Trojan articles he calls copper are in reality bronze. If he is right throughout his Trojan book, the coexistence of bronze in one place and pure copper in the other is a stumbling-block. If he was wrong in his characterization of the Trojan metal, and the meagre glimpse of tin we get at the end of his book does mean that the other Trojan "copper" was really bronze, we have a happy coincidence instead of a troublesome discrepancy to begin with. The Greeks would carry off from Troy the finest works they could find, but the chest saved under the Trojan wall would be likely to contain the finest plate and jewels Troy possessed. Making all due allowance for the splendid adjectives that color these early reports from Mycenæ, it is difficult to believe from them that the lately-found treasure belongs to the Trojan period without believing that the Greeks of that period were vastly more civilized than the Trojans. Still, we must remember that the jewels of both peoples may have come from the South and East, and would therefore be an uncertain index of the character of either people. If Schliemann should find the ashes of some evidently-distinguished warrior, and therewith some relic or trophy which his explorations at Hissarlik prove to be Trojan, that would indicate that he had found the remains of a Greek hero who came back from Troy. But then a trophy of precious metal actually brought from Troy by the buried hero would most likely be one which reached Troy from Sidon or somewhere else, and thus could not be identified or made to prove anything. Again, in judging the date and condition of either people, nothing would be so untrustworthy as the jewels made by them. As the *Edinburgh Review* said three years ago, "There is nothing more remarkable, in the case of all half-civilized nations, whether in ancient or modern times, than the skill they display in working in gold and silver as compared with their attainments in other respects." The cyclopean architecture of Tiryns and Mycenæ is much superior to the architecture of the second settlement at Hissarlik, but this affords no evidence that the former is later, for the geology of each place would determine the character of its structures, and each style agrees with the geology where it is found. So the question of possible synchronism is set round with difficulties. Amber ornaments appear in the tombs, and did not at Troy.

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But it is said that Helen, proud of her beautiful bosom, dedicated as a votive offering, in one of the temples of Rhodes, a goblet of amber exactly the size and shape of one of her breasts. Perhaps Schliemann can find this! We have good authority for believing that the Pelasgi, before the Trojan war, worked the gold- and silver-mines on the southern shores of the Black Sea. Pressing toward Greece by way of the Bosphorus, they opened the gold-mines on the shores of Thrace, which Philip, when he conquered the country, found had been used and abandoned in a remote age by some unknown people. The gold-mines in the island of Thasos, worked and exhausted in the pre-historic ages—by the Phœnicians, it was supposed—may have supplied Mycenæ with the gold in these tombs. The mines of Egypt were in the great eastern desert on the shores of the Red Sea.

With what facility one might reason himself into a fog, by the light of distinguished names, in regard to inscriptions! For instance, St. John says, "There can be no doubt that the use of written characters was known in Greece before its inhabitants had ceased to be called Pelasgi," and when Landor was writing *Pericles and Aspasia* he pronounced the work of St. John "the most learned, the most comprehensive and the most judicious ever written about the manners and institutions of that country." Mr. Gladstone says that the Achaian name had emerged from local application at the time of the war, and was then the proper national name — the equivalent of the Greek. Therefore the Greeks could write when Agamemnon reigned — if we believe all both these authors say.

An English writer, discussing the excavations at Hissarlik, thus expressed a too general feeling: "We very much regret that Dr. Schliemann should have mixed up the record of his valuable labors with such random suggestions and untenable theories. The vast majority of the world will refuse to accept his hasty assumptions concerning the treasures of Priam or the owl-headed Athena; and the prominence he has given to these speculative ideas cannot but tend to throw a shade of doubt and skepticism over the more important facts that he has really brought to light." The random speculations and hasty theories of most men may not be very interesting, but those of a studious genius are. We should be glad that he does not suppress them. This age will take care of his facts. One likes to see something original and lively on such subjects as the Trojan war and Agamemnon's corpse. The man is not yet understood. He never will be by many of his critics. He must be considered in the light of his bewildering biography. He is a discoverer. Judged by his unauthorized conclusions and his mistakes—and with all his success there was never a more disappointed man—it is easy for cold-blooded scholars, for Richelieu's "safe and formal men," to make fun of him. But his is the way genius often works. The great trouble with genius is that it is always drawing unauthorized conclusions, and also acting on them with unjustifiable success. He is "unsafe," but will give us what a safe man never would. The imagination that leads him into what some people think ridiculous positions is his glory and strength. May he never learn to be ashamed of such vagaries and errors! He is likely to be as full of contradictions as a porcupine of quills. As profound pathos in rare natures abides with irrepressible humor, so may wisdom akin to prophecy abide with the credulity of a child. Considering the difference in nationality and epoch—which is quite a difference, to be sure—he is very like Christopher Columbus, who thought some queer things on the subject of geography. And rarely since the daring Genoese followed his unauthorized and fervid imagination into the West has the world seen a man so perfectly endowed as Heinrich Schliemann for the career that has chosen him.

Dr. Schliemann, after superintending the publication of his book this spring in London, will again visit America, having promised an old friend in New York to be with him during the coming summer.

CHAUNCEY HICKOX.

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SPRING. (AFTER A PICTURE BY A. COT.)

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

"COME! 'tis daybreak, and 'tis spring,"
Doth he sing.
"Thick and bright the dewfall lies,
Balmy is the vale to-day."
"Come! 'tis May,
And 'tis morning," she replies.

Where the wood casts shadows cool
Is a pool:
There the wild deer come to drink.
Where the foliage screens and covers,
The glad lovers
Swing their hammock by the brink.

Near this tiniest of lakes
Thyrsis takes
Both the cords in palms that tingle:
Then they sway upon the wind,
Intertwined,
And their sweet breaths intermingle.

Daphne trembles with vague fears
As she hears
How the branches creak above:
Then her merry laugh outrings
As she flings
White hands round her tawny love.

The proud shepherd dreams rich guerdon
That slight burden,
And with rapture notes her charms;
And he hastens the swift spring
Of the swing,
That hath placed her in his arms.

Then she leans her head at rest
On his breast,
Whence his streaming scarf is blown,
By the frolic breeze of morn
Outward borne,
Fluttering with her airy gown.

Lo! their tresses on the wind
Are entwined,
And they brush the flowers below
Near their rosy feet that lie,
While on high
Full of birds are branch and bough.

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"Just one kiss on curls that wave
I must have!
I desire that thou desire!"
"Shepherd, no: the elfin train
Watch us twain
Climbing ever high and higher."

"Just one kiss, less fleeting now,
On thy brow,
On thy lips that lure me near!"
"Shepherd, no; for yonder, hark!
In the dark
How the mocking satyrs sneer!"

Thus the artless child replied,
Turned aside
Her meek head with glances shy;
But the ardent traitor bold
Slipped his hold
From the swing, and let it fly.

Startled, she the wretch must clasp
With firm grasp,
And he profits by her fright,
While the nymph of heavenly eyes
Vainly cries,
Urging him to gentler flight.

But the rocking and the swaying,
Now delaying,
Slowly wane, less swift, less strong,
And the weary children rest
In their nest,
But their kiss they still prolong.

Whither leads such playful funning?
Very cunning
Eros is, who forges chains;
And, in silent woods asleep,
Very deep
Lies the soft grass fed by rains.

On the whispering sedges fine,
In one line,
Oft is writ an idyl small:
'Neath the myrtles echoes sweet
Still repeat
Many an old Greek pastoral.

EMMA LAZARUS.

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A QUEEN OF BURLESQUE.

A QUEER lot! Well, yes, I should say so. Queer all the way from Madame, with her shining alpaca gown, her ever-fading wig, and her rather too well-developed moustache, who sat at the head of the table, carved the joints, served the thin soup, and gave to no one any too much of it, thin as it was, down to the very small servant who handed it about to the hungry crowd. Between those two were the boarders—guests, Madame called us—medical and law students, junior editors, embryo brokers and merchants, all the world their oyster.

Madame was generally in debt to butcher, baker and landlord—always, in fact, to one or the other of them. In that way she accommodated herself to circumstances, for her guests were always in debt to her. She was a large woman, puffy in form and feature, and rough in speech: she bullied the servants and acted the tyrant to every boarder not in arrears. Possibly, the frequent reminders of her own indebtedness made her forbearing toward her impecunious guests; but, be that as it may, she never had a harsh word for one that owed her money. On Sunday she came into the parlor, where she read her Bible all day long, while around the table sat the pretty English blonde and her pals playing cards, also all day long. A good woman, then? God only knows—I do not. But I do know that when I was literally penniless, sick and nigh unto death, with no bed but hers to die upon, and no food but hers to live upon, the bed was softened for me a hundred times a day, the food was the daintiest that a sick man's whims could crave, the touch of her hand was soft and cooling upon my face and breast, her voice was low and sweet, and in her eyes there was a light of tenderness which would have made beautiful a homelier face than hers.

I am afraid that my too intimate acquaintance with all sorts of people has blunted my moral sense, so that I am incapable of distinguishing as I should do the good people from the bad; or may it be that no one is wholly good or wholly bad?—that everybody is like the clock which never goes, yet is certain to be right twice a day? I have found that people are rather human, no matter what their condition, and that underneath the surface of all kinds of social pariahs there are feelings and sympathies nearly akin to the feelings and sympathies of those who earnestly pray and work for their redemption. I have known virtue so malignantly virtuous in the female breast as to cause me to pray with the poet to Dolores, the Mother of Pain, to come down and relieve us from virtue. I have seen in the unvirtuous such elevated Faith and Hope and Charity as to convince me that the term *goodness* is as unreliable a standard of value as our national currency, and that the only gold standard is the Spirit of Humanity, which is not of this world, and which the temptations and sins of this world may tarnish, but cannot destroy.

I began by saying we were a queer lot. I was induced to say that, I fancy, by looking back and considering us through the blur and haze of the conventionality and respectability which have come to us in these later years. We were only natural, frank, honest, saying what we thought, doing what it pleased us to do, and, you add, being no better than we should have been. No, not a bit; but, my friend, chipping in there, are *you* better than you should be? Instead of being better than we should have been, we were ever so much worse. But at least we were guiltless of lying—an honest lot of queer folk, though poor.

I have known the day, nay the week, when there were not in the combined pockets of all us ten dollars. I dropped in only a fortnight ago upon Brown, who in those earlier days was sub-editor of the *Daily Conscience*, with a salary of five dollars a week, half of which was

sometimes paid him on the nominal pay-day, but oftener he got none of it. He and Black ran the paper between them: when the original publishers suspended, they took hold of it, *promised* to pay for their white paper, had their printing done round the corner, wheeled on a barrow the forms to the press, and persistently kept papermaker and printer waiting for their pay. "We are doing pretty well," said Brown one day to the little English blonde. "We are not losing any money—only increasing our liabilities." They worked hard, starved and wore shabby clothes for five years: then came the war, and with it their golden harvest. Black died just as it began to ripen, but Brown went on garnering it, keeping Mrs. Black in the concern in full partnership. She and her boy, who never sowed in that field, are reaping the harvest of it still. Brown and she own the building in which the *Daily Conscience* is printed; they own also two or three of Hoe's last fast presses; they own, in fact, one of the finest and best-appointed newspaper properties outside of New York. Well, as I said, I was in there a fortnight ago—on the very day, indeed, that the new office was taken possession of—and as we stood alongside of the new press it began to move, stretching out its long delicate fingers of steel to seize the sheet of white paper, which was caught up and laid, as if by human hands, upon the great type-cylinder. Then the clatter and bang began; but under it all I heard Brown say, with tears in his voice, "If Jim had only lived to see this!" Jim was the old partner, who helped to wheel the forms round to the hired press in the back street, and—Jim was dead.

Jim, in fact, was his own worst enemy, as I have heard a good many people declare. He was a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, yellow-haired fellow, whose laughter was sweeter than music, and the touch of whose hand had healing in it for any other fellow in distress. Of course he drank, and similarly of course the drink was too much for him, and he went under in the unequal fight. But no man ever had more loving friends than he—no one ever loved friends better than he; and it was sombre weather in our boarding-house when Jim went out of it feet foremost. Flowers were not so much the fashion at funerals then as now, and our pretty English pal had been out of an engagement for a long time, her money was gone long ago, the cranks who used to send her presents had forgotten her, and presents came to her no more; but just before the lid was put on the coffin, the night before it was to be screwed down for ever, she stole quietly into the dimly-lighted room where it lay and filled it half full of the rarest and most fragrant rosebuds.

I followed her out: she was standing by the parlor window. The gas was not yet lighted within, but from without the street-lamp threw its gleams full upon her face, and I saw the tears falling softly down it. "What is it, Kitty?" I asked.

"Jim was very kind to me. When my voice was going, and luck and managers began to get down on me, and audiences to grow tired of me, and the cranks wouldn't fling the bouquets any longer, Jim saw how it was, and many a night he cheered me up and sent me home happy by the round of applause he got for me or the flowers he flung to me. I thought to-night maybe he would be glad to know that I did not forget."

"But where did you get the money, Kitty?"

"Not at the box-office, you may be sure: at my uncle's. I am giving my trunk a holiday, though it has not been overburdened lately. This is my last summer's dress, the last of them all."

Not a hard line in the whole face, not a hard tone in the voice; and it was bitter winter weather, and there was no fire in her room, only chilling draughts. She sat there all day long sewing slop-shop shirts or copying musty law-papers in her bold, free hand for a beggarly pittance, and waiting for the turn of the tide. A daintier, prettier woman never drew breath: a cheerfuller, braver, more patient one I never knew. She had been steeped in success and adulation to the very lips: she had been suddenly brought face to face with defeat, neglect, poverty;

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and she did not flinch or make sign of her hurt. Her laugh was as gay, her smile as bright and warm, her sympathy as ready, her talk as free and slangy, as it had ever been. Poverty and suffering had softened, not embittered her. She was not at war with the world now, whatever she might have been; and I have heard that no more cruel or merciless devil than she ever trod the stage; and many are they who will remember as long as they live how Kitty Trainor, the pretty English burlesque actress, filched their money right and left, and turned her back upon them when there was no more to be had. She wronged others because she wanted to compel them to pay for the wrong they intended her, and which wrong they never did her. She was wiser than the generation of men who pursued her: she was smiling and gracious to all of them. She accepted their rich or poor presents with wondrous grace, and when they grew tired of a losing game she whistled them down the wind as remorselessly as Fate itself.

"Who gave you this watch, Kitty?" I asked her in those days when she still had half a dozen of them.

She looked at it curiously for a moment in order to associate it with the particular crank who gave it her, and then she said, with an ugly gleam in the beautiful blue eyes, "Oh, *he's* dead."

There is a picture by Auguste Moreau, prints of which may be seen in a few studios, called the *Riddle of the Sphinx*. A man beautiful in youth and form and face stands by a precipice, at the bottom of which there are heaps of the whitened bones of those who went before him in trying to solve the secrets of life hid in that stony face. He holds the Sphinx by both shoulders, his eyes fixed upon hers, his very soul shining through them, demanding in their weird intensity of glare her answer. I showed the print to Kitty one day. "How like her face is to mine!" she said. "She will never tell: he too will have to go over the rocks." I looked at the living and the dead face, and the same cruel vacancy characterized both of them. Neither would ever tell the secret that Youth sought in them.

The question that bothers me sometimes is how the queer people get together — how they find each other out and coalesce, forming a sort of commonwealth in a queer street, in a queer house, just as we did. At the time it never occurred to me that we were queer folk, different or set apart from others of our kind. Maybe we were not—maybe it is only that I, having got away from it all, am grown queer in these later years. In those days, when money was scarce and hard to get, we shared it together: the purse was a common one—common as the water in the wayside spring. He that had it gave freely to those that had not, and took no thought of usury, not even of return of principal. We never share it now. On the day that I dropped in upon Brown and witnessed the starting of his new press in his magnificent newspaper office, I called for the purpose of borrowing a thousand dollars for a day or two, for that sum is less to me now than ten dollars were long ago. Brown lent it to me as a matter of course, but equally as a matter of course he made me sign a written obligation to return it at a day and hour stated, and for the accommodation he compelled me to pay him interest at a high rate. Had Brown in those old times done that in lending one of us a dollar or two, we should have thought him no better than a heathen or a thief. But I know that this is the business way, and not at all irregular, uncommon or queer.

Another puzzling thing to me is to watch people go up and down in this world—to see the rich grow poor, and the poor rich. I think we were all pretty earnest fellows, doing that which we had to do as best we could; and looking round among us now — on a Saturday night at the club, for instance, where you will generally find us out in full force— I see that death has thinned our ranks a good deal, but the living are all well-to-do, mostly wealthy, while scores upon scores of those who were rich in the days of our boarding-house are poor to-day. I have lived to help along to an easier exit some who once spent more upon a week's amusement or a single dinner-party than

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I spent in a whole year for living. Will the boys growing into business in queer boarding-houses now have the same to say of us after a while, I wonder. No matter. I greet them at the beginning of their careers with heartsome wishes for their success, whether or not they take notice of our coming or going.

Of course we were all in love with Kitty: it was impossible for man not to be in love with her. It was not only her rare beauty, but Art lent Nature a charm and grace that were irresistible. She came to us in what appeared to be the very zenith of her success: why, nobody exactly knew, for she had been living in the costliest of parlors in the costliest of hotels. Possibly because we were too small gàme to be considered cranks, she at once fraternized with us, and before long joined her purse to the common one. It did not last long, however. Maybe she knew beforehand that it would not—had warning possibly, which we had not, of the failing voice, of coming neglect, poverty, sickness, suffering. One peculiarity of hers was never to buy anything she wanted, from a shoe to a sealskin sacque. One night on her way to the theatre she came into the parlor with the curt and, to us, unintelligible remark that she had no gloves.

"Why don't you buy them?" asked Madame.

"Buy my own gloves?" she said with the most astonished look I ever saw on human countenance. "No"—with a ravishing smile—"I have not come to *that*—yet."

Always after that we bought Kitty her gloves, and she wanted a good many of them too, and always the best.

I referred to the undeniable fact that we were all in love with this woman; and so we were. We talked about it to each other, but no one except Brown was brave enough to talk about it to her. We were all afraid of being set down in her mind as cranks. Brown, however, found his feelings getting too much for him, and one day he tried to take her all to himself by proposing to marry her off-hand. At that peculiar time—for it was before the harvest began to ripen in the office of the *Daily Conscience*—his income would not have supported him and a canary bird, to say nothing of such a costly luxury as the "Queen of Burlesque," as Kitty was called on the bills of the theatre.

What she did upon receiving Brown's startling proposal was to put her arm about his neck, lead him into our smoking-room and tell the whole story to us all. "This preposterous gawk," she said, hugging Brown close, "wants to marry me, because, he says, he loves me. I have told him never to love anything but a fortune, for I never shall; and please, Brown and all the rest of you fellows, let that be the end of it." Then she added with earnestness, "Boys, I don't want any nonsense like this again. Let me be at home with you all—let me be just as one of you. I'm an awfully lonely, wretched, friendless girl. You have been kind to me; you haven't sneered at me when I missed my tip at the theatre, as the women there have done; you have pretended not to know that my voice is cracking all to pieces; you have applauded me in the right places night after night, and fooled the manager into thinking that I'm popular still, and so I'm on the books for a salary yet, though it is a small one, and not always paid. Let me be your pal, boys—do! I never before asked a soul to be friends with me, but—but I ask *you*."

Brown was no fool, but he was awfully spoony on Kitty, and he kissed her forehead just then as reverently as a devotee might kiss the painted forehead of a saint, and I swear to you that under the thick-lying powder I saw the crimson blush of a pure woman before she nestled her tawny-haired head down into Brown's breast just as a little child might have done into its mother's. She looked up presently, and we all gathered round her, shaking the white, blue-veined hand in token of her being our pal always.

But the tears were still in her eyes and the sobs in her voice when she said, apropos to nothing, "The stage-manager says that I must have new tights before going on for Aladdin. He says my old ones are dirty and kneed. They cost twenty dollars, the real silk ones do, and

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I won't wear the cheap ones with the cotton tops and the rest of 'em half silk. Will you please get them for me to-morrow, boys?"

Of course we promised to do so, but more than one of us visited our Uncle of the Three Balls in order to obtain the sum assessed upon each of us for the purchase of those tights. We gave her the twenty dollars after dinner as she sat smoking her cigarette with us, and Brown left his last waistcoat with his uncle in exchange for the price of a bouquet which he flung to her that night as she stepped upon the stage. It was a savagely cold night, the snow lying deep on the ground, a north-west wind blowing that seemed to whistle right through our ribs as we faced it. "Cold? Not a bit of it, my dear fellow: never warmer in my life," was Brown's answer to my question as we made our way to the theatre. He had doubled a copy of the *Daily Conscience* over his breast, where the waistcoat should have been, buttoned his thin coat up to his chin, and carried in his ungloved hand the bouquet. We stood for a moment at the door of the theatre reading the fat, black lines on the three-sheet posters on which Kitty's name was displayed something after this fashion:

THE QUEEN OF BURLESQUE,
KITTY TRAINOR.
HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA IN
HER GREAT CHARACTER OF
ALADDIN.

Kitty had supplied us with managerial passes to the best seats in the house, just back of the orchestra. Claqueurs were in demand to give the new piece a good send-off, and we could be relied upon for an unlimited amount of judicious applause. I had asked her at dinner if she had ever played the part of Aladdin before. "Why, of course, I have. I have played it wherever the English language is spoken and the drama of legs is in favor—from London to Melbourne, and from San Francisco to Quebec. And, dear boy," she added—"for I have been trying it—my voice is as clear as a dew-drop and sweet as a blackbird's call to its mate. I'm going to make a great hit to-night."

The orchestra played out what seemed to us an interminable overture, the curtain was rung up, the ballet came on and went off. The stage was clear at last for the entrée of the Queen of Burlesque, and we straightened ourselves up to get a better look at her and to start the clapping. But there was no need of that. The crowded house did the work laid out for us: no human thing more beautiful than she ever darted upon that stage, and over it there suddenly swept a hurricane of applause, prolonged and deafening. The easy assurance of a great and culminating triumph shone in her eyes. Her tawny hair fell down in masses about her fair, full shoulders, her bare arms gleamed white and shapely, and her richly-colored dress revealed rather than concealed the rare perfection of her rounded figure. Her every movement was full of grace, and every pose was a picture. There she stood, not our Kitty any longer, but the Queen of Burlesque, bowing to a multitude of admirers until silence permitted her to speak the dozen lines preceding her first song. The voice sounded strange to me as it took up the words, and Brown turned toward me an inquiring look. The orchestra began the accompaniment, and got it all wrong from the first bar. Kitty laughingly shook her finger at them, walked down to the lamps, leaned forward to the leader and softly hummed the air in order that he might catch it. Another start was made, and this time it was all right. Kitty stood waiting for the proper movement, a sort of tiptoe elevation in her eyes and in the curiously sentient figure: the moment and the note had come, but instead of the expected burst of melody there shot across the house only a shrill, feeble cry. The girl's hands went suddenly up and clutched spasmodically at her throat; she staggered forward, swayed from side to side; her eyes closed. "Drunk!" shouted a ruffian from the gallery, whose ringing voice was heard by every one. She stood there for an instant dumbly facing the laughing, jeering house, who accepted the gallery's interpretation of the mat-

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ter: then she darted from the stage, uttering a pitiful, inarticulate wail.

The days of the sweet voice, of the glare and glitter of the footlights, of the tumults of applause, of the deluge of flowers, of luring devil and merciless enchantress, were over then: the reign of the Queen of Burlesque was finished. Her beautiful voice had broken all to pieces in the attempt to utter the first note of Aladdin's jubilant song: it was gone as utterly as if it had never been.

Jim, who had left Brown at the theatre to bring her home, hurried with me up to the smoking-room to tell the boys about it. "She will never be able to earn another dollar on the stage," he said, "but—we won't forget that Kitty is our pal, will we, boys?"

"No," we swore we would not; and we did not.

It was not the same woman who came timidly down among us the next night, for none of us except Brown had seen anything of her until then. There was no sign of powder on the face now; it had lost its hard, trade-mark lines; there was a softened, more human, look in the eyes; the self-reliant, self-asserting woman of yesterday, proud of her beauty, her conquests, her power to charm the multitude, and to lure the cranks to their well-wrought-for ruin, was suppliant, humble, hungry for a loving, friendly word from the poor fellows who had sworn to be her pals. I don't know, but I have sometimes thought that that girl, as she restlessly paced her room that night like a hurt animal, tasting the bitterness of utter defeat, may have seen herself as she really was for the first time in all her sorely-abused and wretched life. A painted lie, a cheat and cozener she was on the surface, but underneath—God had made her as He had made other women, with a heart to love and a soul to be saved. She had forced me one night after the play was over, her part in it being long and exacting, to take her down to the vilest slums in the city, she trailing through the filthy dens a silk gown of marvelous cost and elegance. Among the poor wretched women there she divided every dollar that she had in the world, and eked out her last act of bounty with money borrowed from me, which she never repaid.

"What induces you to go to such a place?" I inquired as we rolled easily along toward it in the hired carriage.

"I want to see how and where women like me end their lives. Have you a cigarette about you?" was her answer.

Later, seeing her give dollar after dollar to a miserable hag whose breath poisoned the air, I asked, "Why did you give so freely to that old wretch? Don't you know she will spend it for gin?"

"Hush!" she said. "I may come to be like that some day, and may want the gin—to help me forget."

But I doubt if it was curiosity of the sort she expressed which took her to that place: rather, it was conscience that drove her there. For days afterward she boasted of her charity, recalled with tears in her eyes how the besotted crew had cried out to her "God bless you! God bless you!" and hugged their maudlin blessings to her heart as closely as if angels had spoken them. The truth is, that she gave recklessly and aimlessly in the poor hope that the Recording Angel would note her bounty and place it opposite to the terribly long and ugly account writ upon the other side. But she was not singular in trying to bribe Heaven in that way. As a lawyer I have drawn a good many last wills and codicils—especially the latter—leaving great legacies to charities, in which the same purpose was but thinly disguised.

A week after Kitty's defeat she came to us to ask our advice. "I have a little money left," she said, "and I have three or four gold watches, a few diamonds—like me, a good deal off color, and not worth much—jewelry of all kinds, dresses that I shall never wear again, two or three sealskin sacques, an India shawl, and women's gimcrackery in abundance. What shall I do?—sell them for the tenth part of their cost and put the money in the savings bank, or keep them and go to work at anything I can get to do? I will work very cheaply for bread. I should like to go to work."

We were unanimous and decided

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against the sale. I suggested to Brown that he should get her to do the clippings from exchanges for the *Daily Conscience.* "I should have to owe her her salary then, for I could not pay it. You get her some law-copying to do," he said. And I was forced to reply that I could not get it even for myself if it had to be paid for. The conference ended by our advising Kitty to wait, and before her money was all gone we thought we could get her employed in a store, or, if the worst came to the worst, we would, as she at first suggested, get her a chance to learn bookfolding or shoebinding.

"Do you think I mean to let her do that sort of work?" Brown indignantly asked; and I replied that I supposed she must do some sort of work if she wanted to live; whereupon he asked, "Why, aren't we her pals?"

But if her pals fancied she meant to let them support her, they were mistaken. We began by making her little presents. "No, boys," she said: "all that sort of thing went out along with my voice." She would not accept our trifles, and she refused them in such a way as to compel us to understand that offers of money would not do at all. One day she came down to the smoking-room, a bundle in her hand. "May I work here, boys? I'm lonely, it is cold, and I—think up there."

She sat down by the table, and spread out upon it rolls of linen and muslin. "Shirts," she explained—"twelve cents apiece for making them. I'm in luck at last."

Brown groaned and pulled his moustache viciously. He said to me afterward, "If it were not for that beast of a fellow, Black, spending so much for drink, and being determined to go right off and get married to Madame's sanctimonious little niece, we might give Kitty that work you spoke of in the office, for the paper is going to pay after a while: it would pay now if Black did not bleed it so freely."

But Black stuck to his drink, married Madame's niece, and kept on bleeding the cash account of the *Daily Conscience.* Kitty kept on with her shirts: Madame said she must be doing very well with them too, for she carried out a good many bundles ("More than I see her bring in," Mrs. Black said sharply), paid her board-bill regularly, and was always giving money to some poor creature or other—to the bad sort of women generally. "And what right has she to bring such creatures here?" asked Mrs. Black indignantly.

Mrs. Black did not like Kitty: there was a certain freedom in Kitty's manner toward her pals that was not pleasant to the young wife. Poor Black! he seldom got up to the smoking-room now, into which Kitty brought the sunshine and laughter along with her sewing. He was no longer one of us, and in the presence of Mrs. Black he was rather cold and constrained with Kitty.

She did not grow bitter or sour through defeat: if there was any perceptible change, she was happier and cheerier than before her loss. She was ever full of joke and quip, and when the common purse ran low and her pals were in the glums, she never failed to hearten us up a bit. She was still slangy, and still she filled up the pauses in our talk with snatches of the old songs she used to sing, and with all manner of foolish gags and tags from the burlesques in which she once acted. The wit was not very fine, but we laughed at it, and it warmed and brightened the days of our poverty. If it had been finer could it have done more?

So the time passed. The winter went, and the summer: winter came again, finding Kitty stitching away at the shirts, carrying her bundles to and fro, growing perceptibly thinner and paler.

"This won't do, boys: the shirts are too much for our little girl," I said one night after Kitty had gone up to her room to nurse a splitting headache.

"But what can we do?" asked Brown. "She won't let us help her."

"Do? why this. I will get her law-papers to copy—bogus ones—and we will pretend the work is paid for by my preceptor," I rejoined.

"But who *is* to pay for it?" was asked.

"Why *we*, of course," said Brown, disgusted by the stupidity of the question.

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The next day I brought home with me from the office a bundle of useless briefs, cases stated and a lot of similar rubbish. I carried them up to her room and threw them into her lap: "No more stitching, Kitty: here's better work for you—easier." Then I told her the story we had cooked up down stairs, and she swallowed it hungrily, finished the shirts, took them to the store, and went for no more of them for ever. She did not, however, get stronger with change of work, but weaker, thinner and paler.

Black's little boy was not two months old when Mrs. Black's trouble came to her. It was a rough night, bitterly cold: she thought Black was at the office editing the news, which was getting exciting then, for the coming war filled the land with angry clamor. She sat up for him, and after hours of watching fell asleep in her chair beside her baby's crib. It was near daylight when Brown, coming home, found him stretched out upon the doorstep, where he had lain in the snow no one knew how long. No, not dead, but nearly so. He rallied a little during the next night, begged Mary—the loving little woman that had married him half out of loving pity and half out of heroic resolve to reform him when he was once her own—to forgive him. It was just at sunrise that he left us, the golden gates wide open in the eastern sky, holding Mary's and Brown's hands in his. Brown never made a promise that he did not keep. He made one then, without speaking, to his old partner to deal tenderly with his wife and little child; and he is keeping that promise to-day.

When we went over there to the grave with our old comrade, Kitty went with us. When we returned I told the boys of her empty trunk, and her last summer's dress worn in the biting, wintry weather. The bundles that Mrs. Black had seen her carry out so often were not shirts, but her own womanish belongings. They had gone to the pawnbroker's, for she had little skill with her needle, and there had been no limit to her giving to the poor wretches who preyed upon her. But she had toiled desperately over those shirts—worn herself out over them. She never complained, though. "It is clean work," she said.

While we were speaking of this she came into the room, her cheeks flushed, her eyes preternaturally bright, her hands trembling. She put into mine the bundle of papers I had fetched from the office for her that morning. "I can't copy them," she said, "I'm *so* tired. I'm going to take a long, long rest: I'm going to bed." Brown came close up to her and put his arms out toward her as if to take her into them. But she turned her face away from him, placed her thin, white hands on my shoulders, and speaking over them to all of us, she said, in a tone curiously harmonizing with the softened twilight, "You won't let them take me to the hospital, will you? And if—if I die, you will not let them take me to the Potter's Field? We have been pals together for so long! Oh, remember it, won't you?"

We promised to remember it, and leaning on Brown's arm she went up to her own room to begin her holiday of fever and delirium. I remember very well when it ended. Our old smoking-den was thoroughly aired, and we garnished it up in all possible ways to make it bright for her. As it was Brown's arm she had leaned upon when she last went out of it, it was Brown's arm that supported her when she again came back to it. I never saw a lovelier face, one more softened and refined, than hers was as she took her old seat among us. She had been through fire, and had come out of it leaving the dross behind with the ashes, I think. She used to fling her kisses among us as freely as spendthrifts fling away halfpence, but no one thought of kissing her that night. To each she gave her hand, simply and frankly as a man would do to a faithful comrade. That was all. No word of thanks, no sign of them. But we knew. She sat there, disinclined to talk much, her pretty head resting on her hand, her eyes fixed on the fire. Once she looked up, and her look embraced us all in an expression of tenderness. "Did you miss me, old friends, true friends?" she asked.

A while later we stood at the parlor

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window together, watching a regiment marching by on their way to their likely graves, for the war had begun. The *Daily Conscience* was publishing hourly despatches from the field, and beginning to make its little stir in the world by its enterprise. Brown was no longer increasing his liabilities: he was decreasing them rapidly, though he lived frugally as ever.

"I have good news for you," she said. "My voice is coming back to me—not much of it. Do not fear for me: I shall never be the Queen of Burlesque again, but I hope to be able to earn a decent, honest living by singing and dancing at one of the variety theatres. Will you see a manager for me, and ask the boys to get me the two or three dresses I shall need?"

"No," I answered: "I will not do that. I would not even let Brown know you thought of it. Try to forget that you have thought of it."

"Well! and how am I to live?"

"Leave that to us," I said.

She laughed at that, put her hands in mine: "My dear boy, Kitty is going to work. Will you help her, or must she go alone to the manager?" There was that in her manner of saying this that would admit of no denial or evasion: there were certain tones in her voice the meaning of which no one ever misunderstood who heard them.

"I will do what you wish," I rejoined.

"That was said like a good fellow. Will you tell Brown, or must I?"

I promised her I would tell him, make the boys consent, see the manager, get the dresses, and, in short, undertake the whole business.

Brown's face blanched when I told him. "Don't you go any further with this business until I see her," he said; and he dashed up the stairs and knocked at her door. I saw it open, saw him go into the room, but what either said I never heard. Presently he came down, his face a little paler than before, his voice shaky. "You can go ahead now," he said.

The next day I saw the manager—got the promise of a trial appearance for the following Saturday night. If she made a hit her salary would be fixed according to the measure of her success: if she failed, that would be the end of it. All I stipulated for was that her name should not appear upon the bills unless she were regularly engaged. We raised the money, Brown supplying the larger part of it, and got the necessary dresses, and on Saturday night, before the rising of the curtain, took our places in the front row of the pit, which was filled by as unwashed and vulgar a crowd of ruffians as I ever saw. There was not a woman in front of the footlights, except a number of "pretty waiter-girls" carrying about liquor and cigars, for smoking and drinking were part of the entertainment.

Kitty was down on the bills for a song and dance, and was to follow a certain burnt-cork performer, who had come on and gone off. The stage waited for Kitty. She came on in a long, close-fitting dress, such as was not popular at that theatre. I saw that the moment her eyes ran over the house she was shaking—that stage fright had seized her. She missed the faces of the women, who had always kept her in countenance, and she remembered, for the first time in her stage-life perhaps, that she was a woman—maybe she also remembered that there was one pure-hearted man there in the pit who loved and honored her. Whatever it was that she thought or felt at that moment, it struck her like a savage blow in the face, and deprived her of all power or wish to please; but the band was playing the music of her piece, and mechanically she began her work. The voice had not come back, or at least but little of it: her dress, reaching to her feet, made her dancing insipid to that vulgar crowd. It was all a wretched, humiliating failure, and undoubtedly Kitty was making a miserable guy of herself. At the wings stood a dozen of the female performers, each one wondering if it were *her* place and *her* salary Kitty was to get the next week. I turned from her failure to watch their jeering faces, and I saw one of them lean forward, and heard her hiss out to Kitty, so as to be heard over half the pit, "Come off! come off! *the people are looking at you.*"

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It was the most brutal thing I ever saw done—a thing that no man could possibly do; and as Kitty fled from the stage, I heard men as coarse and vulgar in their looks as men could be, cry "Shame! shame!" to the woman who did it.

Brown started up. "Go home," he said: "I am going to her: I am going to end this business."

We saw nothing of either of them any more that night, but the next night he said, as we sat drinking our weak tea, "I want you all to give me an hour or so this evening: I want to see you all in the parlor at nine."

We were all there — Madame, Mrs. Black, her baby and the servants large and small. Punctually at nine Brown walked into the parlor, Kitty leaning on his arm, and with them was a gentleman whom we all knew to be a clergyman.

Brown stopped in the middle of the room, his two hands resting firmly on the table, his voice very distinct. "I wanted Kitty," he said slowly, "to be married in church, at the foot of the altar. It was a fancy of mine that I should like to take her from there. But she had another fancy, which was that she should like me to take her from here, and that with her old pals about her, with one of them to give her away, she should become my wife. Her fancy was the best one; and now, sir," turning to the clergyman, "we are ready."

I gave her away, and when it was all over I said to her, "So, Kitty, you have turned traitor, deserted your old pals, assumed an alias, and turned your back upon the smoky den up stairs?"

"I could not help it. He was lonelier than I, he said. He was patient with me so long—faithful so long. I told him last night it was not love, but pity he felt: I told him, too, that soft-hearted people fall behind in this world's race, and that I was not worth the sacrifice his pity was about to make. But, old friend, I knew he loved me, I knew I loved him, and, please God, if this can make him happy he shall be happy."

They went off upon their wedding-journey that same night, and never came back to our boarding-house again. They rented a little house in a quiet street, furnished it plainly, lived happily, worked hard, made money, saved it and grew wealthy in time. They deserve all the happiness and success they have, but if Kitty had died that night she could not have been more completely lost to us than she was.

That was only fifteen years ago, but Mrs. Brown is now a woman of fashion, a rigorous church-member, a chairwoman in half a dozen charity boards — a busy woman wherever the poor are to be helped, wherever temptation, sin, sickness and misery lurk. Her carriage is whirling about all day long — not gently over the rough pavements, but hurriedly, like the carriage of one who has much work to do and but little time in which to do it —like the carriage of one who seeks to overtake a good many lost opportunities.

I walked past our boarding-house the other day: it is an undertaker's shop now. I wonder if Mrs. Brown ever drives by it, and if she does, I wonder if she ever looks up at that second-story room where she and her pals sat together night after night. Oh, the secrets that old houses and women know and never tell!

I went to a swell dinner at Brown's house the other day, given in honor of a Senator. Brown begged me to come round early: he had something to say to me before the crowd arrived. I went early, as requested, but Brown had not come home, and it was Mrs. Brown who sat there in her exquisitely-appointed reception-room and entertained me. Time had dealt gently with her: she was beautiful still, and her beauty was of a nobler sort than of old. It is curious even now to remember how we talked about everything except that which was uppermost in our thoughts. We never once referred, even in the most distant way, to those old, sweet days of our poverty. We did not once mention our uncle, though, I have no doubt, the three balls are still out, and that he stands ready, as of yore, to lend us a dollar or two on any trifle we might wish to put up. We did not speak at all of the fact that the Soldene, the last English Queen of Burlesque, was playing Aladdin at one of

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the theatres, though we dwelt long upon Booth's Hamlet, which we had both seen the night before.

What wretched humbugs we all are, to be sure! At heart that fine lady is as thorough-blooded a vagabond as I myself am, and if she could go off somewhere, outside the world of fashion and charity boards, and if the Sphinx would never whisper the secret, she would rather win a single round of applause from a crowded theatre than sit at the top of a hundred swell dinners. What a bright, jolly hour we might have had, for instance, talking together freely and friendly about those old times, if we had only dared to do it! I came near making a mess of it at one moment, but her tact saved me. I, in some way, used the expression "the days of our youth."

"Ah, there's Mr. Brown," she said, starting up. It was not Mr. Brown nor any one else, but it pulled me out of an ugly predicament, and we went on smiling and driveling over the fashionable and charitable gossip of the day, precisely as if we had never lived in our boarding-house, and as if our lives had always been as placidly stupid and respectable as they now are.

BURIALS AND BURIAL-PLACES.

PERHAPS there is no one way in which more money is spent to less purpose than upon funerals. So long as it was believed that a future hope was involved in the preservation of the outward form, it was natural that to the precious spices and the embalmer's art should be added the protection of massy structures, that the tomb should be graven in the abiding rock, and that the dust should not be suffered to mingle with meaner elements. Science and Christianity alike have tried to teach a better lesson, and yet the power of the old superstition is not quelled.

It would seem incredible, were we not so used to it, that a large and profitable trade consists in taking costly woods, in drying and polishing them with care, decorating them with silk and silver, and then putting them where they will be forgotten and perish as speedily as possible. We do not like to look at these things in the undertaker's shop, and we like them so little that whatever reminds us of undertakers' work is distasteful.

Undertakers' work, however, is simply wasted; but there is another evil-doer whose abuse of money, material and labor is kept conspicuously above ground. It is the monument-maker. In the grave may be no device, but over it are devices many. Lord Macaulay somewhere says of certain stories, "They have been abandoned by statesmen to aldermen, by aldermen to clergymen, by clergymen to old women, and by old women to Sir Harcourt Lees." In like manner it may be said of certain designs and ideas, they have been abandoned by the poets to architects, by architects to the female workers of samplers, and by the female sampler-workers to the mortuary manufacturers. A broken column may once have been a pretty conceit, but we can assign no present pretext for it upon a sepulchre except that which D. C. gave for it, that it stands for *caput mortuum*—to wit, a body without any capital.

What possible lesson to the living, comfort to the mourner or respect to the dead can be conveyed by a stone tea-urn with a marble napkin hung over it? A flower dangling from a broken stem has given the sculptor no little trouble to cut, especially if it represent a rose and the little thorns are duly put in at proper intervals; but what fact of death is alluded to, unless the only one which is utterly of this world—untimeliness?

Is there anything beautiful about an

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obelisk? *Obeliscus*, if one asks a derivation, means a "spit"—certainly anything but a decent suggestion in connection with the departed. The Egyptians were indeed fond of obelisks, but they had a meaning in them, and a place for them in the regularly-graduated avenues to their temples, leading the eye up to the grand propylæum, and they covered them with hieroglyphics, that he who ran might read.

Again, is there any comeliness in a temple seven feet by nine with little Tuscan pilasters in front? It may look like a baby-house or a section of a Noah's Ark, but it gives to the home of the dead an air of snugness which is unendurable.

A sarcophagus has no doubt classical authority, but when placed *over* the remains it is theoretically supposed to *contain*, its symbolism is certainly Hibernian.

Other monuments there are at the thought of which all well-ordered minds recoil—monuments constructed as nearly as possible after the pattern of ice-cream moulds, and beautiful with the exceeding loveliness of a cast-iron stove.

A modern cemetery is set full of these, little obelisks and big, red granite and gray, white marble and brown sandstone, one design jostling another, the whole effect being that of the stone-cutter's yard minus the marble chips and plus green turf and neat iron railings. These last emphasize their allegories by wholesale repetition of the same symbol. When it comes to urns and inverted torches by the dozen, no nightmare can be worse. It cannot be pretended that these give any one any pleasure or do any one any good. In the first place, we do not usually go to cemeteries to look at our neighbors' monuments, but to visit the grave-plot belonging to ourselves. People who go in bereavement care little except for the general effect. They like the place to be still and shady, or open and sunny, according to their moods, but always to have a sense of rest and peace pervading it. People who go merely for pleasure, for a drive or a walk, do so because they find a spot of park-like beauty, with fair prospects along the vistas of the tall trees. These care little for the monuments, except to read the names, and in fact would be as well pleased to dispense with them, most happy people preferring not to be reminded of death at all. It is only when they have a personal pride to gratify that they enjoy monuments. When Crœsus can pause in front of his own family-plot and think complacently of how much more he paid for his marble mausoleum on Myrtle Avenue than did Crassus for his granite sarcophagus on Woodbine Walk, he takes a certain delight in the tomb. Whether it is of the sort which it is the purpose of the tomb to afford is another matter.

There is no objection here meant, be it said once and for all, to the beauty and embellishment of cemeteries, nor is it alleged that it is a waste of money to spend it on the memory of the dead. On the contrary, the whole purpose of this paper is to require a rational seeking of those ends. No one who has ever seen them can forget the desolate horror of the burial-places of Southern Italy, especially of that awful one at Naples, where in a blank bare yard three hundred and sixty-five pits, each with its stone slab over its mouth, gape daily in turn for the dead, who are flung in without rite or ceremony, and quicklime thrown over them. There is nothing very attractive in the more recent graveyards of New England. (Perhaps for convenience of nomenclature one might say "burying-ground" for the ancient, "graveyard" for the later, and "cemetery" for the modern style.) They are much akin to the neglected family resting-places as they appear in our half-deserted rural regions —little enclosures overgrown with brambles and mullein, sunken mounds heaped with loose stones, with a tottering wall, and a broken gate hanging by the hinge. The "burial-ground," as here classified, belongs only to the oldest places of interment in our oldest settlements. About these there is a certain pathetic beauty, not seen at first, but caught slowly as one lingers upon the spot. Go up upon one of those wind-swept hills in the autumnal season, brush back the dry grasses from the sunken slabs of slate and the

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mossy tablets of gray granite, trace out the quaint lettering beneath the rude outline, quainter still, of cherub or angel, and there will come upon you no sense of unfitness or rusticity. Small care had the departed for the beautiful and poetical. They won by stern toil from their bleak acres the means of household cheer, and when they were gone kindred and friends laid them down—not burying their dead in haste out of sight, but where from the fields in which their children followed their lessons of patience and thrift, from the farm-house door they should darken never again, from the village green and the traveled highway, the eye could look upon their last homes, and the memory recall how dear and how honored they were.

Here, at least, you will find no monumental pomp to move your spleen. The stateliest will be but a simple slab upborne by five-square pillars, an unconscious reminiscence of the altar-tombs in the churchyards of the mother-land, where the first-settlers had left behind their own departed, and for which, doubtless, in dying hours more than one yearned with that imperishable longing of the human heart that when its fiery beats are stilled it may be to moulder amid ancestral dust. They are not beautiful, these burial-grounds, though in autumn days the sumac lights its crimson flame along the rough stone wall, and the golden maple intercharged with scarlet drops its leaves upon the winding way that leads up to their portals: they are not beautiful, but over them seems to brood a stern monotony of faith, as once over the lives of those they hold, and the lesson which they teach to us amid the fever of our restless days is one which we cannot despise and well may heed. Such, too, there are along the New England coasts—placed mostly in full sight of the sea, sometimes so near that the driving spray of shore-beating storms may leave its salt dews upon the headstones; so near that it would seem as if there had been a feeling that the fortunate few who died in quiet beds ought not to be too widely severed from the hapless many who rest in that grander "God's acre" whose mounds are the changeful waves; so near that the widow who had kept therefrom so long her tearful watch for the unreturning sail, and the child who never knew a father's kiss, might not feel too wide division, and that the dead, who all their days had known at morn and eventide the fresh breeze of the sea, and slumbered at night to the lulling sound of the breakers on the outer bar, should not miss, upon their resurrection-morn, the glad sparkle and the unforgotten music of the waves.

Always serious, often tenderly touching, are the monumental records of such grounds. Jesting is the child of idleness, and those who carved these brief records had little time to spare. Nor is there lacking the deeper pathos of those nameless hillocks, whose story long lingers in the traditions of the spot where were reverently placed the unknown victims of shipwreck found tossing in the undertow at morn or cut loose from splintered spars flung up upon the beach.

The cemetery is the necessity as it is the creation of the great cities, and it is to be feared that the crowding of its spaces with many graves is not to be avoided. It becomes, then, a serious question how this shall be met. Already the beautiful environs of our great metropolitical centres are changing slowly but surely into vast necropolises. Philadelphia is belted on the north and south and west by an almost unbroken chain of burial-places. About New York and Boston cemeteries are set like the fortresses around a European capital. These spaces have been allotted with something of the unforeseeing prodigality of a new people, and already the living feel the pressure of want of room. It is then a problem how to avoid the twofold peril of unsightly and overcrowded burial-places and the forcing away of the cemetery into too great a distance from the home of the living.

While it may not be well to bar all private ownerships in any plots of cemetery ground, and thus to extinguish all motive to care for the general proprieties of the burying-place, something should be done to limit individual pride and extravagance, which make needful the

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sacrifice of so large a space to the repose of the dead. The cemetery is for the dead rather than for the living. This is the first thought to be borne in mind. And for the living three things are needful. First, security for the remains of their friends; secondly, to be able to identify the graves of their kindred; thirdly, such Christian teaching as all have a right to associate with the departed. These are the proper offices of monuments in graveyards. They can fitly have no other object. All beyond is ostentatious waste. A burial-vault, plain but secure, if such is preferred (though the truer thought would seem to be that the dust ought to return to the dust by the swiftest *natural* transmutation), a simple slab covering the mound, or a cross planted at its head, should be all sufficient. In these would be room for abundant variety of beauty without weariness, without vulgarity, without temptation to, or room for, mere display. For record a name and dates, and, if desired, a single text of Holy Scripture, and epitaph and memorial are complete. Let all else that now goes to funeral outlay be expended to keep clear and trim the pathways, to plant and care for the shade tree and the turf. Flowers and fair shrubs may be added, if not too lavishly. It is not a show-place or a Sunday garden that is wanted: let the people have elsewhere their holiday parks, and let the beauty of the spot be that of rest, and its abiding thought that outside its bounds are left life's cares and ambitions. It is these that make the distinctions between man and man: the dead are sleeping to wait for a very different tribunal from those of the world: they are all equal now, or divided by a decision not to be pronounced by the fallible judgments of mankind.

Yet it is asked, Is there to be, then, no commemoration of the dead, no mention, no record of what their lives have been? Most certainly there should be. One chiefest lack of this time and country is the want of reverent and tender memory of the past. In its rash bursting out into the untried world before it this people has been but too disdainful of the elder time. It would fain take the portion of goods that falleth to it—such portion, at least, as could be packed up and carried away and spent readily. It may come to long, and that not lightly, for the settled nurture even of the hired servant in the home it has confidently left behind, finding that the husks to which it has come down are but poor fare and to be shared with unwelcome rivals. If there is one thing more than another that we cannot do without, it is the memory of all good deeds and words and examples in those who have left us.

We need monuments and memorials, but of the sort that shall not be expensive and useless offerings to pride. When a merchant ends a long and honorable life in which he has borne constant witness to the worth of an unflinching truthfulness; when he has illustrated to the best of his power that a good man's righteousness and a liberal man's beneficence are a fount of blessing; when the laws of trade and the relations of man to man, the social problem and the Christianity of the hour, have all been the better because of his life,—what an utter travesty—ludicrous if it were not so pitiable—to take of his wealth and pile up, afar from all eyes that once brightened at his coming or looked upon him with reverence, a costly heap of stones, to rear which no mortal has been the better or the happier! When a great man who has labored for his country's weal far more than for his own fortunes has gone down in the richness or the ripeness of his powers, it is but a strange sign of gratitude to set up the tablet and carve the effigy where only the forest bird will visit them, and where the damps of the grave and the creeping mosses will vie in blotting the record of his fame in swift emulation of the decay which beneath is wasting his mortal part. We miss him from the sphere of living activities. Better, far better, then, to spare the cost of funeral pomp and the wasted toil of the stone-cutter's shop, that we may place upon the same walls which have thrilled to his burning words, or above the council-board at which his wise lips let fall as it were the oracles of God, the most living likeness which art and liberality can

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procure, that the men to come after may remember his worth and catch from the steadfast eye and lofty features some portion of the spirit and the truth which were his.

Best of all, perhaps, since the true abiding is not in the things that are seen, but the things which are not seen are eternal—best of all, that we give most time and labor and thought and cost to such memorials as may continue the living witness, so that he being dead may yet speak to far generations. The stately halls and chapels of Oxford are the true shrines which hold the names of Wykeham and Waynflete, of De Merton and Wolsey. The cost of a single block of granite, such as is wasted upon the loneliness of the cemetery, would fill with precious volumes an alcove of the college library, where twenty generations of scholars may come with grateful remembrance of the founder's name. Nor is it only the granite and the marble we are now wasting. In that which we build for the living the complaint of all true art-lovers is of our parsimony, our miserly shams, our ephemeral and feeble work. It is in our building for the dead that we are lavish and bid spare no massiveness of material, no pains of finish, no labor of careful and deep cutting. Of that which we give to death we are liberal and sincere givers, as if in the presence of the grave we dared not venture upon falsehood—as if we feared the semblance of a sham would betray the hollowness of our regard.

It is that which most of all I grudge to the service of the cemetery. If we could but give *carte blanche* to our architects as we do to our mortuary builders, if we shrank from petty economies in the church as we do in the churchyard, we might hope to have noble and truthful work where eyes could see and hearts be cheered by its influence. If we cared for statues in our public squares or in our halls of justice and legislation, we should no longer tolerate the hideous travesties which now are set up, we suppose, to furnish likenesses of Boguey to the infant offenders and nurse-maid moralists of our cities. He who modeled *The Picket Guard* and *One Shot More* has shown what might be done, and nearly every civic statue will show with equal force what should have been left undone.

When we have shaken off the graveyard tradition and the classic incubus, when we desire a true memorial of the past, and not an artistic fancy, we shall get a living statue—not the orator with hand resting on an allegory and shoulders wrapped in a toga carefully copied from a blanket upon a lay-figure, but the man as he was when his eye lightened and his features wrought with the burning flame of his noblest inspiration. We shall have the general not in theatric pomp upon a rearing rocking-horse, with hand stretched out in a manner equally impressive and impossible, but in the worn uniform, loose and something tumbled, standing with calm poise as he stood when he watched the long lines slowly winning their way against the plunging fire of the batteries above until the supreme moment of the fight had come, when he could say, hardly above his breath, "We shall do it now: let your reserves go in." We should not get the demonstrative gesture and the histrionic attitude which none saw that day upon the field, but the living truth of history in the tightening of the lines around the firm-set mouth and in the nervous clasp of the hand upon the field-glass, in the lifting of the shadow from the full brow, in the chest heaving with the long sigh of relieved suspense. We should have each little trick of the man as he was, the gnawing of the twisted moustache or the impatient fumbling at a button with the unconscious fingers—most improper, no doubt, for the decorums of art and the posture of a dignified sitter, but just the things which the soldier sees and remembers, and embalms in his camp-fire story.

I speak of these things, though they may seem aside from the subject of cemeteries, because I desire to make clear that the memorial of the dead is no indifferent matter. We need to remember them, and that in ways at once distinctive and historic. Go into the cemetery, and one

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tall obelisk will tell you, if you will take the pains to spell out its close lettering, that here lies the great admiral who swept through the deadly cross-fire of the forts by the light of the blazing rafts of the enemy, and another a little taller commemorates the virtues of the eminent Common Council man who accumulated millions in his steadfast watch of the public treasury. Yonder broken column marks his grave who watered the sward of Gettysburg with his blood, and that beside it proclaims that here lies the hero who watered the stock of the Mariposa and Alleghany Railroad with such profit to himself and his heirs. It may well be so, since a bereaved country and a quickly-consoled widow have employed the same eminent purveyor of monumental stones, and if patriotism was parsimonious, the bereaved legatee was not.

We need to remember the dead according to their deservings while in life. Other ground of judgment we have none. We may not, except in charitable surmise, declare what they were—for that, perhaps, we, looking not into the barred chambers of the heart, never knew—but what they did, what they suffered, what they sought, are matters which do concern us still. We need that the dead should be remembered along the paths they trod in life. The hospital, the school, the college hall, the memorial church, the blazoned hues of the commemorative window, the font of baptism, the pulpit itself, voiceful to the silent sanctuary, all keep most fittingly the memory of talents and virtues passed behind the veil.

It may be said that these are works which should be done in life, and that the testamentary bequest is but the giving of that which is no longer ours to give. It is argued that memorial conditions clog benefactions which should be free to vary with the changing time. All this has its side of truth, and yet there is another no less true. The temper of the time bids us to do what we like with our own—to pull down the wall which our fathers built and to run the cinder-spotted track of the railway across their pleasant gardens. It is because dead hands hold more firmly that it is well, even at the risk of unwise conditions, for the good works of the past to be consecrated and guarded by the spell of a founder's name and "the written letter that remaineth" above the testamentary seal. Let the rich who can, and the wise who know, make it their business to forbid the cemetery's pomp, and to prepare memorials for themselves in ways which shall not tarnish the fair fame of precious lives or crown the folly of thoughtless lives with a useless cenotaph.

In the above lines I may seem to have been speaking of the few and the exceptionally great. It is not their memory alone which is precious. Indeed, there is something in the very virtues of public life which puts the man upon a lone Stylites pillar of lofty endurance, at which men look up in wonder and worship, but to which few come with the sweet gifts of friendship and charity. And the memorial places of the greatest must needs be also where thick throngs go to and fro, too bent upon the business of the hour to lift up their eyes to the form of him who once reigned where they now traffic. They lean against the base of his statue in the exchange and chaffer of stocks: they snarl out their little quips of thin retort in the chamber where once all ears were silent to catch the lightest accents of the "golden-mouthed." Where men are busiest, events move quickest and change is most imminent. But there are homely and simple virtues which can only fade out from a neighborhood as the memory of their possessors is worn away from the thoughts of men. Such we need to guard—such it is indeed well to keep alive in the little community where men may emulate, as tradition fondly preserves, the unforgotten worth. There can be no great central pantheon possible for a country which fails to cherish local merit.

It is not in Rome that we seek the resting-places and the memorials of the greatest names of Christian Italy, but where the fading frescoes still line the walls of Pisa's "Holy Field"—where Genoa the Proud and Venice the Wonderful retain the pictured likenesses or marble forms of their great senators and doges and

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warriors and artists. We go for great memories to the sculptured shields which reflect the moonbeams where the cenotaph of La Scala looks down upon the streets of Verona, or to the shrine where tapers ever burn about the resting-place of Borromeo, and our spirits are hushed to the reverential awe too deep for words nowhere so truly as when we tread above the worn pavement of Florence's Santa Croce. That which has made Westminster so dear to the heart of Britain, and a place within its walls more coveted than ducal coronets or parliamentary cheers, is a feeling fostered in every hamlet of the land. It is that in the ancient chancel of the village church, amid the market bustle of the county town, under the oaken rafters of the craftsman's guild-hall, in the provincial borough, as well as in lofty aisles of cathedral and abbey, have been set where men's eyes could see and men's hearts be stirred the memorial tablet and the lifelike effigy. Surely it has had no petty share in Britain's greatness that thus the fame of its children has been most deeply graven upon the spots that knew them best. Men who toil for the good and who prize the esteem of their own neighborhoods are in general the ones who toil most truly, and the rulership over many things is won most surely by the faithfulness over few. Not in the struggle of the city, but in the quiet of the hills, have the best works been wrought. Not those who strove for applause in critical intrigue at the self-elected tribunals of fame, but those who noted the mountain-daisy's fall beneath the gleaming ploughshare, or who sought in the crevices of Smailholme Tower the wall-flowers blossoming; not the youth worn and the manhood sullied beneath the smokes of London, but "days bound each to each by natural piety" amid the lilies of the Ouse and the daffodils of Ambleside, have won the lasting laurel and the grateful memory. For a season the fiery passion and the cynic sneer, the worldliness and the sensual glow that dazzle as they pass, enchain all eyes: the king of the coterie, the oracle of the club, the pet of the ball-room reigns supreme. Presently is heard the cry, *Le roi est mort! vive le roi!* and another is on the vacant throne. But all the while there are stealing forth the tremulous organ-notes of the matins and vespers of Hartley, and the leering reveler is shamed by the lofty heroism of numbers that from the shores of Wight are hymning the days of Arthur, "true knight and stainless gentleman."

I have striven, in words perhaps desultory, but still earnest, to reach some of the deeper aspects of men's burial-places. It is to raise a protest, however feebly, against that linking together of wealth and parade which so signally defeats itself when it seeks in the ways of a fashionable cemetery to evade the oblivion of the grave. I have sought to show its necessary, its utter futility, its wastefulness of that which is surely wanted elsewhere, its harmfulness to that which we should especially and reverently cherish.

> The evil that men do lives after them:
> The good is oft interred with their bones.

Is it not because this sad couplet is so fostered by the false democracy of our vaunted burying-fields that men are daily growing more and more reckless of the verdict of posterity? Make the great end of life possession of wealth and power and pursuit of pleasure, and thereafter blot out all memory in the indistinguishable meaninglessness of the crowded cemetery; let men but once come to feel that as they pass beyond the scenes of their busy life the ruthless tread of new men shall blot the memorial of them from off the earth, when they say in bitterness, as of old, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,"—let this once be, and the peril of national corruption is multiplied indeed. The loftier motive and the heavenward hope indeed remain, but few and faint will be the preacher's words, and slight and seldom the heeding, when we have crushed under purchased marble and consigned to the oblivion of venal and undiscriminating epitaphs the sacred passion of man's heart for the honorable remembrance of his kind.

WALTER MITCHELL.

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THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM."

CHAPTER XLII.

ST. RONAN'S WELL.

THE next day the reading was resumed, and for several days was regularly continued. Each day, as their interest grew, longer time was devoted to it. They were all simple enough to accept what the author gave them, nor, had a critic of the time been present to instruct them that in this last he had fallen off, would they have heeded him much: for Malcolm, it was the first story by the Great Unknown he had seen. A question however occurring, not of art but of morals, he was at once on the alert. It arose when they reached that portion of the tale in which the true heir to an earldom and its wealth offers to leave all in the possession of the usurper, on the one condition of his ceasing to annoy a certain lady, whom, by villainy of the worst, he had gained the power of rendering unspeakably miserable. Naturally enough, at this point Malcolm's personal interest was suddenly excited: here were elements strangely correspondent with the circumstances of his present position. Tyrrel's offer of acquiescence in things as they were, and abandonment of his rights, which in the story is so amazing to the man of the world to whom it is first propounded, drew an exclamation of delight from both ladies—from Clementina because of its unselfishness, from Florimel because of its devotion: neither of them was at any time ready to raise a moral question, and least of all where the heart approved. But Malcolm was interested after a different fashion from theirs. Often during the reading he had made remarks and given explanations—not so much to the annoyance of Lady Clementina as she had feared, for since his rescue of the swift she had been more favorably disposed toward him, and had judged him a little more justly; not that she understood him, but that the gulf between them had contracted. He paused a moment, then said, "Do you think it was right, my ladies? Ought Mr. Tyrrel to have made such an offer?"

"It was most generous of him," said Clementina, not without indignation, and with the tone of one whose answer should decide the question.

"Splendidly generous," replied Malcolm; "but I so well remember when Mr. Graham first made me see that the question of duty does not always lie between a good thing and a bad thing: there would be no room for casuistry then, he said. A man has very often to decide between one good thing and another. But indeed I can hardly tell, without more time to think, whether that comes in here. If a man wants to be generous, it must at least be at his own expense."

"But surely," said Florimel, not in the least aware that she was changing sides, "a man ought to hold by the rights that birth and inheritance give him."

"That is by no means so clear, my lady," returned Malcolm, "as you seem to think. A man *may* be bound to hold by things that are his rights, but certainly not because they are rights. One of the grandest things in having rights is that, being your rights, you may give them up; except, of course, they involve duties with the performance of which the abnegation would interfere."

"I have been trying to think," said Lady Clementina, "what can be the two good things here to choose between."

"That is the right question, and logically put, my lady," rejoined Malcolm, who from his early training could not help sometimes putting on the schoolmaster. "The two good things are—let me see—yes—on the one hand the protection of the lady to whom he owed all possible devotion of man to woman, and on the other what he owed to his tenants, and perhaps to society in general—yes

—as the holder of wealth and position. There is generosity on the one side and dry duty on the other."

"But this was no case of mere love to the lady, I think," said Clementina. "Did Mr. Tyrrel not owe Miss Mowbray what reparation lay in his power? Was it not his tempting of her to a secret marriage, while yet she was nothing more than a girl, that brought the mischief upon her?"

"That is the point," said Malcolm, "that makes the one difficulty. Still, I do not see how there can be much of a question. He could have no right to do fresh wrong for the mitigation of the consequences of preceding wrong—to sacrifice others to atone for injuries done by himself."

"Where would be the wrong to others?" said Florimel, now back to her former position. "What could it matter to tenants or society which of the brothers happened to be earl?"

"Only this, that in the one case the landlord of his tenants, the earl in society, would be an honorable man; in the other a villain—a difference which might have consequences."

"But," said Lady Clementina, "is not generosity something more than duty—something higher, something beyond it?"

"Yes," answered Malcolm, "so long as it does not go against duty, but keeps in the same direction—is in harmony with it. I doubt much, though, whether, as we grow in what is good, we shall not come soon to see that generosity is but our duty, and nothing very grand and beyond it. But the man who chooses to be generous at the expense of justice, even if he give up at the same time everything of his own, is but a poor creature beside him who for the sake of the right will not only consent to appear selfish in the eyes of men, but will go against his own heart and the comfort of those dearest to him. The man who accepts a crown *may be* more noble than he who lays one down and retires to the desert. Of the worthies who do things by faith, some are sawn asunder and some subdue kingdoms. The look of the thing is nothing."

Florimel made a neat little yawn over her work. Clementina's hands rested a moment in her lap, and she looked thoughtful. But she resumed her work and said no more. Malcolm began to read again. Presently Clementina interrupted him. She had not been listening. "Why should a man want to be better than his neighbors, any more than to be richer?" she said, as if uttering her thoughts aloud.

"Why, indeed," responded Malcolm, "except he wants to become a hypocrite?"

"Then, why do you talk for duty against generosity?"

"Oh!" said Malcolm, for a moment perplexed. He did not at once catch the relation of her ideas. "Does a man ever do his duty," he rejoined at length, "in order to be better than his neighbors? If he does, he won't do it long. A man does his duty because he must: he has no choice but do it."

"If a man has no choice, how is it that so many men choose to do wrong?" asked Clementina.

"In virtue of being slaves and stealing the choice," replied Malcolm.

"You are playing with words," said Clementina.

"If I am, at least I am not playing with things," returned Malcolm. "If you like it better, my lady, I will say that in declaring he has no choice the man with all his soul chooses the good, recognizing it as the very necessity of his nature."

"If I know in myself that I have a choice, all you say goes for nothing," persisted Clementina. "I am not at all sure I would not do wrong for the sake of another. The more one preferred what was right, the greater would be the sacrifice."

"If it was for the grandeur of it, my lady, that would be for the man's own sake, not his friend's."

"Leave that out, then," said Clementina.

"The more a man loved another, then—say a woman, as here in the story—it seems to me the more willing would he be that she should continue to suffer

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rather than cease by wrong. Think, my lady: the essence of wrong is injustice: to help another by wrong is to do injustice to somebody you do not know well enough to love, for the sake of one you do know well enough to love. What honest man could think of that twice? The woman capable of accepting such a sacrifice would be contemptible."

"She need not know of it."

"He would know that she needed but to know of it to despise him."

"Then might it not be noble in him to consent for her sake to be contemptible in her eyes?"

"If no others were concerned. And then there would be no injustice, therefore nothing wrong, and nothing contemptible."

"Might not what he did be wrong in the abstract, without having reference to any person?"

"There is no wrong man can do but is a thwarting of the living Right. Surely you believe, my lady, that there is a living Power of right, whose justice is the soul of our justice, who *will* have right done, and causes even our own souls to take up arms against us when we do wrong?"

"In plain language, I suppose you mean, Do I believe in a God?"

"That is what I mean, if by a God you mean a being who cares about us and loves justice—that is, fair play—one whom therefore we wrong to the very heart when we do a thing that is not just."

"I would gladly believe in such a being if things were so that I could. As they are, I confess it seems to me the best thing to doubt it. I do doubt it very much. How can I help doubting it when I see so much suffering, oppression and cruelty in the world? If there were such a being as you say, would He permit the horrible things we hear of on every hand?"

"I used to find that a difficulty. Indeed, it troubled me sorely until I came to understand things better. I remember Mr. Graham saying once something like this—I did not understand it for months after: 'Every kind-hearted person who thinks a great deal of being comfortable, and takes prosperity to consist in being well off, must be tempted to doubt the existence of a God.—And perhaps it is well they should be so tempted,' he added."

"Why did he add that?"

"I think, because such are in danger of believing in an evil God. And if men believed in an evil God, and had not the courage to defy Him, they must sink to the very depths of savagery. At least that is what I ventured to suppose he meant."

Clementina opened her eyes wide, but said nothing. Religious people, she found, could think as boldly as she.

"I remember all about it so well!" Malcolm added thoughtfully. "We had been talking about the Prometheus of Æschylus—how he would not give in to Jupiter."

"I am trying to understand," said Clementina, and ceased; and a silence fell which for a few moments Malcolm could not break. For suddenly he felt as if he had fallen under the power of a spell. Something seemed to radiate from her silence which invaded his consciousness. It was as if the wind which dwells in the tree of life had waked in the twilight of heaven and blew upon his spirit. It was not that now first he saw that she was beautiful: the moment his eyes fell upon her that morning in the park he saw her beautiful as he had never seen woman before. Neither was it that now first he saw her good: even in that first interview her heart had revealed itself to him as very lovely. But the foolishness which flowed from her lips, noble and unselfish as it was, had barred the way betwixt his feelings and her individuality as effectually as if she had been the loveliest of Venuses lying uncarved in the lunar marble of Carrara. There *are* men to whom silliness is an absolute freezing-mixture—to whose hearts a plain sensible woman at once appeals as a woman, while no amount of beauty can serve as sweet oblivious antidote to counteract the nausea produced by folly. Malcolm had found Clementina irritating,

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and the more irritating that she was so beautiful. But at the first sound from her lips that indicated genuine and truthful thought the atmosphere had begun to change; and at the first troubled gleam in her eyes, revealing that she pursued some dim-seen thing of the world of reality, a nameless potency throbbed into the spiritual space betwixt her and him, and embraced them in an æther of entrancing relation. All that had been needed to awake love to her was, that her soul, her self, should look out of its windows; and now at length he had caught a glimpse of it. Not all her beauty, not all her heart, not all her courage, could draw him while she would ride only a hobby-horse, however tight its skin might be stuffed with emotions. But now who could tell how soon she might be charging in the front line of the Amazons of the Lord—on as real a horse as any in the heavenly army? For was she not thinking, the rarest human operation in the world?

"I will try to speak a little more clearly, my lady," said Malcolm. "If ease and comfort and the pleasures of animal and intellectual being were the best things to be had, as they are the only things most people desire, then that Maker who did not care that His creatures should possess or were deprived of such could not be a good God. But if the need with the lack of such things should be the means, the only means, of their gaining something in its very nature so much better that—"

"But," interrupted Clementina, "if they don't care about anything better—if they are content as they are?"

"Should He, then, who called them into existence be limited in His further intents for the perfecting of their creation by their notions concerning themselves who cannot add to their life one cubit, such notions being often consciously dishonest? If He knows them worthless without something that He can give, shall He withhold His hand because they do not care that He should stretch it forth? Should a child not be taught to ride because he is content to run on foot?"

"But the means, according to your own theory, are so frightful!" said Clementina.

"But suppose He knows that the barest beginnings of the good He intends them would not merely reconcile them to those means, but cause them to choose His will at any expense of suffering? I tell you, Lady Clementina," continued Malcolm, rising, and approaching her a step or two, "if I had not the hope of one day being good like God himself, if I thought there was no escape out of the wrong and badness I feel within me, and know I am not able to rid myself of without supreme help, not all the wealth and honors of the world could reconcile me to life."

"You do not know what you are talking of," said Clementina coldly and softly, without lifting her head.

"I do," said Malcolm.

"You mean you would kill yourself but for your belief in God?"

"By life I meant *being*, my lady. If there were no God, I dared not kill myself, lest worse should be waiting me in the awful voids beyond. If there be a God, living or dying is all one — so it be what He pleases."

"I have read of saints," said Clementina with cool dissatisfaction in her tone, "uttering such sentiments" ("*Sentiments!*" said Malcolm to himself), "and I do not doubt such were felt or at least imagined by them; but I fail to understand how, even supposing these things true, a young man like yourself should, in the midst of a busy world, and with an occupation which, to say the least—"

Here she paused. After a moment Malcolm ventured to help her: "Is so far from an ideal one, would you say, my lady?"

"Something like that," answered Clementina, and concluded, "I wonder how *you* can have arrived at such ideas?"

"There is nothing wonderful in it, my lady," returned Malcolm. "Why should not a youth, a boy, a child—for as a child I thought about what the kingdom of heaven could mean—desire with all his might that his heart and mind should be clean, his will strong, his thoughts just,

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his head clear, his soul dwelling in the place of life? Why should I not desire that my life should be a complete thing, and an outgoing of life to my neighbor? Some people are content not to do mean actions: I want to become incapable of a mean thought or feeling; and so I shall be before all is done."

"Still, how did you come to begin so much earlier than others?"

"All I know as to that, my lady, is that I had the best man in the world to teach me."

"And why did not I have such a man to teach me? I could have learned of such a man too."

"If you are able now, my lady, it does not follow that it would have been the best thing for you sooner. Some children learn far better for not being begun early, and will get before others who have been at it for years. As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you in a book or a friend, or, best of all, in your own thoughts — the eternal thought speaking in your thought."

It flashed through her mind, "Can it be that I have found it now—on the lips of a groom?" Was it her own spirit or another that laughed strangely within her. "Well, as you seem to know so much better than other people," she said, "I want you to explain to me how the God in whom you profess to believe can make use of such cruelties. They seem to me more like the reveling of a demon."

"My lady," remonstrated Malcolm, "I never pretended to explain. All I say is, that if I had reasons for hoping there was a God, and if I found, from my own experience and the testimony of others, that suffering led to valued good, I should think, hope, expect to find, that He caused suffering for reasons of the highest, purest and kindest import, such as when understood must be absolutely satisfactory to the sufferers themselves. If a man cannot believe that, and if he thinks pain the worst evil of all, then of course he cannot believe there is a good God. Still, even then, if he would lay claim to being a lover of truth, he ought to give the idea—the mere *idea*—of God fair play, lest there should be a good God after all, and he all his life doing Him the injustice of refusing Him his trust and obedience."

"And how are we to give the mere idea of Him fair play?" asked Clementina, rather contemptuously. But I think she was fighting emotion, confused and troublesome.

"By looking to the heart of whatever claims to be a revelation of Him."

"It would take a lifetime to read the half of such."

"I will correct myself, and say, 'Whatever of the sort has best claims on *your* regard, whatever any person you look upon as good believes and would have you believe;' at the same time doing diligently what you *know* to be right; for, if there be a God, that must be His will, and if there be not, it remains our duty."

All this time Florimel was working away at her embroidery, a little smile of satisfaction flickering on her face. She was pleased to hear her clever friend talking so with her strange vassal. As to what they were saying, she had no doubt it was all right, but to her it was not interesting. She was mildly debating with herself whether she should tell her friend about Lenorme.

Clementina's work now lay on her lap and her hands on her work, while her eyes at one time gazed on the grass at her feet, at another searching Malcolm's face with a troubled look. The light of Malcolm's candle was beginning to penetrate into her dusky room, the power of his faith to tell upon the weakness of her unbelief. There is no strength in unbelief. Even the unbelief of what is false is no source of might. It is the truth shining from behind that gives the strength to disbelieve. But into the house where the refusal of the bad is followed by no embracing of the good—the house empty and swept and garnished — the bad will return, bringing with it seven evils that are worse.

If something of that sacred mystery, holy in the heart of the Father, which

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draws together the souls of man and woman, was at work between them. let those scoff at the mingling of love and religion who know nothing of either; but man or woman who, loving woman or man, has never in that love lifted the heart to the divine Father, and every one whose love has not yet cast at least an arm around the human love, must take heed what they think of themselves, for they are yet but paddlers in the tide of the eternal ocean. Love is a lifting no less than a swelling of the heart. What changes, what metamorphoses, transformations, purifications, glorifications, must this or that love undergo ere it take its eternal place in the kingdom of heaven, through all its changes yet remaining, in its one essential root, the same, let the coming redemption reveal. The hope of all honest lovers will lead them to the vision. Only let them remember that love must dwell in the will as well as in the heart.

But whatever the nature of Malcolm's influence upon Lady Clementina, she resented it, thinking toward and speaking to him repellently. Something in her did not like him. She knew he did not approve of her, and she did not like being disapproved of. Neither did she approve of him. He was pedantic, and far too good for an honest and brave youth: not that she could say she had seen dishonesty or cowardice in him, or that she could have told which vice she would prefer to season his goodness withal and bring him to the level of her ideal. And then, for all her theories of equality, he was a groom—therefore to a lady ought to be repulsive, at least when she found him intruding into the chambers of her thoughts—personally intruding, yes—and met there by some traitorous feelings whose behavior she could not understand. She resented it all, and felt toward Malcolm as if he were guilty of forcing himself into the sacred presence of her bosom's queen; whereas it was his angel that did so, his Idea, over which he had no control. Clementina would have turned that Idea out; and when she found she could not, her soul started up wrathful, in maidenly disgust with her heart, and cast resentment upon everything in him whereon it would hang. She had not yet, however, come to ask herself any questions: she had only begun to fear that a woman to whom a person from the stables could be interesting, even in the form of an unexplained riddle, must be herself a person of low tastes, and that, for all her pride in coming of honest people, there must be a drop of bad blood in her somewhere.

For a time her eyes had been fixed on her work, and there had been silence in the little group.

"My lady!" said Malcolm, and drew a step nearer to Clementina.

She looked up. How lovely she was with the trouble in her eyes! Thought Malcolm, "If only she were what she might be! If the form were but filled with the spirit! the body with life!"

"My lady!" he repeated, just a little embarrassed, "I should like to tell you one thing that came to me only lately —came to me when thinking over the hard words you spoke to me that day in the park. But it is something so awful that I dare not speak of it except you will make your heart solemn to hear it."

He stopped, with his eyes questioning hers. Clementina's first thought once more was madness, but as she steadily returned his look, her face grew pale and she gently bowed her head in consent.

"I will try, then," said Malcolm. "Everybody knows what few think about, that once there lived a man who, in the broad face of prejudiced respectability, truth-hating hypocrisy, commonplace religion and dull book-learning, affirmed that He knew the secret of life and understood the heart and history of men—who wept over their sorrows, yet worshiped the God of the whole earth, saying that He had known Him from eternal days. The same said that He came to do what the Father did, and that He did nothing but what He had learned of the Father. They killed Him, you know, my lady, in a terrible way that one is afraid even to think of. But

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He insisted that He laid down His life—that He allowed them to take it. Now, I ask whether that grandest thing crowning His life, the yielding of it to the hand of violence, He had not learned also from His Father. Was His death the only thing He had not so learned? If I am right—and I do not say *if* in doubt—then the suffering of those three terrible hours was a type of the suffering of the Father himself in bringing sons and daughters through the cleansing and glorifying fires, without which the created cannot be made the very children of God, partakers of the divine nature and peace. Then from the lowest, weakest tone of suffering up to the loftiest pitch, the divinest acme of pain, there is not one pang to which the sensorium of the universe does not respond; never an untuneful vibration of nerve or spirit but thrills beyond the brain or the heart of the sufferer to the brain, the heart of the universe; and God, in the simplest, most literal, fullest sense, and not by sympathy alone, suffers *with* His creatures."

"Well, but He is able to bear it: they are not. I cannot bring myself to see the right of it."

"Nor will you, my lady, so long as you cannot bring yourself to see the good they get by it. My lady, when I was trying my best with poor Kelpie, you would not listen to me."

"You are ungenerous," said Clementina, flushing.

"My lady," persisted Malcolm, "you would not understand me. You denied me a heart because of what seemed in your eyes cruelty. I knew that I was saving her from death at the least, probably from a life of torture. God may be good, though to you His government may seem to deny it. There is but one way God cares to govern—the way of the Father-King—and that way is at hand. But I have yet given you only the one half of my theory: If God feels pain, then He puts forth His will to bear and subject that pain: if the pain comes to Him from His creature, living in Him, will the endurance of God be confined to himself, and not, in its turn, pass beyond the bounds of His individuality and react upon the sufferer to his sustaining? I do not mean that sustaining which a man feels from knowing his will one with God's and God *with* him, but such sustaining as those His creatures also may have who do not or cannot know whence the sustaining comes. I believe that the endurance of God goes forth to uphold, that His patience is strength to His creatures, and that while the whole creation may well groan, its suffering is more bearable therefore than it seems to the repugnance of our regard."

"That is a dangerous doctrine," said Clementina.

"Will it then make the cruel man more cruel to be told that God is caring for the tortured creature from the citadel of whose life he would force an answer to save his own from the sphinx that must at last devour him, let him answer never so wisely? Or will it make the tender less pitiful to be consoled a little in the agony of beholding what they cannot alleviate? Many hearts are from sympathy as sorely in need of comfort as those with whom they suffer. And to such I have one word more—to your heart, my lady, if it will consent to be consoled: The animals, I believe, suffer less than we, because they scarcely think of the past, and not at all of the future. It is the same with children, Mr. Graham says: they suffer less than grown people, and for the same reason. To get back something of this privilege of theirs we have to be obedient and take no thought for the morrow."

Clementina took up her work. Malcolm walked away.

"Malcolm," cried his mistress, "are you not going on with the book?"

"I hope your ladyship will excuse me," said Malcolm. "I would rather not read more just at present."

It may seem incredible that one so young as Malcolm should have been able to talk thus; and indeed my report may have given words more formal and systematic than his really were. For the *matter* of them, it must be remembered that he was not young in the effort to do and understand, and that the advantage to such a pupil of such a teacher as Mr. Graham is illimitable.

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CHAPTER XLIII.

A PERPLEXITY.

AFTER Malcolm's departure Clementina attempted to find what Florimel thought of the things her strange groom had been saying: she found only that she neither thought at all about them, nor had a single true notion concerning the matter of their conversation. Seeking to interest her in it, and failing, she found, however, that she had greatly deepened its impression upon herself.

Florimel had not yet quite made up her mind whether or not she should open her heart to Clementina, but she approached the door of it in requesting her opinion upon the matter of marriage between persons of social conditions widely parted—"frightfully sundered," she said. Now, Clementina was a radical of her day, a reformer, a leveler—one who complained bitterly that some should be so rich and some so poor. In this she was perfectly honest. Her own wealth, from a vague sense of unrighteousness in the possession of it, was such a burden to her that she threw it away where often it made other people stumble if not fall. She professed to regard all men as equal, and believed that she did so. She was powerful in her contempt of the distinctions made between certain of the classes, but had signally failed in some bold endeavors to act as if they had no existence except in the whims of society. As yet, no man had sought her nearer regard for whom she would deign to cherish even friendship. As to marriage, she professed, right honestly, an entire disinclination, even aversion, to it, saying to herself that if ever she should marry it must be, for the sake of protest and example, one notably beneath her in social condition. He must be a gentleman, but his claims to that rare distinction should lie only in himself, not his position—in what he was, not what he had. But it is one thing to have opinions, and another to be called upon to show them beliefs; it is one thing to declare all men equal, and another to tell the girl who looks up to you for advice that she ought to feel herself at perfect liberty to marry—say, a groom; and when Florimel proposed the general question, Clementina might well have hesitated. And indeed she did hesitate, but in vain she tried to persuade herself that it was solely for the sake of her young and inexperienced friend that she did so. As little could she honestly say that it was from doubt of the principles she had so long advocated. Had Florimel been open with her, and told her what sort of inferior was in her thoughts, instead of representing the gulf between them as big enough to swallow the city of Rome—had she told her that he was a gentleman, a man of genius and gifts, noble and large-hearted, and indeed better bred than any other man she knew—the fact of his profession would only have clenched Lady Clementina's decision in his favor; and if Florimel had been honest enough to confess the encouragement she had given him—nay, the absolute love-passages there had been—Clementina would at once have insisted that her friend should write an apology for her behavior to him, should dare the dastard world and offer to marry him when he would. But, Florimel putting the question as she did, how should Clementina imagine anything other than that it referred to Malcolm? and a strange confusion of feeling was the consequence. Her thoughts heaved in her like the half-shaped monsters of a spiritual chaos, and amongst them was one she could not at all identify. A direct answer she found impossible. She found also that in presence of Florimel, so much younger than herself, and looking up to her for advice, she dared not even let the questions now pressing for entrance appear before her consciousness. She therefore declined giving an answer of any sort—was not prepared with one, she said: much was to be considered; no two cases were just alike.

They were summoned to tea, after which she retired to her room, shut the door and began to think—an operation which, seldom easy if worth anything, was in the present case peculiarly difficult, both because Clementina was not used to it, and the subject-object of it was herself. I suspect that self-examination

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is seldom the most profitable, certainly it is sometimes the most unpleasant, and always the most difficult, of moral actions—that is, to perform after a genuine fashion. I know that very little of what passes for it has the remotest claim to reality, and I will not say it has never to be done; but I am certain that a good deal of the energy spent by some devout and upright people on trying to understand themselves and their own motives would be expended to better purpose, and with far fuller attainment even in regard to that object itself, in the endeavor to understand God, and what He would have us do.

Lady Clementina's attempt was as honest as she dared make it. It went something after this fashion: "How is it possible I should counsel a young creature like that, with all her gifts and privileges, to marry a groom—to bring the stable into her chamber? If I did, if she did, has she the strength to hold her face to it? Yes, I know how different he is from any other groom that ever rode behind a lady. But does she understand him? Is she capable of such a regard for him as could outlast a week of closer intimacy? At her age it is impossible she should know what she was doing in daring such a thing. It would be absolute ruin to her. And how could I advise her to do what I could not do myself? But then if she is in love with him?"

She rose and paced the room; not hurriedly—she never did anything hurriedly—but yet with unleisurely steps, until, catching sight of herself in the glass, she turned away as from an intruding and unwelcome presence, and threw herself on her couch, burying her face in the pillow. Presently, however, she rose again, her face glowing, and again walked up and down the room—almost swiftly now. I can but indicate the course of her thoughts: "If what he says be true!—It opens another and higher life.—What a man he is! and so young!—Has he not convicted me of feebleness and folly, and made me ashamed of myself?—What better thing could man or woman do for another than lower her in her own haughty eyes, and give her a chance of becoming such as she had but dreamed of the shadow of?—He is a gentleman—every inch! Hear him talk!—Scotch, no doubt—and—well—a *little* long-winded—a bad fault at his age! But see him ride! see him swim—and to save a bird!—But then he is hard—severe at best! All religious people are so severe! They think they are safe themselves, and so can afford to be hard on others! He would serve his wife the same as his mare, if he thought she required it!—And I *have* known women for whom it might be the best thing. I am a fool! a soft-hearted idiot! He told me I would give a baby a lighted candle if it cried for it.—Or didn't he? I believe he never uttered a word of the sort: he only thought it." As she said this there came a strange light in her eyes, and the light seemed to shine from all around them as well as from the orbs themselves.

Suddenly she stood still as a statue in the middle of the room, and her face grew white as the marble of one. For a minute she stood thus, without a definite thought in her brain. The first that came was something like this: "Then Florimel *does* love him! and wants help to decide whether she shall marry him or not! Poor weak little wretch!—Then if I were in love with him I would marry him.—Would I?—It is well, perhaps, that I'm not!—But she! he is ten times too good for her! He would be utterly thrown away on her! But I am *her* counsel, not his; and what better could come to her than have such a man for a husband, and instead of that contemptible Liftore, with his grand earldom ways and proud nose? He has little to be proud of that must take to his rank for it! Fancy a right man condescending to be proud of his own rank! Pooh! But this groom is a man! all a man! grand from the centre out, as the great God made him!—Yes, it must be a great God that made such a man as that!—that is, if he *is* the same he looks—the same all through!—Perhaps there are more Gods than one, and one of them is the devil, and made Liftore!—But am I bound to give her advice? Surely not.

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I may refuse. And rightly too! A woman that marries from advice, instead of from a mighty love, is wrong. I need *not* speak. I shall just tell her to consult her own heart and conscience, and follow them.—But gracious me! am *I* then going to fall in love with the fellow?—this stableman who pretends to know his Maker! Certainly not. There is *nothing* of the kind in my thoughts. Besides, how should *I* know what falling in love means? I never was in love in my life, and don't mean to be. If I were so foolish as imagine myself in any danger, would I be such a fool as be caught in it? I should think not, indeed! What if I *do* think of this man in a way I never thought of any one before, is there anything odd in that? How should I help it when he is unlike any one I ever saw before? One must think of people as one finds them. Does it follow that I have power over myself no longer, and must go where any chance feeling may choose to lead me?"

Here came a pause. Then she started, and once more began walking up and down the room, now hurriedly indeed. "I will *not* have it!" she cried aloud, and checked herself, dashed at the sound of her own voice. But her soul went on loud enough for the thought-universe to hear: "There *can't* be a God, or He would never subject His women to what they don't choose. If a God had made them, He would have them queens over themselves at least; and I *will* be queen, and then perhaps a God did make me. A slave to things inside myself!—thoughts and feelings I refuse, and which I *ought* to have control over! I don't want this in me, yet I can't drive it out! I *will* drive it out. It is not me. A slave on my own ground!—worst slavery of all! It will not go.—That must be because I do not will it strong enough. And if I don't *will* it—my God!—what does that mean?—That I am a slave already?"

Again she threw herself on her couch, but only to rise and yet again pace the room: "Nonsense! it is *not* love. It is merely that nobody could help thinking about one who had been so much before her mind for so long—one, too, who had made her think. Ah! there, I do believe, lies the real secret of it all!—There's the main cause of my trouble—and nothing worse! I must not be foolhardy, though, and remain in danger, especially as, for anything I can tell, he may be in love with that foolish child. People, they say, like people that are not at all like themselves. Then I am sure he might like me!—She *seems* to be in love with him! I know she cannot be half a quarter in real love with him: it's not in her."

She did not rejoin Florimel that evening: it was part of the understanding between the ladies that each should be at absolute liberty. She slept little during the night, starting awake as often as she began to slumber, and before the morning came was a good deal humbled. All sorts of means are kept at work to make the children obedient and simple and noble. Joy and sorrow are servants in God's nursery; pain and delight, ecstasy and despair, minister in it; but amongst them there is none more marvelous in its potency than that mingling of all pains and pleasures to which we specially give the name of Love.

When she appeared at breakfast her countenance bore traces of her suffering, but a headache, real enough, though little heeded in the commotion upon whose surface it floated, gave answer to the not very sympathetic solicitude of Florimel. Happily, the day of their return was near at hand. Some talk there had been of protracting their stay, but to that Clementina avoided any further allusion. She must put an end to an intercourse which she was compelled to admit was, at least, in danger of becoming dangerous. This much she had with certainty discovered concerning her own feelings, that her head grew hot and her heart cold at the thought of the young man belonging more to the mistress who could not understand him than to herself who imagined she could; and it wanted no experience in love to see that it was therefore time to be on her guard against herself, for to herself she was growing perilous.

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CHAPTER XLIV.

THE MIND OF THE AUTHOR.

THE next was the last day of the reading. They must finish the tale that morning, and on the following set out to return home, traveling as they had come. Clementina had not the strength of mind to deny herself that last indulgence—a long four days' ride in the company of this strangest of attendants. After that, if not the deluge, yet a few miles of Sahara.

"'It is the opinion of many that he has entered into a Moravian mission, for the use of which he had previously drawn considerable sums,'" read Malcolm, and paused with book half closed.

"Is that all?" asked Florimel.

"Not quite, my lady," he answered. "There isn't much more, but I was just thinking whether we hadn't come upon something worth a little reflection—whether we haven't here a window into the mind of the author of *Waverley*, whoever he may be, Mr. Scott or another."

"You mean?" said Clementina interrogatively, and looked up from her work, but not at the speaker.

"I mean, my lady, that perhaps we here get a glimpse of the author's own opinions, or feelings rather, perhaps."

"I do not see what of the sort you can find there," returned Clementina.

"Neither should I, my lady, if Mr. Graham had not taught me how to find Shakespeare in his plays. A man's own nature, he used to say, must lie at the heart of what he does, even though not another man should be sharp enough to find him there. Not a hypocrite, the most consummate, he would say, but has his hypocrisy written in every line of his countenance and motion of his fingers. The heavenly Lavaters can read it, though the earthly may not be able."

"And you think you can find him out?" said Clementina dryly.

"Not the hypocrite, my lady, but Mr. Scott here. He is only round a single corner. And one thing is—he believes in a God."

"How do you make that out?"

"He means this Mr. Tyrrel for a fine fellow, and on the whole approves of him—does he not, my lady?"

"Certainly."

"Of course all that dueling is wrong. But then Mr. Scott only half disapproves of it.—And it is almost a pity it is wrong," remarked Malcolm with a laugh, "it is such an easy way of settling some difficult things. Yet I hate it. It's so cowardly. I may be a better shot than the other, and know it all the time. He may know it too, and have twice my courage. And I may think him in the wrong, when he *knows* himself in the right.—There *is* one man I have felt as if I should like to kill. When I was a boy I killed the cats that ate my pigeons."

A look of horror almost distorted Lady Clementina's countenance.

"I don't know what to say next, my lady," he went on with a smile, "because I have no way of telling whether you look shocked for the cats I killed or the pigeons they killed, or the man I would rather see killed than have him devour more of my—white doves," he concluded sadly, with a little shake of the head. "But, please God," he resumed, "I shall manage to keep them from him, and let him live to be as old as Methuselah if he can, even if he should grow in cunning and wickedness all the time. I wonder how he will feel when he comes to see what a sneaking cat he is?—But this is not what we set out for. It was that Mr. Tyrrel, the author's hero, joins the Moravians at last."

"What are they?" questioned Clementina.

"Simple, good, practical Christians, I believe," answered Malcolm.

"But he only does it when disappointed in love."

"No, my lady, he is not disappointed. The lady is only dead."

Clementina stared a moment—then dropped her head as if she understood. Presently she raised it again and said, "But, according to what you said the other day, in doing so he was forsaking altogether the duties of the station in which God had called him."

"That is true. It would have been a far grander thing to do his duty where

he was, than to find another place and another duty. An earldom allotted is better than a mission preferred."

"And at least you must confess," interrupted Clementina, "that he only took to religion because he was unhappy."

"Certainly, my lady, it is the nobler thing to seek God in the days of gladness, to look up to Him in trustful bliss when the sun is shining. But if a man be miserable, if the storm *is* coming down on him, what is he to do? There is nothing mean in seeking God then, though it would have been nobler to seek Him before. But to return to the matter in hand: the author of *Waverley* makes his noble-hearted hero, whom assuredly he had no intention of disgracing, turn Moravian; and my conclusion from it is, that in his judgment nobleness leads in the direction of religion—that he considers it natural for a noble mind to seek comfort there for its deepest sorrows."

"Well, it may be so; but what is religion without consistency in action?" said Clementina.

"Nothing," answered Malcolm.

"Then how can you, professing to believe as you do, cherish such feelings toward any man as you have just been confessing?"

"I don't cherish them, my lady. But I succeed in avoiding hate better than in suppressing contempt, which perhaps is the worse of the two. There may be some respect in hate."

Here he paused, for here was a chance that was not likely to recur. He might say before two ladies what he could not say before one. If he could but rouse Florimel's indignation! Then at any suitable time only a word more would be needful to direct it upon the villain. Clementina's eyes continued fixed upon him. At length he spoke: "I will try to make two pictures in your mind, my lady, if you will help me to paint them. In *my* mind they are not *painted* pictures.—A long sea-coast, my lady, and a stormy night; the sea-horses rushing in from the north-east, and the snowflakes beginning to fall. On the margin of the sea a long dune or sandbank, and on the top of it, her head bare and her thin cotton dress nearly torn from her by the wind, a young woman, worn and white, with an old faded tartan shawl tight about her shoulders, and the shape of a baby inside it upon her arm."

"Oh, she doesn't mind the cold," said Florimel. "When I was there I didn't mind it a bit."

"She does not mind the cold," answered Malcolm: "she is far too miserable for that."

"But she has no business to take the baby out on such a night," continued Florimel, carelessly critical. "You ought to have painted her by the fireside. They have all of them firesides to sit at. I have seen them through the windows many a time."

"Shame or cruelty had driven her from it," said Malcolm, "and there she was."

"Do you mean you saw her yourself wandering about?" asked Clementina.

"Twenty times, my lady."

Clementina was silent.

"Well, what comes next?" said Florimel.

"Next comes a young gentleman — but this is a picture in another frame, although of the same night—a young gentleman in evening-dress, sipping his madeira, warm and comfortable, in the bland temper that should follow the best of dinners, his face beaming with satisfaction after some boast concerning himself, or with silent success in the concoction of one or two compliments to have at hand when he joins the ladies in the drawing-room."

"Nobody can help such differences," said Florimel. "If there were nobody rich, who would there be to do anything for the poor? It's not the young gentleman's fault that he is better born and has more money than the poor girl."

"No," said Malcolm; "but what if the poor girl has the young gentleman's child to carry about from morning to night?"

"Oh, well, I suppose she's paid for it," said Florimel, whose innocence must surely have been supplemented by some stupidity born of her flippancy.

"Do be quiet, Florimel," said Clem-

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entina: "you don't know what you are talking about."

Her face was in a glow, and one glance at it set Florimel's in a flame. She rose without a word, but with a look of mingled confusion and offence, and walked away. Clementina gathered her work together. But ere she followed her she turned to Malcolm, looked him calmly in the face, and said, "No one can blame you for hating such a man."

"Indeed, my lady, but some one would—the only One for whose praise or blame we ought to care more than a straw or two. He tells us we are neither to judge nor to hate. But—"

"I cannot stay and talk with you," said Clementina. "You must pardon me if I follow your mistress."

Another moment and he would have told her all, in the hope of her warning Florimel. But she was gone.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE RIDE HOME.

FLORIMEL was offended with Malcolm: he had put her confidence in him to shame, speaking of things to which he ought not once to have even alluded. But Clementina was not only older than Florimel, but in her loving endeavors for her kind had heard many a pitiful story, and was now saddened by the tale, not shocked at the teller. Indeed, Malcolm's mode of acquainting her with the grounds of the feeling she had challenged pleased both her heart and her sense of what was becoming; while as a partisan of women, finding a man also of their part, she was ready to offer him the gratitude of all womankind in her one typical self. "What a rough diamond is here!" she thought. "Rough!" echoed her heart: "how is he rough? What fault could the most fastidious find with his manners? True, he speaks as a servant; and where would be his manners if he did not? But neither in tone, expression nor way of thinking is he in the smallest degree servile. He is like a great pearl, clean out of the sea—bred, it is true, in the midst of strange surroundings, but pure as the moonlight; and if a man, so environed, yet has grown so grand, what might he not become with such privileges as—"

Good Clementina! what did she mean? Did she imagine that such mere gifts as she might give him could do for him more than the great sea, with the torment and conquest of its winds and tempests? more than his own ministrations of love and victories over passion and pride? What the final touches of the shark-skin are to the marble that stands lord of the flaming bow, that only can wealth and position be to the man who has yielded neither to the judgments of the world nor the drawing of his own inclinations, and so has submitted himself to the chisel and mallet of his Maker. Society is the barber who trims a man's hair, often very badly too, and pretends he made it grow. If her owner should take her, body and soul, and make of her being a gift to his—ah, then indeed! But Clementina was not yet capable of perceiving that, while what she had in her thought to offer *might* hurt him, it *could* do him little good. Her feeling concerning him, however, was all the time far indeed from folly. Not for a moment did she imagine him in love with her. Possibly she admired him too much to attribute to him such an intolerable and insolent presumption as that would have appeared to her own inferior self. Still, she was far indeed from certain, were she, as befits the woman so immeasurably beyond even the aspiration of the man, to make him offer implicit of hand and havings, that he would reach out his hand to take them. And certainly that she was not going to do; in which determination, whether she knew it or not, there was as much modesty and gracious doubt of her own worth as there was pride and maidenly recoil. In one resolve she was confident, that her behavior toward him should be such as to keep him just where he was, affording him no smallest excuse for taking one step nearer, and they would soon be in London, where she would see nothing—or next to nothing—more of him. But should she ever cease to thank God—

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that was, if ever she came to find Him—that in this room He had shown her what He could do in the way of making a man? Heartily she wished she knew a nobleman or two like him. In the mean time she meant to enjoy with carefulness the ride to London, after which things should be as before they left.

The morning arrived; they finished breakfast; the horses came round and stood at the door, all but Kelpie. The ladies mounted. Ah, what a morning to leave the country and go back to London! The sun shone clear on the dark pine woods; the birds were radiant in song; all under the trees the ferns were unrolling each its mystery of ever-generating life; the soul of the summer was there, whose mere idea sends the heart into the eyes, while itself flits mocking from the cage of words. A gracious mystery it was—in the air, in the sun, in the earth, in their own hearts. The lights of heaven mingled and played with the shadows of the earth, which looked like the souls of the trees, that had been out wandering all night, and had been overtaken by the sun ere they could re-enter their dark cells. Every motion of the horses under them was like a throb of the heart of the earth, every bound like a sigh of her bliss. Florimel shouted almost like a boy with ecstasy, and Clementina's moonlight went very near changing into sunlight as she gazed and breathed and knew that she was alive.

They started without Malcolm, for he must always put his mistress up and then go back to the stable for Kelpie. In a moment they were in the wood, crossing its shadows. It was like swimming their horses through a sea of shadows. Then came a little stream, and the horses splashed it about like children from very gamesomeness. Half a mile more, and there was a saw-mill with a mossy wheel, a pond behind dappled with sun and shade, a dark rush of water along a brown trough, and the air full of the sweet smell of sawn wood. Clementina had not once looked behind, and did not know whether Malcolm had yet joined them or not. All at once the wild vitality of Kelpie filled the space beside her, and the voice of Malcolm was in her ears. She turned her head. He was looking very solemn. "Will you let me tell you, my lady, what this always makes me think of?" he said.

"What in particular do you mean?" returned Clementina coldly.

"This smell of new-sawn wood that fills the air, my lady."

She bowed her head.

"It makes me think of Jesus in His father's workshop," said Malcolm—"how He must have smelled the same sweet scent of the trees of the world, broken for the uses of men, that is now so sweet to me. Oh, my lady, it makes the earth very holy and very lovely to think that as we are in the world, so was He in the world. Oh, my lady, think! If God should be so nearly one with us that it was nothing strange to Him thus to visit His people! that we are not the offspring of the soulless tyranny of law that knows not even its own self, but the children of an unfathomable wonder, of which science gathers only the foam-bells on the shore—children in the house of a living Father—so entirely our Father that He cares even to death that we should understand and love Him!"

He reined Kelpie back, and as she passed on his eyes caught a glimmer of emotion in Clementina's. He fell behind, and all that day did not come near her again.

Florimel asked her what he had been saying, and she compelled herself to repeat a part of it.

"He is always saying such odd, out-of-the-way things," remarked Florimel. "I used sometimes, like you, to fancy him a little astray, but I soon found I was wrong. I wish you could have heard him tell a story he once told my father and me. It was one of the wildest you ever heard. I can't tell to this day whether he believed it himself or not. He told it quite as if he did."

"Could you not make him tell it again as we ride along? It would shorten the way."

"Do you want the way shortened? I don't. But indeed it would not do to tell it so. It ought to be heard just where I

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heard it—at the foot of the ruined castle where the dreadful things in it took place. You must come and see me at Lossie House in the autumn, and then he shall tell it you. Besides, it ought to be told in Scotch, and there you will soon learn enough to follow it: half the charm depends on that."

Although Malcolm did not again approach Clementina that day, he watched almost her every motion as she rode. Her lithe graceful back and shoulders—for she was a rebel against the fashion of the day in dress as well as in morals, and believing in the natural stay of the muscles, had found them responsive to her trust—the noble poise of her head, and the motions of her arms, easy yet decided, were ever present to him, though sometimes he could hardly have told whether to his sight or his mind—now in the radiance of the sun, now in the shadow of the wood, now against the green of the meadow, now against the blue of the sky, and now in the faint moonlight, through which he followed, as a ghost in the realms of Hades might follow the ever-flitting phantom of his love. Day glided after day. Adventure came not near them. Soft and lovely as a dream the morning dawned, the noon flowed past, the evening came; and the death that followed was yet sweeter than the life that had gone before. Through it all, day-dream and nightly trance, radiant air and moony mist, before him glode the shape of Clementina, its every motion a charm. After that shape he could have been content—oh, how content!—to ride on and on through the ever-unfolding vistas of an eternal succession. Occasionally his mistress would call him to her, and then he would have one glance at the dayside of the wondrous world he had been following. Somewhere within it must be the word of the living One. Little he thought that all the time she was thinking more of him who had spoken that word in her hearing. That he was the object of her thoughts not a suspicion crossed the mind of the simple youth. How could he imagine a lady like her taking a fancy to what, for all his marquisate, he still was in his own eyes, a raw young fisherman, only just learning how to behave himself decently? No doubt, ever since she began to listen to reason, the idea of her had been spreading like a sweet odor in his heart, but not because she had listened to *him*. The very fullness of his admiration had made him wrathful with the intellectual dishonesty—for in her it could not be stupidity—that quenched his worship, and the first dawning sign of a *reasonable* soul drew him to her feet, where, like Pygmalion before his statue, he could have poured out his heart in thanks that she consented to be a woman. But even the intellectual phantom, nay even the very phrase, of being in love with her, had never risen upon the dimmest verge of his consciousness; and that although her being had now become to him of all but absorbing interest. I say *all but*, because Malcolm knew something of One whose idea she was, who had uttered her from the immortal depths of His imagination. The man to whom no window into the treasures of the Godhead has yet been opened may well scoff at the notion of such a love, for he has this advantage, that, while one like Malcolm can never cease to love, he, gifted being, can love to-day and forget to-morrow—or next year—where is the difference? Malcolm's main thought was, What a grand thing it would be to rouse a woman like Clementina to lift her head into the

> regions mild of calm and serene air,
> Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
> Which men call Earth!

If any one think that love has no right to talk religion, I answer for Malcolm at least, asking, Whereof shall a man speak if not out of the abundance of his heart? That man knows little either of love or of religion who imagines they ought to be kept apart. Of what sort, I ask, is either if unfit to approach the other? Has God decreed, created a love that must separate from himself? Is Love then divided? Or shall not love to the heart created lift up the heart to the Heart creating? Alas for the love that is not treasured in heaven! for the

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moth and the rust will devour it. Ah, these pitiful old moth-eaten loves!

All the journey, then, Malcolm was thinking how to urge the beautiful lady into finding for herself whether she had a Father in heaven or no. A pupil of Mr. Graham, he placed little value in argument that ran in any groove but that of persuasion, or any value in persuasion that had any end but action.

On the second day of the journey he rode up to his mistress, and told her, taking care that Lady Clementina should hear, that Mr. Graham was now preaching in London, adding that for his part he had never before heard anything fit to call preaching. Florimel did not show much interest, but asked where, and Malcolm fancied he could see Lady Clementina make a mental note of the place.

"If only," he thought, "she would let the power of that man's faith have a chance of influencing her, all would be well."

The ladies talked a good deal, but Florimel was not in earnest about anything, and for Clementina to have turned the conversation upon those possibilities, dim-dawning through the chaos of her world, which had begun to interest her, would have been absurd, especially since such was her confusion and uncertainty that she could not tell whether they were clouds or mountains, shadows or continents. Besides, why give a child sovereigns to play with when counters or dominos would do as well? Clementina's thoughts could not have passed into Florimel and become her thoughts. Their hearts, their natures, must come nearer first. Advise Florimel to disregard rank, and marry the man she loved! As well counsel the child to give away the cake he would cry for with intensified selfishness the moment he had parted with it! Still, there was that in her feeling for Malcolm which rendered her doubtful in Florimel's presence.

Between the grooms little passed. Griffith's contempt for Malcolm found its least offensive expression in silence, its most offensive in the shape of his countenance. He could not make him the simplest reply without a sneer. Malcolm was driven to keep mostly behind. If by any chance he got in front of his fellow-groom, Griffith would instantly cross his direction and ride between him and the ladies. His look seemed to say he had to protect them.

CHAPTER XLVI.

PORTLAND PLACE.

THE latter part of the journey was not so pleasant: it rained. It was not cold, however, and the ladies did not mind it much. It accorded with Clementina's mood; and as to Florimel, but for the thought of meeting Caley, her fine spirits would have laughed the weather to scorn. Malcolm was merry. His spirits always rose at the appearance of bad weather, as indeed with every show of misfortune: a response antagonistic invariably awoke in him. On the present occasion he had even to repress the constantly-recurring impulse to break out in song. His bosom's lord sat lightly in his throne. Griffith was the only miserable one of the party. He was tired, and did not relish the thought of the work to be done before getting home. They entered London in a wet fog, streaked with rain and dyed with smoke. Florimel went with Clementina for the night, and Malcolm carried a note from her to Lady Bellair, after which, having made Kelpie comfortable, he went to his lodgings.

When he entered the curiosity-shop the woman received him with evident surprise, and when he would have passed through to the stair, stopped him with the unwelcome information that, finding he did not return, and knowing nothing about himself or his occupation, she had, as soon as the week for which he had paid in advance was out, let the room to an old lady from the country.

"It is no great matter to me," said Malcolm, thoughtful over the woman's want of confidence in him, for he had rather liked her, "only I am sorry you could not trust me a little."

"It's all you know, young man," she returned. "People as lives in London must take care of theirselves, not wait

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for other people to do it. They'd soon find theirselves nowheres in partic'lar. I've took care on your things, an' laid 'em all together, an' the sooner you find another place for 'em the better, for they do take up a deal o' room."

His personal property was not so bulky, however, but that in ten minutes he had it all in his carpet-bag and a paper parcel, carrying which he re-entered the shop. "Would you oblige me by allowing these to lie here till I come for them?" he said.

The woman was silent for a moment. "I'd rather see the last on 'em," she answered. "To tell the truth, I don't like the look on 'em. You acts a part, young man. I'm on the square myself. But you'll find plenty to take you in. No, I can't do it. Take 'em with you."

Malcolm turned from her, and with his bag in one hand and the parcel under the other arm stepped from the shop into the dreary night. There he stood in the drizzle. It was a by-street, into which gas had not yet penetrated, and the oil lamps shone red and dull through the fog. He concluded to leave the things with Merton while he went to find a lodging.

Merton was a decent sort of fellow—*not* in his master's confidence—and Malcolm found him quite as sympathetic as the small occasion demanded. "It ain't no sort o' night," he said, "to go lookin' for a bed. Let's go an' speak to my old woman: she's a oner at contrivin'."

He lived over the stable, and they had but to go up the stair. Mrs. Merton sat by the fire. A cradle with a baby was in front of it. On the other side sat Caley in suppressed exultation, for here came what she had been waiting for—the first fruits of certain arrangements between her and Mrs. Catanach. She greeted Malcolm distantly, but neither disdainfully nor spitefully.

"I trust you've brought me back my lady, MacPhail," she said: then added, thawing into something like jocularity, "I shouldn't have looked to you to go running away with her."

"I left my lady at Lady Clementina Thornicroft's an hour ago," answered Malcolm.

"Oh, of course! Lady Clem's everything now."

"I believe my lady's not coming home till to-morrow," said Malcolm.

"All the better for us," returned Caley. "Her room ain't ready for her. But I didn't know you lodged with Mrs. Merton, MacPhail," she said, with a look at the luggage he had placed on the floor.

"Lawks, miss!" cried the good woman, "where ever should we put him up as has but the next room?"

"You'll have to find that out, mother," said Merton. "Sure you've got enough to shake down for him. With a truss of straw to help, you'll manage it somehow—eh, old lady?—I'll be bound!" And with that he told Malcolm's condition.

"Well, I suppose we must manage it somehow," answered his wife, "but I'm afraid we can't make him over-comfortable."

"I don't see but we *could* take him in at the house," said Caley, reflectively. "There is a small room empty in the garret, I know. It ain't much more than a closet, to be sure, but if he could put up with it for a night or two, just till he found a better, I would run across and see what they say."

Malcolm wondered at the change in her, but could not hesitate. The least chance of getting settled in the house was a thing not to be thrown away. He thanked her heartily. She rose and went, and they sat and talked till her return. She had been delayed, she said, by the housekeeper: "the cross old patch" had objected to taking in any one from the stables.

"I'm sure," she went on, "there ain't the ghost of a reason why you shouldn't have the room, except that it ain't good enough. Nobody else wants it, or is likely to. But it's all right now, and if you'll come across in about an hour, you'll find it ready for you. One of the girls in the kitchen—I forget her name—offered to make it tidy for you. Only take care—I give you warning: she's a great admirer of Mr. MacPhail."

Therewith she took her departure, and

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at the appointed time Malcolm followed her. The door was opened to him by one of the maids whom he knew by sight, and in her guidance he soon found himself in that part of a house he liked best, immediately under the roof. The room was indeed little more than a closet in the slope of the roof, with only a skylight. But just outside the door was a storm-window, from which, over the top of a lower range of houses, he had a glimpse of the mews-yard. The place smelt rather badly of mice, while, as the skylight was immediately above his bed, and he had no fancy for drenching that with an infusion of soot, he could not open it. These, however, were the sole faults he had to find with the place. Everything looked nice and clean, and his education had not tended to fastidiousness. He took a book from his bag and read a good while: then went to bed and fell fast asleep.

In the morning he woke early, as was his habit, sprung at once on the floor, dressed, and went quietly down. The household was yet motionless. He had begun to descend the last stair when all at once he turned deadly sick, and had to sit down, grasping the balusters. In a few minutes he recovered, and made the best speed he could to the stable, where Kelpie was now beginning to demand her breakfast.

But Malcolm had never in his life before felt sick, and it seemed awful to him. Something that had appeared his own, a portion—hardly a portion, rather an essential element of himself—had suddenly deserted him, left him a prey to the inroad of something that was not of himself, bringing with it faintness of heart, fear and dismay. He found himself for the first time in his life trembling; and it was to him a thing as appalling as strange. While he sat on the stair he could not think, but as he walked to the mews he said to himself, "Am I then the slave of something that is not myself—something to which my fancied freedom and strength are a mockery? Was my courage, my peace, all the time dependent on something not me, which could be separated from me, and but a moment ago was separated from me and left me as helplessly dismayed as the veriest coward in creation? I wonder what Alexander would have thought if, as he swung himself on Bucephalus, he had been taken as I was on the stair?"

Afterward, talking the thing over with Mr. Graham, he said, "I saw that I had no hand in my own courage. If I had any courage, it was simply that I was born with it. If it left me, I could not help it: I could neither prevent nor recall it—I could only wait until it returned. Why, then, I asked myself, should I feel ashamed that for five minutes, as I sat on the stair, Kelpie was a terror to me, and I felt as if I dared not go near her? I had almost reached the stable before I saw into it a little. Then I did see that if I had had nothing to do with my own courage, it was quite time I had something to do with it. If a man had no hand in his own nature, character, being, what could he be better than a divine puppet—a happy creature, possibly—a heavenly animal, like the grand horses and lions of the book of the Revelation—but not one of the gods that the sons of God, the partakers of the divine nature, are? For this end came the breach in my natural courage, that I might repair it from the will and power God had given me, that I might have a hand in the making of my own courage, in the creating of myself. Therefore I must see to it."

Nor had he to wait for his next lesson—namely, the opportunity of doing what he had been taught in the first. For just as he reached the stable, where he heard Kelpie clamoring with hoofs and teeth after her usual manner when she judged herself neglected, the sickness returned, and with it such a fear of the animal he heard thundering and clashing on the other side of the door as amounted to nothing less than horror. She was a man-eating horse!—a creature with bloody teeth, brain-spattered hoofs and eyes of hate! A flesh-loving devil had possessed her, and was now crying out for her groom that he might devour him. He gathered, with agonized effort, every power within him to an awful council,

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and thus he said to himself: "Better a thousand times my brains plastered the stable-wall than I should hold them in the head of a dastard. How can God look at me with any content if I quail in the face of His four-footed creature? Does He not demand of me action according to what I *know*, not what I may chance at any moment to *feel?* God is my strength, and I will lay hold of that strength and use it, or I have none, and Kelpie may take me and welcome."

Therewith the sickness abated so far that he was able to open the stable-door; and, having brought them once into the presence of their terror, his will arose and lorded it over his shrinking, quivering nerves, and like slaves they obeyed him. Surely the Father of his spirit was most in that will when most that will was Malcolm's own! It is when a man is most a man, that the cause of the man, the God of his life, the very Life himself, the original life-creating Life, is closest to him, is most within him. The individual, that his individuality may blossom, and not soon be "massed into the common clay," must have the vital indwelling of the primary Individuality which is its origin. The fire that is the hidden life of the bush will not consume it.

Malcolm tottered to the corn-bin, staggered up to Kelpie, fell up against her hind quarters as they dropped from a great kick, but got into the stall beside her. She turned eagerly, darted at her food, swallowed it greedily, and was quiet as a lamb while he dressed her.

CHAPTER XLVII.

PORTLOSSIE AND SCAURNOSE.

MEANTIME, things were going rather badly at Portlossie and Scaurnose, and the factor was the devil of them. Those who had known him longest said he must be *fey*—that is, *doomed*—so strangely altered was his behavior. Others said he took more counsel with his bottle than had been his wont, and got no good from it. Almost all the fishers found him surly, and upon some he broke out in violent rage, while to certain whom he regarded as Malcolm's special friends he carried himself with cruel oppression. The notice to leave at midsummer clouded the destiny of Joseph Mair and his family, and every householder in the two villages believed that to take them in would be to call down the like fate upon himself. But Meg Partan at least was not to be intimidated. Her outbursts of temper were but the hurricanes of a tropical heart—not much the less true and good and steadfast that it was fierce. Let the factor rage as he would, Meg was absolute in her determination that if the cruel sentence were carried out—which she hardly expected—her house should be the shelter of those who had received her daughter when her severity had driven her from her home. That would leave her own family and theirs three months to look out for another abode. Certain of Blue Peter's friends ventured a visit of intercession to the factor, and were received with composure and treated with consideration until their object appeared, when his wrath burst forth so wildly that they were glad to escape without having to defend their persons: only the day before had he learned with certainty from Miss Horn that Malcolm was still in the service of the marchioness, and in constant attendance upon her when she rode. It almost maddened him. He had for some time taken to drinking more toddy after his dinner, and it was fast ruining his temper. His wife, who had from the first excited his indignation against Malcolm, was now reaping her reward. To complete the troubles of the fisher-folk, the harbor at Portlossie had, by a severe equinoctial storm, been so filled with sand as to be now inaccessible at lower than half tide, nobody as yet having made it his business to see it attended to.

But in the midst of his anxieties about Florimel and his interest in Clementina, Malcolm had not been forgetting them. As soon as he was a little settled in London he had written to Mr. Soutar, and he to architects and contractors, on the subject of a harbor at Scaurnose. But there were difficulties, and the matter had been making but slow progress. Malcolm,

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however, had insisted, and in consequence of his determination to have the possibilities of the thing thoroughly understood, three men appeared one morning on the rocks at the bottom of the cliff on the west side of the Nose. The children of the village discovered them, and carried the news; whereupon, the men being all out in the bay, the women left their work and went to see what the strangers were about. The moment they were satisfied that they could make nothing of their proceedings, they naturally became suspicious. To whom the fancy first occurred nobody ever knew, but such was the unhealthiness of the moral atmosphere of the place, caused by the injustice and severity of Mr. Crathie, that, once suggested, it was universally received that they were sent by the factor, and that for a purpose only too consistent with the treatment Scaurnose, they said, had invariably received ever since first it was the dwelling of fishers. Had not their fathers told them how unwelcome they were to the lords of the land? And what rents had they not to pay! and how poor was the shelter for which they paid so much!—without a foot of land to grow a potato in! To crown all, the factor was at length about to drive them in a body from the place — Blue Peter first, one of the best as well as most considerable men amongst them! His notice to quit was but the beginning of a clearance. It was easy to see what those villains were about—on that precious rock, their only friend, the one that did its best to give them the sole shadow of harborage they had, cutting off the wind from the north-east a little, and breaking the eddy round the point of the Nose! What *could* they be about but marking the spots where to bore the holes for the blasting-powder that should scatter it to the winds, and let death and destruction and the wild sea howling in upon Scaurnose, that the cormorant and the bittern might possess it, the owl and the raven dwell in it? But it would be seen what their husbands and fathers would say to it when they came home! In the mean time, they must themselves do what they could. What were they men's wives for, if not to act for their husbands when they happened to be away?

The result was a shower of stones upon the unsuspecting surveyors, who forthwith fled, and carried the report of their reception to Mr. Soutar at Duff Harbor. He wrote to Mr. Crathie, who till then had heard nothing of the business; and the news increased both his discontent with his superiors and his wrath with those whom he had come to regard as his rebellious subjects. The stiff-necked people of the Bible was to him always now, as often as he heard the words, the people of Scaurnose and the Seaton of Portlossie. And having at length committed this overt outrage, would he not be justified by all in taking more active measures against them?

When the fishermen came home and heard how their women had conducted themselves, they accepted their conjectures and approved of their defence of the settlement. It was well for the land-loupers, they said, that they had only the women to deal with.

Blue Peter did not so soon hear of the affair as the rest, for his Annie had not been one of the assailants. But when the hurried retreat of the surveyors was described to him in somewhat graphic language by one of those concerned in causing it, he struck his clenched fist in the palm of his other hand, and cried, "Weel saired! There! that's what comes o' yer new—"

He had all but broken his promise, as he had already broken his faith, to Malcolm, when his wife laid her hand on his mouth and stopped the issuing word. He started with sudden conviction, and stood for a moment in absolute terror at sight of the precipice down which he had been on the point of falling, then straightway excusing himself to his conscience on the ground of non-intent, was instantly angrier with Malcolm than before. He could not reflect that the disregarded cause of the threatened sin was the greater sin of the two. The breach of that charity which thinketh no evil may be a graver fault than a hasty breach of promise.

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Peter had not been improving since his return from London. He found less satisfaction in his *religious exercises;* was not unfrequently clouded in temper, occasionally even to sullenness; referred things oftener than formerly to the vileness of the human nature, but was far less willing than before to allow that he might himself be wrong; while somehow the Bible had no more the same plenitude of relation to the wants of his being, and he rose from the reading of it unrefreshed. Men asked each other what had come to Blue Peter, but no one could answer the question. For himself, he attributed the change which he could not but recognize, although he did not understand it, to the withdrawing of the Spirit of God, in displeasure that he had not merely allowed himself to be inveigled into a playhouse, but, far worse, had enjoyed the wickedness he saw there. When his wife reasoned that God knew he had gone in ignorance, trusting his friend, "What 's that to Him," he cried, "wha judges richteous judgment? What 's a' oor puir meeserable excuzes i' the een 'at can see throu' the wa's o' the hert? Ignorance is no innocence."

Thus he lied for God, pleading his cause on the principles of hell. But the eye of his wife was single, and her body full of light: therefore to her it was plain that neither the theatre nor his conscience concerning it was the cause of the change: it had to do with his feelings toward Malcolm. He wronged his friend in his heart —half knew it, but would not own it. Fearing to search himself, he took refuge in resentment, and to support his hard judgment put false and cruel interpretations on whatever befell. So that, with love and anger and wrong unacknowledged, his heart was full of bitterness.

"It 's a' the drumblet (*muddied, troubled*) luve o' 'im!" said Annie to herself. "Puir fallow! gien only Ma'colm wad come hame an' lat him ken he 's no the villain he taks him for! I'll no believe mysel' 'at the laad I kissed like my ain mither's son afore he gaed awa' wad turn like that upo' 's maist the meenute he was oot o' sicht, an' a' for a feow words aboot a fulish playactin'. Lord bliss us a'! markises is men!—We'll see, Peter, my man," she said, when the neighbor took her leave, "whether the wife, though she hasna been to the ill place—an' that's surely Lon'on —canna tell the true frae the fause full better nor her man 'at kens sae muckle mair nor she wants to ken! Lat sit an' lat see."

Blue Peter made no reply; but perhaps the deepest depth in his fall was that he *feared* his wife might be right, and he have one day to stand ashamed before both her and his friend. But there are marvelous differences in the *quality* of the sins of different men, and a noble nature like Peter's would have to sink far indeed to be beyond a ready redemption. Still, there was one element mingling with his wrongness whose very triviality increased the difficulty of long-delaying repentance: he had been not a little proud at finding himself the friend of a marquis. From the first they had been friends, when the one was a youth and the other a child, and had been out together in many a stormy and dangerous sea. More than once or twice, driven from the churlish ocean to the scarce less inhospitable shore, they had lain all night in each other's arms to keep the life awake within their frozen garments. And now this marquis spoke English to him! It rankled.

All the time Blue Peter was careful to say nothing to injure Malcolm in the eyes of his former comrades. His manner when his name was mentioned, however, he could not honestly school to the conveyance of the impression that things were as they had been betwixt them. Folk marked the difference, and it went to swell the general feeling that Malcolm had done ill to forsake a seafaring life for one upon which all fishermen must look down with contempt. Some in the Seaton went so far in their enmity as even to hint an explanation of his conduct in the truth of the discarded scandal which had laid Lizzy's child at his door.

But amongst them was one who, having wronged him thus, and been convinced of her error, was now so fiercely his partisan as to be ready to wrong the

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whole town in his defence: that was Meg Partan, properly Mistress Findlay, Lizzy's mother. Although the daughter had never confessed, the mother had yet arrived at the right conclusion concerning the father of her child—how, she could hardly herself have told, for the conviction had grown by accretion: a sign here and a sign there, impalpable save to maternal sense, had led her to the truth; and now, if any one had a word to say against Malcolm, he had better not say it in the hearing of the Partaness.

One day Blue Peter was walking home from the upper town of Portlossie, not with the lazy gait of the fisherman off work, poised backward with hands in trouser pockets, but stooping care-laden with listless-swinging arms. Thus Meg Partan met him, and of course attributed his dejection to the factor: "Deil hae 'im for an upsettin' rascal 'at hasna pride eneuch to haud him ohn lickit the gentry's shune! The man maun be fey! I houp he may, an' I wuss I saw the beerial o' 'im makin' for the kirkyaird. It's nae ill to wuss weel to a' body 'at wad be left! His nose is turnt twise the color i' the last twa month. He'll be drinkin' byous. Gien only Ma'colm MacPhail had been at hame to haud him in order!"

Peter said nothing, and his silence, to one who spoke out whatever came, seemed fuller of restraints and meanings than it was. She challenged it at once: "Noo, what mean ye by sayin' naething, Peter? Guid kens it's the warst thing man or woman can say o' onybody to haud their tongue. It's a thing I never was blamed wi' mysel', an' I wadna du't."

"That's verra true," said Peter.

"The mair weicht's intill't whan I layt 't to the door o' anither," persisted Meg. "Peter, gien ye hae onything again' my freen', Ma'colm MacPhail, oot wi' 't like a man, an' no playac' the gunpoother-plot ower again. Ill wull's the warst poother ye can lay i' the boddom o' ony man's boat. But say 'at ye like, I s' uphaud Ma'colm again' the haill poustie o' ye. Gien he was but here! I say't again, honest laad!"

But she could not rouse Peter to utterance, and, losing what little temper she had, she rated him soundly, and sent him home saying with the prophet Jonah, "Do I not well to be angry?" for that also he placed to Malcolm's account. Nor was his home any more a harbor for his riven boat, seeing his wife only longed for the return of him with whom his spirit chode: she regarded him as an exiled king, one day to reappear and justify himself in the eyes of all, friends and enemies.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

TORTURE.

THOUGH unable to eat any breakfast, Malcolm persuaded himself that he felt nearly as well as usual when he went to receive his mistress's orders. Florimel had had enough of horseback, indeed, for several days to come, and would not ride. So he saddled Kelpie, and rode to Chelsea to look after his boat. To get rid of the mare, he rang the stable-bell at Mr. Lenorme's, and the gardener let him in. As he was putting her up the man told him that the housekeeper had heard from his master. Malcolm went to the house to learn what he might, and found, to his surprise, that if he had gone on the Continent he was there no longer, for the letter, which contained only directions concerning some of his pictures, was dated from Newcastle, and bore the Durham postmark of a week ago. Malcolm remembered that he had heard Lenorme speak of Durham Cathedral, and in the hope that he might be spending some time there, begged the housekeeper to allow him to go to the study to write to her master. When he entered, however, he saw something that made him change his plan, and, having written, instead of sending the letter, as he had intended, enclosed to the postmaster at Durham, he left it upon an easel. It contained merely an earnest entreaty to be made and kept acquainted with his movements, that he might at once let him know if anything should occur that he ought to be informed concerning.

He found all on board the yacht in ship-shape, only Davy was absent. Trav-

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ers explained that he sent him on shore for a few hours every day. He was a sharp boy, he said, and the more he saw the more useful he would be, and as he never gave him any money, there was no risk of his mistaking his hours.

"When do you expect him?" asked Malcolm.

"At four o'clock," answered Travers.

"It is four now," said Malcolm.

A shrill whistle came from the Chelsea shore.

"And there's Davy," said Travers.

Malcolm got into the dinghy and rowed ashore.

"Davy," he said, "I don't want you to be all day on board, but I can't have you be longer away than an hour at a time."

"Ay, ay, sir," said Davy.

"Now attend to me."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Do you know Lady Lossie's house?"

"No, sir, but I ken hersel'."

"How is that?"

"I hae seen her mair nor twa or three times ridin' wi' yersel' to yon hoose yon-'er."

"Would you know her again?"

"Ay wad I—fine that. What for no, sir?"

"It's a good way to see a lady across the Thames and know her again."

"Ow! but I tuik the spy-glass till her," answered Davy, reddening.

"You are sure of her, then?"

"I am that, sir."

"Then come with me, and I will show you where she lives. I will not ride faster than you can run. But mind you don't look as if you belonged to me."

"Na, na, sir. There's fowk takin' nottice."

"What do you mean by that?"

"There's a wee laddie been efter mysel' twise or thrice."

"Did you do anything?"

"He wasna big eneuch to lick, sae I jist got him the last time an' pu'd his niz, an' I dinna think he'll come efter me again."

To see what the boy could do, Malcolm let Kelpie go at a good trot, but Davy kept up without effort, now shooting ahead, now falling behind, now stopping to look in at a window, and now to cast a glance at a game of pitch-and-toss. No mere passer-by could have suspected that the sailor-boy belonged to the horseman. He dropped him not far from Portland Place, telling him to go and look at the number, but not stare at the house.

All the time he had had no return of the sickness, but, although thus actively occupied, had felt greatly depressed. One main cause of this was, however, that he had not found his religion stand him in such stead as he might have hoped. It was not yet what it must be to prove its reality. And now his eyes were afresh opened to see that in his nature and thoughts lay large spaces wherein God ruled not supreme—desert places where who could tell what might appear? For in such regions wild beasts range, evil herbs flourish and demons go about. If in very deed he lived and moved and had his being in God, then assuredly there ought not to be one cranny in his nature, one realm of his consciousness, one well-spring of thought, where the will of God was a stranger. If all were as it should be, then surely there would be no moment, looking back on which he could not at least say,

> Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody—
> So sweet, we know not we are listening to it—
> Thou, the mean while, was blending with my thought,
> Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy!

"In that agony o' sickness, as I sat upo' the stair," he said to himself—for still in his own thoughts he spoke his native tongue—"whaur was my God in a' my thouchts? I did cry till 'Im, I min' weel, but it was my reelin' brain an' no my trustin' hert 'at cried. Aih me! I doobt gien the Lord war to come to me noo, He wadna fin' muckle faith i' my pairt o' the yerth. Aih! I wad like to lat Him see something like lippenin'! I wad fain trust Him till His hert's content. But I doobt it's only speeritual ambeetion, or better wad hae come o' 't by this time. Gien that sickness come again, I maun see, noo 'at I'm forewarned o' my ain wakeness, what I can du. It maun be something better nor last time, or I'll tine hert a'thegither. Weel,

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maybe I need to be heumblet. The Lord help me!"

In the evening he went to the schoolmaster, and gave him a pretty full account of where he had been and what had taken place since last he saw him, dwelling chiefly on his endeavors with Lady Clementina.

From Mr. Graham's lodging to the north-eastern gate of the Regent's Park the nearest way led through a certain passage, which, although a thoroughfare to persons on foot, was little known. Malcolm had early discovered it, and always used it. Part of this short cut was the yard and back premises of a small public-house. It was between eleven and twelve as he entered it for the second time that night. Sunk in thought and suspecting no evil, he was struck down from behind and lost his consciousness. When he came to himself he was lying in the public-house, with his head bound up and a doctor standing over him, who asked him if he had been robbed. He searched his pockets and found that his old watch was gone, but his money left. One of the men standing about said he would see him home. He half thought he had seen him before, and did not like the look of him, but accepted the offer, hoping to get on the track of something thereby. As soon as they entered the comparative solitude of the park he begged his companion, who had scarcely spoken all the way, to give him his arm, and leaned upon it as if still suffering, but watched him closely. About the middle of the park, where not a creature was in sight, he felt him begin to fumble in his coat pocket and draw something from it. But when, unresisted, he snatched away his other arm, Malcolm's fist followed it, and the man fell, nor made any resistance while he took from him a short stick loaded with lead, and his own watch, which he found in his waistcoat pocket. Then the fellow rose with apparent difficulty, but the moment he was on his legs ran like a hare, and Malcolm let him run, for he felt unable to follow him.

As soon as he reached home he went to bed, for his head ached severely; but he slept pretty well, and in the morning flattered himself he felt much as usual. But it was as if all the night that horrible sickness had been lying in wait on the stair to spring upon him; for the moment he reached the same spot on his way down, he almost fainted. It was worse than before: his very soul seemed to turn sick. But although his heart died within him, somehow, in the confusion of thought and feeling occasioned by intense suffering, it seemed while he clung to the balusters as if with both hands he were clinging to the skirts of God's garment, and through the black smoke of his fainting his soul seemed to be struggling up toward the light of his being. Presently the horrible sense subsided as before, and again he sought to descend the stair and go to Kelpie. But immediately the sickness returned, and all he could do after a long and vain struggle was to crawl on hands and knees up the stairs and back to his room. There he crept upon his bed, and was feebly committing Kelpie to the care of her Maker, when consciousness forsook him.

It returned, heralded by frightful pains all over his body, which by and by subsiding, he sunk again to the bottom of the black Lethe.

Meantime, Kelpie had got so wildly uproarious that Merton tossed her half a truss of hay, which she attacked like an enemy, and ran to the house to get somebody to call Malcolm. After what seemed endless delay the door was opened by his admirer, the scullery-maid, who, as soon as she heard what was the matter, hastened to his room.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE PHILTRE.

BEFORE he came again to himself Malcolm had a dream, which, although very confused, was in parts more vivid than any he had ever had. His surroundings in it were those in which he actually lay, and he was ill, but he thought it the one illness he had before. His head ached, and he could rest in no position he tried. Suddenly he heard a step he knew better

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than any other approaching the door of his chamber: it opened, and his grandfather in great agitation entered, not following his hands, however, in the fashion usual to blindness, but carrying himself like any sight-gifted man. He went straight to the washstand, took up the water-bottle, and with a look of mingled wrath and horror dashed it on the floor. The same instant a cold shiver ran through the dreamer, and his dream vanished. But instead of waking in his bed, he found himself standing in the middle of the floor, his feet wet, the bottle in shivers about them, and, strangest of all, the neck of the bottle in his hand. He lay down again, grew delirious, and tossed about in the remorseless persecution of centuries. But at length his tormentors left him, and when he came to himself he knew he was in his right mind.

It was evening, and some one was sitting near his bed. By the light of the long-snuffed tallow candle he saw the glitter of two great black eyes watching him, and recognized the young woman who had admitted him to the house the night of his return, and whom he had since met once or twice as he came and went. The moment she perceived that he was aware of her presence she threw herself on her knees at his bedside, hid her face and began to weep. The sympathy of his nature rendered yet more sensitive by weakness and suffering, Malcolm laid his hand on her head and sought to comfort her. "Don't be alarmed about me," he said: "I shall soon be all right again."

"I can't bear it," she sobbed. "I can't bear to see you like that, and all my fault."

"*Your* fault! What *can* you mean?" said Malcolm.

"But I did go for the doctor, for all it may be the hanging of me," she sobbed. "Miss Caley said I wasn't to, but I would and I did. They can't say I meant it—can they?"

"I don't understand," said Malcolm feebly.

"The doctor says somebody's been an' p'isoned you," said the girl with a cry that sounded like a mingled sob and howl; "an' he's been a-pokin' of all sorts of things down your poor throat." And again she cried aloud in her agony.

"Well, never mind: I'm not dead, you see, and I'll take better care of myself after this. Thank you for being so good to me: you've saved my life."

"Ah! you won't be so kind to me when you know all, Mr. MacPhail," sobbed the girl. "It was myself gave you the horrid stuff, but God knows I didn't mean to do you no harm no more than your own mother."

"What made you do it, then?" asked Malcolm.

"The witch-woman told me to. She said that—that—if I gave it you—you would—you would—" She buried her face in the bed, and so stifled a fresh howl of pain and shame. "And it was all lies—lies!" she resumed, lifting her face again, which now flashed with rage, "for I know you'll hate me worse than ever now."

"My poor girl, I never hated you," said Malcolm.

"No, but you did as bad: you never looked at me. And now you'll hate me out and out. And the doctor says if you die he'll have it all searched into, and Miss Caley she look at me as if she suspect me of a hand in it; and they won't let alone till they've got me hanged for it; and it's all along of love of you; and I tell you the truth, Mr. MacPhail, and you can do anything with me you like—I don't care—only you won't let them hang me, will you? Oh, please don't!" She said all this with clasped hands and the tears streaming down her face.

Malcolm's impulse was of course to draw her to him and comfort her, but something warned him. "Well, you see I'm not going to die just yet," he said as merrily as he could; "and if I find myself going I shall take care the blame falls on the right person. What was the witch-woman like? Sit down on the chair there and tell me all about her."

She obeyed with a sigh, and gave him such a description as he could not mistake. He asked where she lived, but the girl had never met her anywhere but in the street, she said.

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Questioning her very carefully as to Caley's behavior to her, Malcolm was convinced that she had a hand in the affair. Indeed, she had happily more to do with it than even Mrs. Catanach knew, for she had traversed her treatment to the advantage of Malcolm. The midwife had meant the potion to work slowly, but the lady's-maid had added to the pretended philtre a certain ingredient in whose efficacy she had reason to trust; and the combination, while it wrought more rapidly, had yet apparently set up a counteraction favorable to the efforts of the struggling vitality which it stung to an agonized resistance.

But Malcolm's strength was now exhausted. He turned faint, and the girl had the sense to run to the kitchen and get him some soup. As he took it her demeanor and regards made him anxious, uncomfortable, embarrassed. It is to any true man a hateful thing to repel a woman: it is such a reflection upon her.

"I've told you everything, Mr. MacPhail, and it's gospel truth I've told you," said the girl after a long pause. It was a relief when first she spoke, but the comfort vanished as she went on, and with slow perhaps unconscious movements approached him. "I would have died for you, and here that devil of a woman has been making me kill you! Oh, how I hate her! Now you will never love me a bit — not one tiny little bit for ever and ever!"

There was a tone of despairful entreaty in her words that touched Malcolm deeply. "I am more indebted to you than I can speak or you imagine," he said. "You have saved me from my worst enemy. Do not tell any other what you have told me, or let any one know that we have talked together. The day will come when I shall be able to show you my gratitude."

Something in his tone struck her, even through the folds of her passion. She looked at him a little amazed, and for a moment the tide ebbed. Then came a rush that overmastered her. She flung her hands above her head, and cried, "That means you will do anything but love me!"

"I cannot love you as you mean," said Malcolm. "I promise to be your friend, but more is out of my power."

A fierce light came in the girl's eyes. But that instant a terrible cry, such as Malcolm had never heard, but which he knew must be Kelpie's, rang through the air, followed by the shouts of men, the tones of fierce execration and the clash and clang of hoofs. "Good God!" he exclaimed, and forgetting everything else, sprung from the bed and ran to the window outside his door. The light of their lanterns dimly showed a confused crowd in the yard of the mews, and amid the hellish uproar of their coarse voices he could hear Kelpie plunging and kicking. Again she uttered the same ringing scream. He threw the window open and cried to her that he was coming, but the noise was far too great for his enfeebled voice. Hurriedly he added a garment or two to his half-dress, rushed to the stair, passing his new friend, who watched anxiously at the head of it, without seeing her, and shot from the house.

CHAPTER L.

THE DEMONESS AT BAY.

WHEN he reached the yard of the mews the uproar had nothing abated. But when he cried out to Kelpie, through it all came a whinny of appeal, instantly followed by a scream. When he got up to the lanterns he found a group of wrathful men with stable-forks surrounding the poor animal, from whom the blood was streaming before and behind. Fierce as she was, she dared not move, but stood trembling, with the sweat of terror pouring from her. Yet her eye showed that not even terror had cowed her. She was but biding her time. Her master's first impulse was to scatter the men right and left, but on second thoughts, of which he was even then capable, he saw that they might have been driven in apparent brutality in defence of their lives, and besides, he could not tell what Kelpie might do if suddenly released. So he caught her by the broken halter and

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told them to fall back. They did so, carefully—it seemed unwillingly. But the mare had eyes and ears only for her master. What she had never done before, she nosed him over face and shoulders, trembling all the time. Suddenly one of her tormentors darted forward and gave her a terrible prod in the off hind quarter. But he paid dearly for it. Ere he could draw back she lashed out and shot him half across the yard with his knee-joint broken. The whole set of them rushed at her.

"Leave her alone," shouted Malcolm, "or I will take her part. Between us we'll do for a dozen of you."

"The devil's in her," said one of them.

"You'll find more of him in that rascal groaning yonder. You had better see to him. He'll never do such a thing again, I fancy. Where is Merton?"

They drew off, and went to help their comrade, who lay senseless.

When Malcolm would have led Kelpie in she stopped suddenly at the stable-door, and started back shuddering, as if the memory of what she had endured there overcame her. Every fibre of her trembled. He saw that she must have been pitifully used before she broke loose and got out. But she yielded to his coaxing, and he led her to her stall without difficulty. He wished Lady Clementina herself could have been his witness how she knew her friend and trusted him. Had she seen how the poor bleeding thing rejoiced over him, she could not have doubted that his treatment had been in part at least a success.

Kelpie had many enemies amongst the men of the mews. Merton had gone out for the evening, and they had taken the opportunity of getting into her stable and tormenting her. At length she broke her fastenings: they fled, and she rushed out after them.

They carried the maimed man to the hospital, where his leg was immediately amputated.

Malcolm washed and dried his poor animal, handling her as gently as possible, for she was in a sad plight. It was plain he must not have her here any longer: worse to her at least was sure to follow. He went up, trembling himself now, to Mrs. Merton. She told him she was just running to fetch him when he arrived: she had no idea how ill he was. But he felt all the better for the excitement, and after he had taken a cup of strong tea wrote to Mr. Soutar to provide men on whom he could depend—if possible the same who had taken her there before—to await Kelpie's arrival at Aberdeen. There he must also find suitable housing and attention for her at any expense until further directions, or until, more probably, he should claim her himself. He added many instructions to be given as to her treatment.

Until Merton returned he kept watch, then went back to the chamber of his torture, which, like Kelpie, he shuddered to enter. The cook let him in and gave him his candle, but hardly had he closed his door when a tap came to it, and there stood Rose, his preserver. He could not help feeling embarrassed when he saw her.

"I see you don't trust me," she said.

"I do trust you," he answered. "Will you bring me some water? I dare not drink anything that has been standing."

She looked at him with inquiring eyes, nodded her head and went. When she returned he drank the water.

"There! you see I trust you," he said with a laugh. "But there are people about who for certain reasons want to get rid of me: will you be on my side?"

"That I will," she answered eagerly.

"I have not got my plans laid yet; but will you meet me somewhere near this to-morrow night? I shall not be at home, perhaps, all day."

She stared at him with great eyes, but agreed at once, and they appointed time and place. He then bade her good-night, and the moment she left him lay down on the bed to think. But he did not trouble himself yet to unravel the plot against him, or determine whether the violence he had suffered had the same origin with the poisoning. Nor was the question merely how to continue to serve his sister without danger to his life; for he had just learned what render-

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ed it absolutely imperative that she should be removed from her present position. Mrs. Merton had told him that Lady Lossie was about to accompany Lady Bellair and Lord Liftore to the Continent. That must not be, whatever means might be necessary to prevent it. Before he went to sleep things had cleared themselves up considerably.

He woke much better, and rose at his usual hour. Kelpie rejoiced him by affording little other sign of the cruelty she had suffered than the angry twitching of her skin when hand or brush approached a wound. The worst fear was that some few white hairs might by and by in consequence fleck her spotless black. Having urgently committed her to Merton's care, he mounted Honor and rode to the Aberdeen wharf. There, to his relief, time growing precious, he learned that the same smack in which Kelpie had come was to sail the next morning for Aberdeen. He arranged at once for her passage, and saw, before he left, to every contrivance he could think of for her safety and comfort. He warned the crew concerning her temper, but at the same time prejudiced them in her favor by the argument of a few sovereigns. He then rode to the Chelsea Reach, where the Psyche had now grown to be a feature of the river in the eyes of the dwellers upon its banks.

At his whistle Davy tumbled into the dinghy like a round ball over the gunwale, and was rowing for the shore ere his whistle had ceased ringing in Malcolm's own ears. He left him with his horse, went on board and gave various directions to Travers; then took Davy with him, and bought many things at different shops, which he ordered to be delivered to Davy when he should call for them. Having next instructed him to get everything on board as soon as possible, and appointed to meet him at the same place and hour he had arranged with Rose, he went home.

A little anxious lest Florimel might have wanted him, for it was now past the hour at which he usually waited her orders, he learned to his relief that she was gone shopping with Lady Bellair, upon which he set out for the hospital whither they had carried the man Kelpie had so terribly mauled. He went, not merely led by sympathy, but urged by a suspicion also which he desired to verify or remove. On the plea of identification he was permitted to look at him for a moment, but not to speak to him. It was enough: he recognized him at once as the same whose second attack he had foiled in the Regent's Park. He remembered having seen him about the stable, but had never spoken to him. Giving the nurse a sovereign and Mr. Soutar's address, he requested her to let that gentleman know as soon as it was possible to conjecture the time of his leaving. Returning, he gave Merton a hint to keep his eye on the man, and some money to spend for him as he judged best. He then took Kelpie for an airing. To his surprise, she fatigued him so much that when he had put her up again he was glad to go and lie down.

When it came near the time for meeting Rose and Davy he got his things together in the old carpet-bag, which held all he cared for, and carried it with him. As he drew near the spot, he saw Davy already there, keeping a sharp lookout on all sides. Presently Rose appeared, but drew back when she saw Davy. Malcolm went to her. "Rose," he said, "I am going to ask you to do me a great favor. But you cannot except you are able to trust me."

"I do trust you," she answered.

"All I can tell you now is that you must go with that boy to-morrow. Before night you shall know more. Will you do it?"

"I will," answered Rose. "I dearly love a secret."

"I promise to let you understand it if you do just as I tell you."

"I will."

"Be at this very spot, then, to-morrow morning at six o'clock.—Come here, Davy.—This boy will take you where I shall tell him."

She looked from the one to the other. "I'll risk it," she said.

"Put on a clean frock, and take a change of linen with you and your dress-

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ing things. No harm shall come to you."

"I'm not afraid," she answered, but looked as if she would cry.

"Of course you will not tell any one."

"I will not, Mr. MacPhail."

"You are trusting me a great deal, Rose, but I am trusting you too—more than you think.—Be off with that bag, Davy, and be here at six to-morrow morning to carry this young woman's for her." Davy vanished.

"Now, Rose," continued Malcolm, "you had better go and make your preparations."

"Is that all, sir?" she said.

"Yes. I shall see you to-morrow. Be brave."

Something in Malcolm's tone and manner seemed to work strangely on the girl. She gazed up at him half frightened, but submissive, and went at once, looking, however, sadly disappointed.

Malcolm had intended to go and tell Mr. Graham of his plans that same night, but he found himself too much exhausted to walk to Camden Town. And thinking over it, he saw that it might be as well if he took the bold measure he contemplated without revealing it to his friend, to whom the knowledge might be the cause of inconvenience. He therefore went home and to bed, that he might be strong for the next day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DAMNED PLAYS.

LORD BYRON awoke one morning and found himself famous. The accident which then happened to one successful poet now happens to every successful dramatist. A stage-success is instantaneous: there is little hesitation, little anxious waiting, no prolonged uncertainty. The play is presented to the public, and the public brings in its verdict with lightning-like rapidity. A book, in these days of many books, takes a long while to get itself generally mentioned in the newspapers. And when notice at last is taken of it, too often it is the merest mention, a few lines only, a single slight paragraph, and nothing more. But a play has instant attention: within thirty-six hours in general after its first performance it receives detailed criticism in almost every daily newspaper. Again, perhaps one book a year gets itself read by one hundred thousand people. But every year in New York City there are half a dozen plays performed a hundred times or before more than a thousand spectators. Nor is the advantage of the play over the poem confined to the celerity with which it is criticised or the number before which it is placed. Above all, the play pays better than the poem. Very few poems are as profitable to the author as many a moderately-successful play. In these days of much traveling a run of one hundred nights at a New York theatre is not unusual, nor is a fee of twenty-five dollars a night at all out of the way; and these represent a profit to the author of twenty-five hundred dollars for one play in one city for one season—barely a quarter of the sum the piece will ultimately net him. Very few poems have ever paid the author ten thousand dollars. Many plays — not merely in France, where the Dramatic Authors' Society has thoroughly systematized the art of making money by dramatic work, but in England, and even in America—bring in much more than this sum to the fortunate writer.

But public and patent as theatrical success is, so also poignant and public is theatrical failure. The more sweet the victory, the more bitter shall be de-

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feat. It is not success or failure merely: it is a victory followed by a triumph, or a defeat falling—alas! too often—into a rout. If a poem fail, few note it: the author may see the unsold volumes on the publisher's shelves, but he can keep his secret to himself. If a play fail—and many more fail than succeed—with the quickness of electricity it is at once blazoned forth to all the world. The poet smarts perhaps under the lash of adverse criticism, and winces at the compassion of condoling friends. So also the playwright, who in addition sees the public trial of his handiwork upon the stage. The poet's words have but to stand the ordeal by water: they sink or swim as Fate may will. The playwright's words have to undergo the ordeal by fire: they must bare themselves bravely to the flame of the footlights. In the full glare of the lamps the dramatist may see the child of his brain maltreated of men, and he can say nothing. It may be mangled by incompetence or ill-will—he is helpless: at the first hiss, almost, he is hopeless. Well might Godwin, embittered by his own failure, be glad that his daughter had not a dramatic talent: "How many mortifications and heartaches would that entail on you! Managers to be consulted, players to be humored, the best pieces that were ever written negatived and returned on the author's hand. If these are all got over, then you have to encounter the caprice of a noisy, insolent and vulgar-minded audience, whose senseless *non fiat* shall in a moment turn the labor of a year into nothing."

A trifle often sets in motion the current, which, swelling as it goes, sweeps away all chance of success. The mispronunciation of a word, the carelessness in action or dress of a performer, an accident to the scenery, or even a misprint in the play-bill,—any of these is sufficient. *Blighted Troth*, one of Macready's many poetic nurslings, died at its birth almost, and its untimely decease was traced to the compositor, who set up the title as *Blighted Froth*. Many a time has the mere length of a wait between the acts so exasperated an exhausted audience that after the curtain rose again it needed little to start a storm of hisses. The elder Dumas well knew the advantage of striking while the iron is hot—of never loosening his grasp upon the feelings of the audience. When the curtain fell upon the fourth act of *Antony* amid the thunder of clappings and hurrahs, he rushed upon the stage shouting to the carpenters, "A hundred francs for you if the curtain rises before the applause ceases!" Shifting the scenes with marvelous celerity, the carpenters earned their money, and M. Dumas's play was a success. An English dramatist, almost as prolific as M. Dumas, Mr. H. J. Byron, had an experience somewhat similar, although sadder. At the first performance of a new play of his at Liverpool there was a very long wait after the second act. The orchestra played again and again, while the audience grew more and more impatient, and the author in his box could hardly conceal his nervousness. At last, as the music ceased, there was heard from the stage the sound of carpenters' tools, hammering and sawing. "What is the matter?" asked a friend. "I don't know," said the unfortunate author, "but they seem to be cutting out the third act altogether."

Obscurity of plot is the most frequent source of theatrical failure. However intricate a plot may be—and some audiences enjoy a deftly-entangled web of seemingly inextricable perplexity—it must be plainly set before the spectators. They must be able to see it inside and out—to fathom the motives of each actor, however mysterious they may be to his fellows, and never, above all, to be tricked by the withholding from them of any secrets. Sheridan Knowles knew that nothing annoyed an audience more than to be kept out of a secret, and therefore in the original draft of the *Hunchback* the relationship of Master Walter to the heroine was allowed to transpire at once, to the manifest heightening in effect of the strong scenes between the father and the daughter. But Charles Kemble overruled the author, and the piece was played as it is published. The worst crime of which the dramatist can be guilty is the keeping of a secret when

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there is none. Every obscurity, every suggestion which might put the audience on a false scent, must be at once expunged: as Scribe said, "What is cut is never hissed." If the spectators are led to expect something which never comes, they will surely take their revenge. Mr. Bartley told Mr. J. R. Planché that to affect a British audience "you must first tell them you are going to do so and so; you must then tell them you are doing it; then that you have done it; and, then, by G——!" with a slap on his thigh, "*perhaps* they will understand you." There is truth in this: plot, however complicated, must be clear. The basis of a good acting play is a pantomime—witness *Hamlet*, for instance — and it is impossible to keep secrets in pantomime. Apropos of which, I may note that the inmates of a Massachusetts deaf and dumb asylum played *Box and Cox* not long ago: the newspaper from which I clipped the item added that "although the actors could not speak, they had their parts at their fingers' ends."

In a pantomime obscurity is impossible and action is essential. This is the reason why many plays have been successful when read, and have afterward failed on the stage. *La Haine*, M. Sardou's powerful but repulsive drama, was received with honest emotion by the actors chosen for it, but it ran less than a month. A comedy which is a cachinnatory triumph in the green-room may become a hissing and an abomination before the footlights. Mr. Alberry's *Fortune* read like an excellent comedy, but it was withdrawn in less than a week. The brightness of the dialogue hid from the reader its absolute lack of action—a fatal fault which the spectators at once discovered. When Henry Fielding produced his *Wedding-Day* in 1743, David Garrick asked him to suppress one scene which he thought might imperil the piece. "No," said Fielding: "if the scene is not a good one, let 'em find it out." The scene was hissed, and Garrick, much disturbed, entered the green-room to find the author of *Tom Jones* staying his anxiety with a bottle of champagne. "What's the matter, Garrick?" said he, cocking his eye at the actor: "what are they hissing now?"—"Why, the scene I begged you to retrench. I knew it wouldn't do; and they have so frightened me that I shall not be able to collect myself the whole night."—"Oh, d——n 'em!" replied the author: "they *have* found it out, have they?" Such is the story as told by Arthur Murphy. Fielding published one unlucky play, not "as it was acted," but "as it was damned at the Theatre Royal." In this he has been followed by M. Edmond About, who has printed "*Guillery*, comédie, représentée pour l'avant-dernière fois, à Paris, sur le Théâtre Français, par les comédiens ordinaires de l'Empereur, le 1er Février, 1856." M. About, a schoolfellow of MM. Sardou and Feuillet, has not had the same theatrical luck, but he bears his ill-success like a wit. Hearing a continued sibilation as he entered a theatre one evening, he exclaimed, "Are they doing one of my plays here?" M. About's ill-luck would seem to have followed him to this country. M. Adolphe Dennery prepared a dramatic version of M. About's novel *Gervaise* for the Porte St. Martin stage. Mr. Augustin Daly adapted this under the title *What Should She Do? or, Jealousy*, which ran less than a week, although well acted and beautifully mounted.

It was a dramatic author of the last century who proposed to abolish fifth acts by act of Parliament. Many a time has a weak dénoûment removed the good impression left by the first four acts. Many a time has a patient and long-suffering audience waited until the fifth act before agreeing on the fatal verdict. On the first performance of Marmontel's tragedy *Cléopatre* a great effect was anticipated for a mechanical asp made by Vaucanson. The fifth act dragged its slow length along until at last Cleopatra clasped the asp around her arm. The automaton, before fixing its fangs in the flesh, raised its head with a loud hiss. Whereupon a spectator arose and left the theatre, saying quietly, "I agree with the asp."

Marmontel's tragedy and M. About's comedy have achieved an immortality as failures to which they could never

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have aspired as successes. Nor are they alone in this: many a play is now remembered because it failed which would have been forgotten long ere this had it succeeded. Bannister was questioned as to the fate of *Fire and Water*, a farce taken from the French. "What could fire and water produce," he replied, "but a hiss?" When Dr. Hill's farce, the *Rout*, was damned on its second performance, David Garrick produced this neat little epigram:

DR. HILL.
For physic and farces his equal there scarce is:
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is.

Mrs. Cowley's tragedy, the *Fall of Sparta*, was a failure, inspiring this dubious compliment:

So great thy art that while we viewed
Of Sparta's sons the lot severe,
We caught the Spartan fortitude,
And saw their woes without a tear.

Boileau was equally severe on some of the later plays of the elder Corneille:

SUR L'AGÉSILAS DE PIERRE CORNEILLE.
J'ai vu l'Agésilas,
Hélas!

A couplet short and salt, but he improved it after the dramatist's next play:

SUR L'ATTILA DE PIERRE CORNEILLE.
Après l'Agésilas,
Hélas!
Mais après l'Attila,
Holà!

"My play was not hissed," said a French poet whose tragedy had died an early death. "No," remarked a friend, "but only because it is impossible to yawn and to hiss at the same time." At the first performance of Théodore Barrière's *Fausses Bonnes-femmes*, an attempt to get ore in the worked-out vein of his successful *Faux Bons-hommes*, Alexandre Dumas *fils* left the theatre at the end of the second act, saying, "Je suis de ceux qui ne vont pas plus loin que l'église." This is like Foote's ghastly joke on hearing that Mrs. Cibber, unable to play the heroine of Arthur Murphy's *Orphan of China*, was offering up prayers for the success of the play: "Mrs. Cibber," said Foote, "is a Roman Catholic; and they alway pray for the dead." Mr. Forster in his essay on Foote mentions what is perhaps the solitary instance of a play being damned in the presence of royalty. The king was George III., and the play was the *Contract*, taken by Dr. Thomas Franklin from the *Triple Marriage* of Destouches. When Foote, as the manager of the theatre, lighted the king to his chair, His Majesty asked by whom the piece was written. "By one of Your Majesty's chaplains," said Foote, unable even then to suppress his wit, "and dull enough to have been written by a bishop." Frederick William IV. of Prussia, when crown-prince, leaving the theatre after the third act of a new and stupid tragedy, found one of his servants asleep in the lobby. "Poor fellow!" said the prince: "no doubt he has been listening at the keyhole."

In Beaumarchais's second play, *Les deux Amis*, the hero is at one time on the point of failure. A spectator rose and cried, "There's a bankruptcy here, it seems; and I'm in for my twenty sous!" In Grimm's correspondence there is an epigram summing up the faults of this piece, which may be thus roughly rendered into English:

I've seen Beaumarchais's play: 'tis not his best.
The plot in two short lines the wit narrates:
'Tis an exchange where money circulates
Without producing any interest.

Beaumarchais's next play, the well-known *Barbier de Séville*, was produced February 23, 1775, and failed. In twenty-four hours the author took the play to pieces, reduced it from five acts to four, reconstructed it, rewrote it, induced the actors to react it; and it was a great success.

But a few days before, on January 17, 1775, the first comedy of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the English Beaumarchais, had met with a similar fate. The *Rivals* was damned, principally because of the bad acting of Mr. Lee as Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Hastily rewritten, cut and altered, with a new actor, Clinch, as the Irishman, the piece succeeded. In gratitude to Clinch, Sheridan dashed off his second play, a farce called *St. Patrick's Day; or, The Scheming Lieutenant*, produced on May 2d with the success which never after deserted the author. After

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the recovery of the *Rivals* he had not even such a temporary defeat as Goldsmith had with the *Good-Natured Man*, which was hissed at first, but finally succeeded.

Sheridan is not the only English playwright who was a member of Parliament, for Dick Steele—let us be stately, Sir Richard Steele, as Mr. Forster says—"had the honor to inform the House of Commons that he alone, of all English dramatists, had written a comedy which was damned for its piety." The play was the *Lying Lover*, based on the *Menteur* of Corneille. Steele had been converted by Collier's *Short View*, and those who believe with Collier in the total depravity of the drama must find satisfaction in the eternal damnation visited upon unsuccessful plays.

It is one of the superstitions of the stage that a piece with which the actors are pleased rarely succeeds: some authors tremble when the cast are delighted with their characters, and are not at all disturbed in mind when they but ill conceal their poor opinion. There is some foundation for the feeling. Actors are not always good judges of plays—rarely so, indeed, when they are to act in them. For many an actor a play is good when he has a good part in it, and bad when he has a poor part. And this fact tends to account for the frequent failure of the plays produced by managers who are also actors: the actor is quicker at seeing the good points of the part than is the manager at noting the weak spots of the play. Most of the plays produced by Macready when manager of Covent Garden were failures. The pride of the actor often interferes with the judgment of the manager. Garrick refused Home's *Douglas*, perhaps because he did not like it: more probably, because he saw the leading male part entirely overshadowed by the female; and Garrick liked to be first in his own house. After Garrick's resignation Sheridan succeeded to the command of Drury Lane, with John Kemble for his lieutenant. Kemble was probably the first great actor who was ever accused by a defeated author of being the cause of that defeat. To the younger Colman, Sheridan offered a price until then unprecedented for a play, conditional, however, upon its success. With materials taken in part from William Godwin's novel, *Caleb Williams*, Colman constructed his *Iron Chest*, which was first performed on March 12, 1796. It was straightway damned, or at least sent to purgatory. Colman laid the blame on Kemble, who had acted Sir Edward Mortimer. He published the play at once, with a preface (which he afterward suppressed) scorchingly severe upon the actor. He asserted that having been too ill to attend rehearsals himself, Mr. Kemble as manager of the theatre had been willfully negligent in allowing the piece to be played when it was unready for production. He further declared that Kemble, having been ill enough to take opium pills just before the curtain rose, was in no fit condition to bear the weight of a new and untried play. As specimens of style several extracts from this preface will perhaps bear quotation. The author allowed that the part of Sir Edward Mortimer was unnatural, but said that it had been made so to suit the personal peculiarities of the actor, for, "in short, Mr. Kemble is a paragon representative of the *lusus naturæ;* and were Mr. Kemble sewed up in a skin to act a hog in a pantomime, he would act a hog with six legs better than a hog with four. . . . Frogs in a marsh, flies in a bottle, wind in a crevice, a preacher in a field, the drone of a bagpipe,—all, all yielded to the inimitable and soporific monotony of Mr. Kemble. . . . How, then, do I stand indebted, according to the articles of this night's statement? I owe to Mr. Kemble—

For his illness	*Compassion.*
For his conduct under it	*Censure.*
For his refusing to make an apology .	*A Smile.*
For his making an apology . . .	*A Sneer.*
For his mismanagement . . .	*A Groan.*
For his acting	*A Hiss.*

This account is somewhat like the tavern bill picked from Falstaff's pocket when he is snorting behind the arras. There is but one halfpenny-worth of compassion to this intolerable deal of blame."

Colman had not made his money, and

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he had lost his case. Let this be his excuse. He determined to take an appeal, and during the next summer season, at his own theatre in the Haymarket, the play was reproduced with success, which it owed for the most part to the excellent acting of Elliston as Sir Edward Mortimer. Colman's censure of Kemble would seem to be somewhat justified by the success in a character created for Kemble of an unknown actor, as Elliston then was, for it was his first original part in London. The piece afterward became a favorite with the elder Booth, and to his son's partiality for it is owing its continuance upon the stage to this day.

Four years later, Kemble, Colman and Godwin are again found in conjunction with the damning of a play. Godwin wrote a tragedy called *Antonio*, and sent it to Colman, who returned it, politely saying, "I do not think its representation would serve the interests of my theatre." Godwin then applied to Sheridan, who referred him to Kemble. After much correspondence, in which the rather petulant impatience of the author contrasts unfavorably with the sincerity and dignity of the actor, it was determined to produce the play without the author's name, which was concealed because of a supposed popular hostility to Godwin. "The play was presented on Saturday, December 13, 1800," records Mr. Paul, the biographer of Godwin, "and damned finally and hopelessly." The cast included John and Charles Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. Charles Lamb wrote the epilogue, of which the *Morning Post* said that it was "too bad to pass without censure, except when it passes without examination." Over twenty years later, in a paper on the "Old Actors," contributed to the *London Magazine* for April 1, 1822, Elia took his revenge, as we shall see: "John Kemble had made up his mind early that all the good tragedies which could be written had been written, and he resented any new attempt. . . . He succeeded to the old lawful thrones, and did not care to adventure bottomry with a Sir Edward Mortimer or any casual speculator that offered. I remember, too acutely for my peace, the deadly extinguisher which he put upon my friend G——'s *Antonio*. . . . The night arrived. I was favored with a seat in an advantageous box, between the author and his friend M[arshall]. . . . Antonio, in the person of John Philip Kemble, at length appeared, starched out in a ruff which no one could dispute, and in most irreproachable mustachios. John always dressed most provokingly correct on these occasions. The first act swept by solemn and silent. It went off, as G—— assured M——, exactly as the opening act of a piece—the protasis—should do. The cue of the spectators was to be mute. The characters were best in their introduction. The passions and incidents would be developed hereafter. Applause hitherto would be impertinent. Silent attention was the effect all-desirable. Poor M—— acquiesced, but in his honest friendly face I could discern a working which told how much more acceptable the plaudit of a single hand (however misplaced) would have been than all this reasoning. The second act (as in duty bound) rose a little in interest, but still John kept his forces under—in policy, as G—— would have it—and the audience were most complacently attentive. The protasis, in fact, was scarcely unfolded. The interest would warm in the next act, against which a special incident was provided. . . . The third act at length brought on the scene which was to warm the piece progressively to the final flaming forth of the catastrophe. A philosophic calm settled upon the clear brow of G—— as it approached. The lips of M—— quivered. A challenge was held forth upon the stage, and there was promise of a fight. The pit roused themselves on this extraordinary occasion, and, as their manner is, seemed disposed to make a ring, when suddenly Antonio, who was the challenged, turning the tables upon the hot challenger, Don Gusman (who, by the way, should have had his sister), baulks his humor and the pit's reasonable expectation at the same time with some speeches out of the new philosophy against dueling. The audience were here fairly caught—their courage up, and on the alert: a few blows, *ding-dong*, as

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R[eynold]s the dramatist afterward expressed it to me, might have done the business, when their most exquisite moral sense was suddenly called in to assist in the mortifying negation of their own pleasure. They could not applaud for disappointment: they would not condemn for morality's sake. The interest stood stone still, and John's manner was not at all calculated to unpetrify it. . . . It would be invidious to pursue the fates of this ill-starred evening. In vain did the plot thicken in the scenes that followed; in vain did the dialogue wax more passionate and stirring, and the progress of the sentiment point more and more clearly to the arduous development which impended; in vain the action was accelerated, while the acting stood still. From the beginning John had taken his stand—had wound himself up to an even tenor of stately declamation, from which no exigence of dialogue or person could make him swerve for an instant. To dream of his rising with the scene (the common trick of tragedians) was preposterous, for from the outset he had planted himself, as upon a terrace, on an eminence vastly above the audience, and he kept that sublime level to the end. He looked from his throne of elevated sentiment upon the under-world of spectators with a most sovran and becoming contempt. There was excellent pathos delivered out to them: an they would receive it, so; an they would not receive it, so. There was no offence against decorum in all this—nothing to condemn, to damn. The procession of verbiage stalked on through four and five acts, no one venturing to predict what would come of it."

To follow Lamb to the end would take too much of our space. It must be said that he was not as good a judge of dramatic effect as he was of poetry. His taste was admirable, but with all his liking for the stage, he was ignorant of the sources of theatrical effect. His own only contribution to dramatic literature was damned, Elia himself hissing as heartily as any one. *Mr. H*—— failed because the interest of the audience was so excited by the mystery of the hero's name that the comparatively harmless *Hogsflesh* failed to satisfy. It is curious to note that the farce was a great success in America. *Mr. H——; or, The Beau with the Bad Name*, first done at the Park Theatre, New York, March 16, 1807, was for years a favorite stock-piece in this country. *Mr. H*—— was one of three pieces played at the first appearance of the younger Charles Mathews, and as the bill of that occasion is peculiarly pertinent to the subject of this paper, it is here given, with a few omissions indicated by stars:

THEATRE ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE, STRAND.

(Particularly Private.)

This present Friday, April 26th, 1822, will be presented a farce called

MR. H——.

(N. B. This piece was damned at Drury Lane Theatre.)

* * * * *

Previous to which a Prologue will be spoken by Mrs. Edwin. After the Farce (for the first time in this country, and now performing with immense success in Paris) a French Petite Comédie, called

LE COMÉDIEN D'ÉTAMPES.

(N. B. This piece was never acted in London, and may very probably be damned here.)

Dorival, le comédien . . M. Perlet [*i.e.* Mr. C. J. Mathews].

* * * * *

To conclude with a Pathetic Drama in one Act, called

THE SORROWS OF WERTHER.

(N. B. This piece was damned at Covent Garden Theatre.)

Werther . . . . Mr. C. J. Mathews.

* * * * *

Among Lamb's favorites of the old actors was Elliston — Robert William Elliston—the airy comedian, the redeemer of Colman's *Iron Chest*, and a man of the most inexhaustible impudence. When he was a manager himself, in 1805, a play called the *Village* was uproariously damned; whereupon Elliston appeared and characteristically rebuked the audience, ending with, "It is my opinion that the piece has great merit." With equal independence did Congreve treat the audience at the first performance of the *Way of the World*. In the midst of the hisses the author of the brilliant play came forward calmly and coolly asked, "Is it your intention to damn this play?"

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—"Yes, yes! Off! off!"—"Then I can tell you," he answered, "that this play of mine will be a living play when you are all dead and damned." And he then walked slowly off. More tranquilly did the aged Southern take the failure of his *Money the Mistress* in 1726 at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre. It was unmercifully hissed. "Do you hear what they are doing?" asked Rich of the author, who was leaning against the wings.—"No, sir," quietly replied the old poet: "I am very deaf." M. Auguste Vacquerie, the disciple of Victor Hugo, shortly after the failure of his play *Tragaldabas* was present at the damnation of another piece: instead of hissing, a boy near him was blowing in a door-key. Pausing for a moment, he said to M. Vacquerie, "I wish I had brought my big key, instead of my little one. I have such a big one: I call it my *Tragaldabas* key." Victor Hugo himself, contemporaneously with the publication of the famous preface to *Cromwell*, was the anonymous *collaborateur* of M. Ancelot in a play called *Amy Robsart*, which was damned by public and press alike. The poet at once wrote to the papers, acknowledging his connection with the play and claiming half the blame.

Among the most celebrated failures of the Paris stage is the *Tannhaüser* of Herr Richard Wagner, which took two nights' damning to settle it finally. I cannot do better than to quote here part of the characteristic account written by the composer himself, as translated by Mr. Burlingame: "The behavior of the audience on the evening of the second performance proved to me that I had not been mistaken in considering the result of this first evening to be a complete success; for by this it was decided with what opposition I was to have to deal in future—namely, with that of the Paris Jockey Club, which I am certainly authorized to name thus plainly, since the audience itself openly pointed out my opponents by the cry, 'À la porte les jockeys!' The members of this club, whose right to consider themselves lords of the Grand Opéra I need not now explain to you more fully, and who felt themselves deeply injured at the absence of the customary ballet at the time of their entrance to the theatre (about the middle of the performance), perceived with disgust that *Tannhaüser* had *not* failed at its first reception, after all, but had really won a triumph. From this time forth it became their business to prevent this balletless opera from being presented to them evening after evening; and for this purpose they had provided themselves, on the way from their dinner to the opera, with a quantity of hunting-whistles and similar instruments, with which they began, immediately upon their entrance, to operate against the *Tannhaüser* in the most shameless manner. Until that time (that is, during the first and up to nearly the middle of the second act) not a trace of opposition had made itself felt, and continued applause had accompanied unhindered those passages of my opera that had most quickly become favorites. But from this point no further demonstrations of applause assisted me: in vain did the emperor and empress themselves a second time demonstrate their appreciation of my work. The irrevocable condemnation of the *Tannhaüser* had been spoken by those who regarded themselves as masters of the theatre, and who all belonged to the highest aristocracy of France. Up to the very end of the piece whistles and pipes accompanied every attempt at applause on the part of the audience."

With the advance of civilization and the gradual improvement of manners the art of damning dramas has decayed. We are not often now-a-days boisterous and abusive. We punish the manager for his lack of judgment by keeping away from the theatre, and not by raising a row on the first night. One of the rare modern instances in which an audience rose in its wrath and damned with old-time vigor and old-time rigor was on the production in 1870, at the Globe Theatre in London, of Lord Newry's comedy *Écarté*, which was dealt with merrily and summarily, for it was laughingly hooted off the stage.

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In America there has been very little play-damning. Theatrical riots have unfortunately been far too frequent, but they have been caused by partisan and political feeling, not by any adverse opinion upon the literary merit of a play. A careful search through the luminous and voluminous *Records of the New York Stage* has shown but few instances: 1793, May 20, Dunlap's *Wedding* only achieved a single performance. 1806, April 11, there was produced at the Park Theatre the *Manhattan Stage; or, Cupid in His Vagaries*, by an obscure blackmailer named Williams, who libeled his betters in England and America under the pen-name of "Anthony Pasquin:" so discreditable was the failure of this play that the next day "Huggins, the hairdresser of the theatre, published a card denying its authorship." 1819, Feb. 19, *Altorf*, a tragedy by Miss Frances Wright, received its quietus. In 1833 the *Foundling of the Sea*, a prize Yankee comedy, written by Woodworth for the comedian Hill, totally failed of its effect. On January 8, 1834, occurred the first performance of George Washington Parke Custis's drama, the *Eighth of January:* Mr. Ireland adds laconically, "It has rarely if ever been repeated." But these plays, although absolute failures, can hardly be said to have been damned, certainly not in the uproarious style of the old London pit, when an upright and downright, face-to-face, hand-to-hand fight was fought between the actors and the audience. The native courtesy of the Americans has kept them from such violent demonstrations as Mr. Ticknor notes (p. 291 of vol. i. of his *Life and Letters*), when he and Mr. Washington Irving beheld the third night of the damning of the *Italians*. In these free United States weak plays are allowed to expire gently from inanition. *Birth*, for example, died an easy and lingering death; *A Business Woman* simply failed to benefit the business of the theatre; *Fortune* bore its misfortunes quietly; the *Hero of the Hour* was a hero for very few hours; the brazen metal of the *Crucible* could not pass current with the public; the *Twins* succumbed after a two weeks' experience of the miseries of earthly existence. These are all dead —dead for a ducat, dead for ever and a day—deader far, indeed, than Julius Cæsar, for he, aided by the advertising agent, has recently achieved a run of over one hundred nights.

J. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

APRIL DAYS.

A SUNNY vapor bathes the lonely fields,
Fair Nature wakens from her wintry sleep,
Out from the caverned rocks blue violets peep,
And the damp sod its grassy perfume yields;
The boring bee his tiny auger wields
And drowsy insects drone upon the wing;
Small elves, the humble heralds of the spring—
Called dandelions—lift their brassy shields
Against the flame-tipped arrows of the sun;
Under the drifted leaves, on western hills
(Whose feet the swiftly-flowing river floods),
The trailing fibres of the arbutus run,
That with rich odor all the hollow fills—
The unlocked sweetness of the winter woods.

SKIPWITH H. COALE.

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OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE CHÂTEAU OF ST. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE.

THERE are not many of the palaces of France around which hangs the perfume of more interesting associations than those of St. Germain. Here kings have been born, and have wedded and died. Here royal exiles have sought and found a shelter for their miseries, a haven for their ever-renewed and ever-deferred and heart-sickening hopes. By turns a fortress, a pleasure palace, an asylum for uncrowned kings and a prison for recalcitrant soldiers, it has now undergone probably its last transformation—namely, into a museum of Gallic antiquities. And of the ancient edifice and its memory-haunted halls there remains about as much as there does of the blood of Henri Quatre in the veins of his degenerate descendant, the Count de Chambord.

The palace of St. Germain, as it is best known to history, was erected by Francis I. on that outbreak of artistic and architectural development known as the period of the Renaissance. But the date of its foundation goes back to the reign of Louis le Gros, who built, it is said, on the very spot occupied by the present château, a fortress in 1122 for defence against the attacks of his powerful and rebellious vassals. Of this structure not a vestige remains. The earliest portion of the present château—and indeed the only part with any claims to genuine antiquity—is the chapel, of which the arches and walls date from the reign of St. Louis. The stronghold of Louis le Gros, after two centuries of existence, was destroyed after the battle of Crécy by the English forces under the Black Prince, two square towers and the chapel alone escaping from the universal ruin. The château was rebuilt by Charles V., and was held in such slight estimation that Louis XI. presented it with all its lands and appurtenances to his physician, the avaricious Jacques Coythier. But after the death of the king Parliament annulled his donation and restored St. Germain to its place amid the royal residences. In 1519 its chapel was chosen as the scene for one of the most important marriages that ever brought new dignity to the French crown. It was there that François, duke of Angoulême, afterward Francis I., espoused Claude, daughter of Louis XII., and heiress to the duchy of Brittany through her mother, the duchess Anne. Nine months later the young couple became king and queen of France. The attention of Francis had been called at the epoch of his marriage to the charms and advantages of the old royal château, and it was probably at that time that he conceived the project of erecting a noble palace on its site.

The name of the architect to whom the art-loving king entrusted the execution of this important work has been lost in oblivion. Whoever it was, he had the odd idea of giving to the palace the form of a long irregular pentagon. Viewed from above, the outline of the building presents the form of a large Gothic D, and legends of the time declare that the amorous monarch directed this form to be chosen out of compliment to his mistress, Diane de Poitiers, who, as is well known, exercised for a time the same empire over his fickle affections as she afterward established more firmly in the heart of his son and successor. But the true state of the case is most probably to be found in the necessity for building on the old foundations, or the desire to afford as many points of view to the façade as possible. The oddly-shaped irregular court in the centre was never, so says an ancient chronicler, without both sun and shadow within its limits at all hours of the day.

At the present day it is totally impossible to form any idea of what must have been the splendor of the new palace of Francis I. The ball-room, of which the

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outer wall still remains, was the most magnificent room in the kingdom. It was one hundred and forty-one feet long and forty feet wide. Its chimney-piece of stone and red brick is now preserved in the museum of St. Germain. Its front is decorated with the salamander, the badge of King Francis, and with the fleur-de-lys of France, but by a strange error of the sculptor the fleurs-de-lys, instead of being arranged two and one, as on the shield of France, are placed one and two. The inner court was decorated with medallions by Bernard Palissy, four of which now form part of the ceramic collection of the Louvre. Around the whole extent of the edifice ran a broad and beautiful terrace, the first that had ever been seen in France. It was in the chapel of the new palace that Henri d'Albret, king of Navarre, espoused in 1527 the wise, learned and beautiful Marguerite de Valois, the tenderly-loved sister of the king and authoress of the tales that still bear her name. The palace of St. Germain was also the birthplace of the second son of Francis, afterward Henri II. After the accession of that prince to the throne he testified great fondness for St. Germain, and it was there that his son Charles (afterward Charles IX.) was born.

The last kings of the race of Valois neglected the lovely château, but St. Germain seems to have been destined to attract the affection of the founders of the lines of French royalty. As the first Valois sovereign had been charmed with the beauty of its site and surroundings, so the first of the Bourbons, Henri IV. himself, held it in peculiar affection. It is said that its lofty terrace afforded him a novel and ingenious method of communicating with his passionately-loved mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrees. He caused large fires to be made there at night, the blaze of which was distinctly visible at the château of Montceaux, distant some fifteen or sixteen leagues, wherein La Belle Gabrielle was then residing. He added a new building to the château, one of the pavilions of which, placed directly on the grand terrace, still exists in the form of a restaurant, and is known as the Pavillon Henri IV. During one of his long sojourns at this favorite palace the great king was one day placed in a position of serious danger, the heavy coach wherein he, with the queen and their attendants, were placed having been overturned in crossing the river at the ford of Neuilly. The jovial Béarnais made light of this accident, declaring that the shock had cured him of a toothache from which he had been suffering for some time; and moreover, having eaten too much salted food at dinner, he was not sorry to have been forced to drink too heartily afterward.

Louis XIII. died in the new addition to the château. But one of the greatest glories of St. Germain is the fact that it was the birthplace of Louis XIV. That prince having been born on the day of a defeat sustained by the French forces in Spain, the courtiers of the time said that Fortune was too busy at St. Germain to heed what was going on elsewhere. The parish registers of the town preserve the pompous record of this auspicious event. Four years later, when Louis XIII. was on his deathbed, the prince was baptized in the chapel of the palace. After the ceremony he was brought to the bedside of his dying father, and the king asked him what name had been given to him. "I am called Louis XIV.," proudly replied the child. Painfully impressed by this answer, the king said, turning his head away as he spoke, "Not yet, my son—not yet." He died a few days later, and it was at St. Germain that his little son was proclaimed king with all due pomp and ceremonial. Louis XIV. passed the greater part of his childhood at the palace, but the troubles of the Fronde forced him to exchange it for a residence in a better-guarded locality.

The next guest sheltered by the old palace was Henrietta, queen of England, the widow of Charles I. and daughter of Henri Quatre. The slender, graceful, dark-eyed princess, immortalized by the pencil of Vandyck, returned to the home of her childhood a short, fat, red-faced matron. At least so she appears in the full-length portrait by Philippe de Cham-

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pagne, wherein she is depicted in her widow's weeds and holding her youngest daughter, the princess Henrietta, by the hand. A most unromantic-looking person is she for so romantic a destiny.

The next figure that traverses the stage is that of that Gretchen of history, that gentle flesh-and-blood Ophelia, Louise de la Vallière. St. Germain was the scene of the growing passion of the youthful king for this fair and gentle creature, and before the effacing hand of restoration had been laid upon the rooms and halls of the old château the apartment was still shown in the ceiling of which a trap-door had been cut, corresponding with the floor of the room of Mademoiselle de la Vallière above. Here was born her eldest son, Louis de Bourbon, Comte de Vermandois, and here she received the visit of the queen two days after her confinement, surrounded with tuberoses and other perfumed flowers, which were at that time supposed to be fatal to women in her condition, so as to disarm the possible suspicions of her royal mistress. Whether from the scent of these blossoms, or from the effect of the strong Spanish perfumes used by the queen, Mademoiselle de la Vallière fainted a few minutes after Her Majesty had departed, and lay so long insensible that fears were entertained for her life. A few years later the gentle Louise, heartbroken, deserted by her royal lover and a prey to keen remorse, retired to St. Germain, there to weep over her past sins and her lost love. She sought for consolation in prayer and in works of charity. It is said that, hearing of the destruction by fire of a small village near St. Germain, she sent for the curé to place in his hands the money she destined for the unfortunate villagers. When the good priest entered her presence she recognized in him the one who had first instructed her childhood in the truths of religion, and from whose hands she had received her first communion. Falling at his feet, she implored him to counsel her respecting her future course of conduct, and it was in compliance with his advice that she afterward took the veil.

The letters of Madame de Sévigné are full of reminiscences of St. Germain, which continued to be a favorite resort for the court. Louis XIV. caused large and disfiguring additions to be made to the palace to accommodate the enormous retinue of courtiers, attendants, etc. that followed always in his train; the architect that he employed, the celebrated Mansard, even going so far as to superpose an additional story to the graceful chapel erected by St. Louis. The most remarkable of the additions thus made to the château was a magnificent balcony, which extended along the north side of the edifice in front of what were then the royal apartments. This balcony was so grandiose in extent and proportions that the courtiers gave it the name of the Terrace. Its supports in forged iron were remarkable for the artistic beauty of their design and the finish of the workmanship. This fine relic of the magnificent reign of "Le Roi Soleil" was in existence in our own day, and was swept away some twenty years ago by the ruthless decree of the so-called restorer.

Hardly had the enlarged and repaired palace been put in perfect order for the reception of its royal master than the fickle fancy of Louis deserted the halls of his birthplace to fix itself on the newer splendors of Versailles and of Marly. The renovated château soon reopened its doors, however, to shelter a royal guest, this time the unfortunate James II. of England, whose woes might claim our sympathy had they not been so richly deserved. In the courtyard of the palace took place that celebrated parting between the kings, when Louis XIV., clasping his own cuirass on the breast of James, gave utterance to that memorable speech: "The best wish that I can make for Your Majesty is that I may never see you again." In that same courtyard James reviewed for the last time his Scottish guards, prior to their entering, by stress of poverty and misery, the service of the French king. James II. died in the palace, as did also his fair young daughter, the princess Louisa, and some years later his heroic wife. Down to the epoch of the Revo-

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lution the apartments of Mary of Modena remained in precisely the same state as they were at the death of that queen: her toilet-service of silver, a gift from King Louis, was duly set out in full array, wax lights were in all the sconces, and even the queen's writing-table and pen were placed as though she were about to use them. The Revolution swept all this away, and dispersed the little band of Jacobite pensioners that still found a home and shelter amid the royal shades of St. Germain.

A curious reason is given for the dislike which Louis XIV. apparently conceived for his birthplace during the later years of his life. It is said that he deserted St. Germain because from its terrace the spire of the abbey of St. Denis was distinctly visible, and it did not please him to have continually before his eyes this reminder of his approaching end. Whether true or false, this anecdote is at least characteristic of the peculiar weaknesses of the great king. Probably, St. Germain was not sufficiently magnificent to suit the ideas already busied with the gorgeousness of Versailles.

Mary of Modena was the last royal resident which the walls of the palace were destined to shelter. A prison under the Terror, a riding-school under the First Empire, a barrack under the Restoration, a military penitentiary under Louis Philippe, this home of kings has passed from degradation to degradation till it has reached the lowest depths of all: it has been restored. The work, begun in 1862 and now nearly completed, consisted not in cleansing and repairing as far as possible the château as bequeathed to us by Louis XIV., but in tearing down the whole edifice to rebuild it according to the plans followed by the original architects under Francis I. The chapel alone and some portion of the exterior walls have been spared. The rooms inhabited by Louis XIV., Marie Thérèse, Louise de la Vallière, James II. and Mary of Modena have been swept away. A spick-and-span new museum, with imitation Renaissance windows and fireplaces, with a beautiful new staircase, all frescoed with salamanders, the paint scarce dry on their tails, and with nice fresh monograms of F. F. stuck in every direction, is offered to us as the old château of St. Germain. Alas! the memory-haunted palace exists no more! The five pavilions and the elegant balcony devised by Mansard were ruthlessly destroyed, and in the place of these genuine relics of the reign of Le Roi Soleil we are offered a copy of the elegant edifice of the Valois monarch: only a copy —nothing more. It is as if some one were to offer a book-collector, instead of his priceless First-Folio Shakespeare, a delightful new edition, the fac-simile of Shakespeare's own manuscripts, did such a thing exist. In 1867 the emperor inaugurated in person the new Museum of Gallo-Romance antiquities. And here our chronicle fitly ends, for the palace of St. Germain exists no more.

L. H. H.

BULGARIAN ROSE-HARVESTS.

UNTIL a short time ago few persons outside of the Turkish empire had more than a very slight knowledge of Bulgaria. But the terrible scenes which have recently taken place in that province have made it receive so much attention from the civilized world that every source of information about it has been eagerly sought for and examined. Works like the lately-published and very valuable one by P. F. Kanitz, entitled *Donau-Bulgarien und der Balkan*, which were once known only to a limited number of readers, have now become very popular, and even older publications of the same kind are being widely read. In reality, the land and its people are worthy of all the interest that has lately been bestowed upon them. The country has many natural advantages, from which, under even moderately favorable auspices, very important results might be produced. And its people have so much latent energy, and take so naturally to steady and persistent labor, that Herr Kanitz predicts for them a brilliant future as an industrial class. Even those indefatigable workers the Armenians do not surpass them in this respect.

A curious and interesting branch of

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Bulgarian industry, and one which has of late received a good deal of notice from some of the foreign journals, is the cultivation of roses and their manufacture into valuable perfumes. By far the greatest portion of the attar of roses used in Europe is produced in Bulgaria, and the central point of the Bulgarian rose-culture is the beautiful valley of Kazanlik in the Balkan Mountains, the ancient *Hæmus.* Of the one hundred and twenty-three Bulgarian villages whose inhabitants are engaged in manufacturing attar of roses, forty-two are in the Kazanlik valley. A German writer, Moltke, calls this valley "the Cashmere of Europe, the European Gulistan, the Land of Roses." The last title is eminently appropriate, for roses form the crops of that district. The bushes grow in great fields, where the face of the country seems to be covered with a sea of splendid flowers and the air is heavily laden with their perfume.

The Thracian rose (*Rosa damascena, sempervirens* and *moschata*), which is the one here referred to, grows best on sandy slopes with a good exposure to the sun. It is planted in the spring and autumn, and the flowers are gathered in May and June. The rose-harvest of Kazanlik varies according to the influences of the weather. In favorable seasons as much as three thousand kilogrammes of flowers are produced, while in unfavorable ones the amount is not greater than eight hundred kilogrammes.

The peasants who cultivate the flowers also usually manufacture the oil on their own premises; but mercantile houses have already begun to be established in the larger towns for the purpose of buying up the yearly growth of the fields and manufacturing by wholesale. Three thousand two hundred kilogrammes of roses are needed for the production of one kilogramme of oil. Eight hundred roses may be made to produce about half an ounce. The roses raised on the declivities of the Balkan range produce about fifty per cent. more oil than those which grow on the plains around them. The oil made from them is stronger also, and, in consequence, they command better prices.

This branch of popular industry, like all others in Turkey's subject provinces, is burdened with oppressive taxes. Indeed, the duty on the manufactured oil was a few years ago made so outrageously heavy that the people were on the point of abandoning their rose-culture altogether, and devoting their time and energies to the cultivation of Indian corn. The burdens imposed by the government officials were afterward lightened somewhat, and it is now possible for the poor peasant, with great and ceaseless exertions, to make some little profit out of his rose-harvest.

A prettier sight is seldom witnessed in any part of the world than that of a party of Bulgarian mountaineers—men, women and children—going to the nearest town on a bright June afternoon with the produce of their rose-fields. Their donkeys carry double panniers, heaped to overflowing with lovely pink Thracian roses. They themselves are adorned with the same beautiful flowers, the young girls—many of whom are extremely pretty and graceful—wearing garlands of them around their heads, and the men having them twined around their staves. It is a holiday occasion with these people, and they are not only in their best attire, but in their best spirits also, and go on their way laughing and singing in great glee. As they move, the air is scented far and near with the odor of their fragrant burdens, and long after they have gone by the perfume remains to tell of their passing. Altogether, the scene is very much like what may be imagined to have taken place in Arcadia far back in those happy early ages when sin and misery had not yet come to make everything dark and dreary. But it is not possible now to think of this bright picture without remembering the frightful scenes that have lately taken place in those lovely rose-clad valleys and flowery sunlit slopes of the Balkans; and the contrast makes the second spectacle all the more dreadful and abhorrent. Surely, the day must soon come when the civilized nations of the whole world will understand that not only common justice, but their own best interests, demands that they shall forget

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their petty jealousies and enmities and deal with "the Eastern Question" in a way that will settle it for ever. And the solution of that much-discussed problem cannot fail to help the unfortunate people of Bulgaria, with whom life has for nearly five centuries been a desperate struggle for existence and the preservation of their religion and their national character. With a government whose dealings with the people are not confined to systematic robbery and indiscriminate murder, they would become happy and prosperous themselves, and contribute to the general good of the family of nations, and their beautiful country would, in both a literal and metaphorical sense, "blossom like the rose." W. W. C.

SELLING A HOUSE.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD, in one of his clever papers on "Men and Women and other Things in General," bewails the misery of selling a horse—the pain of having the animal who was to you a living friend put up as a mere article of merchandise, and to hear the numerous doubts and suspicions suggested as to his soundness and other good qualities. Worse still, the unaccountable manner in which men who formerly held you in the highest respect now seem to look on you as one who without honor or honesty is trying to cheat them into an unfair bargain; and all because you are obliged to sell your horse. The picture is a melancholy one, but at least the pain is quickly over, and in my opinion, after some recent experiences of my own, not to be compared with the prolonged and abject misery of selling a house. Of course I don't deny that there are many instances in which the parting with your house brings no sorrow, and but the faintest passing shade of regret. Your fortunes are on the increase, you are about to enter a more commodious mansion, and you shake off your old domicile with no more pangs than a snake feels in changing its old skin for a new, or a dragonfly who is about to quit its pupa state for wings and liberty. You are in no great hurry to sell: that much capital lying idle is not a very momentous question to you, and you can afford to hold quietly to your price until a fitting purchaser comes along. But the picture is vastly different when other causes bring about the sale. Fortune's wheel has made a big turn in the wrong direction, and the first step in the melancholy and heart-rending process called retrenchment that follows is to sell the house. Now, "the house" is not an old homestead, in which your father and his father before him were born and flourished and died. No: it is a city house, built by yourself some ten or twelve years ago, when all was prosperous, and on which you have lavished every minute care that your wife's fancy, your architect's sagacity and your own ample means could suggest. It is a gem of a house: so your friends have always said. You have been properly proud of it for years, and now you must part with it. The time passed there has been long enough and happy enough to make every yard of carpet on the floor and every bit of paper on the wall, in some degree, dear to you; but you shut your eyes resolutely on that point and hand it over to a real-estate agent.

Now comes the tug of war, and all your peace of mind is over and past. An advertisement is put up in the parlor window which for some unaccountable reason makes you ashamed of yourself whenever you look at it. People call and inquire the price, and retire; other people, closely resembling Mrs. Lirriper's "wandering Christians," who periodically visit all the lodgings in London, ask to be shown through, generally at the most inconvenient times, make the tour carefully, ask six dozen useless and trying questions, and also retire, never to be heard of more. Others, again, seem to be laboring under the delusion that to have the house off your hands is your sole desire, entirely apart from such a trifling consideration as what you get for it; and they also depart in righteous indignation at your presumption in asking what it is worth. By this time you are becoming nervous, harassed by doubts as to your selling at all, and worn out by the repeated annoyances and disappointments to which you have been subject.

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Just at this point at last comes a real purchaser—a big, handsome man, with an odious air of property about him, a tongue more voluble than refined, and an easy patronizing manner that fairly maddens you. He goes over the house with the hurried and preoccupied air of one who expects to look at a dozen more in the course of the morning, and can't really afford to bestow too much time and attention on yours. All the careful detail, all the ingenious contrivances for comfort, are either altogether unnoticed or passed by as a matter of course. You tell yourself they will be all thrown away upon this man, and you writhe inwardly at the thought. After some days of suspense, unspeakably trying, he makes an offer—just eight thousand dollars under your price—from which he refuses to budge.

Now, it is a singular thing that a close bargain, which you by no means condemn in the abstract, becomes simply disgusting when driven with yourself; and so you are at first indignant, then despondent, and finally uncertain. In this condition you solicit advice. Advice differs to such an extent that you are like a man tied to wild horses who have each formed a separate opinion as to the road he intends to take. But your difficulties are pressing, property is low—it always is when any one wants to sell—and after a tussle with yourself, and an abortive attempt to move your purchaser from his offer, to which he sticks like a limpet, you close with him; but certainly no good-will accompanies the house and fixtures. Now everything about it becomes regretfully dear to you, and yet their very merits make you more savage. You wish you had never put walnut stairs all through the house: pine would be quite good enough for that fellow. You think with regret of the expensive repairing you had done to the roof only last winter, and wonder whether the snow will ever come in on him as it did on you. Your wine-closet, your cedar-closet, every thoughtful luxury your house contains, now only serve to irritate you by their perfections.

Then, again, your privacy is invaded at the most unreasonable hours by that dreadful man, who comes one day to have the floors measured—a process that threatens to keep him in the house half the morning; another to show his purchase to a friend, whom he conducts from cellar to attic; a third to see about the necessary accommodations for his books (you don't believe the fellow has any books to accommodate); and so on *ad infinitum*. Happily unconscious of the state of your feelings toward him, he is sociable in the extreme, talking freely of his own affairs, and exhibiting the same easy alacrity in inquiring after yours. He tells you the improvements he intends to make, very much as if he had bought a hovel and expected to transform it into a palace. He intimates, casually, that he don't think much of your taste in papering or carpeting, and that the rooms will have quite another look when he has substituted Axminster for your Turkey, and pearl-gray for your brown-and-gold. He prices articles in an easy manner, from your bronze Diana to your favorite chair, apparently under the impression that you expect to live in the streets hereafter, and that furniture and ornaments will be useless encumbrances. He tells you which rooms he intends giving his sons and which his daughters, as if he thought the subject likely to interest you. Finally, he leaves you worked into such a state of exasperation that the only comfort you can find is in contemplating the cracks in the wall which he will have to fill up, reflecting that the back furnace never did draw well, and furtively kicking the best paint with your very heaviest pair of walking-boots.

A. R.

JOEL T. HART.

THE Atlantic Cable announced on the 2d of March the death in Florence of the sculptor, Joel T. Hart, whom every American who has sojourned in that city within the last quarter of a century will remember with reverent affection. No artist in Florence was more approachable, none so patient as he over the recitals of the woes of his countrymen, so ready with sympathy, encouragement,

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fatherly advice and material aid when that was possible for him.

Some years ago there was some bitterness in his heart against a brother-artist, Mr. Powers, but I think that faded away during the last days of the latter. It arose from Mr. Powers's making merry at times over a curious invention of Mr. Hart called by the irreverent the "sculpturing-machine." I have often seen this machine, if such it could be called, in the studio of Mr. Hart in the Piazza dell' Independenza. It was a kind of skeleton armor, the front half of which swung open upon hinges. The subject or sitter for a portrait, bust or statue was placed inside, and the front was closed and shut him in. Then from the outside the artist, turning little screws, loosened and run in innumerable wires or needles till they touched the surface of the face or body of the sitter. Then the place of the needle was registered in some way and it was drawn out. Another and another wire was run in, registered and retired in the same way until Mr. Hart had hundreds of measurements on the forehead, eyes, nose, lips, chest and other parts of the body. When these "points" were taken the sitter was dismissed. Mr. Hart then made his model in clay, which was a perfect portrait in the rough. He required only a single sitting of the subject in finishing the marble, and even this could be dispensed with. By the aid of this invention, as Mr. Hart has often assured me and others, he could in three days complete a portrait which without it would require weeks of tedious labor. Of course those unacquainted with the work of the sculptor could not pronounce upon the merits of such a contrivance; but admitting these merits, it was certainly difficult to account for Mr. Hart's extreme sensitiveness to any criticism or question of them. One day when he had been carefully explaining the working of the invention, and illustrating it by placing a visitor inside and taking measurements, I remember how evidently annoyed he was by a silly query of the visitor, which was something in this form: "Suppose, Mr. Hart, you should get a fellow in there with all those points about him, and he should happen to sneeze?"

Mr. Hart's portraits in marble are acknowledged to be of the highest order. That of Henry Clay, for example, is the admiration of all. Those who have seen Mr. Clay are enthusiastic in praising its marvelous resemblance to the original. The original model was in Mr. Hart's studio in the Piazza dell' Independenza some years ago, and he always unveiled it to visitors with a feeling of silent reserve and pride that deeply impressed them. He was *par excellence* a portrait artist, and it is doubtful if his technical training or his natural temperament qualified him for high art in the realm of the imagination. It is said that he worked twenty years upon his *Triumph of Chastity*. That would seem to indicate that his conception of the subject was vague, or that he lacked that feverish inspiration which creates rapidly and certainly.

M. H.

FOREIGN BOOKS ON AMERICA.

CERTAINLY the world—the American world at least—has progressed. The young reader of to-day finds with astonishment that his near ancestors who have lived within the past century were regularly subjected every few years to torture at the hands of foreign tourists who came over to see and criticise. The number of these visitors was not very great. Many came, but few wrote, the fashion of making book-writing an indispensable feature of a distant voyage not having then been introduced. But they seemed to come at regular intervals, measured by the recurrence of the European spasms of hunger for this particular kind of literary diet. Probably five years may be assumed as the average period at which the craving had to be, and with more or less success was, appeased. During the forty years which elapsed between the tours of Moore and Dickens it was particularly vigorous and exacting, and our unhappy forefathers suffered accordingly. Their lacerated cuticles had no chance to heal. The established "raw" was lashed without mercy, until all the nerves seemed to

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centre in it. A retrospective glance at the sufferings of our esteemed predecessors excites less of sympathy than of amusement. We find it hard to understand how a half score of Transatlantic book-makers could create so much unhappiness in the breasts of a people whose numbers were steadily growing, the while, from five millions to twenty, and who were enjoying a degree of material prosperity that was the envy of all the world. The simple reflection that for one adventurer who came to note, go back and publish, some hundreds of thousands came to make their homes with us, identify with ours all the pleasures and hopes of themselves and their children and aid in enhancing the wealth and power of the Union, would appear, to the cooler mind of to-day, to have been sufficient to soothe the most sensitive soul. If a keen pen was sometimes sharpened in the cabin, it might have been left to blunt itself against the sturdy spades and hammers that thronged the steerage. The pen may be mightier than the sword, but against them it was in a feeble minority—overweighted every way.

So the event has shown. We laugh now at the tribulation caused by the old squibs as we do at the innocuous efforts of the new ones, for at widening intervals attempts of that character still show themselves. Still more unreserved is our amusement at a new style of comment and narrative which has succeeded the former. This grows out of the observations of travelers who are wholly incapable of observing, and who allow their books to be really made for them by American informants who at a very early moment after the landing discover their verdancy. The consequence is a grotesque collection of "facts" suggestive of the victimized visitor having built up his book out of the jokers' columns of a file of Western newspapers. The journals have been lately making themselves merry over a case of this kind, at the expense of a German impressario whose receptive seem to have overbalanced his perceptive faculties. This gentleman assures his home-friends, for example, that the late Colonel Fisk never drove out with less than eight horses, and compelled all the employés (six or eight thousand) of the Erie Railroad to join his regiment, summarily stopping the trains on that line whenever he ordered a parade for the entertainment of the ladies. The Long Islanders and Staten Islanders, he further mentions, burnt the quarantine buildings erected on their soil; but this did not discourage the determined New Yorkers, who went forthwith to work and constructed two other islands, over which the yellow flag triumphantly waved! That must have happened in the brave days of Tweed.

We may trace this vein of description, in thinner and less luxuriant outcroppings, through more sober pages, the work of abler and more cautious inquirers. The gravest come prepared for the marvelous. They will believe anything of America, as some one used to say he would believe anything of a dog. The most intelligent, indeed, are not the least apt to yield to exaggeration, they being most alive to the importance of leaving prepossessions behind them and opening their intellects, blank and white, to the influences of the New World. They take ground precisely the opposite of that assumed by the same class of observers half a century ago. Sweeping ridicule and contempt of all that does not tally with home standards has given place to a quiet dismissal of those standards, and a too ready acceptance of what they see as generally valuable and sound. They shirk the task of criticism, greatly to our loss, for we were never less able to despise thoughtful advice from strangers of wide observation and reflection. It may not always be right for us to follow it, and when right we may not always be able to follow it; but we can never be the worse for listening to it. We are ready now for a third style in books of American travel—books that will make us neither cry nor laugh, but think.

E. C. B.

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LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Russia. By D. Mackenzie Wallace, M. A., Member of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Russia is not one of those countries which seek to disseminate information in regard to their condition and resources, or which invite the inspection of the world. The government has done much to stifle the spirit of inquiry at home, and has shown an almost Oriental jealousy of inquisitive visitors from abroad; while the vastness of the empire, its remoteness from the ordinary lines of travel, and its lack of seaports and of internal facilities of communication, have been still greater hinderances to observation. It was, however, impossible that a conspicuous member of the European commonwealth of nations should conceal itself behind an impenetrable veil, and from various sources we have all gained a general knowledge of the country, its people and institutions, with conceptions so vivid of some characteristics as to diminish the sense of ignorance or of extremely hazy notions in regard to others. But henceforth it will be our own fault if we remain in this uncertain state. After reading Mr. Wallace's book one feels as if a mist had rolled away, and a clear light had for the first time been cast on the subjects of which it treats. It is not alone, or chiefly, that he brings forward a multitude of new facts, or that he exhibits any special excellence in description or portraiture. He is chary of statistics and of details not absolutely necessary, and he portrays types rather than individuals, and the broad features of the country more than particular scenes. What constitutes the great merit of his book is its thorough analysis of the phenomena with which it deals. The mass of material accumulated by long and sedulous investigation seems to have been sifted, scrutinized and tested, until the nature and value of every fraction had been accurately determined and results could be stated with precision and certainty. None of the qualities necessary for such a task have been wanting —a keen and cultivated intellect, indefatigable industry, and a mind so free from bias as not only to rid itself of prepossessions and resist all extraneous prejudices, but also to curb that desire for fixed conclusions which naturally accompanies an eager search for truth, and which is impatient of a state of balance and suspense after all the accessible data have been gathered and compared. To these qualities must be added a remarkable literary skill, without which the others would have produced only a partial and inadequate effect. No reader of this volume can fail to be struck by the completeness of the author's knowledge, the breadth and candor of his reasoning, and the clearness and vivacity of his style. But the very ease and rapidity with which we are carried along may prevent appreciation of the labor and art by which the way has been smoothed. The book is not a continuous narrative of the author's travels and investigations, nor on the other hand is it a mere statement of results, or, as a glance at the table of contents might lead one to suppose, a series of disquisitions. The different topics are not strung together on a connecting thread, but succeed each other in a natural order of gradation and development, corresponding less closely with the order in which the author actually pursued his researches than with that which he would have followed if the ground had been mapped out for him and he could have kept his course without encountering impediments or interruptions. After some preliminary information, general and particular, he introduces us to the primitive types of the Russian character and institutions as exhibited in the peasantry and the village communities; then to the towns and municipal institutions, the district and provincial administration, the landed proprietors and the nobility; and from these we pass to the less normal classes of the population—the heretics and dissenters, the Cossacks and the Tartars, the pastoral tribes and foreign colonists on the steppes. It is not till we have thus gained a clear view of the land and its inhabitants that our attention is directed to the imperial government, the system and policy which ended in the break-down of the Crimean war, and the great internal changes which have been the result—the reorganization of the courts of law and the emancipation of the serfs, with the consequences, social and material, of this great revolution so far as these have already developed themselves. A final

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chapter on territorial expansion and the Eastern Question is not a mere concession to the reader's curiosity in regard to a problem now apparently hastening to its solution, but the fit conclusion of a survey which, embracing all the influences that have contributed to the growth of the empire, casts a prospective glance at its probable policy and destinies in the future.

What we have said may serve to indicate the nature and importance of Mr. Wallace's work. To discuss, or even to state, his views on the various questions which it brings under consideration would be a very different task, and within our limits an impossible one. His judgments are seldom of that kind at which a partial or dogmatic inquirer so easily arrives, and which may be formulated in brief and simple propositions. They have been reached after an examination of many complicated data and much conflicting evidence, and they take into account all the deductions, exceptions and contingencies necessary for a full apprehension of the subject. On the question whether the material and moral condition of the peasantry has improved since the emancipation, while he has spared no pains in collecting information and fulfilling all the conditions for reaching a correct estimate, he declines to pronounce a final opinion. He points out the influences of climate and soil which have caused the measure to operate differently in different parts of the country, the failure to adjust its provisions to all the conditions and circumstances proceeding from these and other causes, and the activity of the incidental and fortuitous elements that always mingle with and affect the direct and obvious agencies of a transitional social state. The effects on the former proprietors are stated with an equal discrimination and reserve. Among the points, on the other hand, on which he feels himself at liberty to speak with emphasis and with little qualification is the state of religion and of the Church, which he describes as one of absolute lethargy and inertness, demanding only a punctilious observance of ceremonial rites and practices, devoid of any spiritual sentiment or ideals, and tolerant of theories and doctrines opposed to traditional beliefs because utterly indifferent and impervious to them. Some matters, such as public instruction and the financial system, are left untouched, being reserved for a future volume, in which also the history of the emancipation, the systems of agriculture and similar topics, will be more elaborately treated. In his present work Mr. Wallace has aimed to popularize his investigations, and there can be but one opinion as to his success. He has the secret of vitalizing every subject which he handles, of presenting it in its concrete form, with all the sentient activities to which it is related and by which its nature and aspect are modified. Thus, the "Mir," or rural commune, becomes under his hand not a mere institution, but an organic body composed of living members and animated by their intelligence and instincts. In all such cases we are made to see and understand the internal structure, and at the same time to watch with the liveliest interest the external operations. It is rare enough in any department to find a serious study made highly entertaining to the ordinary reader without any sacrifice of important principles or details; and among books of its own kind Mr. Wallace's *Russia* seems to us altogether unrivaled. In reading it we are conscious only of a feeling of absorbing interest, but the impression which it leaves is that of a fullness of knowledge and clearness of comprehension such as few persons could pretend to possess in regard to the countries with which they are best acquainted whether through the descriptions of others or their own observation.

Nouvelles asiatiques. Comte de Gobineau. Paris: 1876.

Count de Gobineau has long been known to students of ethnology and kindred subjects by his works on the races and religions of the East. Three or four years ago he published a novel called *Les Pléiades*, a very brilliant and curious book, which, although a story of the present day, was very unlike a production of the present day, and while full of originality recalled in many points the epical romances of fifty or a hundred years ago—*Wilhelm Meister* or *Anastasius*. The personages, although of various nationality—English, French, German, Russian and Polish—and showing the author's intimate acquaintance with the characteristics of each, were all European; and the action, which moved to and fro between Italy, Switzerland and Germany, was confined to Europe, although related in the pluperfect tense to events in Asia. The author has recently published a volume of tales illustrating manners and character in the East—not the East which thousands of Americans and English visit

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yearly, and which has been brought near to those who stay at home by rapidity of communication and by photographs, but the distant, unfamiliar lands in which travel still means difficulty, peril, astonishment, discovery, oftentimes death. Europe from Sweden to Spain does not present a greater variety of types than the region between the Black and Caspian seas and the Sea of Oman; but they are as foreign and strange to Europeans as to ourselves. The physical dissimilarity is even less striking than the moral. The want of truth which surprises us in the Latin races has little or nothing in common with the immeasurable, gratuitous, imaginative lying of an Oriental; the servility which we are used to consider inseparable from ignorance and cowardice has a different root from the slavishness which is compatible with education, refinement, a sort of dignity and dauntless bravery; cowardice itself, which we hold to be generally a physical defect, a matter of temperament and organization, there appears oftener as a moral weakness for which the body is irresponsible, and of which it is to some degree independent. Count de Gobineau has studied these peculiarities from the double point of view of a *savant* and a diplomatist: he can discriminate between what is national and what is individual, and seems as much at home among the strange species of the human genus as a naturalist in his museum. He says that one of the aphorisms which have been accepted as truisms is, that human nature is the same everywhere: on the contrary, beyond the anatomical resemblance, and the needs which go with it, nothing is so different as humanity, and to understand the part which it has played in the world we must look upon it not as *man*, but *men*.

The stories support this assertion, and have a little too much the air of having been written with that purpose. They are sketches of life and habits which bear the stamp of strong external faithfulness to Nature. The eye of the artist has recovered from any former shock or rupture of novelty; he is no longer bewildered by the intricacy or dazzled by the color of his models; he paints things as he sees them—he sees them as they are; and there is no effect of exaggeration in the result, although it is hard to fancy anything more unlike the existence and beings of our ordinary experience or reading. The groundwork of *Les Pléiades* was too widespun and loose knit: the *Nouvelles asiatiques* are short, complete and concentrated; they are carefully and rather self-consciously written, but with great sparkle and skill, and have not the laborious attempt at ease and reality which so often merely destroys those qualities, as well as the interest, in pseudo-exotic tales. The plots are very simple, interesting and amusing, with a strong illusion occasionally of being actually Eastern. Too much irony pierces through the gravity of the narrator, but it simulates very fairly that Oriental humor of which the European reader never knows exactly how to take the gauge, as when the man in the *Arabian Nights* begins his recital with a seriousness which forbids a smile in his audience: "Now Allah, whose name be exalted! made me to be a hater of women." The scene is laid in the Caucasus, Afghanistan and different parts of Persia: the actors are chiefly of the middle and lower classes of those countries. In all the stories one finds a primitive, almost savage, ingenuousness of the moral nature, the unrestrained passions of love, hate, revenge, anger, fear, gain, coexisting with the finest subtlety and elaboration of the mental processes, and a highly-metaphysical turn of thought. The Asiatics appear most anxious to conceal what we seldom trouble ourselves to hide—viz., actions and intentions—while the emotions and enthusiasms, which we as a rule sedulously keep out of sight, they do not try to disguise. They are capable of total emancipation from what we term practical considerations, while abstract ideas and speculations take absolute possession of them.

The prettiest tale of the series is called the "Illustrious Magician." There was a young Persian, Mirza Kassem, a devout Mussulman, who lived philosophically content with a competency and a charming young wife. One evening during the Ramazan a mysterious dervish asks his hospitality, which is liberally offered, and they spend the night in talking of the profound and compelling secrets which the man of God has acquired in a life of poverty, prayer and constant wanderings. To demonstrate a small part of his power, he thrusts his hand into a brazier of live coals and draws it out unscathed, and he makes a solid gold-piece from a leaden bullet; but these, he says, are trifles to what he could perform could he penetrate the final arcana of Nature, for which, however, he needs the aid of a devoted disciple, with whom he will share all that he knows. He departs and goes his way, leaving Kassem bitten to the

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core by his insidious suggestions. It is not the greed of wealth or power, but the thirst for knowledge, which has seized upon him with that irresistible and fatal grasp in which Orientals recognize the might beyond themselves which they call *kismet*, destiny or lot. He resolves to follow the dervish at all sacrifice and hazards, that he may imbibe his wisdom and help him to conquer the key of the unknown: the resolution is forced upon him rather than formed within him, for the entreaties of his young wife and his passionate affection for her make the struggle of leaving her almost beyond his strength. "It is a great pity," observes the narrator, "that men who have a great deal of imagination and heart should not be required by destiny to care for but one thing at a time. How well they would get on!" But no, and in spite of everything he goes, first placing his wife, slaves and household goods in the care of his family, and promising to return to her in a year—in two—in ten—whenever the task which has been laid upon him shall be accomplished—if his life is spared. He then closes his house, lights a huge bonfire in an adjacent court open to the street, burns the handsome clothes of which he despoils himself, and sets forth barefoot and bareheaded, clad only in a pair of cotton trousers, and followed by the tears and lamentations of the whole quarter, in which he was much beloved. An old shopkeeper begs him to accept a little brass drinking-cup: the carpenter sends his little child toddling with a staff for his journey. Kassem presses the child to his breast, bursts into sobs, and is gone. As soon as the journey is fairly begun, and he finds himself in the desert, without care, following the direction which he intuitively knows that his master has taken, his heart grows light and expands with the sense of being alone and free in the wide world, and at the thought of the vast treasures of knowledge which he is to attain. A total indifference to all that he has left behind—to earthly felicity, to human ties—overspreads his spirit with an exalted tranquillity. He travels on nine days, never-failing charity supplying him with food and lodging. But one evening in the midst of the wilderness his heart suddenly whispers the name of his young wife. He tries to silence it: in vain—some rebellious echo perpetually repeats "Amynèh!" and fills him with grief, regret, longing, despair: his serenity and lofty satisfaction forsake him, but the hand of destiny, against which he cannot strive, nor even stand still, presses him forward, and he goes on and on amid arid sands, burning flints and barren ridges with anguish in his soul. After weary weeks he reaches the caves of Bamyàn in Cabool, where he is certain of finding his master, and where, indeed, the dervish is waiting for him, knowing the day and hour on which he will arrive. They address themselves at once to a tremendous experiment, an incantation which is to unlock the very recesses of mystery; but the spell will not work. The dervish tries again, and fails, and then perceives the presence of some neutralizing force in his disciple's soul: it is not wholly in the quest. He demands to know what divides him from their purpose. "I love," replies Kassem.—"What? whom?" —"Amynèh." The dervish is plunged in disappointment and desperation, but determines not to abandon his attempt even with this insufficient tool. He leads the way farther into the bowels of the earth: a distant call is heard from the mouth of the cavern, "Come back, Kassem! come back!" The disciple shivers: the master cries, "Shut your ears or all is lost," and hurries him onward, while the voice sounds more faintly, "Come back, Kassem! come back!" But they go on in the darkness, groping their way among huge fragments of fallen rock. At length the dervish pauses, pushes Kassem aside into a recess, utters a formula of unknown words which sound to the trembling listener as of apocalyptic potency. Suddenly a tremendous explosion is heard, the ground shakes, the rocks slip from Kassem's clutch, light rushes in from every side: he looks round stunned and dazed. The vault has been rent apart: where the dervish stood there is a monstrous heap of boulders. At the yawning entrance of the cave stands Amynèh pale, gasping, holding out her arms. "She had not had the courage to wait: she had followed him; she had found him; she kept him."

Of course, half the spirit and charm of the tales is in touches of local color which are lost in an abridgment. The "History of Gamber Aly" and the "War of the Turcomans" are infinitely vivid and entertaining pictures of civil and military official life in Persia, with the system of extortion and corruption, the secret tariff and taxation, beside which our gigantic attempts at the same sort of thing are clumsy. In Persia it is all managed with a perfection of calculation and ex-

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actness, and the scale of imposition is graduated as mathematically as the multiplication-table. "What is your trade?" asks the sergeant of a marching regiment of a new recruit.—"I am a hunter."—"That will be no resource at Teheran. Turn mason. You will give me a quarter of your pay; the captain will have half; now and then you must make the lieutenant a small present; the colonel, of course, takes the rest, but you can live like a king on what you earn."

There are some very curious Eastern customs and usages mentioned in this book which are new to us at least. The most startling of these is the following practice of white-washing a lady whose character has become smirched: "When she has given too frequent occasion for scandal by her indiscretions, public opinion turns against her and unpleasant remarks are made. Then the justice of the peace calls the giddy damsel to account: he requires frequent presents; he keeps himself informed of her doings; and after a few such annoyances the lady generally finds it desirable to change her mode of life. She can only do this by marrying. But how marry in so delicate a position as hers? By the simplest method. She finds a religious personage" (we should simply say a priest, having no equivalent for the mulla), "states her case, expresses her condition, and he opens his writing-desk. He gives her a scrap of paper attesting her consuming remorse for the past, and that, as God is essentially merciful when one is firmly resolved not to repeat one's offences, the former sinner is whitened from head to foot: nobody has the slightest right to suspect the steadfastness of her principles; she is as marriageable as any other girl, if she can find a husband. Nothing can be more admirable than this sudden rehabilitation, and it does not cost much—can even be done at half-price."

The troublesome and tyrannous deportment of women generally in the realm of the veil and harem, their predominance in the household, the facility and frequency with which they obtain divorce, we know from travels and treatises. But these and many other traits come home with new point from Count de Gobineau's acclimatized pen. The style of the stories accords with their substance: it is quiet yet caustic, the ascriptions and apophthegms of an Eastern narrator coming in not too often and with exact appropriateness. It is not pictorial, but lively and admirably descriptive. The last of the series, called the "Life of Travel," gives the stages of the journey of a young European couple on their way from Trebizond to the eastern frontier, where a diplomatic post awaits the husband: "The unknown opened before them: adventure stood ready to mount behind the rider and follow him on his way. . . . When the sun rose the caravan was on the march: it was a great and fine sight. The immense train was composed of two thousand travelers, reaching over a vast expanse. Lines of camels and mules followed each other in an unbroken procession, guided by drivers who wore round or conical felt hats, precisely like those on the ancient monuments, sewing or knitting as they went. The conductor of the caravan, riding a quiet little horse, turning his beads between his fingers with a serious air, was surrounded by a group of equally grave cavaliers, either mullas or merchants of high standing. This group was evidently the centre of respect. Here were traders running to make their sumpter-beasts go faster; there, richly-dressed people unconnected with trade, government officers, military dignitaries or landed proprietors. Then there was the crowd, principally on foot, talking, gesticulating, laughing, and going to and fro: sometimes one of these men would say to a muleteer, 'Brother, there is a spare beast: can I have a lift?'—'Yes: how much will you give me?' The bargain is struck as they go along: the man pays and bestrides the beast. Then there were the women, by themselves, making much more noise than the men, with an endless chirping, laughing, crying, scolding, shrieking, adjuring, and the children, who joined in from time to time with shrill yells. You saw the mass, camels, horses, mules, donkeys, dogs, sullen folk, dandies, priests, Mussulmans, Christians, Jews and all, and you heard the racket. The crowd advanced slowly, seeming at the same time to revolve upon itself, for the pedestrians were incessantly going from the front to the rear, from the rear to the front, to speak to somebody, meet somebody, take somebody to somebody else; and it made a tumult and hubbub which never ceased for an instant. . . . It is in this organized vagabondage that the character and mind of the Asiatic are most in their element. . . . Then came the halts when they reached good pasture-land. They stayed two or three weeks in the same spot, and the camp was established with so much

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solemnity that it seemed as if they were to spend eternity there. . . . The animals browsed up to the belly in the luxuriant herbage. The drivers were delighted to see their beasts recovering visibly from their fatigue; the sight of the verdure and flowers charmed everybody; the hive buzzed louder than ever, all of them coming, going, talking, stirring, chaffering, carrying on their sales, purchases, affairs and intrigues, which do not stop with the march, for the caravan is a moving town, and its business and pleasure do not intermit any more than in a city on foundations." They met other caravans, some friendly, when they encamped together, as if in the words of Scripture they had said, " It is good for us to be here: let us build tabernacles;" others hostile, to which they gave a wide berth; worst of all, funeral caravans carrying unsavory corpses wholesale to be buried at one of the sacred cities; sometimes during the halts they made excursions among the beautiful scenery of the hills. But the end of it was that the young woman was seized with a sudden and violent stroke of homesickness, which took the shape of horror and terror of this strange world, whose language, modes and thoughts were incomprehensible and inscrutable to her. The conductor of the caravan had seen such cases before in men as well as women: he knew that the disease is sometimes mortal, and advised the husband to join a returning caravan and take her back to Europe.

Whether this story be intended or not to bring us to a conclusion agreeing with the author's prefatory axiom regarding the dissimilarity of human nature, we certainly find that impression very strong at the end of the book. The people who have been presented to us so familiarly move upon a different plane and see at a different angle from ourselves: even Count Gobineau, habituated as he is to them, is but a spectator. It seems as impossible for the Eastern and our minds ever to meet as for bodies traveling in different parallels. It is partly to this, no doubt, that the *Nouvelles asiatiques* owe their pungency and spiciness, but there is much more than this in them: there is real and delightful originality of talent.

Books Received.

Sappho: A Tragedy in Five Acts. By Franz Grillparzer. Translated by Ellen Frothingham. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Plains of the Great West and their Inhabitants. By Richard Irving Dodge, Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. A. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Life of William, Earl of Shelburne, with Extracts from his Papers and Correspondence. By Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. Vol. III. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Convicts and their Children. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. (Leisure-Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Problem of Problems, and its Various Solutions; or, Atheism, Darwinism and Theism. By Clark Braden. Cincinnati: Chase & Hall.

The Childhood of the English Nation; or, The Beginnings of English History. By Ella S. Armitage. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Fleets of the World: The Galley Period. By Foxhall A. Parker, Commodore U. S. Navy. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

Practical Treatise on the Properties of Continuous Bridges. By Charles Bender, C. E. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

Archology; or, The Science of Government. By S. V. Blakeslee. New York and San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

Sir Roger de Coverley. (From "The Spectator.") By John Habberton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Hours of Thought on Sacred Things. By James Martineau, LL.D., D. D. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Goethe's West-Easterly Divan. Translated by John Weiss. Boston: Roberts Bros.

Rambles and Studies in Greece. By J. P. Mahaffy. London: Macmillan & Co.

Six Weeks in Norway. By E. L. Anderson. Cincinnati: Robert Clark & Co.

Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden. Rochester, N. Y.: James Vick.

Kismet. (No-Name Series, No. 4.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Poems. By Clement Biddle. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Baker.

New Music.

Sweet Hour of Prayer. No. 4 of Sacred Music selected from the Works of celebrated Composers. Words adapted by W. W. Keys. Philadelphia: W. H. Boner & Co.

Angels Met him at the Gate: A Tribute to the Memory of P. P. Bliss. Words by A. W. French; Music by C. M. Currier. Cincinnati: F. W. Helmick.

Raise me Up before I Die: Song and Chorus. Words by Pemberton Pierce; Music by Joseph C. Robinson. Philadelphia: W. H. Boner & Co.

Blue Bells of Scotland. By Gustav Lange. Op. 89. Philadelphia: W. H. Boner & Co.

Love's Joys: Waltz Rondo, No. 4. By F. Gumpert. Philadelphia: W. H. Boner & Co.

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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

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JUNE, 1877.

DOWN THE RHINE.

SECOND PAPER.

"RHEIN-SCHNAKEN."

PAST the ruins of Madenburg, we follow the emperor Rudolph's road to Spires (German *Speyer*), whose cathedral is the Westminster Abbey of the German Empire. The tombs of emperors and empresses and their children—Swabians, Habsburgs, Nassaus—line the aisles of the cathedral, whose massive Romanesque style shows through the more elaborate, fanciful and somewhat disappointing restoration of Louis I. of Bavaria; for under his hands the old, grim, stately church has come to wear something of a modern look. But the historic recollections are many, and in St. Afra's chapel we recognize the spot where for five years lay the coffin of Henry IV., the vault where his forefathers slept being closed to his body by the ecclesiastical censures he had incurred

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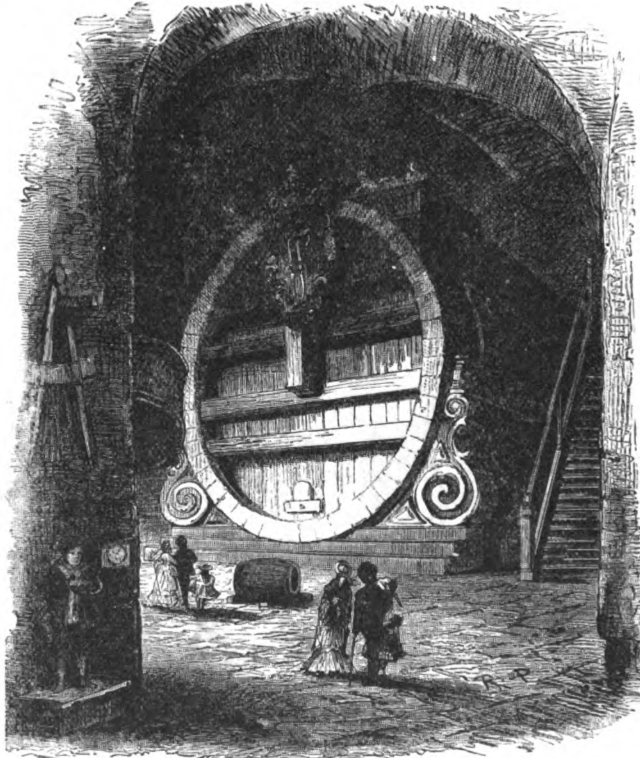
after his forced reconciliation with his nobles and the Church.

And now comes the quick-flowing Neckar, rushing into the Rhine, and bidding us go a little up its course to where Heidelberg, its castle, its university, its active life and its beautiful past, make altogether a place that I should be inclined, from my own recollections, to call the pleasantest in Germany, and which is certainly not one of the least important in the life that distinguishes Germany at this time. And what kind of impression does it make at first on a stranger? A German traveler says that it presented to him a marked contrast with Munich, where, although it is an art-centre, a sort of deadness to intellectual concerns characterizes all but the art-students and foreign visitors. Even the Heidelberg porters are lively and critical, boast of Bunsen and Vangerow, and speak proudly of "our" professors and of the last examinations. They do more than merely make money out of their show-city, as do the good-natured but slower-witted Munichers, but some enthusiastic Rhinelanders claim for this difference of temperament a reason not wholly æsthetic — *i. e.*, the influence of Rhine wine, transformed generation after generation into Rhine blood. The foreign traveler probably misses all these details, and for him Heidelberg is the student-city and the city of the most renowned ruin in Germany. He will find that all the beauty he has read of is real: the castle *is* all that has been said and sung of it, with its tower shattered and crumbling; its various façades, particularly the Friedrichsbau and that named after Emperor Otto Henry; its courtyard with pointed arches; its ivy-grown fountain; its elaborate Renaissance niches and armor-clad statues; its modern loungers sitting over their Rhine wine in chairs that English collectors would give three or four guineas apiece for; its tangle of flowers and bushes; its crimson flush when English tourists spend their money in illuminating it with Bengal lights; its adjacent gardens, where a nearly perfect band plays classical music to critics who are none the less discerning because they look lost in tobacco-smoke and beer-



THE GREAT TUN, HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

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fumes; its background of Spanish chestnut woods, where I saw the pale-green tassels of the blossoms still hanging among the broad leaves that had just reached their summer depth of color, and where wild legends place a "Devil's Den" and a Wolf Spring, a brook where a wolf is said to have torn to pieces the enchantress Zetta;—above all, its matchless view sheer down a wall of rock into the rushing Neckar flood, over the vast plain beyond, and over a wilderness of steep roofs of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century houses. All this is but a faint description of the impression Heidelberg leaves on the mind. It would be leaving out an important "sight" not to mention the famous "tun," still stored, but empty, in the cellars of the castle, and the little guardian of the treasure, the gnome carved in wood, whose prototype was the court-fool of one of the Nassau sovereigns, and whose allowance was no less than fifteen bottles a day.

But the place has other interests, which even the donkey-riders, whom the natives portray as rather eccentric in dress and behavior, must appreciate. The high school, which has survived all the desolations and wrecks of the Thirty Years' war and the still more cruel French war under Louis XIV. and his marshal Turenne, dates as far back as 1386, and the university into which it has grown has been since the beginning of this century the cause of the upward growth and prosperous restoration of the town. The Ger-

THE SHATTERED TOWER, HEIDELBERG.

man student-life has been as much described, though perhaps never so truly, as the life of the Western frontiers and prairies, and I will give but one glimpse, because it is all I know of it, though that glimpse is probably but the outcome of

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an exceptional phase of student-life. The person who described the scene and saw it himself is trustworthy. He had been living some months at Heidelberg, on the steep slope leading up to the castle (the short cut), and one night, on looking out of his window, he saw the glare of torches in a courtyard below, several houses, perhaps even streets, off, for the town is built on various levels up the rock. Here were several groups of young men, evidently students, dancing in rings and holding torches, and the scene looked wild and strange and somewhat incomprehensible. Next day the spectator found out that this was the peculiar celebration of a death by a club whose rules were perhaps unique. It was an inner sanctum of the ordinary student associations, something beyond the common dueling brotherhoods, more advanced and more reckless — a club in which, if any member quarreled with another, instead of settling the matter by a duel, the rivals drew lots to settle who should commit suicide. This had happened a day or so before, and a young man, instead of standing up as usual to be made passes at with a sword that would at most gash his cheek or split his nose, had shot himself through the head. Even in that not too particular community great horror prevailed, and the youth was denied Christian burial; so that his father had to come and take away the body in secret to convey it to his own home. This heathenish death led to an equally heathenish after-carousal, the torchlight dance winding up the whole, not perhaps inappropriately.

Heidelberg has a little Versailles of its own, a prim contrast to its noble chestnut-groves, yet not an unlovely spot—the garden of Schwetzingen, where clipped alleys and *rococo* stonework make frames for masses of brilliant-colored flowers; but from here we must skim over the rest of the neighborhood — gay, spick-and-span Mannheim, busy Ludwigshafen and picturesque, ruin-crowned Neckarsteinach, where, if it is autumn, we catch glimpses of certain vintage-festivals, the German form of thanksgiving and harvest home. But of this we shall see more as we journey downward and reach the far-famed Johannisberg and Rüdesheim. Still, we cannot forget the vineyard feature of Rhine and Neckar and Moselle scenery, for it follows us even from the shores of the Lake of Constance, and the wine keeps getting more and more famous, and the wine-industry and all its attendant trades more important, as we go on. The ruins of monasteries are sprinkled among the vine-terraces, for the monks were the earliest owners, introducers and cultivators of the grape —greatly to their credit at first, for it was a means of weaning the Christianized barbarians from hunting to tilling the earth, though in later years there grew terrible abuses out of this so-called "poetic" industry. If I were not pledged to eschew moralizing, I should like to have my say here about the nonsense written from time immemorial about "wine, woman and song"—rather worse than nonsense, because degrading to both the latter — but in speaking of the Rhine one cannot but glance at its chief trade, though one *can* refrain from rhapsodies about either the grape or the juice. The fact is, the former is really not lovely, and the artificial terraces of slaty débris, the right soil and the right exposure for the crop, are indeed quite unsightly. The *beauty* of the vine is far better seen, and is indeed ideal, in Southern Italy, where the grapes hang from luxuriant festoons, cordages of fruit swinging like hammocks from young poplars, and sometimes young fruit trees, while beneath grow corn and wheat. The wine, I believe, is mediocre—and so much the better—but the picture is beautiful. In Northern Italy the thrifty, practical German plan is in vogue, and the ideal beauty of vines is lost. But where is the vine loveliest to my mind? Out in the forests, where it grows wild, useless and luxuriant, as I have seen it in America, the loveliest creeper that temperate climes possess—a garden and a bower in itself.

Following the course of the Neckar, and broadening for forty miles before reaching the Rhine, lies the Odenwald, the "Paradise of Germany"—a land of legends, mountains and forests, whose

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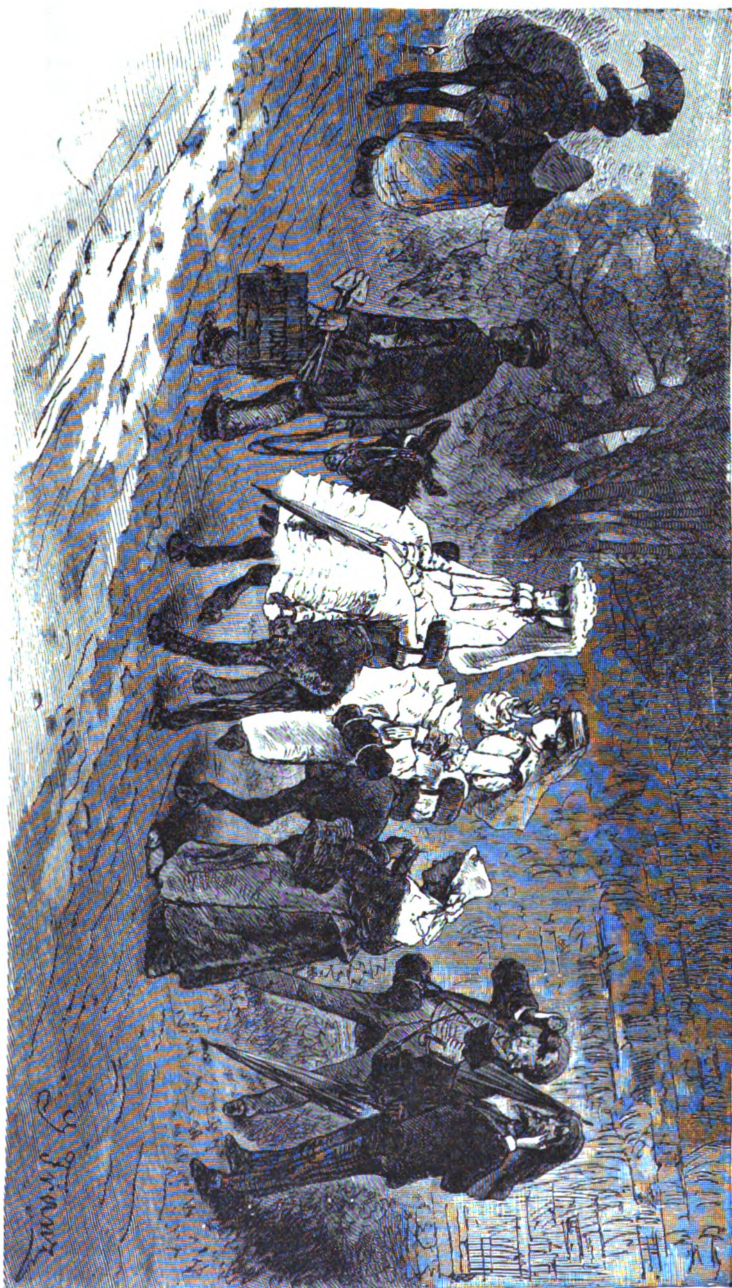

PILGRIMS ON THE CASTLE HILL.

very name is still a riddle which some gladly solve by calling the land "Odin's Wood," his refuge when Christianity displaced him. Here, under the solemn beeches, the most beautiful tree of the Northern forests, with smooth, gray,

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column-like trunk and leaves that seem the very perfection of color and texture, lie the mottled deer, screened by those rocks that are called the waves of a "rock ocean," and lazily gazing at the giant trunk of a tree that for many years has lain encrusted in the earth till as many legends have accumulated round it as mosses have grown over it—a tree that California might not disown, and which is variously supposed to have been part of a Druidical temple or part of an intended imperial palace in the Middle Ages. But as we climb up Mount Melibocus, and look around from the Taunus to the Vosges, and from Speyer to Worms and golden Mayence, we see a ruined castle, that of Rodenstein, with a more human interest in its legend of a rival Wild Huntsman, whose bewitched hounds and horns were often heard in the neighborhood, and always before some disaster, chiefly a war, either national or local. This huntsman wore the form of a black dog in the daytime, and was the savage guardian of three enchanted sisters, the youngest and loveliest of whom once tried to break the spell by offering her love, her hand and her wealth to a young knight, provided he could, next time he saw her, *in the form of a snake*, bear her kiss three times upon his lips. He failed, however, when the ordeal came, and as the serpent-maiden wound her cold coils around him and darted out her forked tongue, he threw back his head and cried in an agony of fear, "Lord Jesus, help me!" The snake disappeared: love and gold were lost to the youth and freedom to the still spellbound woman. The legend goes no further, unless, like that of the ruined castle of Auerbach, it hints at the present existence of the forlorn enchanted maidens, yet waiting for a deliverer; for at Auerbach the saying is that in the ruins dwells a meadow-maiden whose fate it is to wait until a child rocked in a cradle made of the wood of a cherry tree that must have grown on the meadow where she was first mysteriously found, came himself to break her invisible bonds; and so every good German (and not seldom the stranger) that visits Schloss Auerbach does so with a pious intention of delivering the maiden in case he himself may unawares have been rocked in a cradle made of the wonder-working cherry-wood. If the reader is not tired of legends, this neighborhood affords him still another, though a less marvelous one, of a young girl of the noble Sickingen stock who lost herself in a great wood, and who, after being searched for in vain, was guided homeward late at night by the sound of the convent-bell of St. Gall's (not the famous monastery of that name); in thanksgiving for which the family offered for all coming ages a weekly batch of wheaten loaves to be distributed among the poor of the parish, and also made it customary to ring the great bell every night at eleven o'clock, in remembrance of the event, and likewise as an ear-beacon to any benighted traveler who might happen to be in the neighborhood.

At Ladenburg we pass one of those churchyards that are getting familiar to us at this stage of Rhine-journeying, full of crosses and crucifixes with quaint little roofs over them; and at Weinheim we come upon as antiquated a spot as any that exists in our day, a wilderness of old houses, each one of which is worth a detailed picture; then at Unterlandenbach we find the most famous of the Bergstrasse wines; and hurrying through modern Darmstadt, with its Munich-rivaling theatre, museum and galleries, and its heart-core of old houses smothered among "classicalities" in white plaster, we come to the old episcopal city of Worms, where no beautiful scenery distracts the mind from the mighty human recollections of Luther and the Diet and the first strong symptoms of life in the Reformation. The Jews' burial-place, however, brings to mind the one-sidedness of the freedom of conscience proclaimed by the Reformers, who could be as intolerant as their forerunners, the powerful bishops of Worms and the persecutors of the Jews in the Middle Ages, as the Lutherans were in the days of the Renaissance. The massive Roman character of the cathedral is mingled with something airier and more Gothic, but still remains

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FRIEDRICHSBAU (OR FREDERICK'S BUILDING), HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

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chiefly a model of the basilica style, with its low, strong round arches, and grafted on these the later, yet not mediæval, figures of distorted, dwarfed, monstrous animal forms, supposed to represent the demons of heathendom conquered by, and groaning in vain under the yoke of, the Christian Church. But no amount of vague description will bring before the mind's eye these great cathedrals, whereas slighter and lesser subjects are easily made lifelike with the pen; so, passing by the fountains, the market-places, the ancient fortifications and the splendid modern monument of Luther surrounded by his brother Reformers and their supposed predecessors (altogether, a rather fanciful and motley grouping, morally speaking), we come to the everyday life of the city of to-day. It is strange how many of these old German towns are "resuscitated" (I wish I could find a better word for the meaning), having been wholly crushed in the terrible French war under Louis XIV., and having slowly sunk into a seemingly hopeless state of stagnation, and yet within the last fifty years having gathered up their fragments anew and started into life again. Commerce, railways, etc. had much to do with this new lease of life, but intellectual progress has had almost as large a part in this new birth of the dead cities. Learning grew popular—what a significant difference there is between this fact and that of learning growing *fashionable!*—and men awoke to the need as well as the glory of knowledge—a weapon which, far more than the sword, quietly prepared Germany for the onward stride she has now taken. If the mental progress had not been going on so steadily for so many years, the late political triumphs could not have happened.

The old dominions of Worms had the poetic name of *Wonnegau*, or the "Land of Delight;" and since the flat, sedgy meadows and sandy soil did not warrant this name, it was no doubt given on account of the same ample, pleasant family-life and generous hospitality that distinguishes the citizens of Worms to this day. There were—and are—merchant-princes in Germany as well as in Genoa, Venice, Bruges, Antwerp and London of old, and though life is even now simpler among them than among their peers of other more sophisticated lands, still it is a princely life. The houses of Worms are stately and dignified, curtained with grapevines and shaded by lindens: the table seems always spread, and there is an air of leisure and rest which we seldom see in an American house, however rich its master. The young girls are robust and active, but not awkward, nor is the house-mother the drudge that some superfine and superficial English observers have declared her to be. We have begun to set up another standard of woman's place in a household than the beautiful, dignified Hebrew one, and even the mediæval one of the times whence we vainly think we have drawn our new version of chivalry toward womankind. But in many places, even in the "three kingdoms," the old ideal still holds its place, and in the Western Highlands the ladies of the house, unless demoralized by English boarding-school vulgarities, serve the guest at table with all the grace and delicacy that other women have lost since they have deputed all hospitality save that of pretty, meaningless speeches to servants. In Norway and Sweden the old hospitable, frank customs still prevail, and in all simplicity your hostess, young or old, insists on doing much of your "valeting;" and while we need not imitate anything that does not "come natural" to us, we should surely refrain from laughing at and stigmatizing as barbaric any social customs less artificial than our own. And indeed Germany is blest in the matter of good housekeepers, who are no less good wives, and especially discerning, wise and sympathizing mothers. A few of the lately-translated German novels show us the most delightful and refined scenes of German home-life, and now and then, though seldom, a stranger has a glimpse of some of these German homes, whether rich or not, but generally not only comfortable, but cultured. To some English minds—and we fear also to some American ones—of the "hot-house" order there is something absolutely incompatible between

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THE COURTYARD, HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

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grace and work, study and domestic details; but, letting practical Germany alone, have they ever read Eugénie de Guérin's life and journal, to admire which is almost as much a "hall-mark" of culture as to enjoy Walter Scott and appreciate Shakespeare? And if they have, do they not remember how the young housekeeper sits in the kitchen watching the baking and roasting, and reading Plutarch in the intervals? And do they not remember her washing-days? Every thrifty housewife is not an Eugénie de Guérin, but that any absolute incongruity exists between housework and brain-work is a notion which thousands of well-educated women in all countries must, from experience, emphatically deny.

Nor is elegance banished from these German homes: if there are libraries and museums within those walls, there are also drawing-rooms full of knick-knacks, and bed-rooms furnished with inlaid foreign woods and graceful contrivances covered by ample curtains, pretty beds shaped cradlewise, devoid of the angles we seem to find so indispensable to a bed, and corner closets fluted inside with silk or chintz and ornamented with airy vallances or bowed-out gilt rods. Glass doors leading into small, choicely-stocked conservatories are not uncommon, or even that crowning device of artistic luxury, an immense window of one undivided sheet of plate-glass, looking toward some beautiful view, and thus making a frame for it. All this sounds French, does it not? but Aix and Cologne and Mayence and Frankfort and Bremen are genuine German cities, and it is in the burgher houses that you find all this. Even very superficial observers have noticed the general air of health, prosperity and comeliness of the people. Washington Irving, who traveled in the Rhineland fifty-five years ago, when critical inquiry into home-life was not yet the fashion for tourists, speaks in his letters of the peasantry of the Bergstrasse being "remarkably well off," of their "comfortable villages buried in orchards and surrounded by vineyards," of the "country-people, healthy, well-clad, good-looking and cheerful." Once again he speaks of the comeliness of the Rhine peasants, "particularly on the lower part of the Rhine, from Mayence downward," and elsewhere of the cottages as so surrounded by garden and grass-plat, so buried in trees, and the moss-covered roofs almost mingling and blending with the surrounding vegetation, that the whole landscape is completely rustic. "The orchards were all in blossom, and as the day was very warm the good people were seated in the shade of the trees, spinning near the rills of water that trickled along the green sward." This, however, was in Saxony, where the landscape reminded him much of English scenery. Then of the higher middle classes, the bankers of Frankfort, he speaks as cultured, enlightened, hospitable, magnificent in their "palaces, . . . continually increasing." And these are but cursory pencilings, for everywhere he was rather on the watch for the antique than mindful of human and progressive peculiarities.

Mayence, by the bye (or *Mainz*, as it is in the mother-tongue), was once called the "golden," partly for its actual wealth of old, partly for its agricultural and vineyard riches, and partly as the centre of an immense river-trade that enriched every city on the Rhine, from Worms to Cologne especially. Here the archbishops reigned paramount sovereigns, and here were fought many hard battles between what called itself the Church and the people. Mayence once cut itself off for several years from all Christian services, and held its spiritual sovereign at bay, though now its religious spirit is undeniable; but then how much have the representatives of the Church changed! To-day they are humble, poor and accessible to all: then they were haughty, warlike, despotic and rich. To-day, they are wellnigh persecuted, and the hearts of the people generously turn to them, and if principle and policy can ever be said to go together, it is so in this case. But let the circumstances be reversed: I wonder would the lesson be remembered? Here, where Archbishop Willigis in the tenth century persecuted the Jews, and made up to the city for it by building the grand St. Ste-

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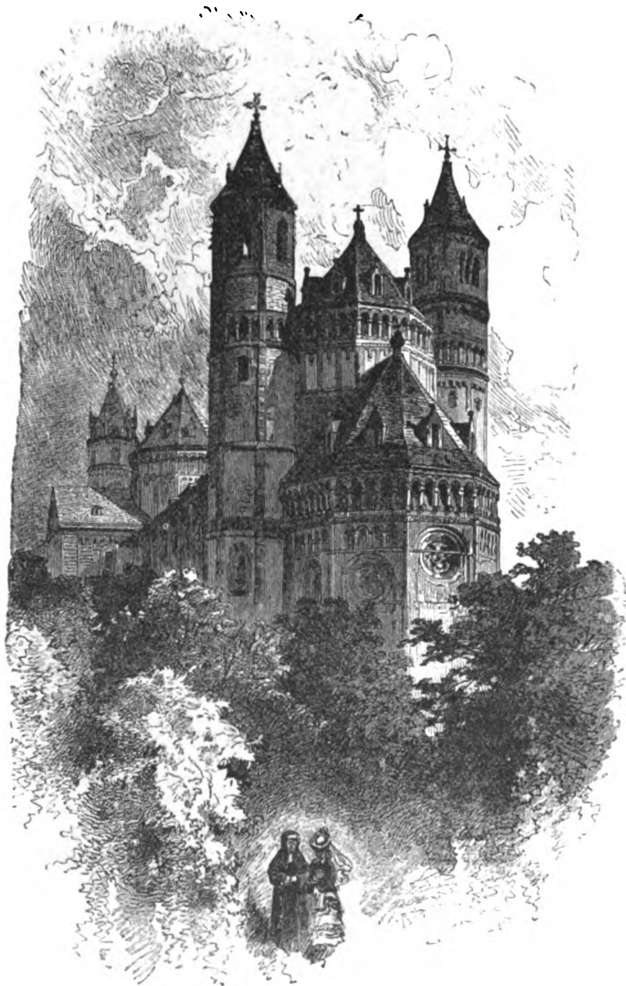
phen's and the earliest part of the cathedral; here, where terrific invasions of barbarians and massacres of Christians gave color to the legends that ascribe the foundation of the city to a Trojan hero, Moguntius, or to an exiled wizard of Trèves, fourteen hundred years *before* the Christian era; here, where ecclesiastical quarrels and popular tumults were things of daily occurrence, and where one of the best minnesingers, Henry, count of Meissen, surnamed *Frauenlob*, or "Ladies' Praise," was carried to his grave in the cathedral by twelve maidens of the town,—there stirs to-day a spirited though commonplace life, the link of which with the old life lies in the invention commemorated by Gutenberg's monument, one of Thorwaldsen's best works. Old and new jostle each other in our bewildered minds. There are drawbridges, towers and gates still to be seen; the old city is a future important military dépôt; the Carnival scenes merrily take us back to the costume if not the manners of the Middle Ages; and some of the old *Meenzer* dialect is still preserved among the quaint knitting-women with frilled caps and ungainly baskets who drive a small trade in stout stockings for the country-people as they jog in to market. Then we pass St. Alban's church, where Charlemagne's wife Fastrada is buried, and where her husband drew from her dead finger an enchanted ring which he was glad afterward to throw into the moat at his castle of Nieder-Ingelheim; and here now is a procession coming out of the church, and the people devoutly following, all chanting the solid old hymns, hundreds of years old, which are still the musical A, B, C of every German child. How different to what *we* call hymn-singing! The Rhineland is intensely Catholic in this neighborhood, and since the unwise "Falk laws" many who were before indifferent have rallied to their childhood's faith and stood forth as its fiercest champions. Perhaps just now you would not meet a procession, but a few years ago they were common in the streets of Mayence. The cathedral, spite of all political drawbacks, is being carefully restored, and the choir, which I remember as especially fine, is looked upon as a triumph of reverent and congruous restoration.

On the shores of the river we come upon purely modern life again—the ho-

AN ALLEY IN THE GARDEN OF SCHWETZINGEN.

tels, the quays, the tourists, the steamers, and the *Rhein-schnaken*, a species of "loafer" or gossip who make themselves useful to passengers when the boats come in. These are often seen also at Biebrich, the old palace of the Nassaus, now become the property of the city,

and partly a military school, while the gardens have become the fashionable promenade of Mayence. The formal alleys and well-kept lawns, with the distant view of the Taunus and the Odenwald on one side, and a glimpse of the opening Rheingau, a famous gorge of the Rhine, on the other, make it a beautiful resort indeed, exclusive of the interest which the supposed derivation of its name gives it—*i. e.*, the "place of beavers," an animal that abounded there before man invaded these shores. And now the eye can follow the course of the Rhine (from the roof of the palace) as far as Ingelheim, Ehrenfels, the Mouse Tower, Johannisberg and Rüdesheim, and vineyards climb up the rocks and fight their way into the sunshine; and we begin to feel that these little shrines we sometimes come across, and huts of vineyard-keepers, and queerly-shaped baskets like some of the Scotch fish "creels," all force on our attention the fact that the growing and making and selling of wine are the most characteristic features of Rhine-life, at least outside the cities. Though the vineyards are not as picturesque as poets insist on making them, yet the vintage-season is full of picturesque incidents. This is a "movable festival," and occurs any time between the beginning of September and the middle of November. What applies to one district does not to another, and there are a thousand minute differences occasioned by soil, weather and custom; so that none of the following observations is to be taken as a generalization. At the outset it is worth notice that the German word *Weinberg* ("Wine-hill") is much more correct than our equivalent, for even in the flatter countries where the grape is grown the most is made of every little rise in the ground. The writer



CATHEDRAL OF WORMS.

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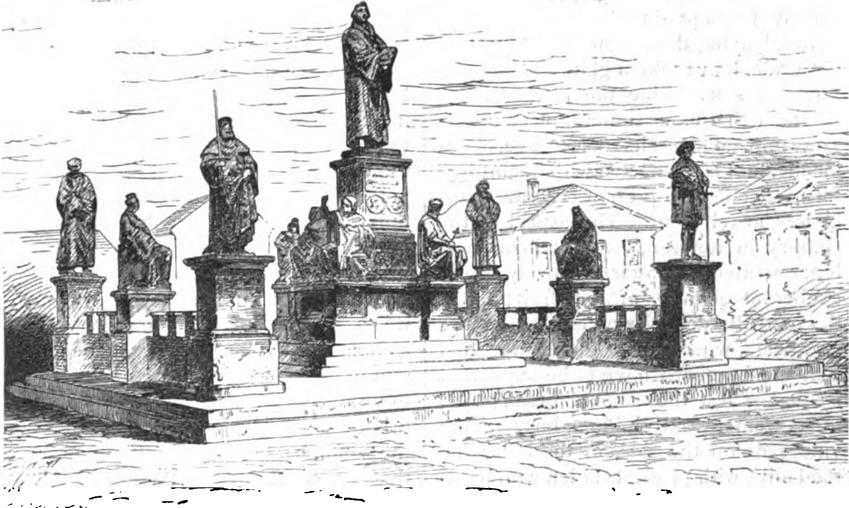
of a recent magazine article has exploded the commonly-received idea that in the United States alone more Rhine wine is drunk than the whole Rhine wine-region really produces. The truth is, that it is a problem how to get rid of all that is made. The wine is drunk new by every one in the neighborhood, and sells at prices within the means of all; and this because there are vineyards by the hundred whose exposure does not fit them for the production of the fine wines eagerly bought by foreign merchants, and also because many of the small wine-



LUTHER'S MONUMENT AT WORMS.

growers have no means of getting their wares to the right market. The great traffic is confined chiefly to wholesale growers, rich men who can tide over half a score of bad years and afford to sell the whole crop of those years for next to nothing; and *their* wine it is which with us represents the whole Rhine vintage. It is, however, hardly more than a third, and the rest of the wine made on the Rhine is to the untutored taste just as good and just as pleasant. It is said by connoisseurs that all the difference between the wine of good and bad years is in its "bouquet," and the juice of the same grapes brings four dollars and a half a gallon *at the vineyard* one year and can be bought in another year for twenty cents. The wine-trade has developed an odd profession, that of wine-taster, and these skillful critics command high wages and great consideration. But of course each locality has its own knot of oracles, and the ludicrous gravity with which these village "tasters" decide on the merits of mine host's purchases—or perhaps growths—is a subject not unworthy the pencil of Ostade, Teniers or Hogarth. The parish priest is not the least learned among these local connoisseurs, and one or two official personages generally form, with him, the jury that decides on the worth of the year's crop. Professional buyers and commissioners from German and foreign firms crowd to the markets where the wine is sold, and after being open to inspection for a week the crop of each grower is generally sold in a lump to some one firm, probably an old customer, for a sum that sounds fabulous; but then the bad years, when just as much expense is lavished on the vines

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and no returns bring the growers a reward, have to be considered as a counterweight. Of course there is a monstrous deal of "doctoring," and even the purest of the wines are not as they came from Nature's hand; but in the bad years it is notorious that fortunes are made out of wine sold for a few cents a gallon and exported at a profit of a hundred per cent. Thence, perhaps, comes the by-word about our drinking more wine than the vineyards produce.

But, leaving the commercial aspect of the trade, let us take a glance at the picturesque side. Like the fisheries, this business, that looks commonplace in cellars and vaults, has its roots in free, open-air life, and is connected with quaint historical details and present customs hardly less novel to us. The aspect of the country in autumn, as described in a letter written last year, is lovely—"the exuberant quantity of fine fruit; . . . the roads bordered by orchards of apples and pears, where the trees are so loaded that the branches have to be supported by stakes lest they should break; . . . men, women and children busy in the vineyards on the sides of the hills; the road alive with peasants laden with baskets of fruit or tubs in which the grapes were pressed. Some were pressing the grapes in great tubs or vats on the roadside. In the afternoon there were continual firing of guns and shouting of the peasants on the vine-hills, making merry after their labor, for the vintage is the season when labor and jollity go hand in hand. We bought clusters of delicious grapes for almost nothing, and I drank of the newly-pressed wine, which has the sweetness of new cider. . . . Every now and then we passed wagons bearing great pipes of new wine, with bunches of flowers and streamers of ribbons stuck in the bung." The last cask of the vintage is always honored by a sort of procession—Bacchanalia, an artist might call it—the three or four youngest and prettiest girls mounted on it in a wagon, their heads crowned with grapes and leaves and a heap of fruit in their laps. The men lead the horses slowly home, stopping often to drink or offer to others the new wine, and brandishing aloft their clubs for beating the fruit with; the children run alongside with armfuls of the fruit, and their faces stained all over with the juice, while in some nook, perhaps a stone arbor trellised with vines, sits the portly, jolly owner, with his long-jointed pipe, an incarnation of a German Bacchus, smiling at the pretty maidens, who pelt him with his own grapes. But before the season a very different scene takes place in the "locked" vineyards, closed by law even to their owners, and where at night no one but a lonely watchman, with gun loaded and wolfish dog at his heels, sits in a little straw-thatched, tent-shaped hut to ward off thieves and intruders. When the vineyards are declared open, the best policy is to get in the harvest at once, unless you are rich enough to have your crops carefully watched every hour for a week, when the grapes will certainly be better and the wine more precious. For it is a custom that after the opening, but as long as the vintage is not actually begun in any vineyard, the grapes are free to visitors. The guests of the owner are privileged to pluck and eat all through the vintage; but again custom ordains that if you eat only half a plucked cluster, you should hang the remainder on the trellis, that it may not be trodden under foot and wasted. Donkeys and women carrying those odd, heavy baskets that decorate the cottages convey the grapes to the pressing-vats in endless and recrossing processions, and not one grape that has been plucked is left on the ground till the morrow: all must be stowed away the same day before dusk. The vintage-days themselves are busy, and the hot and tired workers would wonder to see poets and painters weave their hard labor into pictures and sonnets. But the opening day, as well as the closing one, is a festival, often a religious one, and a procession winds its way where laden animals tread all the rest of the week. A sermon is generally preached, and after the ceremony is over the day becomes a kind of holiday and picnic affair. Groups of workers during the vintage sit on the hot slate terraces, shrinking close to the walls for the sake of a coolness that

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hardly exists save underground in the wide, gloomy catacombs that undermine the hillside; and these caverns, filled with great casks, are not the least curious sight of the Rhine wine-regions. Above ground, you come on little shrines and stone crosses embowered in fruit, the frame of the sorry picture far more beautiful than the picture itself, yet that daub means *so* much to the simple, devout peasant who kneels or rests under it! The process of picking and pressing is simple and quick. The grapes are picked from the stalks and dropped into little tubs, then shaken out into baskets with a quick double movement, and pressed with "juice-clubs" on the spot, whereupon the load is quickly carried off (sometimes carted in large casks) to the great wine-presses in the building provided for this purpose. There is an overseer to each group of workers, who regulates the rate and quantity of fruit to be thrown at once into the first tubs, and who takes note of the whole day's harvest, which is reckoned by the basketful. When we come to the far-famed Johannisberg vineyards, whose origin lies back in the tenth century, when Abbot Rabanus cultivated these hillsides that are now partly the property of some of the Metternich family, we learn the value of these basket-

MAYENCE KNITTING-WOMEN.

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fuls, each containing what goes to make a gallon; which quantity will fill four bottles, at eight thalers the bottle among friends who take no percentage and give you the pure juice. After that, does any one suppose that he gets Johannisberg, Steinberg or Rüdesheim, or Brauneberg and Bernkasteler Doctor, two of the best Moselle wines, when he pays two or three dollars a bottle for this so-called wine in a restaurant? Better call for what the restaurant-keeper would protest was not worth buying, but which the real connoisseur would agree with the Rhine peasantry in drinking and enjoying—the new, undoctored wine that is kept in the wood and drawn as the needs of customers require.

One of the prettiest vintage-sights is the feast of St. Roch, held yearly near Bingen in the Rheingau, on the grounds of the Villa Landy, now belonging to Herr Braun. St. Roch is here considered the patron of the wine-industry, and the festival is held on the Sunday following the 16th of August, the day of the restoration of the old chapel. Against the exterior eastern wall is put up a temporary pulpit; the hill is clothed with white tents gayly decked with leaves, grapes, flowers and ribbons; refreshments are sold; all the bells of the neighborhood peal and jingle; the country-folk in costume come up in merry groups or in devout processions with their parish clergy, school banners and crosses, singing hymns or reciting the rosary, and after the sermon and prayers scattering through the vineyards and spending the day in what we will hope is no worse a manner than appears to the artist eye.

There is one peculiarity about the Rüdesheim vintage-season—its lateness. It begins about the 3d of November, sometimes a little earlier, but still later than most others. Two years ago it took place in this way, after a fortnight's steady fog and weather more like that of a wild northern sea-coast than of the "sunny" Rhine. But this gray, damp air was the very thing wanted, for it slowly rots the grapes and produces from this corruption the most delicious wine. It is said that this Rüdesheim custom of a late vintage is due to a fortunate fit of forgetfulness of the abbot of Fulda, who once neglected to give the necessary permission to open the Johannisberg vineyards, and did not remedy his mistake till early in November, when the despairing vine-dressers fancied the crop wholly spoilt; but another version tells us that it once happened that the vintage was delayed through the circumstances of a war that laid waste most of the neighborhood and claimed the service of every able-bodied man, so that the vine-growers in disgust sold the crop for a mere nothing, and found out afterward what a prize they had let slip through their fingers. It is said to be for the sake of producing this rottenness in the grape before gathering it that in some Greek and Armenian vineyards the vines are sometimes pinned down to the hot earth and allowed to creep like ivy over the soil. So at Rüdesheim the vintage went on in glee and high expectations, in contrast to the sullen sky and clinging mist, while the foggy nights were disturbed by blazing fires, continuous shots and hymns of joy and jollity sung by the home-going workers. LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

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IN THE VALLEYS OF PERU.

CONCLUDING PAPER

COURSE OF THE TAMPU APURIMAC.

MARCOY was gratified to learn the next morning that guides had been secured, and that they would be prepared for the journey immediately on their re-

turn from the burial, which would be in the afternoon. The travelers devoted the morning to cleaning their guns, sharpening their knives and selecting from their clothing and wrappings such articles as might be needed. Prompt to the hour, the guides presented themselves, giving no evidence in their manner that they had walked eighteen miles that morning.

Acting under their advice, Marcoy and Pierre Leroux decided to make the last stage of their journey on foot, and leave their mules at the hacienda. They could ride only a part of the way, owing to the bad condition of the roads, and there was danger that their mules, if left unguarded in the mountains, might be devoured by the fierce puma, or that their blood might be sucked by the vampire (or leaf-nosed) bat. In a little while the last preparations were made, the packages were divided among the attendants, and the travelers bade a temporary farewell to Doña Monica and the fair Dolores, both of whom promised to offer up daily and nightly prayers for their safety.

The journey down the valley of Huarancalqui led them, almost at the outset, among scenes rarely visited by man and consecrated to the spirits of silence and solitude. Later in the day they passed a few scattered *chacaras* (or small plantations) of maize, coca, pimento, cacao and sugar-cane, some of which belonged to the guides who accompanied them and to their friends, and each one of which was provided with its *ajoupa*, or hut, which the owner occupied for the brief period when he resorted to the plantation to gather his crop. The spontaneous growths around these cultivated tracts were limited to repetitions of a few kinds of trees and plants, the vegetation becoming more feeble in proportion as it grew on the mountain-sides more distant from the Huarancalqui River, until finally on the tops of the mountains it degenerated into a short grass. The first night of their departure from Cascabel was spent under the shelter of an ajoupa, from which they swept away the old straw, the relics of its last occupancy, and a saddle-cloth served them for a bed.

They resumed their tramp the next morning before sunrise, and after a march the monotony of which was unbroken by any exciting incident, they reached, about eleven o'clock, a plantation known as Melchior Encuentro, where a small stream, also called Melchior, empties into the Huarancalqui. Melchior, who seems to have been during his lifetime—he had been dead about twenty years—the prevailing genius of the valley of Huarancalqui, was a half-caste who had been the first to explore the valley for its whole length and establish relations with the Indians of the interior. After him likewise was named the Cerro Melchior, the mountain at which Marcoy's journey was to end. He had been something of a Fra Diavolo in his day, and as a souvenir of his exploits his former place of residence still bore his name, although it belonged at this period to other proprietors. At the close of the day's journey they found themselves near the ajoupa attached to the last plantation that lay on the route through the valley. Here they supped, and the guides having lighted a great fire as a measure of precaution against prowling pumas, they retired to rest, lulled to sleep by a distant murmur which to Leroux's uneducated ears sounded like the poetic fall of a remote cataract, but which Marcoy, better informed, knew at once to be the cries of a troop of *guaribas*, or howling monkeys.

The first discovery made on leaving their camping-ground next morning was an old clearing on the left bank of the river. Above the bushes could be seen the remains of certain mud walls, which, the guides said, were the ruins of an old mission that had existed in this locality in former times, although they were ignorant of the period of its foundation and the names of the founders. Calling on his knowledge of the past to assist him in assigning to these ruins an approximate date of erection, Marcoy remembered that a certain Franciscan missionary, Fray Biedma, had been the first to penetrate to this part of Peru—which was at that period occupied by the great nation of Antes, Campas or Moscas, as they were variously called—and to establish mis-

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BIVOUAC ON THE CERRO MELCHIOR.

sions among the natives. He therefore concluded that the remains went back to the year 1677 and the years following, and that the mission was founded half a century before the official discovery of this region, which later was known to the missionaries, to geographers and on the maps as the Great Pajonal. The travelers encamped that night in the open air, and a superb red-crested *hocco*, a bird of the gallinaceous family, which Leroux had killed in the course of the

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day, was roasted for supper. After the meal the saddle-cloth that served as a mattress was spread out, and Marcoy and Leroux, old campaigners in the woods as they both were, went to sleep before the fire wrapped in their ponchos.

They rose next morning three hours later than usual, the sun being high above the horizon before they opened their eyes. They explained the fact to their own satisfaction by holding the excellent supper of the previous night and the murmurous sound of the river's flow responsible for their extraordinary sleepiness. The attendants were already prepared for the journey, and the start was made immediately. After half an hour's walk the Indian guides, who were in advance, retraced their steps to inform Marcoy that Cerro Melchior would soon be visible. Leroux shrugged his shoulders at the announcement, which the guides made with a certain solemn gravity, and declared that for his part he had seen so many cerros of various kinds, large and small, since he had left Tambo, that one cerro more or less made little difference to him. But to Marcoy, fired with the enthusiasm of the traveler, this particular cerro was of no small consequence, for it was the end of his laborious journey over mountains and valleys. As they advanced along the road, the distant perspective was hidden from their eyes by a clump of trees, but when these were passed, Cerro Melchior appeared on their right, apparently a mile and a half away, presenting the appearance of a truncated cone, overtopping the mountains that surround it, and contrasting its dark green color, due to the thick growth of vegetation that covers it from base to summit, with the yellowish hue of its neighbors. As Marcoy gazed at it he began to speculate within himself on the fact that Nature had provided each valley of the eastern part of Peru with an isolated mountain of this conical shape, thickly covered with trees and other growths; and the question occurred to his mind, Might not these mountains have served in past ages as vents for the volcanic forces generated in the interior of the ramifications of the great chain of the Andes, and in course of time have become extinct, to become at some future day the vent-holes of similar renewed volcanic upheavals? The craters of some of these cones, which exist at present in the shape of lakes full to the brim with water of icy coldness, and others filled with a mass of ligneous vegetation transformed into turf-pits, would seem to justify our traveler in his theory.

What immediately interested Marcoy, however, was the fact that the valley ended suddenly at this point, that the Huarancalqui here joined the Apurimac, and that he had traversed a valley the course of which was not to be found on any known map, and of the existence of which the vast majority of the Peruvians themselves were totally ignorant.

At the junction the width of the Apurimac was about one hundred and sixty yards, that of the Huarancalqui about fifty. There was a difference, too, in the height and appearance of the shores of the respective rivers, for while the Huarancalqui's were low and marshy and barren of vegetation, those of the Apurimac were ten or twelve feet high, and overgrown with dense forests whose trees surpassed in altitude the palm.

After a pause of a few minutes the travelers determined to follow the right bank of the Apurimac to its junction with the Rio Aquillabamba, ten leagues lower down. They went forward for this purpose, but they soon found that an insuperable obstacle intervened in the shape of an impassable thicket of vines and climbing plants. Baffled by this veritable wall of wild vegetation, they halted to consult. The result was a decision to go round the base of Melchior and so reach the river, but on their attempting to carry this plan into execution they were met by another barrier that they had not taken into account, for after a wearisome and painful tramp they saw before them a chain of mountains, the beginning of which joined Cerro Melchior, but the end of which extended beyond the range of their vision in the distance. The discovery of this impediment again brought them to a pause, and while they were gazing at each other in

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ASCENDING THE CERRO MELCHIOR.

perplexity Pierre Leroux was seized with a sudden bright thought. "Let us have breakfast," he said, "and while we are eating we can consider what is best to be done."

The repast, consisting of dried beef and the cooked roots of yams, was soon despatched, and as Leroux swallowed his last mouthful he tapped his forehead, put on a wise look, and remarked, "I have it! Let us get to the river by climbing Cerro Melchior."

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After a brief reflection Marcoy perceived that this was the surest and speediest way of attaining their end, and the plan having been explained to the guides, who did not receive its announcement in the most cordial manner, the latter led the way toward the mountain. A march of a quarter of an hour brought them to the foot of the cerro, which they found to consist of long layers of grit-sandstone of a roseate hue, covered with a soil which was thick enough to nourish the roots of the grass that grew on the first approaches. As these grasses rose as high as the waist, and the travelers were obliged to pass through them for a considerable distance, fire was applied to them, and the flames soon burnt them away, leaving a clear track of white ashes where they had stood. As the flames spread great numbers of birds sheltered in the grass rose in alarm and took to flight. Marcoy and Leroux posted themselves on some rocks out of reach of the fire, and from that position watched the progress of the conflagration. The burned space was still smoking when the party passed over it and began to ascend the mountain. A few hundred yards up, the smaller plants that had succeeded the belt of grasses were replaced by a dense growth of large trees —among them cedars, jacarandas and mahogany trees, tendrils, creepers and climbing plants—a vegetation, in short, so inextricably mingled that the laws of botany seemed set at defiance. So thick was the leafy arch above their heads that only stray rays of the declining sun's golden light could pierce through the foliage, and the forest was peopled with a noisy, moving, fluttering colony of quadrupeds and birds which disappeared as suddenly as they appeared. Gray monkeys, squirrels, opossums, toucans, woodpeckers and a multitude of parrots hopped about on the ground or flew among the trees, uttering their various cries.

The approach of night found them still ascending the mountain, with no hope of reaching the summit before darkness should overtake them. They selected a sleeping-place and soon prepared for their bivouac, and as a safeguard against the mountain-mist and the dew they stretched above their heads a sort of awning, using for the purpose one of the large cloths in which the Indians carried their bundles. A fire was built of some dead branches gathered near by, which served the double purpose of affording heat and of roasting three birds that Pierre Leroux had killed during the afternoon.

The night passed without incident, and the ascent of the mountain was resumed at an early hour. By ten o'clock the limit of the forest-belt was reached, and at this stage, owing to the heat of the sun and the physical fatigue they had undergone, the two travelers began to be troubled with an exceeding thirst. They sought relief in chewing leaves, but the attempt was a failure. Leroux declared seriously that he felt symptoms of approaching hydrophobia and a growing inclination to bite somebody. The Indians were ordered to beat about the woods in search of a spring. They were absent two hours on the search, and finally returned with a panful of rain-water which they had found, mingled with leaves and bark, in a depression of the ground. The water was reddish in color, and after filtering it through handkerchiefs the travelers drank it, not without making several wry faces over its bitter taste, due to the infusion of the leaves and bark of the quinine-plant.

Resuming their journey, after an hour of fatiguing walking they entered a zone of sedge-like plants. Here and there among these grasses a tree appeared that seemed as if lost and astray from its fellows. But there was every reason to believe that a forest had once covered all this space up to the summit, judging from the large number of logs buried in the soil and from the enormous roots, partly covered with a thick moss, that crossed each other on the surface. When this belt was passed the top of the mountain rose before their eyes. They hastened their steps to reach it, but their progress was suddenly stayed by a projecting mass of rock which must be crossed before the summit could be gained. The difficulty was soon overcome. A human ladder

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SEARCHING FOR WATER.

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was improvised out of the two guides, who stood, after the manner of circus acrobats, one on the shoulders of the other, while the servant-man climbed along their bodies to the top of the ledge, taking with him one end of a rope by means of which Marcoy and Leroux afterward ascended.

The summit of Cerro Melchior was an uneven plateau about a mile and a half in circumference, and its surface, where not bare, was covered with a short, blackish moss or with grasses of dwarfish growth. In the direction of the southeast the eye commanded a prospect of more than one hundred and sixty miles, extending to the confines of the valley of Carabaya, the bluish hue of whose sierras was blent with the azure of the sky. From the south to the west and from the west to the north the solemn and massive picture of the Andes chain was spread before the travelers, presenting a confused medley of ridges, summits, slopes and peaks, white with snow for half their height—a gigantic stairway, as it were, which, projecting and undulating by turns, descended into the flat regions, where its last steps were lost in an ocean of verdure. Over this vast expanse of country, lighted up by the sun and colored with different tints according to the character of its surface, whether of barren plains or cultivated fields or virgin forests, appeared as on a raised map the towns, villages, hamlets and farms lying in the departments of Ayacucho and Junin, between Abancay and Tarma. The rivers flowing down from the cordillera, and their tributaries, could be seen winding through the landscape, like so many silver threads amid the green carpeting of the vegetation. These streams, to the number of thirty-two, all emptied into the Apurimac, whose visible course embraced a curve of more than three degrees of latitude. At the base of Cerro Melchior the pale-green waters of the Apurimac flowed peacefully, framed in by lines of forest trees, while two small islands reflected their foliage in the river's bosom.

For two hours was Marcoy engaged in taking notes and in sketching the scenes that met his gaze from the summit of the mountain, but long before the expiration of that time Leroux had composed himself to sleep. As Marcoy closed his notebook his companion awoke.

"Well," said Leroux, "what road shall we take now to reach the bank of the Apurimac in order to continue our journey?"

"The journey is ended," replied Marcoy. "Those low hills which you see over yonder on our right, and toward which the Apurimac is flowing, are the divisions which separate it into three arms at the place where the Aquillabamba joins it. I speak from knowledge, having once had occasion to spend on the pebbles of its banks one of those nights the memory of which never leaves us."

"Then tell me, why, having once seen it, you have come thus far to see it a second time? A river has neither false hair nor a made-up figure, that a man should become so excited in its pursuit."

"Listen, my friend," returned Marcoy. "When I crossed this continent I had traced the course of the Apurimac only from its junction with the Rio Aquillabamba-Santa Ana. I was more anxious to complete it from its source to the point you see because no traveler hitherto had reproduced in its whole length the course of the Apurimac-Amazon. Now this gap has been filled. As the time will come, if it has not come already, when steamboats will ply in the great river that I descended in a pirogue, and railroads penetrate those wildernesses through which I walked so painfully, I wished to be the first to tell the world of what I have done. If there be aught of vaingloriousness in this aspiration, thoughtful people will pardon me in reflecting that I have paid dearly for the privilege of speaking of myself. And now, my friend, let us go."

Two days after this brief conversation Doña Monica and Dolores had the pleasure of greeting Marcoy and Leroux once more at Cascabel. But the travelers tarried only a few hours, for, with strength of will enough to resist the hospitable invitations of their hostesses to remain longer, they spoke their farewells and

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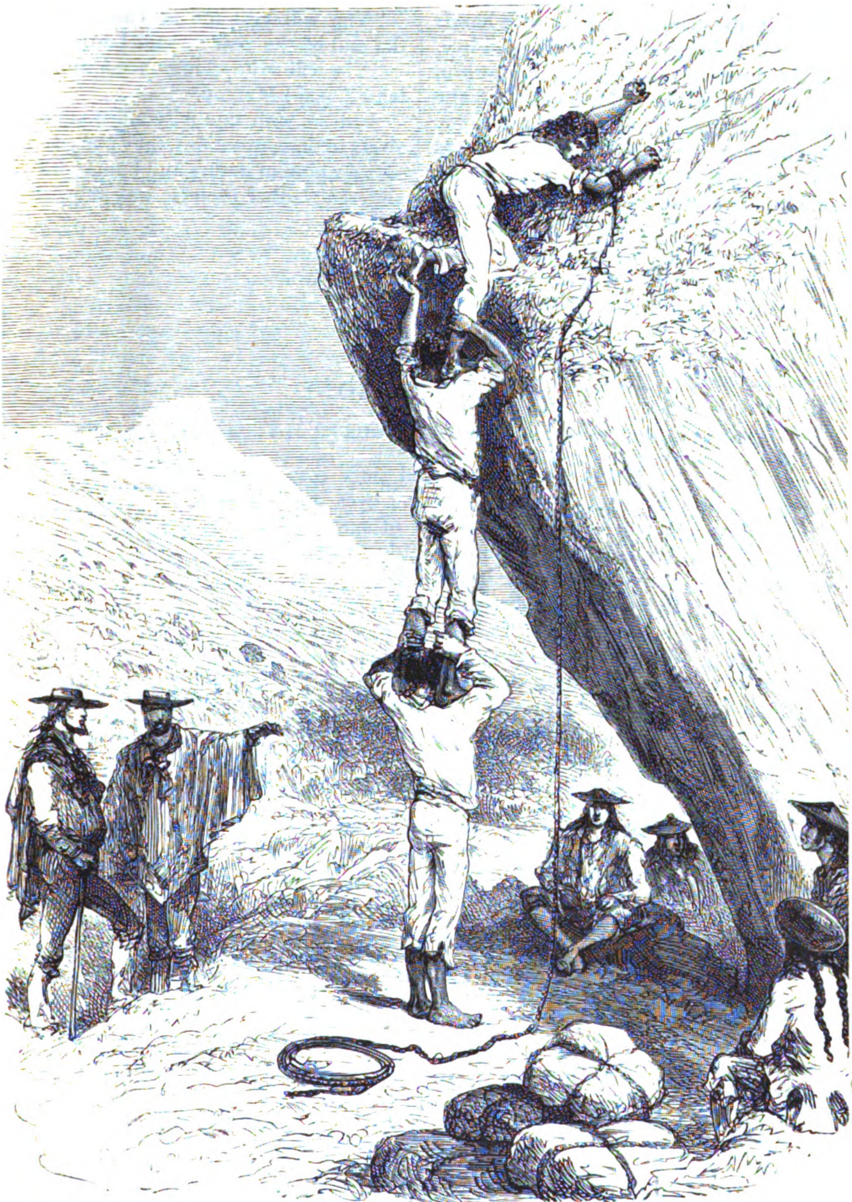

CLIMBING A LEDGE.

set out for the valley of Santa Ana. Marcoy was on his way to Cuzco, and Leroux, dwelling with increased bitterness on the loss of his machinery as the hour of parting from Marcoy approached, was about to turn his face toward Tambochico and the distant shores of the Pacific.

In the afternoon of the fourth day after their departure from Cascabel the friends

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stood in the pampa of Anta with hands clasped, bidding each other good-bye. In the distance rose against the horizon of the prairie the reddish mass of the houses of Cuzco. Thus, while Marcoy had but six miles before him, Leroux looked forward to a weary, lonely journey of one hundred and twenty leagues.

"You will visit me at Tambochico at the end of the year?" said Leroux.

"You will write to me once a month at least?" said Marcoy.

And so, with mutually affirmative answers to these questions, they parted. But alas for human nature and human friendships! Neither promise was kept.

SLEEPING SONG.

[PARAPHRASE FROM THE TWENTY-FOURTH IDYL OF THEOCRITUS.]

TEN months had passed since rosy Hercules
Had opened wondering eyes unto the sun,
When in the sloping light of summer's eve
Alcmena, mother of the little twins,
Hercules and his brother, fair to see,
Bared her soft breasts, as all our mothers did,
In tender love, and gave her boys their food;
And having laved them in the mellow stream,
She laid them down within Amphytrion's shield—
A half-sphere of bright brass by bold blows won
From slaughtered Pterilas—then, with her hands
Like blush-rose petals on the head of each,
In tones like cithern-echoes, thus she sang:

"Sleep, my boys, in gentle, dewy sleep,
Until the dawn in glowing beauty peep
To call the Hours from out the night's dark deep
Into the light.

"Sleep, for the day has sunk in the red west;
Sleep 'neath the mother-heart that loves you best;
Sleep, sleep, and peaceful, peaceful be your rest
Till dark is light.

"Anemones and roses drop their leaves
In silent night, but still the ocean heaves;
And so my heart fresh waves of love receives
Through all the night.

"My other self in two, my heart in two,
Sleep happy, and wake joyous. Oh, for you
I pray the gods to give me all I sue
Through day and night!"

And as sea-nymphs soft toss a favored boat,
She rocked the buckler, singing as it moved.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

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THE LOST VOICE.

LISA'S maternal grandfather was a cobbler, her father a wealthy leather-dealer, from whom he bought goods, when for the second time in his life he became ambitious. But of this you will hear later. This cobbler grandfather was a gentleman, with the misfortunes of a king. His name, Rudel, had been heard of in the Middle Ages, having been borne by a troubadour of France whom the cobbler stoutly claimed as an ancestor.

The present Rudel, like his predecessor, was possessed of slender means and a musician's soul, but, unlike him, he had been brought up to a mercantile pursuit, notwithstanding which he devoted all his spare time to his favorite art. His voice was his only instrument, for a practical guardian rigorously interdicted every other, and fortunately no indulgence could have furnished him a better. Even Walbert, the great tenor, whom he privately consulted, and whose fame is only equaled by his irascible temper and love of fault-finding—even he forgot to criticise when Rudel sang, and remarked with satisfaction, "Not bad, considering you have as yet no method."

No sooner did the young man become his own master than he recklessly hazarded his little capital, his situation, his prospects present and future of mercantile gain, to cultivate this faculty which bid fair to make the world listen. It was a game of chance, but, like most gamblers, Rudel counted only on success. It was a race between attempt and failure: why are the odds always in favor of the latter? But he, the chief actor, was blind to all save the fact that he was working for a desired end: the enthusiasm with which he pursued his object had too little thought of self in it for ambition: it was love.

Having taken a lodging in the garret of a cobbler's shop, away out near the barriers of the city, Rudel devoted every moment to study, and lived there as cheerfully as if surrounded by palace walls. Indeed, the garret being high and unencumbered with furniture, it was a glorious place for a voice to revel in. The old rafters trembled in unison with the sweet sounds many a day, and heard much more than the great opera-house itself that advertised Rudel's début.

Before that took place the miserable body, so seldom willing to share the aspirations of the spirit, played the poor singer a trick. He caught a cold, and with it a fever: the privations he had already endured had weakened his system, and when after some weeks of illness he recovered, he found himself with no lack of music in his soul, but, alas! none whatever in his voice.

The cobbler, Pierre José, whose garret he rented, had a daughter, a pretty, modest girl. She nursed the singer during his illness, while her parents gave the now destitute man the necessaries of life, and it was owing to their charity and to young Marta's tender care that Rudel recovered, though when he knew the extent of his calamity there was little gratitude in his heart. He sank into a deep melancholy, all power of will left him: his mind, having been entirely given to the cultivation of his voice, seemed to have departed with it, and day after day the voiceless singer sat gazing stonily into space, a mockery of life, an effigy of death.

This misery touched the gentle heart of Marta, especially as added to it were those soft appealing eyes such as people born to be unfortunate often have. Having cured him, little Marta egotistically fell in love with her work. Pardon! There was no egotism about the shoemaker's daughter: she loved Rüdel as he had loved music, unselfishly, with all her heart.

The invalid soon became accustomed to her care, her gentle ways, her sweet face, and seemed to miss her when longer absent than usual, but his mental blindness prevented him seeing what to

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her parents was as plain as if written—plainer indeed, for writing was one of the mysteries of life to these good people. The mother, following the instinct possessed in common by all motherhood from the clucking hen to an empress, began at once to provide for her offspring's well-being. Dependent on their charity, it is true that Rudel was no great match for her daughter, but Marta loved him, and the older woman's heart had also been touched by his distress. He was of a nature to win sympathy, and she was of a class where a pair of hands is equivalent to the daily bread of a family. Having decided on a course of action, the dame took her husband into her confidence, and he, much to her surprise, agreed to her proposition without a word of opposition.

Pierre's unusual amenity had a cause. He prided himself on his ability to "speak French" (a colloquialism for not glossing disagreeable truths), and had been long thinking of giving Rudel the benefit of this talent. The cobbler, though quite willing to help his lodger when ill, could see no sense in supporting him when well. As for mental disease, Pierre did not incline to metaphysical distinctions, but he knew the symptoms of rheumatism and indigestion. Eager for his task, José mounted the steep stairway leading to Rudel's garret early next morning, and getting no response to his loud knock, he unceremoniously entered.

His lodger sat on a low stool in the centre of the room: he was apparently studying a knot in the floor, and looked as if he had passed the night in this position.

"How are you?" asked Pierre, much more kindly than he had intended.

"You have come for your rent," said Rudel as he slowly raised his eyes, the figure before him recalling past errands for the same purpose.

"But I sha'n't get it," replied the cobbler with a loud "Ha! ha!" now feeling himself on his own ground.

"Perhaps not," dreamily admitted Rudel: "getting what one wants is so very uncertain." There was no sarcasm in the poor singer's speech, only a sad realization of the truth; but is not truth the most caustic sarcasm?

Pierre José looked at him a moment, then wagged his head sagaciously: "How do you intend to live? That's the question."

"I had not thought of living."

"I suppose you intend to die?" continued his questioner with a sneer.

"I had not thought of dying," replied Rudel with the same dreary calm.

"Well, what *do* you think of, man?"

José's emphatic voice again roused the singer, whose eyes had wandered back to the knot in the floor. For a few moments he seemed trying to comprehend the question, then he bent his face on his hands and between long-drawn sobs murmured, "My voice! oh, my voice!"

"Now, man, that is all well enough," said the shoemender, trying hard to look indifferent: "a voice is well enough for a holiday, and that the opera is a pleasant place in which to spend an evening once in a while I don't deny; but for making your living in a good honest way, with no uncertainty about it, give me cobbling. Shoes will wear out, and as long as people have feet the future of cobbling remains as bright as the past." Pierre waited a few moments for this eloquence to take effect, and then went on: "Learn cobbling: it is not *very* difficult, and you would scarcely be strong enough to carry a hod or pave streets, or to follow any of the more active professions: I was not myself. You too have a true cobbler's hand: one would swear your fingers were made just to handle a wax-end: they resemble mine." Here Pierre glanced with satisfaction from his own bony members lying on his lank knees to Rudel's delicate fingers, through which tears were still trickling.

"I am a good fellow," continued the orator, "and what I came to propose is this"—Pierre stood up with the air of a man bestowing a kingdom—"that you enter my profession; and I am the man—I, Pierre José—who will show you the way." Then he inflated his chest, striking it a blow that resounded, and being carried away by his own eloquence, did not wait for an answer: "This is no dog

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of a profession that turns its back on you when ill. No, in they come—some with no soles and some with no uppers, some to be toed and some to be heeled; and I, Pierre José, am the man to heal them. Ha! ha! ha! Why, they even bring me holes to put shoes to. As you lie ill you can hear them being thrown into the shop-corner—that is, the shoes, not the holes, ha! ha!—and when you are heeled yourself, there they are smiling at you with every rent, and seeming to say, 'Dear Pierre, make our holes whole.'"

Rudel's preoccupation was now broken—not by Pierre's harangue, but by a light footstep at the door, which proved to be that of Marta bearing a tray on which was placed a substantial breakfast.

"I leave you in better hands than mine," said her father with a sly smile.—"Marta, tell him that none but a cobbler shall be my son-in-law."

The words failed to carry their meaning to Rudel: even the girl's burning blush awoke no curiosity in his dull brain. Pierre's volubility was checked by this wall of impassibility, as his harsh words had been stopped by—what was it, that nameless something in the other's pale face?

"Do what you can, mother," Pierre said to his wife, who was waiting in the shop for his return. "I would sooner reason with a two-month-old baby;" and this was all the explanation he gave of his visit.

While the father thought of his pocket, the mother thought of her child. It was from this good woman that Marta had her tender heart and her dark eyes: she had known what losses were, through a son whom she dearly loved; she could sympathize with the suffering of others; and her mind was large enough to comprehend spheres outside the circle in which she moved. Before night she too paid Rudel a visit, but she brought her proposal as a remedy, not as a boon. "You are sad, monsieur," said she, coming at once to the point, "and truly we cannot forget our losses; but life holds much to comfort us. In exchange for your sorrow take my little Marta's love, and as bread must be eaten, you may as well get it by my husband's trade as by any other. When the heart is broken it matters little what the hands do."

For an answer Rudel raised his melancholy eyes and looked at her in that absent manner which had already discomfited Pierre.

"Do something," she continued impatiently. "If you sit idle, staring in that way, you will go mad. Try cobbling, at least for a week." Seeing her words had no effect, the energetic wife arose, and taking Rudel by the arm pushed him unresistingly before her until they reached the shop below. In the same docile manner he took the seat assigned him, and having been given a torn shoe and wax-end he followed Pierre's directions with a facility which much astonished that thick-headed worthy.

Thus one of the name of Rudel became a cobbler, nor did he seem to dislike the monotonous work, that while it occupied his hands made no demands on his hazy understanding. Only, Pierre's loud voice and Pierre's rough laugh made him wince, and when the master's friends with their clanking sabots entered for an afternoon's gossip, and added their chorus to his solo, the meeting chopines clashing an accompaniment, the noise became intolerable to the sensitive musician. At such times it was Marta who, divining his torture, speedily contrived a remedy by taking him long walks and returning only when the unwelcome guests had departed.

One evening, having learnt to depend on Marta for all his comfort, Rudel stopped her suddenly in their walk and said, "Let us never go back to the shop again: I don't like it there. Let us go away together."

Marta flushed and looked up to him with happy eyes: she too had often thought how blest it would be could they make their home together. But the singer's peculiar state of mind had given scruples to Marta's good mother: she could not in conscience make the man marry her daughter as she had made him a cobbler, and since that day in the garret had never dared allude to

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the subject. Pierre was satisfied as long as his apprentice made his own living, and Rudel, accepting all Marta's care with childlike simplicity, never seemed to observe the faithful love that accompanied it. Up to this time the girl had been unselfishly content to see her darling more comfortable; but now he had expressed his wishes; he asked her to be the companion of his flight; he appealed to her in trouble; and little Marta saw in this helpless appeal how necessary she was to his happiness. Without a moment's hesitation she answered, "I will ask mamma to-night if I may go."

"I wish we might go immediately," he said complainingly; "but you will come very soon, will you not?"

Marta's voice trembled as she replied, "Yes."

When the mother was told of the singer's wish she pondered deeply. The little village of Béhobie, just on the Spanish border, had been the home of the Josés before Pierre sought his fortune in Paris, and the old curé who had married them still lived, and would no doubt take an interest in Rudel's welfare if he went there. A nearer acquaintance with this man's peculiarities had not had the effect of prejudicing her against the match—rather the contrary. He was industrious and sober; no one could be steadier, kinder nor more patient; and if the good Lord had afflicted him, so much the more reason that they should care for him: he would bring a blessing on the family. Thus she argued with a sagacity made up of common sense, superstition and charity, and as soon as possible sought an opportunity of speaking with Rudel alone. "You would like to go away?" she began.

"Yes, I want to go away," he answered, looking up from his work as if dreading to be taken to task for the wish.

"And Marta?" she went on.

"I could not go without Marta."

"Then we must soon have a wedding;" and the good dame smiled reassuringly.

"A wedding?" he repeated in a questioning tone.

"Certainly a wedding," said the mother, scandalized. "What do you take my child for?"

Just then, Marta, hearing from an adjoining room the angry words, entered, and going to Rudel's side laid her kind hand on his shoulder. "He don't know, mother," she whispered to the irate dame: then addressing him, "You would not wish harm to Marta, would you?"

He took the caressing hand and kissed it, replying, "Who could do harm to Marta?"

"You see, mamma, he means nothing wrong," said Marta triumphantly.

"All very well," replied mamma, still indignant.—"But do you intend to marry Marta or not? For, understand, she don't stir a step with you until the ceremony is performed before my eyes, you ungrateful wretch!"

"What is the matter, Marta?" said poor Rudel piteously. "What does she wish? I will do anything, anything, only I cannot sing."

"Never mind," whispered Marta soothingly: "we will go away together."

"Far, *far* away?" he asked quickly.

"Yes, only you will first do what mamma wishes."

"Willingly, but let it be very soon. Perhaps *there* I might find my voice. It must be somewhere."

Marta stooped and kissed his forehead with the tenderness of a mother, then murmured, "You may at least find happiness."

The wedding took place, and never was bridegroom more miserable, for Pierre must invite his friends, Pierre must drink, and Pierre must get tipsy. There had to be singing, that in a vague way recalled to Rudel his great sorrow, and a large amount of boisterous mirth to wound his sensitive nerves. He went through the ceremony obediently, and kept helplessly by Marta's side all the rest of the day; and she, forgetting her maiden shyness, had only eyes and ears that she might shield him from annoyance. The women, pleased with his beautiful face, pronounced him an angel: the men thought him a fool. He talked too little, said the latter, but many

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of their wives thought that might be counted a virtue.

The day over, there came the railroad journey, another torture to Rudel's suffering senses—the shrieking whistle, the rumbling wheels, the bustle incident to travel, which finally ended in the quiet of a thatched cottage that the curé had rented for them in Béhobie.

And there the ex-musician sat tacking or sewing from morning until night, never looking from the vine-covered window at the gay flowers beneath, nor at the fir-clad mountains above, nor the sky over them. Seldom speaking, as if his husky voice offended his hearing, neither smiling nor sighing,—this was not content, but indifference. Yet princes in their prosperity never owned a greater treasure than Marta's love for this desolate man. Every comfort possible to their narrow circumstances she gave him: she thought for him, worked for him, lived for him, and had it been needful she would have died for him.

Twice during each year the calm of Rudel's mind was disturbed — on the feast of Corpus Christi, when the discordant village-band escorted the procession about town, making sounds that were neither civil nor religious, but which in Béhobie served for both; and on Conscription Day, when the same band with the same selections endeavored to rouse for war those it had lately striven to direct to heaven. But bands are not the only inconsistent things in the world.

Although, as far as sight was concerned, all his surroundings were indifferent to Rudel, the sense of hearing remained as fastidious as ever. On these days he would restlessly wander from the town, the faithful Marta following, to where waterfalls, song-birds and the wind in the pine-tops brought peace to his bewildered brain. When he was tired she would sit beside him on some fern-grown bank, working the while at a bit of dainty embroidery, an art in which she excelled, and the sale of which served to eke out their simple livelihood. Were he hungry, she had not forgotten a little basket with luncheon, and when he was sleepy she pillowed his head on her knee, where she could watch that beloved face, and was happy.

On one of these excursions Rudel suddenly remarked, "Sometimes I think the birds have it."

"What?" asked his wife.

"My voice that I lost so long ago. Listen! do you hear them? How I wish they would bring it back again!"

"It may come," she said encouragingly.

"But I grow so tired waiting!"

Thus at long intervals the mute singer would refer to the past, but whether in his silence he thought much on this subject Marta could not know.

Five years went by—Rudel still did his work with the same hopeless patience, and Marta continued to be the same loving woman—when a daughter was born in the thatched cottage. At first Rudel never noticed the child, nor did he alter his habits in the slightest degree. About a year after its birth he was sitting working as usual, the baby crawling on the floor at his feet, when in a sudden ecstasy of joy it cried aloud and then laughed. Hammer and shoe dropped from his hand as if lightning-struck: he raised his head and gazed around inquiringly; then little Pélagie repeated the sound, and he approached her slowly as if fearful of his own act, finally taking her in his arms.

Unused to his touch, the baby screamed lustily, upon which her father shuddered, put her down and hastily resumed his task. But from that time Rudel might have been often observed furtively regarding Pélagie or making efforts to gain her favor; and when she became reconciled to him he would sit for hours with her on his knee, caressing her lips with his slender fingers, smoothing the little white throat, and using all his arts of pleasing to again call forth the sound he had heard her make.

Gradually the look of indifference left his face; he took more interest in his work; it became to him more than an occupation: it was a means to an end. He began to bargain, to save, to hoard. One day Marta found him wandering about the cottage peering into every cor-

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ner, and when she asked him what he sought, he whispered, as if fearful of being overheard, "A secure place in which to hide our savings."

Day by day he awoke more fully from his past stupor: once more he lived, and whatever he did, it was evident that but one purpose actuated him. As years passed this purpose became plainer. The child was twelve when Rudel took a journey to Paris. Making inquiries, he found it possible, with his old commercial knowledge, to establish a small business in the shop of Pierre José, who was now willing to retire; and soon he had installed his little family in the same house where his former career had ended so disastrously, while the room below was filled with busy workmen.

Yet the man still showed traces of his malady: thus, he superstitiously forbid Pélagie entering the garret-room that he had used. "Something might happen to her," he explained when questioned on the subject. And Pélagie willingly submitted to this idiosyncrasy, garret-rooms having no attraction for her, nor indeed any form of poverty whatever.

Having completed these arrangements, a strange excitement took possession of Rudel. He passed the day restlessly moving from room to room, and when evening came, taking Pélagie by the hand, he left the house. Marta's eyes followed them through tears: her husband's present state seemed harder to bear than the past: then she had been all in all to him. Yet she reproached herself for such feelings when on his return she saw that hope now lighted his eyes the first time in so many years, and heard his poor husky voice vibrating with joy. He had been with Pélagie to see the crabbed Walbert, now more famous and crabbed than ever and an authority beyond dispute. The old professor, after kindly examining the child, said she had an unusual organization that by all means should be cultivated: then, as if struck by Rudel's shabby appearance, he added, "Excuse me for alluding to it, but I sometimes think that privation brought that sad catastrophe to the noblest voice of the century."

"I had enough to satisfy my wants," said Rudel hastily.

"Enough to satisfy the soul, but perhaps not enough for the more exacting body. Listen! If now you should need money to educate this child, let me through some patrons of music get you a loan which you can easily repay when she makes her début."

"I have some savings: I am in business," stammered the other.

"Come to me if you are in need," said Walbert in his gruffest manner as he rose to end the conference. It may be as well to add, for those who do not know the tenor, that he intended to make the loan himself.

Yet one more pleasure Rudel promised himself. A great prima donna was singing in Paris: he took the child to hear her. At another time the familiar streets, the opera-house itself, would have recalled painful memories, but now every faculty was engaged in watching for the first signs of life in his daughter's awaking soul. What wonder he forgot Marta! what wonder he forgot himself!

Pélagie was silent through the whole performance, her father not interrupting her thoughts by a word—silent too when the curtain fell, the lights grew dim and the crowd dispersed. Silently they took their way home, where Marta awaited them, having with her usual forethought prepared a little supper for this gala-night. Being served and seated at the table, Pélagie began enthusiastically, "An angel, mamma! we have been in heaven and saw there an angel. She was dressed in lovely robes, and bits of the sun were in her hair; and oh I wish I could look at her for ever!"

"What did she do?" asked Marta as she placed a bowl of soup before her husband and gently laid her hand on his shoulder.

"She walked about and sat down in this way." Here Pélagie rose and tried to imitate the graceful movement. "Her long robe shone in the light, and she had rings on her hands, and bracelets. She must have been richer far than our empress."

"But did she not sing?" said her moth-

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er, knowing the question that Rudel was longing to put.

"Yes, she sang," answered the girl with a toss of her beautiful head, "but I did not listen to her, there were so many pretty things to look at."

"Pélagie is but a child," excused Marta, seeing her husband grow pale.

But it was not only on this occasion that Pélagie evinced her indifference to the art that was her father's life. In the tedious practice that had to be gone through before, as the master expressed it, she could use her instrument, the expectation of being able to procure beautiful clothing and jewels was found to be a much greater incentive than the love of music, and frequent gifts were necessary to stimulate the industry of the pupil. Thus, while Marta and Rudel retained their simple habits, Pélagie contrived by judicious mutiny to exact an amount of expenditure on herself that their means could ill afford. The sum her father had regarded as a fortune shrank rapidly before her demands, and to his great chagrin he was finally obliged to accept the loan offered by Walbert.

It was about this time that he also resolved to extend his business, and in consequence gave an unusually large order for leather to the house with which he dealt. Shortly after a son of one of the proprietors was sent to ascertain by personal inspection the advisability of trusting Rudel with the amount. Young M. Maurice not only saw the business, but saw Pélagie—Pélagie in the daintiest of robes, seated by an open window, singing *sotto voce* in those pure tones of hers. For Rudel, the better to explain, had invited his visitor to an inner room, and in his simple eagerness told him of his daughter's prospects, ending by turning to the girl and saying, "That is she."

At this half introduction Pélagie rose and curtsied gracefully, for the wealthy leather-dealer's son carried about him those substantial signs of prosperity which this young lady respected. There was a large diamond on his chubby finger (she knew its name and value), another in his shirt, besides a cable of gold crossing his waistcoat. M. Maurice, who was a *galant homme*, bowed low and requested a song—a request with which Pélagie graciously complied. Rudel looked on, delighted to see his darling admired, and it is scarcely necessary to add that a credit for leather was opened on the easiest terms possible.

But Pélagie's wants kept pace with Rudel's exertions: as if anticipating her future greatness, she became more exacting each day, and storms were frequent in the once quiet household. Threats were useless and tears were vain: whatever the girl wanted she must have or she would utterly refuse to practice. She had the effect on Walbert of a red cloth on a turkey, and he always made his most sarcastic speeches in her presence. "Flesh and blood won't make a musician, any more than wood and catgut make a violin," was one of his pet sayings. The old maestro's exasperation was greatest on those days when Pélagie, in an especially good humor, would pour forth those harp-tones of hers with such a natural correctness that nothing more could be desired — with such volume that the people in the street listened—but with no more feeling or appreciation than a mocking-bird that will stop whistling the sublimest air to imitate a neighboring cat.

Sound was all alike to her: it carried no meaning, no expression. She deemed it foolish for sensible people to care for such nonsense. How those who were wealthy could bore themselves with it she could not understand: its only advantage was the money it might bring. Walbert, forced to hear these heresies, cast up his eyes and said, "Either you have no soul at all, or you inherited yours from the shoemending ancestry of your mother." This was certainly a libel on the devoted Marta, but children often are libels on their parents.

Only Rudel never found fault. Even this selfish appropriation of everything good in the house he set down to the waywardness of genius: "You see, Marta, she was born to have these things: it is her destiny she is now following. I was always patient, and never knew whether I was eating or drinking, or what I had

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on. There, you see, is the difference: I was not born for it. I failed, but she will succeed."

Meantime, the credit for leather rather increased than diminished, only M. Maurice was so friendly about it, and called so often to hear of Pélagie's progress, that the debt gave no uneasiness. The time, too, was drawing near when the girl would make her début and all anxiety be over. Already arrangements were being made in the same opera-house in which Rudel was to have sung. Of course many said it was an unlucky omen, but Rudel's confidence was such that nothing could shake it.

About the chances of the début there were different opinions: the tone and quality of voice were undisputed, but—There every one stopped. As the time approached, Walbert was in his worst humor, railing principally at Nature, whose great advocate he had heretofore been, saying she was capricious, was wasteful, blind—that she formed beings for her own diversion, and that a sensible man could not but look with disgust at her work. As much use creating a voice without a soul as a body without a heart: could either live?

But doubts, hopes and anticipations were cut short in a summary manner by Pélagie herself, assisted by M. Maurice. Late one morning (the lady always slept late) her mother, entering her room, found only a little note, with the information that she and Jean Maurice had gone to England to be married. Her dear papa might object; so, being a dutiful daughter and fearing a refusal, she had not asked him. Here followed some directions for alterations to be made in her theatrical wardrobe. Mamma would please tell her dressmaker to put fringe instead of a puffing on that mauve robe, and the blue might be trimmed with a darker shade of itself, as she would not now wear it on the stage—above all, to ask Delauny not to disappoint her, as she would need the dresses on her return, ending with a thousand kisses to *cher papa* and *chère maman*.

To most persons, this event would have caused no surprise. With Pélagie, singing had only been a means to an end. Her husband's wealth promised this end: why should she seek farther?

While Marta was doing her best to lighten the black despair that a second time swept over her husband's life, the elder Maurice entered, he too having received a little note of adieu. He accused the heartbroken man of complicity in the marriage, threatening to prosecute him for the debt for leather, now overdue, and after heaping insults upon him as heavy as his own hides he stamped out of the house. But it appears that anger hurts more than grief. Père Maurice had scarcely returned home when he had a stroke of apoplexy to which he succumbed, while Rudel only lived on and suffered. He set himself in his despair to pay the debts of his hopes, but Marta soon saw the task was beyond him. A restlessness replaced his former tranquillity, and his eyes had an eager, seeking look in them, quite different from that patient, melancholy gaze of the past.

Marta resolved on a bit of deceit, the first in her guileless life, and appealed to her son-in-law for assistance in carrying it out. Jean was not at all a bad fellow, and the leather debt, as well as Walbert's loan, was canceled miraculously. It was no doubt easy to deceive Rudel now, he had been misled so often. His mind again showed symptoms of wandering. When Pélagie visited the house he avoided her presence, saying, "It is the spectre of my voice that comes to taunt me, but my voice itself I cannot find."

Marta, hoping a change might be beneficial, sold out the shop and good-will, and again rented the cottage at Béhobie. But little shoe mending or making was done, and it was young Maurice's generosity that now supported the old couple.

A year later, without invitation or warning, Pélagie arrived at Béhobie with her baby. Not more fond of trouble than in her girlhood, she had thought of transferring its nursing to Marta. The latter feared the effect her presence might have on Rudel, but he did not seem to recognize her. The baby he treated with the greatest tenderness, confounding it in some indistinct way with Pélagie when

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a child, and lavishing the same caresses upon it that she had received. Marta's heart sank as she looked on. "He will love her and she will deceive him," said she, taught by bitter experience. "I will not keep her: a third disappointment must kill him."

But after a few days' stay, when Pélagie prepared to return, it was found impossible to separate Rudel from little Lisa, and Marta, much against her inclination, was obliged to let her remain.

Years passed, during which the young child and the old man were constant companions. Whether it was that being brought up near her solemn, eager-eyed grandfather she had caught his expression as well as inherited his features, or as an effect of transmitted qualities, Lisa was strikingly like him. She too looked as if always seeking for something. At times Rudel would put his hand to his head with a puzzled movement, as if trying to remember, but Marta would quickly divert his attention, and had taught Lisa to do the same. She tried to obliterate all traces of past and intercept all chances of future pain by warning her grandchild, if she valued her love, never to attempt to sing. "It reminds your grandpapa of the voice he has lost," said she in explanation; and Lisa obeyed.

The moment finally came that Marta had foreseen: Lisa was old enough to go to school, and the leather-dealer wished his child to return to Paris. How would Rudel bear this separation? Marta appealed to Jean Maurice, who kindly obviated the difficulty by offering the old people a little apartment in his hôtel. The Maurices lived in style, and Pélagie was a great lady in her quartier. She made some objections to her parents' advent: these remnants of antiquity might look ill with her modern furnishing. But in spite of her objections to "that crazy old man looking for his voice about her house," or perhaps because of them, Jean sent the invitation, and it was accepted.

The rooms facing the flowery court were pleasant and quiet, with a private stairway by which Rudel could avoid his daughter's fashionable friends, and Lisa could run in and see him at any hour of the day. The cobbling tools were left in Béhobie, Pélagie saying that the tapping would set her distracted. She spoke much of her love for music and the career she had given up to marry Jean. Rudel's sole occupation was taking Lisa to and from school, or walking on sunny days in the gardens with Marta.

One evening Lisa was taken to the opera by her parents: there was no one to watch this child as she sat listening in a corner of the box half suffocated by emotion: there was no one to notice that she spent a sleepless night, that she lost her appetite and grew pale. Her grandmother had told her never to sing, yet every pulse was throbbing with desire. To whom should she turn for counsel? Her father was too busy, her mother never invited confidence, her grandmother's reply she already knew: Rudel only remained. It was with a great fear that she ventured to approach the subject, and after planning the conversation a dozen times, in the end she broke down, and hiding her head on his shoulder could only say, "Oh, grandpapa, I want to sing!"

Age is the true stream of Lethe. Lisa's words could not ruffle its calm, but in a mechanical way Rudel connected them with Walbert. "Walbert can sing," he tranquilly remarked.

"Take me to Walbert—now, to-day: I am so tired of waiting! I seem to have been waiting all my life."

Thus entreated, he took the girl's hand and went once more to visit the old, old musician. They found him in the midst of luxury, shabby from neglect, the morose expression on his face seeming to hint that success also has its failures.

"I bring you a voice," said Rudel without the usual preface of greetings.

"I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself," answered Walbert testily: "two fiascos would be enough for most men."

"Do not speak so unkindly to grandpapa." It was Lisa, who at the same time placed herself before Rudel as if to defend him.

"You have the making of an actress in you," snarled the singer.

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"I should like to sing."

"Go home, be a good girl, and say your prayers nightly for a few years, and no doubt you will," replied the cynic.

"Grandpapa said you could help us."

"It shows how crazy he is: no one but a fool would come to me now. Signor Tempesto is the rage." Then his eyes fell on Rudel, who, failing to understand the conversation, was gazing with eager looks at the clouds.

"He is always seeking for his voice which he lost long ago," explained Lisa.

At these words the maestro's mood suddenly changed, and he remarked, "A blessed thing it would be if there was a place where the lost things of this world could be found." He sat a moment silent, then beckoned Lisa to approach, saying, "So you too want to begin fighting the wild beasts?"

"I want to sing."

The old man, as if humoring her fancy, told her carefully how to open her mouth, how to hold her tongue, and he described what was in her throat and what it was expected to do. Gathering his strength for the effort, he sent forth one note, round and pure in spite of age. The next moment a clear soprano took up the note, repeating it as true as a well-accorded instrument.

The musician jumped to his feet: "Fool that I was to recommend Tempesto, when there stands the child before whom Tempesto's glory shall fade! I shall yet see him quail. I am forgotten, am I? my method is obsolete? We shall yet see the d——d public bow once more to my principles. Tempesto, indeed! She shall be educated under my eyes." Then he shook Rudel enthusiastically by the hand, saying, "Wake up, man! your voice that was lost is found."

Walbert fulfilled his promise: the rest the public know. Lisa's fame is too recent and too great to need my word of praise. It is true some say that she forgets herself in her melody, that she is not sufficiently an actress; but musicians have told me that her voice was a revelation to the art. What need of action when every shade of feeling finds expression in tone? And her private character is just as beautiful. Jean Maurice confessed to a friend that she had saved the family from ruin, although until then the leather-merchant's harassed looks had been credited to domestic rather than pecuniary difficulties. Pélagie's highest praise of her daughter is that she is generous.

And Rudel and Marta? You must have seen them in that curtained box at the right of the stage: they are never absent when Lisa sings. "Failure too has its success," says Walbert as he looks at their happy faces, while Rudel, pointing to the stage, tells all who will listen to him, "It is my beautiful voice, that I lost, come back."

ITA ANIOL PROKOP.

OVER THE WATERS.

OVER the crystal waters
  She leans in careless grace,
Smiling to view within them
  Her own fair, happy face.

The waves that glass her beauty
  No tiniest ripple stirs:
What human heart thus coldly
  Could mirror grace like hers?

PAUL H. HAYNE.

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EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

IS there a greater satisfaction to any cultivated person than the sudden discovery of an original writer endowed with a fresh, crisp and personal talent? Of clever literary imitators the crowd is legion. But individual talent is so rare a thing that whenever it appears it almost invariably excites surprise and distrust before creating for itself admiration, since men and women are accustomed to move and to start collectively when they are requested to express the mildest of literary opinions.

EDMONDO DE AMICIS is not only a new name: he is a new man in contemporary Italian literature.

Foreigners who undertake the study of Italian, tired of groping listlessly between the obscurely-involved sublimities of Dante and the flashy brilliancy and over-easy wit of such comedies of Goldoni's as are selected by teachers and editors for the incomplete entertainment of scholars, will take with delight a book at once so vital, so vigorous and so manly in its style, so contemporary in its subject and treatment, and in its form so harmonious, as De Amicis's *Vita Militare.* This was his first book. It appeared in 1869, while he was a young officer in the army which he has so dramatically portrayed. The *Vita Militare* produced a deep sensation and assured the success of its author. Everybody read it, re-read it, talked about it, admired it. It became at once the rallying subject of after-dinner conversation between men of the most diverse political training and tendencies, while it electrified their sympathy for a new national object of admiration and of pride —the army.

The book is unlike any other I can think of. It is a collection of sketches, detached studies, taken from Nature with the ease and the admirable simplicity of a youthful enthusiasm. There is nothing about them done for effect, and nothing sensational. De Amicis tells you what he has seen and what he has felt, but the manner in which he tells it holds a charm of its own as subtle as the impalpable yet potent odor of a flower. The force and vividness of his impressions communicates itself to your mind in some unexplained, mysterious manner, and before you are aware of it even you implicitly trust the tenderness and the pathos which have moved you. Like him, you are drawn toward his men by a feeling akin almost to friendship. Their welfare becomes a matter of importance to you. You identify yourself with their humble daily experience: you honor the unobtrusive abnegation and the patient, unmurmuring hardship of their obscure life. You accompany them in their dreary marches through the blinding, sun-scorched summer days; you share their silent, submissive weariness, their longing for a little rest; then, when night comes, with what a sense of full, heaped-up delight you hail the tranquil hours of sleep under the tent whitened by the sentinel moon!

De Amicis has written a volume of short stories (*Novelle*) noticeable for movement and grace. He is direct, rapid and not at all psychological in his presentation of a subject. You think of him not as of a writer who is bound to entertain you, but as of a man you would wish to know. You *feel* what he is showing you. He makes ample room for real life—puts human nature to all uses of vital expression. His men and women are not silhouettes or artificial automatons: they have flesh and blood, and he finds them in the ordinary chance intercourse of every day, but then how well he knows how to set around them the delicately-embroidered border of his graceful fancy! Through his sense of beauty—a positive pagan trait with him —he is kept from being a mere realistic writer. He does not choose for the habitation of his soul, like Dumas *fils*, distracting social problems, nor does he

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please himself in a bewildering pondering over such miseries as his philosophy could not assuage. No. He looks at life with the hospitable and untroubled eye of a young man: he sees it full of opportunities of good for every one, and the gladsome joyousness of his animal spirits lifts him far above anything approaching morbid melancholy or cynical coldness.

You might almost reproach him for being so steadily sure of sunshine all the way; for never allowing his buoyant and wholesome expectation to go down; for not initiating you into the confidence of any failure of hope or ambition he may have known. You wonder at such a triumphant taste of life, at so sustained and eager a thirst for enjoyment; for he never anticipates disappointment and ennui.

After the *Vita Militare*, De Amicis published a volume of memorials (*Ricordi*), which he dedicated to the youth of Italy. It is chiefly a record of the successive national events which followed each other in the space of two years, such as the inauguration of the cemeteries of Solferino and San Martino, the memorable entrance of the Italian army into Rome, and the creation of a national government transferred to the capital. In the preface he says, "This is a book which speaks of our country, of war, of studies, and it speaks of them all with youthful ardor, youthful faith and enthusiasm. I dedicate it to young men, in the hope that they will not read it without profit. In varied ways it has but one thing to tell the reader—Love thy country and work."

De Amicis yielded to the persuasion of his friends when he gave in his resignation as an officer for the special purpose of devoting himself to literature. Since then he has visited foreign countries, and we have his clear, animated account of his experiences in other climes and among new people. Naturally enough, his first flight was northward. He wished to become acquainted with another race and to see a gray sky; so he went to Holland. His visit there has given us an interesting book. The fresh, invigorating breath of the sea blows from some of its pages, and you envy the appetite with which, like some schoolboy set free in a cherry-orchard, he goes from one city to the other, forgetting none, in search of those pictures which have given to Holland its immortality. The innate aptitude for art which one expects every cultivated Italian to have he possesses, and added to it he has a discerning taste and judgment, which render his appreciation of the Dutch masters valuable.

After his return he went to Spain. It was at the time of the sad failure of Amadeo to endear himself to the Spaniards as their king. Minds were in a ferment of excitement—partisanship never perhaps ran so high. De Amicis contrived to escape any dangerous compromise of neutrality of opinion, and by his tact and his ready appreciation of the patriotism which burns in every Spanish soul he sufficiently won the confidence of the people he met to obtain the best information about the nation and the peculiar position of its parties.

Making full allowance for the capricious changes of a kaleidoscopic government, and for the unsteadiness of the reforms it announces, De Amicis's *Spain* (*Ispagna*) may furnish you at any time with a just understanding of the character and of the charms of that romantic country; so that on closing the book you wish to start at once to cross the Pyrenees. Madrid calls you. You can hardly wait for the moment when you may enter its museum and the imperishable glory of Velasquez will glow around you. You must see Cordova, for the very instant your foot touches Spanish soil there is no peace left for you till Andalusia the Beautiful ravishes you into the voluptuous dream of her beauty. We share De Amicis's suspense and excitement as he tells us, "We are drawing near to Cordova. The train rushes on: we pass small stations hidden among trees and flowers; the wind blows rose-leaves into our faces; great butterflies brush their wings against the window; a delicious odor fills the air; the travelers are singing; we pass through an enchanted garden. Aloes, orange trees, palm trees and villas defile before us. Then one cry: This is Cordova! Once out of the train, I look around and

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I find myself alone. My companions have disappeared. I still hear a faint rumor of carriages driving off: then all is hushed. And it is twelve o'clock. The sky is limpid and luminous. I walk on. Every hundred steps I come upon a deserted piazzetta, and I stop to draw breath. Everything is white; the windows are all closed; there is silence everywhere. At every door a new spectacle offers itself. Arches, flowers, palms, fountains — a marvelous variety of designs, of tints, of lights, of perfumes, here of roses, there of orange-buds or of violets, and with the perfumes a cool breeze, and with the breeze a soft sound of women's voices, of the moving of leaves, and of bird-songs—a varied and suave harmony, which, without disturbing the silence of the street, pleases the ear like the echo of some far-off music. Ah! this is no dream! Madrid, Italy, Europe, are certainly at a great distance. Here people live another kind of life: here one breathes the air of another world. I am in the Orient. . . . My heart beat quick as I felt how near I was to the famous *mosque*, and, without even looking at its magnificent door, I entered. Then what I did or what I said I don't know, for it is not possible to express the sentiment of mystical marvel which rises in the soul before such a spectacle, so like the improvised revelation of a religion, of a nature and of a life till then ignored, which ravishes the fancy. All the images of eternal pleasure promised by the Koran to the faithful crowd into your mind at the first sight of the mosque, scintillating and ardent as it is, and they throw you into a delicious momentary intoxication, which soon gives place to I know not what soft melancholy. A brief tumult of thought and a rapid shuddering along your veins, —this is the first sensation you know as you enter the cathedral at Cordova."

A few months ago, *Marocco*, by De Amicis, was announced as a coming publication, and the day it appeared it found its way into the hands of a score of his admirers. De Amicis visited Morocco in the suite of the ambassador sent by the Italian government as its representative to the African empire. His opportunities to study the barbaric splendor of that demi-civilization, and to observe the picturesque side of that untamed people, could not have been better, and he has made good use of them. His sense of individuality has enabled him to portray with a few vigorous touches some of the most prominent figures of the strange and fantastic procession which passed before him; so that you almost feel that you were there yourself, that you assisted at those wild military manœuvres, and that you were by turns dazzled and disgusted by the inhuman display of helpless lives sacrificed to the unscrupulous, brutal tyranny of a handsome, vicious, fanatical prince. *Marocco* glitters and flashes like a Damascus blade brandished in sunlight. The whole book is thoroughly Oriental, and transports you bodily beyond your own experience of men and things.

If we try to find a literary father for De Amicis, we meet Manzoni, the author of *I Promessi Sposi*, for whom he avows a sort of adoration. But the only affinity I perceive between them is the simplicity of style which distinguishes them both. Manzoni's style is best known by its extreme correctness of line, its architectural precision. It is, however, colorless and cold, and uninspired. Fine in some parts by the fitness of its rendering of Nature, Manzoni's book gives us the standard of his literary capacity. But it is demurely domestic — placid and pure like some island of blue in the sky from which the storm has gone—and if it has genius, it can only be in the harmony of its well-balanced monotony. If I were allowed the comparison, I should say that Manzoni's style is like the Madeleine in Paris—an unvitalized symmetry—while De Amicis's is more like some Greek temple under a Greek sky, all light, all sunshine, and chaste without being stinted in form.

His Italian is the Italian of to-day. It is a modern language, at once full of allusions and of localisms, and of living familiar turns of thought. The uncritical reader finds in it the verve, the rapid fire-lit lucidity and clearness, which cha-

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racterizes the conversation of cafés and of the street, between men who have acquired a certain acuteness of intelligence in their contact with the people, and who are accustomed not to exchange ideas, but merely to communicate impressions, while the *littérateur* rejoices in its purism, its well-bred, spontaneous naturalness. At last we get modern Italian books free from the obsolete, pedantic, ponderous monotony of a mannered expression.

De Amicis is the most genuine of all the Italian writers of to-day. He is absolutely untouched by any English or French influence, in this respect standing quite apart from his fellow romance-writers, who are all more or less fascinated by the spirit of Byronism or overcharged with the brilliant, fantastic coloring of Dumas, Gautier and others of the same school. His manner, like his style, is his own, and reflects a nature typically meridional, with the vehemence, the mobility and the impulsive boyishness inherent to the Latin race. There are no sombre, sunless depths in it — no wild waste of thought haunted by doubt or despair or anguishing apprehension of some failure hereafter. No: the sunshine of youth falls straight down upon his life as he lives it, and upon his pen as he writes the pages we love to read and cannot forget. It will be interesting to watch the growth and the maturing of so rounded a literary talent, and to notice in what measure and proportion its influence will either increase or diminish. As De Amicis belongs to no school nor is committed to any set, there is a chance for him to keep unimpaired the pungent flavor of his own individuality, and to avoid falling into the grievous sin of poaching unawares upon other men's literary preserves.

To a robust and healthy sentiment of reality which never lets him wander away into the shadowy land of dreams, but keeps the glance of his mental vision clear, direct and questioning, De Amicis in all his sketching of human nature joins a delicacy of handling, a reserve of touch and a discretion which one is not accustomed to look for in the writings of our realistic literary photographers. Take the story of *Carmela*, for instance. Here the naïve simplicity and ease with which the tale is told is its peculiar charm. We are in an island south of Sicily, where there is but one village, occupied by a military detachment sent there to keep order among the four hundred prisoners exiled to that solitude. One officer, a surgeon, the syndic and a few other officials are all the social resources of the place. The village lies close to the shore, and every two weeks you may see at anchor in the small harbor the post-steamer which performs the service between Tunis and Trapani. So rarely do any other craft stop here that whenever one appears on the horizon its approach is signaled to the peaceful inhabitants by the ringing of the church-bell. The piazza is bordered by the best houses, including two cafés and two stores. The house occupied by the commanding officer looks over the sea, and from the windows you see the port, a long stretch of the shore, and in the visionary distance the mountains of Sicily. The island is volcanic, and covered in part with a forest of resinous trees.

Three years ago the bell was ringing, and the people were crowding on the shore to watch the arrival of the steamer. It was early morning in April. Two boats were sent, and brought back thirty-two soldiers, with one officer — a young fellow, fair of face, blond and of pleasant address. He shook hands with his colleague, answered courteously to the welcome of the authorities, and at the head of his platoon, between a double row of idle spectators, he came into the village. An hour later he had been introduced to certain functionaries who were waiting to receive him, and he and his men occupied their post. The detachment they had come to relieve left that very evening, and as soon as our officer had taken leave of his companion he went home. Tired as he was with having been on the go all day, he needed sleep.

At dawn on the following morning he was hardly out of his house when he felt himself lightly touched on the shoulder. He stopped, looked round, and saw

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standing before him, perfectly motionless and in the attitude of the soldier who salutes, a girl with her hair all loose and her dress all crumpled. She was tall, slender, and had a beautiful sinuous figure. She fixed the officer with her large brilliant black eyes and smiled.

"What do you want?" he asked, looking at her with surprise and curiosity. The girl did not answer: she only smiled and kept her hand to her head for the military salute. The officer shrugged his shoulders and passed on. But again he felt the touch on his shoulder, and again stopping and looking back he saw the girl. "What do you want?" he asked for the second time; and, smiling and saluting again, she said, "I want you." Then, with the impatience of an unlooked-for disappointment, she stamped the ground with her feet as a petulant child would have done, and refused the money the young officer had offered her, thinking that hers was perhaps an eccentric manner of begging.

There was the first stir of life about the piazza: people were looking on. The officer felt annoyed, and ordered the girl to go, threatening to have her put in prison if she did not obey; when, in the most deliciously suave tone of voice, she murmured close to his ear, "My own love!" and then walked slowly away. He thought to himself what a pity it was! such a lovely creature! For she was beautiful, a faultless model of that superb proud beauty of Sicilian women, in whom passion is a force which does not inspire love, but commands it. Her pensive brow and the spontaneous movement of the eyebrows and of the lips were irresistibly expressive.

The officer ascertained from the surgeon that this poor girl had become suddenly crazed on hearing of the marriage of her lover, the young officer who had occupied that post two years before, whom she passionately loved, and who had promised her that he would come back to marry her. Since then poor Carmela had quite lost her reason. She was, however, so harmless, so decorous, so sad and gentle, that after a few months spent without any result at the hospital she was allowed to go about, and inspired the inhabitants with a tender compassion which showed itself in the respect that surrounded her wherever she went. No one ever allowed himself the least liberty with her. For hours, for whole days, she would sit motionless and silent either on the shore, watching the dancing and the sleep of the waves, or on the stone steps or by the young officer's door; and whenever she saw him she invariably looked at him with a heartrending tenderness, calling him "My own love! my treasure!"

Here we must admire De Amicis's delicacy of touch in all the subsequent unfolding of his narrative. He does not tell you or explain a thousand things, yet you seem to know all about these two people. Carmela, with her childlike, irresponsible, clinging fondness of nature, her great sorrow and the dark desolation that has settled over her mind, moves our imagination and preoccupies our fancy. We see her: we are sorry for her. When she wanders alone on the mountain, or, weary with her long march, falls asleep among the grass on the edge of the ravine, and the carbineers look at her and pass on, we should like to stay by her, to watch over her and take her by the hand kindly. If we talked to her very gently, very slowly, or if we sang to her some sweet love-song which she had heard before, would not light burst anew into her troubled brain? Alas! she keeps on her strange existence, and no one can help her. Now she goes to her mother's cottage outside the village and eats figs, the only food she takes when she is hungry, or when the soldiers go to drill she follows them, obeying every order, and, like them, silently.

The weeks went by. Sometimes, Carmela, looking still more beautiful and with a new radiance illuminating her face, would go and kneel down in the church: sometimes she would sing—sing so sadly and so sweetly it was pitiful to hear her, more pitiful still to see her so lonesome, unclaimed, homeless and desolate, she so young and lovely. One evening the officer was seated in his room opposite the doctor. They were of the

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same age, and had become great friends, constantly thrown together as they were. The officer was playing with the end of his pen around the candle, when he suddenly said, "How do you suppose it will all end? I shall certainly go mad: that's the way it will end. I feel ashamed of myself. There are moments when it seems as if everybody must laugh at me."

"Laugh at what?" asked the doctor.

"At what?" repeated the other, so as to take time to answer. "Laugh at my—interest, my compassion for that poor unhappy girl—at my attempts, my—experiments with her, all so useless."

"Interest? Compassion? Why, these are not things to make men laugh, surely!" And staring at him fixedly, "Confess the truth: you are in love with Carmela?"

"I?" exclaimed the officer—"I?" and he remained breathless, blushing to the very roots of his hair.

"Yes, you," answered the doctor. "Tell me. Am I not your friend?"

"My friend, yes, but should I be sincere in telling you what is not?" He was silent for a moment; then, with the impetuosity of a boy compelled to acknowledge some peccadillo, and turning ashen pale and scarlet by turns, he said, "I in love? and with Carmela? with a crazy girl? I feel the utmost pity for that unfortunate creature. I would give everything in the world merely to see her sane again. I would make any sacrifice, as if she were one of my family. I respect her, because you know how she has always respected herself and loved as one who expects to become a wife, and never trifled with her honor. And is not her very madness the expression of a soul full of goodness, gentleness, purity? And how beautiful she is! Do you know how beautiful she is? What eyes! what a mouth! and what hands! Have you ever noticed her hands? I look at her, and I say it to myself, How melancholy it is that those eyes, so full of sunlight, I cannot love! Do you know that with such a face, if that girl had her reason, every man would lose his head. When she looks into my eyes, smiles and says 'My love!' or in the evening, when it gets almost dark and I can no more distinguish her face, but I hear her say that she has been waiting for me—that now she will stay by me till morning, that I am her good angel—what can I do? In those moments she does not seem to me crazy. My heart beats—beats as if I were in love then. I call her by her name, 'Carmela! Carmela! you are not crazy? Oh repeat to me that you are not crazy, Carmela!' and she says, 'Crazy!' Then with one wild laugh, and looking at me, she disappears. You will never know all I have tried to bring her back to herself. Almost every evening I have sent for her, and I have played for her on the guitar, or I have sung to her the very songs her lover used to sing. I had them all taught to me. I have let her kiss my hands, kiss my hair, then look at me—no, look into my very soul—with those maddening eyes of hers; and all that for nothing, nothing! Was it fear, or shame, or remorse which made me feel as if I had kissed a lifeless thing when once, only once, I seized her hands and covered them with kisses? . . . I can no more sleep at night, because I well know, I feel, that she is there seated by my door waiting for me to come out. Sometimes I think I hear her laugh in the piazza. Oh that laugh! It is like a hand of ice stretched across my heart, and I have not the courage to look out of the window. If I try to read or write or study, her image is before me. It will not go from me. How will all this end? Tell me. Do you think I shall go mad?"

What follows would lose its intense vividness by being broken into fragments of quotation. The working up of passion, the final, unmistakable, imperious assault of love upon the unguarded heart of youth,—all that is powerfully depicted. We feel the anguish and the emotion that surge up around his feeblest hope of a change in the condition of the girl when the officer relates to his friend the various incidents of his long-repeated, patient efforts to rekindle one ray of consciousness where there is nothing but blank vacancy, and he watches every

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least little sign of returning reason. Finally, the momentous last experiment is tried.

They say, reason is sometimes suddenly reawakened in insane people by a chance recurrence of events witnessed by them in former time or by some overpowering emotion. Our hero thought that he would have reacted in all its slightest and apparently most futile features the scene of the farewell supper given to Carmela's faithless lover on the eve of his departure from the island. Accompanied by the doctor, he called upon the different notables of the village for the purpose of asking them to the supper he wished to give. They both explained the purpose of the request, and one with the arguments of science, the other with those of the heart, demonstrated as well as possible the importance of the undertaking.

For some days, Carmela, who was not very well, had spent most of the time at home with her mother. The officer and the doctor went to see her. She was seated on the ground by the door, her head thrown back against the wall. On hearing their step she rose, and with less precipitation than usual came toward the lieutenant, murmuring as ever the same endearing words.

"Carmela," said the officer, "I have news to tell you: I am going away. To-morrow I am going away from you. The ship will carry me very far, very far away from you;" and he pointed with his arm as toward some very distant point.

"Away? away?" repeated Carmela, following with her eye the direction indicated—"away?" And she added, "With the steamer that smokes?" and she tried to throw herself into the arms of the young fellow to kiss him.

"It is of no use," he thought, looking down.

"Repeat it to her again and again," suggested the doctor, "and let us hope."

They left, forbidding Carmela to follow them.

The supper was to come off on the next day. Carmela, though not one of the invited guests, had taken her accustomed place by the door of the officer's rooms, where, according to his order, everything was upside down, indicating preparations for departure. The tables, the sofa, the chairs were covered with books, clothes, etc. Carmela seemed surprised, and looked at the officer smiling: then she looked about her, and noticing the guitar, she touched the chords, which gave a long sigh, then were hushed again; and she stood there motionless, as if life itself were leaving her.

"Go home now, Carmela: you have been here long enough. Go!" And taking her gently by the arm the young lieutenant pushed her toward the door.

"I will not," she said; and she stamped upon the floor almost with a moan: then slowly, slowly, without a smile or the least perceptible change of expression, as if she felt nothing, understood nothing, remembered nothing, she went off.

The next day the officer did not go out, and he refused to see Carmela, though he knew that she was at her post by his door. About nine o'clock his guests began to arrive. First of all was the doctor, who as he entered said, "She is down stairs, and complained to me of not having seen you. I asked her if she felt well, and, after looking at me hard for one instant, she merely said, 'The steamer,' but she did not laugh. What do we know of what may be going on in that poor brain? Let us hope."

By ten o'clock the circle was complete. Everybody was seated at the table, when they heard Carmela exclaim, "I am also going on the steamer;" and she clapped her hands.

"Courage!" whispered rapidly the doctor into his friend's ear. "Did you hear? Ideas begin to fix themselves in her mind. It is a good sign."

At that very moment the orderly was trying to keep Carmela from bounding into the room. She was standing by the half-opened door, repeating, "It is a whole day since I have seen him."

The representation was well carried out. But in proportion as, under the effect of successive toasts, each man present began to forget the rôle he had to play, the officer felt more fiercely the beating of his heart, and his face betray-

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ed more plainly the tempest of opposite feelings that stirred his whole being. The doctor meanwhile kept his eye upon Carmela, who did not move, who seemed transfixed with intensity of vision of what was before her.

"A song! a song! Give us a song!" exclaimed some one.

The lieutenant took the guitar, tuned it, and rising began. He was very pale. His hands trembled as in fever, but he sang with the utmost feeling and tenderness a little love-song written by her former lover. She stood statue-like, silent, only you could see an accelerated movement of the eyelids, and her eye seemed to dilate more and more as she stared at the officer. All of a sudden she pushed the door open and made one step forward. She glanced from her mother at the officer again, and at every one present: then with both hands she held her brow convulsively, sighed as with pain, while her whole person trembled.

"It is time for us to go," said the officer resolutely, and marched toward the door.

One cry, long, deep, despairing, broke forth from Carmela's very soul. She threw herself upon the lieutenant, and passionately covered him with kisses: she kissed his face, his hair, his hands, the sleeve of his uniform, wild with an unbearable bliss, like a mother who finds living the boy whom she had thought dead. Then after a few minutes the poor girl fell senseless on the floor at the feet of the officer.

Five months after that day, on a warm, September night, so limpid and clear that it seemed almost daylight, the steamer from Tunis, after stopping a few hours before the little island village, was rapidly nearing the Sicilian coast. So smooth was the sea that the steamer hardly seemed to move. All the passengers were on deck, contemplating in silence the soft lustrous moonlight. At a distance from them, and leaning over the stern, a young officer and his young girl-wife were standing close to each other. Far down at the horizon you could still distinguish, like some vanishing phantom, the island they had left, and they were looking at it. They remained a long while without speaking. At last the woman, lifting up her face, murmured in a low voice, "It breaks my heart to leave my poor village, where I suffered so much, where I saw you for the first time, and where you gave me back life;" and, letting her head fall upon the shoulder of her companion, "We will return there some day," she said, looking into his eyes. "We will go back to your house, and you will sing to me that song?"

"Yes."

"Sing it now," exclaimed Carmela in a sort of transport—"now!"

And the officer sang close to her ear,

> Carmela, ai tuoi ginocchi
> Placidamente assiso,
> Guardandoti negli occhi,
> Baciandoti nel viso,
> Trascorrero i miei dì . . .

She listened, overcome with her emotion. "It is a dream," she said.

But the young man pressed her against his breast, and said, "No, my darling, it is the awakening."

And the steamer was going, going, as if carried by the wind.

This stòry is the most dramatic, rather than the most characteristic, of the *Vita Militare*. Others, those which most distinguish De Amicis as an original writer, cannot be done justice to by any translation, which must necessarily be inadequate, for it is only in the untouched charm of their own vital native language that they can be fully apprehended and enjoyed.

The strong personal talent of De Amicis is represented in painting by Fortuny. Both men seem to have inaugurated a new manner, to have opened a new path before those who, having no longing for the ideal in art, and knowing none of the questionings of the soul's unrest, use all their mental energy to produce the éclat, the brilliancy, the finesse and the vital sparkle which is so much admired in their work.

H. M. BENSON.

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A LOVE-CHASE.

THE country-neighborhood dinner-party is perhaps a more delightful affair than its city-bred cousin. But in city or country, anywhere, everywhere, is not the dinner-party the touchstone of society? — among civilized people the most charming recreation of — respectability; among anthropophagi the most brutal culmination of barbarism? *We* come together in our best dress to taste our friends: *they* meet in their worst nakedness to eat their enemies. There is a like praiseworthy social spirit in both, only differently expressed.

The city dinner-party has a professional manner of assured dignity and nonchalant success that commands your homage more than it wins your sympathy; and then, too, it has some special formal purpose rather than a general friendly result. In contrast, the rural dinner-party, however grand the style, has generally no other intent than blessed good cheer, which gains zest from the country drive, the neighborly gossip, the cosier architecture, the simpler hospitality, and from a certain freshness that even the in-door atmosphere of country existence possesses.

I recall one of these genial affairs last winter, when we drove over in a sleigh to the Macsorleys' place, Ridge Lea—a drive of two miles along the but half-trodden roads, with the orange glow of sunset softening the white outlines and fading overhead, while cedars and hemlocks, as we brushed by, shook off little showers of crystals, and the crisp air, tingled with frost, sharpened our appetites, physical and mental. Laces and dress-coats were too well covered with wraps and furs to permit the slightest suspicion of disrespect to rugged, venerable Nature. No overture could have better attuned us to the hospitality of Ridge Lea than did that winter ride. Half a dozen neighbors besides our party were there—the lovely young widow Champney, the sisters Grace and Dora Telfare, Major Macnie with one armless sleeve, who, since the war, had turned his prowess to matrimony and agriculture, the literary star of our rural horizon, Launt Barré, and the young clergyman of our parish. From without our neighborhood there was only a Professor Shotman, whose studies had been for several years among the Indians of California, to identify the aboriginal red men there with the Chinese and Japanese. A thoroughly charming fellow was this professor—modest, manly, humorous, only thirty-five years of age, full of freshness and vim beneath a veil of diffidence or indolence. As he tells my story, I should give an idea of his appearance: Tall, well made, well dressed, a blond of fine straight features well colored by out-door life, firm blue eyes, strong head, and a great beard, flossy as silk, that brushed his shoulders with every turn of his neck.

Our dinner went on admirably, and with the game and champagne the poetic perfection of corporeal exaltation and spiritual sensibility was deliciously established. The gentlemen sat but a little time together after the ladies left the dining-room. Mr. Tully, the clergyman, and the professor soon followed them. When the host, the major, Launt Barré and I entered the drawing-rooms the coffee-scene was very cosy and cheerful. The entrance-room was brilliantly lighted, but the inner one invited more with its wood-fire glow and the comfortable, animated group around the ample hearth. The ladies, in attitudes of interest, seemed to direct attack or invitation to the professor, who, evidently very much amused and most indolently at ease in the comfort of a great carved chair, appreciated the charms of the situation. The clergyman, who leaned with an elbow on the mantel, was smiling heartily.

Mrs. Champney was the leader of the amiable attack on Shotman. His eyes, however, while smiles stole over his face, were directed to the exquisite profile of

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Grace Telfare, who, seated on a low couch by a corner of the hearth, watched the play of the fire, one cheek resting on her hands. The professor smiled in response to the widow's sallies, but answered little, plaited his beard and watched Miss Grace. The theme was matrimony — science as wickedly hostile to domestic honors and duties. There was much sense in the occasional single shots of the professor, and a scurry of wit in the volleys of the widow and her allies. As we took places in the semicircle, Shotman turned his gaze on our host, and said with a laugh, "Though, Mr. Macsorley, I take ground against these ladies, and firmly believe in theory that a scientific man should not marry—should, in fact, be a martyr to the sole pursuit of—of—of—abstractions, if Mrs. Champney so calls it—yet I will confess I was once nearly married."

"Nearly *married?*" repeated the widow sneeringly: "you mean near marrying. Surely no woman would have—"

"Yes, she would and did," interrupted the professor, lifting his head, "try to *catch* me."

"What a *catch!* Poor deluded girl!" and Mrs. Champney's lovely little notes of merriment were taken up by the other ladies.—"But tell us, vain man, of the adventure."

The professor was comically confused. He did not get back immediately to the luxurious pose he had lounged in. He smiled nervously, blushed, and falteringly confessed that the adventure was quite a story.

"Excellent!" said the ladies and the major—"an after-dinner story!"

"Well!" The professor recovered himself, his pleasant eyes twinkled sharply, he drank off the last of his coffee, sank back again as a patient does in a dentist's chair, and, loosening the knots in his beard, began: "It is a small adventure, but rather strange: no glory about it to me—rather the reverse, I am inclined to think—but nevertheless a bit of romantic experience not common to *my* sex. I have always been much interested in the Indians, even years before my present researches, and in '57 and '58 I accompanied Ives's Colorado exploring expedition as a sort of volunteer, doing scientific work, general observation and soldier's duty without assignment of pay or office, and therefore much at liberty to follow my own behests. As Lieutenant Tipton, commanding the small military escort, was a particular friend, I chummed principally with his party, but toward the close of the expedition, when Lieutenant Ives joined Lieutenant Tipton's detachment near Fort Defiance, bringing his interesting reports of the Moquis and Navajoes, I resolved to see something of them for myself. The expedition was about to start on its return: the survey completed, the two parties reunited. I would remain with the best guide and best horse to visit the Moquis and meet such adventures as might ensue. A Teguan Indian was the guide chosen, a faithful, brave, intelligent fellow, who had accompanied the expedition from Fort Yuma, and proved himself a most reliable servant. He was a nondescript savage, a brave or valet as circumstances required, smoked a pipe and enjoyed a joke as an Irishman—the Indian, you know, usually takes but a few puffs of tobacco, as if burning incense —was friendly and at ease with all tribes, able to hold conversation with any, had a grace of manner and delicacy of features that proved some Spanish blood, and, added to this unusual mixture, he would neither lie nor steal. He was guide, companion, soldier and servant. I had a treasure in my Teguan, and a yet greater one in my horse, as I have said, the pick of our animals; but of him—rather her—I'll tell more when I reach the particular service she did me. I lived with the Moquis for two months, at Oraybe, Mooshahnah and Tegua, three of the seven Moqui pueblos. These interesting Indians are less red men than any I ever visited, and more amiable in their character than most tribes, red, white or black. Because my guide was a Teguan and spoke warmly of me, I had special evidence of their friendliness. I am pretty sure they never read the Scriptures, and probably never entertained angels unawares, yet they right-

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eously practice hospitality to white men. Surrounded on every side beyond their natural cliff-fortifications by some of the most savage tribes on the continent, they are obliged to limit the exercise of their special virtue to whites.

"After several weeks spent with these civilized savages, descendants of the aborigines who formerly inhabited all the country as far west as the San Juan head-waters, as far north as the Rio Dolores, some distance into Utah probably, and south and south-west throughout Arizona and down into Mexico, and who, sun-worshipers, peaceful and prosperous people, living by agriculture, had been, perhaps a thousand years ago, driven before the inroads of savages from the north, until, in flight and after many bloody fights, they reached the wellnigh unapproachable, isolated bluffs of their descendants' present homes,—after enjoying for weeks their charming hospitality and the romantic influences of such picturesque surroundings as I can barely hint at on the way to my story proper, we left the Moquis for their next neighbors, the Navajoes, the warlike inhabitants of the Tunicha Mountains, sixteen miles north-east. It was a hot, hard journey, sometimes climbing the intricate zigzags of mountain-spurs, sometimes dragging wearily over dreary sage-plains, once crossing for an hour a rough sweep of lava-crust. The bare abrupt wall of the Tunicha Mountains stretched across our way, ever seeming but a mile or two distant. My Teguan knew the country, and on the third day we saw a head-stream of the Rio de Chelly springing, as it seemed, out of the mountain-wall. By its valley we were to enter the Navajo domain and reach the south-east side of the Sierra Carisa range, where we should find a certain chief, the most powerful and the wealthiest of the many Navajo chiefs. My companion described him as a wonderful savage in size, prowess and character, and said that if he received us well my visit would be safe and profitable. Not until our horses' noses almost touched the base of the mountain-wall could I discover a way of entering. Then, suddenly by the river-fissure, which was a rent or cañon of the mountains, and running at an angle of not more than six degrees with their western face, we left the hot plain for the shade and dampness of the narrow valley of the Chelly. The water and bits of moss-grass were most refreshing to our jaded horses, and we halted for a rest of many hours. Taking the trail again, we ascended—it was slow, perilous progress even with our sure-footed beasts—the deep valley until, late in the afternoon, the source of the little river was lost in the feeding of many streams, and we had come through the mountains to their east side, and there, entering a comparatively open country, grand and wild though it was, we turned north-east toward the home of Tarahara. Not an Indian had we seen since we said adieu to our Moqui friends three days before. We were traversing the breaks or valleys — you would hardly, though, call them *valleys* in this part of the country, so irregular, unpeaceful and uneven were they: however, they were the low lands or approaches to the higher, bolder country, and were the sources of the Rio Carisa, a strangely-beautiful little river that flows north-east from the Navajo centre to the sources of the great San Juan. The scenery was grandly beautiful in its solitary boldness, relieved by colors, those of verdure, sky, shadow and light —indeed, some of the abrupt pinnacles and angles of rock seemed painted in black and red, gray and blue, as the Painted Peaks of the Colorado cañons. The setting sun beyond the heights behind us, yet reflected in the sky over the mountain-heights, tipped the high peaks on one side of us, and sometimes reached away down their declivities. On a sudden my Indian guide, who rode ahead, said, but without gesture or change of his animal's pace, 'See! to the right, high — see!' Of course this was expressed in the vernacular we conversed in, a mixture of bad, condensed English and broken Teguan dialect with which I had grown familiar. I looked in the direction indicated. On a jutting shelf of mountain-rock that hung hundreds of feet above our trail ahead was a figure so motion-

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less, so harmonious in color and outline with the riven stone background, that I should never, except for the Teguan's exclamation, have discovered it as human. In the distance I now made it out as an Indian on horseback watching us. As we went on, our gaze riveted on the sculpture—for so it impressed me—the figure took action: the horse backed on his haunches a few paces until opposite a break in the rocky background, then swung about with a rear and disappeared. The Teguan uttered only an expressive grunt.

In a few minutes our ears caught the sound of hoofs and of flying stones. Suddenly, in the trail ahead, and at a turn of scrub-cedar thicket, appeared the horse and Indian charging toward us in a fury of speed. The path was too narrow for them to pass at that rate, yet my Teguan in advance kept on stolidly, as if unconscious of the other's approach, only he threw back to me the one word 'Lahjalah,' which I accepted as the name of the comer, and that all was right. In a moment the dashing rider, within a plunge of my guide, halted his horse so instantaneously that the animal sank back with hind hocks flat on the ground. 'Lahjalah!' exclaimed my Teguan. The bold visitor was a woman, the daughter of the Navajo chief, Tarahara. In the striking attitude of that startling halt horse and rider rested motionless for some seconds. I removed my sombrero and bowed low. The beautiful horsewoman gazed steadily into my face without a word or gesture, without a glance at my guide. It was a picture I shall never forget—the wonderfully beautiful girl of dark rosy olive skin, of straight, delicate features, fearless, questioning eyes, her finely-curved lips a little parted and her throat throbbing to regain breath, her body leaning close to the thrown-back crest of the fiery restrained steed — as she looked with unconscious defiance and most innocent yet queenly inquiry at this blue-eyed, flaxen-haired white man, who bowed low in his saddle before her.

"The chief's daughter was riding in man-fashion: Indian women never ride otherwise. Hers was a Mexican saddle, with heavy, short stirrups. The bridle was of thong, the nose- and ear-straps colored vermilion. Besides the long-armed bit, a steel ring confined the lower jaw, giving the rider immense power, which of course had to be used with immense skill. Beneath the jaw and attached to the ring were many bright pieces of silver. The horse, undoubtedly a noble descendant of the fine-blooded Spanish breed—for there are a few such among the Navajoes' much degenerated mustangs—was a gallant sinewy animal, black as jet, with tail and mane of great sweep. His head was fine and bony, the nostrils full and red, the eyes flashing in his forced, statue-like pose. As you will yet see, this same beast was one mighty in deed. Last in this picture I must describe my heroine's dress. Her straight, black hair was taken back through a fillet of silvery steel that encircled her head from high above the forehead to low behind the ears, and hung in a braid—no, not a braid, but a —?—yes, in a *switch*—behind. A brown beaded and embroidered blanket, gathered at the waist by an ornamented belt and hanging loose nearly to the elbows, made a kind of tunic-body, and then below the waist with split skirts it covered the limbs to below the knees. Her feet were encased in raw-hide moccasins that reached above the ankle: otherwise she wore garments of something like red baize, flowing, but gathered about the ankles as zouave trousers. Her arms were bare except a wide brass or gold band on one: the other was tattooed, as I afterward discovered, with very ornamental hieroglyphics. There! you have Lahjalah, the Navajo chief's daughter, as I first saw her. Certainly a more lovely, noble-looking girl I never beheld outside of civilization.

"Well, when Lahjalah had sufficiently studied this stranger in the Tunicha Mountains, she heaved a long breath or sigh, and, freeing her horse from the curb, spoke some brief inquiry to my Teguan, and turned rein to lead the way. Sometimes in a trot, sometimes on an impatient lope, she piloted us along the uncertain path. Arrived on a

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meadow-plateau of sheep-gama occasionally studded with pink-flowered locusts and wild currant-bushes, under the rocky enclosures of which plain were numerous huts of one band of the Navajoes, we galloped a mile across to a rough winding trail that ascended a redstone bluff, its many crevices plumed with scrub-oak and piñon, and in five minutes by an abrupt turn we came out on a mountain-esplanade of perhaps half an acre, and before a—house? yes, actually a low stone-laid house—a something between a cabin and a cave overhung by the rocks of a higher cliff. Here I saw for the first time a relic of the intelligence and civilization that inhabited portions of the Colorado and Arizona countries long, long before the present savages came as conquerors. It was one of the many ruins that I have since visited, and was the first to attract my interest and research to the antiquities and architectural remains of Western North America. I shall not trouble you with any more on that hobby of mine, except to say that here Tarahara, undoubtedly the most powerful and least savage of all Navajo chiefs, had, with a wise and refined eye, partly restored an ancient habitation. The stones of which it was constructed were irregular in shape and size, but with the outer face dressed to a uniform surface. The 'chinking' having worn out, the walls had the appearance of having been dry-laid. Perhaps another story ran up originally to the natural roof of overhanging cliff, a distance of eight feet. There were two openings for windows, and a broken-edged aperture that served for a door. Inside were three apartments, averaging about ten feet by eight, marked by holes in the walls where timbers had once been fastened, and now set off by partitions of hide. The inner walls had once been covered with smooth mortar. As I looked with surprise on this dwelling and its swallow-nest site, Lahjalah sprang from her horse to remove saddle and bridle and free him to find his way to pasture down the ascent we had just climbed. The chief, stooping his tall figure, stepped from the doorway. He was six feet three inches at least in height, gaunt and muscular as a staghound, a man of sixty years of age, probably, and with the sternest and most stoical countenance you can imagine. Hardly appearing to notice me, he opened his mouth with just one word of recognition to my guide, and listened, without any expression of features, to a short, low-spoken sentence from his daughter. Then the Teguan, standing at his horse's head, spoke, probably introducing me flatteringly as one commissioned with power from the great white Father of the East — that I was a miraculous medicine-man and a brave, and much more evolved from his own imagination and diplomacy. At any rate, my Teguan's harangue concluded, the stony-faced Tarahara uttered a long grunt, an Indian 'amen,' and critically surveyed me. Then, advancing three strides, he laid one hand on my horse's neck and held out the other to greet me. He gestured toward his house as if to say 'It is yours,' and bent his head a little in courtesy.

"As I afterward learned, this Navajo chief was a man of note beyond his own tribe. Besides being renowned as a warrior, he was respected as a sage and counselor in his own mountains and among savage neighbors to a great distance. He claimed a fabulous lineage from some first vicegerent of the Sun; he spoke a few words of Spanish; he was in advance of his people in morals, manners and intelligence; and he had had for wife a Mexican captive of rank, whose daughter was the beautiful Lahjalah. The mother had died years ago. From her there came to the daughter a Spanish vocabulary, a hidden yearning for return to the white race, and of course a natural tenderness toward the same people.

"Introduced within the walls of Tarahara's dwelling while the Teguan went off to tether the horses, Lahjalah, at her father's bidding, prepared me food of corn-meal and dried meat. I ate heartily, expressing appreciation and thankfulness with pantomime and the few Indian words I possessed, while the chief stood by, silent as a most accomplished butler and stern as an executioner. Lah-

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jalah's eyes responded smilingly to my acknowledgments, never ceasing to regard me with a pleasant curiosity and hospitable solicitude that were far from annoying. The meal concluded, Tarahara offered me a cigarette that he rolled in the dried tender inner bark of the birch, and taking one himself, signed to his daughter to light both at the same time. This significant act of courtesy implied the formal proffer of his hospitality: it was the breaking of bread with him, the partaking of his salt. My Teguan returned: he formally explained my mission as one to see the great Navajo country, to learn its customs, to search for the antiquities that I had heard of, far toward the rising of the sun, as existing in and near Tarahara's domains: all these facts, I suppose, he made as comprehensive to the Navajo as they were to the Teguan, for the chief grunted out amicable assents, and his daughter's face expressed her pleasure. That simple ceremony over, I took from my saddle-bag a red clay Powhatan pipe moulded like a Turk's head and with cherry stem: this I formally filled from my own tobacco-pouch and offered to the chief, lighting it myself with a match. Then I unscrewed the gold chain from my watch and handed that to Tarahara, directing my Teguan interpreter to ask the great Navajo and his beautiful daughter to accept these gifts as a testimony of my gratitude for their welcome. Tarahara's huge puffs from the new pipe and Lahjalah's blush of delight testified to the success of my diplomacy: I felt in a moment secure of their faithful good-will. Thus was my safety and comfort assured among the Navajoes. For several good reasons I did not accept lodging in the chief's house, but made our camp near by and on the same esplanade, in a dry, sunny chamber of the architecturally eroded rock-cliff. Here in the summer weather we were most comfortable: our few conveniences and fewer arms were disposed at hand—our meals and movements were independent. We might enjoy the friendship and defence (if there were necessity for this last) of Tarahara, and yet be our own masters to go and come. Our horses were pastured on a foot-plain of horse-gama watered by the brook a hundred feet below us. All the grazing-grounds of the foothills were well stocked with Navajo wealth — horses, thousands of them, mostly poor beasts and small compared with the cavalry of our Western troops, but yet hardy, sure-footed and thoroughly serviceable in the intricacies and roughnesses of the Indian country: a few were fine specimens of pure Spanish blood, beautiful, fleet and spirited. These were generally the property of the chiefs or wealthiest men, and Tarahara was known as the possessor of the choicest.

"These facts of the situation are necessary to my story, and yet I am dealing with them less quickly than I might, hesitating diffidently before the important explanation of after events—the explanation did not, however, come to me until the crisis came—but to secure you a ride home before the moon sets I shall plunge into the tide-way of the adventure with a — a — confession — an avowal that in the course of civilized society a modest man hesitates to make even to his own consciousness. Telling of savage experience, and with the Rocky Mountains between the reality and me, and, as I beseech, with the gaze of you ladies turned to that blazing grate there, I shall for Truth's sake boldly say—*Lahjalah loved me!*"

The professor dropped his eyes with the rash confession, and did not perceive how the glances of his hearers leaped back from the burning coals to his burning cheeks, nor did he seem to hear the whispered female chorus of "Oh!" that spoke surprise, affected anger and genuine excitement. Nevertheless, the fun of the thing sparkled even through his risen color.

"Remember that Titania, under a spell, loved Bottom on first view, and I know with the weaver that 'reason and love keep little company together.' Pardon her uncultured heart and me, unworthy object of the passion. Remember her inheritance of affiliation with a white race, and that perhaps she had never before seen a white man. Imagine how

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the novelty of crinkly, calico beard and hair, Saxon complexion and blue eyes, with manners so much less courageous before women than the Indian's, may have touched the maiden's heart."

A shout of enjoyment here relieved the professor's self-abasement, and with a sigh of relief he looked up again and continued:

"Living so near, indeed almost as one household with, the chief Tarahara, and, as it were, his guest or protégé, Lahjalah was my frequent companion. Owing to the grave, silent dignity and stern emotionless mien of the chief, Lahjalah seemed more like a captive than a daughter. She obeyed his look, anticipated every demand for his comfort, but conversation between parent and child was limited to the fewest cold words, and when they were at rest, as in the evenings when the Teguan and I sat in their outer room and smoked, Lahjalah lay close to her father's feet without any caress from him or any gesture or word of affection; and, except the obedient, devotional expression of her eyes as she at other times followed his movements and looked for his commands, I never saw any motion of affection on his part nor of a child's intimacy on hers. Yet the fierce warrior, the just savage without mercy, the Puritan father, the 'Stoic of the woods, a man without a tear,' was no doubt wrapped up in this his only child, the admiration of his tribe. Expression was in bonds: love and freedom were restrained.

"In those evening meetings, as I described to the chief, in answer to his brief inquiries, civilized life, customs and government, and tried, too, to explain what I was learning of the history of those who had inhabited this country before the Navajoes and their ancestors — also attempting to disclose to his mind the wealth his people had in the bituminous coal-beds all about, and in the metals of their unworked mines—Lahjalah's eyes made enraptured audience; yet I never thought how my poor utterances might naturally be history, poetry and Scripture to the untaught, wondering girl, who had before this had no notion, except such as Indian legend or intuitive fancy could supply, of the great world beyond her savage home. Perhaps from these night-councils there arose an ambition in this maiden of rare character and beauty to go into that world of seeming enchantment which her mother had once lived in: perhaps, too, the old chief, conscious of the degradation of Navajo women, and anxious for a better future for the child of his poor captive wife, whose enslavement had no doubt secured his present superiority to those about him, conceived the possibility of making his daughter a white man's wife. I do not know: such speculations came too late when my unintentional part in the romance brought about results that caused me danger and flight. Away from her father, accompanying me and the Teguan on foot or horseback as guide to the ruins I sought, to cañons and heights of wonderful geological story, or on my recreative explorations for scenery alone, she was no longer the timid, silent girl. In fact, as my companion I never realized her presence as other than that of a daring, proud-willed, impassioned young man; and this does not seem strange when you recall her costume, her style of riding, and hear my assurance that her manners were as direct and natural as a boy's; that she had not the slightest idea of coquetry; that by force of Indian education she had never thought of herself as a dependent creature, but rather as an aid to and worker for man. On our expeditions she was as ready and willing as the Teguan to undertake any labor that offered—to catch or tether a horse, to saddle and bridle him, to carry a burden or cook a meal — but she did all with a proud readiness and graceful energy needing neither command nor approval. And we could converse freely in the mixture of her patois and my limping Spanish. We enjoyed everything together, just as two hearty, honest, sympathetic male friends would. To be sure, her manner, with all its self-respect and fire, was gentle and tender, but that I considered natural to her youth. Actually, if I did not often think she was a young man, I certainly forgot she was a young woman in need of protection or gallantry.

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"Well, so the summer went on. September came, with the annual migration to the Cañon de Chelly to gather the peach- and corn-crops of that fertile hill-foot enclosure. We returned to our mountain-camp before October, and in a few days more I must start for the States. Coming in one evening from a wild-turkey hunt, I stepped over with the Teguan, after supper, to present my finest bird to Tarahara and to enjoy the customary tobacco-smoking. The old chief received us with his usual grim manner, but his daughter did not appear in the outer room. This was her first absence from our nightly meetings, and when, her absence continuing, I asked Tarahara where Lahjalah was, he replied with an unusually emphatic grunt, after blowing the smoke from his nostrils, 'Ray-tai-a'—that is, inside or within. Without her presence all sociability languished. We smoked but once: the host was more laconic than usual. The next day I did not see Lahjalah until sunset, when, without a glance toward my near camp, she followed her father down the hill-path toward the settlement of huts. Their house remained dark through all that night: no sparks nor smoke ascended from beneath the cliff-roof. I was anxious, and in the morning questioned the Teguan as to what these things meant. He did not know, but seemed more uneasy than I. The next day I stayed at home, writing up my notes and preparing my few possessions for return to the States, expecting, too, from moment to moment, that I should greet the return of the chief and his daughter. The Teguan went off, without telling me his intention, to the huts below. He wanted to discover what the seclusion of Lahjalah and the last night's departure meant. He returned, evidently unsatisfied and annoyed, with the request or command that we should go to the Navajo council-hut that evening at sunset. To my questions of what this portended the Teguan answered nothing, but shook his head, and with a characteristic gesture of his to indicate he did not know, could *see* nothing, held his hands before his eyes. I was puzzled, but not alarmed, and as the sun disappeared behind the tiers of western mountains my Teguan and I stood before the hide-curtained doorway of the council-hut, the largest construction of the Navajo settlement, and yet nothing more than a prolonged cone with walls framed with stakes, covered on the outside with branches, clay and bark, as all their miserable huts were; but this one was taller in ridge and walls and with a length of twenty to thirty feet, and the inner sides were hung with fine skins. A double line of spears, decorated with strings of beads, teeth, metal ornaments and *scalps*, marked off a space running the length of the tent from the dozen Indians who sat on both sides. They were all chiefs or great men of the tribes. As we entered we were motioned to the upper or inner end of the central avenue, and we sat down, as were all the Indians seated, on the ground. The Navajoes joined in a one-word chorus to me, 'Olo-ah,' which was a term of welcome. Tarahara appeared then, and took a place just within the doorway and directly opposite the Teguan and me. Evidently, from the place, the persons and the full dress, it was a council of some import, perhaps to charge me with a mission from the Navajoes to their white Father at Washington. There was silence until all present had had a pull on a big clay pipe that was passed from man to man. Then Tarahara arose, and in firm, cold voice, with slow words, few gestures and no inflection of his sentences, recited something before the council, addressing the interpreter, but seeming to speak for or defer to his Indian associates, for they nodded their heads and uttered guttural assents as the chief spoke, and at the close united in one long chest-sound of approval. I understood some words of the harangue, but nothing of its import. I heard his daughter's name twice repeated, and recognized the terms for father, mother, white chief, peace, wigwam, treaty and a few others. It seemed a statement or proposition—as I supposed, some negotiation that I was to convey to Washington—but why Lahjalah's name should come in I could not understand. Now

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my Teguan stood, as courtesy required, to convey to me the Navajo's meaning and the council's will. He stated first that the powerful Navajo people and the chief Tarahara honored my nation and had taken me in their heart; that I had come to them without fear, sat by their fires, lived as à brother born in their wigwam; that I was wise and told them many good things; that they wished to be nearer to the family of the great white Father at Washington, and would join the chain that hung from the rising sun to the chain that was fast to the setting sun by a link fashioned in their great mountains; that among those who would be brave friends and good children of the great white Father was a maiden, who, the offspring of Tarahara (descended from the Sun) and a great white squaw, looked upon him whom they had warmed and fed with sunny smiles and tender eyes. Here, when the Teguan read dismay on my countenance, he interjected his interpretation with these words: 'Look glad and proud while I talk, and when I cease to speak for Tarahara, rise and bid me tell him and these other braves that your heart is full —it cannot speak till another sunset. Do as your servant tells you.' The faithful, intelligent Teguan spoke that as a part of his translation—no change in the flow and color of his talk. He went on to say that 'the maiden Lahjalah was, I had seen, very beautiful and good: she had a great heart and many horses. Tarahara would give her to me for my wife. She should go sometimes with her white chief to see his great people. I should stay much with them, and teach the Navajoes to make fire of the black stones, to find gold and silver, to know more and grow cunning. They would give me two hundred horses. I should be a chief with their chiefs, and a mighty chief after Tarahara. What did the white man answer?'

"Alarmed and confounded, I rose and strove to appear overcome by the honor, as I was most truly. I bowed low to the council. As I raised my head, recalling the eloquence of Tarahara and looking on the stern old warrior who faced me at the other end of the council-hut, a forked flash of electrical grotesqueness lighted up the darkness in which my mind stumbled, and I am sure that I must have shown a proud and happy front as I declaimed 'The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman,' beginning—

> Lord Bateman vos a noble lord,
> A noble lord of high degree.

The Teguan heard me in amazement, dumb to the sense and loftiness of my harangue, until, concluding my elocution with that fifteenth verse—

> 'Vot news, vot news, my proud young porter?
> Vot news, vot news? come tell to me.'
> 'Oh there is the fairest young lady
> As ever my two eyes did see.'

I kept the current, but enlightened him thus: 'A medicine-charm, that's all, my honest companion. Now speak for me what I *should* say to save us. The Navajo honor is impossible to me. Let us get out of this as quickly as possible.'

"He took the cue. I know not what he said in translation, but at the close of his words the council expressed 'It is good' in a grunt fat with satisfaction, and the Teguan and I passed out into the night-air.

"After a few minutes' walk, and a silence only disturbed by my faithful companion's exclamations of distress, he said, 'Master, you will take Lahjalah for a wife?'

"'No, Walnoo-Heija, it cannot be.'

"'Doros!' (alas!) 'then these Navajoes will kill the white man.'

"What a position! Not a tint of the Lord Bateman flash remained to break the darkness.

"'My brave Walnoo-Heija, we have twenty-four hours, and my refusal is not suspected. What can be done?'

"While we walked on for a quarter of a mile farther, I received no reply save my Teguan's internal utterances. We came to the trail ascending to our camp. Then my guide halted: 'We must go to-night. We lie down. Not Walnoo-Heija: he creeps away to the master's horse. Tarahara, Lahjalah, sleep. All is still. The white man hears in his dream the coyote bark. A cat crawls from your blanket, and climbs down the

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steep wall to the grass-place. The horse is ready. The white man flies, flies, flies. Walnoo-Heija leaves his horse to eat. He crouches, he hides, he runs as the wild-turkey. In three suns he will see the white man with the soldiers.'

"'Where? Fort Wingate?'

"'U-umph! Let us go by the chief's door: he is ahead.'

"I did not realize the danger my Indian friend was assuming in my service. If I escaped, he must fly or suffer as my accomplice. His animal had broken his tether the day before, and gone off with one of the Navajo herds: he must flee on foot. Fort Wingate was fifty to sixty miles south-east by east. I knew that the moon would both aid and endanger me—that I was to follow the valley-curve along the eastern sweep of the Tunichas south, past the ledge of Chusca Mountain and the base of Topped Peak, with three head-streams of the Rio Chusca and the beginning of the Cañon de Chelly to cross on the way, for I had made excursions in that direction, though never in its entire extent. After that was a desert plain almost trailless to Fort Wingate, with the spire-like cone of the volcanic San Mateo to the east as guide and beacon.

"As we passed the old chief's dwelling we saw him within and saluted him. Lahjalah was not there: she had remained below with the women, and I could not see her again until the matter of the council should be ratified. Reaching our camp, there were but few words between the Teguan and me. He ate heartily, and stowed away on his person rations for his journey. He looked at his belt-knife and drew tight the broad thong about his waist. I made him take my revolver, a better weapon than any other in his panther-like flight, climbing, hiding and running. Equipped, he stole over to see if Tarahara slept: yes. He returned, took my hand firmly, and whispering, 'The coyote! come very quiet—quick!' crept under the buffalo skin of our doorway and was gone.

I prepared myself for flight, leaving everything behind but the garments that clothed me, a lump of jerked bear-meat, a handful of tobacco, my note-book, the hunting-knife in my belt and my light mongrel Purdy (one shot- and one rifle-barrel), with some few cartridges. Then I lay and waited—thought, for in the action and stimulation of the two or three hours since I had entered that council-hut I had hardly realized the situation. Charming as may ordinarily be the prospect of matrimony, and lovely as was Lahjalah, it seemed terrible to me to be summoned so suddenly to marry or die: the last had not, of course, been presented to me by the council, but it was suggested there, and required not my guide's confirmation. How could I live with the Navajoes? How bring Lahjalah into such a society as this? Fancy me shopping with my bride at Stewart's, and the street-boys peeping through the windows at the *squaw!* Imagine, dear ladies, hundreds of other incongruous situations—letters from Barnum offering large sums for Mrs. Shotman to ride at the Hippodrome in a Navajo lassoing-scene, etc., etc.! The settlement on me of two hundred wild mustangs and the rank of chief might have tempted me if I had ever before this night had the slightest thought of love between the glorious Lahjalah and the ungallant me. As it was, I must do a most unmanly act, or, at any rate, attempt it at great risk — fly from a maiden's love. In the bright clear horizon of freedom, bachelorhood and the States the enchanting mirage of Tunicha Mountains, Lahjalah, a 'dusky brood,' and the noble savage father-in-law vanished."

The gentleman laughed, some of the ladies smiled with non-committal sweetness, and the literary man remarked that the professor was not a Joaquin Miller. The professor believed he was not, and continued: "In that supine waiting my thoughts were not romantic. There was danger before me, perhaps death: there was the sad, reproachful picture of the mortified, high-spirited Lahjalah, and no noble flight as that of my scriptural ancestor, Joseph, to exalt me. So I lay in inglorious affliction, nothing in heart or mind to cheer me, while the moonlight stretched through open roof and swaying

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doorway, and the silence of the mountain-height was awful with suspense.

"I waited and listened, my nerves trembling. At length there came a low, prolonged sound. It arose in a tremor of bated complaint, and then ended abruptly in a sharp note of anger or alarm. You can readily fancy it if you have ever heard the distant howl of a dog be-demoned by the moon. It was the Teguan's imitation of the coyote's night-cry. It was my signal! In one second I was in cat-like motion toward the face of the cliff. I shall not describe the caution and peril of the descent. Having reached the plain, I was in five minutes more beside my mare. The saddle was on her: I had only to slip on the bridle that lay by the tether-stake, cut the thong and mount.

"Walnoo-Heija was not in sight. He was not far off, I felt sure, but hidden in the shadows, his flight begun. My mare had been the prime animal of the expedition. Before my choice of her I heard some very big stories of her gaminess and endurance. In my ownership of Kira I had proved her intelligence and fleetness, also that she was as high-strung an animal as ever a man bestrode. Solicit her to do, and she would do or die: attempt to coerce her, and the animal was sure to become the master. My partnership with Kira was one of affection and confidence. She was a steel-gray, fifteen hands high, not handsome, but very 'bloody' and full of grace and fire. Had the Teguan gone with me in this ride with his mustang, though it was a good one, he could not have escaped. But I must not anticipate.

"I first walked Kira very gently to the shadows of the cliff, trying to impress her by pats and whispered confidences with the importance of her duty. Under the mountain-side I still kept along slowly and softly as possible for a mile. Then a sharp angle and ledge jutted out before the mountain swept away west in a curve, and there I must cross the now broken, unverdured ground and take to a stony gorge, once the bed of a stream. I picked my way, restraining Kira and anxiously looking to every side. When near the gully, I turned to study with a last search the way I had come. Heavens! how that glance startled me! There in the mountain-walled grazing-plat from which I had started was a moving figure, unless moonlight shadows and distance deceived me. I turned Kira and halted to make sure. Yes: it was a horse and rider. My mare saw them as well as I, her ears pricked, her head thrown up and out. They were not following the protection of the cliff-sides, but crossing the open, straight in our direction. I swung about and made for what I have termed the gully—really a natural roadway, winding, stony, unverdured, depressed sometimes but a little, sometimes a rod below the general level of the land, and seeming to trend in the line I should travel. It was no doubt the bed of a stream that centuries ago had hurled along the rocks left everywhere in its track, now bedded unevenly with sand and débris blown there by the gales of the plain. Here and there in its way were scattered growths of dwarf cacti or piñons; at times its course was as a railroad-cut through high banks; occasionally it was intersected by ravines and fissures of the plain. It was possible that my apparent pursuer had not yet discovered me, and that the gorge would hide me for a time. Kira was anxious, but the way was too rough to permit of more than a broken trot, sometimes a few rods of lope, even with her sure feet. I rode on in the stream-bed for about twenty minutes without knowledge of the other traveler of this wild expanse. You can picture the stage of action—the vast, broken desert plain, a low table-land, irregularly crested, with wide eroded tracts, with volcanic rents exposing low tortuous bluffs and dark isolated fragments of the uncovered strata; now a weird pigmy tree to intensify the desolation; the surface uneven with jagged stones or the untrodden yielding soil of alkalies, and covered with efflorescence; the still, hot, dry atmosphere; the scorpions, spiders, rattlesnakes and centipedes, the only life of this awful dreariness, crawling from their retreats to the night-air; to the south and west low craggy pinnacles of

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dark hues projecting in occasional startling abruptness, and, farther yet, the remote distance fading in the illusive moonlight to a fantastic, changing horizon. This spread-out foreground, barren, desolate, yet fascinating with featureless awe, was all in drear, harsh contrast to the grandeur of the mountain-range on the west and the towering masses with verdurous ravines from which I had started. Their battlements and sculpture grew grim and vague, overlooking in the staring moonlight the relentless void.

"My mare's quick ears and a nervousness with which she clinched the bit made me turn again to look behind. Now it was plain that imagination had not created a pursuer. There, entering the gorge where I had, was a mounted Indian, but nearly a mile behind. Neither he nor I could ride fast along such a track, and now that he had evidently discovered me and given chase, I looked to the locks of my gun and aided Kira in her impatience. On the right, just ahead, was one of the ravines crossing the gorge. Through that I turned for the plain. The footing could not be worse — it might be better; and so it was just there. I came out on a little stretch of dried vegetation, the 'gama' sod covering a slope of the plain, as I approached one of the small head-streams of the Rio Chusca. 'Now, Kira, my girl!' I said; and away she bounded, proud and happy to be let out untrammeled. In a mile more we reached the dry, narrow bed of the stream, and leaped it. The Indian had not appeared from the gorge. Had he continued beyond my exit to cut me off somewhere ahead? No, but he needed as much time as I to make the length. He rode it more quickly than I, for in a few minutes I saw him on the open, coming like a bird. 'Kira dear, the red devil is gaining!' For the first time that night I touched her with my heels. And we *went*. Fleet as was the pace, the mare seemed to pick every spot her feet hit; and it was necessary, for we had left the gama sod and were again on the yielding alkali soil, with its lays or drifts of jagged, friable stone. So we plunged on, I know not how much longer, the ghostliness of the scene unchanging, the western Tunichas dropping more and more to the south, my mare breathing fast but regularly, her delicate ears pointing back and ahead, the distance between me and the Navajo remaining apparently unchanged. Another long, almost undefined slope and a little sage-growth underfoot as we drew toward the second small tributary of the Rio Chusca.

"I had determined my tactics in case a trickle of water should show itself there. One hundred rods from the stream-way I lessened my mare's speed, and a few rods off reduced it to a trot. Yes: there was a handkerchief-width of water running. 'Hold, Kira—take a mouthful: I will look after Mr. Indian.' She trembled impatiently, snorted toward the pursuer drawing nearer and nearer, lowered her head, threw it up again. I hung the reins on the pommel and cocked the rifle-barrel. It was time for my mare to moisten her mouth: when again might we find water? It was time to lead a card for my opponent's game. Down confidently went Kira's nose: she understood the position. On, on came the Indian at his fleetest charge. Something he brandished in his right hand. Two hundred yards — eight rods — six rods! I brought my weapon to the shoulder. Kira had had her refreshment—was up firm again, prompt for the start. As I covered my pursuer his animal fell to a dead halt, flat on his haunches: 'Setja Berharbe' (my name among the Indians —*Silk Beard*), 'retaryo!' (return). It was Lahjalah! Oh, the tone of that hasty entreaty-command! It rang over that desolate plain in notes of startling pathos. Never in so few seconds did I suffer such conflicting emotions and distress. But her horse was advancing again at a gentle pace. I gathered the reins, uncocked my rifle and answered in Spanish, 'Lahjalah, it is impossible: farewell!' With my words the mare sprang off in tremendous springs, and the most direful shriek I ever heard from human voice shot after me a terrible threat and curse.

"The weapon Lahjalah held was a lasso! To flee from an enraged man is trying, even with the sense that you may

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turn at length and fight; but how utterly frightful it is to strain every power in flight from a woman possessed as was that Indian girl, and to know that defeat must be without a blow! Of course, I could no more have harmed Lahjalah, even for liberty or life, than I could now harm one of you ladies. Lahjalah was in mad pursuit. Turning myself toward the pursuer as the chase was renewed, I endeavored to express by some action the misery of my fate, the conflict between impulse and destiny—that it was enforced retreat, not resistance: I bent low my head, and in desperate earnestness to make chivalrous confession I threw my trusty Purdy far from me on the plain.

"That ride seems to me now as the terror of a weird dream. It returns to me again and again in sleep, vivid and distressing. How long or how far we rode without any new episode in the chase I hardly know. We leaped a wide, raggedly-bluffed stream, dry and rock-bedded, the third in the course; we climbed and scrambled with peril through huge rents and fissures; we rode to the best that our animals could do, yet I not urging Kira as Lahjalah did her horse, which, the best of Tarahara's herd, could not equal in such stress of endurance my splendid mare. Sometimes the Indian girl gained on me, but I felt able to make up the loss, and strove to preserve Kira for the struggles there might yet be. As Lahjalah made these gains—which, however, never brought the pursuer near enough to hurl her lasso—she repeated in tremulous contralto that tender command, 'Setja Berharbe, retaryo!' and, as my mare drew away again thrilled me with the scream of rage and despair.

"The crisis was not far off, for the head-rent of a great cañon lay nearly west of Topped Peak, and there lowered the distorted cone of the mountain near ahead and to the right. And now I could hear the labored breath of noble Kira and feel the heaving of her flanks. Still, her ears were in motion, and she seemed to recognize with pleasure my stroking of her neck and the words of encouragement I spoke. From the Indian horse, fifteen or twenty rods behind, came the thick, fast, throbbing wheezes of his distress. With all his pluck, he could not last much longer, and his rider, striking him fiercely with the whirling lasso now, could not force him nearer to the watchful Kira, whom I strove to hold up as I considered the work yet to be done and noted the weakening struggle of Lahjalah's steed. Onward we sprang, pursued and pursuer. Before us soon there stretched in devious line across the plain a rent that seemed to start in a vast disorder of gorges and furrows in the east, as if the whole surface of the plain in that direction had been heaved and seamed by an earthquake, and to extend widening and darkening as far as sight could distinguish in the west. It was the Cañon de Chelly, rising in an immense, impassable upheaval of a once inland sea-bed, and running to the distant Rio Colorado. Could it be crossed? While far from its course I distinguished the uneven width of the seam. Approaching it so rapidly, my eyes anxiously sought the narrowest point, and, having chosen, I directed my mare there, in ignorance whether the leap might be small or impossible. At our speed the doubt must soon be solved. I was in desperate strait. My nerves were tight-strung by the excitement of the adventure, by the exaltation of the ride. There was an intoxication of peril, romance and supreme endeavor and the sympathy with my gallant animal that incited me to daring. Daylight's truth might have dispelled this spirit: the night's moonlight fostered it. The quick, beating time of the flying hoofs, the rhythmical swells of the scurrying gallop, the fast-panting breaths of the striving mare! Nearer, nearer and nearer we sprang to the rent of the cañon. Again, 'Setja Berharbe, retaryo!' in shrill ejaculation. I was pressing Kira for courage and best endeavor: what might be the leap before us? Yet the startling entreaty of that cry made me turn my head. With fleeting glance I saw Lahjalah breaking her horse's rush, and the arm from which the lasso hung warning me back from the gap of the cañon.

"Brief and supreme were the moments

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following. 'Ki-ra!' She rushed to within one bound of the gulf—sheered with terror—made a great spring to return. In that I urged her till she had covered half the distance between the cañon and the halted Lahjalah, then in a flash I wheeled her again and struck her flank with the knife I had drawn from my belt; yet I saw Lahjalah in motion as I made the desperate turn. That blow and the fierce word of rage or fear that I hurled in Kira's ears sufficed. She dashed madly for the cañon. I did not think in that flying moment whether the black gap were wide or narrow: I did not measure it by eye, nor see the intervening gulf sixty feet in depth. As she touched the brink I was conscious of a prodigious plunge and her savage snort. The only other consciousness I had of that wild moment was of a black whirl, as when one falls in a dream, and that something was drawn over my face. Then flight was arrested with a shock. I lay on the ground by the head of my prostrate Kira. The rugged cañon-edge was just beneath the buttocks of my mare, her tail hanging over the edge. Something pressed my neck and held my left arm close to my body. It was the coil of the lasso. Opposite, and not more than twenty-five yards distant, stood Lahjalah by her horse, her hands on the thong bound to her saddle; but she made no motion to take advantage of my bonds. Strange to say, the hunting-knife was still grasped in my hand. I cut the lasso, and the end slipped back into the cañon. I rose, and helped my poor animal to her feet. I was not sensibly injured, but noble Kira, trembling and covered with sweat, breathing painfully and her head extended, showed with the first attempts at faltering steps that she was badly strained, if not more seriously hurt. None but a wonderful horse could have made that leap. After the long, heavy race it was a prodigious performance. I feared no further pursuit, though in the far distance to the north I made out approaching horsemen. But before they came to the cañon I must get beyond the range of arrow or rifle. Leaving her exhausted beast, Lahjalah advanced to the chasm's edge. She looked into its depth. The moon fell upon her with calm pitilessness: not a fleece of cloud was there to veil the struggle in her noble face, the wounded grace of her lovely figure. She raised her eyes and looked firmly at me. What could a man do less than kneel toward the half-savage girl and bow his head for pardon? I muttered 'Farewell, Lahjalah!' and remained in my humiliation until she moved away. Not a word did she speak.

"In two hours more the moonlight was fading before the dawn of day. The waste of that desert plain, the illusion of moonlight dying out, was terrible. Exhausted, fevered with thirst, my mind harrowed with the sad picture of Lahjalah, my ears echoing to the startling tones of her voice, I struggled on beside my poor mare. The sun came up, and beneath its scorching rays we dragged on for hours before a stream and the desert borders were reached. That night we entered Fort Wingate, the once proud Kira a cripple for life. The next night my Teguan came in. Such was my escape from the very noose of matrimony."

"Professor Shotman," exclaimed the widow when the silence of interest had taken a long breath—"Professor Shotman," she exclaimed with a nervous severity which she strove to disguise in a smile, "no woman will ever again try to *catch* you. If I were you I should return to the Navajo wilds and marry the 'glorious Lahjalah.'"

CLARENCE GORDON.

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PROTHALAMION.

I.—FIRST LOVE.

SOFT rosy twilight skies of early spring,
  Where trembles the resplendent evening star
Above a shadowy world new blossoming,
  That breathes forth dewy fragrance nigh and far;
Mysterious whisperings as 'twixt branch and breeze,
  Faint rustlings, murmurs, interrupted notes
Of flute-voiced birds—dear God! what mean all these?
  A strange aërial message subtly floats
From the Spring Spirit to the maiden's breast:
  She gazes forth with languid, dreamful eyes
On the expectant earth, the glowing west.
Upon her heart hath gained the new unrest,
  The piercing thrill of some divine surprise,
  While one supreme star holds the boundless skies.

II.—PSYCHE.

Who loves, believes.—Within a silken room
  A faltering sylph uplifts her flickering torch
Above a sleeping god's ambrosial bloom:
  Blissful, she heeds not the hot drops that scorch
The immortal flesh. Ah! darkness of the tomb
  Makes itself felt: she hears swift wings rush by,
  And knows henceforth the outraged majesty
Of love hath plunged her into loveless gloom.—
  The loyal maid reads o'er the fable wise,
And dreams and wonders, for she would not raise
  The veil from those celestial mysteries,
Despite all taunts of envious tongues' dispraise:
  Far rather quench the torch, smite blind her eyes,
Than sacred love profane with worldly gaze.

III.—MARRIAGE-BELLS.

Music and silver chimes and sunlit air
  Freighted with scent of honeyed orange-flower;
Glad, friendly, festal faces everywhere.
  She, rapt from all in this unearthly hour,
With cloudlike, cast-back veil and faint-flushed cheek,
  In bridal beauty moves as in a trance
Alone with *him*, and fears to breathe, to speak,
  Lest the rare, subtle spell dissolve perchance.
But he upon that floral head looks down,
  Noting the misty eyes, the grave, sweet brow—
Doubts if her bliss be perfect as his own,
  And dedicates anew with inward vow
His soul unto her service, to repay
Richly the sacrifice she yields this day.

EMMA LAZARUS.

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THE CHINESE AT BEAVER FALLS.

BEAVER FALLS is a village of four thousand souls on the line of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway, thirty miles below Pittsburg. It is prettily situated at a bend of the Beaver River, popularly known to the inhabitants as "the Creek." It possesses coal and natural gas, and is an incipient Pittsburg in its manufactures. Its chief merit in the eyes of the capitalist is the waterfall of the river, which gives considerable power.

These features, however advantageous they may be, would hardly have made this village more conspicuous than many others of like character had not an extraneous circumstance contributed thereto. In a word, the ordinary traveler would perhaps have never heard of Beaver Falls had it not been for the introduction of the Chinese. There are now about sixty of them in this colony, all of whom, except the one woman among them, are employed in the extensive cutlery manufactory. They were originally three hundred, and were brought here from California through frequent strikes of white workmen for higher wages and fewer hours of labor. The white men were becoming, according to the superintendent, masters of the establishment, dictating their own terms and working when they pleased. Two objects were attained by the employment of the Chinese—restoration of a proper degree of discipline and cheaper labor. The contract with the yellow men is one dollar a day in gold, fuel and lodgings. At the time this was made the wages of the white men were considerably higher, but the general depression in business has now brought down white labor to a level with, if not lower than, the yellow. As the spirit of insubordination has disappeared among the white workmen, and their labor can be had on as good if not better terms than that of the Chinese, the proprietors of the factory do not care to renew their contracts with the strangers, and the probability is that in a year or two, as their contracts expire, the Chinese will have disappeared from Beaver Falls —a consummation much desired by the white workmen.

The advent and sojourn of the inhabitants of the Tea Kingdom form an episode in the history of the village. When the strangers first appeared they were saluted with brickbats and hootings, and several of them were beaten. After some trouble the cutlery company got them housed in the quarters prepared for them, which were surrounded with a high fence, this being a part of the contract in anticipation of the white workmen's aggressiveness. Indeed, this means of defence seems to have been a favorite one with the Chinese ever since one of their emperors built their Great Wall against the inroads of the Tartars. For a time it was almost a state of siege. The strangers, with the smiling, ingenuous faces which belong to them, marched in a body past scowling faces to their work in the factory, which was only across the street from their quarters — fortunately for all concerned. Some of them, probably, had never seen a fork before, but in a short time their clever hands, taught new tricks, turned out the pronged instrument with the same skill as the Anglo-Saxon hands. As I went through the factory I could not help remarking the womanly hand—one of the ethnological characteristics — and the light and skillful way in which it was used.

The turbulence which their first appearance caused wore away in time, for they did not strike back when they were struck, except so far as was necessary in the way of defence. For some time back they have been free from attack, and have been only subjected to an oc casional hooting or a few words of contempt from the native population. The trials of this kind which they have undergone prove them to be patient, forbearing and forgiving.

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They were not long in the village before the irrepressible desire to convert the heathens was manifested among some of the members of the Christian congregations, who labored with them for some time with considerable zeal, and still occasionally strive with them, but so far without result. The fat Oriental god still hangs over the altar, and the taper still burns before him in the eating-hall of the idolaters. Classes for their religious instruction were organized and carried on with some fervor during the first year. To this idea was joined the more practical one of imparting a knowledge of English, without which it is doubtful if the Chinese would have listened with a good grace to the matter of spiritual amelioration. One of the foremost of those working in the missionary-field was a young woman of some personal attractions, who devoted herself especially to one erring pagan, the Apollo of the band, and known as Pretty Joe. In her desire to rehabilitate Joe morally it appears she went too far, for he captured her. Pretty Joe did not induce her to become a Booddhist or a follower of Confucius, but his confessed sweetheart, he still adhering to the fat god behind the burning taper in the Chinese quarters. If rumor may be credited, there were two or three young women who were desirous of wrestling with the yellow Antinöus—in a spiritual way, let me hasten to add—but their ardor cooled before the knowledge that he had already been wrestled with to the point of becoming engaged to his spiritual teacher. After that, if the same tongue may be believed, they concluded that his mind was not receptive, and that he was not open to spiritual influences. The Chinese listen with unvarying suavity to any doctrine that is urged upon them, but it is doubtful if any real impression is made on the heart or understanding either of the ignorant or the more intelligent.

On board of a man of war there is always one man who never sees the silver lining in the cloud: if the sea is smooth, it is the calm before the storm; he has an eye for the petrel which betokens disaster, and an ear for the fog-whistle which indicates possible collision. He is known among naval men as Dismal Jimmy. The Chinese colony also has its Dismal Jimmy, whose acquaintance I made through the interpreter in the common dining-room. The others sat in groups around three or four tables in good fellowship, but the yellow Dismal Jimmy sat apart, working his chopsticks in silence and solitude. At one end of the large eating-room they had erected their altar and set up their god, the altar being a small table bearing an ever-burning taper, and the god a painting of the usual fat Oriental in a sitting posture. These men, like their brethren generally in China, are not content with the precepts of Confucius, but must have besides the idol visible and palpable, Confucius being to them what Moses was to the Israelites who set up the golden calf.

One of the arguments against the introduction of the Chinese is that they are not consumers of food as the white men are, and consequently that they make meagre purchases, laying by their savings to take them back to China at the expiration of their time. Whatever else may be urged against the Chinese as immigrants, it is certain that this argument falls to the ground on seeing how their tables are served. Here were fish, ducks, chickens, rice and vegetables in quantities sufficient to satisfy good livers. According to the superintendent, the white men in the same occupation and station of life were not so well nourished, as they were usually married men with families, and unable to afford the food which the single men from China were in the habit of buying. The accountant of the factory informed me that the Chinese spent seven-tenths of their wages, laying by the remaining three-tenths to take back to China, to which place they all expect one day to return, as the Frenchman does to France. They are home-consumers of food only, all their clothes and knick-knacks being imported from their own land. Efforts have been made by their employers to induce them to buy these things or their equivalent in America, but without success, for they are more fixed in their habits, prob-

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ably, than any other people. They cannot be persuaded, for instance, to use the fork in eating, although they are constantly handling it in the factory. Still, I must confess that when I saw the dexterity with which the chopsticks were used in their clever fingers, I recognized that the fork was superfluous. They did more with the two sticks than we can with the four-pronged instrument—for example, taking tidbits out of a swimming fricassee that we would plunge for in vain with our prandial implement.

On is the interpreter and head-man among them. He is the only one who has a wife with him, she living in the back part of his house in absolute seclusion. On one occasion she visited the house of the superintendent of the factory, and this is perhaps the only time she has issued from her house since her sojourn in the village. There is much curiosity in the place to see her, especially among the women, but it has not been gratified. On, her husband, says, when approached for this purpose, "My wife is not a show." She is a timid little woman, who is treated by her husband as a child, in accordance with the customs of their native land. He observes considerable discretion on the subject, but is believed to have two other wives in his cradle-country. Indeed, most of them probably had wives there, as the laws permit them to have as many as they can support, and to put them away with facility if they tire of them. It has been hinted by one who is not in sympathy with the missionary movement that when the young women engaged therein learned this they very much relaxed in their efforts to save the heathen. This hint may have dropped from the tongue of gossip, and have little foundation in fact.

Pretty Joe, according to the testimony of his compatriots, is single, and eligible from our point of view, as well as two or three others. So far, the loves of Joseph and his sweetheart have not run smoothly. The traditional obstacles in the way of parents or relatives have placed themselves between two loving hearts, and the Chinese swain not long ago was heard to say, as he sentimentally placed his hand over his left breast, "Me muchee sick, here."

Although Joseph the Pretty has not abjured the faith of his fathers, he has made concessions to American civilization in the way of a gold watch, a massive chain and a pair of patent-leather shoes. The last and most complete sacrifice which he made to our customs was the cutting off of the tail of hair from his crown, for which he was jeered by his compatriots. It may be presumed that this was one of the manifestations of the power of love. The tail, like the mysterious chignons of our women, did not all grow from his scalp, but the real was cleverly intertwined with the false until the necessary length was attained. Still, he gave all that he had to the sacrificial scissors: he could do no more. At this moment the cut pig-tail is probably in the possession of the beloved, given in exchange for one of *her* locks, which, according to the traditions of love, should be tenderly reposing against the ribs of Joseph in the place where he said he was "muchee sick."

Although "pigeon English" may appear to some a puerile affectation, it is undoubtedly the best way of communicating with these yellow men. A few substantives and twisted verbs of one tense comprise a stock in trade which goes a great way. "Catchee" is a staple verb which does more duty than any other: to speak to the superintendent of the factory is to "catchee boss;" to miss seeing him is "no catchee boss;" to get dinner quickly is "catchee chow-chow, chop-chop;" to get married is to "catchee wife;" and so on. One particular form of their politeness is to inquire the age of the stranger to whom they are presented. One can fancy the result should the questioned person happen to be an American single woman of an uncertain age. They unhesitatingly respond to questions about their own age, as we would to those about the weather.

Their equanimity is remarkable. We entered a room in the large lodging-house which contained three Chinese, among the number Dismal Jim. One

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had his trousers rolled up to his thighs, and was engaged in washing his legs and feet in a small tub. Under such circumstances an American would have been disconcerted and shown some signs of confusion. The yellow man engaged in leg-washing smiled with ease and self-possession as he saluted us, still keeping his feet in the water and rubbing his calves as we took the seats which were proffered to us. No sign of bashfulness or awkwardness was visible in the leg-washer as he went on with his ablutions during our visit.

The understanding among themselves to send back the bones of the dead to the nearest kindred is regarded as sacred. In pursuance of this trust, the practice observed here has been to bury the dead for about a year, disinter the remains and boil the flesh from the bones, or what is left of them, in a large kettle, with no more ceremony than if a pot of rice were being cooked. Then the bones are thoroughly cleaned and dried, placed in a box and shipped as merchandise to the native land, where they are interred by relatives for all time. This is doubtless done in obedience to one of the requirements of the Booddhist faith, and reminds one of the tenet of a certain Hebrew sect which commands the believer to die in Jerusalem and have his bones interred in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the penalty for non-compliance being that after death he will be obliged to make an underground journey to that valley, during which he will be annoyed by all manner of reptiles.

As regards the inaccessibility to Christian teaching, a moderately intelligent Chinese, like On, has something to say for himself. When he was urged to believe in the Founder of the Christian religion, he answered that he already had a Christ—meaning Confucius—and that he preferred his own to a stranger. "Besides," added he, "a bird in the cage is worth a flock in the woods, and I shall hold on to Confucius until I am sure of a better; which I don't think possible." Further inquiry, however, brought out the fact that Confucius was not sufficient to satisfy all the wants of his moral nature, and that he had recourse to the superstitions of the Booddhists Subsequent conversation revealed that he believed in a god of the winds, a god of the sun, another of the stars, and so on, Confucius being simply regarded as the Unitarian regards Christ or as the ancient Greek did Socrates. It is well seen in this colony that the arid teachings of the great reforming philosopher, Confucius—something of a Benjamin Franklin, less the inventive genius—do not meet their spiritual needs.

The presence of these Chinese in Beaver Falls naturally suggests reflections as to whether the emigration from their country to this should or should not be encouraged. On the one hand, from an ethnological point of view, such an immigration would probably lower the character of our race, morally and physically. If, say, one-tenth of their population — or about forty millions — were induced to come amongst us to live, they could not help identifying themselves to some extent with our institutions, if only for purposes of self-protection and self-interest. Their economical way of living and cheap labor would bring the white workman to a position approximative to theirs. If they complied with constitutional requirements and became American citizens — and their material interests would impel them to do so — they would probably vote solid, for the thorough organization of their companies in California shows that they understand the power and efficiency of combination. Whether they would exercise the right of suffrage for the welfare of the state is an open question. On the other hand, were the forty millions of Chinese added to our population, the country would become more powerful, as far as wealth can make it so. The industrial and commercial horizon would expand. We should be able to make silks cheaper than Lyons, cutlery cheaper than Sheffield, cottons cheaper than Manchester. In fact, we would probably become the manufactory for the civilized world, for the cheap labor, joined to inexhaustible natural resources, would render competition almost impossible. There would be heavy ex-

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ports and light imports, and money would flow to us from all quarters and make us the world's bankers. There would be more and stricter class-distinctions. The wealthy would become wealthier, and with them would grow up (the complement of wealth in a civilized nation) a class of men skilled in the arts and sciences. The natural superiority of the Americans would probably make them masters in every department — the accumulation of money, the study of science and art and the governing of the state.

So far, they have not manifested a general desire to avail themselves of the privileges of American citizenship anywhere in the United States. This is shown in their determination to return and the shipping back of the bones of their dead. Should they adhere to this desire of remaining as aliens, supposing them to arrive in great numbers, their presence would not probably affect the political destinies of the nation, although the country would reap a rich harvest from their labor, which might be regarded as so much additional capital. As aliens or citizens they would undoubtedly contribute to the material wealth of the nation, but they would add nothing to its intellectual and military strength. On the contrary, they would be, in these two respects, elements of weakness. If they were encouraged to emigrate to this country, forty millions is not an exaggerated estimate of the number that would avail themselves of the invitation when we consider that there is a population of over four hundred millions of people in China, three-fourths of whom are working for a few cents a day; that the fare from the Chinese coast to that of America is only fifteen dollars, which companies in San Francisco are ready to advance, to be repaid from wages subsequently earned in the new country; and that there are at the present time more Irish in the United States than there are in Ireland. Indeed, one-tenth of China's population would probably come rather under than up to the actual number were the hypothesis of protecting Chinese immigration carried out.

The laboring men and the mechanics of America would suffer from their coming in reduced wages and lower status in several respects. The facility of the Chinese in learning a new handicraft is well known, and has been attested in the cutlery-factory of Beaver Falls, where in a month they were equal to any of their white predecessors in their respective departments. Socially, they would occupy a position little higher than that of the black race, and as they would work side by side with white men, the position of the latter would assimilate to some extent to that of the yellow men. It is a characteristic trait in the Anglo-Saxon to look down on the yellow and black races, and the American has inherited it. Thus, the American in the upper grades of society would regard the Chinese as much beneath him, and the white workman working at the same bench for the same wages would naturally fall to a corresponding degree in the estimation of his compatriot of the higher class.

As this is a government of universal suffrage, where the laboring and working men have a large if not a controlling voice, it is hardly likely, if the Chinese were permitted to come here in multitudes, that any political rights would be accorded to them. In this way the white men of the lower classes would at least remain politically superior. It is possible, and even probable, however, that the agitation of this subject on the Pacific coast will stimulate opposition to the incoming of Chinese so much as to force Congress to pass laws that will prohibit farther immigration of these people, even though they should be willing to come and live here without any political privileges or rights. ALBERT RHODES.

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THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM."

CHAPTER LI.

THE PSYCHE.

HE rose early the next morning, and having fed and dressed Kelpie, strapped her blanket behind her saddle, and by all the macadamized ways he could find rode her to the wharf, near where the Thames tunnel had just been commenced. He had no great difficulty with her on the way, though it was rather nervous work at times. But of late her submission to her master had been decidedly growing. When he reached the wharf, he rode her straight along the gangway on to the deck of the smack, as the easiest if not perhaps the safest way of getting her on board. As soon as she was properly secured, and he had satisfied himself as to the provision they had made for her, impressed upon the captain the necessity of being bountiful to her, and brought a loaf of sugar on board for her use, he left her with a lighter heart than he had had ever since first he fetched her from the same deck.

It was a long way to walk home, but he felt much better, and thought nothing of it. And all the way, to his delight, the wind met him in the face. A steady westerly breeze was blowing. If God makes his angels winds, as the Psalmist says, here was one sent to wait upon him. He reached Portland Place in time to present himself for orders at the usual hour. On these occasions his mistress not unfrequently saw him herself, but, to make sure, he sent up the request that she would speak with him.

"I am sorry to hear that you have been ill, Malcolm," she said kindly as he entered the room, where happily he found her alone.

"I am quite well now, thank you, my lady," he returned. "I thought your ladyship would like to hear something I happened to come to the knowledge of the other day."

"Yes? What was that?"

"I called at Mr. Lenorme's to learn what news there might be of him. The housekeeper let me go up to his painting-room, and what should I see there, my lady, but the portrait of my lord marquis more beautiful than ever, the brown smear all gone, and the likeness, to my mind, greater than before!"

"Then Mr. Lenorme is come home!" cried Florimel, scarce attempting to conceal the pleasure his report gave her.

"That I cannot say," said Malcolm. "His housekeeper had a letter from him a few days ago from Newcastle. If he is come back, I do not think she knows it. It seems strange, for who would touch one of his pictures but himself?—except, indeed, he got some friend to set it to rights for your ladyship. Anyhow, I thought you would like to see it again."

"I will go at once," Florimel said, rising hastily. "Get the horses, Malcolm, as fast as you can."

"If my Lord Liftore should come before we start?" he suggested.

"Make haste," returned his mistress impatiently.

Malcolm did make haste, and so did Florimel. What precisely was in her thoughts who shall say when she could not have told herself? But doubtless the chance of seeing Lenorme urged her more than the desire to see her father's portrait. Within twenty minutes they were riding down Grosvenor Place, and happily heard no following hoof-beats. When they came near the river Malcolm rode up to her and said, "Would your ladyship allow me to put up the horses in Mr. Lenorme's stable? I think I could show your ladyship a point or two that may have escaped you."

Florimel thought for a moment, and concluded it would be less awkward, would indeed tend rather to her advantage with Lenorme, should he really be there, to have Malcolm with her. "Very well," she answered: "I see no objec-

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tion. I will ride round with you to the stable, and we can go in the back way."

They did so. The gardener took the horses, and they went up to the study. Lenorme was not there, and everything was just as when Malcolm was last in the room. Florimel was much disappointed, but Malcolm talked to her about the portrait, and did all he could to bring back vivid the memory of her father. At length with a little sigh she made a movement to go.

"Has your ladyship ever seen the river from the next room?" said Malcolm, and as he spoke threw open the door of communication, near which they stood.

Florimel, who was always ready to *see*, walked straight into the drawing-room and went to a window.

"There is that yacht lying there still," remarked Malcolm. "Does she not remind you of the Psyche, my lady?"

"Every boat does that," answered his mistress. "I dream about her. But I couldn't tell her from many another."

"People used to boats, my lady, learn to know them like the faces of their friends. What a day for a sail!"

"Do you suppose that one is for hire?" said Florimel.

"We can ask," replied Malcolm, and with that went to another window, raised the sash, put his head out and whistled. Over tumbled Davy into the dinghy at the Psyche's stern, unloosed the painter, and was rowing for the shore ere the minute was out.

"Why, they're answering your whistle already!" said Florimel.

"A whistle goes farther, and perhaps is more imperative, than any other call," returned Malcolm evasively. "Will your ladyship come down and hear what they say?"

A wave from the slow-silting lagoon of her girlhood came washing over the sands between, and Florimel flew merrily down the stair and across hall and garden and road to the river-bank, where was a little wooden stage or landing-place with a few steps, at which the dinghy was just arriving.

"Will you take us on board and show us your boat?" said Malcolm.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Davy.

Without a moment's hesitation Florimel took Malcolm's offered hand and stepped into the boat. Malcolm took the oars and shot the little tub across the river. When they got alongside the cutter, Travers reached down both his hands for hers, Malcolm held one of his for her foot, and Florimel sprang on deck.

"Young woman on board, Davy?" whispered Malcolm.

"Ay, ay, sir—doon i' the fore," answered Davy; and Malcolm stood by his mistress.

"She *is* like the Psyche," said Florimel, turning to him, "only the mast is not so tall."

"Her topmast is struck, you see, my lady, to make sure of her passing clear under the bridges."

"Ask them if we couldn't go down the river a little way," said Florimel. "I should so like to see the houses from it!"

Malcolm conferred a moment with Travers and returned. "They are quite willing, my lady," he said.

"What fun!" cried Florimel, her girlish spirit all at the surface. "How I should like to run away from horrid London altogether, and never hear of it again!—Dear old Lossie House! and the boats! and the fishermen!" she added meditatively.

The anchor was already up, and the yacht drifting with the falling tide. A moment more and she spread a low treble-reefed mainsail behind and a little jib before, and the western breeze filled and swelled and made them alive, and with wind and tide she went swiftly down the smooth stream. Florimel clapped her hands with delight. The shores and all their houses fled up the river. They slid past row-boats, and great heavy barges loaded to the lip, with huge red sails and yellow, glowing and gleaming in the hot sun. For one moment the shadow of Vauxhall bridge gloomed like a death-cloud, chill and cavernous, over their heads: then out again they shot into the lovely light and heat of the summer world.

"It's well we ain't got to shoot Putney

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or Battersea," said Travers with a grim smile as he stood shaping her course by inches with his magic-like steering in the midst of a little covey of pleasure-boats: "with this wind we might ha' brought either on 'em about our ears like an old barn."

"This *is* life!" cried Florimel as the river bore them nearer and nearer to the vortex—deeper and deeper into the tumult of London. How solemn the silent yet never-resting highway, almost majestic in the stillness of its hurrying might as it rolled heedless past houses and wharfs that crowded its brinks! They darted through under Westminster bridge, and boats and barges more and more numerous covered the stream. Waterloo bridge, Blackfriars' bridge they passed. Sunlight all, and flashing water, and gleaming oars, and gay boats, and endless motion; out of which rose, calm, solemn, reposeful, the resting yet hovering dome of Paul's, with its satellite spires, glittering in the tremulous hot air that swathed in multitudinous ripples the mighty city. Southwark bridge and only London bridge lay between them and the open river, still widening as it flowed to the aged ocean. Through the centre arch they shot, and lo! a world of masts waiting to woo with white sails the winds that should bear them across deserts of water to lands of wealth and mystery. Through the labyrinth led the highway of the stream, and downward they still swept—past the Tower and past the wharf where that morning Malcolm had said good-bye for a time to his four-footed subject and friend. The smack's place was empty. With her hugest of sails she was tearing and flashing away out of their sight far down the river before them. Through dingy, dreary Limehouse they sank, and coasted the melancholy, houseless Isle of Dogs; but on all sides were ships and ships, and when they thinned at last Greenwich rose before them. London and the parks looked unendurable from this more varied life, more plentiful air, and, above all, more abundant space. The very spirit of freedom seemed to wave his wings about the yacht, fanning full her sails. Florimel breathed as if she never could have enough of the sweet wind: each breath gave her all the boundless region whence it blew. She gazed as if she would fill her soul with the sparkling gray of the water, the sun-melted blue of the sky and the incredible green of the flat shores. For minutes she would be silent, her parted lips revealing her absorbed delight, then break out in a volley of questions, now addressing Malcolm, now Travers. She tried Davy too, but Davy knew nothing except his duty here. The Thames was like an unknown eternity to the creature of the Wan Water—about which, however, he could have told her a thousand things. Down and down the river they flew, and not until miles and miles of meadows had come between her and London, not indeed until Gravesend appeared, did it occur to Florimel that perhaps it might be well to think by and by of returning. But she trusted everything to Malcolm, who of course would see that everything was as it ought to be.

Her excitement began to flag a little. She was getting tired. The bottle had been strained by the ferment of the wine. She turned to Malcolm. "Had we not better be putting about?" she said. "I should like to go on for ever, but we must come another day, better provided. We shall hardly be in time for lunch."

It was nearly four o'clock, but she rarely looked at her watch, and indeed wound it up only now and then.

"Will you go below and have some lunch, my lady?" said Malcolm.

"There can't be anything on board," she answered.

"Come and see, my lady," rejoined Malcolm, and led the way to the companion.

When she saw the little cabin she gave a cry of delight. "Why, it is just like our own cabin in the Psyche," she said, "only smaller! Is it not, Malcolm?"

"It is smaller, my lady," returned Malcolm, "but then there is a little stateroom beyond."

On the table was a nice meal—cold, but not the less agreeable in the summer weather. Everything looked charming.

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There were flowers, the linen was snowy, and the bread was the very sort Florimel liked best.

"It is a perfect fairy-tale!" she cried. "And I declare here is our crest on the forks and spoons! — What does it all mean, Malcolm?"

But Malcolm had slipped away and gone on deck again, leaving her to food and conjecture while he brought Rose up from the fore-cabin for a little air. Finding her fast asleep, however, he left her undisturbed.

Florimel finished her meal, and set about examining the cabin more closely. The result was bewilderment. How could a yacht, fitted with such completeness, such luxury, be lying for hire in the Thames? As for the crest on the plate, that was a curious coincidence: many people had the same crest. But both materials and colors were like those of the Psyche! Then the pretty bindings on the book-shelves attracted her: every book was either one she knew or one of which Malcolm had spoken to her. He must have had a hand in the business. Next she opened the door of the state-room, but when she saw the lovely little white berth, and the indications of every comfort belonging to a lady's chamber, she could keep her pleasure to herself no longer. She hastened to the companion-way and called Malcolm. "What *does* it all mean?" she said, her eyes and cheeks glowing with delight.

"It means, my lady, that you are on board your own yacht, the Psyche. I brought her with me from Portlossie, and have had her fitted up according to the wish you once expressed to my lord, your father, that you could sleep on board. Now you might make a voyage of many days in her."

"Oh, Malcolm!" was all Florimel could answer. She was too pleased to think as yet of any of the thousand questions that might naturally have followed.

"Why, you've got the *Arabian Nights* and all my favorite books there!" she said at length. "How long shall we have before we get among the ships again?"

She fancied she had given orders to return, and that the boat had been put about.

"A good many hours, my lady," answered Malcolm.

"Ah, of course!" she returned: "it takes much longer against wind and tide. But my time is my own," she added, rather in the manner of one asserting a freedom she did not feel, "and I don't see why I should trouble myself. It will make some to-do, I dare say, if I don't appear at dinner, but it won't do anybody any harm. They wouldn't break their hearts if they never saw me again."

"Not one of them, my lady," said Malcolm.

She lifted her head sharply, but took no further notice of his remark.

"I won't be plagued any more," she said, holding counsel with herself, but intending Malcolm to hear. "I will break with them rather. Why should I not be as free as Clementina? She comes and goes when and where she likes, and does what she pleases."

"Why, indeed?" said Malcolm; and a pause followed, during which Florimel stood apparently thinking, but in reality growing sleepy.

"I will lie down a little," she said, "with one of those lovely books."

The excitement, the air and the pleasure generally had wearied her. Nothing could have suited Malcolm better. He left her. She went to her berth and fell fast asleep.

When she woke it was some time before she could think where she was. A strange ghosty light was about her, in which she could see nothing plain, but the motion helped her to understand. She rose and crept to the companion-ladder, and up on deck. Wonder upon wonder! A clear full moon reigned high in the heavens, and below there was nothing but water, gleaming with her molten face, or rushing past the boat lead-colored, gray and white. Here and there a vessel, a snow-cloud of sails, would glide between them and the moon, and turn black from truck to water-line. The mast of the Psyche had shot up to its full height; the reef-points of the mainsail were loose and the gaff was

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crowned with its topsail; foresail and jib were full, and she was flying as if her soul thirsted within her after infinite spaces. Yet what more could she want? All around her was wave rushing upon wave, and above her blue heaven and regnant moon. Florimel gave a great sigh of delight.

But what did it, what could it, mean? What was Malcolm about? Where was he taking her? What would London say to such an escapade extraordinary? Lady Bellair would be the first to believe she had run away with her groom — she knew so many instances of that sort of thing — and Lord Liftore would be the next. It was too bad of Malcolm! But she did not feel very angry with him notwithstanding, for had he not done it to give her pleasure? And assuredly he had not failed. He knew better than any one how to please her — better even than Lenorme.

She looked around her. No one was to be seen but Davy, who was steering. The mainsail hid the men, and Rose, having been on deck for two or three hours, was again below. She turned to Davy. But the boy had been schooled, and only answered, "I maunna say naething sae lang 's I'm steerin', mem."

She called Malcolm. He was beside her ere his name had left her lips. The boy's reply had irritated her, and, coming upon this sudden and utter change in her circumstances, made her feel as one no longer lady of herself and her people, but a prisoner. "Once more, what does this mean, Malcolm?" she said in high displeasure. "You have deceived me shamefully! You left me to believe we were on our way back to London, and here we are out at sea! Am I no longer your mistress? Am I a child, to be taken where you please? And what, pray, is to become of the horses you left at Mr. Lenorme's?"

Malcolm was glad of a question he was prepared to answer: "They are in their own stalls by this time, my lady. I took care of that."

"Then it was all a trick to carry me off against my will!" she cried with growing indignation.

"Hardly against your will, my lady," said Malcolm, embarrassed and thoughtful, in a tone deprecating and apologetic.

"Utterly against my will!" insisted Florimel. "Could I ever have consented to go to sea with a boatful of men, and not a woman on board? You have disgraced me, Malcolm." Between anger and annoyance she was on the point of crying.

"It's not so bad as that, my lady.— Here, Rose!" At his word Rose appeared.—"I've brought one of Lady Bellair's maids for your service, my lady," Malcolm went on. "She will do the best she can to wait on you."

Florimel gave her a look. "I don't remember you," she said.

"No, my lady: I was in the kitchen."

"Then you can't be of much use to me."

"A willing heart goes a long way, my lady," said Rose prettily.

"That is true," returned Florimel, rather pleased. "Can you get me some tea?"

"Yes, my lady."

Florimel turned, and, much to Malcolm's content, vouchsafing him not a word more, went below.

Presently a little silver lamp appeared in the roof of the cabin, and in a few minutes Davy came carrying the teatray, and followed by Rose with the teapot. As soon as they were alone Florimel began to question Rose, but the girl soon satisfied her that she knew little or nothing. When Florimel pressed her how she could go she knew not where at the desire of a fellow-servant, she gave such confused and apparently contradictory answers that Florimel began to think ill of both her and Malcolm, and to feel yet more uncomfortable and indignant; and the more she dwelt upon Malcolm's presumption, and speculated as to his possible design in it, she grew the angrier.

She went again on deck. By this time she was in a passion, little mollified by the sense of her helplessness. "MacPhail," she said, laying the restraint of dignified utterance upon her words, "I desire you to give me a good reason for your most unaccountable behavior. Where are you taking me?"

"To Lossie House, my lady."

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"Indeed!" she returned with scornful and contemptuous surprise. "Then I order you to change your course at once and return to London,"

"I cannot, my lady."

"*Cannot!* Whose orders but mine are you under, pray?"

"Your father's, my lady."

"I have heard more than enough of that unfortunate — statement, and the measureless assumptions founded on it. I shall heed it no longer."

"I am only doing my best to take care of you, my lady, as I promised *him*. You will know it one day if you will but trust me."

"I have trusted you ten times too much, and have gained nothing in return but reasons for repenting it. Like all other servants made too much of, you have grown insolent. But I shall put a stop to it. I cannot possibly keep you in my service after this. Am I to pay a master where I want a servant?" Malcolm was silent. "You must have some reason for this strange conduct," she went on. "How can your supposed duty to my father justify you in treating me with such disrespect? Let me know your reasons: I have a right to know them."

"I will answer you, my lady," said Malcolm.—"Davy, go forward: I will take the helm.—Now, my lady, if you will sit on that cushion.—Rose, bring my lady a fur cloak you will find in the cabin.—Now, my lady, if you will speak low. that neither Davy nor Rose shall hear us —Travers is deaf—I will answer you."

"I ask you," said Florimel, "why you have dared to bring me away like this. Nothing but some danger threatening me could justify it."

"There you say it, my lady."

"And what is the danger, pray?"

"You were going on the Continent with Lady Bellair and Lord Liftore, and without me to do as I had promised."

"You insult me!" cried Florimel. "Are my movements to be subject to the approbation of my groom? Is it possible my father could give his henchman such authority over his daughter? I ask again, Where was the danger?"

"In your company, my lady."

"So!" exclaimed Florimel, attempting to rise in sarcasm as she rose in wrath, lest she should fall into undignified rage. "And what may be your objection to my companions?"

"That Lady Bellair is not respected in any circle where her history is known, and that her nephew is a scoundrel."

"It but adds to the wrong you heap on me that you compel me to hear such wicked abuse of my father's friends," said Florimel, struggling with tears of anger. But for regard to her dignity she would have broken out in fierce and voluble rage.

"If your father knew Lord Liftore as I do, he would be the last man my lord marquis would see in your company."

"Because he gave you a beating you have no right to slander him," said Florimel spitefully.

Malcolm laughed. He must either laugh or be angry. "May I ask how your ladyship came to hear of that?"

"He told me himself," she answered.

"Then, my lady, he is a liar, as well as worse. It was I who gave *him* the drubbing he deserved for his insolence to my—mistress. I am sorry to mention the disagreeable fact, but it is absolutely necessary you should know what sort of man he is."

"And if there be a lie, which of the two is the more likely to tell it?"

"That question is for you, my lady, to answer."

"I never knew a servant who would not tell a lie," said Florimel.

"I was brought up a fisherman," said Malcolm.

"And," Florimel went on, "I have heard my father say no gentleman ever told a lie."

"Then Lord Liftore is no gentleman," said Malcolm. "But I am not going to plead my own cause even to you, my lady. If you can doubt me, do. I have only one thing more to say—that when I told you and my Lady Clementina about the fisher-girl and the gentleman—"

"How dare you refer to that again? Even you ought to know there are things

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a lady cannot hear. It is enough you affronted me with that before Lady Clementina; and after foolish boasts on my part of your good-breeding! Now you bring it up again, when I cannot escape your low talk!"

"My lady, I am sorrier than you can think; but which is worse, that you should hear such a thing spoken of, or make a friend of the man who did it?—and that is Lord Liftore."

Florimel turned away, and gave her seeming attention to the moonlit waters sweeping past the swift-sailing cutter. Malcolm's heart ached for her: he thought she was deeply troubled. But she was not half so shocked as he imagined. Infinitely worse would have been the shock to him could he have seen how little the charge against Liftore had touched her. Alas! evil communications had already in no small degree corrupted her good manners. Lady Bellair had uttered no bad words in her hearing; had softened to decency every story that required it; had not unfrequently tacked a worldly-wise moral to the end of one; and yet, and yet, such had been the tone of her telling, such the allotment of laughter and lamentation, such the acceptance of things as necessary, and such the repudiation of things as quixotic, puritanical, impossible, that the girl's natural notions of the lovely and the clean had got dismally shaken and confused. Happily, it was as yet more her judgment than her heart that was perverted. But had she spoken out what was in her thoughts as she looked over the great wallowing water, she would have merely said that for all that Liftore was no worse than other men. They were all the same. It was very unpleasant, but how could a lady help it? If men would behave so, were by nature like that, women must not make themselves miserable about it. They need ask no questions. They were not supposed to be acquainted with the least fragment of the facts, and they must cleave to their ignorance, and lay what blame there might be on the woman concerned. The thing was too indecent even to think about. Ostrich-like, they must hide their heads, close their eyes and take the vice in their arms—to love, honor and obey as if it were virtue's self, and men as pure as their demands on their wives.

There are thousands that virtually reason thus: Only ignore the thing effectually, and for you it is not. Lie right thoroughly to yourself, and the thing is gone. The lie destroys the fact. So reasoned Lady Macbeth, until conscience at last awoke, and she could no longer keep even the smell of the blood from her. What needed Lady Lossie care about the fisher-girl, or any other concerned with his past, so long as he behaved like a gentleman to her? Malcolm was a foolish meddling fellow, whose interference was the more troublesome that it was honest.

She stood thus gazing on the waters that heaved and swept astern, but without knowing that she saw them, her mind full of such nebulous matter as, condensed, would have made such thoughts as I have set down. And still and ever the water rolled and tossed away behind in the moonlight.

"Oh, my lady," said Malcolm, "what it would be to have a soul as big and as clean as all this!"

She made no reply, did not turn her head or acknowledge that she heard him. A few minutes more she stood, then went below in silence, and Malcolm saw no more of her that night.

CHAPTER LII.

HOPE CHAPEL.

It was Sunday during which Malcolm lay at the point of death some three stories above his sister's room. There, in the morning, while he was at the worst, she was talking with Clementina, who had called to see whether she would not go and hear the preacher of whom he had spoken with such fervor.

Florimel laughed: "You seem to take everything for gospel Malcolm says, Clementina."

"Certainly not," returned Clementina, rather annoyed. "Gospel now-a-days is what nobody disputes and nobody heeds; but I do heed what Malcolm says, and

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intend to find out, if I *can*, whether there is any reality in it. I thought you had a high opinion of your groom."

"I would take his word for anything a man's word can be taken for," said Florimel.

"But you don't set much store by his judgment?"

"Oh, I dare say he's right. But I don't care for the things you like so much to talk with him about. He's a sort of poet, anyhow, and poets must be absurd. They are always either dreaming or talking about their dreams: they care nothing for the realities of life. No: if you want advice, you must go to your lawyer or clergyman, or some man of common sense, neither groom nor poet."

"Then, Florimel, it comes to this—that this groom of yours is one of the truest of men, and one who possessed your father's confidence, but you are so much his superior that you are capable of judging him, and justified in despising his judgment."

"Only in practical matters, Clementina."

"A duty toward God is with you such a practical matter that you cannot listen to anything he has got to say about it."

Florimel shrugged her shoulders.

"For my part, I would give all I have to know there was a God worth believing in."

"Clementina!"

"What?"

"Of course there's a God. It is very horrible to deny it."

"Which is worse—to deny *it* or to deny *Him*? Now, I confess to doubting *it*—that is, the fact of a God; but you seem to me to deny God himself, for you admit there is a God—think it very wicked to deny that—and yet you don't take interest enough in Him to wish to learn anything about Him. You won't *think*, Florimel: I don't fancy you ever really *think*."

Florimel again laughed. "I am glad," she said, "that you don't judge me *incapable* of that high art. But it is not so very long since Malcolm used to hint something much the same about yourself, my lady."

"Then he was quite right," returned Clementina. "I am only just beginning to think, and if I can find a teacher, here I am, his pupil."

"Well, I suppose I can spare my groom quite enough to teach you all he knows," Florimel said with what Clementina took for a marked absence of expression. She reddened. But she was not one to defend herself before her principles.

"If he can, why should he not?" she said. "But it was of his friend Mr. Graham I was thinking, not himself."

"You cannot tell whether he has got anything to teach you."

"Your groom's testimony gives likelihood enough to make it my duty to go and see. I intend to find the place this evening."

"It must be some little ranting Methodist conventicle. He would not be allowed to preach in a church, you know."

"Of course not. The Church of England is like the apostle that forbade the man casting out devils, and got forbid himself for it—with this difference, that she won't be forbid. Well, she chooses her portion with Dives and not Lazarus. She is the most arrant respecter of persons I know, and her Christianity is worse than a farce. It was that first of all that drove me to doubt. If I could find a place where everything was just the opposite, the poorer it was the better I should like it. It makes me feel quite wicked to hear a smug parson reading the gold ring and the goodly apparel, while the pew-openers beneath are illustrating in dumb show the very thing the apostle is pouring out the vial of his indignation upon over their heads—doing it calmly and without a suspicion, for the parson, while he reads, is rejoicing in his heart over the increasing aristocracy of his congregation. The farce is fit to make a devil in torment laugh."

Once more Florimel laughed aloud: "Another revolution, Clementina, and we shall have you heading the canaille to destroy Westminster Abbey."

"I would follow any leader to destroy falsehood," said Clementina. "No canaille will take that up until it meddles with their stomachs or their pew-rents."

"Really, Clementina, you are the worst

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Jacobin I ever heard talk. My groom is quite an aristocrat beside you."

"Not an atom more than I am. I do acknowledge an aristocracy, but it is one neither of birth nor of intellect nor of wealth."

"What is there besides to make one?"

"Something I hope to find before long. What if there be indeed a kingdom and an aristocracy of life and truth? Will you or will you not go with me to hear this schoolmaster?"

"I will go anywhere with you, if it were only to be seen with such a beauty," said Florimel, throwing her arms round her neck and kissing her.

Clementina gently returned the embrace, and the thing was settled.

The sound of their wheels, pausing in swift revolution with the clangor of iron hoofs on rough stones at the door of the chapel, refreshed the diaconal heart like the sound of water in the desert. For the first time in the memory of the oldest the day-spring of success seemed on the point of breaking over Hope chapel. The ladies were ushered in by Mr. Marshal himself, to Clementina's disgust and Florimel's amusement, with much the same attention as his own shop-walker would have shown to carriage-customers. How could a man who taught light and truth be found in such a mean *entourage?* But the setting was not the jewel: a real stone *might* be found in a copper ring. So said Clementina to herself as she sat waiting her hoped-for instructor.

Mrs. Catanach settled her broad back into its corner, chuckling over her own wisdom and foresight. Her seat was at the pulpit end of the chapel, at right angles to almost all the rest of the pews—chosen because thence, if indeed she could not well see the preacher, she could get a good glimpse of nearly every one that entered. Keen-sighted both physically and intellectually, she recognized Florimel the moment she saw her. "Twa doos mair to the boody-craw?" she laughed to herself. "Ae man thrashin', an' twa birdies pickin'?" she went on, quoting the old nursery nonsense. Then she stooped and let down her veil. Florimel hated her, and therefore might know her. "It's the day o' the Lord wi' auld Sanny Grame!" she resumed to herself as she lifted her head. "He's stickit nae mair, but a chosen trumpet at last. Foul fa' 'im for a wearifu' cratur, for a' that! He has nowther balm o' grace nor pith o' damnation. Yon laad Flemin', 'at preached i' the Baillies' Barn aboot the dowgs gaein' roon' an' roon' the wa's o' the New Jeroozlem, gien he had but hauden thegither an' no gane to the worms sae sune, wad hae dung a score o' 'im. He garred my skin creep to hear 'im. But Sanny angers me to that degree 'at but for rizzons—like yon twa—I wad gang oot i' the mids o' ane o' 's palahvers, an' never come back, though I hae a haill quarter o' my sittin' to sit oot yet, an' it cost me dear an' fits the auld back o' me no that ill."

When Mr. Graham rose to read the psalm, great was Clementina's disappointment: he looked altogether, as she thought, of a sort with the place—mean and dreary, of the chapel very chapelly—and she did not believe it could be the man of whom Malcolm had spoken. By a strange coincidence, however—a kind of occurrence as frequent as strange—he read for his text that same passage about the gold ring and the vile raiment, in which we learn how exactly the behavior of the early Jewish churches corresponded to that of the later English ones; and Clementina soon began to alter her involuntary judgment of him when she found herself listening to an utterance beside which her most voluble indignation would have been but as the babble of a child. Sweeping, incisive, withering, blasting denunciation, logic and poetry combining in one torrent of genuine eloquence, poured confusion and dismay upon head and heart of all who set themselves up for pillars of the Church without practicing the first principles of the doctrine of Christ—men who, professing to gather their fellows together in the name of Christ, conducted the affairs of the Church on the principles of hell—men so blind and dull and slow of heart that they would never know what the outer darkness meant until it had closed around them—men who paid court to the

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rich for their money, and to the poor for their numbers — men who sought gain first, safety next, and the will of God not at all—men whose presentation of Christianity was enough to drive the world to a preferable infidelity.

Clementina listened with her very soul. All doubt as to whether this was Malcolm's friend vanished within two minutes of his commencement. If she rejoiced a little more than was humble or healthful in finding that such a man thought as she thought, she gained this good notwithstanding—the presence and power of a man who believed in righteousness the doctrine he taught. Also she perceived that the principles of equality he held were founded on the infinite possibilities of the individual, and of the race only through the individual, and that he held these principles with an absoluteness, an earnestness, a simplicity, that dwarfed her loudest objurgation to the uneasy murmuring of a sleeper. She could not but trust him, and her hope grew great that perhaps for her he held the key of the kingdom of heaven. She saw that if what this man said was true, then the gospel was represented by men who knew nothing of its real nature, and by such she had been led into a false judgment of it. "If such a man," said the schoolmaster in conclusion, "would but once represent to himself that the man whom he regards as beneath him *may* nevertheless be immeasurably above him—and that after no arbitrary judgment, but according to the absolute facts of creation, the scale of the kingdom of God, in which *being* is rank—if he could persuade himself of the possibility that he may yet have to worship before the feet of those on whom he looks down as on the creatures of another and meaner order of creation, would it not sting him to rise, and, lest this should be one of such, make offer of his chair to the poor man in the vile raiment? Would he ever more, all his life long, dare to say, 'Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool'?"

During the week that followed Clementina reflected with growing delight on what she had heard, and looked forward to hearing more of a kind correspondent on the approaching Sunday. Nor did the shock of the disappearance of Florimel with Malcolm abate her desire to be taught by Malcolm's friend.

Lady Bellair was astounded, mortified, enraged. Liftore turned gray with passion, then livid with mortification at the news. Not one of all their circle, as Florimel had herself foreseen, doubted for a moment that she had run away with that groom of hers. Indeed, upon examination it became evident that the scheme had gone for some time in hand: the yacht they had been on board had been lying there for months; and although she was her own mistress, and might marry whom she pleased, it was no wonder she had run away, for how could she have held her face to it, or up, after it?

Lady Clementina accepted the general conclusion, but judged it individually. She had more reason to be distressed at what seemed to have taken place than any one else: indeed, it stung her to the heart, wounding her worse than in its first stunning effects she was able to know; yet she thought better rather than worse of Florimel because of it. What she did not like in her with reference to the affair was the depreciatory manner in which she had always spoken of Malcolm. If genuine, it was quite inconsistent with due regard for the man for whom she was yet prepared to sacrifice so much: if, on the other hand, her slight opinion of his judgment was a pretence, then she had been disloyal to the just prerogatives of friendship.

The latter part of that week was the sorest time Clementina had ever passed. But, like a true woman, she fought her own misery and sense of loss, as well as her annoyance and anxiety, constantly saying to herself that, be the thing as it might, she could never cease to be glad that she had known Malcolm MacPhail.

CHAPTER LIII.

A NEW PUPIL.

THE sermon Lady Clementina heard with such delight had followed one lev-

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eled at the common and right worldly idea of success harbored by each, and unquestioned by one of the chief men of the community: together they caused a strange uncertain sense of discomfort in the mind diaconal. Slow to perceive that that idea, nauseous in his presentment of it, was the very same cherished and justified by themselves, unwilling also to believe that in his denunciation of respecters of persons they themselves had a full share, they yet felt a little uneasy from the vague whispers of their consciences on the side of the neglected principles enounced, clashing with the less vague conviction that if those whispers were encouraged and listened to, the ruin of their hopes for their chapel, and their influence in connection with it, must follow. They eyed each other doubtfully, and there appeared a general tendency amongst them to close-pressed lips and single shakes of the head. But there were other forces at work, tending in the same direction.

Whatever may have been the influence of the schoolmaster upon the congregation gathered in Hope chapel, there was one on whom his converse, supplemented by his preaching, had taken genuine hold. Frederick Marshal had begun to open his eyes to the fact that, regarded as a profession, the ministry, as they called it in their communion, was the meanest way of making a living in the whole creation—one deserving the contempt of every man honest enough to give honorable work—that is, work worth the money—for the money paid him. Also, he had a glimmering insight, on the other hand, into the truth of what the dominie said—that it was the noblest of martyrdoms to the man who, sent by God, loved the truth with his whole soul, and was never happier than when bearing witness of it, except, indeed, in those blessed moments when receiving it of the Father. In consequence of this opening of his eyes the youth recoiled with dismay from the sacrilegious mockery of which he had been guilty in meditating the presumption of teaching holy things, of which the sole sign that he knew anything was now afforded by this same recoil. At last he was not far from the kingdom of heaven, though whether he was to be sent to persuade men that that kingdom was amongst them, and must be in them, remained a question.

On the morning after the latter of those two sermons, Frederick, as they sat at breakfast, succeeded, with no small effort—for he feared his mother—in blurting out to his father the request that he might be taken into the counting-house; and when indignantly requested, over the top of the teapot, to explain himself, declared that he found it impossible to give his mind to a course of education which could only end in the disappointment of his parents, seeing he was at length satisfied that he had no call to the ministry. His father was not displeased at the thought of having him at the shop, but his mother was for some moments speechless with angry tribulation. Recovering herself, with scornful bitterness she requested to know to what tempter he had been giving ear, for tempted he must have been ere son of hers would have been guilty of backsliding from *the cause*—of taking his hand from the plough and looking behind him. The youth returned such answers as, while they satisfied his father he was right, served only to convince his mother, where yet conviction was hardly needed, that she had to thank the dominie for his defection, his apostasy from the Church to the world.

Incapable of perceiving that now first there was hope of a genuine disciple in the child of her affection, she was filled with the gall of disappointment, and with spite against the man who had taught her son how worse than foolish it is to aspire to teach before one has learned; nor did she fail to cast scathing reflections on her husband, in that he had brought home a viper in his bosom, a wolf into his fold, the wretched minion of a worldly Church, to lead her son away captive at his will; and partly no doubt from his last uncomfortable sermons, but mainly from the play of Mrs. Marshal's tongue on her husband's tympanum, the deacons in full conclave agreed that no further renewal of the invitation to preach "for them" should be made to the school-

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master—just the end of the business Mr. Graham had expected, and for which he had provided. On Tuesday morning he smiled to himself, and wondered whether, if he were to preach in his own schoolroom the next Sunday evening, any one would come to hear him. On Saturday he received a cool letter of thanks for his services, written by the ironmonger in the name of the deacons, enclosing a cheque, tolerably liberal as ideas went, in acknowledgment of them. The cheque Mr. Graham returned, saying that, as he was not a preacher by profession, he had no right to take fees. It was a half-holiday: he walked up to Hampstead Heath, and was paid for everything, in sky and cloud, fresh air and a glorious sunset.

When the end of her troubled week came, and the Sunday of her expectation brought lovely weather, with a certain vague suspicion of peace, into the regions of Mayfair and Spitalfields, Clementina walked across the Regent's Park to Hope chapel and its morning observances, but thought herself poorly repaid for her exertions by having to listen to a dreadful sermon and worse prayers from Mr. Masquar, one of the chief priests of Commonplace— a comfortable idol to serve, seeing he accepts as homage to himself all that any man offers to his own person, opinions or history. But Clementina contrived to endure it, comforting herself that she had made a mistake in supposing Mr. Graham preached in the morning.

In the evening her carriage once again drew up with clang and clatter at the door of the chapel. But her coachman was out of temper at having to leave the bosom of his family circle — as he styled the table that upheld his pot of beer and jar of tobacco—of a Sunday, and sought relief to his feelings in giving his horses a lesson in crawling; the result of which was fortunate for his mistress: when she entered the obnoxious Mr. Masquar was already reading the hymn. She turned at once and made for the door.

But her carriage was already gone. A strange sense of loneliness and desolation seized her. The place had grown hateful to her, and she would have fled from it. Yet she lingered in the porch. The eyes of the man in the pulpit, with his face of false solemnity and low importance—she seemed to feel the look of them on her back, yet she lingered. Now that Malcolm was gone, how was she to learn when Mr. Graham would be preaching?

"If you please, ma'am," said a humble and dejected voiee.

She turned and saw the seamed and smoky face of the pew-opener, who had been watching her from the lobby, and had crept out after her. She dropped a curtsey, and went on hurriedly, with an anxious look now and then over her shoulder: "Oh, ma'am, we sha'n't see *him* no more. Our people here—they're very good people, but they don't like to be told the truth. It seems to me as if they knowed it so well they thought as how there was no need for them to mind it."

"You don't mean that Mr. Graham has given up preaching here?"

"They've given up astin' of 'im to preach, lady. But if ever there was a good man in that pulpit, Mr. Graham he do be that man."

"Do you know where he lives?"

"Yes, ma'am, but it would be hard to direct you." Here she looked in at the door of the chapel with a curious half-frightened glance, as if to satisfy herself that the inner door was closed. "But," she went on, "they won't miss me now the service is begun, and I can be back before it's over. I'll show you where, ma'am."

"I should be greatly obliged to you," said Clementina; "only I am sorry to give you the trouble."

"To tell the truth, I'm only too glad to get away," she returned, "for the place it do look like a cementery, now *he*'s out of it."

"Was he so kind to you?"

"He never spoke word to me, as to myself like, no, nor never give me sixpence, like Mr. Masquar do; but he give me strength in my heart to bear up, and that's better than meat or money."

It was a good half hour's walk, and during it Clementina held what conversation she might with her companion.

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It was not much the woman had to say of a general sort. She knew little beyond her own troubles and the help that met them, but what else are the two main forces whose composition results in upward motion? Her world was very limited—the houses in which she went charing, the chapel she swept and dusted, the neighbors with whom she gossiped, the little shops where she bought the barest needs of her bare life—but it was at least large enough to leave behind her; and if she was not one to take the kingdom of heaven by force, she was yet one to creep quietly into it. The earthly life of such as she — immeasurably less sordid than that of the poet who will not work for his daily bread, or that of the speculator who, having settled money on his wife, risks that of his neighbor — passing away like a cloud, will hang in their west, stained indeed, but with gold; blotted, but with roses. Dull as it all was now, Clementina yet gained from her unfoldings a new outlook upon life, its needs, its sorrows, its consolations and its hopes; nor was there any vulgar pity in the smile of the one, or of degrading acknowledgment in the tears of the other, when a piece of gold passed from hand to hand as they parted.

The Sunday-sealed door of the stationer's shop — for there was no private entrance to the house — was opened by another sad-faced woman. What a place to seek the secret of life in! Lovelily enfolds the husk its kernel; but what the human eye turns from as squalid and unclean may enfold the seed that clasps, couched in infinite withdrawment, the vital germ of all that is lovely and graceful, harmonious and strong, all without which no poet would sing, no martyr burn, no king rule in righteousness, no geometrician pore over the marvelous *must*.

The woman led her through the counter into a little dingy room behind the shop, looking out on a yard a few feet square, with a water-butt, half a dozen flower-pots, and a maimed plaster Cupid perched on the window-sill. There sat the schoolmaster, in conversation with a lady, whom the woman of the house, awed by her sternness and grandeur, had, out of regard to her lodger's feelings, shown into her parlor, and not into his bedroom.

Cherishing the hope that the patent consequences of his line of action might have already taught him moderation, Mrs. Marshal, instead of going to chapel to hear Mr. Masquar, had paid Mr. Graham a visit, with the object of enlisting his sympathies if she could—at all events, his services — in the combating of the scruples he had himself aroused in the bosom of her son. What had passed between them I do not care to record, but when Lady Clementina — unannounced of the landlady—entered, there was light enough, notwithstanding the non-reflective properties of the water-butt, to reveal Mrs. Marshal flushed and flashing, Mr. Graham grave and luminous, and to enable the chapel-business eye of Mrs. Marshal, which saw every stranger that entered "Hope," at once to recognize her as having made one of the congregation the last Sunday evening. Evidently one of Mr. Graham's party, she was not prejudiced in her favor. But there was that in her manner which impressed her—that something ethereal and indescribable which she herself was constantly aping—and, almost involuntarily, she took upon herself such honors as the place, despicable in her eyes, would admit of. She rose, made a sweeping curtsey, and addressed Lady Clementina with such a manner as people of Mrs. Marshal's ambitions put off and on like their clothes. "Pray, take a seat, ma'am, such as it is," she said with a wave of her hand. "I believe I have had the pleasure of seeing you at our place."

Lady Clementina sat down: the room was too small to stand in, and Mrs. Marshal seemed to take the half of it. "I am not aware of the honor," she returned, doubtful what the woman meant — perhaps some shop or dressmaker's. Clementina was not one who delighted in freezing her humbler fellow-creatures, as we know; but there was something altogether repulsive in the would-be grand but really arrogant behavior of her fellow-visitor.

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"I mean," said Mrs. Marshal, a little abashed, for ambition is not strength, "at our little Bethel in Kentish Town. Not that *we* live there," she explained with a superior smile.

"Oh, I think I understand. You must mean the chapel where this gentleman was preaching."

"That *is* my meaning," assented Mrs. Marshal.

"I went there to-night," said Clementina, turning with some timidity to Mr. Graham. "That I did not find you there, sir, will, I hope, explain—" Here she paused, and turned again to Mrs. Marshal: "I see you think with me, madam, that a true teacher is worth following." As she said this she turned once more to Mr. Graham, who sat listening with a queer, amused, but right courteous smile. "I hope you will pardon me," she continued, "for venturing to call upon you, and, as I have had the misfortune to find you occupied, allow me to call another day. If you would set me a time, I should be more obliged than I can tell you," she concluded, her voice trembling a little.

"Stay now if you will, madam," returned the schoolmaster with a bow of the oldest-fashioned courtesy. "This lady has done laying her commands upon me, I believe."

"As you think proper to call them commands, Mr. Graham, I conclude you intend to obey them," said Mrs. Marshal with a forced smile and an attempt at pleasantry.

"Not for the world, madam," he answered. "Your son is acting the part of a gentleman — yes, I make bold to say, of one who is very nigh the kingdom of heaven, if not indeed within its gate, and before I would check him I would be burnt at the stake — even were your dspleasure the fire, madam," he added, with a kindly bow. "Your son is a fine fellow."

"He would be if he were left to himself. Good-evening, Mr. Graham. Good-bye, rather, for I *think* we are not likely to meet again."

"In heaven, I hope, madam, for by that time we shall be able to understand each other," said the schoolmaster, still kindly.

Mrs. Marshal made no answer beyond a facial flash as she turned to Clementina. "Good-evening, ma'am," she said. "To pay court to the earthen vessel because of the treasure it may happen to hold is to be a respecter of persons as bad as any."

An answering flash broke from Clementina's blue orbs, but her speech was more than calm as she returned: "I learned something of that lesson last Sunday evening, I hope, ma'am. But you have left me far behind, for you seem to have learned disrespect even to the worthiest of persons. Good-evening, ma'am." She looked the angry matron full in the face with an icy regard, from which, as from the Gorgon eye, she fled.

The victor turned to the schoolmaster. "I beg your pardon, sir," she said, "for presuming to take your part, but a gentleman is helpless with a vulgar woman."

"I thank you, madam. I hope the sharpness of your rebuke— But indeed the poor woman can hardly help her rudeness, for she is very worldly, and believes herself very pious. It is the old story—hard for the rich."

Clementina was struck. "I too am rich and worldly," she said. "But I know that I am not pious, and if you would but satisfy me that religion is common sense, I would try to be religious with all my heart and soul."

"I willingly undertake the task. But let us know each other a little first. And lest I should afterward seem to have taken an advantage of you, I hope you have no wish to be nameless to me, for my friend Malcolm MacPhail had so described you that I recognized your ladyship at once."

Clementina said that, on the contrary, she had given her name to the woman who opened the door. "It is because of what Malcolm said of you that I ventured to come to you."

"Have you seen Malcolm lately?" he asked, his brow clouding a little. "It is more than a week since he has been to me."

Thereupon, with embarrassment such as she would never have felt except in the presence of pure simplicity, she told of his disappearance with his mistress.

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"And you think they have run away together?" said the schoolmaster, his face beaming with what, to Clementina's surprise, looked almost like merriment.

"Yes, I think so," she answered. "Why not, if they choose?"

"I will say this for my friend Malcolm," returned Mr. Graham composedly, "that whatever he did I should expect to find not only all right in intention, but prudent and well devised also. The present may well seem a rash, ill-considered affair for both of them, but—"

"I see no necessity either for explanation or excuse," said Clementina, too eager to mark that she interrupted Mr. Graham. "In making up her mind to marry him Lady Lossie has shown greater wisdom and courage than, I confess, I had given her credit for."

"And Malcolm?" rejoined the schoolmaster softly. "Should you say of him that he showed equal wisdom?"

"I decline to give an opinion upon the gentleman's part in the business," answered Clementina, laughing, but glad there was so little light in the room, for she was painfully conscious of the burning of her cheeks. "Besides, I have no measure to apply to Malcolm," she went on, a little hurriedly. "He is like no one else I have ever talked with, and I confess there is something about him I cannot understand. Indeed, he is beyond me altogether."

"Perhaps, having known him from infancy, I might be able to explain him," returned Mr. Graham in a tone that invited questioning.

"Perhaps, then," said Clementina, "I may be permitted, in jealousy for the teaching I have received of him, to confess my bewilderment that one so young should be capable of dealing with such things as he delights in. The youth of the prophet makes me doubt his prophecy."

"At least," rejoined Mr. Graham, "the phenomenon coincides with what the Master of these things said of them—that they were revealed to babes, and not to the wise and prudent. As to Malcolm's wonderful facility in giving them form and utterance, that depends so immediately on the clear sight of them that, granted a little of the gift poetic, developed through reading and talk, we need not wonder much at it."

"You consider your friend a genius?" asked Clementina.

"I consider him possessed of a kind of heavenly common sense, equally at home in the truths of divine relation and the facts of the human struggle with Nature and her forces. I should never have discovered my own ignorance in certain points of the mathematics but for the questions that boy put to me before he was twelve years of age. A thing not understood lay in his mind like a fretting foreign body. But there is a far more important factor concerned than this exceptional degree of insight. Understanding is the reward of obedience. Peter says, 'the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that *obey* him.' Obedience is the key to every door. I am perplexed at the stupidity of the ordinary religious being. In the most practical of all matters he will talk and speculate and try to feel, but he will not set himself to *do*. It is different with Malcolm. From the first he has been trying to obey. Nor do I see why it should be strange that even a child should understand these things, if they are the very elements of the region for which we were created, and to which our being holds essential relations, as a bird to the air or a fish to the sea. If a man may not understand the things of God whence he came, what shall he understand?"

"How, then, is it that so few do understand?"

"Because where they know, so few obey. This boy, I say, did. If you had seen, as I have, the almost superhuman struggles of his will to master the fierce temper his ancestors gave him, you would marvel less at what he has so early become. I have seen him, white with passion, cast himself on his face on the shore and cling with his hands to the earth as if in a paroxysm of bodily suffering: then after a few moments rise and do a service to the man who had wronged him. Were it any wonder if the light should have soon gone up in a soul like that? When

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I was a younger man I used to go out with the fishing-boats now and then, drawn chiefly by my love for the boy, who earned his own bread that way before he was in his teens. One night we were caught in a terrible storm, and had to stand out to sea in the pitch-dark. He was then not fourteen. 'Can you let a boy like that steer?' I said to the captain of the boat.—'Yes, just a boy like that,' he answered. 'Ma'colm 'ill steer as straucht's a porpus.'—When he was relieved he crept over the thwarts to where I sat. '*Is* there any true definition of a straight line, sir?' he said. 'I can't take the one in my Euclid.'—'So you're not afraid, Malcolm?' I returned, heedless of his question, for I wanted to see what he would answer.—'Afraid, sir!' he rejoined with some surprise. 'I wad ill like to hear the Lord say, *O thou o' little faith!*'—'But,' I persisted, 'God may mean to drown you.'—'An' what for no?' he returned. 'Gien ye war to tell me 'at I micht be droon't ohn Him meant it, I wad be fleyt eneuch.'—I see your ladyship does not understand: I will interpret the dark saying: 'And why should He not drown me? If you were to tell me I might be drowned without His meaning it, I should be frightened enough.' Believe me, my lady, the right way is simple to find, though only they that seek it *first* can find it. But I have allowed myself," concluded the schoolmaster, "to be carried adrift in my laudation of Malcolm. You did not come to hear praises of him, my lady."

"I owe him much," said Clementina. "But tell me, then, Mr. Graham, how is it that you know there is a God, and one—one—fit to be trusted as you trust Him?"

"In no way that I can bring to bear on to the reason of another so as to produce conviction."

"Then what is to become of me?"

"I can do for you what is far better. I can persuade you to look and see whether before your own door stands not a gate—lies not a path to walk in. Entering by that gate, walking in that path, you shall yourself arrive at the conviction, which no man can give you, that there is a living Love and Truth at the heart of your being and pervading all that surrounds you. The man who seeks the truth in any other manner will never find it. Listen to me a moment, my lady. I loved that boy's mother. Naturally, she did not love me—how could she? I was very unhappy. I sought comfort from the unknown Source of my life. He gave me to understand His Son, and so I understood himself, knew that I came of God, and was comforted."

"But how do you know that it was not all a delusion, the product of your own fervid imagination? Do not mistake me: I want to find it true."

"It is a right and honest question, my lady. I will tell you. Not to mention the conviction which a truth beheld must carry with itself, and concerning which there can be no argument either with him who does or him who does not see it, this experience goes far with me, and would with you if you had it, as you may—namely, that all my difficulties and confusions have gone on clearing themselves up ever since I set out to walk in that way. My consciousness of life is threefold what it was; my perception of what is lovely around me, and my delight in it, threefold; my power of understanding things and of ordering my way threefold also: the same with my hope and my courage, my love to my kind, my power of forgiveness. In short, I cannot but believe that my whole being and its whole world are in process of rectification for me. Is not that something to set against the doubt born of the eye and ear, and the questions of an intellect that can neither grasp nor disprove? I say nothing of better things still. To the man who receives such as I mean, they are the heart of life—to the man who does not, they exist not. But, I say, if I thus find my whole being enlightened and redeemed, and know that therein I fare according to the word of the Man of whom the old story tells; if I find that His word, and the result of action founded upon that word, correspond and agree, opening a heaven within and beyond me, in which I see myself delivered from all that now in my-

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self is to myself despicable and unlovely; if I can reasonably—reasonably to myself, not to another—cherish hopes of a glory of conscious being divinely better than all my imagination when most daring could invent—a glory springing from absolute unity with my Creator, and therefore with my neighbor;—if the Lord of the ancient tale, I say, has thus held word with me, am I likely to doubt much or long whether there be such a Lord or no?"

"What, then, is the way that lies before my own door? Help me to see it."

"It is just the old way—as old as the conscience—that of obedience to any and every law of personal duty. But if you have ever seen the Lord, if only from afar—if you have any vaguest suspicion that the Jew Jesus, who professed to have come from God, was a better man than other men—one of your first duties must be to open your ears to His words, and see whether they commend themselves to you as true: then, if they do, to obey them with your whole strength and might, upheld by the hope of the vision promised in them to the obedient. This is the way of life, which will lead a man out of the miseries of the nineteenth century, as it led Paul out of the miseries of the first."

There followed a little pause, and then a long talk about what the schoolmaster had called the old story, in which he spoke with such fervid delight of this and that point in the tale, removing this and that stumbling-block by giving the true reading or the right interpretation, showing the what and why and how—the very intent of our Lord in the thing he said or did—that, for the first time in her life, Clementina began to feel as if such a man must really have lived, that His blessed feet must really have walked over the acres of Palestine, that His human heart must indeed have thought and felt, worshiped and borne, right humanly. Even in the presence of her new teacher, and with his words in her ears, she began to desire her own chamber that she might sit down with the neglected story and read for herself.

The schoolmaster walked with her to the chapel door. There her carriage was already waiting. He put her in, and, while the Reverend Jacob Masquar was still holding forth upon the difference between adoption and justification, Clementine drove away, never more to delight the hearts of the deacons with the noise of the hoofs of her horses staying the wheels of her yellow chariot.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE FEY FACTOR.

When Mr. Crathie heard of the outrage the people of Scaurnose had committed upon the surveyors, he vowed he would empty every house in the place at Michaelmas. His wife warned him that such a wholesale proceeding must put him in the wrong with the country, seeing they could not *all* have been guilty. He replied it would be impossible, the rascals hung so together, to find out the ringleaders even. She returned that they all deserved it, and that a correct discrimination was of no consequence: it would be enough to the purpose if he made a difference. People would then say he had done his best to distinguish. The factor was persuaded, and made out a list of those who were to leave, in which he took care to include all the principal men, to whom he gave warning forthwith to quit their houses at Michaelmas. I do not know whether the notice was in law sufficient, but exception was not taken on that score.

Scaurnose, on the receipt of the papers, all at the same time, by the hand of the bellman of Portlossie, was like a hive about to swarm. Endless and complicated were the comings and goings between the houses, the dialogues, confabulations and consultations, in the one street and its many closes. In the middle of it, in front of the little public-house, stood, all that day and the next, a group of men and women, for no five minutes in its component parts the same, but, like a cloud, ever slow-dissolving and as continuously re-forming, some dropping away, others falling to. Such nid-nodding, such uplifting and fanning of palms among

the women, such semi-revolving side-shakes of the head, such demonstration of fists and such cursing among the men, had never before been seen and heard in Scaurnose. The result was a conclusion to make common cause with the first victim of the factor's tyranny—namely, Blue Peter—whose expulsion would arrive three months before theirs, and was unquestionably head and front of the same cruel scheme for putting down the fisher-folk altogether.

Three of them, therefore, repaired to Joseph's house, commissioned with the following proposal and condition of compact: that Joseph should defy the notice given him to quit, they pledging themselves that he should not be expelled. Whether he agreed or not, they were equally determined, they said, when their turn came, to defend the village; but if he would cast in his lot with them, they would, in defending him, gain the advantage of having the question settled three months sooner for themselves. Blue Peter sought to dissuade them, specially insisting on the danger of bloodshed. They laughed. They had anticipated objection, but being of the youngest and roughest in the place, the idea of a scrimmage was, neither in itself nor in its probable consequences, at all repulsive to them. They answered that a little blood-letting would do nobody any harm; neither would there be much of that, for they scorned to use any weapon sharper than their fists or a good thick *rung:* the women and children would take stones of course. Nobody would be killed, but every meddlesome authority taught to let Scaurnose and fishers alone. Peter objected that their enemies could easily starve them out. Dubs rejoined that if they took care to keep the sea-door open, their friends at Portlossie would not let them starve. Grosert said he made no doubt the factor would have the Seaton to fight as well as Scaurnose, for they must see plainly enough that their turn would come next. Joseph said the factor would apply to the magistrates, and they would call out the militia.

"An' we'll call out Buckie," answered Dubs.

"Man," said Fite Folp, the eldest of the three, "the haill shore, frae the Brough to Fort George, 'ill be up in a jiffie, an' a' the cuintray, frae John o' Groats to Berwick, 'ill hear hoo the fisher-fowk 's misguidit; an' at last it 'll come to the king, an' *syne* we'll get oor richts, for he'll no stan' to see't, an' maitters 'll sune be set upon a better futtin' for puir fowk 'at has no freen' but God an' the sea."

The greatness of the result represented laid hold of Peter's imagination, and the resistance to injustice necessary to reach it stirred the old tar in him. When they took their leave he walked halfway up the street with them, and then returned to tell his wife what they had been saying, all the way murmuring to himself as he went, "The Lord is a man of war." And ever as he said the words he saw as in a vision the great man-of-war in which he had served sweeping across the bows of a Frenchman, and raking him, gun after gun, from stem to stern. Nor did the warlike mood abate until he reached home and looked his wife in the eyes. He told her all, ending with the half-repudiatory, half-tentative words, "That's what they say, ye see, Annie."

"And what say ye, Joseph?" returned his wife.

"Ow! I'm no sayin'," he answered.

"What are ye thinkin' than, Joseph?" she pursued. "Ye canna say ye're no thinkin'."

"Na, I'll no say that, lass," he replied, but said no more.

"Weel, gien ye winna say," resumed Annie, "I wull; an' my say is, 'at it luiks to me unco like takin' things intil yer ain han'."

"An' whase han' sud we tak them intil but oor ain?" said Peter, with a falseness which in another would have roused his righteous indignation.

"That's no the p'int. It's whase han' ye're takin' them oot o'," returned she, and spoke with solemnity and significance.

Peter made no answer, but the words *Vengeance is mine* began to ring in his mental ears, instead of *The Lord is a man of war.*

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Before Mr. Graham left them, and while Peter's soul was flourishing, he would have simply said that it was their part to endure, and leave the rest to the God of the sparrows. But now the words of men whose judgment had no weight with him threw him back upon the instinct of self-defence—driven from which by the words of his wife, he betook himself, not, alas! to the protection, but to the vengeance, of the Lord.

The next day he told the three commissioners that he was sorry to disappoint them, but he could not make common cause with them, for he could not see it his duty to resist, much as it would gratify the natural man. They must therefore excuse him if he left Scaurnose at the time appointed. He hoped he should leave friends behind him.

They listened respectfully, showed no offence, and did not even attempt to argue the matter with him. But certain looks passed between them.

After this Blue Peter was a little happier in his mind and went more briskly about his affairs.

CHAPTER LV.

THE WANDERER.

It was a lovely summer evening, and the sun, going down just beyond the point of the Scaurnose, shone straight upon the Partan's door. That it was closed in such weather had a significance—general as well as individual. Doors were oftener closed in the Seaton now. The spiritual atmosphere of the place was less clear and open than hitherto. The behavior of the factor, the trouble of their neighbors, the conviction that the man who depopulated Scaurnose would at least raise the rents upon them, had brought a cloud over the feelings and prospects of its inhabitants which their special quarrel with the oppressor for Malcolm's sake had drawn deeper around the Findlays; and hence it was that the setting sun shone upon the closed door of their cottage.

But a shadow darkened it, cutting off the level stream of rosy red. An aged man in Highland garments stood and knocked. His overworn dress looked fresher and brighter in the friendly rays, but they shone very yellow on the bare hollows of his old knees. It was Duncan MacPhail, the supposed grandfather of Malcolm. He was older and feebler—I had almost said blinder, but that could not be—certainly shabbier than ever. The glitter of dirk and broadsword at his sides, and the many-colored ribbons adorning the old bagpipes under his arm, somehow enhanced the look of more than autumnal, of wintry, desolation in his appearance. Before he left the Seaton the staff he carried was for show rather than use, but now he was bent over it, as if but for it he would fall into his grave. His knock was feeble and doubtful, as if unsure of a welcoming response. He was broken, sad and uncomforted.

A moment passed. The door was unlatched, and within stood the Partaness, wiping her hands in her apron and looking thunderous. But when she saw who it was her countenance and manner changed utterly. "Preserve 's a'! Ye're a sicht for sair e'en, Maister MacPhail!" she cried, holding out her hand, which the blind man took as if he saw as well as she. "Come awa' but the hoose. Wow! but ye're walcome!"

"She thanks your own self, Mistress Partan," said Duncan, as he followed her in; "and her heart will pe thanking you for ta coot welcome; and it will pe a long time since she'll saw you howefer."

"Noo, noo," exclaimed Meg, stopping in the middle of her little kitchen as she was getting a chair for the old man, and turning upon him to revive on the first possible chance what had been a standing quarrel between them, "what *can* be the rizzon 'at gars ane like you, 'at never saw man or wuman i' yer lang life, the verra meenute ye open yer mou' say its lang sin' ye *saw* me? A mensefu' body like you, Maister MacPhail, sud speyk mair to the p'int."

"Ton't you'll pe preaking her heart with ta one hand while you'll pe clapping her head with ta other," said the piper. "Ton't pe taking her into your house to pe telling her she can't see. Is

it that old Tuncan is not a man as much as any woman in ta world, tat you'll pe telling her she can't see? I tell you she *can* see, and more tan you'll pe think. And I will tell it to you, tere iss a pape in this house, and tere wass pe none when Tuncan she'll co away."

"We a' ken ye hae the *second* sicht," said Mrs. Findlay, who had not expected such a reply; "an' it was only o' the first I spak. Haith! it wad be 'ill set o' me to anger ye the moment ye come back to yer ain. Sit ye doon there by the chimla-neuk till I mak ye a dish o' tay. Or maybe ye wad prefar a drap o' parritch an' milk? It's no muckle I hae to offer ye, but ye cudna be mair walcome."

As easily appeased as irritated, the old man sat down with a grateful, placid look, and while the tea was *drawing*, Mrs. Findlay, by judicious questions, gathered from him the story of his adventures.

Unable to rise above the disappointment and chagrin of finding that the boy he loved as his own soul, and had brought up as his own son, was actually the child of a Campbell woman, one of the race to which belonged the murderer of his people in Glenco, and which therefore he hated with an absolute passion of hatred—unable also to endure the terrible schism in his being occasioned by the conflict between horror at the Campbell blood and ineffaceable affection for the youth in whose veins it ran, and who so fully deserved all the love he had lavished upon him—he had concluded to rid himself of all the associations of place and people and event now grown so painful, to make his way back to his native Glenco, and there endure his humiliation as best he might, beheld of the mountains which had beheld the ruin of his race. He would end the few and miserable days of his pilgrimage amid the rushing of the old torrents and the calling of the old winds about the crags and precipices that had hung over his darksome yet blessed childhood. These were still his friends. But he had not gone many days' journey before a farmer found him on the road insensible and took him home. As he recovered, his longing after his boy Malcolm grew until it rose to agony, but he fought with his heart, and believed he had overcome it. The boy was a good boy, he said to himself; the boy had been to him as the son of his own heart; there was no fault to find with him or in him; he was as brave as he was kind, as sincere as he was clever, as strong as he was gentle; he could play on the bagpipes and very nearly talk Gaelic; but his mother was a Campbell, and for that there was no help. To be on loving terms with one in whose veins ran a single drop of the black pollution was a thing no MacDhonuill must dream of. He had lived a man of honor, and he would die a man of honor, hating the Campbells to their last generation. How should the bard of his clan ever talk to his own soul if he knew himself false to the name of his fathers? Hard fate for him! As if it were not enough that he had been doomed to save and rear a child of the brood abominable, he was yet further doomed, worst fate of all, to love the evil thing: he could not tear the lovely youth from his heart. But he could go farther and farther from him.

As soon as he was able he resumed his journey westward, and at length reached his native glen, the wildest spot in all the island. There he found indeed the rush of the torrents and the call of the winds unchanged, but when his soul cried out in its agonies, they went on with the same song that had soothed his childhood: for the heart of the suffering man they had no response. Days passed before he came upon a creature who remembered him, for more than twenty years were gone, and a new generation had come up since he forsook the glen. Worst of all, the clan spirit was dying out, the family type of government all but extinct, the patriarchal vanishing in a low form of the feudal, itself already in abject decay. The hour of the Celt was gone by, and the long-wandering raven, returning at last, found the ark it had left afloat on the waters dry and deserted and rotting to dust. There was not even a cottage in which he could hide his head. The one he had forsaken when cruelty and crime drove him out had fallen to

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ruins, and now there was nothing of it left but its foundations. The people of the inn at the mouth of the valley did their best for him, but he learned by accident that they had Campbell connections, and, rising that instant, walked from it for ever. He wandered about for a time, playing his pipes, and everywhere hospitably treated, but at length his heart could endure its hunger no more: he *must* see his boy, or die. He walked, therefore, straight to the cottage of his quarrelsome but true friend, Mistress Partan, to learn that his benefactor, the marquis, was dead, and Malcolm gone. But here alone could he hope ever to see him again, and the same night he sought his cottage in the grounds of Lossie House, never doubting his right to reoccupy it. But the door was locked, and he could find no entrance. He went to the House, and there was referred to the factor. But when he knocked at his door and requested the key of the cottage, Mr. Crathie, who was in the middle of his third tumbler, came raging out of his dining-room, cursed him for an old Highland goat, and heaped insults on him and his grandson indiscriminately. It was well he kept the door between him and the old man, for otherwise he would never have finished the said third tumbler. That door carried in it thenceforth the marks of every weapon that Duncan bore, and indeed the half of his *sgian dhu* was the next morning found sticking in it, like the sting which the bee is doomed to leave behind her. He returned to Mistress Partan white and trembling, in a mountainous rage with "ta low-pred hount of a factor." Her sympathy was enthusiastic, for they shared a common wrath. And now came the tale of the factor's cruelty to the fishers, his hatred of Malcolm and his general wildness of behavior. The piper vowed to shed the last drop of his blood in defence of his Mistress Partan. But when, to strengthen the force of his asseveration, he drew the dangerous-looking dirk from its sheath, she threw herself upon him, wrenched it from his hand, and testified that "fules sudna hae chappin'-sticks, nor yet teylors guns." It was days before Duncan discovered where she had hidden it. But not the less heartily did she insist on his taking up his abode with her; and the very next day he resumed his old profession of lamp-cleaner to the community.

When Miss Horn heard that he had come, and where he was, her old feud with Meg Partan rendering it imprudent to call upon him, she watched for him in the street and welcomed him home, assuring him that if ever he should wish to change his quarters her house was at his service.

"I'm nae Cam'ell, ye ken, Duncan," she concluded, "an' what an auld wuman like mysel' can du to mak ye coamfortable sall no fail, an' that I promise ye."

The old man thanked her with the perfect courtesy of the Celt, confessed that he was not altogether at ease where he was, but said he must not hurt the feelings of Mistress Partan, "for she'll not pe a paad womans," he added, "but her house will pe aalways in ta flames, howefer."

So he remained where he was, and the general heart of the Seaton was not a little revived by the return of one whose presence reminded them of a better time, when no such cloud as now threatened them heaved its ragged sides above their horizon.

The factor was foolish enough to attempt inducing Meg to send her guest away.

"We want no landloupin' knaves, old or young, about Lossie," he said. "If the place is no keepit dacent, we'll never get the young marchioness to come near 's again."

"'Deed, factor," returned Meg, enhancing the force of her utterance by a composure marvelous from its rarity, "the first thing to mak' the place—I'll no say dacent, sae lang there's sae mony claverin' wives in't, but—mair dacent nor it has been for the last ten year, wad be to sen' factors back whaur they cam' frae."

"And whaur may that be?" asked Mr. Crathie.

"That's mair nor I richtly can say," answered Meg Partan, "but auld-farand

fouk threepit it was somewhaur 'ithin the swing o' Sawtan's tail."

The reply on the factor's lips as he left the house tended to justify the rude sarcasm.

CHAPTER LVI.

MID-OCEAN.

THERE came a breath of something in the east. It was neither wind nor warmth. It was light before it is light to the eyes of men. Slowly and softly it grew, until, like the dawning soul in the face of one who lies in a faint, the life of light came back to the world, and at last the whole huge hollow hemisphere of rushing sea and cloud-flecked sky lay like a great empty heart, waiting, in conscious glory of the light, for the central glory, the coming lord of day. And in the whole crystalline hollow, gleaming and flowing with delight, yet waiting for more, the Psyche was the one only lonely life-bearing thing—the one cloudy germ-spot afloat in the bosom of the great roc-egg of sea and sky, whose sheltering nest was the universe with its walls of flame.

Florimel woke, rose, went on deck, and for a moment was fresh born. It was a fore-scent—even this could not be called a fore-taste—of the kingdom of heaven; but Florimel never thought of the kingdom of heaven, the ideal of her own existence. She could, however, half appreciate this earthly outbreak of its glory, this incarnation of truth invisible. Round her, like a thousand doves, clamored with greeting wings the joyous sea-wind. Up came a thousand dancing billows to shout their good-morning. Like a petted animal importunate for play, the breeze tossed her hair and dragged at her fluttering garments, then rushed into the Psyche's sails, swelled them yet deeper, and sent her dancing over the dancers. The sun peered up like a mother waking and looking out on her frolicking children. Black shadows fell from sail to sail, slipping and shifting, and one long shadow of the Psyche herself shot over the world to the very gates of the west, but held her not, for she danced and leaned and flew as if she had but just begun her coranto-lavolta fresh with the morning, and had not been dancing all the livelong night over the same floor. Lively as any new-born butterfly—not like a butterfly's flitting and hovering—was her flight, for still, like one that longed, she sped and strained and flew. The joy of bare life swelled in Florimel's bosom. She looked up, she looked around, she breathed deep. The cloudy anger that had rushed upon her like a watching tiger the moment she waked fell back, and left her soul a clear mirror to reflect God's dream of a world. She turned and saw Malcolm at the tiller, and the cloudy wrath sprung upon her. He stood composed and clear and cool as the morning, without sign of doubt or conscience of wrong, now peeping into the binnacle, now glancing at the sunny sails, where swayed across and back the dark shadows of the rigging as the cutter leaned and rose like a child running and staggering over the multitudinous and unstable hillocks. She turned from him.

"Good-morning, my lady! What a good morning it is!" As in all his address to his mistress, the freedom of the words did not infect the tone: that was resonant of essential honor. "Strange to think," he went on, "that the sun himself there is only a great fire, and knows nothing about it! There must be a sun to that sun, or the whole thing is a vain show. There must be One to whom each is itself, yet the all makes a whole—One who is at once both centre and circumference to all."

Florimel cast on him a scornful look. For not merely was he talking his usual unintelligible rubbish of poetry, but he had the impertinence to speak as if he had done nothing amiss and she had no ground for being offended with him. She made him no answer. A cloud came over Malcolm's face, and until she went again below he gave his attention to his steering.

In the mean time, Rose, who happily had turned out as good a sailor as her new mistress, had tidied the little cabin,

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and Florimel found, if not quite such a sumptuous breakfast laid as at Portland Place, yet a far better appetite than usual to meet what there was; and when she had finished her temper was better, and she was inclined to think less indignantly of Malcolm's share in causing her so great a pleasure. She was not yet quite spoiled. She was still such a lover of the visible world and of personal freedom that the thought of returning to London and its leaden-footed hours would now have been unendurable. At this moment she could have imagined no better thing than thus to go tearing through the water—home to her home. For although she had spent little of her life at Lossie House, she could not but prefer it unspeakably to the schools in which she had passed almost the whole of the preceding portion of it. There was little or nothing in the affair she could have wished otherwise except its origin. She was mischievous enough to enjoy even the thought of the consternation it would cause at Portland Place. She did not realize all its awkwardness. A letter to Lady Bellair when she reached home would, she said to herself, set everything right: and if Malcolm had now repented and put about, she would instantly have ordered him to hold on for Lossie. But it was mortifying that she should have come at the will of Malcolm, and not by her own — worse than mortifying that perhaps she would have to say so. If she were going to say so she must turn him away as soon as she arrived. There was no help for it. She dared not keep him after that in the face of society. But she might take the bold, and perhaps a little dangerous, measure of adopting the flight as altogether her own madcap idea. Her thoughts went floundering in the bog of expediency until she was tired, and declined from thought to reverie. Then, dawning out of the dreamland of her past, appeared the image of Lenorme. Pure pleasure, glorious delight, such as she now felt, could not long possess her mind without raising in its charmed circle the vision of the only man except her father whom she had ever something like loved. Her behavior to him had not yet roused in her shame or sorrow or sense of wrong. She had driven him from her; she was ashamed of her relation to him; she had caused him bitter suffering; she had all but promised to marry another man; yet she had not the slightest wish for that man's company there and then: with no one of her acquaintance but Lenorme could she have shared this conscious splendor of life. "Would to God he had been born a gentleman instead of a painter!" she said to herself when her imagination had brought him from the past and set him in the midst of the present. "Rank," she said, "I am above caring about. In that he might be ever so far my inferior and welcome, if only he had been of a good family, a gentleman born." She was generosity, magnanimity itself, in her own eyes. Yet he was of far better family than she knew, for she had never taken the trouble to inquire into his history. And now she was so much easier in her mind since she had so cruelly broken with him that she felt positively virtuous because she had done it and he was not at that moment by her side. And yet if he had that moment stepped from behind the mainsail she would in all probability have thrown herself into his arms.

The day passed on. Florimel grew tired and went to sleep; woke and had her dinner; took a volume of the *Arabian Nights* and read herself again to sleep; woke again; went on deck; saw the sun growing weary in the west. And still the unwearied wind blew, and still the Psyche danced on, as unwearied as the wind.

The sunset was rather an assumption than a decease, a reception of him out of their sight into an eternity of gold and crimson; and when he was gone, and the gorgeous bliss had withered into a dove-hued grief, then the cool, soft twilight, thoughtful of the past and its love, crept out of the western caves over the breast of the water, and filled the dome, and made of itself a great lens royal, through which the stars and their motions were visible; and the ghost of Aurora with both hands lifted her shroud above her

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head, and made a dawn for the moon on the verge of the watery horizon—a dawn as of the past, the hour of inverted hope. Not a word all day had been uttered between Malcolm and his mistress: when the moon appeared, with the waves sweeping up against her face, he approached Florimel where she sat in the stern. Davy was steering. "Will your ladyship come forward and see how the Psyche goes?" he said. "At the stern you can see only the passive part of her motion. It is quite another thing to see the will of her at work in the bows."

At first she was going to refuse, but she changed her mind, or her mind changed her: she was not much more of a living and acting creature yet than the Psyche herself. She said nothing, but rose and permitted Malcolm to help her forward.

It was the moon's turn now to be level with the water, and as Florimel stood on the larboard side, leaning over and gazing down, she saw her shine through the little feather of spray the cutwater sent curling up before it and turn it into pearls and semi-opals.

"She's got a bone in her mouth, you see, my lady," said old Travers.

"Go aft till I call you, Travers," said Malcolm.

Rose was in Florimel's cabin, and they were now quite alone.

"My lady," said Malcolm, "I can't bear to have you angry with me."

"Then you ought not to deserve it," returned Florimel.

"My lady, if you knew all, you would not say I deserved it."

"Tell me all, then, and let me judge."

"I cannot tell you all yet, but I will tell you something which may perhaps incline you to feel merciful. Did your ladyship ever think what could make me so much attached to your father?"

"No indeed. I never saw anything peculiar in it. Even now-a-days there are servants to be found who love their masters. It seems to me natural enough. Besides, he was very kind to you."

"It was natural indeed, my lady—more natural than you think. Kind to me he was, and that was natural too."

"Natural to him, no doubt, for he was kind to everybody."

"My grandfather told you something of my early history, did he not, my lady?"

"Yes: at least I think I remember his doing so."

"Will you recall it, and see whether it suggests nothing?"

But Florimel could remember nothing in particular, she said. She had, in truth, forasmuch as she was interested at the time, forgotten almost everything of the story. "I really cannot think what you mean," she added. "If you are going to be mysterious I shall resume my place by the tiller. Travers is deaf and Davy is dumb: I prefer either."

"My lady," said Malcolm, "your father knew my mother, and persuaded her that he loved her."

Florimel drew herself up, and would have looked him to ashes if wrath could burn.

Malcolm saw he must come to the point at once or the parley would cease. "My lady," he said, "your father was my father too. I am a son of the marquis of Lossie, and your brother—your ladyship's half-brother, that is."

She looked a little stunned. The gleam died out of her eyes and the glow out of her cheek. She turned and leaned over the bulwark. He said no more, but stood watching her. She raised herself suddenly, looked at him and said, "Do I understand you?"

"I am your brother," Malcolm repeated.

She made a step forward and held out her hand. He took the little thing in his great grasp tenderly. Her lip trembled. She gazed at him for an instant, full in the face, with a womanly, believing expression. "My poor Malcolm!" she said. "I am sorry for you."

She withdrew her hand, and again leaned over the bulwark. Her heart was softened toward her groom-brother, and for a moment it seemed to her that some wrong had been done. Why should the one be a marchioness and the other a groom? Then came the thought that

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now all was explained. Every peculiarity of the young man, every gift extraordinary of body, mind or spirit, his strength, his beauty, his courage and honesty, his simplicity, nobleness and affection — yes, even what in *him* was mere doggedness and presumption—all, everything, explained itself to Florimel in the fact that the incomprehensible fisherman-groom, that talked like a parson, was the son of her father. She never thought of the woman that was his mother, and what share she might happen to have in the phenomenon — thought only of her father, and a little pitifully of the half honor and more than half disgrace infolding the very existence of her attendant. As usual, her thoughts were confused. The one moment the poor fellow seemed to exist only on sufferance, having no right to be there at all, for as fine a fellow as he was: the next she thought how immeasurably he was indebted to the family of the Colonsays. Then arose the remembrance of his arrogance and presumption in assuming on such a ground something more than guardianship, absolute tyranny, over her, and with the thought pride and injury at once got the upper hand. Was *she* to be dictated to by a low-born, low-bred fellow like that—a fellow whose hands were harder than any leather, not with doing things for his amusement, but actually with earning his daily bread — one that used to smell so of fish—on the ground of a right too, and such a right as ought to exclude him for ever from her presence?

She turned to him again. "How long have you known this — this — painful — indeed I must confess to finding it an awkward and embarrassing fact? I presume you *do* know it?" she said coldly and searchingly.

"My father confessed it on his deathbed."

"Confessed!" echoed Florimel's pride, but she restrained her tongue. "It explains much," she said with a sort of judicial relief. "There has been a great change upon you since then. Mind, I only say *explains*. It could never justify such behavior as yours—no, not if you had been my true brother. There is some excuse, I dare say, to be made for your ignorance and inexperience. No doubt the discovery turned your head. Still, I am at a loss to understand how you could imagine that sort of—of—that sort of thing gave you any right over me."

"Love has its rights, my lady," said Malcolm.

Again her eyes flashed and her cheek flushed: "I cannot permit you to talk so to me. You must not fancy such things are looked upon in our position with the same indifference as in yours. You must not flatter yourself that you can be allowed to cherish the same feelings toward me as if—as if—you were really my brother. I am sorry for you, Malcolm, as I said already, but you have altogether missed your mark if you think that can alter facts or shelter you from the consequences of presumption."

Again she turned away. Malcolm's heart was sore for her. How grievously she had sunk from the Lady Florimel of the old days! It was all from being so constantly with that wretched woman and her vile nephew. Had he been able to foresee such a rapid declension he would have taken her away long ago, and let come of her feelings what might. He had been too careful over them.

"Indeed," Florimel resumed, but this time without turning toward him, "I do not see how things can possibly, after what you have told me, remain as they are. I should not feel at all comfortable in having one about me who would be constantly supposing he had rights and reflecting on my father for fancied injustice, and whom I fear nothing could prevent from taking liberties. It is very awkward indeed, Malcolm—very awkward. But it is your own fault that you are so changed; and I must say I should not have expected it of you: I should have thought you had more good sense and regard for me. If I were to tell the world why I wanted to keep you, people would but shrug their shoulders and tell me to get rid of you; and if I said nothing, there would always be something coming up that required explanation.

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Besides, you would for ever be trying to convert me to one or other of your foolish notions. I hardly know what to do. I will consult—my friends on the subject. And yet I would rather they knew nothing of it. My father, you see—" She paused. "If you had been my real brother it would have been different."

"I am your real brother, my lady, and I have tried to behave like one ever since I knew it."

"Yes, you have been troublesome: I have always understood that brothers were troublesome. I am told they are given to taking upon them the charge of their sisters' conduct. But I would not have even you think me heartless. If you had been a *real* brother, of course I should have treated you differently."

"I don't doubt it, my lady, for everything would have been different then. I should have been the marquis of Lossie, and you would have been Lady Florimel Colonsay. But it would have made little difference in one thing: I could not have loved you better than I do now, if only you would believe it, my lady."

The emotion of Malcolm, evident in his voice as he said this, seemed to touch her a little. "I believe it, my poor Malcolm," she returned, "quite as much as I want or as it is pleasant to believe it. I think you would do a good deal for me, Malcolm. But then you are so rude! take things into your own hands, and do things for me I don't want done! You *will* judge, not only for yourself, but for me! How *can* a man of your training and position judge for a lady of mine? Don't you see the absurdity of it? At times it has been very awkward indeed. Perhaps when I am married it might be arranged; but I don't know." Here Malcolm ground his teeth, but was otherwise irresponsive as a block of stone. "How would a gamekeeper's place suit you? That is a half-gentlemanly kind of post. I will speak to the factor, and see what can be done. But on the whole, I *think*, Malcolm, it will be better you should go. I am *very* sorry. I wish you had not told me. It is very painful to me. You *should* not have told me. These things are not intended to be talked of. Suppose you were to marry—say—" She stopped abruptly, and it was well both for herself and Malcolm that she caught back the name that was on her lips.

The poor girl must not be judged as if she had been more than a girl, or other than one with every disadvantage of evil training. Had she been four or five years older, she might have been a good deal worse, and have seemed better, for she would have kept much of what she had now said to herself, and would perhaps have treated her brother more kindly while she cared even less for him.

"What will you do with Kelpie, my lady?" asked Malcolm quietly.

"There it is, you see!" she returned. "So awkward! If you had not told me, things could have gone on as before, and for your sake I could have pretended I came this voyage of my own will and pleasure. Now, I don't know what I can do—except indeed you— Let me see: if you were to hold your tongue, and tell nobody what you have just told me, I don't know but you might stay till you got her so far trained that another man could manage her. I might even be able to ride her myself. Will you promise?"

"I will promise not to let the fact come out so long as I am in your service, my lady."

"After all that has passed I think you might promise me a little more. But I will not press it."

"May I ask what it is, my lady?"

"I am not going to press it, for I do not choose to make a favor of it. Still, I do not see that it would be such a mighty favor to ask of one who owes respect at least to the house of Lossie. But I will not ask. I will only *suggest*, Malcolm, that you should leave this part of the country—say this country altogether—and go to America or New South Wales or the Cape of Good Hope. If you will take the hint, and promise never to speak a word of this unfortunate—yes, I must be honest and allow there is a *sort* of relationship between us—but if you will keep it secret I will take care that something is done for you—something, I mean, more than you could have

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any right to expect. And mind, I am not asking you to conceal anything that could reflect honor upon you or dishonor upon us."

"I cannot, my lady."

"I scarcely thought you would. Only you hold such grand ideas about self-denial that I thought it might be agreeable to you to have an opportunity of exercising the virtue at a small expense and a great advantage."

Malcolm was miserable. Who could have dreamed to find in her such a woman of the world? He must break off the hopeless interview. "Then, my lady," he said, "I suppose I am to give my chief attention to Kelpie, and things are to be as they have been?"

"For the present. And as to this last piece of presumption, I will so far forgive you as to take the proceeding on myself—mainly because it would have been my very choice had you submitted it to me. There is nothing I should have preferred to a sea-voyage and returning to Lossie at this time of the year. But you also must be silent on your insufferable share in the business. And for the other matter, the least arrogance or assumption I shall consider to absolve me at once from all obligation toward you of any sort. Such relationships are *never* acknowledged."

"Thank you—sister," said Malcolm—a last forlorn experiment; and as he said the word he looked lovingly in her eyes.

She drew herself up like the princess Lucifera, "with loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe," and said, cold as ice, "If once I hear that word on your lips again, as between you and me, Malcolm, I shall that very moment discharge you from my service as for a misdemeanor. You have *no* claim upon me, and the world will not blame me."

"Certainly not, my lady. I beg your pardon. But there is one who perhaps will blame you a little."

"I know what you mean, but I don't pretend to any of your religious motives. When I do, then you may bring them to bear upon me."

"I was not so foolish as you think me, my lady. I merely imagined you might be as far on as a Chinaman," said Malcolm with a poor attempt at a smile.

"What insolence do you intend now?"

"The Chinese, my lady, pay the highest respect to their departed parents. When I said there was one who would blame you a little, I meant your father." He touched his cap and withdrew.

"Send Rose to me," Florimel called after him, and presently with her went down to the cabin.

And still the Psyche soul-like flew. Her earthly birth held her to the earth, but the ocean upbore her and the breath of God drove her on. Little thought Florimel to what she hurried her. A queen in her own self-sufficiency and condescension, she could not suspect how little of real queendom, noble and self-sustaining, there was in her being; for not a soul of man or woman whose every atom leans not upon its father-fact in God can sustain itself when the outer wall of things begins to tumble toward the centre, crushing it in on every side.

During the voyage no further allusion was made by either to what had passed. By the next morning Florimel had yet again recovered her temper, and, nothing fresh occurring to irritate her, kept it and was kind.

Malcolm was only too glad to accept whatever parings of heart she might offer.

By the time their flight was over Florimel almost felt as if it had indeed been undertaken at her own desire and motion, and was quite prepared to assert that such was the fact.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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SOME TYROLEAN SUPERSTITIONS.

IN every country in Europe are still cherished legends, signs or charms, though they shrink from the garish light of modern days and ways, and, from having been once fondly believed in palace and hall, are now forced to hide themselves in the hearts of the peasantry. From these hearts, which have folded round them tenderly, it is getting to be a difficult matter to draw them forth; for the peasant feels that these things, to him so sacred, are to others only the superstitions of a darker age. But, by whatever harsh name we may call them, we cannot afford to lose these relics of a time when faith was not a shadow almost hopelessly pursued, but an actual possession.

Perhaps no people is richer in legendary lore than the peasantry of the German Tyrol, as there is none more truly devout, though they mingle the traditions of saints and angels with the still older traditions of fairies, water-nymphs and bogies in an unconsciously humorous way rather shocking to people of a sterner mould.

Of all their fanciful beliefs, there is none that speaks more touchingly of their faith in that "good-will to men" which Christ brought with him on the great Birthday morning than the privileges which, not only in the Tyrol, but in all Germany, are supposed to belong to the "Sunday child." Not only is this blessed infant sure to be "happy and bonny, and wise and gay," but he has also from his birth to his first Christmas the happiness of constantly conversing with the angels. After this, lest he should be indiscreet and bring to earth the secrets of Heaven, as he begins to talk he loses this privilege, and also the memory of the holy intercourse, though not its influence upon his heart. But once each year, at midnight on Christmas Eve, he is strengthened for his next year of life by an hour of free converse with his ministering angels and guardian saints. During the same hour, also, he has the power of understanding the language of every beast and bird; and even the insects and the fish can talk with him if he is then in the open air. In this way he learns many things which it is well to know, though he is rarely able to tell how he came by his information; which is a wise provision, as the creatures which in our deafness we call dumb might not always like to have things reported as coming from them. This one happy hour of the year the Sunday child may be sure of all his life long if only he does not permit an impure or a malicious thought to intrude upon it. To help him to preserve his mind from these while he is yet too young to understand the importance of vigilance, he should never be left alone on a Christmas Eve, and during the magic hour those who love him best should keep repeating the Lord's Prayer very softly, so as not to disturb the angel visitants. As he grows older the Sunday child is constantly instructed in the duty of keeping his soul at all times pure and sweet, because if evil thoughts are habitually allowed he will be sure to forget and let them intrude upon the sacred hour, and the holy angels and saints will flee affrighted and ashamed, never to return to him again. It is mournful to remember that in these days very few Sunday children of even the devout Tyrolean peasantry have kept their happy birthright, though it is believed that in bygone centuries, before the world had grown so wicked, there were many Sunday children who lived to be holy men and women of a hundred years old, keeping their birthright till the angels they had known so long at last came to lead them away to paradise.

Another Tyrolean belief—one that is more heathen than Christian, for we find something similar to it in all savage nations—is that all madmen are inspired prophets, whose visions and foretellings would be of vast use to us if only we

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were wise enough to interpret them aright. He who ill-treats a madman will be carried off by the Serpent King to live with him beneath the roots of the water-willows.

The christening of a child is not merely a respectable form of bestowing a name upon the new little inhabitant of the world, but here, perhaps more than in any other country save Ireland, is esteemed a ceremony of soul-saving efficacy. Until this has been performed many are the devices and constant is the vigilance of its friends to preserve the unconscious innocent from the evil influences which beset the unchristened. No one must look at it from curiosity: deformities, diseases, evil spirits, bad deeds and death, must never be mentioned before it. If by inadvertence any such thing should have been named, the sign of the cross should be instantly made over the little one. To the christening of a girl it is always desirable to invite a young boy, as it is then supposed she will be married early in life, and for love, not for her dower.

Before the child is a year old its nails should not be cut, and it should not be allowed to see itself in a looking-glass or to have its portrait taken. Before the child has seen its own image in a mirror or in water it has the power of seeing itself in its left hand.

As evil spirits have always some power over even a baptized infant until it is seven months old, neither they nor fairies nor changelings nor any other uncanny thing should be spoken of in its hearing. If, however, this has been done, any pious person present will turn his thumbs in to the palms of his hands and breathe thrice upon the child, that no harm may ensue.

When one comes honestly into the possession of money, it will be sure to bring good luck if, before using a penny of it, it be laid for a few moments in the warm crib of a child that is still innocent, because it has not yet learned to talk. In whatever evil hands the coin may have been before, it is now consecrated, and must bring a blessing with its use.

When a mother is compelled to leave her baby, if only for twenty-four hours, she must before departing walk three times round the cradle with averted face, being careful not to trip. By this she takes all longing from the child, and engages the angels to watch over it; but the charm will be useless if she again glances toward the cradle.

When the Tyrolean leaves home he knows that the longing for his beautiful mountains will make a strange, lonely aching in his heart, and that without some saving spell he will pine away, and perhaps die, before he can look upon their dazzling peaks again. So he takes with him a piece cut by his own hand from the loaf last baked at home, and when he has arrived at his destination, no matter how hard or even mouldy the bread may be by that time, he will not taste of other food or drink until after he has silently devoured the home-baked crust. This will remove the weary home-sickness from his heart, and give him strength and courage to endure till the joyful day when he can once more set his face toward the snow-peaks of his native land. Meanwhile, he cheers himself with the thought that "as in all the world they boil with water," so even in strange lands there may be found some who shall be almost as good as the home-people. When at last the traveled Tyrolean returns to the place he loves so well, whose memory has been his one joy during his absence, he esteems it a lucky thing if the first person met be a boy.

A removal from one house to another is a thing of rare occurrence in this land of infrequent changes, and consequently is treated as something momentous. If the family about to remove consists of pious people, who would wish no harm to those who may come after them, they will take the proper precautions to prevent evil spirits from gaining possession of the hearth—which they are ever on the watch to do—in the interval between the outgoing of the one family and the incoming of the next. For this purpose all the members of the family gather in front of the fire, which has been allowed to get low, and the oldest member will

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repeat the Lord's Prayer: then he will pour a cupful of water into the fire, repeating these words: "May everything bad and evil be thus poured out and extinguished! and may those who after us kindle a fire here find nothing but happiness in their home!" Then each member of the family, in the order of his age, down to the very youngest, whose baby hand may have to be guided, must do the same, only in silence. After this the eldest person will again pray aloud, "So take from us, Lord our God, all aches of heart and all home-sickness and all discord and hatefulness, and give us health and prosperity and a happy home where next we kindle our fire!" Then each asks and receives the forgiveness of the others for any act or word or thought which in times past may have given offence or injury; and so, without daring to cast a backward glance, they cross the threshold, not stepping upon it, the oldest and the youngest leading the way, and no one speaking till all are over.

It will help to bring good luck to the new home if the head of the family takes with him from the old some slip or root of tree or vine; and it is a good omen if some young animal, yet unbroken to the use of man, as a sheep that has never been sheared, or a colt that has worn no halter, shall give a bleat or a neigh as the family approaches the door of its future abode.

Arrived at the new house, the eldest member of the family, with clasped hands closely pressing to his breast a prayer-book or crucifix, knocks loudly thrice at the outer door, and at that of each room as he enters them all in turn. The other members follow, and in front of the hearth on which they are soon to build anew their family fire all greet each other as if just met after a long parting, using especially the words, "Happiness, come—unhappiness, depart." The book or crucifix is then laid in a window, and it is esteemed a happy omen if the sun shall shine upon it there.

If, upon going to a new place of abode, it is for any reason desirable to have no haunting memories of the old one, it is necessary to burn the last shred of the clothing worn when leaving it. For the same cause, the nails must be closely pared, and some women have been known to cut short their hair and some men to shave off their beards; but these were cases where very great sorrow or sin had been felt or done.

Before animals are removed from one farm to another it is essential to fortify them against home-sickness and the evil eye. For this purpose it is necessary, shortly before the contemplated change, to bring from the farm to which they are going a freshly-cut clod of earth. This must be pulverized and mixed with a little salt, specimens of all the edible herbs which grow in the new pastures, and a few drops of oil distilled from the fir trees. This delectable compound is cunningly mixed with the animals' last supply of fodder, and prepares them against every ill. That they may be easily driven, each is sprinkled with holy water as it leaves the stall. Then all are decorated with a wreath of flowers and leaves, that they may know that the change is to be a happy one; for in the Tyrol it is understood that the domestic animals have affections and joys and sorrows and hopes and fears, just the same as we have, only that they cannot tell them to us; save, indeed, on the Christmas-Eve midnights to those of the Sunday children who have not sinned away the right to hear them.

To cure a sick animal (with the saving clause, "If the sickness be not mortal") it is only necessary to cut and turn over the turf on which it lies.

A belief in *bogies* is universal. They are always running about in the light of the full moon, but they are rarely seen by people who have not been neglecting some known duty or planning some wrong-doing. To such the bogies appear wrapped in their long hair, which looks like human clothes. To men they come in the guise of beautiful girls—to women they present the appearance of handsome young men. But they can gain no power until one has been induced to give them money or a kiss. The unlucky creature who has once

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been thus generous to a bogy is never again seen among mortals, though on stormy nights he may sometimes be heard wailing and sighing round the door of his former home.

Among the Scotch and Irish the fairies were formerly called "good people," but only by way of blarney, as it was supposed that their naturally malevolent dispositions might be slightly softened by such barefaced flattery; for it is well known that the Devil would like always to be called a saint. But in the Tyrol the olden-time fairies, now unfortunately driven from the earth by the growing wickedness of mankind, were really good, blessing-bestowing spirits, who never brought anything but happiness and prosperity to a house. They comforted in sorrow, helped in misfortune and rejoiced in times of gladness with the family which was so fortunate as to have attracted one of their gentle number. There was only one condition which they imposed upon one whom they would benefit: they must not be asked whence they came or who or what they were. If this sole condition were not complied with, the good fairy shed soft tears of regret, and silently withdrew to bless with its guardianship those who should be more deserving or more discreet.

Of all the living creatures which were once happy in the garden of Eden, none came out unchanged excepting the bees. All the others were touched by the flaming sword, and thus made capable of malevolence and unhappiness. But the bees flew out unnoticed by the angels, and so are yet perfectly innocent and happy. They never sting a sinless person. As they are still holy, it is a great sin to kill a bee.

Can any one account for the wide-spread aversion to tailors? Is it because of a saddening memory of that Eden from which the bees alone came out holy, and of the lost innocence—which needed not so much as a fig-leaf—that the now necessary but much-abused tailor is called with us the "ninth part of a man," and in the Tyrol "a snail's mouthful"? The poor creature, if a father, must not even look upon his own child until after it is christened, lest it should turn out a dwarf.

To preserve one's house from lightning it is only necessary to plant at each corner a hazel tree, to which the blessed Virgin has granted an endless immunity from lightning on account of the protection it once afforded her. She was then going over a high mountain, when a tremendous thunder-storm came on. Near her was a very large hazel tree, under whose friendly shelter she remained safe. This, too, is the tree from which magic wands are made. In the German Tyrol these wands, while still fresh from the tree, have great divining power when in the hands of pure and believing people.

The weeping willow is a sacred tree, because, though it was forced in spite of its tears and prayers to do a sacrilegious act, it has never ceased to mourn and weep for its sin. Its boughs were used to scourge our blessed Lord, and ever since then the sorrowful tree has grieved and wept. In paradise its boughs will still hang down, but there only with a weight of joy.

In even the Tyrol there has not yet been found a charm that will enable one to escape death, but there it is at least known what will preserve from sudden death. One has only to always carry about a bullet that has once hit a man. Then one may be quite sure of dying in one's bed, with a good and sufficient warning to prepare one's soul.

In the Tyrol no person mentions any evil of the dead, not even to tell the truth or but a portion of the truth about one who was known in his lifetime to have been very detestable; for is it not known that whenever the dead are spoken of they come to listen? And the vengeance of the dead is terrible.

Grief is the same the world over. When one has lost friends one must mourn, and may do so without sin so long as the grass has not grown over the grave. But when once the grass is grown every tear shed by the living is a pang to the dead. As the saying is, "It makes their clothes wet in the other world;" and to give a pang to the dead is a grievous sin.

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People who live much together, and so fall into the same ways of thinking, have a happiness elsewhere unknown. If by chance one says anything that in spirit and form is very nearly what some one else has said within the hour, the two may have the joy of knowing that they have released a soul from purgatory. If two persons make the same remark in the same breath, two happy souls will drop blessings upon their benefactors as they float by on their way to good Saint Peter's holy gate.

These are only a few of the many fancies which with an unwritten poetry have long enriched the simple life of the Tyrolean peasant. But, as no grass will grow in the footprint of the Turk, so it is to be feared that these wild-flowers of tradition will soon cease to bloom in the path of the tourist. We have gathered a few while they were fading, and offer them to you sadly, as we would offer the withered wind-flowers of the Alps, begging you to cherish them in memory of the beauty they once possessed. It may not be very long ere the peasant, with tourist-sharpened wits, will urge us to buy his legends and fairy-tales, as he now seeks to sell us his milk and eggs and the views from his glorious mountains. For a set price he will present us a bouquet of myths, and they shall be more highly colored than the quaint fancies we have gleaned, as the wax rose is brighter than the dried rosebud; but better are the ashes of the real rose than the scentless glories of its gaudy copy.

ETHEL C. GALE.

THE PRIEST'S SON.

ABOUT twenty years ago I was visiting my aunt's many estates while acting as her agent. The different village priests whose acquaintance I thought it my duty to make seemed to be a monotonous set of men, all cut on the same pattern. But finally, in the last village I had to inspect, I came across a priest who was very unlike his colleagues. He was a very old man, almost decrepit, and had it not been for the urgent entreaties of his parishioners, who loved and respected him very much—a rare thing in Russia—he would long before that have resigned.

Two things struck me in Father Alexis, for that was this priest's name: in the first place, he not only asked nothing for himself, but told me at once that he really needed nothing; and secondly, I do not remember ever having seen on a human face a sadder expression, one more completely detached from outside matters: it was what is called an expression of living death. His features were uninteresting and of the rustic type; his forehead was wrinkled; he had little gray eyes, a large nose, a pointed beard; his skin was red and weatherbeaten. But the expression! In its dull indifference there lingered but a vague, sad trace of life. And his voice was dull and heavy.

I fell ill, and was obliged to keep my bed for some days. Father Alexis came to see me every evening—not to talk, but to play *douraki* with me. He appeared to take more pleasure in the game than I did. Once, when he had just beaten me several times in succession, I turned the conversation to his past life and the griefs of which the traces were still so manifest. Father Alexis did not comply at once with my wish, but at last he told me his story. I must have pleased him in some way or other, for certainly he would not have been so open with every one.

I shall try to give you the very words he used. Father Alexis talked very simply, clearly and logically, without

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any of the pompous expressions one hears at the seminaries and in the provinces. I have often noticed that those Russians who have had a hard experience of life, and have become resigned to everything, use very simple forms of speech, whatever their social condition may be.

Father Alexis began: I had a good, sensible wife. I loved her with my whole heart, and she bore me eight children, but they almost all died in infancy. One of my sons became an archbishop: he died not long since in his diocese. My other son, James— I am going to tell you about him.

I put him in the seminary of the city of T——. Soon I began to hear the most favorable reports about him: he was first in every class. While a little boy at home he was noted for his diligence and quiet, never uttering a word all day, but sitting quietly reading a book. He never gave either his mother or me the slightest uneasiness. He was a good little fellow; only sometimes he had strange dreams, and his health was very delicate.

Once a singular thing happened. He was just ten years old. He went out from the house at daybreak on the vigil of St. Peter, and stayed out all the morning. At last he came back. My wife and I asked him where he had been.

"I went out to walk in the woods," he said, "and I met a little green old man who talked a good deal with me, and gave me some little nuts which are very good to eat."

"Who was the little green old man?"

"I don't know," he said: "I never saw him before. A very little old man, with a hunch on his back, who sprang about and laughed all the time. He was green—as green as the leaves."

"What! was his face green too?"

"Face, hair and eyes."

Our son had never told a lie, but at this his mother and I began to have our doubts.

"You fell asleep in the woods, the sun shone on your face, and you dreamed about the old man."

"I did not fall asleep; and besides, since you don't believe me, here is one of the little nuts which was left in my pocket." And with these words James drew the nut from his pocket and showed it to us. It was round, like a chestnut, but downy, and unlike ordinary nuts. I took it to show to the doctor, but afterward I could never find it.

Then we sent the boy to the seminary, as I have already told you, and he delighted us by his success. We often said, my wife and I, that he would become a great man. It was a pleasure to see him when he came home for vacation, he was so pretty and well behaved, and kind to everybody, so that everybody praised him to us. Only his body remained very weak, and he seldom had a good healthy color. When he had entered his nineteenth year, and had nearly finished his studies, suddenly we received a letter from him. It was thus he wrote to us: "Do not be angry with me, my parents. Give me leave to enter a secular life. My heart is opposed to spiritual duties; I dread the responsibility; I am afraid of sin; doubts have risen within me. Without your consent, without your blessing, I shall not make a decision: I am afraid of myself, because I have begun to think."

Oh, what pain that letter gave me, my good sir! It showed me that I should have no successor to my office. My eldest son was a monk, and this one wanted to abandon a spiritual life. This news was the more cruel to me because for two centuries all the priests of our parish had belonged to my family. Nevertheless, I said to myself, "Why knock my head against a stone wall? His destiny controls him. What sort of a shepherd of souls would he be who had doubts?"

I consulted my wife, and wrote to my son to this effect: "Oh, my dear James, reflect well: consider this step carefully before you take it. The difficulties and troubles of a secular life are great—cold, hunger and the contempt that is felt for the sons of priests. Be warned of this in good time, my son, and know that no one will hold out to you a succoring hand. Do not expose yourself to the risk of regretting later what you will have no chance of taking up again. But if you have doubts about your call-

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ing, and your faith is really shaken, I must not compel you. God's will be done! Your mother and I do not refuse you our blessing."

James answered at once with a grateful letter: "You have filled me with joy, father, and I intend to devote myself to professional studies. I have friends, and I shall enter the university. I shall take a degree there, for I feel a great interest in scientific studies." I read this letter of his, and was only made sadder by it. And soon I had no one with whom to share my grief, for my poor wife about this time took a cold and died. Was it on account of this cold, or from pity for her, that God took her from this world? How often I burst into tears, widower as I was, and quite alone! Yet what was to be done? Such was my fate, and at the same time I was expecting my son, for he had promised me a visit before his departure for Moscow. Indeed, he came home soon, but he did not stay long. Something seemed to be weighing upon him: he appeared to long for wings to fly more quickly to the university. I questioned him about his doubts, but I got only vague answers. He had but one thought in his head.

When he left for the university he took hardly a penny with him, only a few clothes. He had great confidence in himself, and naturally. He passed the entrance examination very well, was matriculated, and arranged to give lessons in private houses, for he was very strong in the ancient languages. Would you believe it? He even sent me money. I was gratified, not on account of the money, which I sent back to him with a scolding letter, but because I saw he would make his way. Alas! my joy was of brief duration.

He came home for the first vacation, and, strange to say, I did not recognize my James. He had become so sad and taciturn that it was hard to get a word from him. He seemed ten years older. Formerly he was timid, and at the slightest provocation he blushed like a girl, but when he raised his eyes one saw how clear his mind was. But now it was timidity no longer, but a sort of wolfish savageness that he showed: he kept his eyes cast down. When I questioned him, either he was silent or he lost his temper. "Doesn't he drink?—Heaven help him!—or has he been gambling, or has he got into trouble about some woman? At his age such temptations are strong, and in a large city like Moscow there is no lack of bad example and opportunity." And yet nothing of the sort was true of him: he drank nothing but small beer and water; he did not even look at women, and he did not associate with young men of his age.

What pained me most was that he lost his confidence in me: he showed absolute indifference, as if everything had become insipid to him. I tried to talk to him about his studies and the university, but even on these subjects he gave me no answer, or at least no satisfactory answer. Nevertheless, he went to church, though with a certain strangeness: everywhere else he was silent and savage, but when there a slight smile never left his lips. He lived at home in this fashion for six weeks: then he left for Moscow. He wrote me from there several times, and I fancied I saw the traces of better feelings in his letters. But imagine my amazement when suddenly in the dead of winter, a few days before Christmas, James appeared before me! Why? how? for I knew very well there was no vacation at that season.

"You have come from Moscow?"

"From Moscow."

"And the university?"

"I have left it."

"Left it?"

"Yes, I have."

"For good?"

"For good."

"James, are you ill?"

"No," said he, "I am not ill, but don't torment me with questions, or I shall go away from here, and you will have seen me for the last time."

James told me he was not ill, but his face frightened me. It was terrible, that face—gloomy, barely human. The hollow cheeks, the projecting cheekbones, nothing but skin and bone, his voice sounding as if it came from a barrel,

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and his eyes—merciful Heavens! what eyes they were!—threatening, sullen, restless, impossible to catch, and his eyebrows scowling till they met. And his lips were for ever twitching. Ah, what had become of my James, the innocent little fellow? Hasn't he lost his mind? I sometimes thought. He wandered about like a spectre, did not sleep at night, would suddenly look in a corner and grow rigid, so that your blood would run cold. He had threatened to leave the house if I didn't leave him alone, but after all I was his father. My last hope was shattered, and I was to keep silence? Oh no! So one day, having chosen my time well, I began to entreat my James with tears in the name of his departed mother: "James, tell me, as your actual and spiritual father, what ails you? Don't make me die. Tell me your secret: unburden your heart. Have you not injured some one? In that case confess it."

"Well, father," he burst out—and this conversation took place about nightfall—"you have moved me: I am going to tell you all the truth. I have injured no one. My soul is perishing."

"How so?"

"I will tell you;" and then he raised his eyes to mine for the first time for four months.

"For four months—" he began. But at this point his voice failed him and he breathed uneasily.

"Four months, do you say? What else? Speak! do not keep me waiting."

"It is now four months that I keep seeing him."

"Him? whom?"

"I mean him whom one don't like to mention when it's growing dark."

I grew cold from head to foot and began to tremble. "What him?" I asked. "Do you see him?"

"Yes."

"Do you see him now?"

"Yes."

"Whom?" At the same time I was afraid to look round, and we both talked in a low tone.

"There, over there;" and with his eyes he indicated the place—" over there."

I made a mighty effort and looked at the place: there was nothing there. "But, James, there is nothing there. For Heaven's sake— "

"You don't see him, but I do."

I looked again, but there was still nothing there. I then remembered the little old man of the woods who had given him a chestnut.

"What color is he? green?"

"No, not green—black."

"With horns?"

"No. He is like men, except that he is all black." While speaking his upper lip was drawn above his teeth, he had become as pale as death, he leaned against me, and his eyes seemed starting from his head.

"But that is only an apparition," I said. "It is the darkness of some shadow you see, and you mistake it for a man."

"No, indeed it isn't. I see his eyes. There! he's moving them: he's raising his arm, making a sign."

"Stop, stop, James! don't give way to this. I'll burn incense, pray and sprinkle you from head to foot with holy water."

James stopped me with a gesture: "I don't believe in your incense or your holy water: it's all not worth a farthing. I shall never be free of him. Since he first came to me one day, one summer's day—accursed day!—he is my continual visitor, and I can't get rid of him. Understand this, my father: don't be surprised any longer at my conduct, and don't torment me any more."

"What day was it he first came?" I asked, continually signing my son with the cross. "Was it not the day you wrote me about your doubts?"

James pushed aside my hand: "Leave me. Don't make me angry, lest something worse should happen. It would not take much to drive me to desperation."

You can imagine, sir, what I felt in hearing that. I remember I wept all that night. "O Lord God!" thought I, "how have I incurred thy wrath?"

At this point Alexis drew from his pocket a great chequered pocket handkerchief, and while blowing his nose tried to dry his eyes with a corner of it.

Very sad—he resumed—was the life

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that then began for us. I had but one thought: "If he only do not forget himself and lay violent hands on himself!" I watched him all the time, but I took care not to say a word. We had at this time a neighbor, the widow of a colonel —Martha Savischna. I had a great respect for her, because she was a sensible, quiet woman, although young and good-looking. I often went to see her, and she had no contempt for my condition. Driven by grief and suffering, not knowing what to do, suddenly I told her how things stood. She was at first alarmed, and then an idea came to her. She wanted to make my son's acquaintance and to have an interview with him.

I returned home and tried to persuade James: "Come, my son, come and see the widow of the colonel."

But he, stretching his arms and legs, cried out, "No, I shall not go. What could we have to talk about?"

However, I finally persuaded him, and having harnessed my little sleigh I carried him to the widow's house: then I left him as we had agreed. Three or four hours later my son returned.

"Well," I said, "how did you find our neighbor?"

He made no answer, but I was not discouraged.

"She is a virtuous lady," I went on, "and certainly she has been very kind to you."

"Yes, she's not like the others."

Then, seeing him gentler than usual, I ventured to ask him, "And the temptation of the devil, eh?"

James gave me a look which produced on me a feeling as if I had received the cut of a whip, and he became silent again. I did not torment him any longer, but made my way to my room. An hour later, approaching his door, I looked through the keyhole, and—would you believe it?—my James was asleep. He was lying on his bed fast asleep. I crowed to myself at least twenty times: "May God send all sorts of prosperity to Martha Savischna! She, dear dove! has known how to touch his hard heart." The next morning I saw James take his hat without saying a word. Should I ask him where he was going? No, indeed. He is surely going to call upon her. And in fact he went there, and remained longer than the day before. And the next day and the next he went again. I felt myself taking fresh courage. I saw there was a change in my son, and indeed it was possible to catch his eyes again. There were signs of sadness still, but none of that former despair and alarm. Alas! I was not long happy. Soon everything went wrong. James became sullen again: as before, it was impossible to go near him. He locked himself up in his room, and there were no more visits to the widow. "Can he have offended her?" I thought, "and can she have forbidden him her door? No, wild as he is, he cannot have forgotten himself to that point."

I could not restrain myself—I asked him: "Well, James, and our neighbor? It seems to me you have quite forgotten her."

"Our neighbor!" he cried like a madman. "Do you want *him* to make fun of me?"

"What?"

And James, clenching his fists, roared: "He used in old times to be always crouching there: now he has begun to laugh and show his teeth. Go away! leave me!"

I did not know exactly to whom these words were addressed. My feet could hardly carry me from the room.

I went that same day to Martha Savischna, and found her very melancholy: she had even become very thin. But she did not want to talk about my son with me: she said but one thing: "No human aid will be of any use: you must pray."

Oh, great God! as if I were not praying day and night!

At this point Father Alexis again drew forth his handkerchief and wiped his eyes —this time without making any effort at concealment. And after a moment's rest he resumed: Then James and I glided toward our fate like an avalanche on a mountain. We both saw clearly the abyss below, but to what support could we cling? And concealment was no longer possible: everything in the par-

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ish was in confusion; it began to be whispered that the son of the priest was possessed, and that it was time to tell the authorities; and they would have done so had it not been that they felt pity for me. Meanwhile, winter had passed and spring had come. And the good Lord had sent a pleasanter, clearer spring than the oldest persons had ever seen. The sun shone all day long: there was no wind, and the air was neither hot nor cold. Suddenly an idea came into my head—whether I might not persuade James to undertake a pilgrimage with me to St. Mitrophanos of Voroney? If this last plan failed there would be nothing left but death. So one evening I was sitting on the steps of my house: the sunset still shone in the sky, and some larks were still singing; the apple trees were in blossom. I was seated, and wondering to myself how I could tell James my intention, when suddenly he came out of the house, stood surprised for a moment without stirring, and sat down by my side. I was almost frightened I was so glad. But hush! He sat there looking at the sunset without saying a word. It seemed to me as if he was moved. His eyes grew slowly clearer: a trifle would have brought tears. Noticing this change, I ventured to try. "James," I said to him, "listen to me without anger." And I began to tell him my plan at length—how we two should start for St. Mitrophanos on foot, with knapsack on back; and from our house to Voroney was about one hundred and fifty versts; and how agreeable it would be to walk in the early spring morning on the tender, green grass—to walk all the time; and how once there, if we should prostrate ourselves humbly and make really sincere prayers on the saint's tomb, who knows?—perhaps he would intercede for us, and the great God would take pity on us, and cure my son James. Such a thing was not unheard of.

Oh, imagine, sir, my joy when James said suddenly, "Very well, I agree: let us go."

I was stupefied. "My friend!" I stammered, "my little pet!"

And he asked, "When do we start?"

"To-morrow, if you want to."

In fact, we did start the next day. We put our knapsacks on our backs, took our big walking-sticks, and set off. We walked for seven whole days. And during the whole time the weather was miraculously pleasant—no rain and no excessive heat. James grew better every hour. I must tell you that even before this James did not see *him* when he was in the open air, but he always felt him and heard him walking behind him, or else he saw him gliding along the ground like a shadow, which tormented him more than anything. This time nothing of the sort happened. Even in the inns where we slept nothing appeared. We talked little, but how happy we were! and especially I, for I saw my child getting better. At last we reached Voroney. We washed ourselves and made our way to the church. For three days we hardly went out of it. How many masses we had said! how many candles burned! And all went so well—holy days and peaceful nights. My good James slept like a child.

It was he who first spoke of the thing. "Father," he asked me, "you don't see anything?" And while he said that he smiled.

"I see nothing," I said.

"Well, neither do I."

What more could be asked? My gratitude to the saint knew no bounds.

Three days passed thus, and I said to James, "Well, my boy, we must start away again. There is only one thing to be done: you must confess, receive the communion, and then we shall go home, if it please God. Then, when you have rested and given up household labors to get back your strength,—then we shall have to look about and get you some employment. Martha Savischna will certainly come to our aid."

"No, no," said James, "we must not trouble her." But he agreed to all the rest.

The next day we went to church, my boy went to confession, and after having prayed—with what fervor!—he prepared for the communion. As for me, I kept a little to one side: I did not feel the

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ground beneath my feet. Angels in heaven are not more happy.

But while I am looking at him, what is happening? James has partaken of the sacramental bread, and is he not going to dip his lips in the cup of warm wine, as every good Christian does who has just received the body of Christ? He turned his back to me: I went to him and said, "Well, James, you don't drink it."

He turned round suddenly. Oh, sir, I sprang back from terror. His face was terrible to see. It was that of a brute—pale as death, his hair straight, his eyes crossed. My voice failed me with fear. I wanted to speak, but could not. He hastened out of the church, I after him. He ran straight to our inn, threw his knapsack on his back and started off bareheaded.

"Where are you going, James?" I cried. "Stop! stop!"

But he made no answer: he ran, running first to one side, then to the other, and there was no way of catching him. Without losing a moment I returned to the inn and hired a telega: at the same time I trembled in all my limbs, not ceasing to murmur "O God! O God!" for I could not understand what had happened. I started back home, for I thought he would certainly have run there; and in fact, six versts from the town I overtook him, walking with great steps along the road. I came up to him, and jumped down from the telega: "James! James!"

He stopped short, turned halfway round toward me like a soldier, his eyes lowered, his lips tightly closed, and whatever I could say he stood stock-still there like an idol. Then he continued his journey. What could I do? I followed behind. Oh, what a journey that was, sir! Our return from Voroney was as terrible as the walk there had been pleasant. If I spoke to him he snapped his teeth, with his head on his shoulder, like a tiger or a hyena. I have never understood how I did not lose my wits. Finally, one night in a smoky peasant's hut, he was sitting with his legs hanging, looking slowly at the things around him. I fell on my knees and besought him: "Don't kill the poor old man who is your father. Tell me what happened to you."

"Listen! You want to know the truth. Well, here it is: When I was receiving the sacrament—you remember when I had the wafer in my mouth—suddenly I saw *him* in the church in full light—him before me as if he had risen from the earth—and he whispered to me, 'Spit it out, and trample it under your foot;' and I did as he said: I spat it out and trampled it under my foot; and now I am damned for all eternity, for all sins can be forgiven except the sin against the Holy Ghost."

Having said these horrible words, my son fell back, and I too fell to the ground.

Father Alexis was silent for a moment. He wiped his eyes with his two hands. Well, he continued, I need not distress you or myself any longer. We managed to reach home; and the end soon came, and I lost my James. He neither ate nor drank the last few days. Almost all the time he was running up and down the room, saying his sin could not be forgiven. But he never saw *him* any more; and why should he have come, since he had finished the destruction of my boy's soul? And as soon as James took to his bed he lost consciousness, and without confession, like a miserable worm, he left this world for the next. However, I don't like to think that the Lord has judged him severely; and this is why among other reasons—because he was so handsome in his coffin. He seemed to have grown younger. He looked as he used to when he was a little boy—his face so smooth and calm, a soft smile upon his lips. Martha Savischna came to see him, and she had the same idea. She had him surrounded with flowers, and it was she too who had the stone put up at his grave.

As for me, I have remained alone; and now you know, my dear sir, the cause of the great grief you noticed on my face. It will never pass away—it cannot!

I wanted to say a few words of consolation to Father Alexis, but I could think of nothing, and we parted in silence.

IVAN TOURGUENEFF.

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CURIOUS COUPLES.

I.

THERE are few things a clergyman enjoys more than a wedding; and not merely because it is a variation upon severe study, to say nothing of visiting the poor and the sick, consoling the dying, burying the dead. Surely it is a pleasure to aid in making people happier than they ever were before in their lives. I am certain that such was the case at least with a favorite parishioner of mine, whom I will call Harriet. She was the only daughter of a small planter in the South, had been well educated, was as well read as young women usually are, and possessed a certain sort of willowy loveliness. Her parents had no other child, and she had loved them as if loving—for that was her nature—was her sole business in life. A singularly devoted daughter Harriet was—until, at least, she knew a man whom I will name Harris Clark. I do not think I ever married a woman who seemed to give herself quite so completely away to the man of her choice. She had been a devoted Christian, yet she seemed to me to turn from her Maker, as well as from her parents and friends, in the utterness of her devotion to her husband. A heathen does not rise, in some lands, to the worship of a clay idol, but is enraptured with any bone or stick as a *fetich*. That was the puzzle in the case of this otherwise sensible and lovely girl, that she should have given herself as she did—body, mind, heart, soul—to such a very ordinary man as Harris Clark. He was a sallow, loose-jointed, good-natured good-for-nothing, without force in any direction that any one knew of, not having even an energetic vice. Although you met him a dozen times a week, you could not help forgetting in the intervals his very existence. Since he was nothing in or to himself, Harriet seemed to think it to be her privilege to be that much the more to him: she was as earnest in her affection as is the air in its effort to get into the vacuum of an exhausted receiver. If the man ever said or did or was anything to attract so great affection in the first place, or to repay it afterward, nobody ever knew of it. He had silently absorbed this good girl into himself—and her property too, for he had none of his own—as a sandbank absorbs a rivulet which flows singing and sparkling upon it, and puts forth never a blade of grass, let alone a flower, in return. There must have been an overwhelming display in private of his affection for her: there was very little in public; and yet, otherwise, how could so excellent a girl have loved him so much? They lived together several years after marriage. Pardon me if I use too many figures, but you can understand how she concentrated upon him all her accomplishments and faculties if you imagine a cluster from the choicest vineyard to crush all its grapes, to the last berry, into a cup for the drinking of the meanest of mortals. In this case the cup was drunk at a gulp, and speedily forgotten.

She fell into a consumption, and I was with her when she was dying. She was always a frail creature, with flaxen hair and large blue eyes. She held to him now with those vine-like arms which cling, by the strong impulse of the loving heart within, to a weed as vigorously as to an oak.

"Oh, Harris," she said to him, "you know how I have loved you!"

"Yes, Harriet," he answered as he stood by her. He was weeping, but his tears were more like the leaking of a loosely-hooped vessel than from any force of sorrow. "Yes, Harriet—yes, yes."

"You know I have loved you with all my soul," she gasped; "and now you will promise, won't you? There is our little Harry: I've loved you so much I have hardly thought of him. You will promise—*will* promise?"

"Oh yes, yes, yes," he said.

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"Then swear it on this Bible, dear," she pleaded.

"That I won't marry again, you mean? Certainly. Yes, I swear I won't—yes, oh yes," her husband said in the same weak way.

"You all hear?" the poor woman cried with almost rapture to her father and mother, who were weeping bitterly, as well as to myself.—"Kiss me good-bye, Harris dear;" and she was gone, forgetting in her devotion to him to kiss even her little boy. "I'm willing to go now," were her last whispered words. "We'll soon be together in heaven, and then I'll be all yours—yours, dear—yours for ever and ever!"

I cannot say exactly how many months it was after this—not very many, I am sure—when I had a call from the bereaved husband. He wanted me to get my hat and take a little walk with him in the lengthening shades of the afternoon. I did so, glad to console him as I best could.

"I dare say you know what I want," he said as soon as we were out of doors. "What I'm afraid of is, she may fool me."

"She? Fool you?" I asked in an imbecile way.

"Adeline Jones," Mr. Clark explained. "You know Squire Jones? She is the stoutest of his three. You must have seen her, a likely young woman, with black eyes and red cheeks. They live by the creek. This is the license: you can take it. But look here! She has said she would, and then called me back dozens of times before I could get out of the front gate to say she wouldn't. I heard her call after me to-day, when I had got a piece away. 'Don't you—don't you do it,' she said, but I kept on. Now, you see, if she won't when we get there, you are to give that license back to me. I told the probate clerk he might have his document back again, and I wouldn't pay him a cent, if she didn't. You see, she may, but then she mayn't. See?"

But Miss Adeline Jones did. I married them. In her way she made him an excellent wife, I dare say. She was a lady of energetic character, and her husband had the extensive repute of being her very obedient subject. It was even whispered that in some measure she was succeeding in making a man of him. My impression is that the poor Harriet of other days had fears in reference to Miss Adeline before her death, or it may have been merely an instinct of her sensitive heart. It was therefore that she tried to bind her husband as she did. It was a foolish thing to do, but it was the folly of an affection at which we may wonder, but not laugh. Surely, if the dead can see those they have left behind, she must know her former idol better than she did when she worshiped at its feet. She must know him, in fact, as he really is; in which case it is impossible she should care. It was that which decided me as to marrying him the second time. The man was so valueless in every sense that the attempt to impose such an oath upon him was like trying to hold a floating chip with an anchor and chain: the obligation was not binding; it fell from off such a man equally by his utter worthlessness as by its own excess of weight.

II.

I was called upon one September evening by a gentleman to marry him to a certain lady. An infant could not have been more ignorant of it than I was at the time, but the suitor was a man who had been detected by a former husband of the woman in criminal relations with his wife: said suitor had promptly shot the injured husband, and now sought to marry the widow. I tell of this now in order to ask of the reader what kind of man and woman he supposes this couple to have been. You say the murderer was probably a broad-chested, loud-voiced, ruddy-visaged, black-bearded desperado, armed literally "to the teeth" with oaths as well as bowie-knives and revolvers. Not at all. Colonel Caulfield—for that shall stand for his name—was a small man with hay-colored hair and moustache, gentle manners and wonderfully woman-like hands, feet and voice. Nothing could be more suave and silken than

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his bearing. The very man, you would naturally suppose, to pet canaries and write sonnets — to shed nothing more dreadful than tears, and those his own. As to the lady, the mildest way I can put it is to say that she more thoroughly filled out my ideal of a perfectly wicked woman than any I ever knew. When they stood before me to be married, you run before my pen in anticipating her appearance. Doubtless she was a vigorous-limbed, ample-bosomed Cleopatra, with a languishing darkness in her great eyes, as well as a significant fullness of the lips? Here, again, you are mistaken. Mrs. Caulfield—for I did not get a fair survey of her until the ceremony ended—was as tall yet slight a woman as one generally sees. She had small eyes, thin lips, only pallor in her cheeks and shyness in her soul. An invalid lady of refinement, a devoted and indulgent mother to the numerous children of her deceased husband, all of whom were at the wedding, would have been your final impression. There was so peculiar a modesty in the custody of her eyes that you would think her a prude, and morbidly so. Those venomous eyes! No wonder she handled them, if I may so speak, as with a careful hold. She carried them cautiously, as one does a loaded pistol when the hammer is up and the trigger yields to the slightest touch. If you knew her history, and knew herself, you would acknowledge that I do not exaggerate.

She had run away with her former husband, who was infatuated with her. He was no more to her, after she came to know Colonel Caulfield, than the tongs leaning beside the fireplace—no more to her than Colonel Caulfield would be after the next man should arrive. Now, naturalists leave no specimen of the animal kingdom unclassified, and take the more pleasure in describing it the uglier it is; but the writer is too unscientific in this case, and declines to enter into further analysis. Yet full opportunity was offered. Immediately after marriage Colonel Caulfield and his wife took a pew at church, and attended regularly. There was in such a man that which greatly interested me. Had he arrived from Persia or the moon, he could hardly have been more unlike myself, as well as the men with whom I was generally thrown. Gambler, drunkard, seducer, murderer as he was, there ran through all his conversation a certain fibre of Nature—nature Indian and unconcealed — which made him more interesting to me by far than Mr. Smith, who measured calico, or Mr. Hopkins, who sold groceries all day. One should yield to an appetite, so to speak, for the variation of humanity in such a case, if only from hope of doing good. Possibly it was a blind yearning after something which might save him from himself that caused Colonel Caulfield to reciprocate my interest in him.

"If I find that the Morgan colt I am raising," he said to me one day in serious earnest, "makes good enough time on the turf, I'm going to name it after you, sir;" and the man had no higher proof than that to give me of his liking. And who knows how sincerely that poor woman may have wished to become better? She never failed at church or prayer-meeting, and no one could be more modest, even humble, in her bearing, listening attentively, often tearfully. But the simple fact is, we were all afraid of her. The ladies of our church were profoundly interested in her husband: of him they had strong hopes, but of his wife none at all. When she actually applied for admission to the church as a communicant, we were seriously alarmed. The board of church officials, before whom she appeared for this purpose, and whose duty it was to question her closely as to her preparation for such a step, made sad work of it. They knew her history well, but then she seemed to be so modest behind her veil, so penitent, weeping as she tried to answer their questions in a low voice, that they postponed the decision of the case as their only relief. Well I knew that they wanted to ask their wives, and I well knew, also, how our ladies shrank from her with horror. What disastrous mischief to the sheep and lambs might not this beautiful serpent do if she should be suffered to glide

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within the fold! Our oldest official was directed to tell her very kindly that her case was under consideration. Unfortunately, he did not do it, being afraid to call on her for the purpose, or having forgotten to do so. It was pitiful. Communion Sabbath, supposing that she was admitted to partake, dressed in deep black, she took a back pew at the appointed time among the communicants. Nervous at his negligence in the matter, the same white-headed official went to her in the face of the whole congregation, whispered to her that she could not commune, and led her out of the pew! The miserable Magdalene told me that she went home and wept day and night without ceasing until I called and explained.

Meanwhile, there must have been something of deadliest leprosy in the very blood of herself, if not of her former husband, perhaps both, their children turned out so badly. I dare say it was the same wretched feebleness of grasp on the part of our Sabbath-school toward them as of the church toward her husband and herself — for leprosy itself is in the healing power of the disciple as of the master—which is heavily to blame for their fate. One of her boys was drowned — on Sunday, of course. Another ran away, and was heard of again as in jail for having shot and killed another boy, who, for fun, had hidden his clothes when they were bathing together. I was called to attend the funeral of yet another who blew himself up on a Fourth of July.

There was one daughter, Sylvia, a slight, lithe, marble-complexioned girl of fifteen, the duplicate of her mother, only more beautiful, in whom we had all taken at least a sentimental interest. One day Mrs. Caulfield sent begging me to come to the house. Very hesitatingly I did so, it must be confessed. She was eagerly waiting for me, met me at the front gate and ushered me in weeping. "Oh, sir, what am I to do?" she said. "Colonel Caulfield is away from home —you know he is never at home these days — and Sylvia has run away. She climbed out of her window last night at midnight. She has gone off with that young Procter, the lawyer's clerk. What shall I do? I will do *whatever* you say."

I was amazed at the weakness of the woman, she seemed so foolishly dependent on me. In her weakness lay her wickedness. Not that she did not seem to have ardent aspirations upward. Not that she did not, apparently, reach upward as with her long and thin and fragile hands, grasping almost frantically, and as into the empty air, after something to seize upon and lift herself up by. But, alas! she had also a peculiar gravitation downward too. Some metals there are upon which the magnet has no influence — upon other and baser metals it seizes with irresistible energy; not by reason merely of a force in the magnet, but of a certain kindred something in the object affected by it. So of this woman. There was that in her which seemed to afford the magnetism as of the earth a tenfold power upon her to drag her down, and to drag down with her all she had laid hold upon.

She seized my arm with the grasp of a tropical runner as it were. To me it was like the hold of the poisonous oak-ivy, and, somewhat abruptly detaching myself, I said, "I am sorry, madam, but if Sylvia has run away, it is too late. What can you do?"

"Yes," the weeping woman said; "but I heard her getting down on the shed-roof, and I started some men after them with the colonel's blood mare in the buggy—all through the storm too—and they brought them back. I have locked young Procter up in that room, and Sylvia in *that* one," indicating with her hand as she spoke a door on either side of the hall. "They are all wet, but I locked them up till you could come and tell me what to do. Whatever *you* say, sir, I'll do."

"Write to your husband, and wait till he comes," I suggested.

"He does not care," she answered promptly, "and he wouldn't come. You are the only person in the world who can tell me what to do;" and she wept helplessly before me.

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"Let me talk to him," I said at last, groaning under my unsought responsibility. Mrs. Caulfield wiped her eyes, allowed me to go in, and locked the door upon us. Now, I happened to know the "bold Lochinvar" in this case. Only, he was not at all bold—was nothing but a boy of twenty, ignorant and shy, and just now exceedingly wet as well as frightened. He was an orphan, and there was not a soul to wait to see or to hear from in his case. I soon found, too, that he was altogether the secondary person in the affair. He too was willing to do anything, although I think he would have been very glad to make his escape from the matter altogether. "I will do whatever you think best," he said at last; "and there is the license if you want to use it." A precious document it was! Somebody had perjured himself or herself frightfully to get it, the parties being under the age required by law; or possibly the probate clerk had taken the responsibility himself, just for the fun of the thing. There was nothing for me to do but to try the young lady. I asked, however, as I was let out of the room, "You love the girl, do you? Sincerely, now? Do you really love her?"

"Oh yes," he answered with wondering eyes, but with hearty sincerity. "Of course I do. Love her? Yes, sir."

I saw the explanation of everything the moment I was locked in with Sylvia. She was as wet as she could be, was muddied and draggled exceedingly, her black hair all spread out on her shoulders to dry. Her eyes, however, were full alternately of fun and of defiance. She told me the whole story: "We had it fixed, sir, two weeks ago. I got down over the shed: he was waiting for me in the rain. I got into the buggy with a big bag of my best things, and we drove off. Oh but it was dark and muddy! and how the rain did pour down! As day broke we got into the creek. We never once thought about its being swollen by the rain. It was so funny! The old buggy upset right in the middle. Away went my bag and everything I had in the world: his went too. That's the reason we haven't changed. He hasn't got anything to put on, you see, and I won't put on any of ma's things and be dry and comfortable when he has to stay so wet."

"How did you get out of the creek?" I asked, not able to be as serious as I had hoped.

"I don't know," she said, "except that we let the old horse and buggy go, and scrambled out somehow. I made a grab for him with one hand, and for the brush with the other. All *I* cared for was to get out on the side farthest from home. We climbed out some way. It was there they caught us. Our clothes were so muddy and heavy we could not run to save our lives—could not even fight. That is the way they bundled us in and brought us back. You all never would have seen us again if it hadn't been for that creek."

"But, Sylvia," I said as gravely as I could, "do you not know that you are too young to marry?"

"Ma was six months younger," she interrupted.

"But for you to run away—" I began.

"She ran away," the daughter replied promptly. "She got out over a shed, just as I did, and at midnight too. Only, she was not caught."

"But that is no reason," I insisted. "She is your mother, and it is your duty to obey her."

As I spoke I noticed that the girl had ceased to pass her long and abundant hair through her hands, first over one shoulder and then over the other. Her lips slightly opened, she looked at me with her eyes suddenly filled with sorrowful wonder, her pale cheek became pallid. "You do not know my mother, sir," she said slowly and after a short silence. "The best thing any child of hers can do, a daughter especially, is to get out of her house as soon as possible."

There was something wholly beyond questioning, as much in the sad and hopeless manner of the girl as in her words, and she sat down, dripping and soiled as she was, on the edge of a chair, and began to cry. As I pondered the matter, she raised her head and said, with a kind of childish dignity in her

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bearing, "The best thing you can do, sir, is to marry us. He has got the license: I had it got for him. If you don't we will run away the first chance we get. If I don't go with him, it will be with somebody else. It may be something worse a good deal than getting married. Yes, sir, I think you had better marry us;" and she sat like a child with her hands clasped together in her lap, awaiting my decision.

I was a very young man—for a pastor at least—at that time, and I saw nothing else to do myself. "Miss Sylvia," I said with the deepest solemnity I could assume, "it is a very serious thing to get married. Do you really love this young man? Will you try and be a good and faithful wife to him? What I mean is this: Do you—now don't be in too great a hurry to answer—do you really and sincerely and truly *love* him?"

She listened to me very seriously. A smile came, and then went. She wept a little, and then laughed, and then looked at me through her tears. "Yes, sir, I love him," she said simply.

And so I called in the waiting mother. The bridegroom was ushered in. From the rear premises crowded in the negro servants and stood in the doorway while I married this curious couple. If ever a minister urged upon bride and groom their duties fully and faithfully, I did. When I had ended with the usual benediction over their bowed heads, I suddenly kissed her as I wished her happiness, but I had no thought of doing so the instant before. She was such a child, and her chance of future happiness was so pitiful! I never saw them again. The young husband took his wife far away—I never knew where. If the blood of her mother was not too strong in her veins, she may have made him an excellent wife.

The worst thing, to me, in regard to Colonel and Mrs. Caulfield and their singular household is the dead failure in reference to them of my church and myself. Every soul of them passed out of our hands and utterly away. From all I know, I fear the record got worse and worse with them as the years fled. I hope not, but I greatly fear. Heaven forgive us! it was our fault. I am sure we could have grasped and held, perhaps, every individual of them if we had fearlessly and earnestly and vigorously done our best, instead of being so miserably shy and fastidious about it. There has been, thank God! a wonderful change for the better since then. You could not have induced the ladies of my church at that time to visit and seek to acquire a personal influence over Mrs. Caulfield: it was with a shudder that they even looked at her. We are learning, as we get to be more like the Master, better than that. But oh for the coming day when every man and woman of us will lay such loving hold upon even the vilest and most hopeless within our reach—such unrelaxing hold as upon the perishing—that nothing less than God himself in the person of the angel of death shall wrest such from us, nor wrest them then except to lift them from our hands into those of the angels in heaven!

III.

I once knew a wealthy widow whose large plantation and swarms of negroes did not give occasion for half so much attention and trouble as her only daughter, Kate. The mother was a vigorous specimen of her sex, broad and ruddy, used to being up early of mornings, with a voice which could be heard and felt from "the gr't house," as the mansion of the white folks was called, to the "quarters" where the blacks lived. It was little her slaves cared for their overseer in comparison. For "ole Miss Kate"—the mother's name being the same as the daughter's—they did care. She was the highest ideal of energy of which they could form any conception, and of sleepless watch also, so far as smoke-house, corn-crib, poultry-yard, cotton-gin, press or field was concerned. Pallas Athene was a vaporous phantom to the Athenians as a tutelary deity in comparison to Mrs. Ryle in the eyes of *her* subjects. She was their superstition. If she did not see everything, know everything, hear everything, do everything on the plantation, it was impossible for the whitest-

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headed old Cudjo on the place to suggest the exception. Never sick herself, never off the grounds, apparently never asleep, she worked harder than the hardest worked hand there, and always harder than "the smartest boy" of them all in "the rush of the season," when the last handful of cotton was to be got in and the last bale of the crop to be pressed. She was present at every birth among the blacks, doctored all their sick, cut and had made under her own eyes all their clothes, saw in person to all their food, directed the least details of every funeral. Any idea of a Providence beyond "ole Miss Kate" on their part was vague to the last degree.

But Kate the daughter—and she had no son — was ten times the trouble to her of all her place and people. At eighteen the lesser Kate gave assurance of filling up in fullest measure and in due time the utmost outlines of the older and larger Kate. It was her having neither husband nor son to do it for her which had so developed the mother, compelled to manage her large property herself. Now, Kate the younger had gradually secured to herself the exclusive care of so much of the possessions of her mother as came under the head of "the stock." A serious charge it was, requiring and wonderfully developing all the energies of this duplicate of her mother. The plantation rolled its acres upon one side along a "river-bottom," the waxy black soil of inexhaustible fertility for cotton and corn wherever the pecan trees, with their wagon-load of nuts in the season, had been girdled or cut down for the crops. On the other side of the "gr't house," which stood upon a ridge above chills and fever, the surface spread in billows as of the heaving sea to the horizon, one wide wealth of the sweetest and richest mesquit-grass, over which roamed at will the horses and cattle. This was the undisputed domain of Kate Ryle the younger. Every spring she saw to the ingathering and branding of the calves and colts, hundreds at a time. The milking and making of butter and cheese at the spring-house, where water was abundant, were her care. All this demanded early rising, to say nothing of being almost always in the saddle and on "the lope" — *i. e.*, a long gallop — over the prairies after willful cows or wandering mares and colts. Very little time had Miss Kate for French or novels. She had a piano, but did not open it once a month. Her knowledge of crocheting was as vague as her dates in history, but then she was a splendid sight to see on horseback with her floating hair and glowing cheeks and radiant eyes; for oh there is nothing in the world so delightful as the open air and the green grass and the swift riding of that Paradise of a climate.

But Satan entered into this Paradise also. Tom Raffles was the son of a neighboring planter. Seeing what came of it in the end, I do not know how it could have been helped. The growing of the grass, the frisking of the calves, the wild careering of the colts with flying manes and tails in the exhilarating sun and wind, was not more an inevitable process of Nature. Having to care for his stock, very often obliged to separate his and hers when their "brands" got mixed up on the open prairies, it was impossible that Tom and Kate should not often meet, and meeting it was impossible they should not have loved. The brilliant atmosphere made it wholly impossible that their spirits should not have foamed and sparkled in it like champagne: being so happy together, very often loping side by side in search of strayed cattle too, it was utterly impossible, I insist, that what followed should not have followed. Kate herself told me all about it. "How could Tom help our men marrying among his women?" she said to me. "Mother got mad, because she hated to have our hands going off to their wives' houses on his place; but I wonder if their men were not coming to *their* wives' houses on our place? Mother told Tom he must stop it, but how could he? She has got so used to telling the people on our plantation what they must and must not do, and being minded, that she thinks the very stars must do as she says."

And that was the way Kate happened to spend those three winter months with

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us. We lived in a town a day's journey distant from the plantation, and had spent many a delightful day under Mrs. Ryle's hospitable roof; and without a word to us she sent Kate to be our guest, so as to get her away from Tom. It is amazing to me that so sensible a woman should have been so stupid. True, Tom never entered the house, but then I got letters for her all the time out of the office; and why Kate was so fond of long walks almost every afternoon I never knew, beyond her telling me that she was so accustomed to exercise in the open air that if she did not go out she would die. I have an impression that the mother thought that my being a minister was a remedy for her daughter's malady—that there was a seriousness as in the very atmosphere of my house which would stifle all vain desires on the part of her wayward offspring.

When the sagacious mother supposed Kate's affection for her objectionable suitor was cured by such separation, she wrote for her to return, and to me, telling me how heartily she was obliged for the hospitality on my part which had broken off her daughter's love for "that abominable Tom Raffles."

Kate left us on Monday. Saturday evening she was back at our house—on horseback this time—and Tom with her. They fastened their horses down at the front gate, but I saw them, and made up my mind, as they walked up between the rows of cactus-plants to our door, I would not do it.

"This is Mr. Tom Raffles," Kate said, introducing him, a rough, honest-faced fellow enough in his Sunday clothes, which always deform men of his bronzed and muscular sort.

"I see he is," I said promptly; "but, Kate, I cannot do it. Your mother trusted me, and I will *not* do it. I am sorry to disappoint you, but I will not."

"Who wanted you to?" she said as promptly; and added, "Oh, Tom! but wasn't it funny?" and as she coolly took off her things she laughed as people never laugh who have not lived in the open air.—"I thought I should have died," she explained, for Tom was evidently to be the secondary person of this curious couple. "It was all I could do to sit on my horse. There she is now.—Run and help her out, Tom."

As she spoke there was the roll of wheels at our gate, and before Tom, who was in no hurry about it, could go, Mrs. Ryle the mother ran into the room, panting and out of breath, exclaiming, "Hold on! stop! don't you do it, sir! They've run away. I'll never consent: she isn't of age."

"I have just assured them that I will not," I hastened to say as Mrs. Ryle laid her large and eager hands, one on each of my shoulders and pushed me back. What a magnificent woman she was! —expanded, as Queen Elizabeth was, by so many years of absolute rule into as powerful a female in every sense as you would wish to meet. It was easy to see that in a few years her daughter would equal her in every way: she was her mother's own child.

"We don't want him to," she said, and added, "Oh, but I thought I should have died!"

"Come," her mother said to the gentleman who had accompanied her daughter, "you go away. A nice neighbor you are, to let your women marry my men, and toll them off my plantation that way, as if they could be back by daybreak in time for the cotton-patch! And now you want to steal Kate! No, sir! Go away!"

"It almost killed me," the daughter continued, laughing until the tears ran down her cheek.—"Do hush, ma, one moment.—You see, she would find out. Oh, we knew that," the audacious young lady explained to the company. "We know mother, and so we fixed for it. Tom had the license in his breast-pocket, all ready. When we started on horseback we knew she would be after us in her buggy. Her horse is the best, and the road is splendid. But we knew Mr. Lobbin would be riding out to his Sunday appointment—he is the circuit preacher, you know—as regular as a clock."

I did not know, but her mother did, and exclaimed aloud, turning from crimson to chalk as she did so.

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"It was the funniest thing!" the young lady went on. "We could hear her wheels rattling behind. Tom did not know what to do. Sure enough, as we loped along, there was old Brother Lobbin jogging along toward us on his old white horse. The first thing you know, Tom had his bridle on one side and I on the other, the old man whirled around, and his horse galloping between us. I can talk faster than Tom, and explained it to him as we went. Tom managed to get out his document and unfold it for the old man to read as we tore along. You see," the girl laughed, "we held tight on to the old gray as we rode. Sometimes Tom would let go to give him a cut with his raw-hide, and then again I would. We had whirled Brother Lobbin around so suddenly, and were going so fast, that he got confused. He is never very bright, you know, if he is good. Tom showed him a twenty-dollar gold-piece, and slipped it in the old man's vest-pocket as we galloped up hill and down, for the wheels were rattling close behind us. And that was all, and here we are!"

"You see, he married us," Tom explained.

"I could hardly keep on my horse," the exuberant young lady broke in. "Brother Lobbin had never gone so fast, nor his horse either, in his life. 'Dost—thou—take—this—woman?' he said, every word jerked out of him as you see Kershaw pumpkins out of a wagon when the team is running away. We were quick to say 'Yes' when the time came. But he wouldn't make a prayer for us at the end: he said it would be wicked to pray loping. But we are married, and we let him go as we came into town.—It's all too funny for you to stay mad with us, mother. We'll make the best children in the world—won't we, Tom? Both plantations will be one now, mother, and the black folks can marry as they please."

The bride's laughter subsided, however, as her mother turned, went down to her buggy, got in and drove off without a word. Nothing I could say, as I assisted her in, seemed to be even heard by her. The young people rode back the next day to Tom's plantation, but it was many a long month before the mother relented. My own impression is that a bouncing baby boy was the intercessor at last. All is made up now. Tom has his hands full with the two plantations, and the emancipation of the slaves has by no means simplified the management thereof. He is his own overseer, however, and he certainly has able assistants in his mother-in-law and wife.

As I did not myself marry this couple, I cannot with good conscience claim it as an experience of my own, except as preface to the other side of the medal in this way. I have recorded the running away of a daughter from her mother: one day it was the mother who ran away from her daughter.

"I want you to marry us," an ordinary-looking man said when I went to my front door one afternoon in reply to a demand for my presence; "and there is the license," he added.

"With pleasure," I replied. "Please bring in the lady," for I saw that he wished to be married on the spot, and was in a great hurry.

"She can't come in," he said: "she came a-horseback with me, and we are in a desperate haste. Please come down—never mind your hat—and marry us on our horses. You see we are in *such* a hurry."

I went down to my gate, some sixty feet from the front door—for we lived in the suburbs of the town—and, sure enough, there was a woman there on horseback in a calico dress and a deep sun-bonnet, holding her companion's horse by the bridle as he got on.

"I will not marry you in the street," I said. "Ride at least into my yard;" and I went in. Now, there was a hedge of *bois d'arc*, or Osage orange, along my front fence twenty feet high. I had interwoven the branches over the gate, so that we had to stoop in entering on foot. Of course it was impossible to ride on horseback through the close and thorny barrier, and I went up to the house, leaving them to do as they pleased. Fastening their horses very reluctantly, they came into the house. I made a swift

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ceremony of it. The bridegroom forgot to pay me my fee—which was perhaps his revenge upon me for my obstinacy—and mounting their horses they were soon out of sight.

Hardly were they gone before a young girl rode up on a pony to the gate, jumped off and ran in, exclaiming, "Oh, am I too late?"

She was nothing but an ordinary country-girl, not at all pretty, much freckled, evidently used to hard work, adorned with the duplicate of the calico dress and gingham sun-bonnet worn by her mother. The ladies of my household took pity on the poor thing as she sank upon the matting in the hall, weeping and lamenting. She had ridden hard, was very dusty and thirsty, and it was impossible not to sympathize with her. It was easy to imagine her story before she told it: "My mother is a poor sickly woman. She is almost worked to death already since father died," she sobbed. "We live out along the road on a little place—keep chickens and things. Why, there's a little baby in the cradle not a year old—Bub we call him—and there's four more of us, all girls!"

"What on earth did the man want to marry her for?" one of my family asked, for we saw that they all belonged to the class known as "poor white folks," with whom even the negroes had as little to do, except to sell stolen chickens to them for whisky, as possible. "What inducement—what did the man *want?*" was asked.

"He wanted her to *work* for him. He has got no nigger, and that was the only way he could get one," was the reply. "You see, he lives near us," the poor girl proceeded, rocking herself to and fro as she sat on the floor, and already sunk into the stony sorrow which seemed to be her normal condition, "and he worked his other wife to death not six months ago—four months. There he was with six little children, and he the laziest man that ever lived. He's too lazy to patch his roof to keep out the water, and half his children are always down with ague or something. The weeds is higher than his corn. All he cares for is a patch of tobacco in a corner of his place, and that is for his own smoking. The castor-oil weeds are taller than his chimney almost, and he raises goober-peas, only his hogs always root 'em up, for his fence is always down. He's got an old cow, and she hooks, and he wants my mammy to milk her for him, I suppose. He's the meanest white man living!" the girl added.

"But why did you not persuade your mother—" I began.

"Beg her not, you mean?" the girl said. "I never did nothing else. I said, 'Oh, mammy, mammy! please don't! Look at poor little Bub. All he wants—old Parkins, they call him—is to make a nigger of you.' Beg? I've been down at her knees crying and begging all this last week. And she is such a good, good mother! such a hard, *hard* working woman when her ague will let her! *I* knew what he meant when I saw them horses hitched to his fence this morning. But, you see, little Bub was having the fever after his chill—was crying for water. 'You run to the spring, Marthy,' she said to me—mammy says, says she—'and I'll quiet Bub till you come back.' I ran every step of the way there and back, never thinking; but when I come back she was gone! Bub was crying fit to kill; but I catched up Bill—that's our pony—in the stubble-field, and I jumped on, and I hollered to a neighbor as I rode by, 'Please to run over for a moment to Bub!' and I rode as hard as I could.—What *did* you do it for?" she said to me with sudden ferocity. "You might ha' *known* better!—No, I won't have anything to eat under this here roof. I want to get back to little Bub.—And you a *minister* too!"

"Ah me!" I thought as she mounted her poor scrub of a pony and rode wearily off, "this is not the first time I feel after a marriage as Jack Ketch feels, or ought to feel, after an execution; and I am afraid it will not be the last time I feel so." WILLIAM M. BAKER.

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OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS—CXVI.

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove;
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken:
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

NEITHER Mr. Dyce nor the Cambridge Editors made any attempt of their own to unravel the meaning of *worth* in the last of the above lines. They were apparently so well satisfied with the solution of Mr. Sidney Walker that they repeated it without remark in their respective editions, as follows:

"What can worth mean? qu. north? As, by following the guidance of the northern star, a ship may sail an immense way, yet never reach the true north, so the limit of love is unknown. Or can any other good sense be made of 'north'? *Judicent rei astronomicæ periti.*" — *Walker's Critical Examination*, vol. iii. 384.

According to this suggestion of Mr. Walker, the text would read: Whose north's unknown (qu. the ship's north?), although his height be taken (qu. the ship's height?)—a reading which, to say the mildest of it, is more difficult to understand than the original. Mr. Walker must surely have been dreaming of some abortive polar expedition when he imagined a ship, misled by the ignis-fatuus of the northern star, sailing an immense way, yet never reaching the true north—a sort of wild-goose chase more suggestive of groping uncertainty than of the unswerving constancy which it was the object of the metaphor to typify. But, admitting that the metaphor could apply at all in the sense imagined by Mr. Walker, he must have supposed that Shakespeare would make a parade of the recondite fact that the pole-star sometimes (for it is only sometimes) diverges from the true northern direction; and that he would set up that fact in opposition to the popular and poetical assumption of his time, that the star and the north point were identical—as, in fact, they are in certain positions well known to seamen and prefigured in early navigation-books; while, on the contrary, it is quite plain that if Shakespeare had any intention of dissenting from the received opinion of the immobility of the pole-star, he would not in the preceding lines of his sonnet have described "an ever-fixed mark that looks on tempests and is never shaken"—a description beautifully applicable to the supposed immobility of the pole-star. Nor would he have made Julius Cæsar say—

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine,
But there's but one, in all, doth hold his place.

And if it were necessary to prove that Shakespeare's contemporaries regarded the fixity of the pole-star in the same light, and adduced it also as an emblem of constancy, the following example might be cited from some commendatory verses prefixed to Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, printed in 1596. The writer is speaking of the Creator:

Yet He the pole-star, cynosura cleere,
Caused steddily to stand, though heaven did gyre,
For an example to men's actions heere.

(Respecting these lines, it may be incidentally observed that their writer properly treated "cynosura cleere" as *a single star*, in opposition to the general but erroneous definition (derived, perhaps, from Ovid's *Fasti*, iii. 107) that the name *cynosura* applies to the entire constellation of the Lesser Bear. But Cynosura is literally "Dog's Tail"—a name that could properly be applied only to the three stars of that constellation nearest the pole, and of which the last is called by moderns *Polaris;* and it is not improbable that the name Cynosura may have been given to those three stars from their seeming to *point* to the pole like the tail of a

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pointer-dog at "stand." Thence the transfer of the name, by synecdoche, to the most conspicuous and most important of the three is easily understood.)

Now, if it is obvious that this was the star from which Shakespeare drew his metaphor, it is not less obvious that by "although his height be taken" he referred to the well-known fact that the altitude of the same star was constantly taken by early navigators to ascertain their position in latitude from its varying height above the horizon. And so the *variable height* of the pole-star presented a remarkable contrast to its supposed *invariable direction.*

Had any deviation in it from a true north direction been known and acknowledged, it would have been called "*wide*," the technical term constantly applied to divergence from true direction in shooting at a mark. Whence "wide o' the bow hand" became a proverbial reproach for missed aim of any kind—as, *e.g.*, when Maria retorts upon Boyet in *Love's Labor's Lost*, "wide o' the bow hand, i' faith your hand is out." But it was not exclusively with reference to missiles that "wide" was used: in the auxiliary play in *Hamlet* it describes misdirection of a sword:

> Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide.

And, again, in the 140th Sonnet it is put in opposition to straight:

> Beare thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart goe wide;

where the lover entreats his mistress to fix her eyes at least upon him, though her heart be averted.

Width, the substantive expression of the adjective "wide," although not used elsewhere by Shakespeare, is to be found in the works of his contemporary Drayton; and Horne Tooke, in his *Diversions of Purley*, accredits it with a legitimate Anglo-Saxon derivation. In "our words of admeasurement" he enumerates "Length, Breadth, Width, Depth, Height," which, he says, "are respectively the third person singular of certain A.-S. verbs," which he specifies.

Now, *worth*, so incomprehensible in its place in the 116th Sonnet, is assuredly a misprint: and whatever may have been the word for which it was substituted, that word must have been in direct opposition to its accompanying contrast, *height.* Like transverse and conjugate diameters, one must have been in perpendicular opposition to the other, as required by the conjunction of contrast, "although." Why, then, should not *width* have been the original of the misprint *worth* in this sonnet? It is sufficiently near in sound and appearance to render the substitution not improbable; and in it we have the natural antithesis to *height*, assisting and explaining the metaphor by opposing the absence of width or deviation to the presence of variable height, and giving, by contrast, a significance to the introduction of the latter element, which, without such contrast, would be so unmeaning as to be utterly unaccountable.

And a good test of the probability of *width* having been really the word used by Shakespeare—whose expressions have always a good and appropriate meaning when it can be at length discovered—is to endeavor to choose any other term than *width* which would so exactly and so concisely express horizontal deviation, or azimuth, as opposed to vertical height, or altitude. "Whose width's unknown" may be understood as equivalent to—whose freedom from deviation is taken for granted.

A. E. BRAE.

THE LIBRARIES OF PARIS.

PARIS is almost as rich in libraries as she is in theatres. Apart from the great public collections, such as the National Library and that of Ste. Geneviève, there is scarcely an institution pertaining to art or science within her limits that has not a special collection of books which is freely opened to the public. The École des Beaux Arts, the Jardin des Plantes, the École de Médecine, etc., all have their special libraries, which may be consulted at certain hours and under certain regulations.

The chief of them all is the vast National Library, whose buildings form an island in the very heart of Paris, being bounded by the Rues Richelieu, Vivienne,

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des Petits Champs, and de l'Arcade-Colbert. The edifice which it occupies was formerly the palace of Cardinal Mazarin, and certain remains of the original building are to be seen still surrounding the inner court. Large as is the edifice itself, it is too restricted for the proper display and use of the mass of treasures that it contains. Twenty years ago there was talk of transferring the whole collection to the Louvre, whose series of vast unoccupied galleries would have royally lodged so royal a guest. Fortunately, this plan never was put into execution, for had it been carried out the whole of this priceless collection would have perished in 1871 in the flames that consumed the library of the Louvre.

The National Library, like the territory of France, is divided into departments, each of which is under the care of a special director, all these directors in turn being under the control of the chief librarian, who looks after the affairs of the whole establishment. By law, a copy of every book, pamphlet, play-bill, ballad, etc. printed in France must be sent to the library, though the law, so far as regards the two latter articles, has fallen into disuse, else the halls of the library would have literally overflowed with the undue accumulation of trivial printed matter. The books and pamphlets thus received are estimated to amount to over twenty-five thousand volumes annually. It is not exactly known how many printed volumes the library contains, but by measurement it has been computed that there are not fewer than three millions and a quarter. Of these, the choice books are placed in a series of separate rooms, this division of the library being called the Reserve. There the ardent book-lover finds treasures that are calculated to drive him wild with enthusiasm. Two hundred thousand volumes are included in the Reserve, each one of which is a priceless marvel. The first book printed by Gutenberg is to be found there, as well as the latest *chef-d'œuvre* of the typographical art. The art of bookbinding is represented by an unbroken series of specimens from the reign of Louis XII. to the present day. Choice copies of rare editions abound, and often two or three specimens of a single rarity.

Another interesting division is that of the manuscripts. They are arranged in sections according to their languages, the library possessing manuscripts in the Chinese, Hindoo, Persian and Arabic tongues, as well as in those of European nations. In fact, the entire universe is represented in the hundred and fifty thousand volumes which this division contains. Among them are included eight thousand unique manuscripts, all of them ornamented with illuminations and miniatures of priceless value, and enclosed in bindings adorned with carvings on ivory or with precious stones. Here are to be seen such curiosities as the prayer-book of Saint Louis, letters written by Henri IV. to Gabrielle d'Estrées, the autograph manuscript of *Télémaque*, an autobiography of Louis XIV. in his own handwriting, a Latin manuscript of the sixth century written on papyrus, etc. Among the Chinese manuscripts there is an inscription dating from 2000 years B. C.

The print department is extremely interesting, though it is ill lodged in a gallery built by Mansard, wherein light is lacking for a favorable display of its riches. The portraits alone number over four hundred thousand. This division was lately the scene of a theft—or rather a series of audacious thefts—whereby a certain series of valuable prints was irremediably broken. A young fan-painter of some eminence as an artist, who was a pupil of the Beaux Arts, had exhibited at the Salon, and had even carried off a medal there, obtained a permit to study in this department for the purpose, as he alleged, of finding subjects for his fans. He used to come daily, armed with a large portfolio, in which he carried his drawing-paper, pencils, etc., and would remain, studying and sketching, till the hour of closing had arrived. Naturally, the guardians of the department became used to seeing him there, and no one ever thought of examining his portfolio. Thus matters continued for some months, till an amateur, chancing to look over a set of prints of the eighteenth century, discovered that several pieces were miss-

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ing from the series, and hastened to inform the director of the department. A careful investigation was instituted, and it was discovered that over six hundred prints, many of them unique—among which were several that had formed part of the collection of Marie Antoinette—had disappeared. The police were not long in discovering the culprit in the person of the young fan-painter aforesaid. It was found that for months past this intelligent youth had been living comfortably on the fruit of his thefts, the purloined prints being eagerly purchased by the vendors of drawings and old engravings. As each print belonging to the library bears the stamp of that institution on the back, it might be imagined that the source from which he procured such a quantity of rare engravings would have been readily detected; but he always contrived either to obliterate the stamp by means of a wash or to conceal it under a seemingly careless pencil-sketch. Some fifty prints were found packed up in his room ready for removal, and about fifty more were recovered from the bric-à-brac vendors to whom he had sold them; but at least five hundred were lost to the library for ever. However, it can endure the loss with equanimity, as the existing collection is computed to contain about a million and a half of prints, commencing with those of the fifteenth century.

The Cabinet of Medals contains not only coins and medals, but gems, bronzes, Greek and Etruscan vases, ivory carvings, etc. In 1789 all the antiques in the treasuries of the Sainte Chapelle and St. Denis were removed hither, and the collection has been further enriched by the bequests and contributions of wealthy amateurs. This department, like that of the prints, has suffered from the depredations of a thief. In 1851 a large number of valuable coins and medals were stolen, a small portion of which only were recovered some six years later.

There are two reading-rooms in the National Library, or rather there is a working-room and a reading-room. To the first-named hall come those only who are serious students. This room is known to the public by the nickname of the Mosque, on account of the series of domes in the ceiling. It is large, airy, supported by pillars of cast iron and decorated with faded paintings. Well warmed in winter and always cool in summer, it affords a favorite and comfortable retreat for the literary worker. It affords space for three hundred and twenty-eight readers. It has one serious defect, however: the light is very bad. To gain access to this room a private ticket is required, which is never refused on proper application being made. The student must fill up two printed forms with his name, address and the title of the book that he wants before he can obtain any volume, and there is a certain degree of delay and passing of tickets to and fro before it is placed in his hands. But let the reader once become well known to the officials as a regular habitué and all difficulties will be smoothed out of his way. His seat will be kept for him, and the book that he has been consulting, should he still desire to use it, will be laid aside for him in a special corner.

The reading-room for the ordinary public is entered from the Rue Colbert, and is better lighted than the larger and more important apartment, having a row of windows at the side. Thither come the idlers that want to kill time or that seek a shelter from the cold or the rain. Novels and magazines form the principal literary food of this class, some of whose tickets for books have been preserved as curiosities of orthography, such as one demanding "*Ivan et Noé*, par Walther Coq" (*Ivanhoe*). Twenty thousand volumes of fugitive literature amply suffice for the wants of this class. The *clientèle* of this room varies greatly, and always according to the caprices of the weather. On cold or rainy days every seat will be occupied, while during the sunny spring or summer months one-third at least of the seats will be vacant. There are regular habitués who come daily whether it rains or shines. Some of these will ask for a book, spread it out before them, and instantly fall asleep,

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slumbering peacefully till aroused by the officials at the hour of closing. So long as these sleepers do not snore they are left unmolested, the administration arguing that they do better to sleep in a library than to fuddle themselves at a wine-shop. There are also certain harmless lunatics that haunt the public libraries of Paris and are well known to the guardians. One of these has spent years in perusing a single book, which he reads diligently from beginning to end, and then straightway recommences. Another passes his time in selecting Christian names from different works. Of these names he makes long lists, which he forwards regularly to the French missionaries in China, so that when they baptize a convert they may never be at a loss for a name. A third is collecting materials for a life of the First Napoleon, and has filled volumes upon volumes with notes pertaining to every subject under the sun. These poor creatures who pass their days quietly in the calm seclusion of the library are always kindly treated, and their whims humored to the fullest extent. They generally arrive at the moment when the doors are opened, and remain until they are closed.

The library of Ste. Geneviève, on the Place du Panthéon, was founded in 1624 by Cardinal de Larochefoucauld, who, on being appointed abbé commendataire of the celebrated abbey of the Génovéfains, found not a single volume within its limits, and presented to the abbey his own private collection, numbering some six hundred volumes. It now comprises more than two hundred thousand printed books and seven thousand manuscripts. It is noted as being the only library in Paris that is open in the evenings—a privilege of which over three hundred readers eagerly avail themselves daily. Among the rarities of this library are numbered a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, presented by herself to the monks of Ste. Geneviève, and the sole known likeness of the "nun of Moret," a mulattress reputed to have been the illegitimate daughter of Louis XIV.

The library of the city of Paris was consumed in the conflagration of the Hôtel de Ville. Although it numbered above a hundred and twenty-five thousand volumes, to which additions were continually being made, it did not possess any special value. All the employés of the establishment were privileged to use the books at will, volumes were lost, sets were broken, and the directors, who were far from being bibliomaniacs, had but little respect for the library. It was established in the garret, out of the reach of the ordinary public. The rooms that it occupied were on ball-nights turned into refreshment-rooms, and on other occasions were used as store-rooms for surplus furniture. Thus, when swept away by the flames of the Commune, the library, scorched by summer suns, mildewed by wintry damps, was in a sadly deteriorated condition. The present library of the city promises to enjoy a better fate. It was founded by M. Jules Cousin, librarian of the Arsenal, who had formed with great care and pains a collection of works relating to the city of Paris, and comprising in all over five thousand volumes. This collection, after the disasters of 1871, he hastened to offer to the city. His gift was accepted, the Hôtel Carnavalet, once the abode of Madame de Sévigné, was chosen as the locality for the establishment of the new library, and the generous donor was installed as custodian. It was opened on the 1st of January, 1874, and already numbers twenty-six thousand volumes.

The Mazarin Library is situated in the Institute—that is to say, the Academy, the building consecrated to the divine Forty. This library has just missed a special treasure in the shape of the Jules Janin collection. The great critic died, bequeathing all his possessions to his widow, but it was generally understood that he wished the Institute to be the ultimate destination of his choice and valuable library. Negotiations were accordingly opened with Madame Janin, and the lady, who seems to have been a sort of Harpagon in petticoats, promised to follow out her husband's desires, provided a special room should be dedicated to the library, and that it

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should be called by the name of the donor. The conditions were acceded to by the directors of the Academy, the room was selected, and even the places where the paintings were to be placed were fixed upon, when Madame Janin suddenly died, leaving no will, and the books, after attracting crowds for nearly a fortnight daily to the Hôtel Drouot, were dispersed to the four winds of heaven under the hammer of the auctioneer.

It has been remarked that notwithstanding the exceptional facilities for study afforded to the Parisian public, they are by no means eager to take advantage of them. Out of a population of nearly two millions the great libraries of Paris attract scarce a thousand readers daily, and that computation includes the three hundred night-students at Ste. Geneviève. The lack of thorough popular education is probably the cause of this neglect. The average Parisian, though quick-witted and clever, is generally extremely ignorant on every topic not pertaining to Paris. The great city in which he lives absorbs his thoughts, his time and his being. Outside of her encircling walls for him there is no world worth speaking of. It is all *là bas*, or, as Parisian journals generally head their scant selection of foreign telegrams — usually two or three days old, being filched from the London *Times* or the *Indépendance Belge*—it is all "the exterior." An immense scorn of all that is not Paris fills his being to the exclusion of all thirst for knowledge. What does he care for the geography of foreign lands or for the history of foreign nations? The countries are "outside," and the people thereof are outsiders. A first representation at the Bouffes Parisiens is of more consequence to him than is a Presidential election in the United States. "Who on earth would ever have known who Abraham Lincoln was if he had not been assassinated?" contemptuously asked a leading Parisian journal not long ago. No average Parisian, most assuredly. Thus, too vain to study, too conceited to see the need thereof, the ordinary Frenchman confines his reading to the *Figaro* and the *Vie Parisienne*, and leaves the great libraries of Paris alone.

L. H. H.

ON NAMES.

BOOKS have been written on the etymology and meanings of names, and "Elia" in a delicious sonnet has left little to be said about the popularity of some favorite ones:

> In Christian climes Mary the garland wears;
> Rebecca sweetens on a Hebrew's ear;
> Quakers for pure Priscilla are more clear;
> And the light Gaul by amorous Ninon swears.
> Among the lesser lights how Lucy shines!
> What air of fragrance Rosamond throws round!
> How like a hymn doth sweet Cecilia sound!
> Of Martha and of Abigail few lines
> Have bragged in verse. Of coarsest household stuff
> Should homely Joan be fashioned; but can
> You Barbara resist, or Marian?
> And is not Clare for love excuse enough?
> Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess
> These all than Saxon Edith please me less.

One feels that Adam had supernatural inspiration in giving names to the objects of creation. How delicate are the names of flowers in every language! how suggestive the names of beasts! how musical the names of birds! One cannot help congratulating the Fate which governed the distribution of patrician names at Babel or otherwheres, or the taste which assumed them. The good fairies who gave titles — and how grand they are! king, duke and earl—have seldom omitted to preside over the choice of the distinctive names also, that they might not fail in the true aristocratic ring. How sonorous is Arthur! how graceful Lancelot! how dainty Guinevere! How Hohenzollern rolls as if a voice of thunder called it imperial! Poets have always felt the importance of this detail, and how careful was Shakespeare to call his roses roses, even while asserting that by any other name they would have smelt as sweet! From Helen to Annabel Lee, what strings of pearls have fallen from poet-lips in the fair names of fair women!

Not every plebeian name is vulgar, nor are all patrician ones grandiloquent, especially in continental Europe, where the latter often smell of gunpowder or sound commonplace. Oriental names

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are fine, but coming westward one trips over consonants as rude and barbarous as the peoples who have combined them into family designations—Russian and Polish, indeed nearly all Sclavonic names, for instance, which are difficult to pronounce, and convey no ideas of either grace or dignity. Hungarian names are musical as Italian ones, and have an aristocratic repose—Almasy, Nyari, Petövi, Esterhazy, for example. German is a rich language, but is poor in well-sounding names, if one excepts those of feudal origin derived from old-time fortresses and castles, ending mostly in *stein* or *burg*. Such princely titles as Fugger, Pückler, Greitz and Schleitz are frequent, while the vulgar names like Schultze and Meyer — the latter especially in all sorts of variations like Ober-, Unter-, Hinter-, Nieder-, Blei-, Stroh-, Feld- and Probstmeyer—sound fearfully indicative of low origin. In Christian names Germany is also poor, the *Landesvater* being very generally godfather also of his folk; hence Frederick, August, Karl, Ludwig and Max—which latter is better than the pretentious Maximilian—all fine names, are made vulgar by frequency. Among the nobility, Isador, Tassillo, Hermann, Walter and Ottomar are among the most euphonious. Family tradition or want of invention sometimes imposes a single name on a whole race: thus, the princes of Reuss are all baptized Heinrich, distinguished only by Latin numerals, as Heinrich XVIII., Heinrich XIX., Heinrich LXV., and so on up to C. or more, like chapters in a history or avenues in New York.

In the North of Europe double Christian names are exceptional, while in southern countries, like Spain, babies are called after half the calendar at the font, irrespective of gender, so they only get enough.

Classic names hold their own in the countries they once made illustrious. Greece, Italy and France still possess Themistocles, Cesare and Achille, exciting frequently ludicrous comparisons, as they used to among the Southern negroes. Hannibal and Pompey, who were christened in mockery, are probably the last who will bear those heroic cognomens, and will give place in time to dusky Abraham Lincolns and *café-au-lait* Charles Sumners.

Modern Jewish names are either corruptions of old Hebrew ones or translations of them. They have a rich fragrance of Oriental poetry, and are bright with flash of gems and metals and hues of flowers. Some, like Rothschild ("Red Shield"), Levi ("Lion"), etc., remind us of the Indian "Red Clouds" and "Sitting Bulls," and like them and the *canting* names of noble families are of heraldic descent. German Israelites especially have the most inconsistently poetical surnames, like Schönfeld, Lilienthal, Veilchenduft, Rosen-thal, -berg, -baum, -blatt and -schweig. Gold- and silber-schmidt, -berg, etc. seem more appropriate.

Many immigrant families in England and America, like Harry Foker's ancestor, have changed or translated their names, as "King" for "*König*," "Duke" for "*Herzog*," "Smith" for "*Schmidt*," "Seasongood" for "*Süs und gut*," and "Belmont" for "*Schönberg*." A Baltimore family changed their patronymic, Klein, each brother choosing a different English version of the word, and became respectively Short, Small and Little. Mr. Small was at one time mayor of Baltimore, and Mr. Little a member of Congress. Various reasons have led to such changes, sometimes phonetic only, very decent foreign words sounding occasionally like base English ones, and disproving conclusively the Shakespearian aphorism.

In most countries laws have been made to protect patronymics from being assumed without right, but they have seldom been more than a dead letter. *Noms de théâtre* and *noms de plume* have been permissible exceptions, but unlawful ones are quite as common. Like Elia's Mr. H——, people insist on "saving their bacon" in euphonious equivalents of their own or by unblushing larcenies of other people's names. The whims which sometimes govern them in such transformations would alone afford materials for a treatise. Rochefort and Victor Hugo have both

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dropped old and illustrious titles, while Villemessant and M. Granier—the Bonaparte bully who calls himself "*De* Cassagnac"—have assumed nobiliary prefixes, and names even which do not belong to them. "Cham," the famous caricaturist, provoked the anger of his father, the comte de Noé, by becoming an artist, so Amadeé, vicomte de Noé, took and gave a new immortality to the name of the discarded son of Noah. Another caricaturist, on the staff of *Punch*, has taken an opposite course, and by displacing a capital letter in his name has ennobled it. Such liberties are common, however, in France, and Taine in his *Notes sur Paris* makes M. Graindorge threaten his nephew should he ever change his name of Durand into Du Rand or D'Urand.

Even in Germany, however, where the privileges of the nobility are guarded with jealousy and almost feudal rigor, a wine-merchant, the prince of practical jokers, assumed in jest, but bears in earnest, the high-sounding title of Count von Tappenberg. I remember another case—which ended, I believe, ignominiously — of an officer in Nassau whose real name was Vogel, who changed it to V. Ogel or Von Ogel. Many, however, take a shorter way by simply putting the particle forcibly before their names, like Von Schmidt or V. Schultze, or by changing the low Dutch *van*, which means nothing, into the more aristocratic prefix. Others evade the law and add the name of their birthplace, like "Meyer von Bremen," "Müller von Königswinter," etc. This is innocent, however, in a directory, where Meyer and Müller fill half the pages, and is not much falser or vainer than the harmless change of Smith into Smythe, which sometimes happens nearer home.

It is curious to note the accidental and, what may almost be thought to be, the prophetic significance of names. The son of *Philip* must be expected to tame Bucephalus, although the heir of "Old-Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses" might do the same. *Winfield* Scott was a fortunate intuition, and the name of Christopher Columbus, or "Christ-bearing dove," seems written by the finger of Providence—the second dove that found a world amid a watery waste, and, like the first, bearing the symbol of peace and good-will to mankind.

Surnames are frequently nicknames that have stuck. In Germany to-day few peasants are known by their family names. In their native villages they are distinguished by some arbitrary or accidental appellation, such as Flea, or Tailor, or Dirt-bauer, quite irrespective of their occupations. Guides in the Alps have nearly always nicknames by which they are best known, and even the guide-books find it necessary to give both appellations, as Joh. Pfnür, *vulgo* Fischerl; Jos. Schwaiger, *vulgo* Struberer.

Since the Franco-Prussian war the Germans have ostracised gallicisms from their language as far as possible: a baron calls himself a "Freiherr," and the young lieutenant who wrote his title formerly "Comte de ——" is now "*Graf. v.* ——" invariably. But before the unpleasantness German gentlemen who traveled were accustomed to translate their titles and the nobiliary particle, which sometimes led to amusing incidents. A young officer of the noble family of Von Phul, being in England, requested a shopkeeper, from whom he made some purchases, to send the package to Lieutenant de Phul, and was later much disgusted, on receiving it at his hotel, to find it addressed to "Lieutenant d—— Fool."

A pendant to this anecdote occurred in a German misapprehension of an English name, and will serve to conclude the present notes. In America, and especially at the South, Christian names—*i. e.*, names of saints or Bible personages — are frequently replaced by family names, which sometimes makes it difficult to tell the sex of the persons bearing them, and which in the case referred to led to a mistake as annoying and embarrassing as the one already related. The writer had the pleasure of knowing an amiable American lady in Germany whose husband was related to the celebrated William Wirt and had been christened "after" him. The lady's card read, therefore, Mrs. Wirt X——. She had brought good introductions to fam-

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ilies of rank, and was surprised and aggrieved at their want of cordiality until one day it was explained that she was taken to be the wife of an innkeeper, *Wirth* being the German word for that occupation; and in a country where it is the custom to call wives by their husbands' titles, as Frau Counselor, Frau Doctor, Frau Lieutenant, Mrs. Wirt X—— was supposed to be Mrs. *Wirth* X——, and was treated accordingly.

J. R. T.

MODERN WARFARE.

War, as a means to the manufacture of great men, is becoming a failure. Todleben was the one great product in that line of the Crimean contest, and Von Moltke of the Franco-German struggle of fifteen years later. The victors in the one and the vanquished in the other brought out of the smoke and dust not a single commanding figure. The brief collisions illuminated by Sadowa and Solferino were similarly unproductive.

Railroads and arms of precision, and the tremendous outlay of treasure involved, make wars now too short and sharp for the growth of heroes. Great plants are developed slowly, and need time and space to bring them to their full stature. Wars are no longer measured in their duration by centuries, or Thirty Years, or even Seven Years. Black Princes, Wallensteins, Gustavuses and Fredericks accordingly cease to bless an admiring world. What happens is a careful and somewhat protracted preparation, a railway trip of one or two hundred thousand military excursionists, one great battle, rarely more, and a treaty of peace. In such a programme genius cannot do itself justice. No one name can star it on the bills long. The "small caps" have it. This is disheartening to embryo field-marshals, as well as to the matured article itself. They must look back with longing regret to the fine old days when the mighty soldier, "in great boots of Spanish leather," stumped up and down Europe for half a lifetime, the centre of all power, with empire in his scabbard. He fought all summer, and at the first frost went into winter-quarters with the utmost punctuality. In one season as in the other, year in and year out, he was before the eye of Christendom. His strong points expanded slowly and healthily: his weak ones he had ample time and leisure to correct. What more favorable to such results than a series of active summers and studious winters?

From this spectacle how depressing a change to the mere sallies of this degenerate age! Campaigns even, in the strict sense of the word, have ceased to be. The aspiring general must make himself in a raid or not at all. He feels sadly that, do all he can, his must be the reputation of a quarter-horse and not a four-miler. Nor is the state of things likely, from his point of view, to get any better. Steam is mending its hold, and gaining more and more the control of the matter. When railways were first introduced, the impossibility of using them in war was manifest to all theorists. Equally certain was their value, if used at all, to the invaded country exclusively, and not to its invader. Unfeeling facts have flatly given the lie to both these magisterial assumptions. They have been proved to be the best of all means for collecting and transporting troops, and to be among the most difficult things in the world to wrest from the grasp of an invader once closed on them. This seems to settle our first proposition and solve the problem. Great men cannot be made by steam.

FASHIONS IN FURNITURE.

A fancy among the amateur upholsterers of the day is Eastlake furniture. The fundamental idea of this invention is the abandonment of the superficial and cultivation of the solid and downright. Our chairs, tables and escritoires are forced to present themselves in dishabille; pins, joints, wedges and dovetails all clear, open and, without a pun, aboveboard. The timbers are heavy, the legs thick. Nothing is upsettable, or capable of being hurt if by unforeseen miracle upset. Sofas and reception-chairs are modeled after the stools and benches in the beer-houses of Teniers and the dining-room of Luther. No fastening is admissible that does not reveal itself

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frankly, without pretence of being something else or of not being at all. Honest work is the keynote, and no work can be honest that is ashamed to show itself or dodges in any way.

Such a revolt of the age of veneer against veneer is pleasant to see. It is, however, subject to the fault of most revolts, that it overshoots the mark. It pushes one very good principle at the expense of another. Fidelity in carpentry, like fidelity in everything else, is quite attainable without involving the rude. A good and strong thing may very well be at the same time a beautiful thing. When it is meant constantly to address the cultivated eye, and to elevate as well as recognize taste, it must be so. Beauty excludes the cumbrous and uncouth. It declines to force upon us the processes of the mere workman, but seeks to decorate and disguise them. It takes the object, in other words, from his hands and passes it for completion to the artist. And the latter, we should remember, cannot thoroughly play his part if the former has been incompetent or remiss. The foundation cannot but be good if the finished product be elegant and fitted to its purpose, economical or æsthetic; and that is all we need want to see or know of it. There is not the slightest necessity of parading construction. If the ceiling above us be smooth, well shaped and without flaws, we know that the beams or the arch on which it is suspended are stout and well laid. What need of proving it by the exposure of bare oak or bare brick? To effect that demonstration by tearing away or sacrificing frescoes and delicate mouldings is like taking off flesh and skin to show the bones.

Under some circumstances the display of construction is desirable. Other considerations than additional cost may render it so. In such cases it may even be emphasized by carving or other decoration. The rafters and struts of a Gothic roof and the hinges of a cathedral-door or an oaken or ebony chest are often so used. But it is the beauty, rather than the use, of beam or hinge that then makes it pleasing, although the combination of the two qualities is also gratifying. The inlaid scrolls of iron, brass or silver which we admire are of no use to the hinge, any more than the lanterns and interlaced groins are to the roof.

But we hear complaints that the age is reasserting itself, that veneer is smothering Eastlake, and that the paraded construction is in turn becoming a sham. The bolt-heads are glued on, the dovetails painted and the metal-work mere tracery, Eastlake furniture thus becoming weaker than that it assumes to exceed in strength. The solution is clear enough. Heaviness is not necessarily strength: for portable articles it conflicts with strength. And good workmanship and good art may march together. To a great extent they imply each other.

E. C. B.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Charles Kingsley: His Letters, and Memories of his Life. Edited by his Wife. Abridged from the London edition. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

The late Charles Kingsley's was not one of those natures which have but one point of view, like a picture: it was many-sided. To see it properly we have to travel round it, as with a statue. An artist, a poet, a keen sportsman, a political and social reformer; a clergyman of the Church of England who denounced the doctrine of eternal punishment, and declared theology to be "not the teaching of a religion, but the knowledge of God;" a member of the aristocracy who allied himself with the Chartists; a devotee of the letter of the Bible in full accord with Darwin and Huxley, and asking himself aloud, "How

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do we know that bees have no souls?"—he furnished the best exemplification of all his moral and political facets when he brought to his own funeral deans, bishops, generals, admirals, dissenting ministers, skeptical writers, the humblest laborers, huntsmen, whippers-in, literary men, radical reformers, and, "outside the churchyard fence," horses and hounds. He was a gifted, healthy-minded, earnest, imaginative, restless, thoroughly benevolent man, seeing beauty and truth in everything and everybody, and determined to do his best to bring them out. He made mistakes here and there, as an eager and unresting man must; but the final judgment on the motives that ruled his crowded life was unanimous. Kingsley's verse, though full of poetic feeling, was not of the highest order, and sermons, didactic novels and polemical pamphlets have not usually a long life. Hence a place among the classics will hardly be awarded him. That, however, was with him, as with the generation for whose special needs and advancement he labored, a secondary consideration. His influence in liberalizing British politics, elevating the poor, promoting popular education and reconciling the creeds among themselves, and all with science, will long be felt. It will be felt, in a more general way, in the United States, where thinkers of his school are often more sure of appreciation than in their own country.

Kingsley was one of a group of ardent innovators — conservatives they prefer calling themselves—Maurice, Froude, Stanley, Matthew Arnold, who recognize an existing gap between past and present in social and religious questions, and rush forward to fill it. In so doing they separate themselves for the moment from the mass behind them, and beckon rather than drag it on. They insist that the English Church and government must bend or break, making clear at the same time how easy it is to bend if only the will be shown. "It is the scientific go-ahead-ism of the day," writes Kingsley, "which must save us, and which we must save. We have licked the feet of the feudal aristocrats for centuries; and see whither they have brought us or let us bring ourselves!" He did not live to fight the battle out. Nor will the others. The undertaking is not to be so hurried through. But only those who strike the first blow for victory are accounted the victors, and it is their careers we like to study.

Leaders must possess a sound physique and intense vitality. Kingsley was thus distinguished from youth. At school few excelled him in activity and love of adventure, united with remarkable coolness in danger. Better still was the moral trait of a strong sense of right and love of justice, not unfostered by, if not wholly proceeding from, a consciousness of bodily power. His moral perceptions failed him only in bird's-nesting, trout-fishing and fox-chasing; and in the first of these delinquencies a passion for science furnished part of his apology, the other part consisting in his always leaving some of the eggs. On the brook-side, with rod in hand, he shaped many of his sermons, though there is a great deal more fun and frolic than theology in the records of angling excursions shared with Tom Hughes and Tom Taylor. He followed the example of the equally benevolent Izaak, and used live bait, heedless of the non-benevolent Byron's denunciation of "the quaint old cruel coxcomb." He knew all the fox-earths for a great distance around his parsonage, as well as he did the birds, the butterflies, the plants and the poor. He once dashed out of the pulpit in full canonicals, and sprang over the churchyard enclosure with scarf and surplice streaming like meteors to the troubled air, to fight a fire which was sweeping the heather and the pines. As an instance at once of his devotion to natural science and his power of ploughing two mental furrows at once, it is related that when preaching at Colorado Springs on his trip to this country in 1874, a beetle, new to him, having alighted on his manuscript, he proceeded uninterruptedly with his sermon, fixing his eye, and when it gave signs of flying his hand, on the insect till he had mastered its marks, and then allowing it to go on its way while he followed his own. Such traits probably descended to him. A West Indian grandfather showed them when in 1812 the volcanic dust from the St. Vincent eruption having darkened the air and set every one in Barbadoes, eighty miles distant, to prayer and lamentation, he opened his window, examined the dust and calmly remarked that the volcano at St. Vincent had broken out at last.

Kingsley's parish, Eversley, where he died after an incumbency of thirty-two years, presented in some respects a microcosm of the England he sought to reform. It gave him an opportunity to practice on a small scale what on a larger he could only preach. When he took charge, not one adult, of either sex,

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of the laboring class could read or write. He had to reorganize society, and create everything, from a shoe-club and a coal-club to a lending library, Sunday and day school, cottage lectures and a scholarship in a training college. How what he thus learned of the condition of the rural poor acted upon his mind and feelings he told his countrymen in his story of *Yeast*. Thrilling as was his appeal, there was no note of despair in it. "The world is going right, and will go right, somehow—not in your way or my way, but in God's way." Work and hope was his motto.

His robust faith in the efficacy of dogged and patient effort, in whatever field, had no reservation. To a young man who proposed going over to the Catholic Church, he writes in dissuasion, but says: "Had you been born an Italian Romanist, I would have said to you, Don't leave Rome; stay where you are and try to mend the faith of your fathers; if it casts you out, the sin be on its own head; and so I say to you." This view of the proper methods of reform was one with which the English mind could sympathize, though such an application of it was calculated to startle Anglican Churchmen. Yet they too came after a while to understand Kingsley. He obtained close and full fraternity with them, was promoted to a canonry in Westminster Abbey, and made by the queen tutor to the prince of Wales, whose warm attachment he seems always to have retained. The future king of England fraternized with the author of *Alton Locke*, while the clerical Chartist continued, in his own language, to "work out points of natural theology by the strange light of Huxley, Darwin and Lyell."

Fortunate in the outcome, as in many of the incidents, of his career, Canon Kingsley was especially so in his wife, and, we may add, in his biographer—one and the same person. Mrs. Kingsley's suppression of self in this book is a fine example to other biographers, in whom it was more to be expected. We confess, indeed, that the book might have been more acceptable to American readers had her reticence as to the home-life with which she was so closely associated, and which no one could be so well qualified to depict, been less marked. A life-picture of an English home is never dull to readers on this side, and they would gladly see more of it at the expense of details illustrating the literary and public career of the subject. The book is withal a delightful and lucid sketch of one whom we all needed to understand, and are the better for understanding.

Through Persia by Caravan. By Arthur Arnold. New York: Harper & Brothers.

What remains of the empire of Cyrus has been brought prominently to the notice of those who are interested in the affairs of the East by the circumstance that Persia lies between two great modern empires whose jealousies constitute a great part of the pabulum of diplomacy. Russia, on the north, has already absorbed some desirable corners of the shah's territory, and England, from the opposite quarter, observes the process with a solicitude she will probably appease after a like fashion. From that step she is deterred chiefly by the reflection that to seize Bushire would be to throw all the rest of Persia into the czar's clutches. Thus it is that a government effete to the last degree is maintained in quasi independence by the inability of its foes to agree upon its partition; the case of both the surviving Mohammedan powers being identical in this respect.

The Indo-European telegraph traversing Persia enables us to hear from the home of Darius, Beder and Fadladeen in less time than we can by letter from a friend in the next county, and makes the shah a tributary of the Associated Press. A year or two ago he did homage to that new sovereign by a visit to the great European capitals. This tour was minutely chronicled in all its details, and we all became more familiar than his own subjects with the flash of his jewel-encrusted coat and his plume of brilliants.

Western inquirers naturally called for a return-match in the way of investigation. They wanted to see with their own eyes what real life was left in a land which so vividly "flamed on the forehead" of its lord. Very few of them, however, have been able to carry out this wish, the journey being one better suited to the resources of an autocrat than those of a solitary traveler. Nor, we think, will the number be increased by a perusal of Mr. Arnold's book. Certainly, those who do go will not take their wives with them as he did. Mrs. Arnold, boxed in a mule-litter and borne helpless over the most stupendous precipices, along the narrowest practicable paths, and subjected at every stop to the prying eyes of the natives anxious to catch a glimpse of "the white khanoum," must often have envied the Russian con-

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victs described by her husband as suspended in cages from the wheel-house of a Volga steamer.

It may be that the extra annoyances in this way, added to the troubles of a journey amply supplied with them under its most favorable aspects, increased our author's indisposition to see things *couleur de rose*. He exercises his full share of the Briton's inalienable right to grumble. In Russia, from the Vistula to the south end of the Caspian, he discovers little to please him. The whole country is a stretch of light sand, which can never be agriculturally rich. That Poland is a conquered country sticks out all over Warsaw, though the gayety of the Poles under Russian despotism half inclines him to think they deserve it. Tobacco-smoke worried him, for he labored under the disqualification for Oriental travel of not smoking. St. Petersburg and Moscow are the only towns in the empire, the rest being but big hamlets; and in neither of the two did he see anything architecturally good but St. Isaac's church. Russian manufactures are poor, the hardware coming in for especial disapproval, "that of Birmingham being excluded by high tariffs," which deny the Russ the luxury of Brummagem. Where anything tasteful is seen, it is sure to be French. The houses and the railway-cars are not ventilated; the steamboats give you no bedding; the religious furniture and proceedings are saturated with superstition; the famous foundling hospital at Moscow, the arrangements of which he commends, is demoralizing; and it is not till Mr. Arnold gets out of the czar's dominions, and learns at his first step in Persia that things may be worse, that we trace a shade of retrospective kindliness toward Russia. Yet somehow, reading between the lines, we draw from this part of his book a feeling like that produced by the fuller and more impartial survey of Mr. Wallace, of a people of pith, individuality and self-control engaged in a long, patient and sturdy conflict with difficulties geographical, ethnical, climatic, political and social of great magnitude, and effecting their gradual triumph over these obstacles with a remarkable absence of recourse to violent expedients.

Mr. Arnold's passage from the Caspian to Bushire, by Teheran, Ispahan and Shiraz, occurred during the five months from October to March. The desert plateau which constitutes most of Persia he therefore saw in the winter only. The cold was extreme; the crumbling, windowless and doorless flat-roofed huts of mud in which travelers and inhabitants find, or seek, harbor, were comfortless beyond expression; the mule-tracks forming the only high-roads in the empire were often deep in snow, and the gorgeous East was apparently at its very worst. Yet he considers winter preferable for the trip, insects and the sun being worse than frost and smoke.

The celebrated cities of Persia are built of mud, shaped into bricks which are dried in the sun or simply piled up. In the shah's palaces and some of the mosques there are wooden pillars, tiles, and more rarely stone. But the palace at Teheran is entered through an arch in a mud wall, the streets are passages a yard or two wide between mud walls, and the roofs are of mud laid upon brushwood. The houses are generally of but one story, without a window on the street. Chimneys are almost unknown, the fire being made in the centre of the floor or anywhere else the inmate for the time being may fancy. Stylish houses have a sort of flue in one side or in a corner. The streets are never paved, and are deep with débris from the walls. Half or more of each city consists of ruins. This enables us to realize the desolation of Assyria, where millions once dwelt, and left but mounds of earth to mark their habitations.

Government, society, education, industry, —all is, like the houses, ruin in Persia. The revenue is farmed out to plunderers, against whom the taxpayers have no protection or appeal. The empire is managed "as if the government were to end with the expiry of the government's lease." Persia, in short, is in a state of atrophy that makes the continuance of its autonomy a marvel. Its isolation has been its only shield.

Nor does our disenchantment attend only on the actual aspect of Persia. The very few ancient remains are disappointing. The tomb of Cyrus, near the site of his city of Pasargadæ, close to the trail between Ispahan and Shiraz, is a modest structure. The tomb proper stands on a platform eighteen feet high and twenty feet from the ground. It is an unadorned rectangular building fifteen feet high, of marble. It has no inscription to identify it, but it is the only structure that can be accepted as his tomb. His name occurs on many of the displaced blocks at Pasargadæ. At Persepolis our traveler's admiration was chiefly won by the great platform, five hundred yards square by three hundred

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and fifteen high. It overlooks a plain twenty miles beyond the Araxes, which flows at its foot. "A regiment of cavalry, ten abreast," could ride up the stairway. The remains of the superimposed buildings are less remarkable than the platform. Pillars, doorways and windows stand or lie, but no trace exists of walls or roof, suggesting that these may have been of the materials now prevailing, clay or wood. Greek and Assyrian combine in the architecture.

Mr. Arnold needs a successor who shall travel in summer, stay longer, and learn at least a few words of Persian. We may then have a stereoscopic view of the country and people which will lead our vision partly around them, and be more satisfying than the cleverest silhouette.

Life of a Scotch Naturalist: Thomas Edward, Associate of the Linnæan Society. By Samuel Smiles. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Thomas Edward is another name added to the list of men of genius who have fought hand to hand with poverty: in this case the struggle was so close that it is not easy to tell who has conquered. Edward's courage has not failed him, his zeal in the pursuit of knowledge has been untiring, and he has met every obstacle with invincible energy and determination; but throughout all Poverty never relaxed her grasp of him, and his work, done at an immense sacrifice of health and vitality, seems destined in part to perish for want of an enduring record. His writing has been limited to stray observations published in the *Zoologist* and other periodicals. The earlier of these, having appeared in local papers, are mostly lost, but we hope that the others may some day be gathered into a book. The twenty new species added by Edward to the list of British Crustacea have received mention in the work of Messrs. Bate and Westwood on the sessile-eyed Crustacea and elsewhere, but there is no computing the number of new species which may have been lost in their perilous journeys through the post; for this naturalist, being unable to buy books, had no means of identifying his specimens himself, and was therefore obliged to send them to be named by naturalists in England. Many of them were destroyed on the way, and others, reaching their destination, were never returned. Nor is the loss merely in new species. A naturalist like Edward, who has devoted himself for half a century to close, faithful and intelligent observation, with no bias, no theory to which to adjust all his facts, must have a wealth of information which would throw light on the habits even of the best-known ones. That it was no lack of literary power which prevented him from writing more, the extracts from his papers given by Mr. Smiles abundantly prove. The work of a man who had next to no education, they are written in a style to which the highest culture could add nothing. It is charming in its quaint simplicity, its clearness and poetic choice of words: it is a style which recalls that of his countryman Wilson, with whom Edward had indeed more than one point of resemblance.

The story of his life is a pathetic one, but withal stimulating and not wanting in consolation. Born with a passion for natural history which few even among the great names of science have exhibited so early and in such a marked degree, he had to contend with difficulties which might well have appeared insurmountable. A man might work for fifteen hours a day with small wages and a numerous family to bring up, yet still manage to store his mind with classical or mathematical knowledge; but how if he be utterly destitute of books, and if his study be not among them, but "by flowing stream, through wood or craggy wild"? Yet under these circumstances Edward's investigations were made. They received no pecuniary reward, nor did honors fall thick upon him, though, except among his own people, they were not altogether wanting, his work being recognized by many scientific men, and the Linnæan Society having elected him an associate. Some of his fellow-townsmen in Banff have a society for the encouragement of native genius, but they do not appear to have considered him worthy of their attention—a fact which appears farcical, but is after all not much to be wondered at. Simple and modest as he is, Thomas Edward does not strike us as a man to be patronized. There is a good deal of sturdy independence about him. He seems all his life to have felt his poverty keenly as a bar to his usefulness in the cause of science, but he does not regard it in any sentimental light. He speaks of the two years he spent in a factory when a child as a very happy period. And this tone of healthy cheerfulness pervades the whole book, which, taken from Edward's own narrative and letters, partakes somewhat of the nature of an autobiography.

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Thomas Edward is still living, not a very old man (he was born in 1814), but broken in health by the exposure he has undergone. Since this book appeared he has been given a pension of fifty pounds by the queen. His real reward lies in the singleness of his life, in the beauty of his writings and in the pure and elevated enjoyment which both will afford to all true lovers of Nature.

Harriet Martineau's Autobiography. Edited by Maria Weston Chapman. Vols. I. and II. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Every good biography partakes largely of the nature of an autobiography. Our intimate knowledge of a man must be gained not so much from what he has done as from what he has thought and felt; and unless through letters, journals or other utterances of his own we gain an insight into his views of the world and of himself, the record of his life will be only an official report, however interesting for the matter it contains. It is not often, however, that any nature is, with its own consent or will, laid so completely open to inspection as Harriet Martineau has, with full purpose and deliberation, chosen that hers should be. Not that her account of herself is in the least degree a confession or an *apologia*. She was simply conscious of nothing that needed to be concealed: irreproachable in conduct, she has seen no occasion for reserve in regard to her motives, judgments or opinions. Reticence, indeed, would seem to have been altogether foreign to her character—inconsistent with its activity and structure. Clear-minded, resolute, direct, with no strong imagination, passionate emotions or subtle perceptions to direct or restrain; interested chiefly in broad movements and practical questions, social and political, and equally prompt to pursue investigations, urge solutions and identify herself with a cause, while still, from necessity, remaining an irresponsible critic and spectator,—she could not but come to regard the world as an open arena for frank and fearless discussion, and all suppressions or evasions as dishonest wiles and stratagems. Had she been a man, her capacities as a writer would probably have been subordinated to her talents as an administrator, and in that case her utterance, if not less truthful, would have been less free. Certainly, her position and career were unique, at least in her own nation. Her prominence, her social success, the popular consideration she enjoyed, could not have been gained by a man exerting like powers in the same direction, or by a woman exerting them in a different direction. Her spontaneous facility of expression is the characteristic rather of a debater or of a clear-headed man of business than of a literary artist. She wrote without hesitation, without blotting, and with little occasion for revision, and seems to have considered the contrary habit—the constant struggle, the *nie fertig werden* of Carlyle and other great writers—as something strange and morbid. Not that she over-estimated her own gifts, or failed to appreciate those of a different order; but her ideal was not one to foster fastidiousness, and her activity was too incessant, the aim too obvious, the results too immediate, to allow of self-distrust. Reason seems to have held almost absolute sway over her. Always keen-sighted, she was relatively defective in sympathy. Her likings and dislikings were determined by her intellectual biases and perceptions far more than by associations, caprice or spleen. The warmth of her affections never made her blind to the faults of her friends, and her aversions—to Brougham, to Macaulay, to the Whigs—were not the fervent antipathies of "a good hater." The outspoken harshness of her strictures is untinged with venom or bitterness. There is no trace in them of wounded vanity or covert malice. Her impulsiveness was that of a nature subject to no gusts of passion and not easily made the sport of illusions. Her sincerity, unselfishness, independence of spirit, resolute devotion to duty, unfaltering sense of justice and right, are qualities which, if they do not kindle enthusiasm, claim ungrudging admiration and esteem.

It is fortunate both for Miss Martineau's fame and the reader's peace of mind that she should have determined to be her own biographer, and should have been able to carry forward her task through the period which covers the most active and eventful portion of her career. What might probably have been the result had she committed it to other hands we may conjecture from the *Memorials* appended by Mrs. Chapman, which in tone, style, and arrangement present a striking contrast to the *Autobiography*, having all the faults from which the latter is singularly exempt. This is indeed a model of its kind—earnest, simple, clear, direct, reflecting the character of the writer and constituting the best production of her intellect. Though it

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deals largely with public events and abounds in personal sketches and anecdotical details, it is not a mere string of desultory reminiscences, but a continuous, well-constructed narrative of a remarkable and instructive career. Scarcely in any other company could one be content to traverse again the ground occupied by much of the book—English politics and society during the period of Whig supremacy, and American politics and society in the early times of the anti-slavery agitation. Innumerable *Lives* and *Recollections* of English statesmen of the present century have already brought weariness to the flesh, and who does not dread the thought of surviving Mr. William Lloyd Garrison? Happily, Miss Martineau, though deeply interested in these matters and intimately mixed up with them, did not play so conspicuous a rôle or become so entirely absorbed in them as to merge her individuality in the character of the leader, the representative or the mere historian of a movement. She was feminine enough to appreciate the charm of domestic details, and gives us frequent and minute pictures of her household life. An elaborate account of her childhood fills a large space in the early part of the book, and there is nothing more agreeable in the latter portion than the descriptions of her life and surroundings at the home she made for herself at Ambleside. The story of her long illness and her mesmeric experiences she had already told in print, and that of her philosophical new birth through the agency of Mr. Atkinson was also sufficiently well known from her own publications, and may be accepted as part of a study which offers, when viewed in its completeness, no inconsistent or inexplicable phases. It was as natural that Harriet Martineau should be the victim of her reason as it is that so many people, differently constituted, should be the victims of their credulity or their emotional tendencies.

Books Received.

Report of a Reconnaissance from Carroll, Montana Territory, on the Upper Missouri, to the Yellowstone National Park and Return, made in the Summer of 1875. By William Ludlow, Captain of Engineers, U. S. A. Washington: Government Printing Office.

The Turks in Europe. By Edward A. Freeman, D. C. L., LL.D. (Harper's Half-Hour Series.) New York: Harper & Bros.

The Best Reading: Hints on the Selection of Books, on the Formation of Libraries, Public and Private, etc. Edited by Frederic Beecher Perkins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Suggestions for House Decoration in Painting, Woodwork and Furniture. By Rhoda and Agnes Garrett. (Art-at-Home Series.) Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

The Apologies of Justin Martyr; to which is appended The Epistle to Diognetus. By Basil L. Gildersleeve, Ph. D., LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Friend Fritz: A Tale of the Banks of the Lauter. From the French of Erckmann-Chatrian. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Lorley and Reinhard. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. (Leisure-Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Cradle of the Christ: A Study in Primitive Christianity. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Seeking the Golden Fleece: A Record of Pioneer Life in California. By J. D. B. Stillman. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

Imaginary Conversations. By Walter Savage Landor. (Third Series.) Dialogues of Literary Men. Boston: Roberts Bros.

The Spirit of the New Faith: A Series of Sermons by Octavius Brooks Frothingham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Theory of Art, and Some Objections to Utilitarianism. By Guy D. Daly, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Hoho and Haha: Their Adventures. Narrated and Illustrated by Sabilla Novello. London: Ward, Lock & Tyler.

A Plea for Art in the House. By W. J. Loftie, B. A. (Art-at-Home Series.) Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

The Golden Butterfly: A Novel. By the authors of "Ready Money Mortiboy." New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Heritage of Langdale. By Mrs. Alexander. (Leisure-Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Ben Milner's Wooing. By Holme Lee. (Town-and-Country Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

On Boiler Incrustation and Corrosion. By F. J. Rowan. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

Essays on Political Economy. By Frederick Bastiat. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Great Match, and Other Matches. (No-Name Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Dyspepsia. By Seranus Bowen, M. D., Harv. Boston: Loring.

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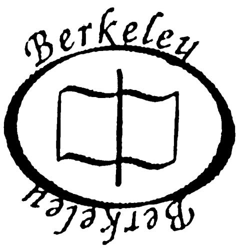

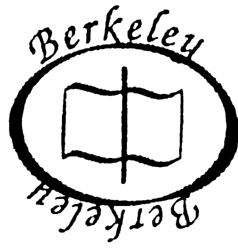

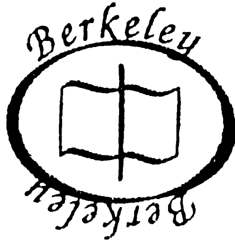

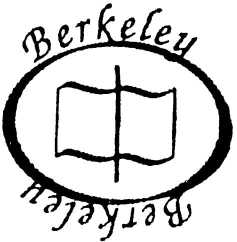

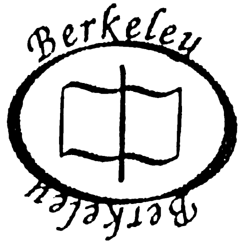

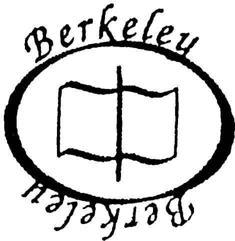

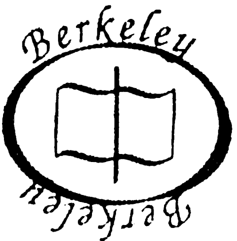

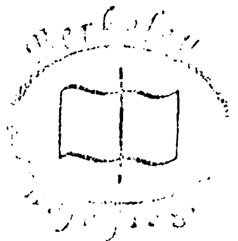
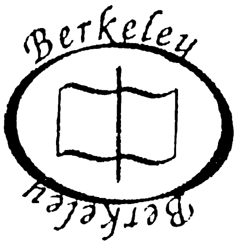

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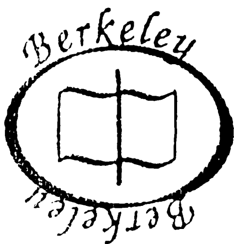

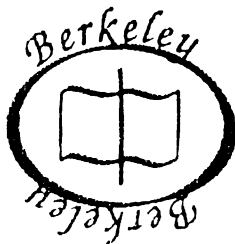

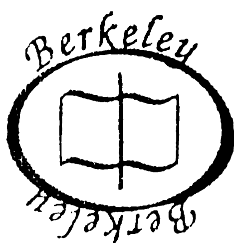

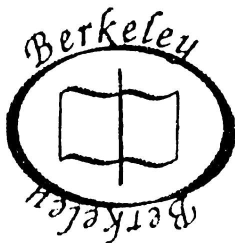

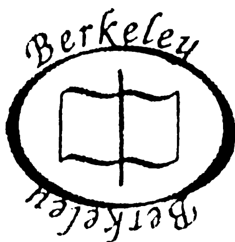

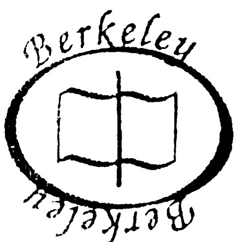

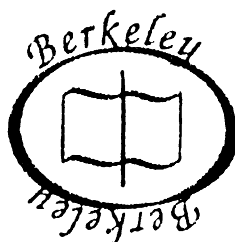

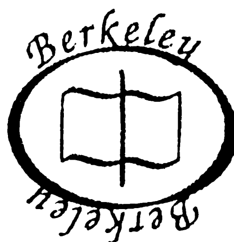

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